

Robt. Hafferty

THE NARRATIVE OF THE NINES



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**PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS
OF DAVIDSON COLLEGE**

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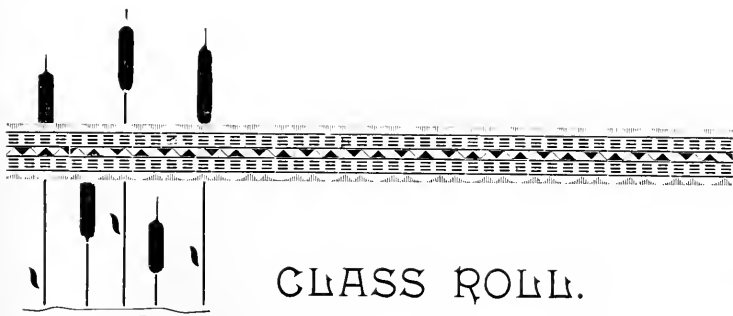
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THE
NARRATIVE
OF THE
NINES

PREFACE.

It is customary, we believe, in presenting a book of any kind to the public to offer a word of explanation, or perhaps an apology. We do not apologize for this little production incomplete as it is, for we believe that it will meet the approval of those for whom it is designed. The matter relates principally to one body of men—the present graduating class, and we are confident that they will overlook the many deficiencies, knowing that the work was a labor of love for '99. To them we submit our work, trusting that the book may be as another bond to hold us still closer together. For the rest—the acts and doings, the joys and the sorrows of the class,—are they not recorded in *THE NARRATIVE OF THE NINES*.



CLASS ROLL.

ROBERT SYDNEY ABERNETHY, B. S.; Phi.; B. O. T.;
 "Ab"; Lincolnton, N. C.; born Mt. Holly, N. C., 1878;
 prepared at Piedmont Seminary, Lincolnton, N. C.;
 entered college Sept. '95; Marshal '97; Supervisor Phi.
 Society '97; Manufacturer's Club '97.

LOUIS GIRARDEAU BEALL, A. B.; Phi.; "Luke";
 Greensboro, N. C.; born Lenoir, N. C., 1876; prepared
 at Barnes' Home School, Lenoir, N. C.; entered college
 Sept. '93, left Dec. '95, re-entered Sept. '97; Chemical
 Lab. Ass't. '98-'99; Editor *Quips and Cranks* '98; Ed.
 "NARRATIVE OF THE NINES;" Treas. Y. M. C. A. '99;
 Man. F. B. Team '98; Capt. of F. B. and B. B. '95; Critic
 Phi. Soc. '98; Commencement Orator '98.

GEORGE TOWNSEND CLARK, A. B.; Eu.; P.K.A.;
 O.N.E.; "Dobbin"; Sandifer, N. C., born Sandifer, N.
 C., 1879; prepared at Paw Creek H. S.; entered Sept. '95;
 Vice-Pres. Eu. Society '98; College B. B. Team '97-'99.

ROBERT LANGDON DOUGLAS, A. B.; Eu. S.A.E.;
 "Bob"; Blackstock, S. C.; born Yorkville, S. C., 1873;
 prepared at Blackstock H. S.; entered Sept. '93; left '94;
 re-entered '96; Pres. Eu. Soc. '98; Treas. Eu. Soc. '99;
 Commencement Orator '98.

JOHN LAWRENCE FARRIES, B. S.; S. A. E.; "Jack";
 Goldsboro, N. C.; born Ottawa, Can., 1875; prepared at
 Ottawa Collegiate Inst. Ottawa, Can.; entered Sept. '96;
 Man'g. Track Team '97-'98; Gynasium Captain '97-'98;
 Editor-in-Chief "NARRATIVE OF THE NINES"; Vice-Pres.
 the Electrical Club, '97.

- THOMAS FRANKLIN HANEY, A. B.; Eu.; "Frank"; Rock Hill, S. C.; born, Wadesboro, N. C., 1871; prepared at Presbyterian H. S., Rock Hill, S. C.; entered Sept. '95; Treas. Y. M. C. A.; Class Pres. '97-'98; Vice-Pres. '96-'97; Sec'y Society '97; Commencement Orator '98.
- WADE COTHRAN HARRISON, A. B.; Eu.; K. S.; "Ben"; Bradley, S. C.; born Bradley, S. C., 1878; prepared at McCabe School, Petersburg, Va.; entered Sept. '95; Pres. Athletic Asso. '98-'99; Capt. Class Track Team '97-'98, '98-'99; Manager Class Foot Ball Team '99; Vice-Pres. Eu. Soc.; Reviewer Eu. Soc. '99.
- FRANK MORTON HAWLEY, B. S.; Eu.; "Daddy;" Charlotte, N. C.; born Polkton, N. C. 1875; prepared at Union Institute, Unionville, N. C.; entered Sept. '94, re-entered Sept. '97; Pres. Eu. Soc. '99; Reviewer '98; Sec'y. of Class '99; Declaimer's Medal '95; Debater's Medal '99; Ed. *Davidson College Magazine* '99.
- ROBERT HARVEY LAFFERTY, A. B.; Phi.; P.K.A. "Bob"; Davidson, N. C.; born Davidson 1878; prepared at Davidson H. S.; entered Sept. '95.
- JOSEPH MOORE McCONNELL, A. B.; Eu.; "Mac;" McConnellsville, S. C.; born McConnellsville 1875; prepared at McConnellsville H. S.; entered Jan. '96; Pres. Class '96-'97; Pres. and Sec'y Y. M. C. A. '98; Capt. Class F. B. Team '97-'99; Vice-Pres. Student Body, '98; Pres. Eu. Soc. '99; Sec't. '97, Vice-Pres. '98, Reviewer, '99; Commencement Orator '98; Orator's Medal '98; Debater's Medal '98; Essayist's Medal '99; Ed. *Davidson College Magazine* '98-'99; Ed. in Chief '99; Editor *Quips and Cranks* '97; Bus. Mang'r. *Quips and Cranks* '98; Ed. "NARRATIVE OF THE NINES"; Monitor of Class, '99; Vice-monitor '97-'99.
- ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER McFADYEN, A. B.; Phi. "Scotch"; Raeford, N. C.; born Raeford 1877; prepared at Union Home School, Victor, N. C.; entered Sept. '95; Pres. Class '98-'99; Class Sec'y '97-'98; Honor Roll '97-'98; Vice-Monitor Class '99; Pres. Phi. Soc. '98; Sec'y '97; Critic '98; Essayist's Medal '98.

- ANDREW MULDROW McLAUGHLIN, A. B.; Phi. "Parson"; Antioch, N. C.; born Antioch, N. C., 1871; prepared at Red Springs Academy, N. C.; entered Sept. '95; Treas. Phi. Soc. '97-'98; Critic Phi. Soc. '98-'99; Declaimer's Medal '96.
- JAMES ALEXANDER McQUEEN. B. S.; Phi; "Mac"; Carthage, N. C.; born Carthage, 1875; prepared at Carthage Academic Inst.; entered Oct. '95; Man. F. B. Team '98; Pres., Vice-Pres., Critic Phi. Soc.; Commencement Orator '98; Editor *Davidson College Magazine* '99.
- JAMES PLEASANT MATHESON, A. B.; Phi.; B.O.T.; "Math"; Taylorsville, N. C.; born Taylorsville, 1877; prepared at Statesville H. S.; entered Sept. '95; Sec'y of Class '96; Pres., Vice-Pres. and Sec'y Phi. Soc.; Vice-Monitor '96-'97; Ed. "NARRATIVE OF THE NINES."
- ALSTON DAVIS MORRISON, B. S.; Phi.; B.O.T.; "A. D."; Mariposa, N. C.; born Mariposa, 1878; prepared at Barnes' Military Academy, Lenoir, N. C.; entered Sept. '95; Vice-Pres. of Skating Club '96; Manufacturer's Club '97.
- HENRY STOKES MUNROE, A. B.; Phi.; S.A.E.; "Doc;"; Lenoir, N. C.; born Farmville, Va., 1878; prepared at Barnes' Home School, Lenoir, N. C.; entered Sept., '95; Class Monitor, '96-'97-'98; Chemical Labor. Ass't. '98-'99; Historian of Class '97-'98; Vice-Pres., Sec'y Phi. Society; Junior Respondent '98; Debater's Medal, '98; Essayist's Medal '99.
- SAMUEL ALEXANDER ROBINSON, B. S.; Phi.; B.O.T.; O.N.E.; "Sam"; Gastonia, N. C.; born Gastonia, 1876; prepared at Gaston Institute; entered Sept. '95; Pres. Class '95-'96; Man'g. Class F. B. Team, '95-'96-'97; Secretary Treas. Hist. Assoc.; German Club; Manufacturer's Club '97; Sec. and Treas. Tennis Association '97; Bus. Mangr. *Davidson College Magazine*, '97-'99; Marshal, '97; Bus. Mangr., "NARRATIVE OF THE NINES."
- WILLIAM STAMPS ROYSTER, B. S.; Phi.; B. O. T.; "Bill"; Norfolk, Va.; born Tarboro, N. C., 1880; prepared at Tarboro Male Academy; entered Sept. '95; Glee Club '95-'99; Track Team '97-'99; German Club.

JOHN THOMAS SMITH, A. B. ; Phi. ; "Der Grosser Schmidt"; Francisco, N. C. ; born Francisco, 1868 ; prepared at Crossroads Church Academy ; entered '94.

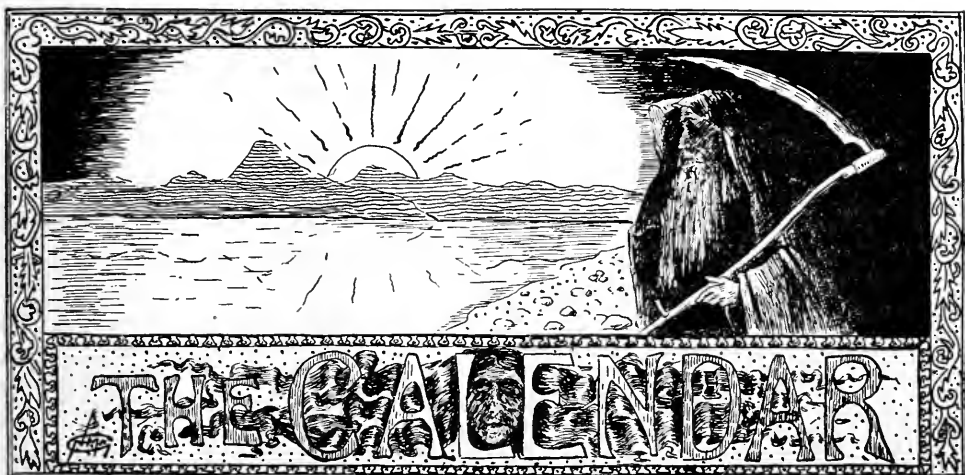
SAMUEL CALVIN SMITH, A. B. ; Phi. ; "S. C." ; Hightowers, N. C., born Pleasant Grove, 1870 ; prepared at Ingram Institute ; entered '95 ; Vice-Pres. Y. M. C. A. ; Vice-Pres. Athletic Asso. '99 ; Vice-Pres. Phi. Soc. '98 ; Declaimer's Medal, '97.

HENRY GILLESPIE SMITH, B. S. ; K. A. ; O. N. E. ; Acteon ; "Kid" ; Abbeville, S. C. ; born Abbeville, 1880 ; prepared at Abbeville Graded Schools ; entered Sept. '95 ; Vice-Pres. Class '97-99 ; Sec'y Class '97 ; Pres. Student Body '98-'99 ; Capt. College B. B. Team '96-'98 ; Capt. Foot Ball Team '98-'99 ; Marshal '96.

HENRY BAGLEY STOKES, A. B. ; Phi. ; "Bunch" ; Oral Oaks, Va. ; born Oral Oaks, 1876 ; prepared at Barnes' Academy, Lenoir, N. C. ; entered Sept. '94 ; left June '96 ; re-entered Sept. '97 ; Treas. Phi. Soc. '96-'97 ; Punctuality Roll '97-'98.

JAMES EDWARD WARD, A. B. ; Phi. ; "Johnny" ; Fayetteville, N. C. ; born Brunswick Co., N. C. 1871 ; prepared at Thompson School, Siler City, N. C. ; entered Sept. '94 ; re-entered Jan. '95 ; Pres. Phi. Soc. '99 ; Commencement Orator '98 ; Declaimer's Medal '95 ; Ed. *D. C. Magazine* '97-'99 ; Class Historian '98-'99 ; Supt. Reading Room.





Sept. 9. College Opens. The Seniors number as many as the Fresh.

Sept. 13. Fresh are entertained at the Y. M. C. A. hall. The Nines treat them royally.

Sept. 18. Class organization, McFayden, President ; Smith, H. G., Vice-President ; Hawley, Secretary and Treasurer ; Ward, Historian.

Sept. 19. Betsy Hamilton's recital.

Sept. 20. Dr. Shearer goes to Presbytery at Blackstocks, S. C. In confirmation of the adage "when the cat's away the mice will play," the Sophs enjoy the Doctor's absence. The report from the Fresh is not so favorable.

Sept. 25. Senior picnic. Three wagon-loads of Seniors accompanied by the young ladies of the village take a three mile drive to Center church-yard, have lunch there and returning by Mr. Reed's, where they enjoy some singing, reach Davidson about 10 o'clock at night. "Bunch" Stokes surprises the party by engaging in a bit of romance. Everybody had a "nice" time, but all recommend that we take our next picnic excursion in *palace cars* run by a different company from Brady's.

Oct. 1. Hewitt is elected manager of the foot ball team, Smith, H. G., Captain, McConnell Assistant Captain.

- Oct. 2. The students petition the faculty to let them take part in intercollegiate athletics.
- Oct. 4. Dr. Shearer reports that our petition has been granted and wishes Davidson "as much success with her heels as she has had with her heads," for which he is heartily cheered.
- Oct. 5. The "Parson" makes a tour to the country supposedly to see friends(?).
- Oct. 8. The "meds" wishing better clinical advantages play the NINES a game of foot ball. As a result of the investment they receive a broken nose, a fractured collarbone, and a sprained knee and ankle within ten minutes after the game had begun. The Nines then go to the gymnasium for a little exercise.
- Oct. 9. The college foot ball team is practicing daily, Dr. Martin doing the coaching.
- Oct. 12. "Kid" goes to Charlotte to see his uncle? He returns without seeing his uncle.
- Oct. 15. The Glee Club organizes, Winn doing the *organizing*.
- Oct. 18. John Schenck and Geo. Stephens come up to train the college foot ball team. The team rapidly improving.
- Oct. 6. Sophs 5, Juniors 5, foot ball. No casualties.
- Oct. 20. Sudden rise in the leather market. Fresh C-t bought a pair of shoes the assigned and sufficient cause. Boston shoe makers take advantage of the fine weather to build "Scotch" a pair of foot ball shoes.
- Oct. 24. Sophs 21, Fresh 0. The Fresh disband. Abnormal development of the Sophomoric cerebrum.
- Oct. 25. "Wade" goes to prayers! The mercury staggers and falls several degrees.
- Oct. 26. Davidson accepts the University's challenge to play foot ball in Charlotte on Nov. the 5th. Hard practicing follows.
- Oct. 31. Prof. Poteat lectures in Y. M. C. A. hall. Subject: "The Thirty Silent Years."
- Nov. 1. Work is begun on the artesian well. An abundant supply of water is predicted.

- Nov. 3. Morton perpetrates his "cummings-tonite" joke, for which his girl kicks him. So do the mineralogy class.
- Nov. 5. U. N. C. 11, Davidson 0. The faculty came back "straight," but jubilant and enthusiastic.
- Nov. 6. "Johnny" doesn't go to sleep in church !
- Nov. 10. A number of the Nines get homesick. Munroe makes a short visit to his parents, "shortening" the trip by going through Hickory ; Robinson goes to see his "parents" at Gastonia ; Clark visits his "parents" at Sandifer. You know about the summer girls.
- Nov. 12. Thanksgiving date closed with South Carolina College.
- Nov. 13. Dr. Harding tells the Junior Greek class how kissing originated and then apologizes for fear some member of the class will invent a new way.
- Nov. 15. The foot ball team weighs. Average, 158 lbs.
- Nov. 18. No water yet. Dr. Smith sighs.
- Nov. 24. Thanksgiving—Davidson 6, South Carolina College 0. Davidson easily wins the game and should have run up a much bigger score.
- Nov. 28. Dr. Stagg lectures. Subject: "The New Idea." He ruins Dr. Shearer's evolution theory.
- Dec. 1. Dr. and Mrs. Harrison entertain the Nines. A complete success.
- Dec. 3. Dr. Shearer goes to the Georgia Synod.
- Dec. 5. Dr. Harding lectures on "Grecian Antiquities." The Sophs read their "ponies" on the "Iliad."
- Dec. 8. "Bill Joe" comes to prayers. Everybody looks frightened for they know he is after money.
- Dec. 10. Examinations begin.
- Dec. 15. Nobody falls on Astronomy !!!
- Dec. 18. The Fresh forget the rules as to sequence of tenses and as a *con-sequence* only three get through on Latin.
- Dec. 23. The Nines discuss Shakespeare's works and characters, "Tommy" presided. The chair introduced a resolution to discuss the "Sonnets" and although the house was strongly opposed to the resolution, the will of the presiding officer prevailed. The "Sonnets" were *discussed*.

