

98

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SALUTATORY

Quaint little midget on rainbow wings,
Under the roses the humming bird darts
Into the flowers' golden hearts,
Plying his toil while another sings,
Sipping the sweet from the roses' breast.

Always the sweet and nothing more.
Need we increase life's bitter store?
Dear tiny sage, his plan is best.

Can we not learn the lesson too,
Reaching far down in our flower's heart
Always choosing the better part!
Now, in this book we offer you,
Keep from your sight the lesser side,
Seeking the good its leaves may hide.

TO THE MEMORY OF

WILLIAM DANIEL VINSON, A. M., L. L. D.

A MAN GREAT IN EVERY GREAT QUALITY,
GREAT IN INTELLECT, IN COURAGE, AFFECTION AND INTEGRITY;

A RARE COMBINATION OF SUBLIMITY AND SWEETNESS, OF
GRANDEUR AND GENTLENESS, OF LEARNING AND LOVE,

THIS LITTLE STUDY OF COLLEGE LIFE

IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED

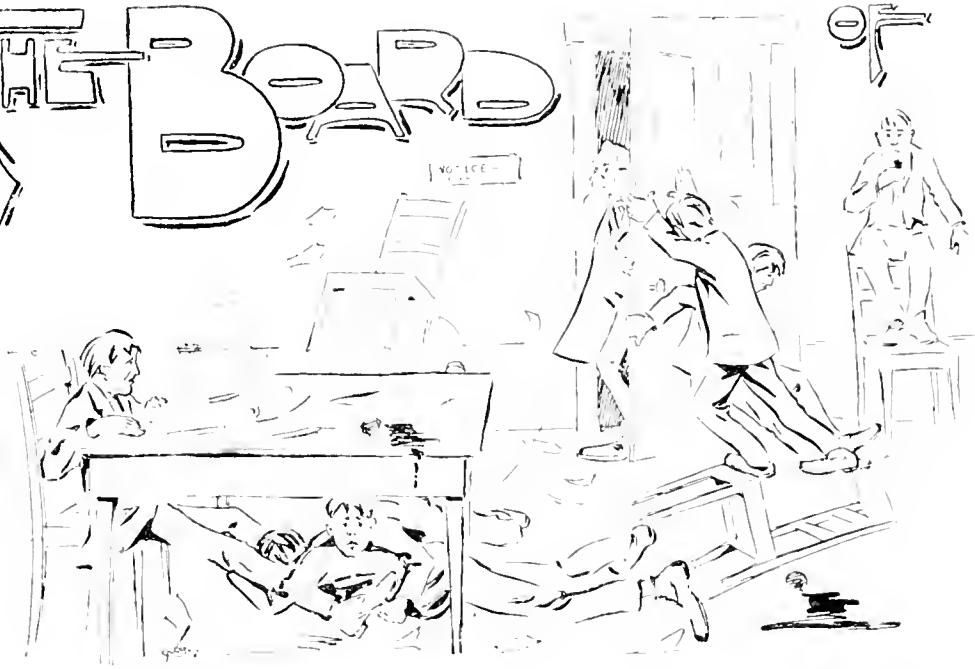
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DAVIDSON COLLEGE—MAIN BUILDING



HOWEVER incorrect this may be, remember, it will not be my fault as I "tell the tale as 't'was told to me,"—not being here at the time, I cannot prove the statements herein contained,—only, I can re-commend them as coming from a venerable body, whose words ought to carry weight on any subject.

Misty, damp and melancholy had been the day, and night came on earlier than usual and found me deep in my arm-chair poring over well-thumbed books and wearied with the monotony of things in general. The flickering fire cast checkered and

weird shadows on wall and ceiling reminding one of a giant kaleidoscope worked by unseen fingers. At length, over the whole College grew a deep silence, and one by one the chance foot-steps died away; save for the occasional sputtering of the coal, all was still. Setting aside my books and pulling my chair nearer the fire I began dreamily to ruminate over one thing and another, musing over the petty incidents of the day and the weariness of it all. "Ah" said I aloud, "how fleeting things are! How many others such as I have sat by this same fire and, while watching the glowing

coals, have planned and projected only to see all overwhelmed at last by the ruthless hand of Time. How insignificant man is, and how powerless ! Impelled by ambition, he strives day and night to accomplish his ends, only to be cast down and forgotten at last. How much better off is the existence of the animal, who has no thoughts for the morrow and lives contented and untouched by the vanities of life."

I had no sooner finished than I was suddenly aware of the presence of another person in the room. Turning quickly around, I saw in the darkest corner a misty looking object bearing somewhat of a human shape, and yet thoroughly transparent, for I could see the wall right through it.

I rubbed my eyes and coughed to dispel what appeared to me to be an optical delusion, but it remained in the same place. With my hair standing on my head, I was about to ask who was there, when it began to speak.

"Miserable man," it said, "why sit you here prattling as a child over your fancied ills? What do you know of life and its troubles? What do you know of the great men who have occupied the very room you sit in, grumbler that you are?"

Thoroughly crestfallen, I was trying to remember the most approved methods of addressing shades, and at length cried out :

"O, your most transparent highness ! Who

might I have the felicity of addressing,—and—er—wont you have a chair?" Here I looked around, but finding that I occupied the only chair in the room, I became embarrassed. My visitor evidently



THE DRUMTOCHTY ARCHITECTURE

noticed this, and perching himself rather nonchalantly on my trunk, fixed his piercing eyes on me and began :

"Who am I? I am he who watches over these venerable walls, ceaselessly, day and night. For sixty long years have I witnessed the annual arrival of crowds of verdant freshmen, for sixty years have

I heard the dull thud which accompanies the Sophomores' fall on Greek. I have seen men come and go, some from the plough, others from the ribbon counter, and all bearing on them when they left the stamp of my powerful hand. You nor your like do not know me, now, but even you will feel my power in after years and realize the greatness of my influence." Here he pounded on the trunk lid; that is, he struck at it, for there wasn't any sound and his fist went right thro the lid.

"Honored Sir," said I, "accept my humblest apologies for the statements I so rashly uttered a few moments ago, and tell me something of the life of the College in the good old days of it's infancy, and how we got here."

The shade looked at me earnestly for a long time, cleared its ghostly throat with a peculiar noise, and said: "My son, I come of the best stock in the country. It is true, I had to confine myself to a small building at first, but I grew by degrees until you see what I am to-day. The men who built that little brick building you call the Old Chapel were men of the Drumtochty style of architecture; shoulders as broad as their Highland accent and having a great capacity for 'tastin' and a wonderful knowledge of the Shorter Catechism. Ah, when I think of the days of my youth," he sighed, "and, remembering these men, compare them with those of to-day, it gives me a terrible fit of the

(pink and) blues. No, my son, times are not what they were."

"One of our principal subjects was practical



"SIR OLIVER CATHICARI"

farming, and it was a great sight to see a long line of students ploughing over a piece of unbroken ground. Alas, though, this had to be given up.

for it was found that ploughing and the Bible Course were extremely antagonistic. In those days if the boys wanted money they would write: "Dear Father, please send some money right away, I've worn out three plough points this week doing 'parallel work' in Practical Agriculture, I've had three back reviews to stand on it."

The ghostly form became silent for a moment looking steadily at me as if in deep thought; then a spectral smile lit up his face and he said: "There is one consolation left me, however; some of the old landmarks still remain. One in particular is with us yet, and if appearances are not deceptive, will be for sometime."

"Long years ago it was when I first set eyes on bold young Oliver, the bright-eyed youth whose rippling peals of laughter chipped great chunks of plaster from the College walls. His like could be found nowhere, but alas, one day having fallen into Lake Wiley, he swore by the great red wart on his nasal proboscis, that as long as they continued to build dams on the lake, so long would he unfurl his brindle whiskers, uncut, to the winds of the west; a vow which he has faithfully kept to this day. Yes, it is indeed a pleasure to have our old friends with us after all these years, and Sir Oliver Cathcart's face always acts as a soporific when I feel my troubles bearing too heavily on me. His sylphlike form, the very poetry of motion, as he

glides like a startled fawn over the campus, wakes sad memories in me of his lovely youth."

A tear fell from the spectral eye, passed through the trunk with the ease of an x-ray, and dropped from sight. Wishing to relieve his feelings by a change of subject, I said, "But Sir, what do you think of the College now-a-days? How about the



students, the Faculty and the equipments we have to-day? Are they not very superior to those of long ago?"

He gave a deep groan, "Superior,!" cried he, "Stuff and nonsense. It is true you have made 'additions,' but what are they? You have made a

lake, but it is of such a nomadic nature that it objects to any permanent geographical location, and anyone going in it for a swim is liable to find himself on dry ground before he can get thoroughly wet.—By the way, have you heard what the latest project is? No? Well, the Professor of Physics, you know, has had numerous complaints sent in by the neighboring farmers, stating that it isn't safe to have such a large body of water roaming around the country without a chaperone, so the Doctor has followed the plan used by sailors during a storm at sea. He will coat the banks of the lake with a deep layer of grease and oil, so when it rains the water will rise up in the air like a rain drop on a pane of glass. Large iron pipes will then be welded into the sides of the lake, and the great pressure obtained will be used to supply power for Bill Joe's Chinese Laundry."

"But don't you think we have improved in other respects," I asked, "Take, for instance, the intellectual capability of the student of to-day. From a phrenological standpoint, isn't he superior to those of former years?"

"You have an advantage, it is true," he replied, "in size of head, but the increased volume is caused by a superfluity of hirsute growth. Your big-headed men are either foot-ball cranks or else like Humphreys and Huie,—men in whom the swelling comes from the inside. No! You do not turn out men,

now-a-days, like—well like"—"Henry Louis Smith, for example,?" Asked I sarcastically. A pinkish flush passed over the spectre's cheek, and he was plainly embarrassed. "Dicky Harding, then,?" said I, determined to put a stop to his boasting. "Well," said he, "I'll admit you have the advantage of me there. But then these two are exceptions to



THE TRUSTEES' SMILE

the rule, they are but two drops in the bucket,"—"You had better not spring that on the Professor of Physics, however," I added.

"There is one thing," he continued "that you have improved and that is your Commencements. As I pass unseen thro' the gay crowds that throng the campus, and watch the Trustee's expansive smile as he is pointed out the fact that we *do* need water works (even if we have done without them

so far, and have kicked for them every year),—I feel that we are going forward. Yes, we are advancing. With an energetic Vice-President whose ideas are up-to-date on the athletic question especially, there is no reason why we cannot, in a few years at least, be equal in importance to any college in America. Our literary standing is high, our location is perfect, we have——.”

Under the soothing sound of his voice I was gently passing off into a gentle sleep, when suddenly he made a sudden jump, shook me by the shoulder and——

“Get up, if you don't want to miss prayers” ! was the first intimation I had of a bad nightmare.



SERENADE



Sleep sweet, beloved as the hours drift by,
The stars keep quiet watches in the sky,
On distant hilltops sinks the crescent moon,
And daylight with its care comes all too soon.
Sleep ! sleep !

Sleep sweet, dear heart, and sleeping dream of me ;
I would not e'en in dreams forgotten be,
And may the angel guards their watches keep,
While thou dost safely, sweetly sleep.
Sleep ! sleep !

O. H.

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A TEAR

Written by special request for Quips and Cranks '98

I've seen it go trickling adown the very cheek of youth,
 Linger, then steal again toward the bosom fair,
 Pause again, then drop into the home from whence it came,
 An erring dew-drop forever buried there.

I've wonder'd from whence did this lonely dew-drop come,
 And of what strange inward grief it did bespeak;
 I could not think that such a wierd and lovely drop
 Could e'er have left a stain on youth's unsullied cheek.

J. GORDON COOGLER.



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REV. JOHN BUNYAN SHEARER, M. A., D. D., LL. D.

President and Professor of Biblical Instruction.

Born in 1832 in Appomattox County, Va. Was graduated with the degree of A. B. from Hampden-Sidney College in 1851, and received the degree of M. A. from the University of Virginia in 1854. The next year he was principal of Kemper School, Gordonsville, Va. Was graduated at Union Theological Seminary in 1858, minister at Chapel Hill 1858-62, in Halifax County, Va., 1862-70, and principal of the Cluster Springs High School from 1866 to 1870. In 1870 he was called to the presidency of Stewart College, Clarksville, Tenn. After the reorganization of the College as the Southwestern Presbyterian University Dr. Shearer held the Chair of History and English Literature from '79 to '82, and of Biblical Instruction from '82 to '88. In the latter year he was elected President of Davidson College and Professor of Biblical Instruction.

HENRY LOUIS SMITH, M. A., PH. D.

Vice-President and Professor of Natural Philosophy.

Born at Greensboro, N. C., in 1859. Studied at Davidson from 1877 to 1881. Was awarded the Mathematical Medal in 1879, the Greek Medal, the Essayist's Medal, and the degree of A. B. in 1881, and the degree of A. M. in 1888. Principal of the Selma Academy at Selma, N. C., from 1881 to 1887. Pursued graduate studies at the University of Virginia in 1886-7, and again in 1890-1. Was awarded the Orator's Medal of the Temperance Union Society in 1887, and of the Jefferson Literary Society in 1891, and the degree of PH. D. in 1890. Since 1887 Professor of Natural Philosophy at Davidson.

CALEB RICHMOND HARDING, M. A., PH. D.

Professor of Greek and German.

Dr. Harding was born in 1861, at Charlotte, N. C. Entered Davidson College in 1876, received

the degree of A. B. in 1880. During the next year he was engaged in teaching. Between 1881 and 1887 he spent each alternate year at Johns Hopkins pursuing post-graduate work. From 1883 to 1885 he was Professor of Greek at Hampden-Sidney College, Va., and between 1886 and 1888 was engaged in teaching at Kenmore High School, Kenmore, Va. In 1887 he received the degree of Ph. D., from Johns Hopkins, and in 1889 was elected Professor of Greek and German at Davidson.

WM. RICHARD GREY, A. B., PH. D.

Professor of Latin and French.

Dr. Grey was born in 1858 in Union County, N. C. He entered Davidson in 1880, and received the degree of A. B. in 1884, winning the Latin Medal in 1883, and the Greek Medal in 1884. During the session of 1885-6 he conducted the village academy at Davidson. In 1886-7 he had charge of Mooresville Academy, and from 1888 to 1889 was at the head of High Schools in Georgia. In 1889 he entered the University of Johns Hopkins; was awarded an honorary Hopkins scholarship in 1890, and the degree of Ph. D. in 1893. Immediately afterward he was elected Professor of Latin and French at Davidson.

WM. JOSEPH MARTIN, JR., M. D., PH. D.

Professor of Chemistry.

Was born in Columbus, Tenn., in the year 1868. He entered the preparatory class at Davidson College in 1883 and graduated third in his

class in 1888. The following year he spent as Professor of Sciences at Clinton College, S. C., and in 1889 entered the Medical Department of the University of Virginia, where he received the degree of M. D. and some years later that of Ph. D. In 1896 he succeeded his late father to the Chair of Chemistry at Davidson College, with which institution he is now connected.

THOMAS P. HARRISON, PH. D.

Professor of English.

Born October 11, 1864, Abbeville, S. C. Entered South Carolina Military Academy, Charleston, 1882; graduated 1886, being one of the two honor men in class of fifty-three members. Upon graduation was appointed Assistant in English in the above named institution, a position retained for three years, and then resigned in order to pursue advanced study at the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore. Entering Johns Hopkins in 1888, Mr. Harrison was appointed in 1890 University Scholar in English, and subsequently Fellow in English. He received his Degree of Doctor of Philosophy in June, 1891; in same year studied in Paris and British Museum in London. In 1892 he was elected Assistant Professor of English in Clemson College, S. C., his rank afterwards being raised to Associate Professor. This position was held until last October, when Dr. Harrison was elected Professor in English in Davidson College, N. C.

JOHN L. DOUGLAS, M. A.

Professor of Mathematics.

Born in Winnsboro, S. C., in 1864. Entered Davidson College in 1884. Withdrawing from College at the close of his Sophomore year, he taught a year at his home, Blackstock, S. C., then at Hampden, S. C., Rock Hill, S. C., and at length was elected Superintendent of Public Schools at Chester, S. C. Re-entered Davidson 1892, graduating the following June with the highest honors, and winning the Debater's medal. During his whole course his average grade was 98.

The following October entered Johns Hopkins University, taking graduate courses in mathematics, physics and chemistry. Completing the Ph. D. course with the exception of his thesis, he

was elected to the Chair of Sciences in the Chatham Academy at Savannah, Ga.

In 1897 he came back to his Alma Mater as Professor of Mathematics to take up the work laid down by his old instructor, Dr. W. D. Vinson.

FREDERICK FINGER ROWE, A. B.

Adjunct Professor of Mathematics, Greek and Latin.

Professor Rowe was born in Newton, North Carolina, in 1874; in 1883 he moved to Conover, N. C., his present home, where he studied under his father's tutorage until 1890. He then spent three years in Catawba College. In September, 1893, he entered Davidson as a Sophomore. Won Shearer Bible Prize and stood among the first in his class. Since graduation he has held his present position in Davidson College.





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Motto....Colors...Yell

MOTTO—*Non progredi est regredi*

COLORS—Crimson and White

YELL.—Rip lah rah, sis boom bah,

Crimson and white, yak ki yah,

Boomalaka hi ho zip boom bate,

D. C. N. C. '98.

ROLL OF THE HONORED



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ROSS, JOSEPH RUSSELL, Charlotte, N. C.; 20 years; 5 ft. 10 ins.; 154 lbs.; Course A. B. and A. M.; Phi; *K. Σ.*; Marshall '96; Class Foot-ball Team; Mandolin and Guitar Club.

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Club '96-'98.; member Glee Club '96-'98.; Class Foot-ball Team.

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STEELE, JAMES ARCHIBALD, Mooresville, N. C.; 24 years; 5 ft. 11 ins.; 165 lbs.; Course A. B.; Eu.; Secretary Society; Vice President Society; President Society; Secretary Class '96-'97; member College Foot-ball Team four years; Captain Foot-ball Team '97; Vice President Historical Association; Vice President Athletic Association.

STEELE, ROBERT SAUNDERS, LaFayette, Ga.; 22 years; 5 ft. 10½ ins.; 150 lbs.; Course B. S.; Eu.; Marshall '95; member Class Foot-ball Team; College Foot-ball Team '97; Class Dramatic Club; Captain Senior Relay Team.

WATKINS, THOMAS HENRY, Henderson, N. C.; 22 years; 5 ft. 8 ins.; 160 lbs.; Course A. B.; Phi; President Society; member Class Foot-ball Team.

WILSON, HAMILTON WITHERSPOON, Charlotte, N. C.; 21 years; 5 ft. 3½ ins.; 130 lbs.; Course

B. S.; Phi *K. I.*; Secretary Class '94-'95; First Supervisor Society; Manager Class Foot-ball Team '95; Vice President Class '95-'96; Secretary Society; Commencement Orator '97; First Critic Society; Captain Class Foot-ball Team '97; College Base Ball and Foot-ball Team two years; Marshall '95; Class Dramatic Club.

