

THE GALAX

D.C., 1908



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

<http://www.archive.org/details/galax1908dave>



The Galax

VOLUME III

Published by the Senior Class of Davenport College, Lenoir, N. C.

PREFACE

BEFORE you turn the leaves of *The Galax* and begin to examine its contents, the board of editors has a word to say to you—a word in explanation of the aim of this book. This year we have not endeavored to produce anything startlingly original; for we realize that, try as we may, there is a certain sameness about all annuals. We even plead guilty to having made free use of suggestions obtained from other books of the kind. We have noticed the tendency in some to give prominence only to literary matter; the predominance in others of the pictures. We have seen the jokey annual and those of more serious vein. It has been our attempt to balance these different features, giving to each its place. How well we have succeeded in our undertaking, you may see for yourself. Be lenient if the pictures are not what you anticipate; blame not the photographer—they are likenesses of us. If the written material pleases you, give all credit to Davenport literary talent. Remember only that we are satisfied if this book shall recall happy times and thus serve as a pleasant reminder of days gone by.

We take the occasion also to thank all who have helped us in the development of this volume, either by suggestion, criticism, or encouragement. Especially are we indebted to the artists.



Lola Price.

*With Love and Gratefulness we dedicate this Annual to
President Charles Clinton Weaver, Ph. D.
Gentleman, Scholar, Christian.*



PRESS OF HACKNEY & MOYLE COMPANY
ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA



PRESIDENT WEAVER

Faculty

CHARLES C. WEAVER, PH. D. *President*
MISS LIZZIE D. PARKER *Lady Principal*

CHARLES C. WEAVER
(A. B., Trinity College; Ph.D., Johns Hopkins University),
Philosophy and History.

MISS W. EMMA LEAR
(A. B., Randolph-Macon),
Science and Mathematics.

MISS LELIA J. TUTTLE
(B. S., Columbia University),
English.

MISS LIZZIE D. PARKER
(Greensboro Female College, University of North Carolina),
Latin.

MISS LUCY T. WEBB
(Littleton Female College),
Mathematics.

MISS MARY E. HESTON
(Howard Payne),
Primary.

MISS ANNIE E. BOWMAN
(Centenary Female College; Vanderbilt University
Teachers),
Education.

MISS EMMA P. CARR
(Marion Female Seminary; Cincinnati School of Art; New
York City),
Art.

REV. J. M. DOWNUM
(A. B., Trinity College),
Latin and French.

PROF. C. ANDERSON WEAVER
(A. B., Emory College),
German, History, and Bible.

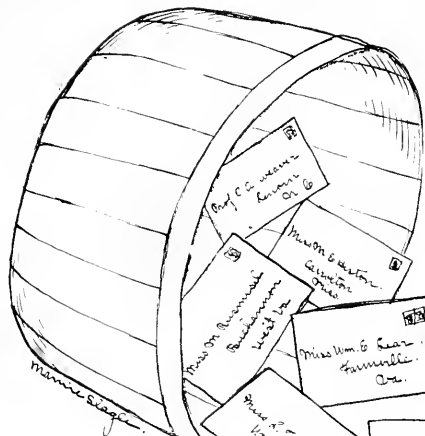
Department of Music

PROF. F. A. NUNYAR
(Berlin, Leipzig, Munich),
Director.

MISS MARGARET TAYLOR
(Springfield Normal College; Drury College of Music),
Piano.

MISS ALMA CRANDALL
(Davenport College),
Piano.

MISS MAUDE RUSMISSELL
(W. Va. Wesleyan College; Ithaca Conservatory of Music;
Baltimore Peabody Conservatory),
Voice.



Mime Stage

Prof C. C. Weaver
Linn Co. Ia.

Marion & Weston
Quincy Mo.

Mrs M. B. Ream
Burlington
Iowa

Miss Wm & Sarah
Fumelle
Ia.

Prof C. C. Ostrom
Quincy
Iowa

Miss A. G. Broadwell
Springville
Ia.

Miss J. D. Parker
Parker
Ia.

Mrs R. C. West
Warren
Ia.

Mrs M. Taylor
Springfield
Ia.

Mrs S. J. Tuttle
Linn Co. Ia.

Miss B. C. Brown
Quincy
Ia.

Mrs J. D. Cannon
Linn Co. Ia.

Miss A. G. Bingham
Blount
Ia.

Editors and Reporters

EMMA CARPENTER	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
MAMIE SUE JOHNSON }	<i>Assistant Editors</i>
LUCILE GOODE }	
MARY STACY	<i>Business Manager</i>

Reporters:

WINNIE BRITAIN

LURA SCOTT

LULA FAIN

REBECCA SMITH

LIZZIE OSBORNE

ADDIE STEELE

ETHEL PARKER

MAUDE WEAVER



EDITORS AND REPORTERS.

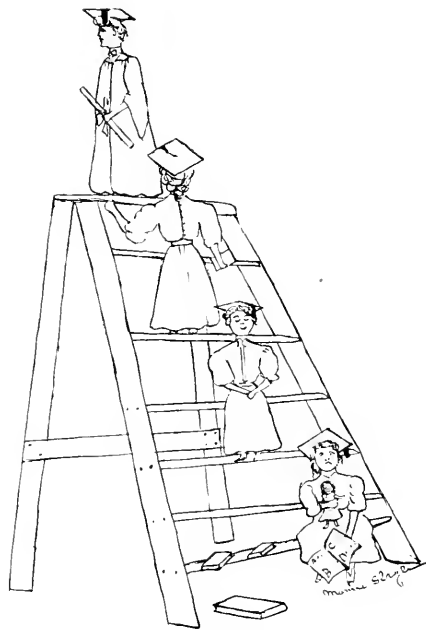
The College Song

Let us join a glad refrain,
Let us make the welkin ring,
While old "Davenport" we praise,
Let the days be foul or clear,
We have nothing now to fear,
For life's roses bloom in happy college days.

Banded today in love we are,
Sodly at last we'll part;
Love with a kind and holy hand,
Locks memories in each heart.

In the coming days of life,
If earth's sorrows dim the light,
Let us all these memories keep;
May no tears of vain regret,
Hide fair visions from our sight,
While the notes of joy through every heart shall
sweep.

Banded at last in love we'll die,
Tho' we be far apart;
Love with a kind and holy hand
Locks memories in each heart;
Love with a kind and holy hand
Locks memories in my heart.



CLASSES.

Senior Class

MOTTO:

Wisdom is power, therefore get wisdom

COLORS:

Red and White.

FLOWER:

Red Carnation

YELL:

One izippi, two izippi,
Three izippi zate,
Davenport, Davenport!
Eight, Eight, Eight.

OFFICERS

ANNIE LOWREY	President
CORRIE HONEYCUTT	Vice-President
BEULAH WOMBLE	Secretary
HETTIE PITTS	Treasurer
MAMIE SUE JOHNSON	Historian
DELL HARRIS	Prophet
LITTLE GOODE	Poet





Miss M. J. [unclear]



Miss M. J. [unclear]

MISS M. J. [unclear]
MISS M. J. [unclear]
MISS M. J. [unclear]



Annie D. Brittain

Winnie, as you see, is a pretty girl. She has a pretty voice, too. From morning till night she sings like a little bird. She paints also—paints pictures, I mean. It's shameful the way she loves candy. All her pennies and nickels go that way.



Emma Holard Carpenter.

Poor Emma, there's not much of her left, but that little is the pure extract of energy and loyalty to her class. She used to be larger and fine-looking; now she is thin and—well, look for yourself—it's all the fault of the Annual, being editor-in-chief, she worked too hard in getting it up.



Lula Fain.

Lula Fain is a mild, lady-like little creature, almost too good to live in this benighted world. She weighs 96 pounds and is five feet tall. Even though she is small she is endeavoring to become a good "Walker." She is a Methodist, but is strongly attached to the Baptist church.



Emma Lucide Goode

Lucile, so she says, is a hard worker. We don't know, but we do know she's awfully smart because she is going to get a diploma like ours, and one in music too. We don't mind seeing her work, for it keeps her brain clear and her fingers nimble.



Lottie Dell Harris.

Dell Harris condescended to pay the earth a visit some nineteen years ago. She is tall and slender; has dark hair and eyes. Her greatest ambition is to be at home. Most of her time this year at D. C. has been spent in corresponding with a famous violinist.



Corrie Honeycutt-

Corrie Honeycutt first appeared on earth September 10th, 1890. The rich, warm colors of that autumn season are reflected in her golden-brown hair and violet eyes. She is a Methodist preacher's daughter, which accounts for her tendency to move around the halls during study period. She intends to teach music if nothing more romantic crosses her path.



Mamie Sue Johnson.

Mamie Sue Johnson is a blue-eyed maiden with the complexion of a peach. She is the youngest member of the Senior Class, also the heaviest, but we fear by the time she has finished with the ads. for the Annual she will be the thinnest.



Annie Frances Lowrey.

Annie Lowrey is of uncertain age, but certain coloring and calling. She spends most of her time cutting light bread and practicing voice. But the one thing that is most interesting about her is that she is the estimable President of the Senior Class.



Hettie Leola Pitts

Hettie Pitts directed her fun-loving eyes on this benighted world for the first time January 16th, 1890, and she is still looking. She is a brunette, weighing 124 pounds. She is five feet three and a half inches tall, with about a dozen inches spread out on the ground. She wants to have a good time, but now is toiling and laboring under the evil influence of "trig."



Mary Maritha Stacy

Mary Stacy made her appearance in the universe some 18 years ago. She has made herself famous as the "mail carrier." She is a Methodist. She desires to be remembered only as Dr. Wenyer's private secretary, and as business manager of the Galax.



Addie Loucas Steele

Addie Steele thinks she was born 18 years ago. Her hair is black, in strong contrast with her eyes, which are sometimes of a "pinkish hue." She is 5 feet 7 inches tall, and weighs 140 pounds. Until her recent defeat by a freshman, she was acknowledged as the champion fighter of the school.



Mauda Weaver

The smiling face of this blue-eyed maiden was first seen January 24, 1889. Since she is a girl and cannot be a Methodist preacher, she is going to spend her energies in helping someone else to become one.



Beulah Oliva Womble.

Beulah Womble, though barely 18, is considered one of our pretty girls. Her chief attraction being those dreamy eyes; to look at her one would suppose this expression is due to her sleepy tendency, for, by actual calculation, sixteen of these years have been spent in slumberland.



MAMIE SUE JOHNSON.
Graduate in Expression.



LILLIE MAYFIELD BRITTAIN.

Graduate in Piano.



EMMA LUCILE GOODE.
Graduate in Piano.

Class Poem

A brief little sketch of the "Lucky Thirteen"
We'll draw just for memory's sake,
From the silly smile of the freshman serene,
To the privileges the seniors take.

Four years ago we came to college,
Happy, hearty, and very green;
Four years we've climbed the tree of knowledge,
Four years lived life's unquiet dream.

To some the climb has been but playing,
Slow loitering along the path;
To some, while these were idly straying,
Came the terrors of double math.

Annie, first in honor as in place,
President of our "lucky" class,
Holds the breakfast keys with easy grace
And lets no hungry laggard pass.

Dell, our prophetess and honored seer,
Hath looked afar beyond the veil,
And brought to each one good fortune near—
To herself she gives only "fail."

Corrie, with halo of golden hair,
Manner crisp as a frosty morn,
Comes with head erect and face as fair
As doth any sweet maid adorn.

Fair Benlah, so meek and so quiet,
Except when you mention the "goat,"
Then speaks and causes a great riot
For Sunday-school words she doth quote.

Mary comes with walk very stately,
And meets with a welcome from all,
For she, in manner quite sedately,
Lets blessings on everyone fall.

Addie and Emma, twins of our class,
Prize-fighters and flirts of the school,
In these virtues none can them surpass—
Teachers and all they over rule.

Next comes Winnie, the beloved of all,
Who, by her beautiful singing
And the magic of her ev'ry call,
Hosts of friends is always bringing

Lula, so studious and so mild,
Plays the part of the gentle dove:
Was virtue's own from a little child,
Seems only for caress and love.