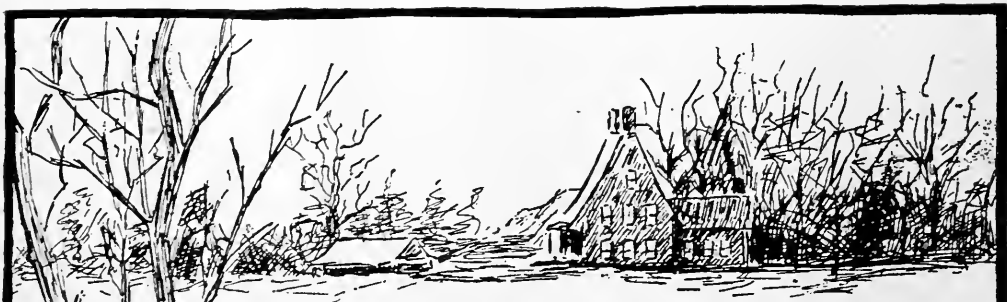
- Dec. 24. Everybody has gone home.
- Dec. 25-Jan. 4. Holidays.
- Jan. 3. Dr. Grey goes duck hunting. Killed 0; wounded 0.
- Jan. 4. Second term begins. Registering galore.
- Jan. 5. "Tommy" advertises, "Latest Criticisms on Shakespeare's Sonnets," compiled from the works of "Bunch" Stokes, "Parson" McLaughlin, "Doc" Munroe, "Jim" McConnell, "Jack" Farries and other men of equal note. The Nines buy out his stock.
- Jan. 8. Dr. Martin has Grippe.
- Jan. 10. Dr. and Mrs. Harding entertain the Fresh. The entertainment is enjoyed by all. The Fresh enjoy the *re-fresh-ments* especially.
- Jan. 12. "Long John" claims to be fattening.
- Jan. 15. Mr. S. R. Vinton, Travelling Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement for Missions, visits the College.
- Jan. 16. Dr. Galloway lectures on "The Under World." This is the third lecture of the series. Jackman is still selling "course" tickets.
- Jan. 18. "Scotch" goes sporting and the next day is expelled from the Anti-calico Club.
- Jan. 20. The Nines decide to get out the "Senior Magazine." Farries is elected editor-in-chief, Robinson business manager.
- Jan. 23. Dr. Smith "blows *up*" the artesian well. Rain and snow in Davidson for the next two months.
- Jan. 24. Farries selects McFadyen, Beall, McConnell, Smith, H. G., and Matheson as associate editors on the Senior Magazine staff.
- Jan. 27. "Doctor" Clegg doesn't quote any poetry. Cause unknown. Supposed that he is "saving up" for Junior speaking.
- Jan. 31. The Senior Magazine staff meets and decides upon what shall be the nature of their publication, resolves to begin work *at once*.
- Feb. 1. Rain.
- Feb. 5. Dr. Shearer talks before the Y. M. C. A. on "Missions in Cuba and the Philippines."

- Feb. 6. The Westminster League gives a reception to the students of both colleges. The Nines are entertained from 10 to 11.
- Feb. 10. Thermometer at zero. Everybody goes skating on Lake Wiley (in their dreams.)
- Feb. 15. No sleeping before 12 o'clock. Juniors are practicing their speeches.
- Feb. 18. Hewitt is elected captain of the baseball team, Dye, manager.
- Feb. 20. The King's Daughters give a musicale at the medical college. A grand success.
- Feb. 22. Junior speaking, "Daddy" Rogers makes a "rep."
- Feb. 23. Dr. and Mrs. Grey receive the Juniors and marshals.
- Feb. 25. Readman comes up to take the pictures for the Senior Magazine.
- Feb. 27. Lecture—"Dreams and Visions," by Dr. Chalmers.
- Feb. 28. Unusual quiet on Hogan's Alley. "Luke" doesn't laugh a single time the whole day.
- Mar. 1. "Bob" Douglas takes roseola and *keeps* it for a week.
- Mar. 4. Mercury freezes up again. "Kid" Smith, John Hall, Hewitt and Deal put their heads together to invent a means of heating the college.
- Mar. 6. Mr. W. K. Matthews, General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., makes us a visit. Mr. Lewis, State Secretary, is with him.
- Mar. 7. Dr. W. S. Currell lectures on "Books,—A Blessing and a Bane."
- Mar. 10. The Atlantic Ocean tries to submerge Davidson, but Dr. Smith dams it up.
- Mar. 11. The Red Mud Factory is running on full time.
- Mar. 15. "Old Puss" caught a rat, "Wooly Puss" caught a mouse.
- Mar. 18. Dr. Harding lectures on the Nibelungen Lied. Steri-optican views. "Kid," "Jack" and "Hernn" in the bald-headed row.
- Mar. 20. "Dicky" and "Tommy" are both "gripped," They "*let go*" everything else.

- Mar. 22. "Jack" decides that he would rather look *over* than look *for* MS.
- Mar. 25. Seniors are rehearsing their orations.
- Mar. 30. United States soldiers are tired of war. They have been *March*-ing for thirty days.
- Mar. 31. The Nines are in the forum.
- Apr. 1. Maxwell Chamber's Day. More speaking by the Nines. Dr. and Mrs. Harrison give the Seniors a reception in the evening.
- Apr. 3. Lecture—Dr. Smith. Subject: "Some Dreams of Modern Inventors."
- Apr. 5. A little more rain for a change.
- Apr. 9. "Bunch" is heard singing one of Horace's odes, Dr. Grey playing the accompaniment.
- Apr. 12. "Kid" crosses *pons asinorum*. "Long John" is in hot pursuit.
- Apr. 13. Dr. Thornwell lectures on "A Tour in Scotland."
- Apr. 15. First clear day since the artesian well was blown up. The water must be all down.
- Apr. 18. Training for Athletic Day.
- Apr. 22. Field Day. Sophs win the alumni cup. Presentation of prizes at Y. M. C. A. hall in the evening. McFadyen wins four prizes, Adams four, Dye one, Currie one and McClintock one. The foot ball "Trophy Cup" is presented to the Nines, this making the second time they have won the foot ball championship.
- April 25. Rooms for rent on the campus. The Glee Club is practicing in the Old Chapel.
- April 28. A "Row" in the "prep" room—the professor responsible for it.
- April 29. Sophs 5, Fresh 10, baseball.
- April 30. Dr. Chreitzberg preaches the baccalaureate sermon before the Medical College.
- May 1. Medical College Commencement—a reception.
- May 3. The "Meds" having gone, the "Stiffs" steal the organ to amuse themselves. On the same night "Long John" preferring cattle instead of Sophs, herds cows in the Math. room.

- May 5. The town beats the Juniors and the Sophs in a game of baseball.
- May 8. Senior examinations begin.
- May 9. The Nines "evolute" on Bible examination.
- May 14. Meteorology examination. Dr. Smith creates a "low" at 9 a. m. It's "falling" weather until 1:30 p. m.
- May 22. Regular examinations begin.
- May 22--June 3. Juniors, Sophs and Fresh standing examinations. Seniors taking vacation, smoking on the campus and giving paternal advice.
- June 4. Baccalaureate, 11 a. m., Y. M. C. A. sermon, 8 p. m.
- June 5. Class Day exercises, 10:30 a. m. Reunion of literary societies, 8 p. m.
- June 6. Annual oration, 10 a. m. Laying corner stone of Martin Chemical Laboratory, 11:30 a. m. Oratorical contest, 8 p. m.
- June 7. Graduating exercises, 10 a. m. Reception by literary societies and fraternities in the evening.





"ROSSETTI."

Within thy "House of Life" forevermore
My footsteps wander, restless, to and fro;
The sunlight plays upon the marble floor,
The shadows dance and flicker as I go.
In these wide halls, adorned with all things fair,
Thy winged fancy brightest visions sees ;
And here, where music dies upon the air,
Methinks I see thy Pleasure lie at ease,
But in thy "House of Life" I seek in vain,
A little chamber where the Heart may rest—
A bird, that tappeth on thy window-pane,
And seeketh dumbly, where to make her nest.
In all the fullness of thy destiny,
In very truth, thou hast no room for me !

LAWRENCE

JARRIES

99

THE COMING OF THE NINES.

On the hill-top of the campus,
On the great, gray Granite hill-top,
Bunyan Shearer, great and mighty,
He, the master of the college,
On the boulders of the hilltops
Stood erect, and called the people,
Called the tribes of men together.

From a boulder of the Granite
With his axe he broke a fragment,
Fashioned it into a pipe-head,
Shaped and moulded it with patience;
From the left side of his door-step,
Took an alder for a pipe-stem,
With the dark brown bark upon it ;
Filled the pipe with good tobacco
With the picked leaves of tobacco.
Took a match from out his pocket
Made it chafe upon his pants leg
'Till in flame it burst and kindled ;
And thus standing on the hill-top
Bunyan Shearer, great and mighty,
Smoked the calumet, the Peace Pipe
As a signal to the people.

From the vales of Carolina,
From the valleys of Virginia,
From the orange groves of Georgia
From the far-off Blue Ridge mountains
From the North-land and the Southland,
From the East-land and the West-land,
From the seashore and the mountains,
From the cities and the country,
All the tribes beheld the signal;
Saw the great white smoke ascending—

The white vapor of the Peace Pipe.

And the fathers of the Freshmen
Said, "Behold it, the peace signal
By this signal thus descending
Bending like a flying riband
Waving thus—like it would beckon;
Bunyan Shearer, great and mighty
Calls the tribes of men together
Calls the Freshmen to his Campus."
On the Railways, through the counties
Came the Freshmen of the people,
Came the many Smiths and Turners,
Came McConnell and McFadyen,
Came McLaughlin and Jack Farries,
Came a Matheson and Haney,
Came McAllister and Murphy,
Came a Douglas and Tom Plunket,
Came Sam Robinson and Royster,
Came the long, lank Abernethy,
Came Bunch Stokes, likewise Stokes Munroe
And Johnny Ward, the mighty speaker,
Came McKoenigen and Harrison
Came Bob Lafferty and Morrison.
All the Freshmen drawn together
By the signal of the peace-pipe
To the levels of the campus
To the great, gray granite hill-top.

And they stood there on the campus
With their "Horace" and their "Ponies"
Then the Sophmores rose before them
With their water and their paint-brush
Wildly glaring at the Freshmen
On their faces looks of triumph
In their hearts the feuds of ages

The hereditary hatred
The ancestral thirst for hazing.
 Bunyan Shearer, great and mighty
Looked upon them with compassion,
Gazed upon the timid Freshmen,
For their plight had roused his pity;
Sadly looked upon the Sophomores.
(Just one year removed from Freshmen)
Called to mind the Fall preceding;
Then reminded them of pledges;
But they only howled and hooted,
Only sang their war songs louder,
Only waited until nightfall
For the Freshmen to be sleeping,
To be soundly, sweetly sleeping:
Then upon the Fresh descending
Came a deluge from the heavens,
Came the water and the blacking
Come the H₂S and cat tails.
Come the many various tortures
All devised by cunning Sophomores.
They knew how to tilt a bucket
They knew where to find the cat-tails
They knew how to pull the big-toes
Of the unsuspecting Freshmen.
Thus the Freshmen came to college
This their coming and reception.



HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '99.

The subject of evolution has for sometime occupied the thought and attention of mankind. But it is not the history of man and his development that we wish to trace, we only ask you to follow with us, as we wind in and out along the devious path of college life, by which, a class is formed, a life is shaped, a destiny determined.

Historians write of great men, of great achievements, of epoch making events. We wish to record the peaceful life of a peaceful class.

In the early fall of '95 was gathered together, at Davidson, the largest class of Freshmen that had assembled for several years. They came from all sections of our sunny southland. Some were young and gay, some of sober thought—it is needless to say that all were sober for a time. A common purpose had called them hither and fellow feeling soon arose in each breast.

We found the campus fresh and green and the showers never lacking. The boys welcomed us as only boys know how to welcome. It seemed as if we wept in vain, for tears of sympathy fell from unexpected places when none but Fresh were nigh. Persecution unites more quickly than anything else, and soon even the greenest of the green know friend from foe. Ambition even then was swelling in the breasts of some and the desire to be quickly organized took possession of us. Although closely watched we bided our time and were successful. It was decided that, after the Y. M. C. A. reception on Monday night, following our arrival on Thursday, we should meet and organize. It is not the part of a brave man to leave home; but that night we left the campus—future events fully justifying our cause. By the fitful light of the declining moon, under the gloomy shade of the railroad tank, a few hurried whispers, a spasmodic speech or two, an informal ballot and the class of '99 stepped into the arena of college life, an organized unit. Class spirit immediately arose and we decided to show to the college our unity. This was done

by the use of an improved yell. At first loud and bold the challenge rang out in the college hall. We were cheeky and we knew it. But as the ring of spectators thickened round us, one by one a dash for liberty was made and soon the class of '99 was widely scattered. Such a night needs no description. Here and there an unlucky fellow was picked up, an ebony color applied, and the victim sent on his way rejoicing. One picture rises painfully before us. It is a room on the first floor. On the mantel a lamp is burning, beside it stands a Soph. In the centre of the room, standing upon a table, one poor Fresh is vainly trying to recall the metre of Mary and her Lamb, while his room-mate begins to raise his voice in the immortal words of Brutus; but there is a noise at the open door, a number of heads appear outside it, a signal is given, darkness,—and you may infer the rest. The Freshman need not bathe, such operations are superfluous and unnecessary.

Those days passed slowly, but others came in which life seemed to go all too fast. Little by little we came to know and appreciate each other. Even those whom we at first shunned began to reveal themselves in a different light. We crossed bats with the Sophs, with the town and with the college all combined, and we crossed them not in vain. At foot ball we were unfortunate, as all Freshmen are. We had not yet learned to work well together. On Field Day we were not the last of all the classes. In our studies, if not brilliant, we were, at least, willing workers, and honor does not always belong to him whom fortune favors. Each commencement may be said to mark a station in our college course, but there are mile posts scattered here and there, where some good friend, some college mate stepped off the train forever. Memory fondly turns to more than one, even in our Freshman year, that left us never to return. Their lives lie along separate paths, but the ties which have been formed still bind us. One incident will serve to show how firmly lives become welded together. One Saturday night preceding commencement, just as the clock struck

eleven, we commenced our struggle with the Sophs. For a while the conflict was fierce. Force had met force. The little bush in the center of the campus is dear to many a boy, and the cry of "99 to the bush" has been enough to inspire new courage in many a fainting heart. It was there that our unity was forever established. The storms of life may do fierce work, but the shape and situation of that little bush will ever fondly linger.

* * *

The Sophomore year is eminently a time when Greek must meet Greek or *post graduate* work will have to be done. '99 had never failed before, it did not falter now. Starting in Freshman year with fifty-four even, we now numbered forty-two. Not all of these were old men, but soon the new members of the class felt the hand of common sympathy encircle them and their lives come to run in the common channels. As rising Sophs., we had hoped to be able to teach the Fresh the ways of college life; but when the Faculty decided that Freshmen were worthy of protection and had made us sign the pledges not to haze, it is to the honor of '99 that her pledges were not broken. It was hard for cherished plans to be nipped in the bud, but when nipped we bowed our acquiescence.

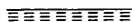
Every now and then we would show a spark of Sophomoric life, and one dark night, with darker faces, we woke the echoes with a horrid din. Tin horns are not musical at best, much less so when purposely they have been put out of tune. We were reposing in our downy couches long before the rest of the college had finished their imprecations. In athletics this year we were not very successful. On the diamond we bowed to 1900, on the gridiron we stood third. But these shadows are brightened by a flash of light. It is the memory of our first class banquet. Class ties grew strong that February night, and bonds which defy the burnished steel, were then entwined around us. At commencement we parted and with some forever.

Juniors now, the roll is called and twenty-eight respond. A little older, a great deal wiser, and dignity multiplied. Fewer in number but more resolute we cannot allow our banner to trail in the dust. In foot-ball we played for the class championship and won the cup. Our reputation was not lowered when another cup was added on Athletic Day. Junior speaking—that quaking nightmare of a thousand dreams came, passed, and is almost forgotten. It is strange how like a dream some terrors become when they have passed away. Another Commencement, a darkened page, we mourn, and,—home once more.

* * *

No more we dream for life is a fact and we *are* living. We muster twenty-three. Our number is no longer so large and we think of those who have left us. Those two of the gentler nature. Those two who, though they cannot be of us, are nevertheless always with us in sympathy, whose interest in us is more than we deserve. Some of our boys have gone to other colleges, some have faced the duties of actual life,—and two have married. To all we wish success. More resolute than ever we take the duties of college life. Ours has not been an epoch-making class. Its life has been peaceful with no besetting storms. Nothing has been done, but in all that we find to do, we try to do our best. Across the field of view there flashes a glimpse of the future. In many homes, under sundry climes, we see the toilers working. A face whose lines are familiar meets us. It bears the stamp of our own grand motto—*Vincet Qui Patitur*. We hasten to clasp a classmate's hand, and in that hearty grasp is renewed all that is good and grand in college life—the friendship of man with man. We love to linger over such a theme; but the history of '99 is yet to be written, for surely such men were not born to die and be forgotten.

In church and State,
In all that's great,
We see them, each one working;
No one can mar,
So fair a star,
By the ways of evil lurking.



A SEA VOYAGE.

On Saturday, July 2nd, 1898, the "Steamship *Lucania*," bound for Europe, left New York at two o'clock. She is the largest of the Cunard Line and in fact one of the largest ships afloat, being 625 feet long and carrying 8,000 tons.

In crossing the ocean speed is secondary to safety and comfort; and this is especially true of all the ships of the Cunard Line. This line has been in operation for forty years and has never lost a passenger. And this is something that no other line can boast of.