WITHERSPOON, JAMES HARVEY, Yorkville, S. C.; 18 years; 6 ft.; 150 lbs.; Course A. B.; Eu.; Reviewer Society; Treasurer Society; Class Foot-ball Team; Class Historian '97-'98; Vice Monitor Class Fall term, Junior year; Editor *Magazine*; Vice President Class '97-'98; Commencement Marshall '98.

WOODSIDE, JOEL DAVID, Greenville, S. C.; 25 years; 5 ft. 9 ins.; 148 lbs.; Course B. S. and A. M.; Eu. *Σ. I. I.*; President Class '94-'95; Secretary Society; Captain Class Foot-ball Team '95-'96; Manager Class Base Ball Team '95-'96; Marshall '96; Business Manager *Magazine* '96-'97, '97-'98; member of College Foot-ball Team '96-'97; Secretary and Treasurer Athletic Association '96-'97; Stage Manager College Dramatic Club '96-'97; Manager College Base Ball Team '96-'97; Vice President Eu. Society; President Society '97-'98; President Athletic Association; Business Manager *QUIPS AND CRANKS* '98.



CHRONICLES OF THE CLASS OF '98



Now it came to pass in the year eighteen-hundred-and-ninety-four, in the reign of John Bunyan the son of Shearer, that it was summer, and there was a great dearth of students at Davidson. For a great host had gone up out of the land laden with the trophies of battle, and had established themselves in new abodes. Then did John Bunyan, the magnificent, summon his chiefs and mighty men of valor, and gathering the folds of his red dressing gown about him, did sit in the midst of the assembly. And he arose and spake, "It is not good that the college lands be without Freshmen, come, let us go forth into the world, and gather them unto us." Then quickly one arose, and answered, "Precisely," and it was so.

And the bodies of this assembly moved upon the face of the country, and out of the cities and the towns and the fields they did gather together a great multitude, and did establish them upon the campus.

And the Sophomores named every living one of them, and that was his name.

When they had waxed strong, they desired exceedingly a leader, who should go before them in their battles with the three tribes that dwelt close at hand. So they chose Joel David the Son of Woodside, who was a head lower than the majority of the class. And when they sought to find him to make him their leader, lo! he was not hid under some college property; but was right there.

Now when they had dwelt but a short time on the campus, their leader said, "Go to, let us arise up to-morrow evening, put on our base ball suits and take our mits in our hands, and overthrow our enemies." They began early in the evening and contended even to the going down of the sun. In the end the Sophomores were defeated, and got them to their rooms in a hurry, for fear of the guying of the other two tribes.

Many and grievous were their battles during the first year, and on the last Saturday before commencement, there was a very sore conflict. But in the end there was peace, and they did rest from their labours.

Then a great wrestler of the family of Garrison arose to lead them. Under his leadership the tribe enjoyed peace, until the tribe of the Nines rebelled, and they went forth by night with buckets of water to bring them into subjection. The Nines did declare that the windows of their rooms were opened, and the panels of their doors were broken up, and the waters descended, until there was naught that remained unwet. Then the Nines did wail and gnash their teeth. But the history of this battle, is it not written in the Chronicles of the Nines?

So grievous was this punishment of tribe of the Nines, that John Ben-Shearer did make them swear, that they would inflict no punishment on the tribe of Naughty-Naught. So that this tribe became very stiff-necked and proud of heart by Ninety-Eight, as they could not go out against them with blacking brushes and tin pails, because the faculty had decreed that they should be thrust forth from the campus if they did.

Certain of the tribe of Ninety-Eight began to murmur because of the abundance of work. Then the faculty plagued them with hard exams, and very many of the tribe fell at that time.

“Old Hay” was the name of the leader who came after “Jerry” the son of Woodside, and he walked not in the ways of the wicked, nor did evil in the sight of the faculty.

Afterwards a good leader arose who walked upright all the days of his course, and was a man

after “Old Puss’s” own heart. While he was leader, Walter of the family of Garrison, chose him ten other foot-ball players, and went forth against the Nines, and the Nines stood out against them. There was a mighty conflict on the grid-iron, and the Nines were defeated and sorely discomfited, and got them hastily off the field. The Naughty-Naughts likewise came forth and lined up against this famous tribe. But they also were overthrown.

After this good leader, came one who was a poet and sweet singer. In his time, was one exceeding cunning, who invented plays for the chosen band, who should go out and play foot-ball with the other tribes. This same man was Ham, the Son of Wilson.

In this year the men of Ninety-Eight looked one upon the other, and perceived that they were not well clothed, and did straightway purchase them fitting vestments, gowns and mortar-boards. So that their enemies did envy them.

Two men did this year join themselves unto Ninety-Eight, Hope of the family of Whyte, and Thomas Ben-Watkins the Stomach-ite. And the faculty did often deal hardly with this people, for they were a stubborn and stiff-necked people, and would not easily yield.

In this fourth year did the Eumenean Literary Society choose one of the tribe as Alumni Editor of the College Magazine, a thing which was never done before, for verily he was a good writer. The

same was the leader of his tribe, William the Perry-Zite.

And the fame of this people did spread abroad throughout the land, for they were good students, and the faculty declared that they were surpassing good in literary attainments. But the honors and demerits they won, the medals they took, their banquets, and all else that pertains to Ninety-Eight,

is it not all written in the records of the faculty and the former volumes of *Quips and Cranks?*

In due season did commencement come. Then went the faculty into the commencement hall, and rewarded them, each man according to his labors, and sent them away each with his roll of parchment, for they had become very wise.



THE FLOWER AND THE BUTTERFLY



In a quiet dell, once all alone,
A little primrose grew,
As fair as the stars that softly shone,
And pure as the morning dew.

A butterfly strayed through the dell one day,
With whispers of love and bliss ;
Then vowing that soon he'd return for aye,
He gave her a parting kiss.

The primrose waited the long days through,
By the cool, moss-grown brookside,
Till longing and love broke that heart so true,
And the floweret drooped and died.

But the butterfly flew to a flowery plain,
Where the glorious sunlight shone,
And there 'mid his joys, thought never again
Of the flower that waited alone.

RESUME



April, 1916.

To the Boys of '98.

I have been asked to write a short sketch of each member of the class that graduated from Davidson College in June, 1898. Men naturally take an interest in the history and achievements of every great man, or class of men; so it is my desire to gratify this just curiosity in regard to the men who took their diplomas from this College in the year '98 of the last century.

It is now the year 1916, and as I look back over these years—nearly twenty of them—my heart beats with emotion, and the care-worn wrinkles of my brow are smoothed away when I think of that hopeful crowd of young men who were just stepping on to the arena of life. My mind can but revert to that motto which was ours during our college days, and which has ever been our watchword in the active business of life—*“Non Progredi, est Regredi.”* How well has each single man proved it true! As the class upon its

graduation was scattered throughout our fair Southland—one or two going to foreign countries to pursue their course further, it has been somewhat difficult to gather sufficient data for this article. However, we have been able to hear of all at last. From some we have letters, others extracts from periodicals.

I shall first take up “Father” Barth, as he has been the most difficult to hear from, and give something characteristic of his work since he took his diploma.

“Father” Barth has for the last six years been pursuing an extended course in philosophy in the National German University at Berlin with the view of writing a comparative study of the modern schools of philosophy.

The MS. of his first book, “Eine Praktische Zertheilung von der Schearerischen Philosophie,” has not yet been sent to press, but an outline of the treatise has been reviewed by the eminent and venerable Dr. Caleb Richmond Harding, of Heidelberg, and the encomiums heaped upon this part of

the work are indeed flattering. The book, an exposure of the Shearerian School of Philosophy, will, soon after its appearance in the German, be translated into English.

An invention by means of electrical appliances for reading the human mind, which has for the last decade been engrossing the minds of all electrical engineers, has at last been completed by Mr. Harry Allen. We herewith give a short extract from the "Scientifique Americaine" in regard to this great invention: "The arduous labors of Mr. Harry V. Allen—the eminent electrician—have at last been crowned with their just reward. Mr. Allen was first led to contemplate the invention of this apparatus by being convinced in his early life that there was some shorter way to fame than by poring over dusty books—Old English in particular. * * * * * His early attempts at college were partly successful, but filled with the zeal for ameliorating the condition of his successors he was led to the invention of this world-wide wonder of reading the human mind."

I shall have to disappoint you in regard to certain members of the class of '98. They have not all attained distinction in their life work. We all remember how flattering was the prospect of our sister, "Mary" Carr. It made our breasts swell with unalloyed pleasure to think that others, as well as ourselves, thought she could sing. But, oh! sad to relate, she has recently eloped with

another woman's husband, and no longer shall be heard that vacuum-protected high-explosive voice resounding throughout our vast auditoriums.

But let us turn from this sad defection of our beloved, and hear from one who was the great expositor of the astounding fact that,

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time."

"Long Thyn" Chinaman Goodman is now in Shanghai, China, where he holds a consulship, one of the most important posts in the gift of the nation, at the present crisis of events.

My attention was lately called to an article that appeared in the *Mooresville Record*, dated September, 1908, which gives a full account of the star foot-ball player of the last four seasons: "Mr. Jas. A. Steele, who has for the last four seasons been the star half-back on the champion foot-ball team of the United States, has been signed for this season as player and coacher on the Mt. Mourne list. * * * * * This town is to be congratulated in securing the services of such a successful player. Mr. Steele contemplates supplementing his 'Foot-Ball Guide,' which has been in use for the last few years, by a complete and more lucid treatment of the science of foot-ball,"

Mr. S. "Arthur" Hines, as we used to know him, has lately been honored with the degree D. D. by

the Pat Spence University. He says in a recent letter, "I have been asked to deliver the Baccalaureate sermon at the University of North Carolina three years hence. I have written it and handed it in. I shall be very glad to preach this sermon, for I was once there and when I was there I played Base Ball. By the way, soon after I graduated from the Seminary, "Tubbie" Watkins asked me to officiate at his wedding. I performed the ceremony with *éclat* and I also gave them a bit of good singing accompanying *myself* with *my* guitar."

As Dr. Hines says above, Rev. "Tubbie" Watkins soon after graduating from Union Seminary was married to the "sweetest girl alive" and "is now," so he says, "doing good work."

Mr. H. W. Wilson, our Parisian, has now become the successful business man. Immediately after leaving Davidson (which, by the by, he accomplished with no difficulty whatever) he entered a bank at his home in Charlotte and steadily rose from the position of janitor until now he is its president. He couldn't help getting this presidency; there were no opponents. Mr. Wilson loves to talk of his trips *à Paris* and frequently is seen about Davidson, "Came up to have a social chat with Woolly Puss *en française*." I may say that *le petit cochon* has no longer a lonely fireside, having taken unto himself one who will *concord* with him in all his views.

The boys of '98 will all remember that there

were two things for which Harvey Witherspoon was specially notorious, and they were, asking a blessing at table and cracking jokes with the late lamented Dr. Shearer. It has been only a few days since I saw Harvey [he is so busily engaged in delving out the root of the Greek verb *φιλῶ*] and he still retains his youthful and handsome appearance. His jokes are new every morning and fresh every evening and his blessings are ever the same.

Dr. John McAllister McSwain, M. D., of Scotch-Irish descent, has permanently located at Wade, N. C., the home of his forefathers. You would hardly know him now. He has become prodigiously portly, not that he "takes on" anything, but his native place agrees with his constitution. Occasionally Dr. McSwain dips into politics, but the inevitable certainty that the side of the cause which he espouses is bound to fail, does not at all wrinkle his brow. It has been some years since I heard from him last, and then he was on the eve of some county election.

Speaking of success in politics and ability to carry one's cause, there comes across my mind the dim recollection that there was one man in our class who bade fair to become one of the most accomplished politicians of the new century. Acting upon this recollection I have taken the trouble to look up the record of that coming statesman. So here it is in brief: In 1904 Mr. J. D.

Woodside was elected to the House of Representatives from — District of S. C. Having served in the House until 1912 he was elected to the Senate, which position he now holds. He is Chairman of one of the most important committees in the Senate. His constituents expect to hear from him for a higher position in the next election.

In every collection of rare jewels there is apt to be one or two gems which, by their phosphorescent scintillations are sooner marked than any of the others. The two rare gems which I refer to in particular as being distinct above their fellow gems have curiously enough (contrary to all expectations, for we were sure that there were some of us made of paste) maintained their brilliancy even up to the present, and in all probability will continue to do so. Their names need but be mentioned to assure a round of applause from every fun loving man or (woman), Mr. Gus Sherfesse and Mr. Bob Steele. These gentlemen, at this date, April, 1916, are living together, never having separated since June, 1898.

The matter-of-fact man who takes earnestly hold of life will in every case succeed. The versatility of the class of '98 affords two of the most striking examples of this nature. Mr. Joe Ross after he had received his diploma from his alma mater quietly settled at his home in business, and is at this day the most successful retail groceryman that his native city, Charlotte, affords.

The same may be said of one of our brightest men, "Le Fermier" Shoaf. Early in Mr. Shoaf's college career he was dubbed "Le Fermier." Fate was inexorable, strive however hard he would, the farmer could not escape his destiny, and to-day as he should have been earlier in his life, he is a farmer and the head of a family. A few years wasted in his life are hardly to be taken into account, however.

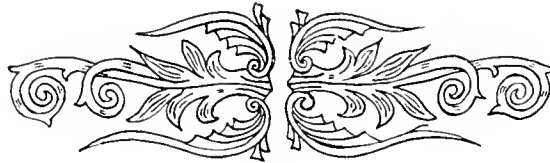
"The Lion of the Age." "The Coming Poet of the Twentieth Century," were the headlines that appeared in an article in the last issue of *The Bookman*. The article goes on to criticise the latest work of the distinguished poet, W. G. Perry, with a short sketch of his life and a compend of some of his earlier poems, showing the trend of his genius. For a fuller account of him I would refer you to that issue of *The Bookman* dated February, 1916.

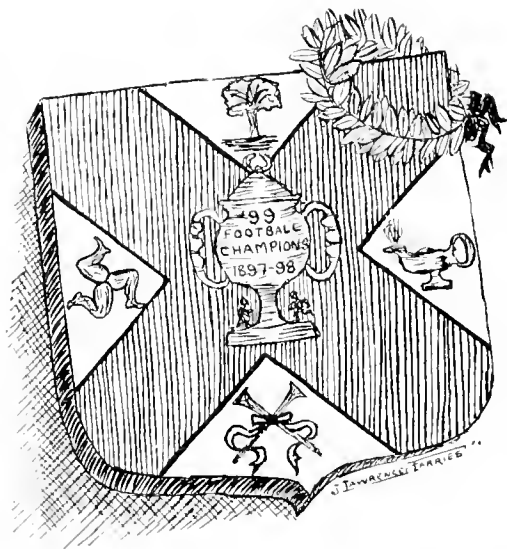
Mr. R. B. Sanford has become one of the most successful educators of woman in our land. He is at present at the head of a large college for women in Boston, and these Browningsque maidens assert that "he is just *too nice* for anything."

The last of the class from whom I have heard is "Parson" Ferguson. The fault of his delay was not his own, as his charge is situated so far from any connection with the outside world that it took several weeks to hear from him. He has charge of

a small church a long distance from any city or railroad, down in the eastern part of North Carolina. The "Parson" is doing very well despite his many disadvantages. I think he has selected this quiet, sequestered spot in order to better enjoy the fresh air and "oxygen" for which he displayed such a fondness while in college. It is expected that some day he will suddenly come before the world as an eminent Bible student; at least his efforts seem to be toward that end.

I have just said "the last from whom I have heard," but there are two of us I have not heard from, and never will. Two of our members soon after graduating enlisted in the war with Spain, and, alas! they have now for these many years lain in their billowy, briney graves. They died gallantly serving their country. Full particulars were never secured, but they are thought to have been caught in a privateering cruise by a Spanish man-of-war. "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*"





CLASS OF ORGANIZATION '99

T. F. HANEY, *President*

H. G. SMITH, *Vice-President*

A. A. McFADYEN, *Secretary and Treasurer*

H. S. MUNROE, *Historian*

J. M. McCONNELL, *Captain of Foot-ball Team*

J. A. McQUEEN, *Manager of Foot-ball Team*

W. C. HARRISON, *Captain of Track Team*

Motto....Colors....Yell

MOTTO—*Vincit qui patitur*

COLORS—White and Blue

YELL—Chick-a-gorunk, gorunk, goroo,

Razoo, razoo, white and blue;

Truere Bande giebt'es kein

Als die klasse '99.

JUNIOR CLASS ROLL



For the Degree of A. B.

Robert Sidney Abernethy,	Lincolnton, N. C.	Andrew Muldrow McLauchlin,	Antioch, N. C.
William Albert Baker,	Mill Bridge, N. C.	James Alexander McQueen,	Carthage, N. C.
Louis Girardeau Beall,	Greensboro, N. C.	James Pleasant Matheson,	Taylorsville, N. C.
George Townsend Clark,	Sandifer, N. C.	John Baxter Meacham,	Rock Hill, S. C.
Robert Langdon Douglas,	Blackstock, S. C.	Alston Davis Morrison,	Mariposa, N. C.
Thomas Jefferson Dunn,	Matthews, N. C.	Henry Stokes Munroe,	Lenoir, N. C.
Thomas Franklin Haney,	Rock Hill, S. C.	John Thomas Smith,	Francisco, N. C.
Wade Cothran Harrison,	Bradley, S. C.	Samuel Calvin Smith,	High Towers, N. C.
Frank Morton Hawley,	Charlotte, N. C.	Henry Bagley Stokes,	Oral Oaks, Va.
Robert Harvey Lafferty,	Davidson, N. C.	Wade Hampton Thompson,	Anderson, S. C.
James Moore McConnell,	McConnellsville, S.C.	William Waugh Turner,	Winnsboro, S. C.
Archibald Alex' der McFadyen,	Rae ford, N. C.	James Edward Ward,	Fayetteville, N. C.
	Ernest Harvey Wood,	New Bern, N. C.	

For the Degree of B. S.

Daniel Harvey Hill Arnold,	San Diego, Cal.	Samuel Alexander Robinson,	Gastonia, N. C.
Richard Bolling Baxter, Jr.,	Sparta, Ga.	Willie Stamps Royster,	Tarboro, N. C.
John Lawrence Farries,	Goldsboro, N. C.	Duncan Preston Shaw,	Lumber Bridge, N.C.
Henry Gillespie Smith,	Abbeville, S. C.		

HISTORY CLASS '99



WHEN we were Freshmen we always thought of the Sophomores with dread, of the Seniors with esteem, but of the Juniors with admiration and pride. We looked forward to the day when we ourselves should be Juniors, without the dignity of a Senior, the foolishness of a Sophomore, or the greenness of a Freshman, but the easy-going and happy class, and what we considered the model of college students.

When we came here last fall we were in reality the class we had longed to be; we had reached what we considered our ideal, but it is no longer an ideal, for we now realize that the Junior class, after all, is only a number of students, with their joys and pleasures, their troubles and sorrows.

It is a pleasure to look back over the three years we have spent together and to think of the many pleasant incidents that have happened to us as a class. Such would be of great interest for the members of '99 to talk about and to hear about, but to others such things may be uninteresting, so it is a perplexing question what of the many incidents ought to be put into a brief class history.