A long braid of hair and eyes of blue,
With manner so sweet and subtle,
Boards in town, but to College is true,
Save when out sporting with Tuttle.

As for Hettie, so modest and shy,
You would think she is very good,
Yet tricks she is playing on the sly,
And at meals she often "hooks" food.

Last, altho' not least, is Mamie Sue,
Very jolly, happy and bright,
Something funny she will always do,
For to amuse is her delight.

I, the gentle poet of this class,
Have upon others spent my brain,
So that for my weary self, alas!
The least of rhymes I cannot claim,
—LUCILE GOOD.

Senior Class History

OUR history began with the Freshman Class of 1905, but only four of our number have been here for this entire period—Mary Stacy, Addie Steele, Maude Weaver, and Bettie Pitts. Our class has always been a peaceful one. We have not done, as some classes heretofore, but have always had *horning*. When I was given the task of writing the history, I was very much puzzled to know what to say, as the girls will never talk. (I can prove this by Professor Weaver in Ethics.)

One day Miss Tuttle took a crowd of girls to Hibriten, and while we were exploring the cave I happened to get ahead of the rest, and, scrambling around in the dark, I saw a streak of light. On reaching it, I found Jennie Osborne intently poring over a large book. I was very much surprised, as it was the first time I had ever seen her with a book, so I asked her what it was that she was reading. She said that the night before she had heard a noise in the hall, and on peeping out at her door she had seen Saint Peter with his account book, walking the hall. She had hooked the book from him, and, being afraid Miss Parker would see her, had run off and hidden to read it.

She and I sat down and I looked over the records of the Seniors. This is what Saint Peter had:

<i>Cr.</i>	ANNIE LOWREY.	<i>Dr.</i>
1905.		1905.
Sept. 4—By entrance to Davenport.		To "snubbing" all the year.
Dec. 16—By pass on sight singing.		1906.
1906.		Sept. 18 to Dec. 20—To fighting her room-mate.
By being able to evade faculty in all her misdoings.		1907.
1907.		Subject to severe change in temperature—frost out of season.
Sept. 6—By accession to Senior robe and dignity.		1908.
Sept. 12—By being made President of Senior Class		To being jealous because Freta Gardner had red hair, as she had been the only red-headed girl here before this.
1908.		
Jan. 4—By getting Senior Class pin.		
Apr. 12—By putting in application for place of lady principal of Davenport.		

SUM TOTAL: "Being nasty nice and pizen good through her college life."

Cf. ADDIE STEELE.

1904.
Sept. 3—By entrance to Davenport.

1905.
Made a specialty of Dog Latin and Cat Greek.
Refused to be historian of Freshman Class.

1906.
Jan. to May—By being made President of Sidney Lanier
Literary Society.

1907.
May 2—By writing poetry for Galax.
Sept. 12—By refusal to be Senior Class poet.

1908.
By trying to redeem the past

Cf. MARY STACY.

1904.
Sept. 3—By entrance to Davenport.
By obeying all rules, going to no midnight feasts,
and being a "goody-good."

1905.
By being a very loyal friend.

1906.
By never turning "state's evidence" to sister.

1907.
Sept. 12—By being made Business Manager of Galax.
By being Doctor Weaver's private secretary.
Oct. 14—By "gorgeous" trip to Jamestown and Washing-
ton.

1908.
By beating dinners off family relations, situated in and
around Lenoir.

ADDIE STEELE. *Dr.*

1904.
To being topheavy from overdose of pompadour.

1905.
To tendency to use too much knuckle.

1906.
(a) To still having the pompadour.
(b) To midnight feasts.

1907.
Feb. 11—To peeping in at parlor window.

1908.
To temptations to lapse into Freshman friskiness not al-
ways overcome. (For example, see 1906-b.)

MARY STACY. *Dr.*

1904.
To "snubbing" all the year.

1905.
Financial depression brought on by extravagant use of
"all-day-suckers."

1906.
To letting her thoughts turn too much to Hickory.

1907.
To being too chummy with Miss Grace.
To nervous prostration from over-study.

1908.
To refusing to recognize her friends when she is down
town, dressed in her Sunday clothes.

Cr. HETTIE PITTS.

1904.
Sept. 3 (a) By entrance to Davenport.
 (b) By using shirt waist as depository for sandwiches upon leaving the table.

1905.
By skill in eluding Miss Parker.

1906.
By her room-mate giving her a good name.

1907.
By short attack of gooseberry. (For explanation, see Winnie Britain, 1907.)

1908.
Refer to 1904-b.

Cr. WINNIE BRITAIN.

1905.
Sept. 4—By entrance to Davenport.
 By making fine grade on Geometry per Jones.

1906.
A charming face and a singing voice.

1907.
By a good hand to play gooseberry, alias third party to her friends.
By big trip to Greensboro.

1908.
By spending her time reading Bryant. (Author, Graham Abernethy.)

HETTIE PITTS. *Dr.*

1904.
To midnight feasts

1905.
To midnight feast and eight in one bed.

1906.
To talking after lights, and through a stone wall.

1907.
To sitting up until four o'clock studying for examinations.
To beating the English teacher out of a ten-cent saucer of ice cream.

1908.
To falling victim to rats and pompadours.

WINNIE BRITAIN. *Dr.*

1905.
Brilliant brain, but dormant.

1906.
Refer to 1905.

1907.
Still sweetly sleeping.

1908.
Beware! Dangers of a serious awakening.

Cf. LULA FAIN.
1905.
Sept. 4—By entrance to Davenport.
1906.
By never having a hair out of place.
1907.
By always being left in charge of her hall.
By handing in the neatest English papers.
By grade of one hundred on Trigonometry.
1908.
By climax of a long career of excellent grades.

SUM TOTAL: Refer to Annie Lowrey, sum total.

Cf. CORRIE HONEYCUTT.
1906.
Sept. 5—By entrance to Davenport.
By golden hair and a peach-bloom complexion.
1907.
By Vice-President of the Senior Class.
By delegate to Y. W. C. A. convention at Rock Hill.
By critic in Henry Thurod Literary Society.
1908.
By just missing a few times in going to church.

LULA FAIN. *De.*
1905.
To failure to use "Idulf" on the faculty.
1906.
To time spent in the reading of the classics.
1907.
To criminal neglect of midnight feasts.
1908.
To making eyes at the young Baptist preacher.

CORRIE HONEYCUTT. *De.*
1906.
Oct. 12, 19, 26; Nov. 2, 9, 30; Dec. 6, 20, To skipping church-going.
Nov. 5—To smoking "rabbit tobacco."
1907.
Jan. 13, 27; Feb. 3, 17; March 3, 24; April 1, 22; May 6, 13—To skipping church-going.
Feb. 11—To peeping in at parlor window.
To trifling with the affections of Roy.
1908.
Refer to Annie Lowrey, 1907.

Cr. DELL HARRIS.

1906.

Sept. 5—By entrance to Davenport.
By visiting the sick and cheering the troubled.

1907.

By being made Prophet of the Senior Class.
By employing an interpreter for her handwriting.

1908.

To spending her time reading "Courtship of Miles Standish." (Author unknown.)

DELL HARRIS. *Dr.*

1906.

Nov. 20—To smoking "rabbit tobacco."

1907.

To making a specialty of the "blues."
To marvelous growth of hair during Christmas holidays.

1908.

To falling victim to rats and pompadours.

Cr. LUCILE GOODE.

1907.

Jan. 5—By entrance to Davenport.
Horace—passed by the skin of her teeth.
By being made Class Poet.

1908.

Jan. 8 to March 15—By working on Galax.
April—By graduating recital.

LUCILE GOODE. *Dr.*

1907.

By receiving callers when spending Sunday in the country.

1908.

To having fur with a tendency to be rubbed the wrong way.
To monopolizing the innocent imagination of a Freshman.

Cr. BEULAH WOMBLE.

1906.

Sept. 5—By entrance to Davenport.
By a smiling face and a soft, low voice.

1907.

By Secretary of Senior Class.
By delegate to Y. W. C. A. convention at Rock Hill.

1908.

Jan. 12 to March 15—To spending the whole time writing to different firms in regard to the Annual, and in reading "That Old Sweetheart of Mine," and "Sweethearts Forever." (Author, Graham Abernethy.)

Cr. EMMA CARPENTER.

1906.

Sept. 5—By entrance to Davenport.
By specializing as serving as marshal at recitals.

1907.

By being made President of Sidney Lanier Literary Society.
By being member of Y. W. C. A. cabinet.
Sept. 12—By editor-in-chief of *Galax*.
Oct. 14—By trip to Jamestown and Washington.

1908.

Jan. 8 to March 15—By working on *Galax*.

BEULAH WOMBLE.

Dr.

1906.

To being *caught* at a midnight feast.

1907.

Sept. 10 to Dec. 20—To daily attendance at Lenoir Drug Company.

1908.

Jan. 6 to May 29—To daily attendance at Lenoir Drug Company.

EMMA CARPENTER.

Dr.

1906.

To midnight feasts.
To sleeping out of her room.

1907.

Feb. 11—To peeping in at parlor window.
To talking after lights.
To champion flirt of the Jamestown party.

1908.

To losing sleep and causing others to do so on account of the *Galax*.

Cf. MAUDE WEAVER.

1904.
Sept. 3—By entrance to Davenport.
Refer to Mary Stacy, 1904.
1905.
By using shirt waist as depository for sandwiches upon leaving the table.
1906.
By President of Sophomore Class.
1907.
By having good control over her temper.
1908.
By supplying unlimited cheerfulness to a melancholy swain.

Cf. MAMIE SUE JOHNSON.

1905.
Sept. 4—By entrance to Davenport.
By going home every other week, *just to please her pa!*
1906.
By beating dinners off of family relations situated in and around Lenoir.
1907.
By being able to quote Shakespeare a year after studying him.
1908.
Jan. 8 to March 15—By working on Galax.
By being Class Historian.

MAUDE WEAVER. *Dr.*

1904.
Refer to Addie Steele, 1904.
To trifling with the young affections of an Archer.
1905.
To teasing "Cousin Logue."
1906.
Refer to 1905.
1907.
To boarding in town on account of the boys. (Spurgeon.)
To a mighty ap-Peele to her affections.
1908.
To going to "His Country Sweetheart."
To getting Rutherford College news not published in X-Ray.

MAMIE SUE JOHNSON. *Dr.*

1905.
To attending every feast, midnight and otherwise, held in the College.
1906.
To lack of humorous sense when she falls down, ploughing up the earth.
1907.
To beating the English teacher out of a ten-cent saucer of ice cream.
1908.
Parvens beware! Danger of being "nipped in the bud."
(Consult the dictionary.)

Senior Prophecy

FROM my earliest recollection I have been told that I was born with a veil over my face, which superstition, as you know, signifies prophetic powers. I believed this at first, but had begun to think that there was nothing in it, when I was called upon to prophesy the future of my classmates. I began to look about for some means of finding it out, and the old saying about the veil came to me, but the thought brought no solution to the problem.

One day, however, as I sat trying to penetrate the future in behalf of my dear class-mates, I suddenly became dizzy, then blindness overcame me. I heard a voice near me saying that she was my Guardian Angel, and with the help of the Guardian Angels of each of the other girls she would help me tell what the future held for us.

The darkness faded into a soft light and the Davenport of thirty years in the future stood before me. Everything was changed. A landscape gardener had been working on the grounds, the old buildings were remodelled, and new ones built; nothing looked familiar.

When I went over the halls all the faces were strange; I knew no one; but when I went into the dining room I thought I recognized a very kind-looking old lady who seemed to have charge of everything. The spirit at my elbow said, "Annie Lowrey—she came back to her *alma mater* and became very dear to all the girls by her kindness and thoughtfulness of them." I then remembered our Class President; age had not turned one "golden hair to silver gray."