The *Lucania* is a floating palace. The great size of the ship adds to the comfort of the passage. She is more steady, she does not pitch and roll in the least swell, like the lighter boats that we saw tossing around us, while she was moving majestically through the waves. The saloon, instead of being at the stern, according to the old style, is placed more amidship, and covers the whole width of the ship, which gives light on both sides. There are four bath-rooms, with marble baths, supplied with salt water, so that one may have the luxury of sea-bathing without going to Manhattan or Coney Island. In crossing the Gulf Stream the water is warm enough; but if elsewhere it is too chilly the turn of a cock lets steam into the bath, which quickly raises it to any degree of temperature. The ventilation is excellent, so that even when the port-holes are shut on account of the high sea, the air never becomes impure. The state-rooms are furnished with electric bells, a touch of which brings a steward in an instant. Thus provided for,

one may escape, as far as possible, the discomforts of the sea, and enjoy in some degree even the luxuries of civilization.

Captain Kennedy is an admirable seaman with a quick eye for everything, always on deck or on the bridge watching with unsleeping vigilance over the safety of all on board. The order and discipline of the ship is perfect. There is no noise or confusion. All moves on quietly. Not a sound is heard, save the occasional cry of the men working on the forward deck, and the steady throb, day and night, of the engine, which keeps this huge mass moving on her ocean track.

But what a vast machine is such a ship, and how complicated the construction which makes possible such a triumph over the sea! Come upon the upper deck, and look down through this iron grating. You can see to a depth of fifty or sixty feet. It is like looking down into a mining shaft. And what makes it the more fearful, is that the bottom of the ship is a mass of fire. Thirty-six furnaces are in full blast to keep up steam, and at night, as the red-hot coals that are raked out of the furnaces like melted lava, flash in the faces of the brawny and sweltering firemen, one might fancy himself looking into some Vulcan's cave, or subterranean region, glowing with infernal heat.

As we were near the banks of Newfoundland, a dense fog hung over the sea, through which the ship went, making fifteen miles an hour, its fog horns screaming nearly all day. About four o'clock the fog lifted and the sun came out in all its splendor; and the next night, as we sat on deck, the full moon rose out of the waves. Instantly the hum of voices ceased; conversation was hushed; and all grew silent before the sublime beauty of the scene. Such an hour suggests not only poetical but spiritual thoughts—thoughts of the dead as well as thoughts of God. It recalled a passage in David Copperfield, where little David, after the death of his

mother, sits at a window and looks out upon the sea, and sees a shining path over the waters, and thinks he sees his mother coming to him upon it from heaven.

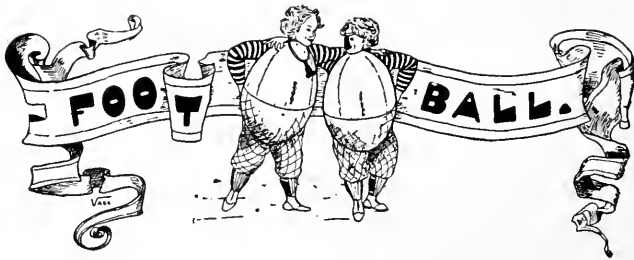
But with all these moonlight nights, and sun-rising and sun-settings, the seas had little attraction for me, and its usual impression was one of profound melancholy. As I sat on deck and looked out on the "gray and melancholy waste," or lay in my berth and heard the waves rushing past, I had a feeling more dreary than in the most desolate wilderness. That sound haunted me; it was the last I heard at night, and the first in the morning; it mingled with my dreams. I was indeed floating among shadows. But I found no sympathy in the sea. On the land nature soothed and comforted me; she spoke in gentler terms, as if she had a heart of tenderness, a motherly sympathy with the sorrow of her children. There was something in the deep silence of the woods that seemed to say, peace be still! The brooks murmured softly as they flowed between their mossy banks, as if they would not disturb our musings, but "glide into them and steal away their sharpness ere we were aware." The robins sang in notes not too gay, but that spoke of returning spring, after a long dark winter; and the soft airs that touched the feverish brow seemed to lift gently the grief that rested there, and carry it away on the evening wind. But in the ocean, there was no such touch of human feeling, no sympathy with the human woe. All was cold and pitiless.

Some find in many of nature's forces proofs of God's moral governments over the world. But none of these do they find in the sea. That speaks only of wrath and terror. Its power is to destroy. It is a treacherous element. Smooth and smiling it may be, even when it lures us to destruction. We are sailing over it in perfect security, but let there be a fire or collision, and it would swallow us up in an instant, as it has swallowed a thousand wrecks before. Knowing no mercy, cruel as the grave, it sacrifices without pity, youth and age, gray hairs and childish innocence and

tender womanhood—all alike are engulfed in the drowning sea. The sea, therefore, is not a symbol of divine mercy. It is the very emblem of tremendous and remorseless power. Indeed, if nature had no other face but this, we could hardly believe in God, or at least, that He had gentle attributes; we could only stand on the shore of existence, and shake with terror at the presence of a being of infinite power, but cold and pitiless as the waves that roll from the Arctic pole. Our Saviour walked on the waves, but left thereon no impress of his feet; nor can we find there a trace of the love of God as it shines in the face of Jesus Christ.

We were eight days out of sight of land. Water, water everywhere! Ocean to the right of us, ocean to the left of us, ocean in front of us, and ocean behind us, with two or three miles of ocean under us. But our good ship, the *Lucania* bore us over the sea like a conqueror, and we lauded safe, at last.





'99 IN ATHLETICS.

It is impossible for an outsider to form any true conception of the position held by a class in college until he is in possession of all the facts connected with the class. The general history of '99 has been written, but in this article we wish to give a more minute account of her successes and her failures in the realm of college sports.

When a boy comes to college he is supposed to be able to take care of himself; to know a few Latin and Greek constructions, to doff his hat to the Professors; but above all he must know the first rudiments of base ball or he is branded as having issued from the ark, while the school from which he came is at once associated with the fair Garden where cuts and kicks and broken bones were never known. The members of '99 come and brought with them the required essentials. A week had hardly passed before some of our boys were willing to test their skill, on the diamond, against the unknown ability of the upper classmen. From among the numerous applicants a team was soon picked and a game was arranged with the Sophs. As the game progressed it was seen that we were weak in the box, while in fielding and batting our new players far outclassed those who had the advantage of a years practice together. Behind the bat Weddington did good work; but still the game went against us. The compassionate Sophs, wishing to appear generous, would not consent to allow this game to be counted in the college championship series. We knew it was their last chance



'09 FOOT BALL GROUP.

and thanked them for their generosity. The next game was to be played in two days and they expected to show the college how badly a Fresh class could be beaten. But in these two days we grew in members. When the next game was called a fair young pitcher was in the box, who had not played before. Kid Smith was making his maiden effort in college athletics, and the Palmetto State need have no fear of a tarnished reputation. The game was hot and close. The players all rallied to the support of the pitcher, and one by one the score piled up till the Sophs saw that new champions had come to college and that their laurels were doomed to fade. The victory thus won was only the prelude of continued success. We soon played the town and then the town and college combined. The victory rested with us in more than half the games. The heavy batting of Weddington and Quarles has not been equaled on our campus since they bade farewell to their comrades of '99. The successes of the Fall were more than equaled by the record of our playing in the Spring. The college championship was won without straining our laurels in the least.

Foot ball is a game which calls for a quick eye, a ready brain, an active body; but above all the muscles must be firm and the bones not capable of being easily broken. Such combinations are not often met with in our smaller preparatory schools, and it shows some degree of wisdom for a boy, when he comes to college not to be one of the first to enter the fray where the pig skin is the trophy. A man becomes hardened by degrees, and the capacity for enduring pain must also be cultivated. If we pride ourselves on anything it is the soundness of our common sense, so it is no wonder that in foot ball we builded slowly. There was good material in our class, as future events have shown, but we did not wish to over test our untrained manhood against the experience of well trained players. We were content to stand last in the series, yet at the end of the season we knew something of the game and had gained

that training which afterwards enabled us to forge to the front on the gridiron. Some of our players even then gave promise of becoming the future college stars, some of whom we boast at present, while others have brought fresh trophies to sister colleges.

When Field Day came we had men in almost all of the events, and the Fresh did not always stand last. In more than one instance we stood above the Seniors. Sanders showed that although planted on a firm foundation, still, when a peck of potatoes was the inciting motive, he could move his feet with ease. If not glorious our first year's record was at least good.

In our Soph year we studied hard and did not add fresh laurels to our former collection. We lost the base ball championship, through failure of some of our best players to return, and the consequent loss of interest on the part of others. In foot ball we played somewhat better than the year before; but still imperfectly. We saw that there was room at the top, and determined that on no account should our banner hang at half mast, but should in the future proudly wave above an ever victorious team. Our ability as players was recognized by all and several of our boys found places on the college team.

In the fall of our Junior year the friends of the college determined to stimulate an interest in athletics by giving an Alumni cup to the successful class on the football field. A new interest was awakened in all the classes, and a healthy rivalry spurred on each class to do its best. Never before was there so much practicing as was now being done, at odd places, about the campus. Trick plays, mass plays, straight open foot ball, all were tried. Each captain thought his own men perfect, but hoped to be able to find some defect in the training of his opponents. Early in the season the contest narrowed down to Juniors and Sophs. Both of these classes had won all the games they had played, and the deciding game was eagerly awaited by the sidelines,—painfully by the players. But the test had to



The Alumni and Class Trophy Cup.

The cup on the left was presented by a few generous alumni football enthusiasts who wished to encourage the games between the classes. The Nines won this cup the two first years after it was presented, the seasons of '97 and '98.

The beautiful cup on the right is the gift of Mr. E. H. Bean, of Salisbury, N. C., and is to be held by the class winning most points on Field Day. The Nines captured this first.

come and we played for the championship. At first the game was even. The ball never wandered far from the center of the field during the first half. The second half opened with the ball in possession of the Sophs. We had beaten them once before and they played with desperation. We were unable to get possession of the ball and by massed plays they forced it over our goal line. The goal was kicked and 6 to 0 stared us in the face. Again we kicked off to the Sophs; but this time determination met desperation and the third down found them still with five yards to gain. We had the ball and were only thirty yards from our goal. A few quick rushes, a smothered end, and the ball was over the line. With steady nerve Harrison held the ball while Kid Smith prepared to kick the goal; all ready, and in a graceful curve the ball rises six inches above the bar, five feet from either post. 6 to 6 and we are even. Three minutes to play. The Sophs kick off to us and Kid is downed on the goal line. We try a center rush,—it does not work. Around on end and three yards to gain. But two yards does not count where there are eighty to gain in two minutes. The old familiar signal is heard 17,-15,-6,-25. A smothered end, a broken line, a wild drive of the Sophomore full-back, and McConnell has an open field of seventy yards. And we fold our arms and watch him shoot over the goal line. The game is ours. The cup is inscribed with the record of our victory. We had played worthy foes and had won in an upright manner. The championship thus won is still retained, and again the cup bears the record of victory won by the sons of '99.

Field Day this year was especially glorious. Two-thirds of the points made were won by Juniors. The relay race of one mile was won in three minutes and 28.5 seconds. When not first we were second in almost all of the events. Another cup bears the simple record of our success in general athletics. This cup we failed to hold during our Senior year, but still our record was a good one. Some of us

have grown old in four years and cannot run as once we could.

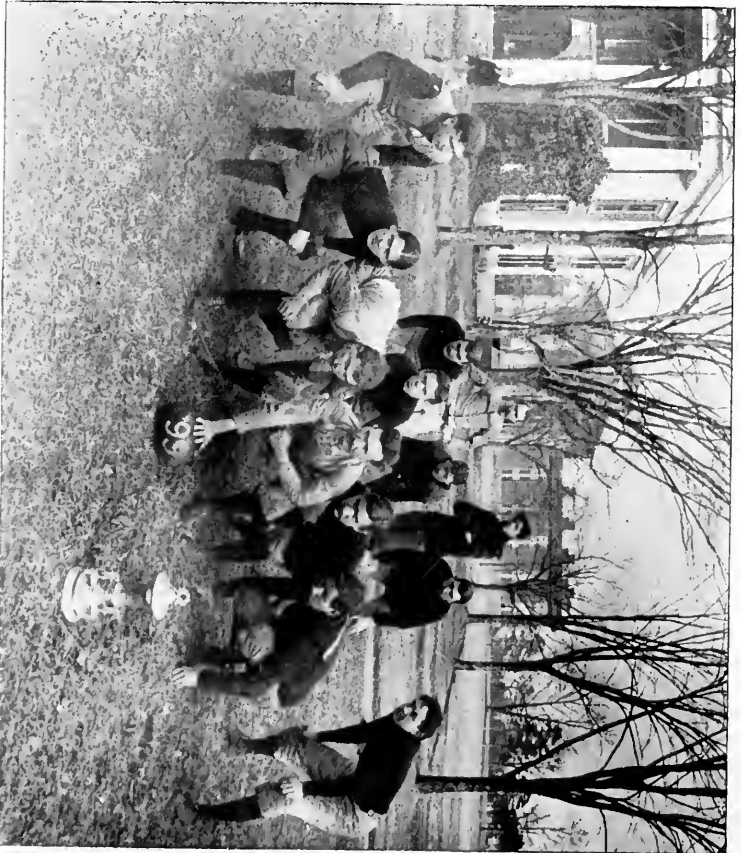
But the real test of ability came when we were allowed to take part in inter-collegiate foot ball last fall. Every athlete tried for the team and '99 furnished five out of eleven men for the upholding of the honor of our college. We played as best we could and the honors were divided. Once defeated, once victorious. We hope that next year the honor of our college may be brighter than ever, even if we cannot be here to help uphold it. What has been done is now recorded. In college we have stood for pure athletics. In the world may we each one stand for a pure life, well lived.



THE BATTLE OF THE NINES.

During the year when the Nines were Seniors, John Bunyan Shearer, Satrap of the Province of Davidson, having called an assembly of his generals spoke in the following manner: "O Stratagoi, messengers have come to me from the host requesting that picked men from the army be sent forth to engage in battle with picked men from other colleges to decide who will overcome in the struggle over the pig-skin." Silence reigned supreme ("Wooly Puss," to the consternation of those present, showed signs of utterance.) The Satrap having taken his seat, Henry Louis, a prominent one of the Stratagoi arose and counselled that chosen men, selected from the various companies of the host and equipped as hoplites be allowed to contest with the barbarians. After much deliberation in which all the Stratagoi spoke fervently, it was agreed to dispatch a company of eleven. "Bill Joe" was made Archon over these and instructed to lead them forth to battle.

Our men having learned that the enemy would be in Charlotte on the 5th of November, made preparation to meet them, and if the winds be propitious, to overcome them before *helios* set. "Bill Joe" having armed his men



LINE-UP OF THE NINES.

J. L. FARRIES,	R. E.	A. A. MCFADYEN,	R. H. B.	H. G. SMITH,	F. B.	J. M. MCCONNELL,	L. H. B.
S. C. SMITH,	L. T.	S. A. ROBINSON,	R. T.	H. B. STOKES,	R. G.	F. M. HAWLEY,	C. A. M. MCLAUGHLIN,
		L. G. BEALL,	L. E.	J. E. WARD	AND	J. A. MCQUEEN,	SUBS.

with helmets of leather and covered their faces over with india-rubber brought from across the great sea, this being bound on with thongs of oxhide; also having fastened greaves of canvas supported by lightwood around their legs and placed sandals on their feet with spikes in them to prevent slipping, the sun having risen high in the heavens, set out with his forces for the city, Charlotte. He marches through Huntersville, a ten minutes journey, two parasangs to the city Croft. Here is a railroad one-twentieth of a plethra as to width, made of steel bars and crossties.

Mounting this he goes a fifteen-minute journey, three parasangs through Derita to the city, Charlotte—a populous city, prosperous and large. Here food and water being found in abundance, for there was easy access to the marketplace, the army went into camp.

The men having eaten of the fruit of the land, for they were weary from their march and there was much provision in the city, they were led forth into the plain in Latta Park where the enemy were already drawn up in line of battle awaiting them. "Bill Joe" being unable to enter the battle, because he is a professor and also he has a beard that would frighten the barbarians, turned over the army to his captain, "Kid Smith," a man excellent and brave. The line being drawn up the herald sounds forth the order for battle and Capt. Smith kicks the pigskin the distance of half a plethra into the field of the enemy, at which a great shout went up from our men (rooters) on the lines without. The battle being on, in the very thick of the fight, our best man, a half-back to whom the name "Scotchman" is, was seen to pursue and overcome one of the enemy so magnificently that "Dickey" was constrained to cry out, "O for a Homer to picture the matchless Achilles in pursuit of the lordly Hector." In another part of the field McConnell was seen to smite one of the barbarians and cause him to fall to the ground with so much force that "Henry Louis," without

further delay began to calculate ("in round numbers") the number of ergs converted into heat and found it to be, since the fall was very powerful, sufficient to run ten factories like the one at Davidson.

The way up to the enemy's goal being very steep and impassable for our army, on one occasion, as the pigskin was punted to within our line of battle, Capt. Smith, because he is a very excellent full-back, returned the kick and gave the ball back to the enemy.

At this great display of skill "Wooly Puss," one of the Stratagoi, who is noted for his much speaking, was seen to bound into the air, for he is a man of low stature, crack his heels together three times, and in an attempt to cheer was heard to say something like "sumus res," which being translated into English means "we are the stuff."

Time having been called, for our men were much fatigued after contesting so violently and for so long a time with superior forces, the army withdrew to the lower part of the plain and there water was brought and given to the men, for there was little water in the plain and our men were much parched with thirst.

The herald signalling the host to battle again our men drew themselves up in a hollow square and prepared to join battle with the enemy. In the very beginning of the contest, the barbarians having driven us back toward our goal, one of their men attempted to carry the pigskin through our line when "Bunch" Stokes, the Greater Ajax of the host, stood athwart his path like a shaggy lion. Claspng his arms around the enemy "Bunch" threw him headlong on the dusty plain. In the falling the pigskin was knocked from his hand and "Long John," who was standing near, a man a plethra as to height and half a foot as to width, being the most handsome of the Stratagoi and unmarried, declared that the leathern sphere was moving in a parabolic curve and never would have come back had not Smith, S. C., the Lesser Ajax, a man no less valiant than his greater brother, been present and recovered it.