We began in the fall of '95 with fifty-four men, which up to that time was the largest Freshman class ever at Davidson College. But the men gradually dropped out until now there are only twenty-eight on our roll, and of this number only twenty were with us in the beginning, the remaining eight have joined us since—five of whom were added to our number last year, and we were all glad to welcome to our class this year Beall, of '97, and Hawley and Stokes, of '98.

The class of '99 has no remarkable history; she has done no wonderful deed to mark her time in college, but she has been a noble class from the beginning. We received our share of the freshing manfully; we bore the hardships of many a cold shower of water and midnight wanderings through the woods to escape the hands of the Sophomores. We took all this with the humble spirit and consolation that the next year we should have our fun. But when the next year came we were requested to let the Fresh. alone, so we humbly signed the pledge and kept it honorably. Thus with us the hazing has ceased, and the Freshman of the future

may be glad, for it is a trying hour to a poor homesick boy when a crowd of triumphant upper classmen are singing, as they make their unwelcome visits: "Oh, you Fresh, you had better lie low," and the "darling boy" truly wishes for his "mama to take him home."

All this the Sophs. engaged in privately, but on the Saturday night of commencement, after all our examinations were over, they met us squarely on the field to initiate us into the Soph. class by bumping each one of us, but this time we were all together, and because of our superiority in number and sticking "to the bush" we came off the field feeling victorious that only one of our men had been bumped. The green bush in the centre of the campus will always be a monument of that contest, and whenever we look at it there will arise to our minds the motto and secret of our success that night; "'99 to the bush!"

In athletics we are far from being in the rear, and in many of the College contests have been in the lead. When Freshmen, we met each of the other classes on the diamond and played base-ball with such a spirit that all were defeated by us. But unfortunately several of our best players did not return the next year, so we have never been as successful since. For foot-ball, we have always had the material to make up a good team, but, as

should be expected, it was undeveloped when we first entered College, and consequently we were then last in the series of class games. The next year, however, we were more nearly a match for our opponents, and won several hard-fought games, and in this, our Junior year, has come the crowning point of our foot-ball history. Practice has shown itself, and the foot-ball material in the class of '99 was made plain last fall, when she came off the field champion of both the College and Medical College. As a reward of success her name will be engraved on the handsome Alumni Trophy cup and will stand first in the list of all the foot-ball champions.

We have also been successful in other athletic contests. On athletic days the men of '99 have always done credit both for themselves and their class. In many of the contests the white and blue is seen moving towards the front.

In every department of college life the men of '99 hold prominent places. It is needless to mention all these facts, so I shall conclude this attempted history with the wish that in the future we shall be as successful as in the past, and that each of us will always take with him the motto of his class—" *Vincit qui patitur* "—for it is only in obedience to this motto that he can expect to succeed.



SOPHOMORE CLASS 1900

		ROGERS	KING	DYE	WATKINS	LAW	CASSADY		
FLOW	JETTON	CLELY	ALLISON	HUMPHREYS	HALL	CLEGG	SHIRARD	HEWITT	
	MCGINN	ROSE	ASKIN	HOFMAN	WALSH	RANKIN	MOORE	ROBINSON	
		STEWART	FITZPATRICK	THOMASON		MORTON	HOBBS		

SENIOR CLASS



ORGANIZATION

W. M. WALSH, *President*

F. B. RANKIN, *Vice-President*

C. M. BROWN, *Secretary and Treasurer*

R. M. FITZPATRICK, *Historian*

R. M. FITZPATRICK, Captain of Foot-ball Team

JNO. HALL, Manager of Foot-ball Team

J. M. JENNINGS, Captain of Base Ball Team

S. B. SHERARD, Manager of Base Ball Team

C. W. HEWITT, Captain of Track Team

Motto....Colors....Yell

MOTTO—*Ad astra per aspera*

COLORS—Maroon and Old Gold

YELL—Nineteen rah, nineteen rah!

Nineteen hundred, sis, boom, bah!

Maroon and Gold, wah-whoop-wah!

Whoop-la, whoop-la!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

SOPHOMORE CLASS ROLL



For the Degree of A. B.

Thomas Tillett Allison,	Charlotte, N. C.	James Johnston McNeely,	Mooreville, N. C.
Howard Maclin Askew,	Newnan, Ga.	Samuel George Moore,	Guthriesville, S. C.
Henry Harrison Cassady,	Salisbury, N. C.	Ernest Sims Morton,	Tarboro, N. C.
Isaac Newton Clegg,	Carthage, N. C.	James Lide Nettles,	Darlington, S. C.
Rufo McAmis Fitzpatrick,	Asheville, N. C.	Frank Bisener Rankin,	Stanley, N. C.
John Eldred Flow,	Davidson, N. C.	Edward Bryce Robinson,	Shopton, N. C.
John Hall,	Wilmington, N. C.	Clement Lipscomb Rodgers,	Oak Hill, N. C.
Carl Wallace Hewitt, Jr.,	Darlington, S. C.	Charles Grandison Rose,	Fayetteville, N. C.
William Edwin Hill,	Wilmington, N. C.	Stuart Baskin Sherard,	Moffettsville, S. C.
Ernest Jenkins Hoffman,	Dallas, N. C.	Fred. Lewis Smyre,	Gastonia, N. C.
John Puett Hoffman,	Dallas, N. C.	Marvin Hendrix Stacy,	Weaverville, N. C.
Fred Marvin Hobbs,	Davidson, N. C.	John Henry Therrell,	Heath Springs, S. C.
William Shelton Houston,	Greensboro, N. C.	Richard Locke Thomason,	Zeb, N. C.
Edward Houston Humphreys	Lancaster, S. C.	Walter Miller Walsh,	Charlotte, N. C.
Lawrence R. Kirkpatrick,	Blackstock, S. C.	William Thomas Watkins,	Henderson, N. C.
John Gordon Law, Jr.	Ocala, Fla.	Nathan Higdon Williams,	Attapulgus, N. C.
Charles Roy McGinn,	Cotton Wood, N. C.	A. David Yonan,	Oroomiah, Persia.

For the Degree of B. S.

Charles Michael Brown, Jr.,	Washington, N. C.	John McElhenny Jennings,	Union, S. C.
Thomas Lake Cely,	Greenville, S. C.	John Brevard Jetton,	Davidson, N. C.
James B. Dodge,	Jacksonville, Fla.	Richard Morrison King,	Concord, N. C.
Robert Hardie Dye,	Fayetteville, N. C.	Nathaniel Alexander Orr,	Charlotte, N. C.
	James Jackson Stewart,	Davidson, N. C.	

HISTORY CLASS 1900



WHEN the Historian was told to write the history of nothing ('00), he was perplexed, but when the mystery was explained, he was filled with dismay, for volumes might be written of the achievements of 1900.

Now don't open your eyes too wide when you are informed that the present Sophomore Class was once upon a time a basket of eggs, deposited without an apology, at the feet of the venerable President of Davidson College. Many a ruthless hand longed for the "unspeakable privilege" of smashing the whole lot. But under the safe and genial sunshine of that great tribunal's (the Faculty's) care, the Class of nineteen hundred broke into the pleasures and cares of college life.

On the 16th of September 1896, the Class was organized with Jas. A. Winn, President; Fielding Wallace, Vice-President; and C. M. Brown, Secretary.

In athletics, we were very successful. Our football team, though very light, played with such spirit and determination that we came out third in the series of class games. With the coming of the

mild days of Spring, began our splendid victories in base ball, ending in the demolition of every team, either in College or in the town, and then a splendid victory over them all combined.

The maroon and gold was not destined to stream in vain, for on "Athletic Day," she showed her prowess by winning most of the events.

As to literary talent, this favored band has not been found wanting, for her men have worked faithfully, and their perseverance must count in the end. The declaimer's medal, given by the Eumenean Society, was won by Jas. A. Winn. We have orators, writers of some reputation, and poets galore.

On and on the unbroken column marched, until, on an ideal day in April, the Master walking among his flowers, plucked one of the fairest buds; and Melvin E. Fripp, gentle, modest, loving, and faithful, passed to his reward. Two of our number went on the sad mission to attend the funeral of their fallen class-mate. Disease had come in awful mien and claimed its victim. We could but bow our heads.

And now, at last, we are Sophomores. We have lost twelve men, but there is an unusually large number of "fresh-sophs." These are Morton, Humphreys, Stacy, Rose, King, Hoffman, Dodge, and Cely.

The men chosen to serve nineteen hundred for this year are W. M. Walsh, President; F. B. Rankin, Vice-President; and C. M. Brown, Secretary. With such men at the helm, upheld by the spirit and zeal of the Class, though compelled to pass through the symplegades of "Math." and Latin, through the Cimmerian desert of English, and though the songs of the Sirens, Ease and Pleasure, ring in our ears unceasingly, yet we shall surely be successful in the search for the "golden fleece," so carefully guarded by "Old Puss."

We easily defeated the "Fresh." in base ball, though heretofore it has been the undisputed right of the "Fresh," to be champions. Though we have lost some of our best players, yet the outlook for our team is very promising.

The Alumni of Davidson College having offered a beautiful "Trophy Cup" to the winning team in the series of Class Foot-ball games, bats and balls

were soon laid aside, and we began to practice for the contest. Our men worked faithfully, and it is said that the team was the strongest class team that has ever been at Davidson. It was thought to be invincible, but fate was against us, and we were forcibly reminded of these sad words "it might have been." Truly "there is many a 'slip' between the 'cup' and the lip." Five of our men are on the College base ball team, six were on the foot-ball team, and we are the recognized leaders in athletics.

As a proof of the popularity of nineteen hundred among the Faculty, the Class was invited to the reception given by Dr. Munroe to the medical students. Not until the "Soph. banquet" did we fully realize that we were Sophomores, for this is the most important event of the Soph. year.

The most prominent trait of the Class of nineteen hundred is its class spirit, and to this alone do we attribute her success. This class spirit makes itself felt in many ways, as has been mentioned by our College magazine. She has a most enviable reputation; first in class spirit, first in athletics, and persevering in the pursuit of knowledge.





FRESHMAN CLASS 1901

CALDWELL	KEID	SIKIS	UNDERWOOD	WHITE	SANFORD	FAUCETTE	STEVENSON	BROWN	
					McMURRAY	NEWELL	LINDSAY	OATIS	HUE CURRIE
WHARTON	KEID	ELTZER	SPARROW	HELPER	LOTT	DENLOP	CRAIGG	SMITH	CALDWELL OSBORNE
		KELLY	HAND	DEAL	CALDER	WALKER	MCINTYRE	VARNER	BOY
			STOOP	McLEOD	FOSTER	McCLINTOCK	CHEDISTER		



CLASS OF 1901 ORGANIZATION

J. O. WALKER, *President*

H. P. BROWN, *Vice-President*

H. D. MILLS, *Secretary and Treasurer*

R. C. DEAL, *Historian*

H. P. BROWN, *Captain of Foot-ball Team*

E. W. CURRIE, *Manager of Foot-ball Team*

E. W. CURRIE, *Captain of Base Ball Team*

J. W. CALDER, *Manager of Base Ball Team*

J. O. WALKER, *Captain of Track Team*

Motto....Colors....Yell

MOTTO—*Nulla vestigia retrorsum*

COLORS—Green and Gold

YELL—Hurrah! Hurray! Rah zoo bold

Ching-a-ling, ching-a-ling Green and Gold

First class we are. Yip ya yun

Vive-la! Vive-la! Nineteen-one.

FRESHMAN CLASS ROLL



For the Degree of A. B.

John Jefferson Adams,	Laurens, S. C.	John A. McBryde,	Davidson, N. C.
William Baxter Barnette,	Huntersville, N. C.	Malcom Hugh McBryde,	Davidson, N. C.
John William Boney,	Wallace, N. C.	William Banks McClintock,	Charlotte, N. C.
Frederick Brown,	Red Springs, N. C.	Kenneth Henry McIntyre,	Carl, N. C.
James William Calder,	Charlotte, N. C.	John Archibald McLeod,	Villanow, N. C.
James Roy Caldwell,	Davidson, N. C.	Crockett Huey McMurray,	Jacksonham, N. C.
Milton Morris Caldwell,	Concord, N. C.	Henry Embry McMurray,	Smithfield, N. C.
William Pierce Chedester,	Asheville, N. C.	Orlando Howard Matthews,	Davidson, N. C.
David Schenck Craig,	Begonia, N. C.	Harris DeWitt Mills,	Mooresville, N. C.
Edward Womack Currie,	Davidson, N. C.	Charles Hampton Murray,	Greensboro, N. C.
James McCorkle Davis,	Salisbury, N. C.	Thomas Dewey Osborne,	Charlotte, N. C.
Ralph Carrol Deal,	Greenville, S. C.	Frank Lunsford Reid,	Mint Hill, N. C.
William Johnson Dunlop,	Church, S. C.	Walter Banks Reid,	Mint Hill, N. C.
John Franklin Dunn,	Ocala, Fla.	William Marion Sikes,	Greensboro, N. C.
Robert Thomas Faucette, Jr.,	Durham, N. C.	Samuel Ethelbert Sloop,	Miranda, N. C.
James Hazen Foster,	Talladega, Ala.	Reid Smith,	Columbia, S. C.
Jasper Kennedy Hand,	Lowell, N. C.	John Kirkpatrick Sparrow,	Davidson, N. C.
Ralph Erskin Helper,	Davidson, N. C.	Mark DeWolf Stevenson,	Newbern, N. C.
Oliver Jones Huie,	Atlanta, Ga.	William McLelland Stevenson,	Mooresville, N. C.
Joseph Bondinot Johnston,	Lincolnton, N. C.	James Holland Underwood,	Hopewell, N. C.
Albert Young Kelly,	Mocksville, N. C.	Howard A. Varner,	Mill Bridge, N. C.
Reuben Lindsay,	Jonesville, S. C.	James Oscar Walker,	Huntersville, N. C.
Warren Clarence Lott,	Waycross, Ga.	Edwin Roy Wharton,	Greensboro, N. C.
	Thornwell J. White,	Concord, N. C.	

For the Degree of B. S.

Hugh Parks Brown,	Winston, N. C.	Leone Burne Newell,	Newell, N. C.
Alexander Cooper,	Henderson, N. C.	John Blackwood Oates,	Charlotte, N. C.
Donald Matheson Eaves,	Bamberg, S. C.	Julius McNitt Ramsay,	Hickory, N. C.
Morrison Fetzer,	Concord, N. C.	Thomas Caldwell Rawlinson,	Rock Hill, S. C.
John Arthur Long,	Union, S. C.	Edwin Cowles Sanford,	Mocksville, N. C.

HISTORY CLASS 1901



ENTERING College, destined to be the first graduating class of the twentieth century,

Class '01 has every reason to strive to place a fair record upon the pages of Davidson College's history.

When the present upper classmen leave old Davidson they put the finishing touches upon the work of more than three score years, and close the pages of the College history for the nineteenth century, and thus, opening the work for a new century, '01 cannot but go forward, and circumstances clinch the motto, "*Nulla vestigia retrorsum.*"

On the twenty-third day of September, eighteen-hundred-and-ninety-seven, while the Sophs. were deep in the mysteries and fascinating tangles of Classic Latin, we held our first class meeting in the Commencement Hall and organized Class '01 with forty-nine classmen and the following officers: J. O. Walker, President; H. P. Brown, Vice-President; H. D. Mills, Secretary and Treasurer.

Remarks about the weather are not always appropriate, but we only wish to help Davidson maintain her reputation as to the rainfall, for we

can truthfully say that on the afternoon and night of the twenty-third of September, eighteen-hundred-and-ninety-seven, it literally "*rained bucketfuls.*"

The Y.M.C.A. reception, held the first Monday after college opened, was a most enjoyable occasion, the upper classmen sparing no pains to give the Freshmen a nice time.

As foot-ball season approached, '01 called out her forces and went to work in earnest—though we didn't win the cup! But '01 came in for her share of the glory, for one of the half-backs who played such havoc with Charlotte's line, was captain of the Fresh. foot-ball team.

From foot-ball we turned with light and happy (?) hearts to the Examinations. The common thought seemed to be:

"'Tis good to study, but bitter as gall
To study some and then to fall."

And so with great sorrow (?) we laid down our pens, on the twenty-third of December.

Judging from the countenances of "the Fresh," as they arrived in Davidson, the first week in January, there was little, we may safely declare, of the

proverbial "mourning and gnashing of teeth when the report getteth home."

At the beginning of the second term the class began work under most favorable circumstances. We numbered fifty-five classmen. Out of the fifty-five more than three-fourths belong to the literary societies and are doing good work; more than half belong to the Y. M. C. A. and take active part in the work, and the class, with very few exceptions, has placed itself under the care of the gymnasium director.

Out of the fifty-five *thirty-five* have been *vaccinated*. Only those who have undergone this pleasing operation can possibly estimate its value. In the opinion of Class '01 vaccination is deemed worthy of a place in history, and the advice of those who know "whereof they speak" is that if one never has a chance to take a genuine case of small-pox, let him be vaccinated and he will be sufficiently amused.

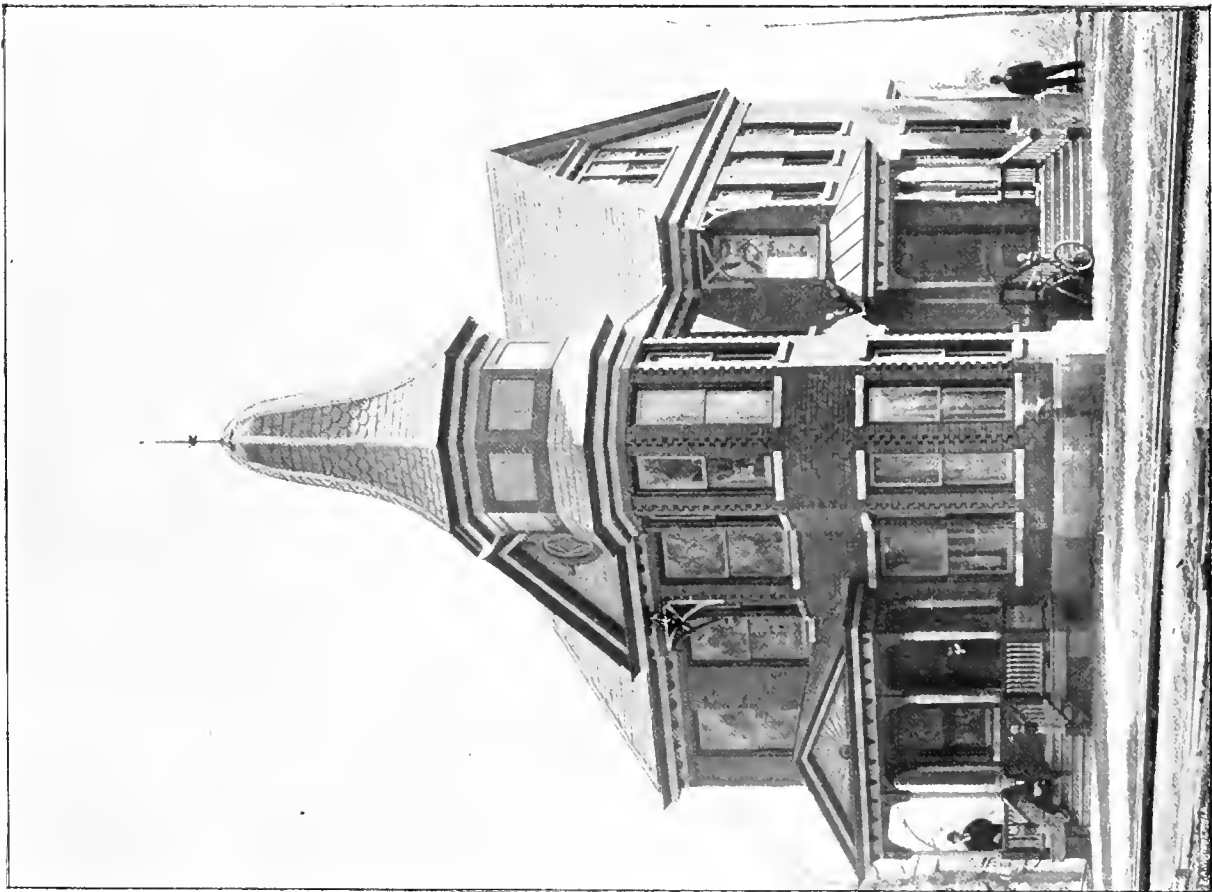
Class '01's class room record is one to be envied and we hope to keep up the record and prove ourselves not so *Green* as college tradition declares us, and continue gaining knowledge more precious than *Gold*.