The scene then shifted to a beautiful home, the interior of which was ever more beautiful than the exterior, for within was a happy family. I could not see why this was brought before me, as I did not recognize any of my schoolmates. I asked the spirit, and she said that it was Hettie Pitts, who had thought of becoming a missionary "of mercy" but was only one "to Mercer." She was still kind and gentle in her ways, but had changed greatly in looks. She was now looking forward to the time when her dear children should return from college. Two beautiful daughters were at Davenport, one a Senior, the other a Sophomore; one son attended Bingham; another the theological seminary, while a third was in the foreign fields. I was not permit-

ted to see those children, for just then the picture began to move and I beheld the stage in a big metropolitan opera house in New York. A beautiful woman, who had been singing, and, with the accompanist, was just crossing the stage. Soon the music began. The audience was held spell-bound, not more by the voice of the one than the skillful touch of the other. While I was lost in the world of harmony another spirit came up to say that the singer was Mme. Winnette Brittain, and her splendid pianist Mme. Corrie Honeycutte. Winnie had become quite a famous painter after she left college, but had given up her work in that and had taken up her old pastime, singing, to join Corrie in her musical career, and now they were both quite famous in all the large cities on both sides of the Atlantic.

A large church then came in sight and I saw that it was open; on looking inside I saw a crowd of women. One of them was addressing the crowd, and I heard her say something about the Baptist Home and foreign missionary societies. I thought I had seen the face before, but could not say where. I asked my guardian. She said she would find out and called up a spirit, who said that it was Lula Fain, who had "played baby" to a Baptist minister and was now an ideal wife. She was president of the Sunbeam and Ladies' Aid societies; and held various other offices in the societies of her church.

The main street of Lenoir began to pass before me, but I could hardly believe it was the place we had walked so often. I thought I would revisit the Lenoir Drug Store, but where I used to read that sign was this: "Womble-Abernathy." The spirit said: "Benlah Womble." She left Lenoir, but decided to come back and take lessons in pharmacy at the Lenoir Drug Store. She became such an efficient pharmacist that she became indispensable, so she cast her lot here and became a member of the firm.

Again the picture changed and a scene of conflict came before me. I saw that it was a football game, and asked where this had any connection with me. The spirit told me to look about and see if I did not remember the "center." I looked and saw the face of Lucile Goode. She was still following her old athletic life, and had been for many years an important player on the university football team.

The next picture was a small town in the interior of Africa. A sad-faced old lady was sitting in the midst of a group of small children, teaching them. The spirit, upon being questioned, replied that she was "Maude Weaver." A few years after leaving Davenport she married a noted professor. They lived a happy life for about five years, when she was made sad by the death of her dear husband. She had one little boy--the very image of his father--to console her, but she could not hide her grief and be satisfied, so she left her

native land to become a missionary to darkest Africa. She left her little son to be educated in America, so that he would be better fitted for work in later life.

Then the "Stars and Stripes" floating over the Postoffice Department of Washington reminded me that I was again in my own country. The spirit said that Mary Stacy had for several years been first assistant postmistress, but now was the wife of the postmaster general. They were such a devoted pair that Mary spent as much of her time as she could spare from her household duties in the office, by his side. "There they are now," said the angel, as she called my attention to a man and woman coming down the steps. We followed them until they came to a large house where they were greeted at the door by her married daughter with several beautiful grandchildren. "What interest has this scene for me?" I asked as I saw an officer holding an inquest over the mangled body of a man killed by the train. "This man," said the spirit, "was a popular politician at the time of his marriage to Addie Steele, and has since that time filled most efficiently the office of coroner of Turnersburg township. Mrs. ——— herself, since her school days, has largely contributed to the leading magazines, and has recently published a very interesting book, 'The Charms of Married Life.'"

The infirmary at Davenport came before me; on a cot in the end of the room lay a girl who seemed to be dying. While I was looking at her the door opened softly, a familiar form entered and moved very quietly to the side of the girl. I recognized her as Mamie Sue Johnson, dressed in a doctor's garb. She had taken up her father's profession, and had received her degree at Baltimore Medical College, and was now the noted resident physician of Davenport. The girl had been seriously hurt in the gymnasium, but under Dr. Johnson's quiet and skillful treatment, she was soon resting quietly and would live to praise the trained hand that restored her to health.

A change of scene brought a "Japaneesy"-looking place before me. A room filled with bric-a-brac and all kinds of fancy work. At the window stood a maiden lady of about—(I won't state her exact age)—continually looking up and down the street. The spirit said, "Do you see any resemblance to your former school-mate Emma Carpenter, who is still keeping up her old occupation of looking for a man, and to help pass the time until she finds one, has charge of this bazaar?"

P. S.—At last my guardian angel turned to go, but I touched her on the arm and said, "You haven't let me see my future yet." She dropped her still averted face and said, "Poor child, this prophetic power is but a half blessing; you will be able by it to avoid many blunders and to forestall many evils; but you will also suf

fer from the approaching as well as the present woes of both yourself and your friends. As you grow older these lapses of consciousness will increase in number and continue longer, until this picture you now see will be your constant state." Then again the darkness brightened and in a quiet sunny room, I saw an old woman sitting, looking vacantly through the open window. It was not the life of the street she saw, but a pageant of the spirit world passing before her. I was so grieved by this scene that I cried aloud; the angel placed her hand over my face to shut out the picture, and when she removed it, I was myself again—again a college girl, in my own college room.

L. D. HARRIS.



Junior Class

Junior Class

MOTTO:

Ad astra per aspera.

COLORS:

Black and Gold

FLOWER:

Pansy.

YELL:

Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!

Zip, boom, bah!

We're the Juniors!

Ha! Ha!! Ha!!!

OFFICERS

CHARLIE JUANITA STABRETTE *President*

CARRIE LEWIS TATE *Vice-President*

FANNIE BURR FAIN *Secretary and Treasurer*

JENNIE PRICE *Historian*

MEMBERS

PEARL MAY ABERNATHY

LOUCIE MCGHEE COLTRANE

SADIE KIMBROUGH DOWNUM

ALMA DEANE HOLSCLAW

FANNIE BURR FAIN

MARGARET ELIZABETH OSBORN

IRIS BEATRICE PATTON

JENNIE PRICE

CHARLIE JUANITA STABRETTE

CARRIE LEWIS TATE



JUNIOR CLASS.

History of the Junior Class

THE class of 1909 started out a happy band of thirty girls. At the beginning of the second year some of the old members did not return, but enough new ones came to fill their places. There were thirty-two of us as Sophomores, and we were expecting to have a large Junior class; but, as is the case in most colleges, the number got smaller as we ascended the stairway of knowledge until now we are only ten. Although our class is not as large as it was in the Freshman and Sophomore years, yet we are stronger by our experience, and are just as brave, fearless, and "original" as we were when we first entered college.

The raising of the course of study, together with other changes in our college life, has caused us to be the most irregular class in school, so that we do not have the pleasure of reciting a single recitation in which the whole class takes part. But if we continue to study as well as we have been doing, and can only master physics (which I feel sure we will do, if we only wait until we get by the office door to do our talking), we will have a fine time reciting together next year.

We are proud to have for our president, a girl who is in demand at every place where energy and talent are needed. She fills not only our highest office, but also those of the Y. W. C. A., The Sidney Lanier Society, and the Basket Ball Team.

With a few more weeks of hard study we shall have completed our year's work, and with nothing but pleasant memories of the year we shall enjoy vacation greatly, returning fresh and vigorous to take up the duties of the Senior Class.

JENNIE PRICE.

Sophomore Class

Sophomore Class

Flower
Globehood

MOTTO:
Esse quam videri.

Colors
Purple and Gold

Yell:
Purple and Gold!
Sis, bis, uni!
Class of 1900!
Ris, eis, uni!

OFFICERS

MARGARET ROGERS
LYLA VESTAL
LOUISE ARTHUR

.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
President
Secretary and Treasurer
Historian

MEMBERS

LOUISE ARTHUR
LENA GERTRUDE BARRIER
SALLIE COPPEGE
EULALIA EDWARDS
ALICE FINCHER
FANNIE FINCHER
MARY LOU GRAY

ABELE JOHNSON
EVA JONES
JULIA GORRON KLAN
LENA MAY LEFLER
META BELLE MCGEE

NANCY DELLA VESTAL

CORNELIA OLA PENN
MARY ELEANORA PEQUES
MARGARET LAWNA ROGERS
ELIZABETH EMMILINE ROGERS
LAURA ANNA SCOTT

BEULAH ESTELLE SHINN
JULIA CLYDE SIGMON
GERTRUDE WARE
IRENE EULA WELLS
BESS LUCRETIA WIDENHOUSE
ZEEMA WINKLER
ALICE WOOD

KATIE WELLS YORK



SOPHMORE CLASS.

Sophomore Class History

THE glorious Sophomore Class of nineteen hundred and eight is assembled at Davenport College fully determined to set the world on fire with such glowing flames that it will not be extinguished until long after the Senior Class of nineteen hundred and ten has been laid beneath the sod. This plan did not originate with us as Sophomores, but as Freshmen. It was not carried to completion last year, however, on account of our having to spend so much time sitting in chapel and attending feasts. This year we returned with this resolution firmly fixed, and though we had suffered the loss of quite a number of our most ardent workers of nineteen and seven, we received into our midst in their stead some enthusiastic new comers who are aiding us to carry out this noble plan.

There are many things about this class to give it distinction. It is the largest class in the College; and that it is the most important is a well understood fact. First comes our president, who studies geometry from daylight until dark, and then talks about the "radiator" of a circle. One of the most studious of our number is reputed to have asked Prof. Weaver if Martin Luther wrote two books of the Bible, and another who is contemplating being one of the first musicians of America is very fond of listening to Vena Little play the "abbreviations" of "Rock of Ages." The rest of us are smart and accomplished in the subjugation of the Freshmen, so that concerning them we have only the good report to make that they have given us no trouble at all, seeming to realize our superiority from the very first, and bowing in homage to our virtues. If this is not enough to convince you of our greatness, just wait until next year and you'll see the results in the Junior Class of nineteen hundred and nine.

LOUISE ARTHUR.

Freshman Class

Freshman Class

Motto:

Purpose is the eternal condition of success.

Colors:

Pink and White.

Flower:

Appleblossom.

Yell:

Clickity, clackity,
Sis, boom, bah!
Freshman, Freshman,
Rah, rah, rah!

OFFICERS

RUBY RICHARDSON	President
MAMIE HOOVER	Vice-President
LUCY KING	Secretary and Treasurer
BESSIE KING	Historian

MEMBERS

TOMMIE BABER	OLA HERMAN	ROBENA MCINTOSH	MARGUERITE SMATHERS
EUNICE BALLARD	BELL HILL	ALICE MILLER	MARY SPENCER
COBA BALLARD	MAMIE HOOVER	PEARL MINISH	ROSE STACY
FANNIE CARPENTER	SALLIE IVY	JENNIE OSBORNE	LOIS STEELE
GERTRUDE COURTNEY	MYRTLE JENKINS	EUNICE PARKER	PANSY SUMNER
BEULAH CLINE	MATTIE KELLEY	ELSIE PRESSWOOD	MINNIE SUTHERLAND
MARGIE FAIN	BESSIE KING	ETHEL PRICE	CLAUDE TEETER
KATE FOARD	LUCY KING	VERA QUABLES	IDA WILEY
MAUDE FRALEY	ELSIE LEFLER	RUBY RICHARDSON	ZAIDA WINKLER
FRETA GARDIN	ELLEN LENTZ	MAMIE SHARPE	FANNIE WINKLER
OCTA GOODSON	BESSIE MCGILL	NELLIE SHEPHERD	CANDACE WOLFE
	IVA MCINTOSH	CLAUDE SMATHERS	



FRESHMAN CLASS.

Freshman Class History

YOU may think we are little insignificant creatures, but I am going to prove to you that Freshmen, as well as other people, have a few virtues. We have eaten light-bread and "lasses" until we feel almost strong enough for anything. Nevertheless, if it were not for the thought of home, I doubt whether we would be able to survive the spring examinations which are approaching.

There is never a prank to be played but we are there to take our part, especially if it be a midnight feast. On Saturday nights we almost take the roof off of the house; we shake the house so Professor Weaver has even accused us of knocking the electricity out of the light in his room.

So far I have not said anything about our mental ability, but I do not think it is necessary to say much about that, for we are not supposed to know a great deal or to do great things. We can not do anything of importance—get up an annual, for instance.

We are at the bottom of the ladder now, but we mean to climb, being worthier each round, until at the top we stand the largest, most loyal class that has ever graduated from Davenport.