SENIOR CLASS.





S. C. SMITH.

WARD.

McFADYEN,
MUNROE.

'09 TRACK TEAM,
BEALL,
HARRISON, CAPTAIN.

H. G. SMITH,
HAWLEY.

McCONNELL.

ROYSTER.



Thus the battle continued until late in the day when the signal was given to cease fighting. As our men were leaving the field a great shout went up from the host of the enemy and when we inquired what was the meaning of the shouting, someone replied "the score stands 11 to 0 in favor of the enemy," at which "Tommy," one of the most jealous of the Stratagoi, who had been encouraging his men during the whole battle was heard to say, "That is sufficient."

Word having been brought to John Bunyan that his forces were not victorious, but that they had conducted themselves valiantly, he was well pleased and gave orders to give to each man ten dorics, one day's pay, and also twenty dorics more, pay for two days in advance, the same to be paid in jokes and anecdotes told during Bible hour.



FROM AN UNDERCLASS STANDPOINT.

One of the first impressions the Class of '99 made on the writer was that of an intense class spirit, and, in telling the good the class has done in college matters, this is the first thing to be mentioned.

The very foundation of a proper *college* spirit is a strong *class* spirit, especially in the upper classes. In this particular the Class of '99 has made its influence strongly felt. In matters where the class has been interested, all personal differences seem, to an outside observer, at least, to have been completely sunk in united endeavor to bring the class to the front. The splendid success of the class in athletics alone has been enough to give point to its example, and the fruit is shown in the *esprit de corps* that pervades the whole college from Seniors to Freshmen.

Yet where the college has been interested as a whole, '99 has worked as one man, without regard to its own interests. No class could have more reason to pride itself on its influence in this respect.

Socially the men of '99 have long been leaders. Strong class spirit like theirs has sometimes seemed a bar to friendship between members of different classes, but it has not been so with them. When the men of '99 graduate and leave us they will probably leave behind them more warm personal friends than has any class in the history of Davidson. The writer himself looks back with the greatest pleasure to many hours spent with men of '99, and he knows of many other under classmen who can say the same.

When a man of '99 thinks of the record his class has made on the athletic field, he must feel a special pride and pleasure. Passing over its track championship of '97-'98 and its other achievements in this line, the writer wishes to mention particularly their success on the gridiron. '99 has won the championship of the college two years. Of its team in the season of 1897 it has been said that it defeated two other class teams, either of which would, but for the cup-winners, have been spoken of as unsurpassed in the history of the college. Twice they defeated a team that competent observers have said would have won from any college team of previous years. No higher praise could be given any class team.

One thing especially, '99 has done for athletics at Davidson. It has shown that a man can be a leader in athletics and a leader in the class-room as well. This single fact is the strongest argument that can be presented for athletics. It speaks well for a college when six men on its college team have an average in the class-room of over ninety-five. And the class of '99 contributed most of that grade this year on our own team. Such records cannot but be a help to us in the struggle we are making to be allowed to contest in intercollegiate athletics.

Many other things suggest themselves that might be said of the Class of '99, but there is no room for them. But one wish may be expressed. When the game of life is called by the dread umpire, Death, may each of this class pass from the field with a record as pure and successful as that his class has made in college.



THE POET'S CLUB.

MEETINGS TWICE A MONTH.

DATES.	SUBJECTS.	
Sept. 16.—	Hamlet.....	H. G. Smith
Sept. 30.—	The Character of Polonius....	W. C. Harrison
Oct. 14.—	Horatio—A Typical Minor Character	L. G. Beall
Oct. 28.—	The Action of "As You Like It"....	J. M. McConnell
Nov. 11.—	Portia and Rosalind.....	J. P. Matheson
Nov. 25.—	Shakespeare's Shylock and Marlowe's Bar- rabas	A. A. McFadyen
Dec. 9.—	The Faust of Göthe and of Marlowe.....	J. L. Farries
Dec. 16.—	The Shakespearean Sonnet.	H. S. Munroe
Jan. 13.—	The Mind of Milton.....	J. A. McQueen
Jan. 27.—	The Epic of the Race.....	S. A. Robinson
Feb. 10.—	The Pastoral Elegy	S. C. Smith
Feb. 24.—	L'Allegro and Il Pensevosa.....	J. T. Smith
March 10.—	The Obscurity of Browning.....	R. L. Douglas
March 21.—	Browning's Verse	J. E. Ward
April 14.—	The Poetry of the Soul.....	H. B. Stokes
April 26.—	Tennyson and Kipling.....	W. C. Harrison

L. G. BEALL, PRESIDENT.
 W. C. HARRISON, VICE-PRESIDENT.
 J. M. MCCONNELL, SECRETARY.

OUR ALPHABET.

A is for Abe, with the long shank bone,
B is for Beall, with the silvery tone.
C is for Clark, that low, lazy man,
D is for Douglas, of the "Black Bob" clan.
E is for Evermore, for when the tale is told.
F is for Friendship that will never grow old.
G is for Gutz, who?—it won't do to tell.
H is for Hawley, whom old Puss likes so well.
Indeed also Haney, of the mocking bird tribe.
J is for Jack, who's the greatest old jibe.
K is for "Kid," always doing his part.
L is for Lafferty, (wears a rose next his heart.)
M is for Mac, captain of teams,
Never defeated—Luck's with him it seems.
O is for (R) Oyster, who always stays Raw,
P is for "Parson," who o'er his nose never saw.
Q is for Quixote, the pride of our class,
Robinson his name—but we'll let that pass.
S is for Smith, for we have them galore,
There is also the "Scotchman," and indeed many more.
U is for Union, in which there is strength,
Very true of our class, as told at some length.
W is for Ward and also for Wade,
X is a letter for which rhyme was never made.
You now have the roll of the true and the great,
Zounds! I forgot! please excuse the mistake.
&c stands for Munroe and McQueen,
As true men as ever were seen;
And also for "Pleas" to say nothing of A. D.,
But now my tale *is* told, so I bid you adieu.

THE FLIGHT OF THE ORGAN.

It was the Organ who was speaking—"No, you need not say anything more about it. I have fully decided and am not going to stay up here any longer and be abused in any such manner. It's perfectly outrageous to be treated in this way, as old as I am. I tell you I'm no Freshman, and I am not going to stand it any longer," and the Organ shook itself so vehemently in its rage that the base keys trembled while the treble keys were quiet from sheer fright.

"Well, you needn't step on *my* toes just because *you* have been abused," said the Stool, edging away from the Organ. "I would just like to know who has been abused more than I have, anyway. Here I am, and here I have been, for the past twenty years, and not one drop of oil has been put on me to ease my pain. I am so rusty and back-broken that I can scarcely stand up. Only the other day one of those mischievous boys wrenched my foot so badly that I will soon have to go to the cabinet-makers, and I'll tell you hot glue doesn't feel a bit good—and then——"

"Oh, you needn't talk," interrupted the carpet, "just wait until you have to bear the weight of Old Puss's boots every morning and then you *may* howl. Why just look at these holes he has worn in my back. It is bad enough to be patched and pieced like Benjamin's coat, much less to have great holes in your hide like these," and the carpet tried to raise up so as to show the holes but the tacks held fast.

"Well," said the Organ, "you can do as you please, but I am going to leave. I have already lost fifteen finger tips off my keys, besides being scratched and thrown about until all of my ornaments are knocked off. Why, they even took away my cover, and now I sometimes get so hoarse I can scarcely make a noise at all. But the worst thing of all is to have to stay up here and hear the remnants of the Glee Club trying to sing every morning. Sometimes, when the window towards the lake is left up I can hear the frogs down there and they make *music* compared with this choir."

“That’s a fact,” said the bench, “In all my life I have never heard a noise more abominable, and I have been here for over forty years.”

“Well, something must be done,” said the Organ, “and I move that we all go away.”

“Yes,” said the bench, “I too am tired of being sat upon, but where are you going?”

“Why, we’ll just go over to the college and get in one of those vacant rooms on the first floor.”

“You know you wouldn’t be there a day before Holtsclaw would find you and bring you back” said the mantle, who up to this time had remained quiet. “No, that place won’t do. Why not go over to Dr. Shearer’s you know you could hide in the woodshed.”

Here the carpet raised an indignant protest and was assisted by the chair. “No, sir” said the chair, “he has already sat the bottom out of me and I, for one, will not go over there.”

“In that case,” said the organ, “I will appoint the Bench, the Carpet and the Stool a committee of three to find a good hiding place for us.”

The committee met and in a few minutes reported that they were unable to decide on any particular place but that they had two places to propose, the Bath house near the lake and an old vacant house up the street.

“You won’t catch me going into *any* house,” said the chair, “and, besides, both of these places are too far away.”

There was silence for a few moments and then the stool said: “We had another place in mind and discussed it at some length, but as there are some objections to it we thought it better not to mention it. Then too there is something to be said in its favor. In the first place, it is nearly at hand. Second, it won’t be looked into until next Fall when the new Fresh. come in. The greatest objection to it is that the inhabitants are not very high-toned, at least not the elite. The place to which I refer is the stiff-house of the Medical College.”

A shiver passed over the circle although the night was warm and pleasant.

"Well, I'm not going there," said the Chair.

"I believe you are afraid," sneered the Organ.

"You can go without me," said the Mantle.

"Well, I'm going whether anybody goes with me or not," and the Organ started for the door followed by the Stool.

"I would gladly go," said the Carpet, "but the tacks won't let me up."

"I will also have to decline with thanks," said the bench. "It is true that one of my legs has been broken and never set properly, and my back is literally covered with cuts and scars, but I prefer these discomforts to associating with stiffs."

"I think all of you are cowards, anyway," and with this parting shot the Organ lumbered down the steps and made its way slowly down to the stiff-house, where it was found some days later by Holtsclaw, hiding behind the door and was brought back, vainly protesting.

And if you will listen any morning at prayers you can hear the Organ moaning and groaning still—that is if it has not run away again.



AN INCIDENT.

Yes, I remember now, it was one night during the winter of ninety——. I was sitting before a bright fire dozing over an overdose of Soph Math, when X came bursting into the room announcing as he overturned a chair that it was snowing like the deuce. This wasn't one of Project's yarns either, for in a very short time the ground was as white as Cairo was before he was painted.

Now X was naturally born hungry, and nothing would suit him but that we must make some snow-cream.

But snow-cream without milk is about as thin as boarding-house soup, and where the milk was to come from was more than I could see. "Let's milk 'Uncle Pink's' cows," suggested X, who was sharp enough when anything to eat was on hand.

This seemed plausible enough, so armed with a bicycle lantern and a water pitcher we sallied forth.

After becoming pretty thoroughly acquainted with the premises, we scaled the high board fence anxious to begin operations at once.

It was not until after some trouble that we succeeded in opening the barn-door, and while we were trying to decide who should lead the way, a large black object came running out, and we, thinking it was a bear, took refuge in the hay-loft.

After having remained there for some time, afraid to come down, we heard a slight noise in the barn below and through the darkness we were able to make out two forms. One that of a negro man, and the other, not a bear but—a calf. It seems that the negro had also come to borrow some milk for without much ceremony he began the operation which we had come to perform. The cow, excited by so many callers at this late hour, was inclined to be restless, but every little while the negro would help'er to a handful of "Uncle Pink's" hay, and go on with his milking. We soon saw that it would never do to sit meekly by and let the negro have all the milk, so we deci-

ded to play a joke on him. X crawled down into the hay-rack beside the cow's head and in a low voice said "Quit milking me."

To say that the nigger was scared is putting it too easy. He put the bucket of milk down and fairly outran his tracks. Why rabbits and Freshmen wern't in it, although they do run pretty well in snow time. Then picking up the bucket of milk we went back to our den on the "mid-way" and there we had such a feast as only a college man can appreciate.

To this day, however, the negroes tell "of the ghost in 'Uncle Pink's' Barn."



THAT MYSTERIOUS HYPNOTIC SLEEP.

I never had much faith in hypnotism, mesmerism, spiritualism, mind-reading, palmistry, chiromancy, or any of those mysterious accomplishments claimed by scientific tricksters, latter-day miracle-workers, up-to-date diviners and faith-healers. I was always just a little afraid to offer myself as a subject—I never did think that I would make a "good subject"—so I would not "take the tests;" in fact I thought that they might get me into some kind of sleep, trance, or helpless position, and then make me see something, do something, say something, or expect something, and so I always said "no I don't think I would make a good subject."

But one night not long ago I was on second floor, south wing in the room of a jolly Senior; after all kinds of subjects and discussions, one of '99's hypnotic enthusiasts began on his "hobby." Finally he asked me to "try the tests," but I gave my usual answer. Several others joined him in begging me to "take the tests," but still I refused.

I never once thought of going to my room, and thus avoiding further complications, but instead, I went to the window where I could still hear the boys telling of the sights that they had seen while in that wonderful sleep; I drew

the curtains close around me, and after some little time they stopped begging me so hard. But as I stood there, looking out into the stormy night, listening to the patter of the rain outside, and the rumble of the distant thunder that had become frequent now, and watching the zigzag lightning flash out now and then from the black clouds, I imagined that I could see imps, goblins, winged reptiles, and all manner of horrible ghost-like forms flirting across the window every time the night lit up, and I became nervous and lifted the window.

The boys renewed their efforts, and at last, like one left without hope of retreat, I consented. They tried the "tests" which they said worked splendidly, and when I stretched out on a couch for the final performance, I did not feel exactly like I used to long years ago, when rocked to sleep under the soothing influence of a whispered lullaby. For now the boys had stopped telling their wild stories, and began speaking in lower and lower tones; my charmers continued to rub my head and hands, all the while saying: "Sleep, sleepy, so sleepy; go to sleep, go to sleep; sleep, sleepy, so sleepy; he is almost asleep, sleep, sleepy, so sleepy," and so on as long as I could remember. Their voices became fainter and fainter; their touch became softer and softer; my thoughts of material things became fewer and fewer, till at last I was in the land of dreams, (I suppose). The boys have never told me what I said or did that night, and they laugh when any one mentions it; but I remember one thing that happened, and that was our visit to the fortune-teller that lives among the hills just over the Catawba.

We found her out in front of her hut, in the shade of her favorite tree; she had a book on astrology and a pack of cards; she would read a few lines, then "cut the cards," and this she continued till we came up and told her that we wanted her to tell our fortunes.

There was a flock of twenty-three white lambs grazing near; the fortune-teller pointed to these and said she would give

each of us one of their skins if we would come back in a few weeks and answer the questions she would then ask us. She said that she would tell us a lot of our future next time if we succeeded in getting the sheepskin, which she said would be given to give us good luck in future years, if we would follow her advice.

Then telling us to stand up in alphabetical order, she promised to give us just a word or two, to show us what to expect when we came for the final revelation.

I would not join the rest in having my little fortune made public; so after "cutting the cards," making crosses and various signs, the fortune-teller began: "There is a mixture of good, bad and indifferent 'Ab,' but keep pushing, and you may succeed all right; carry your shoulders level; make the cage attractive and you may yet capture the bird.

"You may go in business some day, 'Jarge,' but I tell you now that there is evidence of your forming a partnership with a saddler."

"Ah, 'Luke,' I like to have forgotten you, but if you continue to plead for 'popular education' you will yet be successful in getting a position of teaching rustic youth."

"Scotland would gladly welcome you to the land of your fathers 'Bob,' but you need not have to cross the waters to find your "bonnie lass," at least if you do it will not be your fault."

"And 'Jack,' when you have practiced more, the Penny Post, of Quebec, may offer you a job at sketching illustrations.

"I advise you 'Frank' to cultivate your powers of oratory. And you may yet demand a *price*.

"You may yet 'play Hamlet,' 'Ben.' The day may come when poetry will come to you by inspiration, then you can quote. Life is not all poetry though."

"Those rides will yet be of value to you, 'Rob,' then you will have to get a bicycle built for two."

“Distance may lend enchantment ‘Mac,’ but if you want to be sure that your pleading will not be in vain, you must visit the seashore and while listening to the waves, learn your fate.”

“There is no need for fear, ‘Scotch,’ the work of the past few weeks will tell some day—when you make a ten minutes off-hand speech, then you may take her to China.”

“Yes, ‘Parson,’ take this beautiful, delicate, small white flower that I offer you. Keep it, think of it when visiting your flock and you will be happy and succeed.”

“History still repeats itself, ‘Legs,’ for Carthage again sends forth great men. You must not attempt a very heavy burden till your limbs become broad as well as long. But twenty-five small lads, for six or eight hours per day will not burden you with work or with money.”

“Continue your practice ‘Pleas,’ and when you have gained your M. D. you can employ your hypnotic powers to great advantage; use it as much as possible, for you will need something to aid your medicine.”

“If you would gain her heart ‘A. D.,’ cover your face with whiskers as soon as you can. When you have gained her, the world will go easy, and all will seem success.”

“It is easier to dissect ‘stiffs’ than it is to treat patients. If you cannot cure, advise them to go to the mountains or the seashore, ‘Stokes,’ it may save your reputation.”

“Managers of magazines, ‘Sam,’ have easier times than those who run a business for themselves. You need not despair if you never become the manager of a large establishment, but you can ably manage all you will ever have, perhaps.”

“You will perhaps visit a bone yard very often, ‘Billy’ before you go to stay. But unless you have *papa* along to manage for you, the bones may not grind very profitably.”

“Yes, the ‘Kid’ will be a man some day. If golden locks can bring good luck you are safe, if not you will have to strive for the success you crave.

“All things come to him who waits, ‘J. T.’ You have already gained what many strive for. And the time will come for you to make a public speech, and if you succeed in it as in the other, the two last chances will count for little.”