The outlook for Spring athletics is as bright as could be wished. The three months work under the gymnasium director shows that some of the best athletic material in College is in Class '01.

Our space is limited, but we must record the reception tendered the students by the Westminster League, on the night of January the seventh. It is needless to say that it was "an enjoyable occasion."

And now '01's history draws to a close. One year of college life is almost gone. May her record for the next three years be as fair as that of her first year. And while we are making that record our one sentiment shall be, "*Vive la, Vive la 1901.*"





MAIN BUILDING OF N. C. MEDICAL COLLEGE



MARTIN



PROF. MUNROE



PROF. HOUSTON



PROF. HOWELL



CONSULTATION ROOM



PROF. SMITH

MEDICAL COLLEGE FACULTY

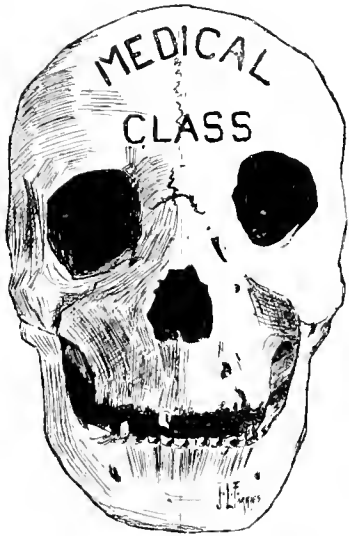
W. J. MARTIN, M. D., PH. D.
Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology.

H. B. HOWELL, M. D.
Professor of Histology and Materia Medica

J. P. MUNROE, A. B., M. B.
President and Professor of Physiology,
Practice and Surgery.

E. Q. HOUSTON, M. D.
Professor of Anatomy and Obstetrics.

H. L. SMITH, PH. D.
Professor of Physics and Medical Electricity



ORGANIZATION



J. T. MOORE, *President*

T. D. TYSON, *Vice-President*

W. F. STEVENS, *Secretary*

J. B. SIMPSON, *Janitor*

C. E. McMILLAN, *Asst. Janitor*

M. W. LYON, JR., *Historian*

JAS. L. BOST, *Captain Foot-ball team*

P. M. KING, *Manager Foot-ball team*



MEDICAL CLASS

MEDICAL CLASS ROLL



Ed. Munroe Bell,	Mt. Mourne, N. C.	David Gillespie McKethan,	Fayetteville, N. C.
David Asbury Boyd,	Platt, N. C.	Chas. Ellis McMillan,	Wilmington, N. C.
Jno. Fletcher Brown,	Red Springs, N. C.	Martin McNeill,	Red Springs, N. C.
Jas. L. Bost,	Davidson, N. C.	Neill McRae,	Fayetteville, N. C.
Jno. T. Burrus,	Rockford, N. C.	Jas. Thomas Moore,	Statesville, N. C.
Jas. Isaac Campbell,	Mint Hill, N. C.	Watson Smith Rankin,	Mill Hill, N. C.
Lawson Vance Cloninger,	Stanley, N. C.	Geo. Washington Raby,	Shelby, N. C.
Guy Franklin Duncan,	Sparta, N. C.	Duncan Preston Shaw,	Lumber Bridge, N.C.
Geo. D. Everington,	Laurinburg, N. C.	Neill G. Shaw,	Harrell's Store, N. C.
Samuel Taylor Flippin,	Siloam, N. C.	John Samuel Slate,	Mizpah, N. C.
Jas. William Flowe,	Davidson, N. C.	Jno. William Slate,	Quakers, N. C.
Isaac Henry Faust,	Salisbury, N. C.	Jas. Thomas Smith,	Westfield, N. C.
Andrew Baxter Goodman,	Enochsville, N. C.	Geo. H. Smith,	Raleigh, N. C.
Jas. Flemming Harris,	Jupiter, N. C.	William Brown Simpson,	Monroe, N. C.
Jas. M. Hunter,	Huntersville, N. C.	Wm. Forest Stevens,	Ashpole, N. C.
Luther Taylor Jackman,	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Joseph T. Stewart,	Red Shoals, N. C.
Walter Jackson Jones,	Outlaw's Bridge, N.C.	Herbert B. Thomas,	New Berne, N. C.
John Walter Jones,	Prather's Creek, N.C.	Thomas David Tyson,	Covington, N. C.
Purks McCombs King,	Concord, N. C.	Leon Watson,	Broadway, N. C.
Wharton Green Leak,	Francisco, N. C.	Joseph White,	Davidson, N. C.
Marcus W. Lyon, Jr.,	New York, N. Y.	Williauth Worth Washam,	Davidson, N. C.
Fred. Y. Long,	Catawaba, N. C.	Joseph I. Wilson,	Caddwell, N. C.
Geo. Madison Maxwell,	Davidson, N. C.	Henry Clay Walkup,	McIntosh, Fla.

HISTORY OF THE MEDICAL CLASS.



ON THE thirteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, John Peter's Medical College, *alias* North Carolina Medical College, opened for another year's work in the town of Davidson. This well-known institution for medical learning has been throwing out M. D.'s *via* the State Board, to experiment upon the innocent inhabitants of the Old North State and some of its sister States, for some years past. The opening was auspicious, and while many familiar faces were seen among the men, there was a goodly predominance of new ones, which brought up the attendance above that of past years, and still newer ones have dropped in from time to time, as the session has advanced.

The equipment of the College has been materially increased. The top floor of the new building has been fitted up as a histological and bacteriological laboratory and supplied with various pieces of scientific apparatus necessary for the prosecution of successful work in

these departments. Besides, we have a room in Davidson College fitted up with gas and heating apparatus.

Under the benign influence of "Brother" Jackman, a Young Men's Christian Association has been organized among the students, and regular weekly meetings are held. This branch of our work has in its charge and care the newly-fitted up Reading Room, where the various medical and scientific journals, as well as the local and New York papers, are kept on file.

The opening of the session was marked by a great interest in athletics. The Meds., under the leadership of the valiant and faithful Captain Bost, rushed hard and heavy upon the gridiron for victory and honors. To say the season was successful (for their opponents) is putting it mildly. For a few days after the defeat by the impudent Sophs., Captain Bost and Manager King held a public auction of foot-ball paraphernalia, and no doubt a private "blow-out" with the funds. The Historian begs to suggest to the Meds. the trite

saying: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, again." It is our hope that they may win victories and laurels another year.

But what is a history without its personalities? Think of Rome without a Caesar, France without a Napoleon, of our own country without its Washington! Just so there are personalities here. What would the Medical College be without—! well, whom shall we name? So many illustrious characters, so many bright and noble minds, so many freaks, that it is hard to single out one man who towers far above the rest. There is the ever pleasant and genial Smith; he is a Senior and a big man, and expects to graduate this year. He and stalwart "Rube" Burrus make a pair. Then there is Boyd, Dave Boyd, tall, graceful and imposing; a gentleman "full of strange oaths." He is the hero of his class, and what worshippers he has! What Boyd says goes.

We must not forget the Joneses. They are neither twins nor brothers. "Baldy" suffers from alapecia of the head, whence his "given" name, and "Buck" Jones—well, he certainly deserves his title. "Baldy" is a hard student, big and a valiant hitter (we leave this point to Boyd), and "Buck"—well, he *has* been seen to study and stay up *late*. We have seen his sleepy and inflamed eyes the next day.

Simpson and "New Flip"! Methinks I hear the boys shout out "Two of a kind!" No doubt they are, and the kind? A humane and loving spirit prevents us from saying more and exposing them before the world. But speaking of Simpson, we wonder how he and Rankin enjoyed their mid-night watch, waiting patiently (?) for Buck Slate *et al* (?), who never came?

But how can this narrative be completed without the mention of "Kid" *nee* McMillan? He is small and youthful, but ye gods! what cheek and talk and nerve and bluff.

We wonder how such a young and tender (?) thing
E'er 'scaped from 'neath his mother's wing.
There are many others, as "Pete" Moore, the President;
"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, This was a man."

Besides, we have the blue-eyed, sweet-voiced Campbell; the noisy Wilson; the tonsorial artist, McRae, and his good-natured partner, Brown, whose recitations ever cause a smile, and Me-Kethan, the best dressed man, and Doc. Slate and "Old Miss Mitchell" among our number. But time and space are limited and the Historian must lay down his pen, which next year, he hopes, may fall into better hands.



THE DEVELOPMENT OF CLASS SPIRIT AT DAVIDSON



SOME light and humorous reminiscences for the Annual, is the editor's reckless request. "Trifles light as air" may come probably with greater alacrity than the spirits of the vastly deep which Glendower conjured in vain. But humorous reminiscences! When one is haunted by the ghosts of sad memories, and when the forms of departed colleagues rise unbidden before the tear-dimmed eye, humor is out of place. It is said that the famous clown Grimaldi once closed the eyes of his dying child in the green room, and the next moment was on the stage, the audience splitting their sides with laughter over his mirth-provoking wit. But few have so much versatility of emotion.

Some years ago, a witty young lady of my acquaintance paid a visit to a trio of prunes-and-prisms old maids, who accosted her upon her entrance with the blighting remark: "Miss —, we hear you are so witty. Be funny for us." It is needless to add that after that her wit had all the hateful gloss and funereal aspect of a coffin.

No, I positively refuse to be funny, unless I happen to be so unintentionally, as the young lady from the city was when she paid her first visit to the country. Seeing a dish of honey on the table and wishing to be affable to her hostess, she said with her most engaging smile, as she pointed at the honey: "Oh! I see you keep *a bee!*" What then, shall be the nature of my reminiscences? First, they shall be brief, for "brevity is the soul of wit, and tediousness the outward limbs and flourishes." Second, they shall be limited to a definite subject, lest, after their perusal the bewildered reader should say, as the afflicted hearers did in Bab Ballads, after they had listened to a parson's prolix discourse:

"He argued high, he argued low,
He also argued round about time."

To compass both these ends I have chosen as my reminiscential topic: "The Growth of Class and College Spirit at Davidson in the Last Decade." Every teacher at a College in which the class system prevails has not failed to note the

preponderative influence of the two upper classes, especially of the Senior Class. With little danger of exaggeration it may be said that the tone of the student body is exactly what the Senior Class chooses to make it. If this class is small, disorganized, pessimistic, an air of sullenness seems to pervade the whole College. If it is bright, buoyant, high-toned, and loyal-hearted, every College enterprise seems to be undertaken in the same spirit. A heavy responsibility, therefore, rests always with the Senior Class, and the members of this class should not only be impressed with a sense of their dignity—a needless caution, perhaps, but with a high sense of the duty that devolves upon them.

Further, the development of an enthusiastic college spirit is dependent upon an *entente cordiale* between the faculty and the student body. As soon as either becomes for any reason, good or bad, distrustful of the other, jar and strife is the result—exactng regulations on the part of the faculty, followed by petty outbreaks of spite or flagrant breaches of college discipline on the part of the student body.

Again, class spirit and college spirit are intimately connected. "At first blush" ('87 will remember that this was a pet phrase of a certain professor) it would seem that these two would conflict, the classes with their individual rivalries clashing with the common interests of the whole College body. But as a matter of fact such has

not been the case. Each class is a unit, and it is easier to fuse four units into one than to get together one hundred and ninety separate individualities. Hence, I think it will be observed that when class spirit is intense college spirit is likely to be even more so.

With these prefatory remarks I begin a brief and therefore necessarily imperfect sketch of college spirit at Davidson, beginning with the session '86-7, my first session at the College.

Having previously been associated with two institutions in which the student bodies were loyal even to the extent of bigotry in the eyes of an outsider, I could not fail to be struck with the apparent absence of this feature of College life at Davidson College. There was little, if any, class spirit, the attitude of the student body towards the Faculty was sullen, and that of the Faculty towards the students was suspicious. Further, the relations between the Board and the Faculty were strained owing to antecedent difficulties, that need not be here recounted. All these things made me feel that I had left the sunshine and entered into the shadow of a pedagogic eclipse. Perhaps I may have looked upon college matters with a somewhat jaundiced eye, as during a professor's first year he is on the stool of criticism, and is himself a critic of a somewhat acidulous type. Besides, I was burning the candle at both ends, overworked at College and overworking myself with outside labors. But

with all due allowance for the personal equation, the facts as above stated will be undisputed.

In '88 the Senior Class was large and many of the influential members were in cordial sympathy with the Faculty. In the spring of '87 a very important change brought the student body and the Faculty together. The society libraries were consolidated and a committee consisting of a member of the Faculty and a committee from the societies was appointed to control the new library. '88 was split up into two factions, so the class spirit did not develop very strongly. It was, perhaps, not until '93's second year that the class spirit was in its full flower. '93 was united, enthusiastic, with a strong flavor of humor, and no little ingenuity in scheming. It was '93, we believe, that originated those cacophonous howls vulgarly styled "class yells." They are also the authors of the College yell. This class was not especially strong in the classroom, but it was a power outside. Since '89 there has been no lack of class spirit at Davidson College, and the incoming Fresh. organize (as soon as they are permitted to do so by the jealous and tyrannical Sophs.), elect a President and other officers, adopt a motto, and perpetrate a class yell upon the helpless public.

The success of '93 in infusing a stronger class and College spirit into the College body was due partly to its own individuality, but more, I think, to favoring conditions. In the first place, the

strained relations between the Board and the Faculty had been rapidly disappearing with the return of mutual confidence, and we doubt if there is any institution in the South in which there is now a greater cordiality and sympathy between the two governing bodies. There are no conflicting powers, for there are no powers to conflict. The interests of the two are one.

Then, too, the Faculty, both as individuals and as a body, had the students more and more upon their hearts, as well as upon their minds. Allow me to mention the abolition of one pestiferous and galling petty regulation which did much towards the removal of friction—the so-called campus regulations, which confined the student to the campus at certain hours.

Another, was the building of the Y. M. C. A. Hall, and in connection with it the encouragement of the athletic spirit. The credit for most of this work is due to the present versatile and enthusiastic occupant of the Chair of Physics.

These, of course, are only some of the causes of the growth of the College spirit. The generous and warm-hearted sympathy of the President ought never to be forgotten. His purse-strings were always loosened and his heart was ever open to every rightful appeal from the student body.

What has led me to give this hasty sketch of College spirit? An article in a late Davidson magazine deploring the decay of this great motive

power in student life. I can't believe the editor is right. Annuals are not gotten out when College spirit is decadent. The editor probably was dyspeptic when he wrote, or, perhaps, for I have been a College editor myself, he needed another editorial to fill up.

But both College spirit and class spirit have their darker sides; every virtue is shadowed by its corresponding vice. Perhaps no one is so easily swept off his feet by as passive enthusiasm as a College student. The best of them will mistake an

impulse for a God-given intuition, will act rashly, and repent at leisure.

It behooves, therefore, the best men in every class, especially in the upper classes, to remember that it is *my* class, *my* College, whose honor is *my* honor, whose success is *my* success. *Then*, and not *till* then (to adopt one of the Junior speaking patent endings), will the old College, like a ship with every sail spread, ride triumphantly into the haven of abiding success. (Music!)

W. S. CURRELL.



APPLIED MATH.



One word on examination is worth six afterwards.
The more beer, the bigger booze.

Two 59's will never make a 60.
The less brains a man has, the less he perceives their absence.

The further away the 70, the bigger it looks.
A Senior's hour is worth a Freshman's week.

There is more attached to a diploma than a piece of ribbon.
One Senior does not make a commencement.

A Freshman and his money are soon parted.
One good friend is worth many class-mates, and a full purse is better than both.

THE IDEAL



THERE is a song, all but divine,
That never rung through Sappho's brain,
Its words are simple, few,—and thine !
O poet, build the deathless strain !

There is a scene to Titian's dreams
Would ne'er in its lost light arise ,
Thy childhood's mountains, fields, and streams !
O painter, limn their splendid dyes !

There is a figure fairer far
Than Phidias ever wrought or feigned ;
At hand the stone and chisel are,
O sculpter, free the vision veined !

There is a chord whose elfin tones
Beethoven's soul could never seize ;
Thine instrument before thee moans,
O Master touch the yearning keys !

And dost thou lack the wondrous art
To sing or paint or grave or play ?
Far better is a noble heart
Than score or form or scene or lay !

HENRY JEROME STOCKARD

EUMENEAN SOCIETY ORGANIZATION, '97-'98



	FIRST TERM	SECOND TERM	THIRD TERM
<i>President,</i>	J. D. Woodside	J. A. Steele	W. G. Perry
<i>Vice-President,</i>	J. M. McConnell	G. T. Clark	W. C. Harrison
<i>Secretary,</i>	S. G. Moore	J. J. McNeely	C. W. Hewitt
<i>Reviewer,</i>	J. H. Witherspoon	W. G. Perry	F. C. Barth

Query Committee

F. C. Barth	R. S. Sherfesse	J. D. Woodside
R. B. Sanford	E. H. Wood	J. M. McConnell
L. R. Kirkpatrick	H. M. Askew	S. G. Moore

Absence Committee

<i>Chairman,</i>	R. A. Sherfesse	R. S. Steele	R. B. Sanford
	R. S. Steele	F. M. Hawley	T. F. Haney
	T. F. Haney	S. G. Moore	H. M. Askew

Internal Committee

<i>Chairman,</i>	R. S. Steele	J. D. Woodside	R. A. Sherfesse
	W. H. Whyte	R. L. Douglas	J. H. Witherspoon
	E. H. Wood	W. W. Turner	R. L. Douglas
	J. H. Therrell	J. H. Therrell	N. A. Orr
		J. G. Law	W. B. Reid

Permanent Committees

<i>Executive,</i>	J. D. Woodside, <i>Chairman</i>	J. A. Steele	J. M. McConnell
<i>Finance,</i>	J. H. Witherspoon, <i>Chairman</i>	R. L. Douglas	L. R. Kirkpatrick
<i>Treasurer,</i>	R. L. Douglas		



LUMEN SOCIETY HALL

SKETCH OF EUMENEAN SOCIETY



THE Eumenean Society began its existence almost with the beginning of student life in the College, it having been founded in 1837, only a short time after the first student body took possession of the campus.