BESSIE KING. 7

Special Class



History of the Special Class

N. B.—Feeling the task of writing the history of the Special Class of Davenport College too great a responsibility for me, I wrote the following letter to Mark Twain, asking him, with the information given, to relieve me of this duty:

Dear Mark: We, the Special Class, want you to write us a history. We consider ourselves the greatest class in school, but we have done nothing to write about. All the other classes feel so important, and are writing histories; we want one too.

We all believe in doing one thing well.

Miss Brittain, our president, is devoting her time to instrumental music, and will be the star performer of the school. Miss Slagle is a born artist, and if she will let Math. alone she will be a famous one. Miss Price is also studying art, and will make a success of it. Miss Ketrion could become a concert singer, but she never will, for she insists on making the art of flirting her specialty. Miss Little and Miss Woodward are both accomplished musicians. Miss Blair will be the reader from our midst. Miss Mae King is fond of art, but passionately fond of drummers, while her sister, Miss Alma King, devotes her time to music. Miss Shuping will some day be an English student of note. Miss Alfred is interested in vocal music, and her specialty is the Lady Principal. Miss Wiley is doing good work in art. Miss Martin has just joined our ranks and we expect her to be an addition to our class life. Miss Johnston's specialty seems to be "teasing." Miss Carlyle is studying music, but alas, she, too, will flirt. Miss Andrews, another art student, believes in working herself only when she cannot work her teachers. Miss Smith could do anything well, but she persists in "working sums." We are the jolliest class in school and possess the most "nerve." It is true we don't like to work, but you could say we do, for that is what all the historians are going to say about their classes.

Now don't you think ours is an interesting crowd?

Historian.

Telegram received from Secretary of Mr. Twain:

Historian Special Class, Davenport College.

Dear Madam: Mark is at this moment drawing his latest breath, resulting from a long attack of melancholia produced by an effort to shoulder the responsibility contained in your letter of recent date.

(Signed) Knott Worth Reading, Sec.

In Memoriam



Pinkie Rendleman

Died June 2, 1907

In Memoriam



Vinnie McLean
Died August 26, 1907

Leaves From a Freshman's Diary

SEPT. 6.—I am here in Lenoir at last. Haven't had time to be homesick, there is so much to see and do. This sure is a big college. I intend to count the rooms this evening. I think this diary will be so nice for me to keep, if I have time.

SEPT. 8.—I went "sight-seeing" in Lenoir today; most all the girls called it "shopping," and laughed at me for calling it "sight-seeing," but said, "Of course there are sights to see in Lenoir."

SEPT. 15.—Miss Tuttle, the English teacher, gave me a list of ten books to read while I am here. I told her I had read ten before I came here, but she seemed to think I ought to read ten more.

SEPT. 18.—One of the girls said to me today, "You are as green as grass." Oh! how mad it made me, and yet it scared me, for I had just put some red paint on my face, that I rubbed off of an old book. The thought came to me that it might have turned me green. I ran to the glass to see if my face was green. No indeed, it wasn't, and I don't believe I will ever speak to that girl again.

SEPT. 22.—I can't see but one improvement I have made since I have been in college. That is, I am getting to be real witty. Every time I say anything someone laughs.

SEPT. 26.—I haven't read a one of my books yet. I went in the library and asked a Junior to help me find "Evangeline's Works." I reckon she thought she was too good to help me, she just laughed and walked away. I sure do have a hard time in college.

OCT. 3.—One of the teachers caught me out of my room last night. Three other girls and myself were in a room together, talking and laughing. I told the teacher I did not know it was against the rules. She called me "Innocence personified." That made me so mad I left the room without saying a word. I have been called a "dunce," and such things as that, but never have I been called "Innocence personified" before.

OCT. 9.—Last night we four girls decided if we couldn't get together and have a little fun without some teacher coming in and calling us such names, to buy us something to eat and take it up in the attic. So that night about eleven o'clock, we got our trunk to eat and started for the attic. We took a candle along, and

just as we got settled down to eat, we heard the teachers under us say, "Go phone to Dr. Weaver that there is a light in the attic that we cannot account for." Dr. Weaver came up from his home and called the cook to come armed to fight anything that was able to get in the attic. While all this was going on we climbed down and went to our rooms. Dr. Weaver and the cook went up into the attic, to find nothing but a box full of sausage and sandwiches. This gave them the clue to the great mystery. The box not only gave a clue, but it gave a feast for the teachers. We have had one feast since then, but we sure didn't go to the attic, but went where we could eat our things without the teachers getting any.

Oct. 12.—I wish I was at home.

Oct. 26.—Dr. Weaver has gone to Charlotte. I do miss him. I don't miss his deep-sounding voice as much as I do his smiling countenance.

Oct. 28.—We had a recital here last night, but I didn't get to recite, or do anything. When I was at home I had to recite every Friday evening in school.

Oct. 30.—I certainly do hope old Santa Claus will bring me something besides nuts and candy this Christmas. One Christmas he brought me a little red hood.

Nov. 6.—I would quit writing in this old diary if it wasn't for mamma. I can see her reading this, and then laying it aside, saying, "Daughter, you have started in your literary career; may the greatest success be yours!"

Nov. 20.—It is snowing fast, and I am wondering how long it will last. Well, if I didn't make a rhyme! Oh, if I could only be a poetess! Mamma always said I had a big head, but would find it useful.

Nov. 30.—Miss Tuttle told me, when I found a big word to always write it down and say it to somebody, so I would get in the habit of using big words. Today I found "obnoxious." I hunted a girl just as quick as I could, and told her she looked obnoxious. In place of seeing her for the next second, I saw "the seven stars." I don't like Miss Tuttle's plan very well. I believe she just meant it for a joke anyway.

Dec. 6.—It is not going to be very long until we leave this old college for home. I only wish I was expecting Santa Claus tomorrow night.

Dec. 12.—I am not going to write any more in my diary until after Christmas. I have so many examinations to study for.

JAN. 4.—I am back in school again and sure do wish I had time to write everything funny that happened while I was at home. Old Santa Claus brought me more candy than he ever did in his life. He brought me a whole box of stick candy, and just to think, it was during the "panic time."

JAN. 7.—Just think, the fourteenth of next month is Valentine's Day. I don't know why, but I always do get more comic valentines than I get Christmas presents.

JAN. 10.—Oh, forgot to write about watching the old year out. New Year's Eve we sat up until the old year went out, and the new came in. I never did find out whether it was the old year or the new year ringing the bells and making such a fuss. I sure did have a time that night.

JAN. 15.—I missed my breakfast this morning, but I don't any more care than if I had missed Miss Parker's lecture.

JAN. 22.—Today is another day I wish I was at home.

FEB. 14.—I am not going to say how many comic valentines I got today. Some of them sure were birds, but they didn't have wings.

FEB. 22.—We had a holiday today because it was Washington's birthday. I don't see why they celebrated his birthday, I know he never did go to school here.

MAR. 12.—Oh, how the wind blows this month!

MAR. 28.—I have decided not to finish this diary. I think I will be an actress if mamma will let me. Won't that be grand?

LIZZIE OSBORNE.

College Organizations

Henry Timrod Literary Society

MOTTO:

Fiat lux

FLOWER:

Daisy.

COLORS:

Yellow and White.

OFFICERS

JENNIE PRICE	<i>President</i>
TOMMIE BABER	<i>Vice-President</i>
HETTIE PITTS	<i>Secretary</i>
LULA FAIN	<i>Treasurer</i>
MAMIE SUE JOHNSON	<i>Critic and Censor</i>
LIZZIE ROGERS	<i>Hall Marshal</i>
LUCILE GOODE	<i>Chaplain</i>

MEMBERS

PEARL ABERNATHY	LUCILE GOODE	ANNIE LOWBEY	OLA FENCE	LOLA THOMPSON
MAUDE ALFRED	OLGA GOODSON	BLANCH MANN	HETTIE PITTS	IDA THOMPSON
EILEN ANDREWS	DELL HARRIS	MAYME MARTIN	LIZZIE ROGERS	LYLA VESTAL
TOMMIE BABER	OLA HERMAN	META MCGEE	LURA SCOTT	BROWN WAGONER
EUNICE BALLARD	BELLE HILL	BESSIE MCGILL	ELIZABETH SHEELLY	GERTRUDE WARE
CORA BALLARD	ALMA HOLSCLAW	ROBENA MCINTOSH	BEULAH SHINN	IRENE WELLS
LENA BARRILL	CORRIL HONEYCUTT	IVA MCINTOSH	CLAUDE SMATHERS	GESSIE WILEY
FLORENCE BLAIR	MARIE JENKINS	MICHAEL MILLER	MARGUERITE SMATHERS	IDA WILEY
WINNIE BRITAIN	MAMIE SUE JOHNSON	LIZZIE OSBORNE	MINNIE SUTHERLAND	CASADACE WOLFE
LUCY COLTRANE	ALMA KYNG	JENNIE OSBORNE	MARY STACY	ALICE WOOD
EULALIA EDWARDS	BESSIE KING	JENNIE PRICE	ROSE STACY	BEULAH WOMBLE
FANNIE FAIN	LUCY KING	LOLA PRICE	MAUDE STORIL	KATH. REID WYCKOFF
LULA FAIN	LULA LEFLER	ETHEL PRICE	CARRIE TATE	KATIE YORK
MARGIE FAIN	ETHEL LEFLER	NORA PRYLES	CLAUDE TIETEL	



Lola Price



HENRY TIMROD LITERARY SOCIETY.

Sidney Lanier Literary Society

MOTTO:

Loyalty, Fraternity, Fidelity.

FLOWER:
Red Rose.

COLORS:
Red and White.

OFFICERS

JUANITA STARBRETTE	<i>President</i>
IRMA CARLYSLE	<i>Vice-President</i>
MAMIE SEAGLE	<i>Secretary</i>
LOUISE ARTHUR	<i>Treasurer</i>
EMMA CARPENTER	<i>Critic and Censor</i>
IRIS PAYTON	<i>Chaplain</i>
EUNICE PARKER	<i>Hall Marshal</i>

MEMBERS

LOUISE ARTHUR	KATE FOARD	PEARL MINISH	MAMIE SEAGLE
LUTIE MAE BRITAIN	FRETA GARDIN	EI NIE PARKER	CYDIE SIGMON
CORA LEE CAGLE	MARY LOW GRAY	IRIS PAYTON	REBECCA SMITH
IRMA CARLYSLE	MAMIE HOOVER	VERA QUARLES	KATHERINE SIMPSON
EMMA CARPENTER	SALLIE IVY	RUBY RICHARDSON	JUANITA STARBRETTE
FANNIE CARPENTER	LYNN JOHNSTON	MARGARET ROGERS	ADDIE STELLE
SALLIE COPPERGE	ADELE JOHNSON	MAMIE ROSE	LOIS STELLE
GERTRUDE COURTESY	LUCY JORDAN	MAMIE SHARP	MISS TUTTLE
SADIE DOWNUM	ROSALINA KETRON	NEELIE SHUPHERD	MAUDE WEAVER
FANNIE FINCHER	VERA LITTLE	NETA SHUPING	GRACE WOODWARD
ALICE FINCHER			SARAH YOUNG

MINNIE DOWNUM, Honorary Member.



Sadie Bonnum



SIDNEY LANIER LITERARY SOCIETY.

Y. W. C. A.

"I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."



Y. W. C. A. CABINET.

JUANITA STARRETTE*President*
CORRIE HONEYCUTT*Vice-President*
LULA FAIN.....*Recording Secretary*
LUCIE GOODE.....*Corresponding Secretary*
BEULAH WOMBLE*Treasurer*

CARRIE TATE.....*Chairman Devotional Committee*
MRS. C. A. WEAVER.....*Chairman Missionary Committee*
EMMA CARPENTER.....*Chairman Social Committee*
LILLIE MAE BRITTAIN.....*Chairman Music Committee*
MISS W. E. LEAR.....*Honorary Member*

Young People's Missionary Society



Y. P. M. S. CABINET.

MISS LELIA J. TUTTLE.....	<i>President</i>	MARGARET ROGERS.....	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
L'ULA FAIN.....	<i>First Vice-President</i>	MISS W. EMMA LEAR.....	<i>Recording Secretary</i>
LOUISE ARTHUR.....	<i>Second Vice-President</i>	LYLA VESTAL.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
MRS C. C. WEAVER.....	<i>Lady Manager</i>		

Expression Class

MOTTO:

Not failure, but low aim, is crime

FLOWER:

Forget-me-not.