“‘Practice makes perfect’ ‘S. C.’ But you may have a hard race before you, if you would ring the merry bells at whose sound ‘two hearts beat as one.’”

“Take this salve ‘Bunch,’ anoint your lips. Devote your time to raising ‘bacco’ and you may yet be able to get a wig. If you will keep a supply of good tobacco on hand ‘Johnny’ you may rest assured that you can write a good sermon. But don’t chew when you go to speak or your fate will be a little country church.”

The fortune teller then turned to me and said “well ‘Daddy’ I am afraid you will never be a Bachelor—.”

“Here, look in this casket, and you will see part of your future!” I looked in through the glass-covered opening and there stood a shy maiden, with drooping head, and shoulders, laughing features and sallow complexion; she was weeping, but I could not tell whether she was looking at me or not, for “her eyes were so crossed that the tears ran down the back of her neck.” The fortune-teller pressed a button on the casket, I looked again; there was the same maiden, I could see her heart; Cupid stood there carving on it “HAW—” I waited no longer but turned off with a shudder, vowing that such should not be my fate—and I must have yelled for as the boys aroused me from that strange “hypnotic sleep” I jumped up with a shout and found them all laughing as if something very funny had happened. But they have never told me what they were laughing about.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED—A small sheepskin. Will pay five dollars cash for it. Address "69," care *Magazine*.

WANTED—Excuses to hand in for prayers. "Z.," care this office. Will pay well for good ones.

WANTED—Position as "gas bag." Can run all day. Address or call on "Senior."

WANTED—To borrow your shirt, collar, umbrella, or just any old thing. Will return when worn out, and pay usual interest. "R."

FOR SALE—Drove of nice ponies. Several styles and breeds. Guaranteed to work. "Box 100."

FOR SALE—Several tickets for the season. Holder entitled to hot and cold baths. Call on "Water Works."

FOR SALE—Ten acres of bottom lands suitable for lake-site. For terms address "Wiley."

GIVEN AWAY—9999.9999 gallons of water per minute. For analysis and terms address "Artesian."

GIVEN AWAY—That "V" I lent you last week.

LOST—Four years. Finder will please help me "make up" an average of 70. "Senior."

LOST—Chance to make high marks. "Pass" will do if promptly substituted. "Senior."

LOST—My head. Please return filled. "Soph."

FOUND—A baby carriage on top of the college. Inquiries cheerfully answered at this office.

FOUND—Piece of a "stiff" in my pocket after I visited the dissecting hall. "Fresh."

FOUND—A goat in my room when I came in late one night. "Jarge."

STRAYED—Several bad boys. Anyone capturing them will please report to the "Local Sanhedrin."

DISCOVERED—The secret of seeing a college joke. For further information address "Joker."

DISCOVERED—Remedies for bruises and injuries from a fall. Sure cure. Three weeks treatment, \$5.00. Call on "Coacher."

RETURNED—That lazy feeling that comes with Spring.

RETURNED—The same dread I had last examinations.

TO LET—Apartments in College and Campus buildings. Desirable locations. Will be vacated in June. Address "D. C."

TO LET—You know that I am not a fool, I only did it for fun. "Mac."

REMOVED—A Chapel Organ can be found at new stand in the "stiff" hall.

REMOVED—All doubts about their being funny. Try one and be convinced—a joke.

ATTENTION—Quartette that burnt their mustache singing "Hot time," will please meet the leader at the usual place and hour this p. m.

NOTICE—Engagements open for Senior Dramatic Co. Biggest hit since Samson brought down the house.



THE MAID OF VERCHERES.

At Verchères, upon the River, where the water heaves and shoots past the land like a giant serpent after its prey, stood the little fort. The seigneur was absent on duty at Quebec, and his fourteen-year-old daughter Madeline with her two younger brothers were the only representatives of the family at home. In the fort were an old man of eighty, two soldiers and a number of women and children.

The day was beautiful, calm and still as Madeline strolled down to the landing place to watch for a stray boat or answer the hail of some passing voyageur, and the sun shone with a dazzling brightness on the broad bosom of the mighty St. Lawrence. What a host of memories collect around the mere name of this vast flood! What deeds of untold heroism and bravery have been enacted on its borders! Here is the greatest highway of America. Here in later years came Wolfe to die on the blood-washed soil of the plains of Abraham and by his side was to lie the flower of French chivalry,—Montcalm the greatest and noblest of all Frenchmen. Whatever were the thoughts of the dark-eyed slender girl as she stood at the little landing upon that eventful May morning, they were soon to be harshly disturbed.

A succession of sharp reports rang out from the direction of the fields where the settlers of the village were at work, and a few moments later a man rushed past, crying as he went: "Run Mademoiselle, run. Here come the Iroquois." For a moment the girl seemed struck to stone, and then she turned to look. At about a pistol shot distance from where she stood she saw, to her horror, some forty or fifty Indians, in full war paint, coming rapidly towards her. She hesitated no longer but at once ran towards the fort and as she ran the Indians stopped to fire. Fortunately she was not hit. At the gate as she arrived, were two women, weeping and moaning piteously for their husbands, who had just been killed, and she hurried them inside, giving in the meantime the

call to arms. The gates were then shut, the fort thoroughly inspected and the broken palisades restored. Madeline then determined to organize her forces and started for the block house, which was connected with the fort by a long covered way. As she opened the door she was horrified to find the two soldiers crouching in a corner, one of them with a lighted match in his hand. The faces of both were blanched with fear, and they cowered to the earth as the brave girl faced them.

"What are you doing here," she said.

One of them stammered out that they were all going to be killed and he was going to blow up the magazine.

The poor girl was almost overcome with terror but she felt that all the responsibility rested upon her for the helpless women and children and her two brothers. She turned to the two soldiers, and with her eyes blazing with indignation she cried: "You are both miserable cowards; go out of here at once!" She spoke so resolutely that they both obeyed. Calling her two brothers, she armed herself and them. "Let us fight to the death," she said. "We are fighting for our country and our religion. Remember that our father has taught you that gentlemen are born to shed their blood for God and the king."

The two boys then began to fire on the Indians who thought that the fortress was strongly garrisoned and did not attack. They, however, continued to chase and butcher the people in the fields.

After sunset a violent northeast wind began to blow bringing with it hail and rain. The Indians were still lurking about and their dusky forms could be seen flitting from bush to bush. The dreadful suspense of the situation almost overpowered her, but she determined to hold out to the last, and assembled her garrison of six, before her. The voice of the young girl was strong and courageous, "God has saved us to-day from the hands of our enemies, but we must guard against falling into their snares to-night. I will take charge of the fort with the old man, the women

and children will go to the block house and my brothers will take their places upon the two bastions." The forces having been placed in this fashion a silence settled down over the fort, broken only by the cry of "All's well" at stated intervals from the block house to the fort and back again. The horrible blackness of the night with the deepening rain would have tried the courage of the hardest veteran, but with the tender maid, the trial was almost unbearable. At times she almost wished the Indians would attack and end all, but at the least sign of a movement from the woods she would call to all to be on guard. At last day broke, and keeping a cheering countenance to her forces she sustained them with the hope of speedy help.

A whole week passed with the enemy still in the neighborhood and yet no attack. Madeline was completely worn out and was in despair. At last one night there was a call from the river. "Qui vive" cried the watch. "La France" was the reply, and a lieutenant with forty men marched up to the gate. Madeline hastened to open the gate, put a sentinel there and went down to meet them. As she saw the officer she saluted and said, "Sir, I surrender my arms to you." And he with the courtly grace of the French answered gallantly, "Mademoiselle, they are already in good hands."



HIS PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

(FROM A WELL-KNOWN PERIODICAL.)

"H'm-yes!" ejaculated the Old Codger, sarcastically, surveying his callow nephew, who had recently graduated from the village academy.



"You have come forth from school with a real stylish-lookin' diplomar clinched in your hand, and several long and impressive words stickin' out of your mouth. You have graduated all right enough, but have you learned anything? You are educated considerable, but have you got any sense? "You know a smatterin' of Latin and a smear of Greek, but do you know where you are at? You know a little trigernometry and a few logerithms and a little about the ologies and so on and so forth, but do you know anything at all about *things*? You are acquainted with words, but do you know men? Can you write a letter that the other fellow can read every word of and thoroughly understand what your are tryin' to git at? Can you fill out a bank check properly; and, incidentally, have

you got the most remote idea how to fill up a bank account so's the aforesaid check will gain you anything better than the horse-laugh when you present it to the hawk-eyed man behind the counter?

"Have you got it impressed upon you that it never hurts a man to wilt his collar by gettin' a little honest sweat on it, and that the long-green in your pocket book is a heap

sight better than long hair on your head? Have you found out how to write an ordinary promissory note so that it won't reach out in a day or hour that you wot not and skin your financial pelt off over your head? Can you accurately measure lumber, cider and your fellow men? In short, briefly and to the point, have you really learned anything but empty forms, words and phrases? I know you have a bulgin' brow on you, but so has a common, everyday snappin' turtle, only his is on his back; and I have more than once known a graduate who had less genuine wisdom behind his bulgin' brow than a snappin' turtle has under his'n. In this day and age there are too many promisin' and too few payin' young men. There are too many comin' men; what we suffer and yearn for is the got here already kind of men. You are educated, but have you got—aw, well, never mind! I guess you'll git along all right, anyhow; people say you take after me."



STATISTICS OF THE CLASS.

In these days of great scientific progress in all departments of human knowledge there are two features which are becoming more and more prominent every day. One is the classification, in the form of tables, of the scientific data used, and the other is the presentation of such data in a graphical manner. After this has been done the modern scientist scans his completed graphical table in the hope of discovering the relations which may exist between the various parts. We have endeavored, in, we fear, a painfully amateurish way, to present the collected facts concerning the Class of '99 in such a table. Our knowledge, however, of the method of deducting relations between the parts is not sufficient to enable us to draw any scientific conclusions from the accompanying table, and we shall confine our remarks to a few observations on it. Our personal knowledge of the individual members of the class

NAME	HAT	WEIGHT	AGE	SHOE	COLLAR	HEIGHT	HOURS IN STUDY DAILY	PRAYERS MISSED PER MONTH
ABERNETHY	8 ³ / ₄	140	21	6 ¹ / ₂	14 ¹ / ₂ L	5'11 ¹ / ₂ "	8	5
BEALL	7 ¹ / ₈	148	22	6 ¹ / ₂	15 A	5'8"	8 ¹ / ₂	3 A
CLARK	7 ¹ / ₈	144	20	6 L	14 ¹ / ₂ L	5'8"	6 A	6
DOUGLAS	6 ³ / ₄	150	25	8	15 A	6'3 ¹ / ₄ "	8	1
FARRIES	7 ¹ / ₈	165	23 A	7 A	15 ¹ / ₂	6'	9	6
HANEY	6 ³ / ₄	150	28	8	15 A	5'11 ¹ / ₂ "	6 A	0 L
HARRISON	7 ¹ / ₈	150	20	7 ¹ / ₂	14 ¹ / ₂ L	6'	4 L	8
HAWLEY	7 ¹ / ₄ G	150	23 A	7 A	15 ¹ / ₂	5'10" A	6 A	0 L
LAFFERTY	6 ¹ / ₈ L	128 L	21	7 A	14 ¹ / ₂ L	5'8 ¹ / ₂ "	5	1
MC CONNELL	7 A	158	23 A	8	15 ¹ / ₂	5'8 ¹ / ₂ "	10	0 L
MC FADYEN	7 ¹ / ₈	167	22	9 G	16 ¹ / ₂ G	5'11"	10	0 L
MC LAUGHLIN	7 A	155	28	8	15 ¹ / ₂	5'10" A	5	0 L
MC QUEEN	7 ¹ / ₄ G	155	24	6 ¹ / ₂	15 A	6'1 ¹ / ₂ G	5	7
MATHESON	7 A	145	22	5 ¹ / ₂	15 A	5'10"	5	1
MORRISON	7 A	156	21	6 L	15 A	5'11"	4 L	9 G
MURROE	7 A	145	20	6 ¹ / ₂	15 A	5'9"	9	0 L
ROBINSON	7 ¹ / ₈	137	23 A	6 ¹ / ₂	14 ¹ / ₂ L	5'7 ¹ / ₂ L	6 A	6
ROYSTER	7 ¹ / ₈	153 A	19	6 ¹ / ₂	15 A	5'8"	6 A	5
H.G. SMITH	7 A	146	18 L	5 ¹ / ₂	14 ¹ / ₂ L	5'10 ¹ / ₂ "	4 L	4
J.T. SMITH	7 A	195 G	31 G	8	16 ¹ / ₂ G	6'	5	4
S.C. SMITH	7 ¹ / ₄ G	175	28	8 ¹ / ₂	16	6'1 ¹ / ₂ G	6 A	0 L
STOKES	7 A	180	23 A	8 ¹ / ₂	16	5'11 ¹ / ₂ "	10	0 L
WARD	7 A	145	28	8	15 A	5'11"	12 G	0 L

may perhaps add some light and fill in any incompleteness the table may reveal.

In regard to the table itself ; we do not think that its crudeness of form will detract from its value as a basis upon which to form an idea of the relative parts, physical and mental, of the class. We must explain that the letters to be found in the columns have the following meanings: *L* means the Lowest, in the column. There may of course be several of the same grade in the same column ; *G* is the Greatest in the column, and *A* is the Average of the column. In comparing this table with that of the whole college last year, as it appeared in the '98 *Annual*, we find that the average size of hat last year was $7\frac{1}{8}$ while '99 has an average of but 7. We think that this may be satisfactorily explained by the fact that last year the Sophomore Class was included, and the preponderance of the swelled heads greatly elevated the average of the whole.

The average weight last year, quoting from the same table, was 146. Ours is 153, showing that we have become more portly in body as well as in mind. We study 6 hours on the average while last year $5\frac{1}{2}$ was all the college student here could put on his work. We are sorry to note that we still miss 3 prayers per month. In other respects we show progression, however; our shoes last year were about $6\frac{1}{2}$ size. This year we have decided that comfort is better than corns and have donned a larger pair. This might be called the acquisition of a better understanding.

In some respects there is a wide range between the various members of '99. Suppose, for example, we construct two men, upon the Greatest and the Lowest, respectively, of the data given by the table. In the first case we have a man of 31 years of age ; he wears a $7\frac{1}{4}$ size hat, a number 9 shoe, a $16\frac{1}{2}$ collar, and weighs 195 lbs. We may remark incidentally that he studies 12 hours a day (1 hour to every $16\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. avoird.) and misses 9 prayers per month. This last may be accounted for by the fact that (assuming this man to have the number of feet usually allotted to the

human kind) it would take $2 \times 195 = 390$ foot-pounds of kinetic energy to carry him from the college to the chapel. This is neglecting friction of all kinds and the inertia overcoming gravitation in getting out of bed.

The second man is 5 ft. $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. high, weighs 128 lbs., is only 18 years old and studies only 4 hours a day. As this includes the time spent on class, this student would, if he existed, be able to get along without any studying at all for we all average nearly 4 recitations a day. Again, he wears a Trilby shoe, a number $5\frac{1}{2}$, and a $14\frac{1}{2}$ collar. His cerebral development, however, is not much to boast about, being only $6\frac{1}{8}$, as shown by the size of his hat.

But just think what a man the average '99 classman would be. He isn't a featherweight by any means for he tips the scales at 153. And by the way, this is the weight of but one man in every 80, according to Dr. Luther Gulick's measurements of 1,000 men who had taken systematic gymnasium exercise for over two years. Furthermore this Senior is 5 ft. 10 in. high or almost the height of the highest man in every 80, quoting again from Dr. Gulick's chart. He is 23 years old, wears a number 7 hat, a 7 shoe and a 15 collar. He studies six hours a day and, as we have said before, misses 3 prayers per month. In looking over the table and counting up the A's we find that Hawley has the greatest number and hence we assume that he approximates the ideal '99 man closer than any other. The necessary "roundness" of the numbers may explain this, however. It is to be regretted that neither time nor opportunity was offered to make complete physical measurements of every member of the class as we are sure that, from the record of '99 on the campus and football field, our physical averages will surpass those of any other class in college.



HOCH DER PRIVAT!

* * *

In re the war in the Philippines—"Willie Hohenzollern is doing all the talking but it will be the German Private who will do all the fighting."—*Daily Papers*.

Der Kaiser! He is meiner Lordt,
Ich bin his soldier und in shordt,
We are der chambions from the Nordt,
Ich—und der Kaiser.

He drinks mein health in chambain fine,
I drink to his in Rhenish wein,
To nicht 'ein else, beyondt der Rhine,
Ich, und der Kaiser.

In Dentschland will we both be foundt
Der Kaiser in der hintergroundt,
Ich at der frondt, his foes to poundt,
Ich, not der Kaiser.

Der Kaiser, he will never miss
Der goal he aims at; and to this
Ich brought him, ich not he, I guess,
Ich, not der Kaiser.

In times of peace for war brebare,
America mit uns gombare,
Success mit her we'll never share,
Ich, und the Kaiser.

Der smile of Ungle Sam ist gladt,
In Phillipines he makes us madt,
Look oudt! or we will do him badt.
Ich und der Kaiser.

To us he wants to sell canned hog,
Und germs to burn mitin dat prog;
Ach! we had rather eat raw dog,
Ich und der Kaiser.

THE FEASTING OF THE NINES.

In these times when the Bryan one dollar and the Tammany ten dollar dinners are causing so much comment in our leading dailies, we thought it would not be amiss to recall some of the events of the merry days of yore when the Nines gathered around the festive board to do honor to blue-points on the half-shell, turkey stuffed with oyster dressing and other such *habitués* of the banquet table, and to regale their intellects on the flashes of wit that always go with after-dinner speeches. There was something of the jollity and fun, without the hilarity, in those banquets that we are reminded of when we read how in old Saxon times the wide manor hall was thrown open to "kith and kin" and the lord of the manor feasted his relatives from far and wide. There was then the bringing in of the boar's head, the mixing of the wassail and the lingering around the board until the "wee sma' hours."