Dating from that time the history and traditions of the Eumenean Society have been those of the College.

No other student organization has done so much to promote the interests of its members and of the College at large, and the character and standing of the Society has always been representative of the best the College might claim.

The aim of the Society is to promote facility in public speaking and literary attainments, and to inspire its members with a noble ideal and fit them for the duties of true citizenship. This is well illustrated by the two mottoes of the Society, "*Pulcrum est colere mentem*," and a Greek motto, which, being translated, is, "Truth is lasting and beautiful." With this for their watchword its members should ever be inspired to strive after that

perfect culture and that true greatness whose foundation is truth.

The Society has, indeed, already accomplished a great work, and from its walls have passed many, who to-day stand near the top, each in his chosen life-work. Below is a very incomplete list of her distinguished Alumni, containing the names of some who are well-known not only in our own section, but in distant States, both North and South:

Rev. J. M. Otts, D. D., LL. D., Talladega, Ala.

Dr. Otts has led a varied and most useful life since receiving his diploma in 1859, at the age of twenty-one. He has been pastor of churches in Alabama, Tennessee, Delaware and Pennsylvania, has served as editor of the religious department of the "Presbyterian Journal," Philadelphia, and as an active member of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy. He has also been a voluminous author and a noted traveler in the East. The "Otts Lectureship" was founded by him at Davidson

College, and the first course of lectures upon this foundation came from his virile pen. The subject of the course was "Unsettled Questions," making a volume of over a hundred pages. Some of his other books are "Laconisms: The Wisdom of Many in the Words of One," "Nicodemus with Jesus," "The Gospel of Honesty," and "The Fifth Gospel," the latter a most readable account of Palestine as interpreting the life and teachings of our Lord. Dr. Otts is still in the prime of life, active both physically and mentally, and is a most devoted friend of his Alma Mater.

Col. Alexander Robinson Banks, Rock Hill, S. C.

The name of Professor Banks is most closely and honorably associated with the history of Secondary Education in South Carolina. He was graduated in 1869, after having passed through the blood and carnage of '61-'64 as an officer in the Confederate Army. Since then he has been almost continuously engaged in the work of education; has taken a prominent position in his profession, and been identified with graded and high school work in several parts of his State. For many years he has been an active and efficient Trustee of Davidson College, and is now a member of her Executive Committee. Colonel Banks is at present one of the two Principals of the Rock Hill High School, which has furnished many of our best prepared students.

Rev. John Frank Cannon, D. D., LL. D., St. Louis, Mo.

Dr. Cannon was a member of the same class as Colonel Banks, that of '69. He has been one of the most useful and distinguished ministers of our Church in the West, and is Pastor of the Grand Avenue Church of St. Louis, one of the largest and most influential churches in the State. He has taken a prominent part in educational matters, and has published several books on religious subjects. As a student here and at the University of Virginia he was noted for his power as an essayist and orator, and future years have justified the judgment of his fellow-students.

Rev. John Wright Davis, D. D., Shanghai, China.

Like so many college students who afterwards become celebrated, Dr. Davis gave evidence of his remarkable powers by leading his classes and graduating with the valedictory oration in 1869. He graduated at Union Seminary four years later, and went immediately to his chosen field of labor in China. During '85 and '86 he lectured on various missionary topics in the United States, returning to China in '86. Dr. Davis is probably the leading Presbyterian Missionary in the whole of China. He has translated the Psalms, the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles, into the Soochow dialect, and is the author of several text books for use in Chinese schools. He is recognized as one

of the most scholarly and well-equipped of all the missionaries our Church has sent out, and in all discussions of Chinese mission affairs his opinion has great weight.

Rev. William Beatty Jennings, D. D., Detroit, Mich.

Dr. Jennings was born at Bennettsville, S. C., in 1859. He entered College at seventeen, and received many honors at the hands of his Society. In '79 he was Representative, and in '80 Society Valedictorian. In '82 he was called back to the College to deliver the Alumni oration of that year. From '80 to '83 he was a diligent and successful student at Princeton Seminary. Since then he has held important pastorates in South Carolina and at Macon, Georgia. Here his influence was rapidly growing, till the First Presbyterian Church of Detroit, Michigan, fixed its eye upon the eloquent young Southerner, and called him to its pulpit. This call he accepted, much to the regret of our whole church, and is now winning fresh laurels in his far-off home.

President B. F. Wilson, D. D., Spartanburg, S. C.

Dr. Wilson was born in '62, and graduated from Davidson College in '84. He won the Eumenean Orator's Medal in '83, and the Commencement Orator's Medal the next year. In '89 he delivered the Commencement Alumni Oration. He studied at Columbia and Princeton Seminaries,

and was called to the pastorate of the Spartanburg Presbyterian Church in '87. The church was rapidly growing and prospering under his care, when Converse College was founded, and he was urged by its munificent founder to take charge of the new institution. The success of Converse College was immediate and phenomenal. Though the magnificent building was totally destroyed by fire a few years after its completion, another still more beautiful and fully furnished has arisen on the site of the first, and each year has witnessed an increase of students and Faculty till the institution has become the pride of the city of Spartanburg, and an honor to the whole State.

Howard Alexander Banks, Esq., Charlotte, N. C.

Mr. Banks has made journalism his calling, and achieved a success of which any young man might well be proud. He was graduated in '88, at the age of twenty-one, having been editor of the Davidson Monthly during part of his college course. He early showed his power with the pen by winning the Essayist's Medal in '88. After leaving College he taught a school at Elmwood, N. C., but a year later found him at Salisbury as the staff correspondent of the "Charlotte Observer." With the exception of a few months, he has ever since been connected with the same paper, and many of the "Observer's" brilliant editorials, which are a power through this whole section, are from Mr. Banks'

trenchant pen. He has often tried his hand at poetry, with considerable success. Some years ago he delivered, by special request of the Faculty, an address before the students on "The Passion-Play of Oberammergau," and he has also filled the position of Alumni Orator before his Literary Society during Commencement week.

Rev. Chas. G. Vardell, Red Springs, N. C.

Mr. Vardell won the Debater's Medal in the Eumenean Society in '87, and was graduated in '88. He was Business Manager of the Davidson Monthly, and prominent in all society affairs. His theological education was obtained at Princeton

Seminary. After a few years of pleasant and profitable work in the pastorate, he accepted the Presidency of the newly founded Presbyterian College for Women at Red Springs, N. C. His administration of this enterprise has astonished even his most ardent admirers. From nothing the College has grown beyond its accommodations, and even the energy of its President is taxed to provide rooms and facilities for the students who are crowding into its halls. Its financial record has been not the least remarkable of the results of his management. All friends of Christian education wish the Red Springs Seminary and its efficient President nothing more than a continuation of the prosperity which has marked its past history.



PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY ORGANIZATION '97-'98



	FIRST TERM.	SECOND TERM.	THIRD TERM.	FOURTH TERM.
<i>President,</i>	R. A. Love	W. A. Ferguson	T. H. Watkins	J. M. McKinnon
<i>Vice-President,</i>	H. S. Munroe	J. P. Matheson	J. A. McQueen	S. C. Smith
<i>Secretary,</i>	W. M. Walsh	F. B. Rankin	W. E. Hill	E. J. Hoffman
<i>1st Supervisor,</i>	Jno. Hall	T. T. Allison	Ernest Morton	E. B. Robinson
<i>2nd Supervisor,</i>	Fred. Smyre	W. M. Walsh	I. N. Clegg	C. G. Rose
<i>1st Critic,</i>	H. W. Wilson	S. H. Hines	H. V. Allen	J. M. McSwain
<i>2nd Critic,</i>	S. A. Robinson	S. C. Smith	A. A. McFadyen	L. G. Beall
<i>Chaplain,</i>	F. B. Rankin	T. H. Watkins	W. A. Ferguson	I. N. Clegg

Judiciary Committee

<i>Chairman,</i>	H. S. Munroe	J. P. Matheson	J. A. McQueen	S. C. Smith
	S. H. Hines	J. R. Ross	J. M. McSwain	C. T. Carr
	J. M. McKinnon	H. W. Wilson	S. M. Goodman	R. A. Love
	C. T. Carr	H. V. Allen	H. W. Wilson	J. R. Ross
	R. S. Abernethy	L. G. Beall	A. A. McFadyen	J. P. Matheson
	R. L. Thomason	J. T. Smith	H. S. Munroe	J. T. Smith
		Jno. Hall	W. M. Walsh	T. B. Rankin

Query Committee

<i>Chairman,</i>	W. M. Walsh	F. B. Rankin	W. E. Hill	E. J. Hoffman
	W. A. Ferguson	J. M. McSwain	S. H. Hines	H. W. Wilson
	S. H. Hines	R. A. Love	J. P. Matheson	J. A. McQueen
	A. A. McFadyen	A. D. Morrison	C. G. Rose	H. B. Stokes
	H. G. Smith	S. M. Goodman	T. T. Allison	R. M. Fitzpatrick
	W. S. Houston	J. Flow	E. Morton	K. H. McIntire
		E. Morton	W. M. Stevenson	

Permanent Committees

	FIRST TERM.	SECOND TERM.	THIRD TERM.
<i>Finance</i>	W. A. Ferguson, <i>Chairman,</i>	J. E. Ward	W. E. Hill
<i>Conference,</i>	H. V. Allen, <i>Chairman,</i>	J. P. Matheson	I. N. Clegg
<i>Treasurer,</i>	A. M. McLaughlin		



PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY HALL

THE PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY



FROM the inception of this time-honored institution of learning the history of the Philanthropic Society has been that of Davidson College. The early students of the College recognizing that the theories of the class room unreduced to practice are of no avail, determined to establish a society wherein they might by practice inculcate those literary and oratorical attainments which are the insignia of every well-rounded man. So in June, 1837, the Phi. Society was organized. The work of the Society and the class room work have become so harmonized and so thoroughly blended that neither the one nor the other could alone attain the high degree of excellence which has for nearly three-fourths of a century been characteristic of them.

The objects of the Society—to train men to think quickly and speak fluently, to control themselves and govern others, to respect the talents of others and emulate noble examples, and not only

to acquire thoroughness in literary and oratorical attainments, but also to have as its watchword that inspiring motto, "*Vérité Sans Peur*," urging each man in his every action towards a high and noble ideal, and fitting him for true citizenship.

How well these objects have been accomplished hundreds of her loyal alumni scattered over the State and the whole South can testify. Many men have received the best part of their college training within her walls. What more glory can we shed about the "Old Phi" than by citing a few of her members who have attained success in the world:

Judge William Preston Bynum, Charlotte, N. C.

Judge Bynum was born in 1820, in Stokes County, N. C. He was graduated at Davidson in 1842, delivering the valedictory. From '61 to '63 he was a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Confederate Army, was a member of the State Convention in '65, and State Senator in '66. In '73 he was made

Associate-Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, an office which he ably filled for five years. Since '78 he has been engaged in the regular practice of his profession.

Rev. Jethro Rumble, D. D., Salisbury, N. C.

Dr. Rumble was born in Cabarrus County in 1827. He delivered the salutatory of his class in 1850. He has been a Trustee of Davidson for more than a quarter of a century, most of this time as a member of the Executive Committee, and a Director of Union Seminary for many years. Dr. Rumble is practically the founder of the flourishing Presbyterian Orphanage at Barium Springs, was one of the assistant editors of the Presbyterian Encyclopedia published in 1884, and has been the author of several volumes of Presbyterian history. He is still engaged in active and successful work as Pastor, Director and Trustee. May his bow long abide in strength.

Julius Alexander Gray, Esq.

Mr. Gray was graduated in 1853, at the age of 20. For a half century his name was prominent in business and railroad circles throughout the State. He was Director of three important railroads, and President of the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley from its organization, General Manager of the North State Improvement Company, President of the Greensboro Chamber of Commerce, and of the

Greensboro National Bank, and held the Directorate of a half dozen other important enterprises. His death left a gap in the ranks of our successful railroad and business men, which has not yet been filled.

Rev. William Thomas Hall, D. D., Columbia, S. C.

Dr. Hall was one of the honor men of the Class of '54, delivering the salutatory oration. From the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church of Lynchburg, Va., he was called to the Chair of Theology in Columbia Seminary, Columbia, S. C., in 1895. Dr. Hall has made a reputation for solidity and depth of thought, and wide and varied culture.

Hon. Augustus Leazar, Mooresville, N. C.

During his college course Mr. Leazar showed what was to be expected of him by winning the prize in Chemistry, and delivering the valedictory of the Class of 1860, at the age of 17. From the commencement rostrum he entered Confederate service, and fought through the war as Lieutenant. Since the close of the war his life has made part of the public history of the State. He was for many years a member of the State Legislature, and in '89 Speaker of the House. He introduced the bill for the establishment of the North Carolina Agricultural and Mechanical College, and has ever since been one of its leading Trustees. He has also been

Trustee of Davidson, and of the State University, and the most successful Superintendent of the State Penitentiary in its whole history.

Rev. Luther McKinnon, D. D., Clinton, N. C.

Dr. McKinnon was a first honor man of the Class of '61, and delivered the salutatory oration. He was Chaplain of the 36th North Carolina Troops during the last year of the war, and after its close was elected President of Floral College, in the eastern part of North Carolina. From 1883 to '85 he was Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Columbia, S. C., and in '85 was called from that city to the Presidency of Davidson College. He entered upon his new duties with zeal, and the enrollment of the College immediately rose above its former mark, but in the second year of his work here, he was attacked with an incurable disease, which necessitated his resignation in '88. He is still bearing, with Christian heroism and cheerfulness, the weight of hourly pain and hopeless invalidism.

Judge Frank I. Osborne, Charlotte, N. C.

Judge Osborne was graduated in the Class of '72. He delivered the Alumni oration in '78, was elected Mayor of Charlotte in '79, has been Solicitor and Attorney-General of the State since then, and takes rank among its leading and most influential lawyers.

William E. Burney, A. M., Ph. D., Columbia, S. C.

Dr. Burney was a student for years in Europe, doing special work in Chemistry, was a Fellow in Johns Hopkins after his return, and is now State Chemist of South Carolina and Professor of Chemistry in the South Carolina College at Columbia. He is one of the best known chemists in the South, and has written many able monographs on scientific subjects.

Rev. W. W. Moore, D. D., LL. D., Hampden Sydney, Va.

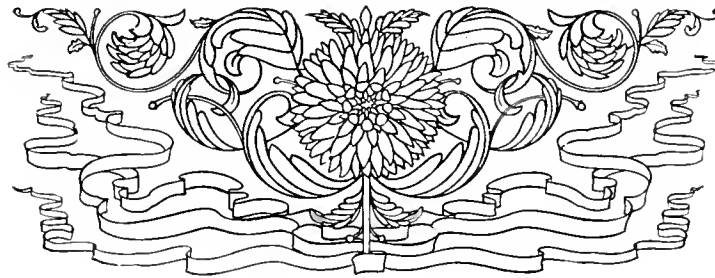
Dr. Moore during his College course had the reputation of being the finest speaker the Philanthropic Society had enrolled for many years, and he was awarded both the Declaimer's and Debater's Medals. His life since his entrance upon the duties of the Chair of Oriental Literature at Union Seminary is too well known to our Southern Presbyterian Church to need repetition. Dr. Moore's eloquence has delighted and inspired thousands, his articles on Oriental studies and discoveries are eagerly sought for, his reputation as a most gifted teacher is spread over the continent. The Philanthropic Society has no Alumnus of whom she is more justly proud.

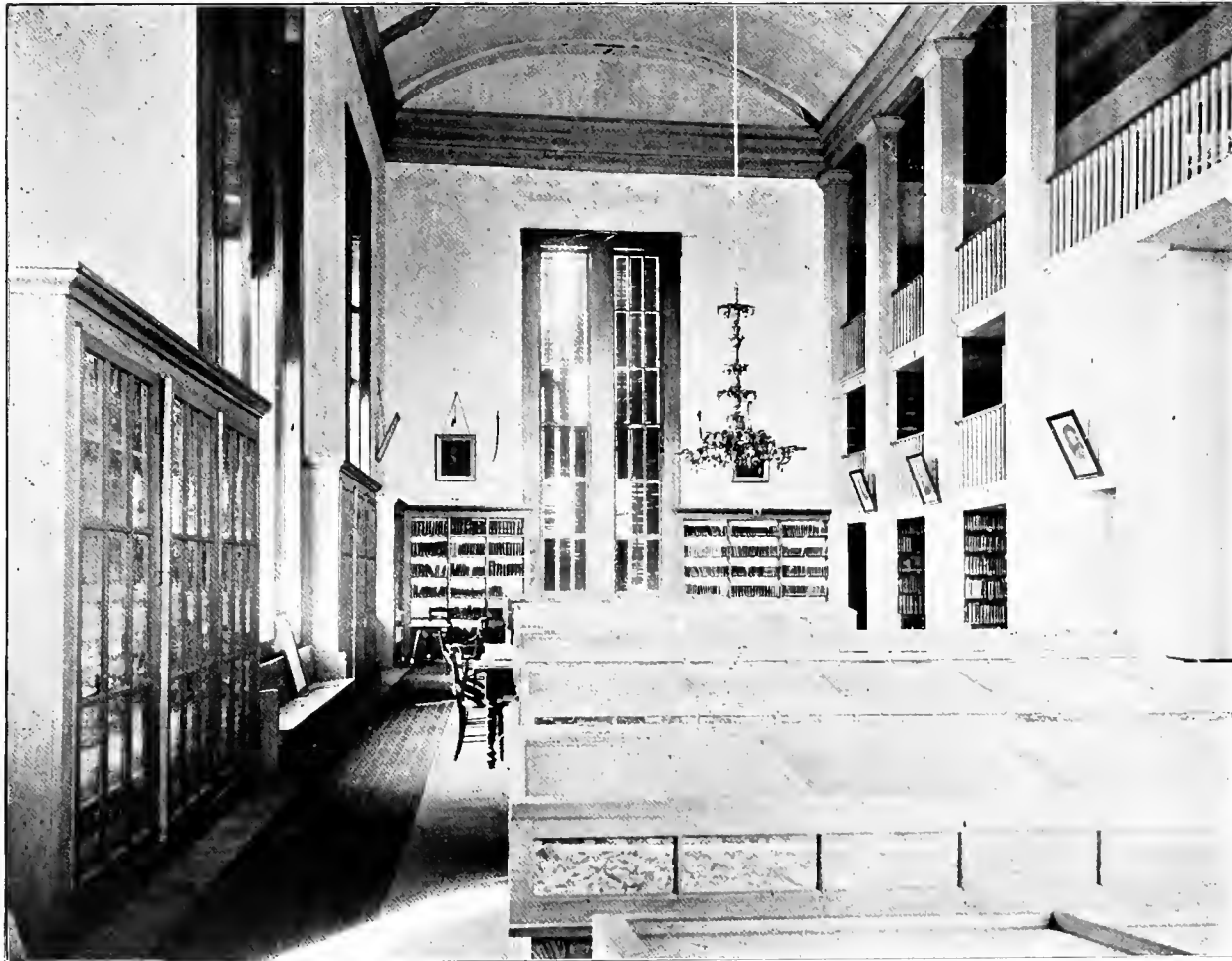
John P. Munroe, M. D., Davidson, N. C.