COLORS:

Light Blue and Gold

OFFICERS

MAMIE SUE JOHNSON

President

OLA PENCE

Vice-President

LYNN JOHNSTON

Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

LUCILE ABERNETHY

JENNIE DOWNUM

LYNN JOHNSTON

VERA QUARLES

FLORIANE BEAR

SABIE DOWNUM

MAMIE SUE JOHNSON

MRS. C. A. WEAVER

CORA LEE CAGLE

OLA GOODSON

GLADYS McCANLESS

ZELMA WINKLER

MABEL COMANN

ABEIL JOHNSON

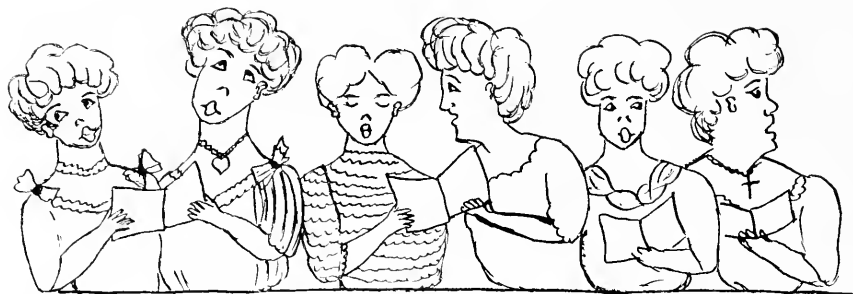
OLA PENCE

KATIE YORK



EXPRESSION CLASS.

Chorus Class



FLAIR ABERNATHY

LOUISE ARTHUR

LILLIE MAYFIELD BRITTAIN

WINNIE BRITAIN

MINNIE DOWNUM

FANNIE FAIN

MARGIE FAIN

LUCILE GOODE

MARY LUC GRAY

DOLL HARRIS

COBBIE HONEYCUTT

ALMA KYNG

ROSALINA KETHON

ANNIE LOWREY

VENA LITTLE

HETTIE PITTS

JENNIE PRICE

MARGARET ROGERS

CLAUDE SMATHERS

MARGUERITE SMATHERS

ADDIE STEELE

LOIS STEELE

MARY STACY

REBECCA SMITH

CARRIE TATE

GUSSIE WILEY

ALICE WOOD

GRACE WOODWARD

D. D. Club

Minutes of the Third Session of the Davenport Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

THE Davenport Conference met for the third annual session in the chapel of Davenport College, Lenoir, North Carolina, at nine o'clock, Wednesday morning, November the thirteenth, nineteen hundred and seven, Bishop Goode presiding. The opening service was conducted by the Bishop, William Emma Lear was elected Secretary. A line from the rear of the sixth window was made the Bar of the Conference.

The following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, Other duties than the Conference demanded our attention; *Resolved*, That the affairs of Conference should be transacted in this one day's session.

The business of Conference was then taken up, and the following questions called:

1. Who are admitted on trial? L. E. Wiley, R. J. Stacy, P. M. Abernathy, G. S. Wiley, and N. L. Vestal.
2. Who are admitted into full connection? Wm. E. Lear.
3. Who are located this year? None.
4. Who are supernumerated? None.
5. Who are superannuated? M. L. Downum.
6. Are all the preachers blameless in their life and official administration? Their names were called one by one in open Conference and with exceptions, their characters were passed.
7. What are the number of Sunday schools? One.
8. Of the money assessed by the last Conference, how much has been raised? Not any.
9. Where shall the next session of Conference be held? In the Students' Building, in which we had intended holding this session. (Let us hope.)
10. Where are the preachers stationed this year? (See appointments.)

The Bishop read the appointments. The doxology was sung and the Bishop pronounced the benediction. The Conference adjourned at three o'clock *sine die*.

(Signed) E. L. Goode, *Bishop*.

WM. E. LEAR, *Secretary*.



DAUGHTERS OF DIVINITY CLUB.

D. D. Club Appointments

COLLEGE DISTRICT, CORRO, HONOLULU, P. E.

Lenoir Station	M. C. Comann
Lenoir Circuit	S. K. Downum
Studio Station	I. E. Wiley
Parker Hall Circuit	K. W. York
Downum's Chapel	C. L. Tate
Chaplain to Weaver Household	R. J. Stacy
Missionary to Benighted Tuttle Hall	M. M. Stacy
Missionary to Rutherford College	P. M. Abernethy
Missionary to Cornell	G. S. Wiley
Conference Evangelist	N. L. Vestal
Supply	W. E. Lear
Superannuated	M. L. Downum

Art Class

MAUDE ALBERD

ELLEN ANDREWS

CORA BALLARD

DOUGLAS BERNHARD

FLORENCE BEAIR

WINNIE BREVIN

IRMA CARLYSLE

SADIE DOWNUM

EUCALIA EDWARDS

MARGARIT HARPER

ADOLE JOHNSON

LANN JOHNSON

MAI KING

MRS. F. A. NUVAAR

FRANCES NUVAAR

JENNIE OSBOEN

LOLA PRICE

ANNIE SHEPHERD

ELIZABETH SHEPHERD

MRS. SHUBERT

NEVA SHUPING

REBECCA SMITH

MAMIE SEAGLE

LOIS STILLE

CLAUDE TETTER

MISS LILIA TUTTLE

MRS. C. A. WEAVER

GUSSED WILEY

IDA WILEY



ART CLASS.

The History of Davenport Art Class

"ART manifests whatever is most exalted, and it manifests it to all." The history of the Davenport Art Class of 1907 and 1908 is one of interest. The unremitting toil and patient endurance of this class has claimed the admiration of the entire school. At the beginning of school this session, we were admonished by our teacher to surmount difficulties by patient toil, and with a purpose in our hearts to succeed.

In choosing our class motto, she advised these words: "Through difficulties to success." When we have undertaken cast drawings and life studies and figure painting, we have understood the meaning of difficulties. Yet we have found that "Slow and Steady wins the race." In our study of the lives of the old masters, and our present day artists, we have also found that only hard work would make the beautiful pictures glow upon their canvases.

We have studied nature, and have painted these grand old mountains that surround us on all sides, Grandfather, with his snowy covering, Table Rock, so calm and sweet in the sunset glow, and Hibriten, so purple and beautiful in her autumn tints.

Our time has also been given to the art of china painting, and many beautiful pieces will go to decorate the homes of the girls represented in our class. We have one of the grandest china kilns in this country. All will agree with me, when I say it is a "Revelation." You will know we are aspiring girls when we say that our purpose is to return to Davenport, finish our course, and receive our diplomas in Art, at not too distant a day.

Our class has steadily increased until we number thirty, and hope the trustees may give us an annex to our already large art room.

May each one return and many others join us for another year to study nature and the grand old masters.

MAMIE DICKEY SLAGLE.



LUCKY THIRTEEN CLUB.



T. C. O. Club

MOTTO:

Eat to live.

FLOWER:
Coffee Plant.

COLOR:
Yellowish Brown.

YELL:

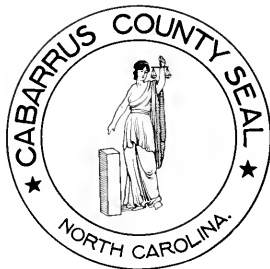
Raw onion, raw onion!
Raw onion, Raw! Raw!

OFFICERS

MISS RUMISELL	President
MISS WEBB	Vice-President
MISS CRANDALL	Secretary
MISS CARR	Treasurer
MISS TUTTLE	General Manager
MIR EUGENE IVEY	Steward

CLUB FURNISHINGS—Chafing-dish, bottle of alcohol, can of coffee, bag of crackers, bag of onions, bowl of sugar, and a box of salt.

PLACE OF MEETING—Among the scholars.



FLOWER:
Violet.

MOTTO:
Look out for number eleven.

COLOR:
"The Blues."

OFFICERS

DELL HARRIS
LURA SCOTT
BESS WIDENHOUSE

President
Vice-President
Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

LENNA BARBER
DELL HARRIS
ADELE JOHNSON
LURA SCOTT
BEULAH SHINN

CLAUDE TEETER
BLANCHE TEETER
IDA THOMPSON
LOLA THOMPSON
BESS WIDENHOUSE

KATE YORK



MOTTO:
Ma on Focert

PURPOSE:
Have a good time.

COLORS:
Blue and Gold.

FLOWER:
Pansy.

YELL:
Macon, Macon of the Old North State,
Macon, Macon, nineteen-eight!

OFFICERS

MAMIE SLAGLE	President
LYNN JOHNSTON	Vice-President
REBECCA SMITH	Secretary
MARGARET ROGERS	Treasurer

MEMBERS

LOUISE ARDUR
MISS EMMA CARR

MARY GRAY
LYNN JOHNSTON

MARGARET ROGERS
MAMIE SLAGLE

REBECCA SMITH
DR. C. C. WAALER, Honorary Member

Georgia Club

MOTTO:

Show us the way to Georgia.

COLORS:

Dark Light, and Light Black.

OCCUPATION:

Primping.

SONG:

My Dear Old Georgia Home Among the Pines

<i>President</i>	ROSALENA KETRON
<i>Vice-President</i>	R. KETRON
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	KETRON, R.
<i>Noisiest Member</i>	ROSALENA KETRON
<i>Greatest Joker</i>	KIT.
<i>Membership</i>	ROSALENA KETRON

PASSWORD:

Don't you what is the matter with the mail?

FAVORITE DRINK:

Catnip Tea.

YELL:

Roo, roo, roo
Crack, crack, crack.
Sis, sis, sis,
Boon, boon, boon,
Ha! ha! ha!
Georgia! Georgia!



GEORGIA CLUB.

South Carolina Club

FLOWER:
Magnolia.

COLORS:
Red and Black.

OCCUPATION:
Defending its rights.

SONG:
The Bonny Blue Flag That Bears the Single Star.

OFFICERS

<i>Co-Presidents</i>	{ BESSIE MCGILL
		NORA PEGUES
<i>Vice-President</i>	{ BESSIE MCGILL
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	NORA PEGUES

MEMBERS

BESSIE MCGILL	NORA PEGUES
TRIF:	PASSWORD:
Palmetto.	Tilman.

YELL:
Palmetto, Palmetto,
Dif, daff, den,
There are two hearts
True to "Pitchfork Ben."

Worst Member—NORA PEGUES

Greatest Joker—BESSIE MCGILL



SOUTH
CAROLINA
CLUB.

S. P. C.



FLOWER:
"Nightshade."

OCCUPATION:
Doing Stunts.

COLOR:
Red and Black.

CLUB SONG:
Oh in the stillly night,
When teachers are fast asleep,
We with muffled tread and light,
In various places meet, etc.

VENA LITTLE
ELLEN ANDREWS
MAE KYNG
FANNIE FAIS
ALICE WOOD
REBECCA SMITH

OFFICERS

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Guard
Chief "_____"

ANDREWS, ELLEN
FAIS, FANNIE
KYNG MAE

MEMBERS

LITTLE, VENA
SMITH, REBECCA
WOOD, ALICE

Tennis Club

Colors:

White and Black.

OFFICERS

LUCILE GOODE

REBECCA SMITH

LILLIE MAYFIELD BRITAIN

..... *President*

..... *Vice-President*

..... *Treasurer*

MEMBERS

LILLIE MAYFIELD BRITAIN

MARGIE FAIN

FANNIE FAIN

LUCILE GOODE

DELL HARRIS

ADLE JOHNSON

EMMA KYNG

ALMA KYNG

ROSALENA KETRON

VENA LITTLE

GERTRUDE WARE

MAYME MARTIN

EUNICE PARKER

OLA PENCE

RUBY RICHARDSON

LURA SCOTT

ALICE WOOD

MARGUERITE SMATHERS

CLAUDE SMATHERS

REBECCA SMITH

CARRIE TATE

LULA VESTAL



TENNIS CLUB.