On the evening of February 19th, 1897, a noisy crowd of Sophs began to collect in front of the Phi Hall. Within a few minutes the class roll was called and all reporting present, a line of march was taken up for the "Sloan House." Reaching here the reception committee ushered the class into the spacious dining hall, the class president welcomed the guests in a few words, and the Soph. banquet of '99 was begun.

What went on for the next two hours need not be told. It was the same thing that ever has taken place and ever will when you give a crowd of Sophs full sway around a table where they are serving up turkey and ham, ice-cream and cake, nuts and raisins, bananas and oranges in abundance. There was the quiet that settles over a crowd when the executioner is at work, for the Sophs were doing some *executing* for the next hour or so.

The last course having gone the way of its predecessors, chairs were pushed back from the table and Havanas passed around. Scarcely had the rich odor of the fragrant cigars

begun to diffuse itself through the halls when the toastmaster announced a toast from Dr. Harrison, the representative of the faculty whom we had invited to be with us. In his usual genial manner Dr. Harrison gave us an address spiced with humor and filled with much good advice. Among the other invited speakers were our beloved little pastor and Dr. Munroe, both of whom are indispensable at one of our college banquets. Mr. Graham gracefully toasted "Ninety-Nine," not without here and there bringing in a "hit" on some member of the class. Dr. Munroe talked in his characteristic, crisp way and gave us the benefit of some of his home-made doggerel, a lot of which ran as follows :

"Mind dar 'Kid,' don't you frown,
Ike ain't goin' to fumble on dis here down,
When you hear me gib de signal: 'Two, fow, seven'.
Hit dat right-guard and knock him into heben."

At this juncture two of the banqueters retired to do some star-gazing. Whether the uncongenial tobacco odor of the banquet hall, the dizziness caused by the thought of the planets whirling in their orbits, the upturned bowl of blue overhead or something else, brought it about we know not, but any way by some means an upheaval was suggested and the "whale-Jonah" episode was repeated.

Of some of the post prandial speakers who have since left their "first love" we shall make special mention. Stalwart "Ike" Griffin spoke, in a way that would incite us to be heroes, on the class motto: "Vincit qui patitur." Dainty Lapsley crowned "The Ladies" of our village with garlands of praise; "Little Quid" MacAllister rubbed "The Faculty" up and down; and John Meacham, sorrowfully, even tearfully, remembered "The Absent Ones."

Informal toasts and the cracking of rare jokes continued until the little numerals were reigning on the clock dial. When the flow of wit and humor had spent itself the toastmaster declared the Soph banquet of the Nines adjourned. Like the sober Sophs we always were, we returned to our

rooms and quietly retired, omitting the ear-splitting yells and door-drumming that usually succeed a class banquet.

April 1, 1898.

The Nines are feasting again, this time with the dignity of Juniors. There is more gravity in the wit now, more display of oratory, for we "got our legs" on the twenty-second, the conversation is of a more literary turn, and the general appearance of the banqueters has more of a college-bred cast.

Being of lofty aspirations we have invited the college president—the storehouse of jokes and puns of all kinds—to grace the occasion with his presence. When introducing the speaker the toastmaster reminds the audience that the author of "The Syllabus Book" is to make an address, upon which the genial "Doctor" in his most ready-witted way relates a kissing scrape that he once figured in very prominently, thus confirming the fact of his authorship of the "*silly buss*". No safe estimate can be made of the influence that this joke has had upon the class. Perhaps there have been some "trials," and more likely many "tribulations" due to its influence. But the humor was only a prelude to something scholarly. Developing the word "Junior" under the rules of the Kabbala the "Doctor" showed how the name suggested bad qualities or good ones. Of the bad traits he mentioned: "Jejune, Ugly, Naughty, Irascible, Approbious, Rude;" of the good: "Justice, Union, Nobleness, Industry, Openness, Right." The best development of all we thought was: "Judge Us Not In Our Revelry."

The other speakers of the evening each did justice to their subjects. "Sam" toasted *The Ladies*, "Jack" *The Faculty*, "Scotch" his favorite subject, *Athletics*, "Wade" *Domitory Life*, and "Daddy" *Our Future*. "Daddy's" prophetic vision took in the future of most of the Nines and especially did he draw in glowing colors the "Parson" thirty years hence.

Our past being sufficiently glorified and our future fore-
told, fearing lest it was near time,

“To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;”

the banqueters quit the scene of their festivities, all feeling
that they would ever cherish the memory of the Sopho-
more and Junior banquets as one of the sweetest of their
recollections of happy college days.



SOPHOMORE BANQUET.

TOASTS.

TOASTMASTER, T. P. HANEY.

Welcome.....	J. M. MCCONNELL
Address.....	DR. T. P. HARRISON
The Ladies	NORVELL LAPSLEY
Address.....	DR. J. P. MUNROE
Vincit qui Patitur	I. C. GRIFFIN
Faculty.....	J. D. MACALLISTER
Freshmen.....	J. E. WARD
Our Absent Ones.....	JNO. B. MEACHAM
Ninety-Nine.....	REV. A. T. GRAHAM
Informal Toast.....	THE CLASS

COMMITTEE.

S. A. ROBINSON, Chairman.
I. C. GRIFFIN,
R. L. DOUGLAS,
E. H. WOOD,
H. G. SMITH.

Hotel de Sloan, Feb. 19th, 1897.



JUNIOR BANQUET.

TOASTS.

TOASTMASTER, J. M. MCCONNELL.

Welcome.....	T. F. HANEY
Address.....	DR. J. B. SHEARER
The Ladies.....	S. A. ROBINSON
Address.....	DR. J. P. MUNROE
Faculty	J. L. FARRIES
Athletics.....	A. A. MCFADYEN
Dormitory Life.....	W. C. HARRISON
Our Future.....	F. M. HAWLEY
Ninety-Nine.....	REV. A. T. GRAHAM
Informal Toasts	THE CLASS

COMMITTEE.

H. G. SMITH, Chairman.
S. A. ROBINSON,
H. S. MUNROE,
L. G. BEALL,
S. C. SMITH.

Hotel de Sloan, April 1st, 1898.

THE CLASS OF THE CLOSING CENTURY.

A young man's student life is very complex in its make-up. It is not possible for him to live on the campus more than a few months before his own individuality is merged into that larger personality called his "class," and what he is in himself goes to strengthen or weaken the position it occupies. Everyone is very much impressed with this feature. How few names stand out alone—even the very best of the men are known by the class relations which they hold. Composite photography has given us a unique illustration of the conception. Each member of a group is photographed separately, and, then, these are put together by the artist's ingenuity so as to give the resultant of a face which is as weak or as strong as the blended faces of the class will yield. The composite picture which is photographed on the memory of an interested onlooker who reviews the record made by the class of '99 will not be as strong as the strongest man nor as weak as the weakest, and yet it is safe to assert that it will possess more than the usual elements of strength.

The sturdy Freshmen (who were neither wiser nor greener than the average student of that rank) closed their first eventful session in a victorious rally about the "bush," giving, thus, fair warning to those who were to be their future associates that '99 was a class whose enterprise and vigor in all the lawful contests of their college days were to be reckoned and respected by all.

The Soph year found this class compact and thoroughly united presenting a vigorous front to all opponents on the athletic field and it came out of the year's events with a good balance of successes in its favour.

It was, however, during the Junior year that a great impulse was given to the athletic spirit of the entire college. The two trophy cups—one for the football championship and the other for all-around athletics aroused the enthusiasm of the entire student-body as nothing had succeeded in doing for many years, if ever before. Foremost

in point of interest were the members of '99 and the memorable year ended with this proud class, the holder of both the trophies and the name of the invincible "Scotch" upon every lip.

The Senior year marked fewer breaks in its numbers than is usual at this stage of a college career. '99 quickly organized to keep its hold upon the Alumni trophy for football and that honor still rests with the class. College football as distinct from *class* foot ball assumed new importance as a result of the decree of the Faculty that the boys might play two games of ball away from their own campus.

This new order of things called for well trained material and '99 furnished the doughty captain and full-back, one half-back, the quarter-back and substitute quarter, a guard and a tackle, with several other close seconds for important positions. These players brought new glory to the class and did nobly their part in showing to the world that the boys who wear the "black and red" are the peers of any who handle the "pig-skin."

On the base ball diamond '99 has never been very strong as a class and few honors on the field of contest have been treasured among its trophies, though even here, "Kid" is hard to beat.

Ninety-nine has a splendid record in the classroom and in the Societies. It will leave the college walls with a rarely fine reputation for successful work in all departments of study. It is to be questioned whether any previous class has contained a greater number of "distinguished" men. One other fact remains to be mentioned.

A great many classes go through college without recognizing their reserve power for elevating the standard of "College Ethics"; '99 has not been unmindful of this. We do not speak particularly (though it is worthy of mention) of the fact that this class has had among its membership an unusually large percentage of active Christian workers who have always been ready to help forward the religious enterprises of the college.

Apart from this, the class has put itself on record more than once as opposed to college *vandalism*, that species of *college fun* for which no analyst has ever yet given a satisfactory formula—and Ninety-Nine has done more, perhaps, than any other class since '93 (memorable for its stand in such matters) to frown down these practices and to demand for the students, who loves peace and order, the privileges of enjoying their rights.

This class is about to leave these familiar college scenes and it throws down the challenge to those who are to take their places to emulate their example in this direction. Much remains to be done and the class of the future which would make its history worth the writing, may well carry forward the work thus happily begun.

The class of '99 has formed many pleasant ties among the village people and not a few of them have won the admiration of those who have watched their careers with more than usual interest.

These young men will go out to the larger arena of life bearing the best wishes of those who expect to hear good accounts of the members of '99 in all the future.

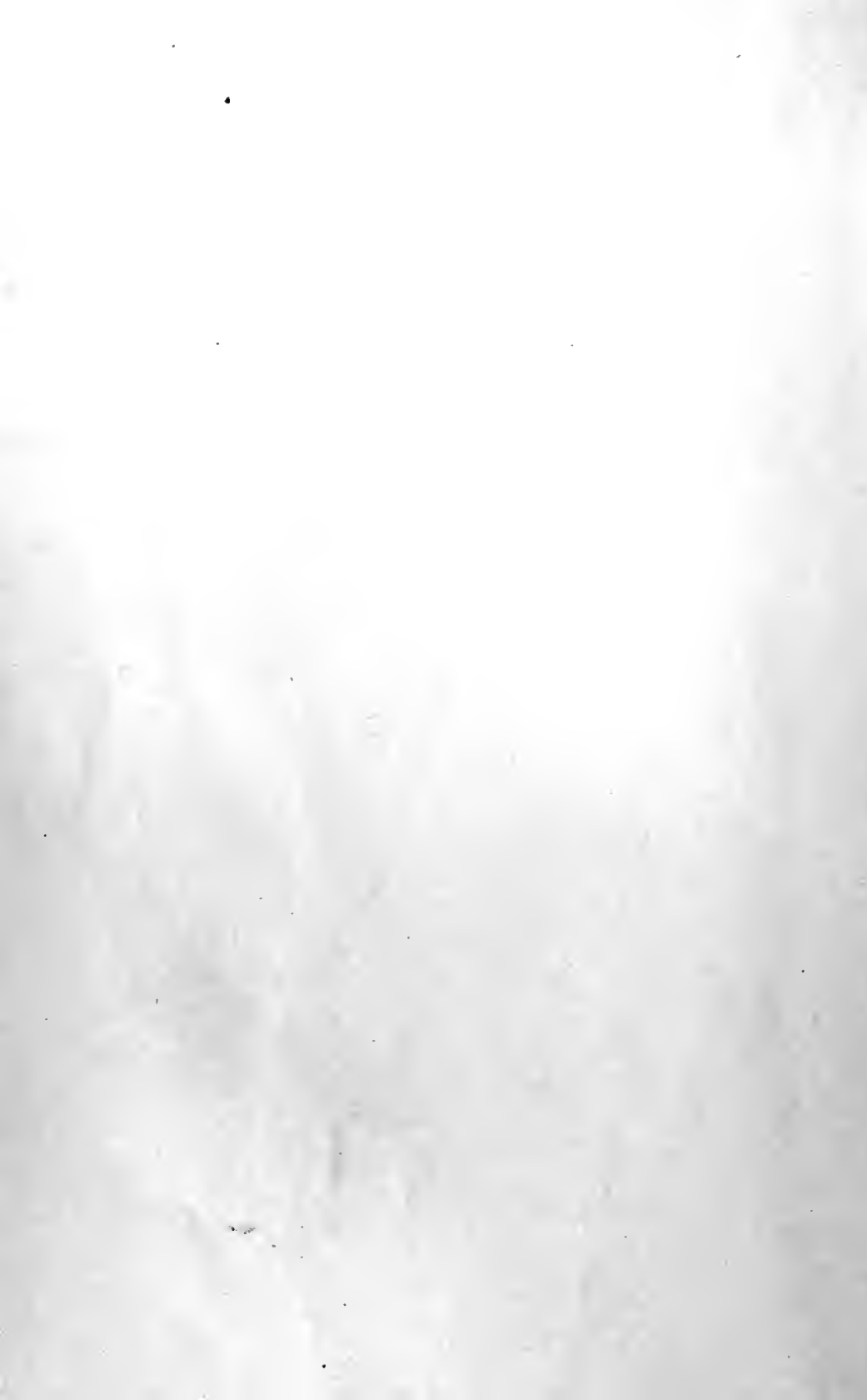


REV. ALFRED THRUSTON GRAHAM.

To the friends of Davidson an introduction to the pastor of the college church would be absurd and it is not our purpose to give one. So closely identified has Mr. Graham always been with all that concerned the welfare of the students that we cannot let this opportunity pass without expressing our sincerest regard for him and the earnest work he is doing. Very rarely indeed is there found in one man the faculty of drawing friends from old and young alike, but in the subject of our sketch is centered the deepest regard and affection of the whole community. But we would rather speak of him as a warm personal friend of every man in college. No banquet is ever held without him and on the foot ball field where he was always present



REV. ALFRED THRUSTON GRAHAM.



during the games, mingling with the boys, and one of them himself at these times, his decisions have never been questioned. His quiet modest bearing and the memory of his warm sympathetic greeting will live long in the hearts of the men of Ninety-Nine.



THE MARTIN CHEMICAL HALL.

At last ground has been broken for the foundation of the Martin Chemical Hall, and work is progressing rapidly. The corner stone will be laid by the Misses Martin on Wednesday of Commencement Week, June 6th, and the work will be pushed to completion without delay.

The hall is situated to the southwest of the main building, occupying the same position on the South that the Y. M. C. A. hall does on the North. It is to be devoted wholly to Chemistry, and will be one of the largest and most complete laboratories in the South. The accompanying cut gives a general idea of the external appearance of the hall. It is 65 feet square, two and a half stories high, and built of fine brick with granite trimmings. A more detailed description will be of interest to all who read this issue of the *Davidson Magazine*, and is herewith briefly given.

The first floor is a sub-basement, laid in cement. Here are situated the two large furnaces which heat the whole building, with ample coal bunkers for a winter's supply; the fresh air duct leading to these furnaces is a yard square, and the flue of the main vent stack is five feet each way. The vent stack has in it a ventilating furnace by which a constant draft of air circulates through each room in the building whether the main furnace is in action or not. The system of warm-air heating and ventilating is remarkably thorough and efficient, and embraces every room and hall in the building. Besides the furnaces, there are situated

in the basement an acid room, a fume room, a water room, and an Assay Laboratory.

The second floor is devoted mainly to Quantitative Analysis. It contains a lecture-room with sloping floor, capable of accommodating nearly a hundred students, and adjoining this a stock-room 26 by 27 feet, for storing chemical materials. The lecture-room is seated with Andrews & Co.'s fine school seats, each furnished with a writing arm-tablet, and the stock-room is fully supplied with shelves and cases for chemical supplies. On the same floor is the Quantitative Laboratory, about 22 by 35 feet, with twenty desks. These are each supplied with lockers, sinks, water, and gas. Next to this laboratory are the Professor's office, the library, a balance room, and a fume-room.

The third floor contains the large Qualitative Laboratory, with a floor space of 1200 square feet, fitted with desks for second-year students engaged in Qualitative Analysis, an assay room 20 by 27, and an elementary laboratory, containing over 1200 square feet.

Above this floor is a large attic, lighted by four dormer windows, which is to be used for the present as a storage room. It will, however, afford ample room at any time in the future for more laboratory space if needed. From the attic a stairway leads to the square observatory surmounting the centre of the roof, and rising above this, forming a sort of circular tower to the building, is the main ventilating stack, which is surmounted by a cupola.

All the friends of Davidson are to be congratulated that the College has secured, through the liberality of her Alumni and well-wishers, so desirable an addition to her equipment. The scientific department of the College has been steadily growing in facilities, and adding to its courses, for some years, till enlarged accommodations became a necessity. The removal of the chemical laboratories from the main building will give the other departments, such as Physics and Geology, much more room for practical and experimental work, which they have long

ACCEPTED DESIGN FOR
THE MARTIN SCIENCE HALL
FOR DAVIDSON COLLEGE,
HOOK & SAWYER, ARCHT'S
GARDEN, N. C.



THE MARTIN CHEMICAL LABORATORY.



needed, thus improving their facilities as well as those of the Chemical Department.

The fact that the new Hall is to stand on the Davidson campus as a memorial to Col. W. J. Martin, who was its honored Professor of Chemistry for more than a quarter of a century, gratifies every friend of the College, and explains in large part their liberality. Were it built of marble, it could not be purer or more crystalline than was his character, nor more enduring than the impress his life has left on all the ideas and traditions of the campus. It is eminently fitting that his son, trained in his father's profession, and inheriting so largely his talents and character, should continue in this magnificent building the work which "the Colonel" laid down three years ago. L.