Dr. Munroe was Salutatorian of the Class of '82. He distinguished himself as a medical student

at the University of Virginia, where he took his degree, and acted as Physician at St. Luke's Home in Richmond, Va., after his graduation. When Dr. P. B. Barringer was called from the Medical School at Davidson to the Chair of Physiology at the University of Virginia, Dr. Munroe was elected to his place here. Since then the Medical School has been incorporated as the North Carolina

Medical College, and has grown in numbers and reputation each year since its incorporation. As its President, Dr. Munroe has shown himself a remarkable organizer and teacher, and with its elegant new building and the largest attendance of any medical school in this section, the prospects of the new College are most flattering.





THE LIBRARY DAVIDSON COLLEGE

THE LIBRARY ORGANIZATION



Library Committee

THOS. P. HARRISON, *Chairman.*

W. G. PERRY,

C. T. CARR,

T. F. HANEY,

J. A. McQUEEN,

Evangelical.

Philanthropic.

F. F. ROWE, *Librarian.*

Union Library

"Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow." —*Shakspeare.*

THE Union Library owes its existence to the consolidation, in 1887, of the libraries of the two literary societies with the College library. The advantages of the new system over the old are too numerous and evident to dwell upon. The ten years since the "formation of the Union" have abundantly justified the wisdom of our sometime Professors Dr. Barringer and Dr. Lodge, through whose influence this improvement was accomplished.

The handsome main hall of our library is one

of those things which by reason of familiarity we cease to admire and appreciate. So too, with the splendid dictionary catalogues of authors and subjects left us by the energy and money of "the ancients." Our books, moreover, have been arranged by these same ancients in alcoves according to subjects, and all one has to do is to stand in the middle of the hall, look around, and go to the treasures desired—history, biography, fiction, poetry, economics.

The library is under the management of a committee composed of one member of the Faculty and two representatives from each of the two literary societies. Fortnightly receptions are held, to which the librarian, Mr. Rowe, issues very fetching little *billets-dus*. After the reception, the committee retire into secret session and discuss matters pertaining to the interests of the library.

The rules governing the use of books in the library are as few and simple as compatible with the duty of the committee to the charge given them, and are framed and administered with regard to the greatest good of the greatest number. The usefulness of the library is largely due to the zeal and efficiency of the librarian, Mr. Rowe.

The library contains about fifteen thousand carefully selected volumes. Few collections of books are so free from mere lumber. Every year additions are made. During the present session the committee has expended some two hundred and fifty dollars in the purchase of about three hundred new books. The valuable Government reports are carefully preserved. One hundred and

fifty of these have been received during the past year.

In connection with the library, and under the same management, is the College reading-room. Here are found seven daily newspapers, numerous weeklies, and about thirty standard periodicals. The best of the periodicals are bound from year to year. About eighty dollars has been spent the present session in having back volumes of the most desirable magazines bound. This policy has been pursued for many years, so the library has now full sets of all the important magazines.

The student of to-day, with easy access to all these treasures, does not, as a rule, truly value his opportunities. To do so, it is necessary to look toward the past. There has recently come into the writer's hands a "Catalogue of the books in the Library of Davidson College" made on the 30th of October, 1841. The "Catalogue" was easily completed in one day, for it is made upon four sheets of ordinary letter-paper and contains only two hundred and twenty-five titles! Compare this with the eight magnificent folio volumes of our catalogue and our fifteen thousand books.



THOUGHT



BRAVE Newton from his seer-like eminence
Descried the power that binds the world in thrall ;
The Florentine despite the jeer, and all
The curse pedantic, gazed on each immense
Empyrean sphere in stately eloquence
Timing its march amid the scale and fall
Of sun born systems ; at Kepler's dominant call
Confusion bowed to Law's omnipotence.
Thus through the sky with never tiring wing,
Or down pale ways in solemn silence shod,
By sacred groves, or by the pit infernal,
Immortal Thought ! thou reignest as a king
Where'er hath been the finger of thy God,
And with thy God thou art alike eternal !

WM. THORNTON WHITSELL

PSYCHE SPEAKS



PRAY thee never deem that love hath died
Although he lieth very still and low ;
Although, from morning's grey to sunset glow,
He hath not " lifted up his head nor cried,"
Through busy day-light hours, the hot noon-tide,
Despite the noisy throngs that come and go—
The roar and tumult of life's ceaseless flow—
His slumber deep and dreamless doth abide.
But ah ! When evening breathes upon the heat,
I see his deep eyes shining through the gloom ;
When silent is the tramp of hurrying feet,
His voice makes music in the darkened room,
And all my heart takes up the glad refrain—
" The king is come unto his own again ! "

F. L.

BABY BOY JACK



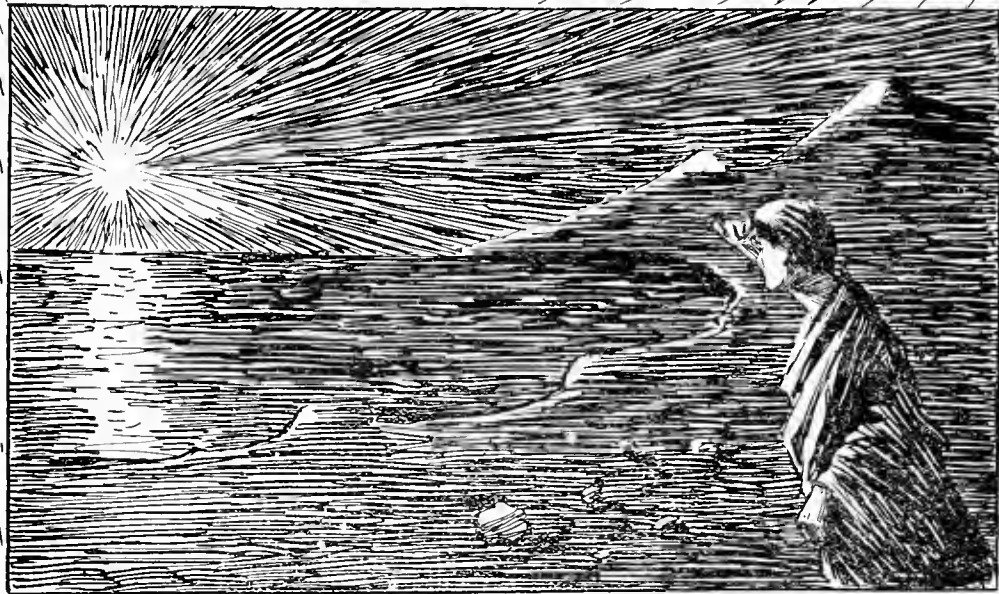
BABY boy Jack and grand-papa John
Sat on the door-step side by side,
And many a wondrous dream they spun
As they gazed at the stars of even-tide.

At last, baby said with a look so wise—
" Though his feet were turned toward the Land of Nod—
" Grand-papa, ain't all the stars the eyes
Of the good little boys who live with God ? "

And grand-papa smiled at the quaint conceit,
As softly caressing the fair young head,
He lifted him up from the lowly seat,
And bore him away to his snowy bed.

Now, all alone at the fall of night
Grand-papa sits in the darkened door,
And watches far off in the fields of light
Two stars he has never watched before.

ΚΑ ΣΑΕ ΚΣ



FRATERNITIES

N.H.M.C.

ΣΑΕ



ΦΑ





SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON

Founded in 1856 at the University of Alabama. Incorporated in 1892.

ROLL OF CHAPTERS

Province Alpha

Boston University, (Mass. Beta-Upsilon), Boston, Mass.
Mass. Inst. Technology (Mass. Iota-Tau), Boston, Mass.
Harvard University (Mass. Gamma), Cambridge, Mass.
Worcester Polytechnic Inst. (Mass. Delta), Worcester, Mass.
Trinity College (Conn. Alpha), Hartford Conn.

Province Beta

Columbia University (N. Y. Mu), N. Y. City
St. Stephen's College, (N. Y. Sigma-Phi), Annandale,
on-Hudson, N. Y.
Allegheny College (Pa. Omega), Meadville, Pa.
Dickinson College (Pa. Sigma-Phi), Carlisle, Pa.
Pennsylvania State College (Pa. Alpha-Zeta), State College,
Pennsylvania
Bucknell University (Pa. Zeta), Lewisburg, Pennsylvania

Province Gamma

University of Virginia (Va. Omicron), Charlottesville, Va.
Washington and Lee University (Va. Sigma), Lexington, Va.
University of North Carolina (N. C. Xi), Chapel Hill, N. C.
Davidson College (N. C. Theta), Davidson, N. C.
Furman University (S. C. Phi), Greenville, S. C.
Wofford College (S. C. Gamma), Spartanburg, S. C.
University of Georgia (Ga. Beta), Athens, Ga.
Mercer University (Ga. Psi), Macon, Ga.
Emory College (Ga. Epsilon), Oxford, Ga.
Georgia School of Technology (Geo. Phi), Atlanta, Ga.

Province Delta

University of Michigan (Mich. Iota-Beta), Ann Arbor, Mich.
Adrian College (Mich. Alpha), Adrian, Mich.
Mt. Union College (Ohio Sigma), Alliance, Ohio
Ohio Wesleyan University (Ohio Delta), Delaware, Ohio
University of Cincinnati (Ohio Epsilon), Cincinnati, Ohio

Ohio State University (Ohio Theta), Columbus, Ohio
Franklin College (Ind. Alpha), Franklin, Indiana
Purdue University (Ind. Beta), W. Lafayette, Ind.
Northwestern University (Ill. Psi-Omega), Evanston, Ill.

Province Epsilon

Central University (Ky. Kappa), Richmond, Ky.
Bethel College (Ky. Iota), Russellville, Ky.
Southwestern Presbyterian University (Tenn. Zeta), Clarks-
ville, Tenn.
Cumberland University (Tenn. Lambda), Lebanon, Tenn.
Vanderbilt University (Tenn. Nu), Nashville, Tenn.
University of Tennessee (Tenn. Kappa), Knoxville, Tenn.
University of the South (Tenn. Omega), Seawanee, Tenn.
Southwestern Baptist University (Tenn. Eta), Jackson, Tenn.
University of Alabama (Ala. Mu), University P. O., Ala.
Southern University (Ala. Iota), Greensboro, Ala.
Alabama A. & M. College (Ala. Alpha-Mu), Auburn, Ala.
University of Mississippi (Miss. Gamma), University, Miss.

Province Zeta

Simpson College (Iowa Sigma), Indianola, Iowa
University of Missouri (Mo. Alpha), Columbia, Mo.
Washington University (Mo. Beta), St. Louis, Mo.
University of Nebraska (Neb. Lambda Pi), Lincoln, Neb.

Province Eta

University of Arkansas, (Ark. Alpha-Upsilon) Fayette-
ville, Ark.
University of Texas (Texas Rho), Austin, Tex.
University of Colorado (Colo. Chi.), Boulder, Col.
Denver University (Col. Zeta), University Park, Col.
Leland Stanford Jr. University (Cal. Alpha), Palo Alto, Cal.
University of California (Cal. Beta), Berkeley, Cal.
Louisiana State University (La. Epsilon), Baton Rouge, La.
Tulane University (La. Tau-Upsilon), New Orleans, La.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATIONS

New York City
Boston, Mass.
Cincinnati, O.
Chicago, Ill.
Atlanta, Ga.
Savannah, Ga.
Knoxville, Tenn.

Pittsburg, Pa.
Alliance, Ohio
Kansas City, Mo.
Augusta, Ga.
Chattanooga, Tenn.
Jackson, Miss.
Detroit, Mich.

North Carolina Theta of Sigma Alpha Epsilon



Fratres in Facultate

J. P. MUNROE, A. B., M. D.

J. L. DOUGLAS, M. A.

'97

A. CURRIE, A. B.

'98

J. D. WOODSIDE

H. V. ALLEN

'99

R. L. DOUGLAS

H. S. MUNROE

J. L. FARRIS

1900

C. W. HEWITT, JR.

J. G. LAW, JR.

1901

H. P. BROWN

E. W. CURRIE

J. O. WALKER



SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON FRATERNITY

	PROF. DOUGLAS	WOODSIDE	ALLEN	FARRIES	
MUNROE	DOUGLAS, R. L.	DR. MUNROE	CURRIE, E. W.	LAW	HEWITT
	BROWN	CURRIE, A.		WALKER	

KAPPA-ALPHA ORDER, S. O.

Founded at Washington and Lee University, 1860



COLORS—Crimson and Old Gold.



ROLL OF CHAPTERS

Alpha—Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.

Beta—(Sub Rosa).

Gamma—University of Georgia, Athens, Ga.

Delta—Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.

Epsilon—Emory College, Oxford, Ga.

Zeta—Randolph Macon College, Ashland, Va.

Eta—Richmond College, Richmond, Va.

Theta—Kentucky State College, Lexington, Ky.

Iota—Furman University, Greenville, S. C.

Kappa—Mercer University, Macon, Ga.

Lambda—University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.

Mu—Polytechnic Institute, A. & M. College, Auburn, Ala.

Nu—Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas.

Omicron—University of Texas, Austin, Texas.

Pi—University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.

Sigma—Davidson College, Mecklenburg Co., N. C.

Tau—(Sub Rosa).

Upsilon—University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C.

Phi—Southern University, Greensboro, Ala.

Chi—Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.

Psi—Tulane University, New Orleans, La.

Omega—Centre College, Danville, Ky.

Alpha-Alpha—University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.

Alpha-Beta—University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Alpha-Gamma—Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, La.

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Alpha-Epsilon—S. W. P. University, Clarksville, Tenn.

Alpha-Zeta—William & Mary College, Williamsburg, Va.

Alpha-Eta—Westminster College, Fulton, Mo.

Alpha-Theta—Kentucky University, Lexington, Ky.

Alpha-Iota—Centenary College, Jackson, La.

Alpha-Kappa—Missouri State University, Columbia, Mo.

Alpha-Lambda—Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.

Alpha-Mu—Millsaps College, Jackson, Miss.

Alpha-Nu—Columbian University, Washington, D. C.

Alpha-Omicron—University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.

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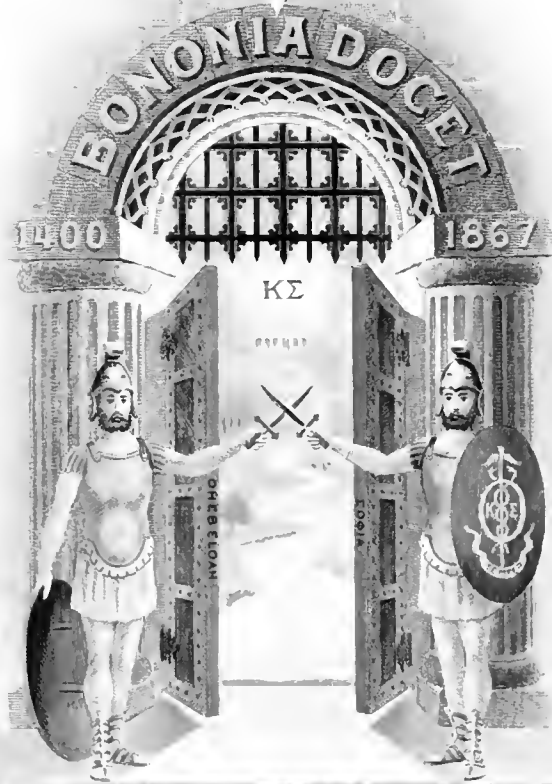
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Founded at the University of Bologna, Italy, in 1400

Reorganized and Established in America, in 1865



Colors—Old Gold, Peacock Blue, and Maroon



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Epsilon.—Centenary College

Zeta.—University of Virginia

Eta.—Randolph-Macon College

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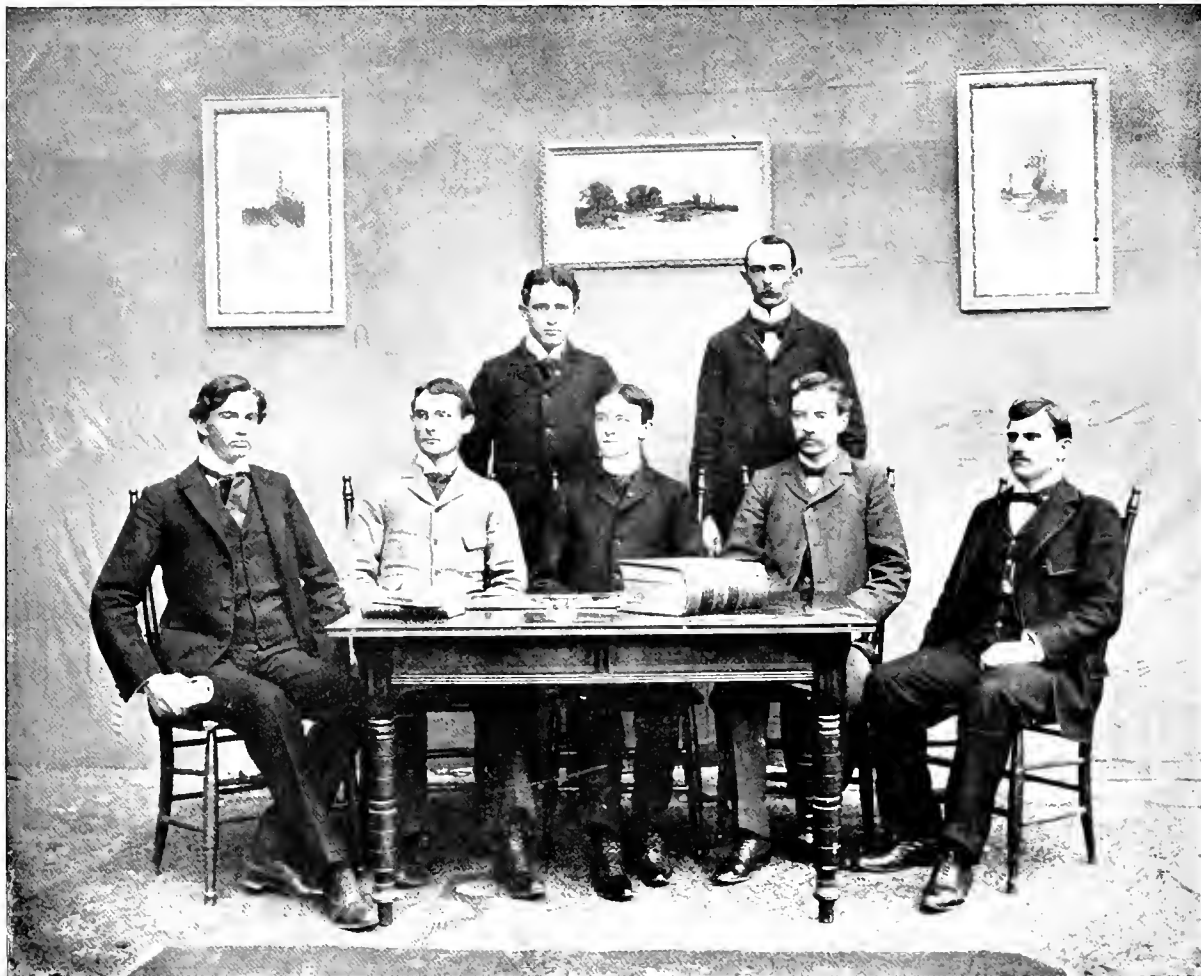
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WE WERE SO NEAR !