D. H. S.

MOTTO:

Eat, drink and be merry.

FLOWER:
Honeysuckle.

OCCUPATION:
Proposing.

COLORS:
Variegated.

PLACE OF MEETING:
Find out if you can.

ROLL CALL.	NICKNAME.	CHIEF CHARACTERISTIC.
DEMA CARLSON	Ed	Mockness
FANNIE FAIR	Joe	Cuteness
LYNN JOHNSON	Rob	Dignity
MAYE KYNG	Ben	Sweetness
ALMA KYNG	Jack	Dimples
VELA LITTLE	Jip	Superstition
EUNICE PARKER	Sam	Strength
RUBY RICHARDSON	Teddy	Pompadour
NELA SHUPING	Tom	Quietness
REBECCA SMITH	Wat	Bangs
JUANITA STARBETTE	Kidd	Talkativeness
LYLA VESTAL	Ned	Prettiest
ALICE WOOD	Bob	Meanness
GRACE WOODWARD	Hal	Giggling



D. H. S.



CITY CLUB.

A Trip To Jamestown

MONDAY, October the fourteenth, nineteen hundred and seven, and the ten days following are ones never to be forgotten by Dr. Weaver, Miss Parker, Fannie Fain, Rosilena Ketron, Lynn Johnston, Emice Parker, Mary and Rose Stacy, Mammie Slagle and brother, also Florence Blair and brother, and Emma Carpenter; for it was then that we left for Jamestown.

As we were leaving the college hill it was a question which were happier, the crowd we were leaving on the porch hollowing after us, or we, who were bound for the great Exposition of 1907, with heavy suit cases, but with light hearts.

After spending the night in Hickory we found ourselves on our way to Richmond. It was then that a young man presented us with his cards, which not only had his name printed on them, but some flowers and a touching little verse. He was not the only young man we talked to on our way, but as Miss Parker said, it was necessary for us to keep quiet on the train, perhaps I had better think of that now.

The night of the fifteenth was spent at the Lexington Hotel in Richmond. After having breakfast there the next morning some of us, who thought we knew it all, started out of the dining room into the lobby, but found instead that we had gone in the wrong door; but it didn't take us long to get out of the kitchen, and that was only a joke for those in the dining room—so we didn't mind.

We next boarded the train for Hampton, and by eleven-thirty were there. We found our home to be with Dr. W. P. Isley, a North Carolinian, and schoolmate of Dr. Weaver's, who, with his family, royally entertained us. A little tot became so much attached to Carl Slagle, that I fear our Lady Principal was jealous.

That first afternoon we took in Fortress Monroe and a U. S. battleship launched in the Hudson Bay. There a sailor boy showed us from the cannon on top to the engine far under the water. On leaving the "Brooklyn," we not only amused ourselves but those on board, by our yells for the sailor boys.

Wednesday morning, very much excited by the thought of what we were to see at Jamestown, we took an early boat which soon landed there, and in a very little while we were winding in the gates on the grounds. Shortly after entering we passed some men from New Jersey who were singing, "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

and Dr. Weaver brightly remarked, "They had better get a basket to carry the tune in." A little farther on a crowd of schoolboys gave their yells so loudly that it really frightened us, and we must have shown it, for just after we passed them they began singing "Teasing."

While walking on a path bordering Hampton Roads, two of our party fell behind the others, and were joined by—well, what was there in that to rouse our President's anger and make him wish to throw our caps in the bay and claim us no more as a Junior and Senior from Davenport? Anyway, that was not the only shocking thing, for quite often some of the girls were caught flirting with wax figures. Even Miss Parker was seen waving at an Egyptian, who already had seven wives!

In the evening when we were ready to leave for Hampton, to our horror Lynn could not be found. Finally we discovered her, having a dandy time with a young Mr. Vestal, whom we had met earlier that day. Mr. Vestal was genuine, in other words, he was not one of those old (?) friends of ours whose names escaped us upon questions from Miss Parker. None of us doubted that Lynn got lost accidentally, but some of us did wish way down in our hearts that the same accident would happen to us.

Saturday night we boarded the steamer "Washington" for Washington City. It was on this steamer that we had such a good time with a sailor boy. Some of us had been jollying him quite a good deal, when suddenly his face became serious, he turned to one of us and said that he had received a message that day from his mother, telling him to come at once, his brother was dying (by that time we quieted down), then in the same sentence, but after a long pause, he said, "And I never had a brother at all." Christmas I received a sailor doll with the message, "Don't forget your sailor boy."

Sunday morning we arrived in Washington, and after registering at the Metropolitan our troubles began, for Dr. Weaver left us; and we, not knowing where nor how to find any places, spent a good deal of our time standing on the corners, not meaning any harm, but trying to find our way about.

While in Washington we took our meals at the Twentieth Century Cafe; and it was there one of our party asked the waitress if pulverized sugar was soda, and another one persisted in passing her individual cream pitcher around.

Monday night we went to the National Theatre to see Maud Adams in Peter Pan. Only one of us was lucky enough to have a cousin to take her.

As for the rest, we tried to see most of the things that everyone sees in Washington, the Capitol, White

House, Corcoran Art Gallery, Mt. Vernon, Arlington Heights, The Zoo, Washington Monument and the Library of Congress, and enjoyed all, especially the library, which is the most beautiful building in the world, for it is the most beautiful building Mamie Slagle has ever seen.

Tuesday night we bade Washington adieu and sailed for Newport News; from there we took the train to Richmond and then to our Old North State. The girls determined not to let this be their last exposition, while Dr. Weaver and Miss Parker pledged themselves never to start on another trip with a party of such schoolgirls.





ODDS AND ENDS.

The Day's Program

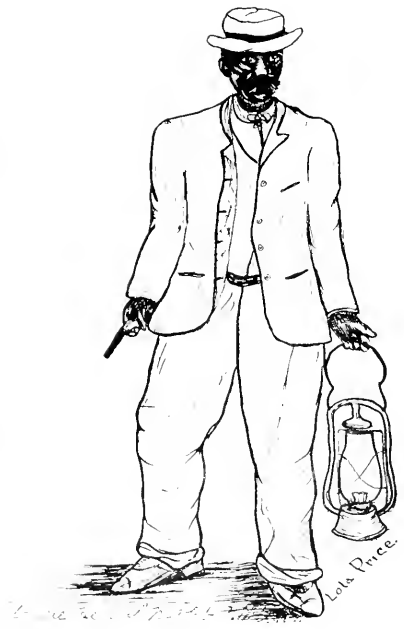
We rise by bells,
We dress by bells,
By bells we go "manger,"
First school bells ring,
The second too,
And thus begins the day.

By bells begin,
And by bells end
The recitations, too,
The welcome bell
At three-fifteen
Says the day's work is through.

By bells we go
To shop down town;
By bells to walk we go,
There's "twenty minutes"
And supper bells,
But that's not all I know.

By bells we pray,
"Oh no," you say,
Indeed, it is quite true,
A bell they ring
We pray and sing;
And for Amen, "That'll do,"

—A. D. S.



Library Rules For Seniors

MOTTO:

We have done all we had time to do.

1. Before beginning your night's work, be sure to inspect all the new magazines and papers, also the note books of your co-workers, and criticize freely. The less you know about a subject, the more severe your criticism should be.
2. When another Senior enters the library, make it a point to greet her by telling her how disagreeable she will find English for the following day.
3. It is entirely out of date to put the reference books back in their places. A neat library is out of order.
4. Never use your own scratch-pad while that of your fellow student is just as convenient. Yours will go further.
5. Chairs and tables are common property. "First come, first served."
6. Never discuss the happenings of the day until you get to the library. There you can always find at least ten or twelve who will be glad to give their opinion on any subject. A call-down or two by the Librarian doesn't amount to anything.
7. It is bad form to get to work without being told.
8. When studying, always write Senior English, and your name in reference books so that in the future each teacher and pupil will see it, for we want them and the world to know that we were Seniors at Davenport, and studied hard.

MAUDE WEAVER.



SENIORS IN LIBRARY.

The Convict

IT is of the summer of 1906, while I was visiting my aunt in Rogersville, a little town in the eastern part of Tennessee, that I now write. On Tuesday morning, July the tenth, which was a delightful morning, I started with my uncle to Devil's Nose, a small village situated among the mountains only a few miles from our home, to see the workings of a great mine which had been discovered a short time before, and of which my uncle had been employed as superintendent. We were to travel in a very small train and over a dangerously new-built railroad. However, I had not thought of the danger as I was so anxious to see the mine, something I had never seen before.

When we reached the station we learned that our train was thirty minutes late. Being well supplied with magazines my aunt had given me when we left home (thinking perhaps it would help me pass the time by after I had seen all there was to see about the mine, for we were not to return home until late), I sat down in one corner of the waiting room and began reading. There seemed to be several others besides us waiting for the same train. Two women especially who attracted my attention. One a very odd, queer looking old creature, with glasses sitting on the end of her Roman nose, so that she could easily see over them as she stared at the other passenger, a slender girl, dressed in the plainest of blue linen traveling suits, her lovely face shaded by a little hat to match. She seemed unaware of the elder woman's stare, but the latter did not find this discouraging. Grasping her basket, which contained quite a number of bundles, she approached the girl.

"Going up to Devil's Nose?" she inquired.

"Yes," answered the girl.

"Got folks up thar?"

"No."

"That gentleman any kin of your'n?" pointing towards my uncle, who was very busy examining some papers.

"He is a stranger to me," returned the young woman rather coolly.

Not finding the girl communicative, the old lady turned away and entered into conversation with some of the other passengers.

"I guess that's the new stenographer for the mines."

"Yes, I'm pretty sure it is. I heard they were looking for one today."

"I hope they won't work her to death," said the woman.

Just about that time our train came puffing up to the station.

"That's the train," shrieked the old lady, and with the basket of bundles she made her way for it.

The car was small and dirty, with horribly uncomfortable seats and dirty window panes. When we were seated the old lady was on the seat with me, anxiously counting her bundles, while the girl in blue was opposite us.

The train started off with a jerk which almost landed us out of our seats.

There was one stop between Rogersville and Devil's Nose, where they got water before climbing the mountain for the mines. When we arrived there I heard voices without, but could not see the speakers.

"I hear voices out thar." "You ever been up here afore?" she asked.

"This is my first visit," I answered.

"Well, I'm going up to visit my sister. She takes boarders, and maybe you can stop thar."

"I am afraid not, as I only came up with my uncle to spend today. We are going back this afternoon."

"Land, thar comes them two men we heard. Why, if it ain't the sheriff!"

The sheriff raised his hat, called the prisoner by his name and motioned for him to sit by the girl in blue, if she didn't care, there being no other vacant seats.

"Not at all," said the girl hastily. There was pity in her tones. The prisoner sat down beside her with a deep flush rising on his strong face.

The sheriff leaned against the rear of the car, keeping motion with the rocking train. Silence fell among us and I found myself studying the prisoner's open countenance, his large blue eyes, and wondering what his crime could have been. He looked what I afterwards found him to be—a well-to-do farmer.

I glanced around at the old lady, who was taking in every feature.

"Is that Jim Scott who was sentenced to ten years in the mines?" she said, turning to the sheriff, who answered, "Yes."

Ten years in the mines! Something like a shiver ran through the girl opposite us, and her eyes held increasing pity.

"I read about him in the papers," continued the old woman. "He shot Mr. Armstrong's cousin, didn't he?" To this the sheriff nodded.

Mr. Armstrong was a very wealthy and distinguished gentleman in that part of the State. He was also a lawyer and owner of the mines.

The girl moved restlessly in her seat as if she wanted to ask the old lady to keep quiet, but she kept right on.

"Well, young men are hasty, and probably he was drinking," she added, a little lower.

The prisoner's eyes flashed, the color rose higher in his cheeks, and he fixed stern eyes on the woman.

"I was not drinking. I never tasted a drop in my life," he said sternly.

"Why did you kill the man then?"

"Didn't you read the papers?"

"Yes, but readin' ain't like hearin' things."