THE SPEAKING OF THE NINES.

There are times in the lives of all men when their places seem enviable to, at least, some of their fellows. Sometimes fortune favors and then the worldly minded smile approvingly. At other times a hidden spark of genius bursts suddenly into light, and friends and admirers are found in unexpected places. Again when true courage is shown appreciation is never lacking. But there are times in college life through which a boy must pass alone. His feelings, hopes, and aspirations, must lie locked in a heart of stone, and that heart beating in his own breast. It is a comfort to know that others feel an interest in his success; but still he realizes that his own strength must uphold him, his own brain serve him, and ambitions, peculiar to himself, lead him



on if he is to be truly successful. Such times are few but their rarity only causes them to be more deeply felt. We wish to sketch briefly two such occasions in the history of our class.

Junior speaking is the dread of the Junior year. It has long been so, and it was so when the Nines were Juniors. The Father of his country could hardly smile upon the use to which his natal day is put in these later times. But smile or weep the day is appointed and the Juniors speak whether they will or not.

Juniors are supposed to solve the problems of the nation, and as we numbered twenty-seven, the last solved was rather long. Abernethy found out that although it sometimes pays to come first, it does not when it causes you to be the first speaker. In rapid succession we were called upon to follow one as he spoke of National Peril, another

as he viewed the Progress of Mankind. The dark cloud of the Race Problem was brushed off our Southern skies by the remembrance of Signal Victories won in former times. The unknown path of youth was illumined by the sage advice, that the Tested way is always best. And, with confidence in future success, the speaking closed. No very brilliant speeches had been made, but on the whole they did honor to the class of '99. From the speakers, Messrs. Beall, Haney, Douglas, McConnell, McQueen and Ward, were chosen to speak at commencement.

Another year passed and it was time for us to speak again. This time it was Maxwell Chamber's Day. The old chapel looked somewhat less gloomy when draped in white and blue. Old Glory shed its lustre over assembled men and maidens. Our English professor gravely arose and announced the first speaker of the evening. A glance at the list of subjects would serve to show that in a year the ideals of '99 had changed. Current political events still had some influence upon the choice of subjects, but from national issues the field had been enlarged so as to include the world in its scope.

The future seems to grow dark as we listen to a speech which tells us that Southern chivalry, Southern manhood, as it existed "Befo de wah" has become a Passing Type. We can but hope that in some way we shall escape the Retribution which in all Historical times has come to those who have allowed the good to die, the evil to increase. We can only imagine why it was that with such Singleness of Aim, the man from Edgefield took up "The White Man's Burden," while all around him the Black man groaned beneath his load. It must have been the influence of the Higher Idea which to-day is influencing Americans to allow no future Blots on a History which bears so few stains. We wonder if, in taking up this "Burden," the "White Man" is to become a man of "Blood and Iron," feeling no sense of Limitation, as his soldier boys trample civil liberty in

the dust in their eagerness to enlarge the Realm of the English and that of England's fairest daughter.

Those who have studied Modern Science, in its rapid developments, have often wondered what are the Possibilities of the Future. They can see so much advance from the means of Civilization employed among the Ancients, that even the most skeptical are forced to admit that there is a master Builder, whose hand still directs the course of events. Even Washington's Ideas seem a little antiquated when we consider what must be our Future Policy toward England. It will take the genius of a second Man of Destiny to keep the ship of State away from those Influences which threaten its Decay, and to guide it safely on among unseen fields.

If in college we have done our duty, may we not hope that, when, in the future, the Character of '99 is Sketched, the writer may not dwell upon the violence of the storm as a fitting symbol for a closing life, but may he paint the gentle fall of summer twilight over the peaceful sleep of a class awaiting the call of a brighter morning.



JUNIOR SPEAKING OF '99.

FEB. 21ST, 8 P. M.

- R. S. Abernethy, Lincolnton, N. C. A National Peril
D. H. H. Arnold, San Diego, Col. The Causes of Poverty
W. A. Baker, Mill Bridge, N. C. An Interpreter of Nature
L. G. Beall, Greensboro, N. C. The Education of the Masses
G. T. Clark, Sandifer, N. C. The Progress of Mankind
R. L. Douglas, Blackstock, S. C. The Annexation of Hawaii
J. L. Farries, Goldsboro, N. C.,
The Doctrines and Influence of the Jesuits
T. F. Haney, Rock Hill, S. C. Compulsory Education
W. C. Harrison, Bradley, S. C. The Race Problem

FEB. 22ND, 10:30 A. M.

- F. W. Hawley, Charlotte, N. C. A Timely Topic
R. H. Lafferty, Davidson, N. C. The Culture Afforded by Science
J. M. McConnell, McConnellsville, S. C. A Signal Victory
A. A. McFadyen, Raeford, N. C.,
The Influence of Money on Legislation
A. M. McLaughlin, Antioch, N. C. Retrenchment or Ruin
J. A. McQueen, Carthage, N. C. The Tested Curriculum
J. P. Matheson, Taylorsville, N. C. Quo Vadis
A. D. Morrison, Mariposa, N. C., The Industrial Future of the South
H. S. Munroe, Lenoir, N. C.,
Confidence, the Basis of Progress and Civilization

FEB. 22ND, 8 P. M.

- S. A. Robinson, Gastonia, N. C. The Causes of the Reformation
W. S. Royster, Tarboro, N. C. Journalism and Public Opinion
D. P. Shaw, Lumber Bridge, N. C.,
Democracy: Why its Development is Retarded
H. G. Smith, Abbeville, S. C. Ability
J. T. Smith, Francisco, N. C. Genuine Reform
S. C. Smith, High Towers, N. C.,
Attention as Conducive to Mental Power
H. B. Stokes, Oral Oaks, Va. Our Opportunities
J. E. Ward, Fayetteville, N. C. True Greatness
E. H. Wood, Newbern, N. C. Individual Labor

SENIOR SPEAKING OF '99.

MARCH 31ST, 8 P. M.

- R. S. Abernethy, Lincolnton, N. C. The Problem of Immigration
L. G. Beall, Greensboro, N. C. The Grand Old Man
G. T. Clark, Sandifer, N. C. A Passing Type
R. L. Douglas, Blackstock, S. C. Retribution in History
J. L. Farries, Goldsboro, N. C. The Realm of the English
T. F. Haney, Rock Hill, S. C. Singleness of Aim
W. C. Harrison, Bradley, S. C. "The White Man's Burden"
F. M. Hawley, Charlotte, N. C. The Higher Idea
R. H. Lafferty, Davidson, N. C. A Blot on Our History
J. M. McConnell, McConnellsville, S. C. Bismarck
A. A. McFadyen, Raeford, N. C. The Pain of Limitation
A. M. McLauchlin, Antioch, N. C. A Menace to Civil Liberty

SATURDAY, APRIL 1ST, 8:00 P. M.

- J. A. McQueen, Carthage, N. C. The Master Builder
J. P. Matheson, Taylorsville, N. C. Some Possibilities of Science
A. D. Morrison, Mariposa, N. C.,
Co-operation a Preventive of Labor Troubles
H. S. Munroe, Lenoir, N. C. The Ancient Civilizer
S. A. Robinson, Gastonia, N. C. One of Washington's Ideas
W. S. Royster, Norfolk, Va. Our Future Policy Toward England
H. G. Smith, Abbeville, S. C. The Man of Destiny
J. T. Smith, Francisco, N. C. Good Results of the Crusades
S. C. Smith, High Towers, N. C. The Influence of the Classics
H. B. Stokes, Oral Oaks, Va. The Functions of Decay
J. E. Ward, Fayetteville, N. C. A Character Sketch



THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE.

It was nighttime and it was time for the Knights to gather around the festal board as was their wont. The feeble light from the rushlight—or rather the kerosene lamp—was casting dim shadows over the long oaken table and filling the atmosphere with the gladsome odor of the pungent burnt wick. The great logs in the wide fireplace burned and crackled right merrily, for to-night were songs and tales to be told and the fire chuckled and laughed in anticipation of the hearing of them. The low browed, dark skinned serfs made haste to prepare the feast of canned salmon and crackers, and from a dark sequestered corner under the low couch drew they forth a flask of the frolicsome pickles. Now all was ready.

Then did suddenly one from without wind his horn and demanded entrance in a high sounding and aristocratic voice :

“What ho, within ! Let the portcullis fall and pull the string ere my trusty arm cause thee to view numerous constellations as yet ne’er seen by any lusty wight.”

“Cometh within,” was the answer, and the dark serf did make haste to pull ope the portcullis.

Then did a numerous host of Knights with gay apparel and brave countenance throng into the hall and seat themselves around the jovial board. And thus spake they :

Sir Lancelot.—(to the serf) “Ha, churl, hast thou not yet prepared the wassail for my trusty friends ? Put it there upon the board and fill the gaping bumpers to the brim. Sit ye down my friends and rest ye from the chase—I’ll tell you what’s a fact ; this Grail-ing business is awfully dry, isn’t it. Now by my halidom I’ll be blowed if here cometh not the good Sir Gawaine ! Enter good knight, throw those shirts and things off that box and draw ye up to the board. What goeth on in the world to-day with ye, Sir Knight ?

Sir Gawaine, (he draweth up the box and bumpeth a little with the bumper. Then shooteth he off his mouth.) "All hail, Sir Launcelot. Right gladly do I see ye and help ye at the wassailing, and I would fain tell ye of an adventure that did befall me while I was casting the heavy weight, as is my wont, for exercise. As I raised the great burden to my shoulder and did make to cast it far into the distance there came across the meadow a lusty Knight who was yclept—, yclept—. Now in truth I have forgot his name, but it mattereth little. Albeit this bold Knight did challenge me to cast the weight with him and by way of challenge he did throw his sweater—I mean his coat of mail, on the ground. Then lifting up the weight he did throw it with a mighty effort so that the people of the neighborhood did think it was an earthquake when it struck. A good English mile did this worthy Knight cast the stone, and in the place where it struck was it sunken in so far that we did dig two ells depth before we could find it. Then laughed long and loud this strange Knight for he wist not that he had not struck any soft thing, but had run up against a stump. Then came we back even to the place where we were in the beginning and I did explain to him as we went the strange devices that are used in casting the weight among those who *know* how to cast it. Then took I up the weight and with the back shoulder swing, that did so overcome all my foes when I was at W— and L—, I mean when I was at Camelot, did I hurl the stone forth. So great and so mighty was the throw that the fire did flash from the stone and the wind of it did hurl great trees up by the roots. And yet more strange was it that three eagles which were flying in the air as it passed were smitten by it and did fall to the ground. So flattened out by the blow were these three birds that they covered three acres of good English ground when they fell. As for the stone, wis I not what did come of it, except that rumor hath it that there was a fierce gale at sea in the direction that the stone

did take. But by'rlady this adventure is not to be compared with the time when I"——.

Sir Percivale, who hath wassailed himself up to concert pitch and essayeth to go a few bars higher; "Marry, Sir Gawaine, that were indeed a mighty throw and we wot not disasters may ensue still further from thy shot. Howbeit worry thyself over it no further and think no more on it lest thou strain thy lyre to the breaking point. Bring up more wassail and cast that sardine can, O mighty Gawaine, out of your window. But speaking of throwing remindeth me of once when I was in ——."

Sir Lancelot. "Marry, good Percivale, be thou so good as to lend me thy trusty Barlow. These vile slaves have not opened this salmon. Step thee to yon corner, O mighty Gawaine, and fetch that hatchet. Peradventure thou canst with it and the poker make an entrance into this varlet chicken."

Sir Tristram "Kch-ch-tsch-uk-uk-uk-uk-uk-uk." The Knights look up amazed from their eating. Sir Lancelot empties a pale of water over the head of Sir Tristram. Sir Percival smites him with mighty smites on the back. Finally Sir Tristram extracteth a fish bone from his throat.

Sir Gallahad, he produceth a musical instrument from a corner and beginning to play and sing:

"There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night."

Sir Lancelot, mistaketh the chord but joineth in right lustily: "All coons look alike to me."

Enters a wight hastily and cryeth "Hither good Knights to my aid. Some vile caitiff hath herded a huge dragon into the Math room and the great beast is chewing all the cosines off the blackboard." Exeunt all the company in great haste.



ON THE THRESHOLD.

They tell us of the strength of youth,
The mighty force at manhood's call,
But ah, they speak but half the truth,
Enlarge the part to hide the all.
They speak of manhood's early prime,
Its power, its reach beyond the stars,
The upward path to realms sublime,
The gifts of Pallas and of Mars.
They mark the herald streaks of light
That usher in the coming morn,
The death of Wrong, the birth of Right,
The rise of Praise, the fall of Scorn.
'Rejoice, O youth, that thou art young;
Thy times are cast in happier days,
And many a bard of thee has sung
In longing and prophetic lays.'

The present day, with promise rife,
Is better than the days of old?
The dust is layed of many a strife,
But not the mad'ning strife for gold.
Man has with man in very truth
Full many a compact sworn and bound;—
And then with cold, relentless ruth
He grinds his fellow to the ground.
The lust for wealth, the thirst for power,
The laurel on the Croesus hung—
Are these the promise of the hour,
Is this the morn that poets sung?
The politician rules the land,—
Thank God, His winds still rule the seas,—
And Justice is a base of sand,
And science blates in every breeze.

And we who stand upon the brink,
The maelstrom of the world's mad life,
And hesitate to say or think
How we shall conquer in the strife,—
Shall we take breath and inward plunge
And leave the rest to chance or fate,
And meeting stroke with fiercer lunge
Fight for the vapor gifts of state?
Or shall we serve "the inner man"
And ask of Him who rules above
Our part in that Eternal Plan
Whose end is Life, reward is Love?
Spirit of Truth, O guide us now,—
The Work, the Tools are Thine, not ours,
Before Thy righteous power we bow,
Be Thine our hearts, our lives, our hours !



THE SCHERZMACHER TABLET.

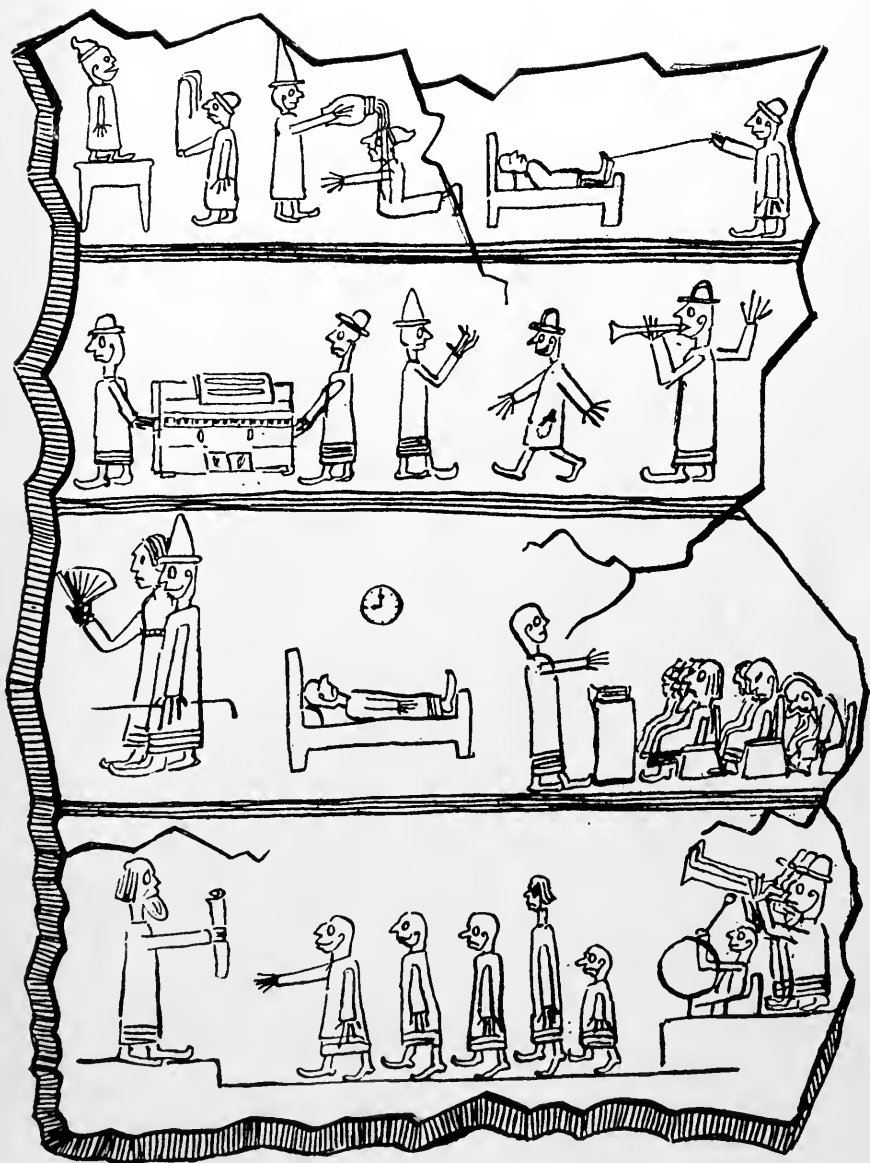
Archeologists have been very much excited recently over the discovery by Dr. A. Scherzmacher, the distinguished Archeologist of Berlin, of a curious tablet while making excavations in the ruins of ancient Babylon. The stone contains no writing that can be seen, but is divided by horizontal lines into four parts. Numerous figures representing evidently different scenes compose each part. The tablet seems to be complete altho' cracked and broken around the edges.

The arrival of the tablet in Berlin with the finder's request that the Archeological Society examine it thoroughly, was followed by a meeting of the Society and the careful and learned examination of the hieroglyphics on the stone.