LOOK in my face ; my name is Might-have-been ;
I am also called No-More, Too-Late, Farewell !

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

To-day we breathed awhile the same sweet air
And watched the glow in the same rich skies,
Hands might have clasped once more, and speaking eyes
Looked love again—we were so near, so near !

And the unbroken silence, that we share
With death, might quick have given place
To loving speech, and left behind no trace
Of weary years,—we were so near, so near !

Did the fresh evening breeze no message bear
From out the past,—no thought of me
Who in thy darkest days still clung to thee
In faithfulness ?—we were so near, so near !

Ah, thus 'twill be forever more I fear ;
I've lost the trick of hoping, it seems vain,
Yet still my heart keeps singing the refrain :
We were so near to-day, my friend, so near !

O. H.

THE SAGE'S SONG



UP, awake ! Cease, cease your dreaming,"
Sang a sage of old to me,
"Swiftly on the brooklet's gleaming
If it e'er would reach the sea ;
Days are dying, years are flying,
Day and darkness quickly speed !
Duty now be bravely trying
Would you win the victor's meed !

"O'er the mountains, cold, eternal,
Wrapt in icy coats of mail,
Lie the lands serene and vernal
Where the fountains never fail ;
There are laurels, will you wear them ?
Waiting stands the world to give ;
Conquer trials, nobly bear them,
Like a hero learn to live.

"Few, alas, of those now keeping
Pace amid life's devious maze,
When they lie in silence sleeping
Shall remembered be with praise.
Test thy manhood with endeavor,
Let no failure e'er debar
Thee from pressing on forever
Where Fame's temple beams afar."

WM. THORNTON WHITSETT.

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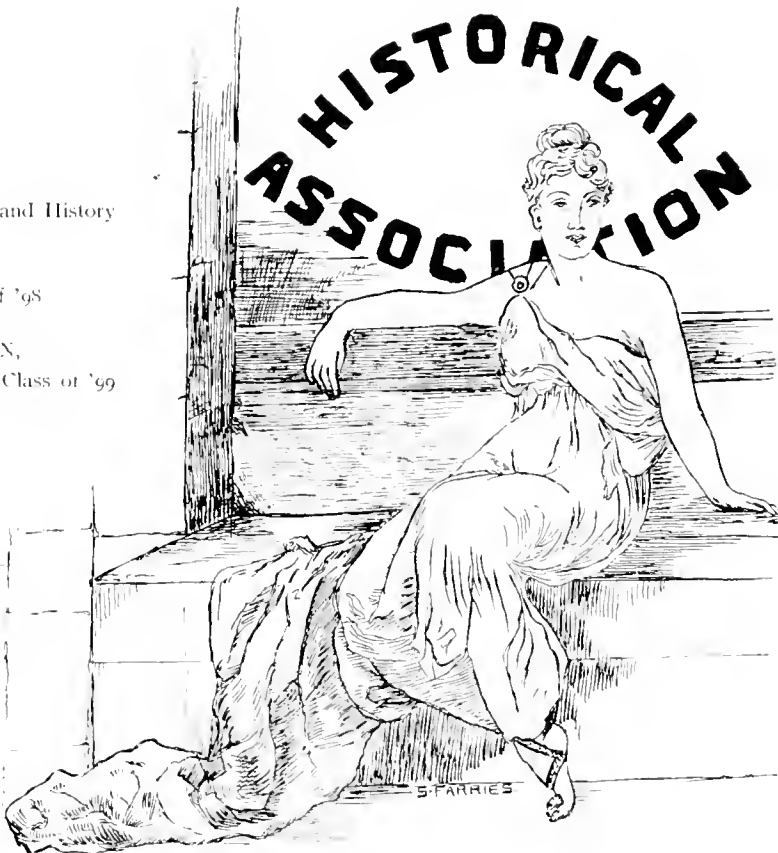
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PUBLICATION—STUDIES IN HISTORY

A Historical Magazine, published quarterly under the supervision of the Historical Association.

E. H. BEAN, *Business Manager*.

THOS. P. HARRISON, *Editor-in-Chief*.

ALMA MATER



ONE built a fair and glorious monument ;
The breath of Time swept by and laid it low ;
One limed a panel of rare colors blent ;
'Tis buried 'neath the years' resistless flow ;
One penned a book renowned in every clime ;
Forgot, it lies among the nameless dead.
One wrought a wondrous melody sublime ;
Its notes are vanished and its music fled.
But thou, O gentle Mother, well hast wrought
A work far nobler than aught earth can give,
For thou hast reared a monument of thought
Which in thy children shall forever live
Thou needst not mortal pen to sound thy name ;
Thou in thy sons shalt find eternal fame.

THE MINOR NOTE

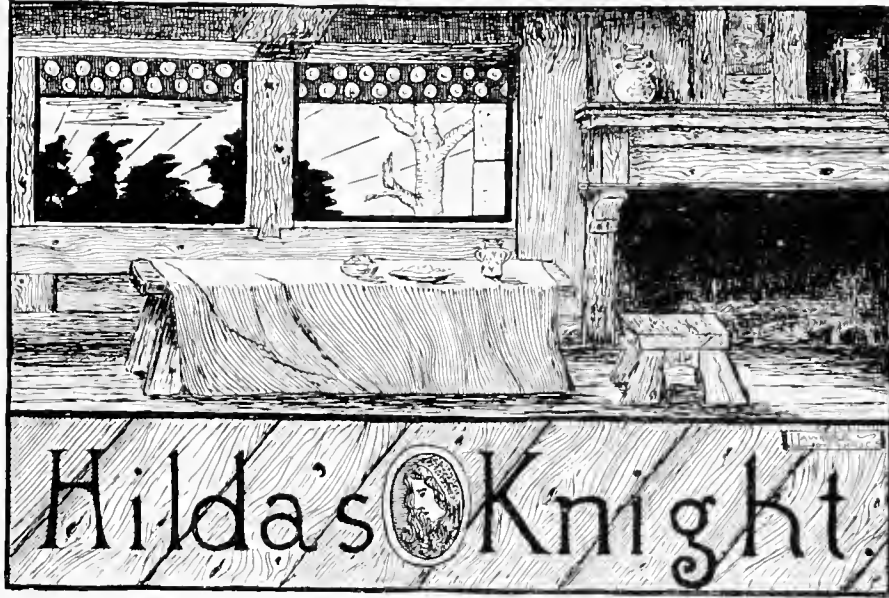


BENEATH the martial music of the world--
The winding trumpet and the shrilling fife,
The splendid ensign and the flag unfurled,
The glorious, onward sweeping march of life--
There sounds a minor note, scarce heard among
The din of victory and trampling feet,
Which, soft as some sweet, half-forgotten song,
Yet makes the melody of life complete.
It tells the story of the tear-dimmed eye ;
The bleeding heart, that loving, loved in vain ;
The grief unspoken and the stifled sigh ;
The blighted hope, the silent, lingering pain.
Through all the world breathes life's soft threnody,
And binds its chords in one vast harmony.

SOUFFLÉ



TRUTHFULNESS is the best policy -- but it shows up badly on the report.
A Professor's opinion is the best criterion.
Them that canna "ride" maun use a dictionary.
Those that go jumping into the Freshman Class, oft come limping
into the Senior.
There is nothing so like an honest Senior as an arrant Sophomore.
The bird that can sing and winna sing, should be gar'd sing ; but
the bird that canna sing and will sing, should be shot.
A Sophomore is happier thinking well of himself, than a wise man
is of others thinking well of him.
The biggest "horse" is not always the most literal.
A Freshman may sometimes give a Senior a counsel
Its a poor cradle that won't rock both ways.
Them that winna work maun fall.
A thing that's *passer* is no of the future.
There are more ways of leaving college than by running off.
The deil and the doctor begin wi' ae letter, and either's no sae
black as he's ca'd.



THE inn was old, dreary and dilapidated. The unpainted, wooded 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 lusty 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 weather-beaten in appearance as the house, waited on me with hospitable care, and in the meanwhile showed an evident inclination to talk.

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

"Well, no sir," said she, 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, mountainous, 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 subject 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 mantel 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 travelling 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 grandmother'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 playfellow, 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 long 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 unclose even a little. As for the rest—methinks 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 round you as if you were a 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 unceasingly 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 grown 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 them all the truth; but her sister chid 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 woke 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.

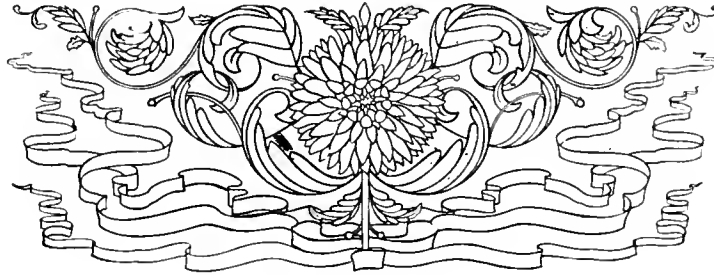
* * * * *

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 welcome'd 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.

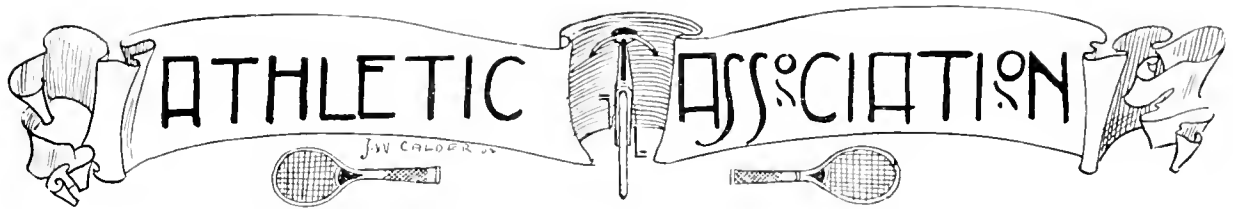
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As for that I cannot tell, but I know that on the morning when they found Hilda dead beside the brook, there was mourning in the Duke's palace in the city beyond the forest; for at sunset the day before, the Duke's only son had died.





ATHLETICS



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FIELD DAY ATHLETICS

APRIL 16, 1898.



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NEWELL, 1901

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Field Day Exercises—Order of Events

Five points to first winner, three to second and one to third in all the contests except Nos. 11 and 15.
Class winning most points will receive the "Alumni Prize," a solid silver Love Cup. This cup becomes the property of the class who wins it three successive years.

Class Colors must be worn by contestants. Crimson and White, '98; White and Blue, '99; Maroon and Old Gold, 1900; Orange and Olive, 1901.

9:00 A. M.

1.—HUNDRED YARD DASH

Messrs. Allison, Adams, Beall, Caldwell, Fitzpatrick,
Huie, McFadyen, Reid, F. L. Jennings.

Winners—First, . . . McFadyen, . . . 10 2-5 Seconds
Second, . . . Allison, . . . 10 2-5 Seconds
Third, . . . Huie, . . . 10 3-5 Seconds

2.—RUNNING HIGH JUMP.

Messrs. Currie, Huie, Hobbs, Goodman, Jennings,
McFadyen, McQueen.

Winners—First, . . . Goodman, . . . 5 ft. 5 inches
Second, . . . Currie, . . . 4 ft. 11 $\frac{7}{8}$ inches
Third, . . . Huie, . . . 4 ft. 10 $\frac{7}{8}$ inches

3.—POLE VAULT.

Messrs. Goodman, Ferguson, Jennings, McFadyen,
McQueen.

Winners—First, . . . McFadyen, . . . 7 ft. 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches
Second, . . . Goodman, . . . 6 ft. 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches
Third, . . . Ferguson, . . . 6 ft. 6 $\frac{7}{8}$ inches

4.—POTATO RACE.

Three men from each class.

Winners—First, . . . McConnell, . . . 43 3-5 Seconds
Second, . . . Huie, . . . 44 3-5 Seconds
Third, . . . Goodman, . . . 46 3-5 Seconds

5.—THROWING BASEBALL.

Messrs. Adams, Fitzpatrick, Hewitt, Humphreys,
Shaw, Smith, H. G., Walker, White,
McQueen, Witherspoon.

Winners—First, . . . Shaw, . . . 294 ft. 6 inches
Second, . . . Walker, . . . 288 ft. 9 inches
Third, . . . Smith, H. G., . . .

6.— $\frac{1}{4}$ -MILE RUN

Messrs. Foster, Huie, Steele, J. A., Humphreys, Caldwell,
Reid, F., Beall, Steele, R. S., Allison, Thomason, Walsh,
Fitzpatrick, McFadyen.

Winners—First, . . . Huie, . . . 24 2-5 Seconds
Second, . . . Beall, . . . 25 Seconds
Third, . . . Allison, . . . 25 1-5 Seconds

7.—RUNNING BROAD JUMP.

Messrs. Currie, Huie, Jennings, Hancy, Humphreys,
Steele, J. A., Munroe.

Winners—First, . . . Steele, J. A., . . . 18 ft. 2 9-10 inches
Second, . . . Jennings, . . . 18 ft. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches
Third, . . . Currie, . . . 16 ft. 9 inches

8.—HAMMER THROWING.

Messrs. Rankin, Varner, Newell, Haney, McFadyen,
McKinnon, Smith, S. C., Humphreys.

Winners—First, . . . McFadyen, . . . 84 ft. 6 inches
Second, . . . Rankin, . . . 83 ft. 6 inches
Third, . . . Humphreys, . . . 77 ft. 9 inches

9.—PUTTING SHOT.

Messrs. Smith, S. C., Humphreys, Rose, Varner, Hewitt,
Newell, Harrison, Rankin, Steele, J. A., McFadyen.

Winners—First, . . . Rankin, . . . 33 ft. 5 inches
Second, . . . McFadyen, . . . 31 ft. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches
Third, . . . Humphreys, . . . 31 ft. 8 inches

10.— $\frac{1}{4}$ -MILE RUN.

Messrs. Reid, F., McIntire, Huie, Humphreys, Caldwell,
Foster, Beall, Allison, McConnell, Smith, S. C.

Winners—First, . . . Huie, . . . 54 1-5 Seconds
Second, . . . McConnell, . . . 54 2-5 Seconds
Third, . . . McIntire, . . . 57 Seconds

11.—HURDLE RACE.

Messrs. Allen, Currie, Goodman, Huie, Fitzpatrick,
Steele, R. S., Steele, J. A., Jennings, Munroe,
McFadyen, Smith, H. G., Thomason.

Winners—First, . . . Steele, J. A., . . . 16 2-5 Seconds
Second, . . . McFadyen, . . . 17 2-5 Seconds
Third, . . . Thomason, . . . 17 3-5 Seconds

14.—RELAY RACE.

Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior Classes.

Eight men from each class.

Winners—First, . . . Junior Class, 3 min. 28 3-5 Seconds
Second, . . . Freshman Class,
Third, . . . Senior Class,

3:00 P. M.

15.—CLIMBING GREASED POLE.

Entries closed on field

Winners—Smith, S. C., and McIntire, tied.



THE ALUMNI TROPHY CUP

THE foot-ball season of '97-'98 will be always recalled with pleasure and pride. It was marked by a decided advance in the character of the game, and the memorable impulse given to the enthusiasm of the College elevens.

For years past it has been the custom to have a series of games between the classes and, yet it was by a rare chance that the games were well-

played. One striking feature of the foot-ball of former years was the lack of team work. One or two individual players have, each session, distinguished themselves, and, even to-day, the names of some fine "back" and "centre" of other days live in the traditions of the campus. It is not recalled that any eleven has made a record for itself which has won for it a conspicuous place in

the College annals. The foot-ball season of '97-'98 has changed this condition of things. The individual player may still make his record (and he will have better opportunities for doing so than hitherto), yet, *the team* work will be the prominent feature of the future.

This will be due to a new element introduced this session into the foot-ball (problem) by the happy inspiration of an enthusiastic Alumnus. Early in the fall, one of our former cranks, whose personal record as a captain and a full-back has made his name a familiar one to all Davidson men, was witnessing a practice game. The lack of well-sustained effort on part of the eleven gave rise to the remark that a foot-ball prize of some kind would revolutionize the game and put Davidson abreast of other Colleges where students had the opportunities and advantages of inter-collegiate contests. In less than two weeks this scheme had taken definite and substantial shape, and the announcement was made that a handsome trophy cup would be presented by the Alumni and friends of Davidson to the class team winning the largest number of games in the usual series played between the classes. Nothing could have more thoroughly aroused the students, and in a few days foot-ball was all the talk—an old student would not have recognized the campus.

A complete organization was soon perfected by the respective classes, and eleven picked men from

each were found early and late in vigorous practice. It may seem incredible, but it was often the case that groups of foot-ball enthusiasts could be found practicing secret plays *before chapel*. Think of that!!

The outcome was the lining up of three of the best teams (and no disparagement is meant of former teams) that had ever struggled for foot-ball honors on the Davidson field. The Freshmen were handicapped by a number of circumstances, and the "Meds," after a few practice games, withdrew. The latter, however, were not entirely out of the contest, for well-established precedent assigned resident post graduates to the Senior Class, second and third year "Meds." to the Juniors, and first year "Meds." to the Sophs.

Under these rules of the Athletic Association the series was played and, after a hotly contested game between the Juniors and Sophomores resulted in a victory for the Class of '99, J. M. McConnell, Captain. This makes '99 the holders of the Trophy Cup for one year, when the right to hold it longer will be vigorously resisted by the other classes.

It may be remarked that the donors of the cup stipulated that it should be held by the winning team for one year, with the privilege of having a record of the victory engraved upon the scroll of the cup. Should any class be fortunate enough to hold the trophy for three years, it will become the

property of that class, the cup to be left in the keeping of the College Association as a lasting souvenir of the victorious eleven.

The rules governing future contests are well-defined and very stringent. They call for *five elevens*, the several classes of Davidson to furnish four and the North Carolina Medical College the fifth (it being a joint owner of the Trophy Cup), with the provision that whenever the matriculates of the latter institution shall reach fifty in number, then there shall be two elevens from the Medical School. The members of these class teams must all be members of the Athletic Association, which is to prepare a schedule of games to be published by October 15th. There are to be two games arranged between each of the classes, and the final game is to take place on Thanksgiving Day.

To guard against the failure, for insufficient reasons, of any eleven to play its full quota of games, it is provided that the forfeiture of two games in the series shall disqualify the class guilty of this breach of the rules for playing the succeeding season. This, it is hoped, will make it impossible for the trophy to be won by any other means than fair, genuine foot-ball.