"Well, since you have read about the trial," said the boy more sternly, "I think you need no further information."

By this time the cars were crawling up the steep mountain side and the old lady looked frightened.

"I wish I had asked the ticket man if they ever have any accidents here."

"I could have told you that," said the sheriff. "They have them on an average of twice a week."

"I never would have come if I'd a-knowed that. What if the train jumps the track?"

I looked at the boy and his face seemed troubled. To him far worse things had happened. The mountains yawned for him as he thought of his poor miserable mother; he was no longer a man, but a slave, with no freedom at all. Then he spoke: "I wish to God I could be wrecked!"

The woman stared. "Well, if you are not the meanest boy I ever knowed, wantin' to die in sin."

Then the girl in blue spoke softly: "Take courage, perhaps some day you will be pardoned."

"I shall never be pardoned," said the boy. "I killed Mr. Armstrong's cousin."

Again silence fell among us. Far ahead of the long line of coal cars I could see the engine, when suddenly a frightful thing happened. Our coupling broke. At first we couldn't realize what had happened, but as we began to slip backward, it grew plain enough. We had rounded the last curve when the car leaped the track.

When I became conscious I found myself in my uncle's arms. He had been badly bruised, but most miraculously I was quite uninjured, except very nervous and faint from the scare. I looked around me and saw the girl in blue lying on the ground a few steps away. Her face was like death, and although she appeared to be breathing, there was a stream of blood pouring from what I knew to be a blood vessel in her wrist; I knew, too, that she would die if something wasn't done.

About this time I saw the prisoner draw his hand across his face as if deciding what to do; then he knelt beside the girl to examine the cut. "A blood vessel," I heard him whisper. Taking his handkerchief he tore it to pieces and tied it around the girl's arm and began to twist a stick into it. The blood began to stop, and finally it ceased. He looked across at my uncle and me. "They will come for us when they miss the car, but that may not be until they get to the mines," he said.

"We will have to stay here for hours, won't we?" I asked.

"Hours!" said the boy, "suppose you had ten years of slavery underground stretched before you, and you talk of hours!"

"O, forgive me," I said quickly. Then with a second thought I added, "Why don't you go before——?"

"I could have been miles away into another country where I could have been free, and mother could have come to me, but I couldn't leave this girl in this condition."

"Perhaps Mr. Armstrong will let you go when he sees what you have done for that girl."

"No, indeed, you might as well do anything as to touch one of his family, and I killed his cousin. But God knows I didn't want to kill him. There are some insults a man can take, but not one to his mother. If it hadn't been his cousin I would have been pardoned, but they wouldn't listen to a thing I had to say."

The minutes dragged into what seemed hours and still the girl didn't return to consciousness, but the color began to show in her face.

At last we heard a noise up the track. They were coming for us. About this time the girl in blue opened her eyes, and looked into the prisoner's face.

"W—he—re am I?" she asked.

"Be still," he said, gently. "There was a wreck and you cut a blood vessel. Lie still until someone comes for us."

She answered him with a smile.

Just then the men began to pile off the train. The first man off was Mr. Armstrong. In a second he had passed the dead woman with all her bundles scattered around her, and was kneeling by the girl. She put her arms around his neck and said, "Father, dont look so; I'm safe, this boy has saved my life."

"Mr. Armstrong, for hours that boy sat there, saving your daughter's life, yet giving his liberty for her life," said the sheriff, who was lying not very far away with his limbs badly torn.

Mr. Armstrong was in a deep study as he looked at the boy. Then he laid his hand on the prisoner's head, saying, "Go in peace, and my God forgive me for what I was about to have done to you."

Now let us skip a few years in which we can picture a lovely home in the eastern part of Tennessee with the "prisoner and the girl in blue" the owners.

How happy are they as they gather around the fire at twilight and tell their little ones of the day when they first met!

MAUDE WEAVER.

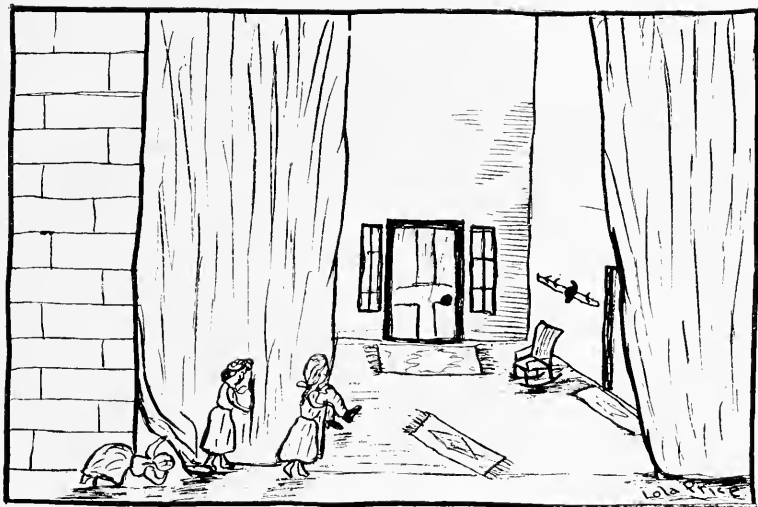




Davenport Girls' Ambitions

Pearl Abernethy	To argue with the Latin teacher.
Maudie Alford	To have a good time.
Fannie Carpenter	To get Ex. on department.
Eunice Parker	To fight with the Seniors.
Ruby Richardson	To get to breakfast on time.
Nora Pegues	To talk to herself.
Katie York	To get letters from A. & M.
Ola Pence	To blow horns at night.
Irma Carlisle	To see beauty in the teachers.
Sarah Young	To go to her sister's.
Mamie Slagle	To be a famous artist.
Eulalia Edwards	To write to "Tom."
Mary Lou Gray	To have a perfect chemistry lesson.
Lois Steele	To court the teachers.
Robena McIntosh	To have perfect lessons.
Iva McIntosh	} To recover from roseola.
Octa Goodson	
Lucy Coltraine	} To go down town.
Lillie Mae Brittain	
Adele Johnson	To get an audience.
Louise Arthur	To tease Mary Lou.
Lyla Vestal	To appreciate nature.
Mayme Martin	To get an A. & M. pendant.
Mae Kyng	To dress up.
Anna Kyng	To see "Bub."
Claude Teeter	To wear brown shoes.
Blanche Teeter	To stay in Prof. Weaver's room.
Gussie Wiley	} To be teased about Cornell.
Ida Wiley	
Carrie Tate	To have meeting of her committee.

Laura Scott	To be with Bess.
Emice Ballard }	To go to Rutherford College.
Cora Ballard }	
Grace Woodard	To be nice to new girls.
Neta Shuping	To be an art critic.
Lizzie Osborne	To make cutting remarks.
Jennie Osborne	To talk perpetually.
Alice Wood	To spend Sunday morning in the attic.
Gladys McCausess	To find something amusing
Lacy Kyng }	To study hard.
Bessie Kyng }	
Alma Holsclaw	To write poetry.
Ellen Andrews	To eat peanuts during prayers.
Margie Fain }	To exchange societies.
Bess Widenhouse }	
Irene Wells	To teach school.
Lizzie Rogers	To get an Annual.
Alice Miller	To write on a slate.
Minnie Sutherland	To graduate at D. C.
Belle Hill	To totem the moon.
Tommie Baber	To do her duty.
Elsie Lefler	To be with Fannie.
Lena Lefler	To play the piano.
Meta McGhee	To report "bisent-liffrs."
Ola Herman	To spoon with Miss Webb.
Beulah Shim	To walk gracefully.
Vera Quarrels	To talk "Car Gweek."
Clyde Signon	To be like Aunt Lelia.
Claude Smathers	To have a heavy suit of hair.
Marguerite Smathers	To go to the skating rink.
Marion Weaver	To pull hair.
Ethel Price	To keep quiet.
Lola Price	To paint angels.
Jennie Price	To finish Junior Class History.
Lynn Johnston	To be the teachers' darling.



RECEPTION HALL.

Jokes

Prof. Weaver (on Psychology): "What does the simple combination of the horse with wings represent?"
Mary: "A flying jennie."

Senior: "Lizzie, what did Miss Lear give us for the next English lesson?"

Lizzie: "Oh, nothing, except read the rest of Scott's poems and the encyclopedia and learn the dictionary and geography by heart."

Miss Webb (on Arithmetic): "Three times one and one-half is equal to seven and one-half."

Lynn (to Margaret): "Is that bay rum in that bottle on the table?"

Margaret: "Gracious, no; that is muceilage."

Lynn: "Well, I just know that is the reason I can't get my rat out of my hair."

One of the girls received quite an interesting letter from her beau the other day in which he said: "Never fear, dear, I have almost enough tobacco tags to get you a Christmas present."

Since the panic has come our President is sporting a mustache to save barber's bills.

"Say, girls, I had croquet (cocaine) put in my tooth when it was pulled, and it didn't hurt a bit."

One girl being very anxious to know how she stood in her classes, was heard to ask if anybody had received their deportment.

Dr. Weaver (after lights went off): "Say, Central, how long will we be in the dark?"

Central: "Until the lights come on."

After Miss Lear had assigned a long lesson, one of the girls in class asked: "What does she think we are?" Miss Lear quickly answered: "Lightning." One of the girls not in class said, "Well, you stand outside the door and you will hear thunder."

Miss Webb (on Astronomy): "Lizzie, what kind of light do the asteroids give?"

Lizzie: "Artificial light."

Addie (on Astronomy): "Is the North Pole straight above us?"

"Hettie, please look in the encyclopedia for Warbeck, a usurper of the English throne."

Hettie: "I can't find him in here, but I suppose he is in this volume of 'The World's Best Literature.'"

Miss Lear: "Don't begin to forget what you have already remembered."

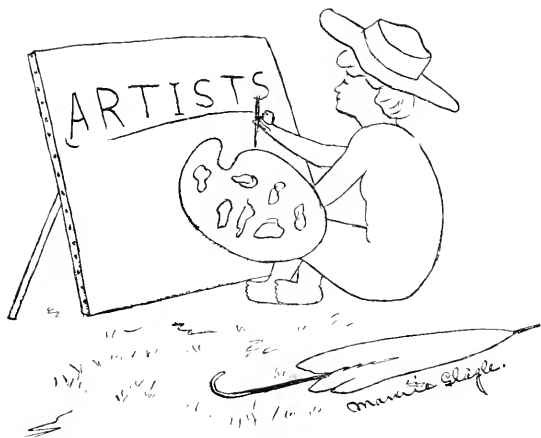
Ellen: "Which commandment is it that says, 'Thou shalt not lie?'"

On history: "Didn't Martin Luther write two books in the Bible?"

If two of our Specials would not specialize so much and would take some Freshman studies, perhaps they would not get off the train at Blacksburg when they ought to get off at Gastonia.

Margaret (studying geometry): "Now, that circle would have equal radiators."





Ellen Andrews

Winnie Brittain

Sadie Downum

Miss Carr

Eulalia Edwards

Lola Price

Elizabeth Shepherd.

Manie Slagle

Medals and Prizes

WE, the Senior Class of 1908, of Davenport College, of Lenoir, North Carolina, looking back over all the days of our lives hitherto, have found that those spent in this institution of learning are among the happiest ones of all. Of course there have been some unpleasant things, but we find that the pleasant happenings are so numerous they have crowded the former almost out of our memories. While thinking of these happy days and the many golden opportunities they have brought us, our hearts are filled with gratitude; and yet, when we think how poor are the means we have of showing this gratitude, a shadow of gloom comes over us. And as we know it would be impossible for us to ever pay this debt, we will not attempt it, but as we are desirous of showing to those who have done so much for us that we appreciate all they have done, and because we want to be remembered by future generations when we shall have departed these classic walls, do hereby present the following medals and prizes.

To our beloved *alma mater* we present all of our ready cash to be expended in the erection of a new building and of a reception hall.

In loving remembrance of his incomparable service to us and to Davenport College, we award to our president, Dr. Charles C. Weaver, an iron medal. We give him also a perpetual prescription for sleeping powders, in order that he may not meet an early death from lack of repose. Likewise we give him a thoroughly competent assistant (Miss L. M. Jones, for instance), who shall have charge of the educational part of the college in order that he may be free to devote himself entirely to the management of the pump and the furnace.