A few days later the professor of Ancient History of the University of Berlin appeared in *Die Universetät Zeitung* with a long and learned article in which he brought forward the theory that the tablet represented various scenes from the court of justice of the ancient Babylonish kingdom. The first section, he suggests, shows the mode of punishment or torture of criminals as practiced by the ancients. The second represents the carrying into the court, attended by the herald of the court, of the official documents. These are carried in the huge chest on the left. The third and fourth sections show the court in session, but in the latter there is much doubt as to the significance of the figure upon the extreme left.

The publication of this article was received with much enthusiasm, but another theory propounded by the Herr Professor Grosskopf, of Leipsic caused the supporters of the Berlin theory to waver.

Dr. Grosskopf attacked the *Zeitung* article at every point and put forward the claim that the whole tablet represented scenes from the ritual worship of the Chaldeans. His arguments were strong and ably supported by the entire Uni-



versity of Leipsic, and the expectant and waiting world began to fear the stone would never have an interpreter. Prominent scientists, theologians and historians were about equally divided between the two theories. Reconciliation of them was impossible of course, and at last the two universities joined together and selecting a perfectly impartial specialist they sent him to the site of the excavations with orders to search further, regardless of expense.

A year passed and at last the learned professor was heard from. A ponderous manuscript carefully sealed and addressed to the Society arrived. Immense crowds gathered to hear the reading of the article and the hall of the Society was thrown open to the public.

After the usual address of respect to the Society the reader began something like this: "Nachdem schon in diesen Jahren des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts, die klassische Philologie, die gelehrte Theologie und Altertumskunde hatten viel Untersuchungen gemacht, schicke ich, hochachtungsvoll." * * * We spare the reader the rest.

For two hours the audience sat, listening intently to the speaker. When he finished a vote of thanks was given him and all departed thoroughly satisfied that the mystery was solved. Our correspondent, who managed to secure a photograph of the tablet, which we reproduce on the opposite page, asked the lecturer to explain to him the meaning. The Professor started to do so, but as our representative had to catch a train he could only wait fifteen minutes. As the Professor was still a few minutes in front of the verb at the end of the first sentence we are unable to give our readers the true interpretation.



THE TRANSMIGRATION OF RUFUS.

He was bullet-headed, kinky-haired and good natured, and as he sat in the back of the church beside the great warm stove in his capacity as janitor you could not have found a more dignified official in a day's journey. The

fuzzy appearance of his chin and lips looked as if the wool from his head had leaked down over his face in some unexplainable manner. As a caretaker he was without a peer, and the noiseless and skilful manner with which he would raise or lower the windows during the sermon always held the attention and admiration of the entire congregation. On the day in question the church had become rather warm. Seated on his bench away back by the stove and lulled by the steady even voice of the preacher the eyes of Rufus became heavy and would at length close for a moment. Then with a sudden start and a stiffening of his whole vertebral column he would regain his dignified position and stealthily glance out of the corner of his eye to see if anybody was watching him. The high white collar he wore was a source of great uneasiness to him. It was too uncomfortable to allow his chin to rest on the front of it and the abrupt backward curve of his knob-like head did not permit him to lean back very far. After experimenting for some time in the endeavor to find a comfortable position he made a sort of compromise between the two extremes and his head retreated down *into* his collar like a terrapin into his shell.

A few more moments and Rufus was in the land of Nod. The lines about his face relaxed, the lower jaw dropped slightly, revealing a row of shining white teeth, and the whole face expressed a state of the completest calm. And then the fun began. Whatever mysterious force it is that shapes the channel of a man's thoughts while he is dreaming, is hard to say. Probably the great admiration of Rufus for the preacher had something to do with it in this case. However it suffices to say that in some peculiar manner the sleeping negro got the idea into his head that *he* was conducting the services and addressing the admiring congregation before him.

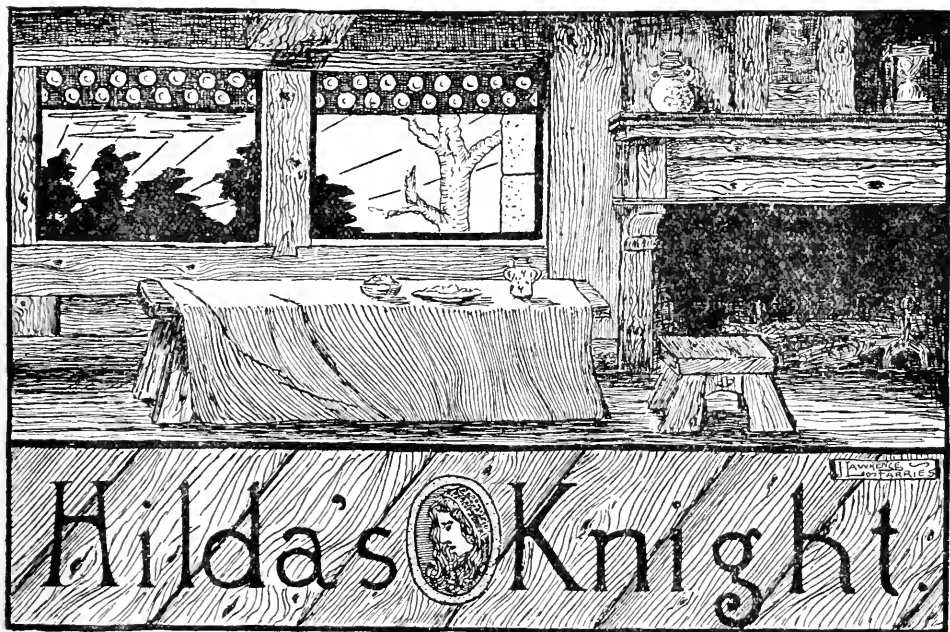
He began to mutter, intermittently and unintelligibly at first but gradually a little louder and in a low voice, that

could be heard for several seats around, but not in the main body of the church.

"Yu's gwine t' fin' whad I'm t' talk tu yu dis mawnin' in de book uv Paul en the tenth verse whar it sez—sez * * * (a short pause) * * * don' need no mo' coal on de fire suh * * * sez go out in ter all de worl' en preach de gospil en ter * * * don' know how kum his yeah ole stove gets so hot nohow * * * yas, it sez ter go out en preach ter th' heathern. Spos'n yu can't go yussel dat don' let yu loose. Yu mus' put yu money in th' klektion plate so som'un else kin go. En it ain't no use tu put buttons en tobacc' tags in th' plate cos de Lawd kin see it jes' es well es yu kin en fus' thing yu know he'll swat yu on de haid with a thundabolt. You min' what I'm tellin' yu! * * * Whar yu gwine to be when Gab'l blows his hawn? Are yu gwine to be with th' sheep or th' goats? They's no half-way place for you all. Yu' mus' jine th' church en conduc' yussel like disrespectible folks en quit lyin' en stealin' en all yu meanness ef you ever expec' ter hev a place in th' hevinly choir en hev nothin' ter do but loaf 'round all day pickin' on a harp en singin.' * * *

At this moment the minister stopped preaching and announced a hymn. The choir arose, the organ sounded a few chords and the whole congregation joined in together with the old hymn "A charge to keep I have." As the first notes struck the sleeping negroe's ear, he made a violent start, lost his balance and fell off the bench. His head come in violent contact with the seat, a loud crash sounded through the whole building and the next thing the astonished congregation heard was; "Don't, Lawd, don't! Lemme go dis time en I'll put in a dollah nex' Sunday, shuah!" Refus had returned.





The inn was old and dreary and dilapidated. The unpainted, wooden walls were grey with age and battered by the storms of many years. But the night was closing in dark and rainy, and the road before me lay through an unbroken stretch of forest; so smothering some little reluctance to trust myself to the shelter of the rickety roof, I dismounted, and consigning my horse to the old man who answered my hearty summons, I approached the house.

Above the unpainted door a sign-board was suspended, and on it were depicted a bottle of beer and a foaming mug of the same inspiring beverage; but in the fading light all my knowledge of the tongue of the Fatherland did not avail to decipher the inscription beneath. Once within the little inn parlor, however, I found an amount of comfort and neatness which the external appearances did not promise; and I was soon seated before a blazing fire partaking of a supper plentiful if not elegant. My

hostess, an old woman with a face as weatherbeaten in appearance as the house, waited on me with hospitable care, and in the meanwhile showed an inclination to talk.

"Is there much travel along this road?" I inquired, willing to indulge her.

"Well, no sir," she said with a courtesy, "not much, 'specially in the winter; not but what our country is fair to see at any time, but 'tis off the route of the tourists. My good man and I are lonely enough sometimes seeing never a new face," she added, as if apologizing for her loquacity.

"I can well believe so," answered I, remembering the stretch of country through which I had been all day riding—country thickly wooded, mountains, sometimes sublime, and always desolate. So strong was this impression of desolation that I was thankful for human society even though it were that of mine hostess. Accordingly when I presently rose from the table, I glanced carelessly around the room in quest of some object of remark.

My eyes in their journeying took in the usual battered inn furnishings, the deep fireplace, filled with blazing logs, and—yes, a framed portrait, which hung above the mantle shelf—the portrait of the sweetest girl's face I ever looked upon. Large, innocent eyes, of soft forget-me-not blue, looked out from between long, curled lashes with a most childish, wistful, gaze. A cloud of fair waving hair fell away from the clear, smooth brow, but save in the sensitive lips, there was no red in the oval face—it was all of a sort of "harmonious white," which yet could not be called pallor. The picture was somewhat roughly executed, probably by some traveling amateur, or rural artist, but there was genius in it for there was life.

"In the name of all that's lovely," cried I in amazement, "what fair saint is this?"

"No saint, sir," replied the old woman, proudly, "we be Lutherans, sir; but that is Hilda, my great grand-mother's

sister—not but what she had a story strange enough for any of those Popish women.”

“A story,” cried I, with interest (evidently here was a fruitful subject of conversation.) “What was it, pray? Your fire is warm and bright; come, my good friend, sit here and tell me the history that is hidden in those sweet mysterious eyes.”

And so, sitting at ease in the little inn parlor, mine hostess told me the story of Hilda; which in substance I tell now to you.

The forest was even less known in those days than it is at present, but the same little stream that flows along the edge of the wood now made music in Hilda’s ears. Her mother died when she was born; she had only one sister, very much older than herself, and her father was a harsh, rough man, who cared little for his children; so even in her childish days she was much alone. But the brook was her play-fellow, and when she sang and played beside it she thought the brook laughed and ran races with her; and in her heart she called it her sister. Even as she grew older, whenever she could snatch an hour of freedom from the hard, distasteful toil exacted from her, she would run down to the brookside, and sitting there would wind her wreath of wild flowers, think her strange, sweet thoughts, and dream her girl’s dreams in peace.

One afternoon, late in the spring, she had wandered farther than her wont, gathering forget-me-nots, then in blossom, and singing to herself in a voice as sweet and clear as the thrush’s, which lived in the oak tree overhanging the brook. She had woven her wreath and was bending among the tall grasses to wet it in the stream when suddenly the soft music of her song was interrupted by the sound of a man’s voice speaking softly, gently, in a tone none had ever used to her before.

“Will the spirit of the brook vouchsafe to a tired and thirsty wayfarer a draught from those clear waters?”

Hilda started—the forget-me-not wreath in her hands fell down into the water and the swift current bore it away; but she was not frightened. She turned and fixed her innocent, questioning eyes full on the face of the tall, handsome man, who attired in the rich dress of a cavalier of the day, and mounted on a fiery white charger, had halted not far from her.

It was near the hour of sunset; a broad plain stretched away westward from the edge of the forest, and against the glowing sky the forms of the white horse and his rider were clearly defined, while the slanting yellow sunbeams fell around the latter like a halo.

A great light dawned on Hilda's face as she looked, and clasping her hands reverentially, she said in a wondering tone :

“O, whence came you, beautiful Knight? Did you ride straight out of the sunset yonder?”

For a moment he did not answer, but his deep eyes looked into hers with a strange, pitying smile.

“O,” she went on breathlessly; “I have so longed for tidings from the golden land that lies beyond the west! Sometimes when I have watched the sun set I seemed to see through a little way, but I am but a foolish maiden, and none here can tell me what I want to know.”

The Knight's eyes smiled down kindly, pityingly into the upturned face.

“Ah! child,” he said, “it is only to such pure spirits as thine that the golden gates unclosed even a little. As for the rest—me thinks they scarce know whether there be any such city.”

“Ah! but I know,” said Hilda; “I have dreamed of it at night, and in the daytime the thought of its brightness has lightened my weary work. And you, who are the most beautiful being I ever saw, have surely come from the golden country; for see!—the sunshine lingers around you as if you were part of it. O! if I might go back with you and rest.”



As if moved by a sudden impulse, the Knight sprang down from his steed and came and stood close beside Hilda. Softly putting back the hair from the pure brow, his powerful eyes, the while searching her face, he answered :

“Not yet ; not yet, my little one, but be patient ; surely the waiting will not be long.”

“You will not ride back without me,” she pleaded ; “I will be very patient ; I will toil incessantly if only I may know that at the end you will come.”

The Knight clasped both her slender hands in his, and bending down he kissed her brow, saying solemnly, "Child, thou shalt have thy wish; I pledge thee my knightly word that if ever I ride to that unseen land I will return for thee. Dost trust me, little one?"

"Ay! I trust you, I trust you," said Hilda, the light on her face growing brighter. "I will watch and wait for you always, and be ready when you come."

She filled her little mug with water and gave it to him; he drank, and then mounting his charger, rode away and disappeared among the gathering shadows.

Hilda went home that night with a new brightness on her face; and after that her burden no longer seemed heavy, for had he not bidden her be patient and bear it? When they questioned her half sneeringly as to the cause of the new ring in her voice, the new joy on her face, she told all the truth, but her sister chided her sharply for speaking with a stranger and filled her hands with work that she might have no time for idle fancies. But nothing could damp her joy or shake her trust. Sometimes as the months passed by, and she saw as she looked in the brook, her only mirror, how thin and pale her cheeks had grown, when she saw the blue veins in her transparent hands, her heart would sing for joy, for these were only so many tokens that her trial, her waiting was nearly over, that the time for rest was well nigh come.

It was on a spring day, just one year after she had first seen her knight, that her sister watched Hilda move away from the inn door toward the wood; and then, as the work was all done, and the day was warm, the woman dropped asleep in her chair. When she awoke the night had closed in, and thinking the girl must surely have come in she closed the house and sought her rest. But when in the early morning she went to call Hilda to her work behold! the girl was not there. For a long time she sought her in vain, and then, at last she found her.

Beneath the spreading oak that grows beside the brook sat Hilda—her hand extended toward the west, as if in welcome, and her wide open blue eyes filled with a light brighter than the dawn.

Her sister called her, but she did not answer—she touched her, but the little hands were cold in death.

* * * * *

There is more than one version of this story among the country people. Some say that this mysterious knight was one of the cavaliers of the ducal court, then residing in the city beyond the forest, who had played with the innocent maiden for his own amusement; but others firmly maintain that the rider of the white horse was no mere mortal visitant—that the light on Hilda's dead face was but the radiant smile with which she welcomed her deliverer—that the knight at last had kept his promise, and had borne her freed spirit beyond the West to a land where the fleeting glories and lengthening shadows of the sunset never come.

* * * * *

As for that I cannot tell, but I know that on the morning that they found Hilda dead beside the brook, there was mourning in the duke's palace in the city beyond the forest; for at sunset the day before, the duke's only son had died.



L'ENVOI.

By kismet, chance or fate,
 (Whatever ye call the power)
The bonds were forged and brothers till death
 We stood in the self-same hour.
Fair youth there was in the hopeful band,
 Fair youth with faces fair;
With eyes that would look you full in the face
 For honor and truth were there.

Three times we parted and said farewell;
 Three times we met once more;
Three times the hands that we loved to clasp
 Sent thrills to the red heart's core.
Together we drank at the fountain deep;
 Together we suffered pain,
And shoulder to shoulder we met the foe;
 We fell—but we rose again.

We part once more, and perhaps for aye,
 And we'll meet, we know not when,
For the world is deep and the world is wide,
 And 'tis far from the *now* to the *then*.
We trust we shall meet in days to come
 And together as now stand one;
We trust that the Master will guide us still,
 And His greeting be, "Well done."

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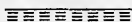
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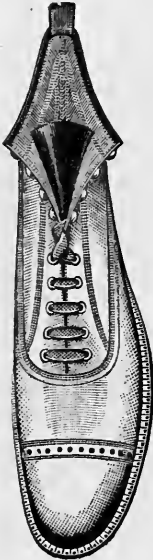
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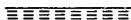
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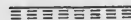


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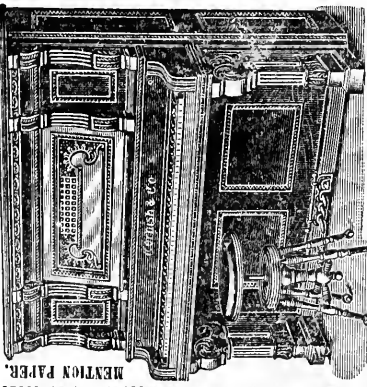
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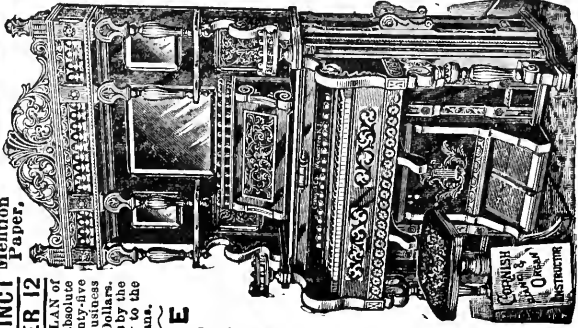
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