For her much wisdom and prudence in all things we award to Miss Parker a medal of polished steel. Also, with love and respect we present to her an eighth day in the week to be devoted entirely to Cesaric instruction (Miss Alma Holsclaw being appointed assistant). Next with fear and trembling and because we must, we give the above mentioned Lady Principal an honorary ticket to all midnight feasts with the privilege of guarding and devouring whatever fragments there may chance to be left from aforesaid feasts.

To Prof. Weaver, for his never dying willingness to assist us in all good works, we award a German silver

medal, and with the most happy recollections we leave him our sincerest wish that he may always find it—"A Good World."

To Miss Carr we award a solid gold medal for her perennial kindness and patience in her work.

To Miss Tuttle, in loving remembrance of the benefits and encouragement we have received from her instructive and pleasant talks on all virtues—especially on the value of Literature, we award a solid nickel medal; and we recommend her for the only vacancy now to be had on the staff of the Charlotte Observer.

As the recollections of our work in "Trig" will ever be dear to our hearts in spite of the many trials and tribulations we had during this work, we wish to award to our teacher, Miss Emma Lear, a gold-plated medal for her faithful and thorough training. Miss Lear shall have also a ninety-nine years' lease on all "Roseola" germs afloat in the college, and all the rights and privileges appertaining thereto.

To Prof. Nmyar we award a pure silver medal for his devotion to his work; we give him also the right of ownership of all "rag-time" music brought to Davenport College.

To Miss Taylor, for being as Miss Parker said, "As good as Sunday," we award a white platinum medal.

We award to Mr. Downum a handsome bronze medal for his good training in Latin and French. He shall have also a crown for his kindness in fulfilling the places of the other teachers in their absence.

We present to Miss Rusmisell a bright tin medal for her long-suffering and "patience" with her sight-singing classes, and furthermore she shall be given the entire control of the electric light plant.

With much love and with many thanks for her earnest efforts to teach us Astronomy, we award to Miss Webb a genuine hand-painted celluloid medal. To her we leave also a room in which the sun is guaranteed to shine in all directions all times in the day, and the said room shall be lined with radiators.

To Miss Hoston we award a red copper medal for her ornithological work in the protection of our most common birds—particularly the "martin."

To Miss Crandall we award a plain aluminum medal for winning the only sleigh ride of the season. We likewise give her the right to all the onions in the college garden not already devoured by the other garlic-eater, Miss Rusmisell.

We award to Miss Bowman a hammered lead medal for organizing the famous fifth reader brigade.

With a sincere and hearty admiration and with an increasing gratitude for the compulsion of duty she put upon us, even while we might confess that at the time our tasks seemed too difficult, we award to Miss

Grace Lear a special cold zinc medal for her kindness in coming to teach us; in addition we leave her our sincerest wish that St. Peter will be more lenient with her when it comes to grading than she was with us.

To the present Junior Class, the Senior Class of 1909, we award the Grand Prize for their matchless skill and ability in entertaining which they manifested in the management of the Grand Junior Reception of 1908, and with best wishes for a happy and successful year we give them our knowledge, privileges, and robes, on the condition that they keep up their good reputation until they are Seniors.

To the Sophomore Class, in acknowledgment of the good beginning they have made, we give a Vote of Thanks; we give them also all of our grades above seventy five which we have received during the past four years for they will be of no further use to us.

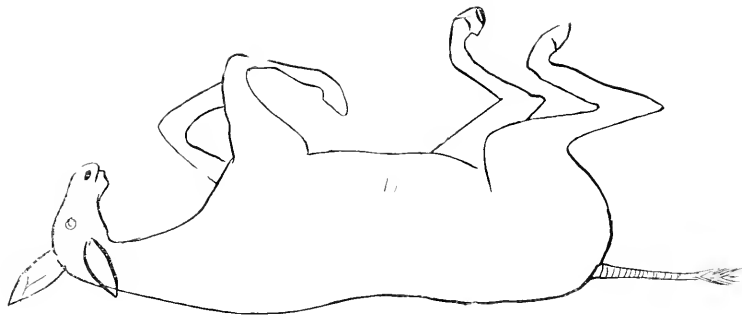
The Booby Prize shall be awarded to the Freshman Class for its first efforts to solve quadratic equations; to them we will give also our good behavior, good manners, and our studious habits with our sincerest wishes that thereby they may feel at ease until they become accustomed to their places and to the ways of college life, and also with the hope of saving Miss Parker the trouble of drilling them in etiquette—table etiquette, for instance.

This completes our list of medals and prizes. Thanking the public for their kind attention, we make our bow upon Davenport's stage, and bid you farewell.

LULA FAHN.



GOODBYE.



Turn over - (for adv).

***What Davenport College
Has Done in Four Years***

Increased boarding patronage three hundred per cent. Increased accommodations the same. Increased Faculty from five to thirteen members. Installed electric lights, steam heat, up-to-date water works and sewerage systems. Has grown faster than any other school in the State in the same time.

For further information, address

***CHAS. C. WEAVER,
Lenoir, N. C.***

Melton-Tuttle Co.

Outfitters for Men

LADIES' SHOES

South Main Street Lenoir, N. C.

J. D. STOCKER, *President*, Jermyn, Pa.
W. D. RUSSELL, *Sec'y and Treas.*, Scranton, Pa.

Wilson Lumber & Milling Co.

E. E. DALE, *General Manager*.

*White Pine and
Hardwood Lumber*

WHITE PINE PACKING CASES

Lenoir, N. C.

WITH AN UP-TO-DATE LINE OF

5 and 10c. Goods

And a select line of DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING, I invite your patronage.

THE RACKET

FOR DRUGS, TOILET ARTICLES,
FOUNTAIN PENS, STATIONERY, HUY-
LER'S CANDY, POST CARDS, COLD
DRINKS, ICE CREAM, FRUITS AND
EVERYTHING FOUND IN AN UP-TO-
DATE DRUG STORE.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COM-
POUNDED.

Yours to serve,

Lenoir Drug Company

On the Square.

Dr. Kent's Drug Store

Carries a full line of Stationery, choice Ex-
tracts, Rare and Lasting Perfumery, Perfumed
Soaps, Tooth, Nail and Hair Brushes, Toilet Ar-
ticles of all kinds.

Only fresh and pure Drugs used in filling pre-
scriptions.

College Printing

A modern printing plant located in a small
town, where expenses are low, is in a position to
give you the very best grade of Printing at lowest
possible cost.

Cards, Invitations, Catalogues, Annuals—that's
us.

Clay Printing Company

HICKORY, N. C.

LOGAN G. REID

Telephone 87.

Doctor Dental Surgery

Rooms 1 and 2 Shell Building

LENOIR, N. C.

H. T. NEWLAND

LENOIR, N. C.

**FANCY GOODS
DRY GOODS
NOTIONS**

"Queen Quality" Shoes. Everything to eat and wear.

J. W. SELF

J. W. SELF

We suit the hard-to-suit.
If it's something nice to wear,
see us.

Very truly yours,

J. W. SELF.

THE BOOK STORE

**BOOKS,
STATIONERY,
MUSIC,
MAGAZINES,
SCHOOL SUPPLIES,
NOVELTIES.**

We appreciate the kind and profitable attention
the people give us.

Respectfully,

LENOIR BOOK CO.

G. W. F. HARPER, *Pres.* J. H. BEALL, *Cashier.*
W. A. SHELL, *1st. Cashier.*

BANK OF LENOIR

Resourees, over \$300,000.00

Places at your disposal its facilities, and invites you to make use of them. Four per cent. interest paid, compounded quarterly, in our Savings Department.

J. E. SHELL

DRUGGIST

STATIONERY,
ARTISTS' MATERIALS,
SUGNALLY'S CANDY.

Telephone 16.

The Place to Meet

W. A. WATSON

GENERAL MERCHANDISE AND COUNTRY
PRODUCE.

For stylish Dress Goods, Dry Goods, Notions,
Clothing for all sizes, Hats, Caps, Shoes for all
classes, Trunks and Bags, see

W. A. WATSON

South Main Street.

COURTNEY'S

Is the store that sells the up-to-date and most
stylish things in Dress Goods, Fancy Notions, Mil-
linery and Ladies' Shoes, at correct prices.

M. M. COURTNEY

HOTEL ARCHER

OPEN ALL THE YEAR. THE
PLACE TO STOP WHEN YOU
COME TO LENOIR.

F. V. ARCHER, Propr.

BLOWING ROCK HOTEL

Carolino's Most Noted Summer Resort

Blowing Rock, N. C.

Elevation over 4,000 feet. Higher than "The Land
of the Sky." Situation unsurpassed. Under last
year's management. Opens June 15th, 1908.

Address,

Blowing Rock Hotel

Theo. P. Kincaid & Company

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

— — — — — AND — — — — —
COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Lenoir

North Carolina.

G. L. BERNHARDT
G. W. F. HARPER

J. C. SEAGLE
G. F. HARPER

Established 1829.

**BERNHARDT - SEAGLE HARDWARE
& FURNITURE COMPANY**

PICTURE-MAKING A SPECIALTY

All young men who visit Davidson College
should buy their CLOTHING and FURNISHING
GOODS from

Martin & Clark Clothing Company

HICKORY, N. C.

W. C. NEWLAND,

Attorney at Law,

LENOIR, N. C.

DR. A. A. KENT,
Physician and Surgeon,
LENOIR, N. C.

The Henkel Live Stock Company

(INCORPORATED)

Dealers in HORSES AND MULES,
BUGGIES, SURREYS, HACKS,
WAGONS, SADDLES, AND HAR-
NESS

Main Office, Statesville, N. C.

Branches: Lenoir, Hickory, and Newton, N. C.

FOR ARTISTIC PRINTING, SEE
P. O. GRIST

THE PRINTER,

"Printing That Satisfies."

LENOIR, N. C.

G. Schirmer

35 Union Square, New York.

IMPORTERS AND PUBLISHERS OF MUSIC.

Publishers of Celebrated Schirmer's Library of
Musical Classics.

MRS. McNAIRY AND MOORE,
Physicians and Surgeons,
LENOIR, N. C.

Morrison Bros. Company, Inc.

DEALERS IN HIGH GRADE PIANOS, RANGING
IN PRICE FROM \$150 TO \$750.

THE MORRISON BROS. CO. (Inc.)

Hickory, N. C.

Harrison & Company

SELECT GROCERIES, DELECTABLE DELICACIES, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

Pretty Novelties in Silver, China and Glass.

Lenoir Grocery Company, Inc.

J. R. EWIN, *President*

WHOLESALE GROCERS

Office and salesroom near Depot, Lenoir, N. C.



COTTRELL & LEONARD

Albany, N. Y.

Makers of Caps and Gowns to Davenport College and five hundred others.

Class contracts a specialty.
Send for bulletin and samples.

DR. W. P. IVEY

Lenoir, N. C.

EDMUND JONES,

J. W. WHISNANT

JONES & WHISNANT

Attorneys at Law.

Lenoir North Carolina.

LENOIR VENEER CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF ROTARY CUT OAKS
AND POPULAR VENEERS.

Lenoir North Carolina.

LAWRENCE WAKEFIELD,

Attorney at Law.

Lenoir, North Carolina.

Rutherford College

A high grade preparatory school for both sexes. Healthful location, thorough instruction, moderate expenses. For catalogue, address,

W. W. PEELE, *President.*

Rutherford College, N. C.



THE CUTS IN THIS PUBLICATION
WERE MADE BY
THE MAURICE JOYCE ENGRAVING CO
WASHINGTON D. C.



THE PRINTING AND BINDING
WAS DONE BY THE
HACKNEY & MOALE COMPANY
ASHEVILLE, N. C.



H. M. TEAGUE

*Portrait
Photographer*

Lenoir, - - - North Carolina

CLASS AND FRATERNITY PINS AND MEDALS
OUR SPECIALTY.

SCHWARTZ, KIRWIN & FAUSE

"If we make it for Gold, it's Gold."

MANUFACTURING JEWELERS.

42 Barclay Street.

New York.