The past season has justified the expectation that foot-ball played under these conditions will be both clean and scientific, the sharp rivalry between the several classes stimulating effort and demanding clear-cut interpretation of the rules, which will

leave the winning team the holders of the trophy by virtue exclusively of its superiority in all the elements of up-to-date foot-ball.

Another good result which incidentally follows this scheme, is the equipment of a College eleven in perfect condition whenever the opportunity may offer for a game with a visiting team. Davidson has very little use for a "College Eleven," and it has been very difficult to keep one in any such training as would place it in the same class with similar teams from other institutions. At first sight the plan now fostered at Davidson would seem to sacrifice the College eleven entirely for the benefit of the class teams. As a matter of fact, the opposite is true—as was splendidly demonstrated in the game with Charlotte in November. Little time was given for preparation, yet a few days sufficed, by the selection of the best men from the class teams to put in line against the formidable visitors, an eleven with abundant substitutes, the equal of which has never been seen upon Davidson campus. By an arrangement which is very simple and easy of application, a complete set of signals were obtained, each class contributing two of its best plays and the signals for their execution. Five days were enough to thoroughly fit the College eleven for vigorous, scientific ball, which made them the victors in a game of which all are justly proud, and which put Davidson's eleven in the class with other strong College teams of this and other States.

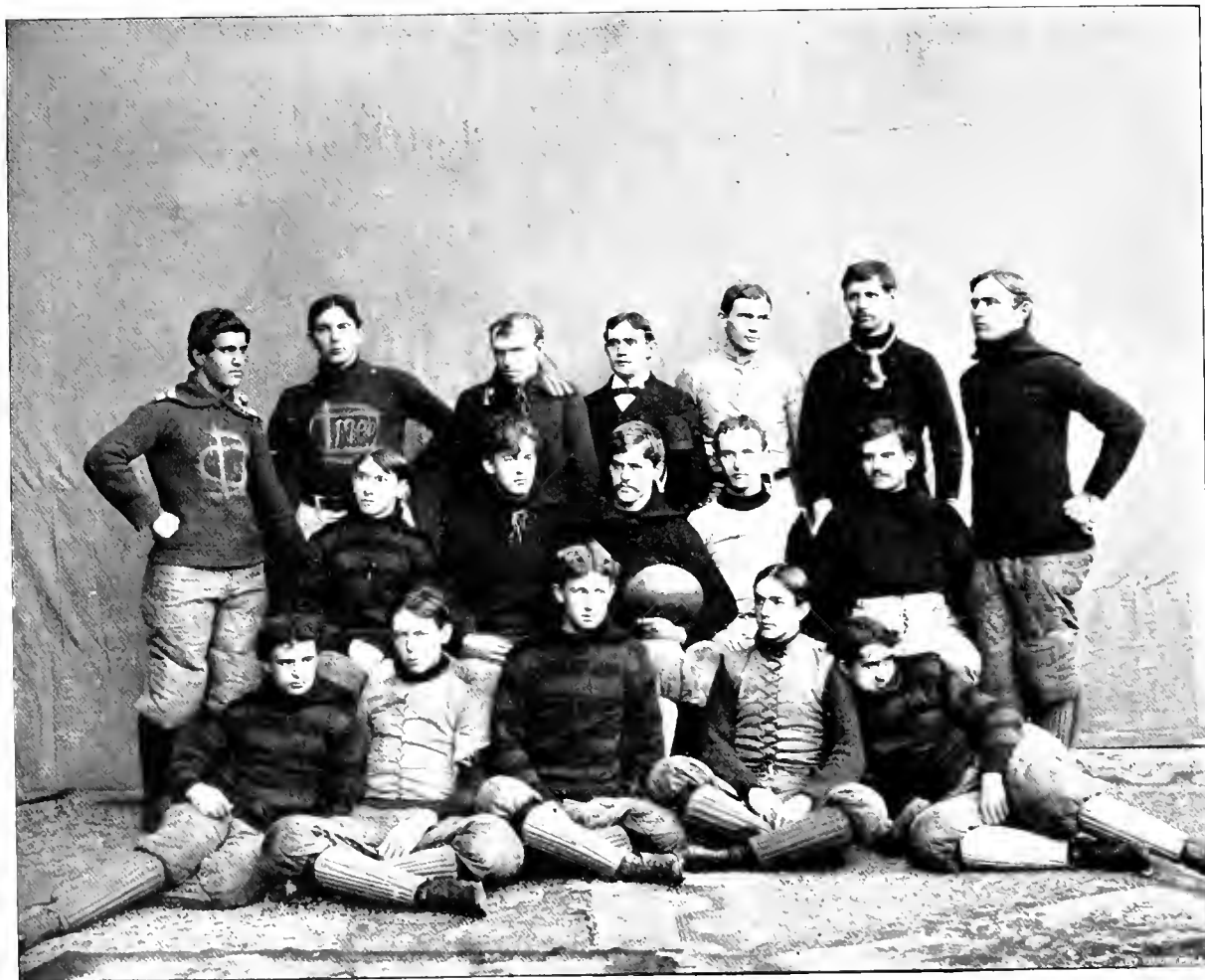
THE CLASS TROPHY CUP



A GENEROUS Alumnus, with the hope of stimulating general athletics, has presented the Association with a beautiful Trophy Cup. To give as wide scope as possible to the contest for this prize on the annual field day, it is offered to all the classes. The class winning the largest number of events to hold the trophy for one year, and any class which shall be able to hold it for three years becomes its permanent owner. It goes without saying, that the incentive of such a prize gave a tremendous impulse to the contestants in the

events of April 16th. Under the enthusiastic direction of the Physical Director the condition of the men was fine, and many of them made superior records. The proud winners of the cup this season was the Class of '99, under the splendid leadership of A. A. McFadyen. Thus again the Junior Class has the privilege of counting April 16th, 1898, one of its red letter days, as it places this trophy alongside the Alumni cup, the possession of which they stand ready to dispute in honorable contest with any and all comers.





COLLEGE FOOT-BALL TEAM

YONAN

RANKIN

SPENCE

BALL, Manager

McFADYEN

SMITH, S. C.

McNELLY

BROWN

SHAW

STEELE, J. A., Captain

HINES

McCONNELL

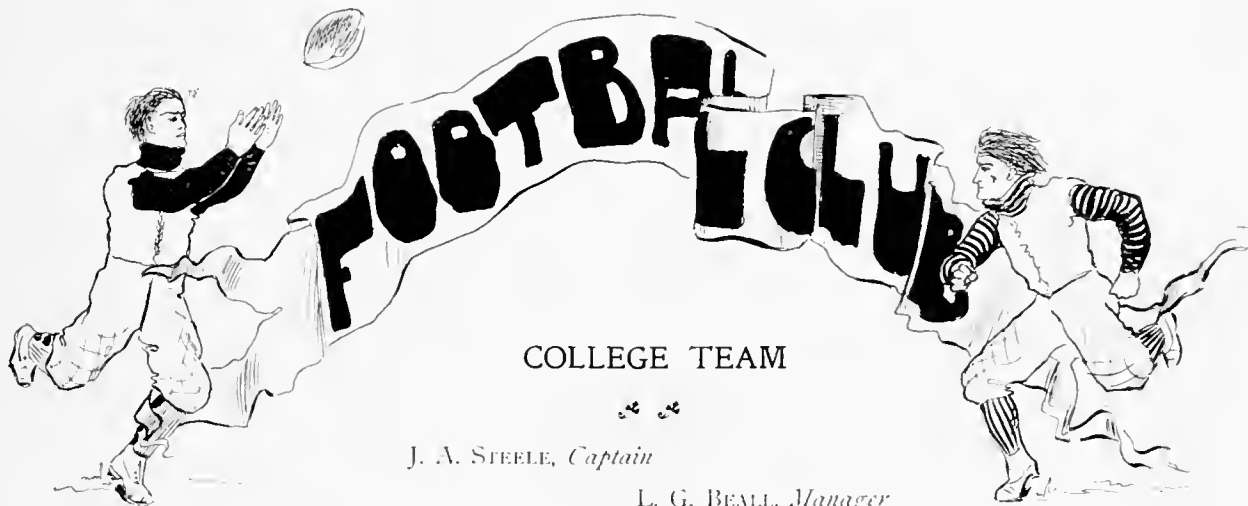
WILSON

HARRISON

SMITH, H. G.

FITZPATRICK

STELLE, R. S.



STEELE, J. A.
172 lbs.

YONAN
174 lbs.

McFADYEN
171 lbs.

SPENCE
163 lbs.

RANKIN
190 lbs.

SMITH, S. C.
171 lbs.

NETTLES
149 lbs.

WILSON
134 lbs.

BROWN, H. P.
160 lbs.

McNEELY
182 lbs.

SMITH, H. G.
146 lbs.

Substitutes

McCONNELL
SHAW

HARRISON
STEELE, R. S.

HINES
FITZPATRICK



COLLEGE BASEBALL TEAM

CURRIE	HOBBS	WALKER	CARR, Manager	SHAW	FERGUSON
HINES	ALLISON	SMITH, H. G., Captain	WALKINS	H. WITT	
DEALL	DAE	SMITH, R	CHEDESTER	FITZPATRICK	



BASE · BALL



COLLEGE TEAM

HINES

HEWITT

CURRIE

SMITH, H. G.

BEALL

WALKINS, W. T.

WALKER

FITZPATRICK

ALLISON

SUBSTITUTES



FERGUSON

SHAW

DYE

H. G. SMITH, *Captain*

SUBSTITUTES



HOBBS

SMITH, R.

CHEDESTER

C. T. CARR, *Manager*



COLLEGE TRACK TEAM

SMITH, H. G. HEWITT STEELE, R. S. WALKINS FARRIS, Manager HINES FERGUSON REID, W. B. REID, F. L.
 McCONNELL HARRISON STEELE, J. A. CALDWELL DYE ALLISON
 WALKER ALLEN CALDER, Captain FITZPATRICK BEALL

College Track Team



J. W. CALDER, *Captain.*

J. L. FARRIES, *Manager.*

McCONNELL

DYE

STEELE, R. S.

HINES

HEWITT

ALLEN

BEALL

WALKER

STEELE, J. A.

ALLISON

FITZPATRICK

FERGUSON

CALDWELL

SMITH, H. G.

WATKINS

CALDER

HARRISON

REDD, W. B.

REDD, F. L.



J. W. CALDER, *Director*

Gymnasium Leaders' Corps

J. L. FARRIS, '99, *Captain*

T. T. ALLISON, '00

R. M. FITZPATRICK, '00

C. G. ROSE, '00

S. B. SHERARD, '00

J. M. JENNINGS, '00

REID SMITH, '01

W. P. CHEDESTER, '01

O. J. HUIE, '01

THE GYMNASIUM



Not the least interesting feature of Davidson, nor the least profitable, is the opportunity offered to her students for physical culture. The gymnasium, a large and commodious room, perfectly ventilated, occupying the entire first floor of the Y. M. C. A. building, affords a practically unlimited supply of air, light and space for gymnastic exercises. Exercise in the gymnasium has never been compulsory, yet the classes have been well attended, and of late they have grown very large, some days nearly half the students in College attend. A large number of these, before beginning serious work, acting under the advice of the Director, underwent a thorough physical examination, early in January.

The measurements of the different parts of the body were outlined on charts, and thus the subject was shown the parts of his body below normal development; and special exercises both corrective and recreative were prescribed. A

second measurement and examination will be made at the end of the Spring term.

In February an indoor test was held, consisting of fancy marching, calisthenics, ward drill, and apparatus work. Fifty-two men entered, and taken as a whole the work done was of a very high order; a number of contestants who made high scores were appointed to serve as a leaders' corps, to assist the Director in managing the class squads.

The inauguration of basket-ball, a few years ago, aroused a high spirit of enthusiasm for the game, and although the ball and baskets had long since succumbed to the wear and tear of hard fought battles, the spirit of the game still survived. A new outfit being placed at the beginning of this term proved to be a signal for fresh enthusiasm, and not a few of the old players distinguished themselves. Next year the new men will have more experience, and many fine games will probably be played.



LAKE WILEY



1899 CLASS FOOT-BALL TEAM

TYSON	BOYD	McQUEEN, Manager	SMITH, S. C.	MCKELHAN
SHAW	MCPADYEN	McCONNELL, Captain	SMITH, H. G.	
BAKER	BLAIR	HARRISON	HAWLEY	STOKES



1900 CLASS BASEBALL TEAM

CLEY
WALSH
HUMPHREYS

WATKINS
ALLISON
HOBBS

SID RARD, Manager
HEWITT
DYL

RANKIN
MCKAI

THOMASON
FITZPATRICK



JUNIOR FOOT-BALL TEAM



J. M. McCONNELL, *Captain*

TEAM		WEIGHT
McKEETHAN, . . .	L. E. . .	147
SMITH, S. C., . . .	L. T. . .	171
STOKES, . . .	L. G. . .	177
HAWLEY, . . .	C. . .	152
BOYD, . . .	R. G. . .	185
SHAW, . . .	R. T. . .	162

J. A. McQUEEN, *Manager*

TEAM		WEIGHT
TYSON, . . .	R. E. . .	171
HARRISON, . . .	Q. B. . .	149
McCONNELL, . . .	L. H. B. . .	156
McFADVEN, . . .	R. H. B. . .	171
SMITH, H. G., . . .	F. B. . .	146

Substitutes

BAKER

BEALL

TURNER



BASEBALL



Sophomore Class Team

Champion Baseball Team of Davidson College

S. B. SHERARD, *Manager*

HOBBS, Pitcher

ALLISON, Third Base

HUMPHREYS (sub.), Catcher

WALSH (sub.), Short Stop

HEWITT, First Base

DYE, Left Field

WATKINS, Second Base

FILZPATRICK, Center Field

McRAE, Right Field

Substitutes

CERY

THOMASON

RANKIN



OFFICERS

G. W. LEYBURN, *President*

J. W. CALDER, *Vice-President*

M. FETZER, *Secretary and Treasurer*

Members

CALDER

ROSE

NEWELL

KING

CALDWELL

LEYBURN

ARNOLD

LAW

UNDERWOOD

REID, W. B.

FITZER

HINES

REID, F. L.

WILSON

Honorary Members

DR. SMITH

DR. GREY

PROF. DOUGLAS

DR. MUNROE

DR. MARTIN

PROF. ROWL

T. H. SPENCE



GUN CLUB

J. McA. McSWAIN, *President*

D. H. ARNOLD, *Vice-President*

R. H. DYE, *Secretary and Treasurer*

Members

KING	DYE	WALKER	WILSON	VARNER
BEALL	STEWART	SANTORD, R. B.	HARRISON	SMITH, H. G.
McSWAIN	ARNOLD	WOODSIDE	OSBORNE	McQUEEN

Honorary Member

MALCOLM RUMPLE



BOXING CLUB

J. A. STEELE, *President*

“TUBBY” WATKINS, Bucket Carrier
 “CHINE” GOODMAN, Sponge Holder
 “FARMER” SHOME, Floor Sander
 “WALLY” PERRY, Court Plaster Manipulator
 “WOOLY PUSS” Time Keeper

SHAW	DUNN, T. J.	McLAUGHLIN	YONAN	CLEGG
BAKER	BEALL	VARNER	OATES	STOKES
WOODSIDE	HAWLEY	McQUEEN	ROGERS	WILSON



BASKET BALL TEAM

J. W. CALDER, *Leader*

FARRIES	HUMPHREYS	McFADYEN
FITZPATRICK	SHERFESEE	ALLEN
HUE	REID, F. L.	REID, W. B.
McCLINTOCK	CHEDESTER	MORTON




SINGLE STICK CLUB

S. H. HINES, *President*

McSWAIN	HARRISON	RANKIN
CALDER	SMITH, H. G.	McCONNELL
FARRIES	NEWELL	FITZPATRICK

Practice every Saturday night.

TENNIS ASSOCIATION



SETS

"Les Seigneurs"

Ferguson
Shoaf
Goodman
Sanford

"The Stouts"

Oates
McSwain
Watkins, T. H.
Wilson

"The Juniors"

McFadyen
McConnell
McQueen
Ward

"S. J. E."

Munroe
Walker
Currie
Law

"K. S."

Watkins
Dye
Fitzpatrick
Smith, R.

"Heavy Sweaters"

Steele, J. A.
Perry
Beall
Smith, H. G.

"The Deuce"

Brown, H. P.
Hewitt
Douglas
Harrison

"Sophs"

Rankin
Thomason
Walsh
Robinson

"Editorial"

Farriss
Lyon
Woodside
Calder

"Sky-Scrapers"

Kelly
McMurray
Morton
Hoffman

"K. A."

Hall
Stevenson
Faucette
Osborne

"Fresh"

Chedester
Underwood
Wharton
McClintock



W. A. FERGUSON, *President*

R. L. DOUGLAS, *Vice-President*

W. M. WALSH, *Secretary and Treasurer*

FOOT-BALL TERMS.





DAVIDSON COLLEGE TWO-STEP.

Composed by CLAUDIUS TATE CARR, '98.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of four systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 2/4. The first system begins with a forte (*ff*) dynamic and includes a first ending marked with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The second system starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and includes a section marked "2nd time Str." (second time strain). The third system continues the piece with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The fourth system concludes with a "FINE" marking and includes dynamic instructions for the left hand (*L. H. p*) and right hand (*R. H. f*).

DAVIDSON COLLEGE TWO-STEP.

The image displays a musical score for a two-step dance, titled "DAVIDSON COLLEGE TWO-STEP." The score is arranged in four systems, each consisting of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The music is primarily composed of chords and simple melodic lines. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a series of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. The second system continues this pattern, with some melodic movement in the right hand. The third system features more complex chordal textures and some melodic flourishes. The fourth system concludes the piece with a final chord and a double bar line, with the initials "D.S." written at the end of the bass staff.



GLEE, MANDOLIN AND GUITAR CLUB

DEALI
HELPER
DYE

HAWLEY
SANFORD R. B.

CARR
ROSS
HINES

MCCONNELL

WALSH
MCSWAIN
SANFORD, E. C.



Glee Club

C. T. CARR, *Leader*

J. M. MacSWAIN S. H. HINES J. M. McCONNELL R. B. SANFORD
F. M. HAWLEY L. G. BEALL W. M. WALSH

Mandolin and Guitar Club

R. B. SANFORD, *Leader*

J. R. ROSS R. E. HELPER E. C. SANFORD J. M. McSWAIN
S. H. HINES R. DYE

J. M. MacSWAIN, *Business Manager*



GYMNASIUM

Y.M.C.A. ROOMS



AUDITORIUM



Y.M.C.A. HALL



READING ROOM



PARLOR

Y. M. C. A. ORGANIZATION



President, F. C. BARTH

Secretary, J. M. MCCONNELL

Vice-President, W. A. FERGUSON

Treasurer, T. F. HANLY

COMMITTEES

Membership

J. M. MCCONNELL, Chairman

W. M. WALSH

H. H. CASSADA

Devotional

S. C. SMITH, Chairman

J. M. MCCONNELL

F. M. HAWLEY

Lookout

T. F. HANLY, Chairman

F. B. RANKIN

W. M. WALSH

Property

O. J. HULL, Chairman

F. B. RANKIN

H. M. ASKEW

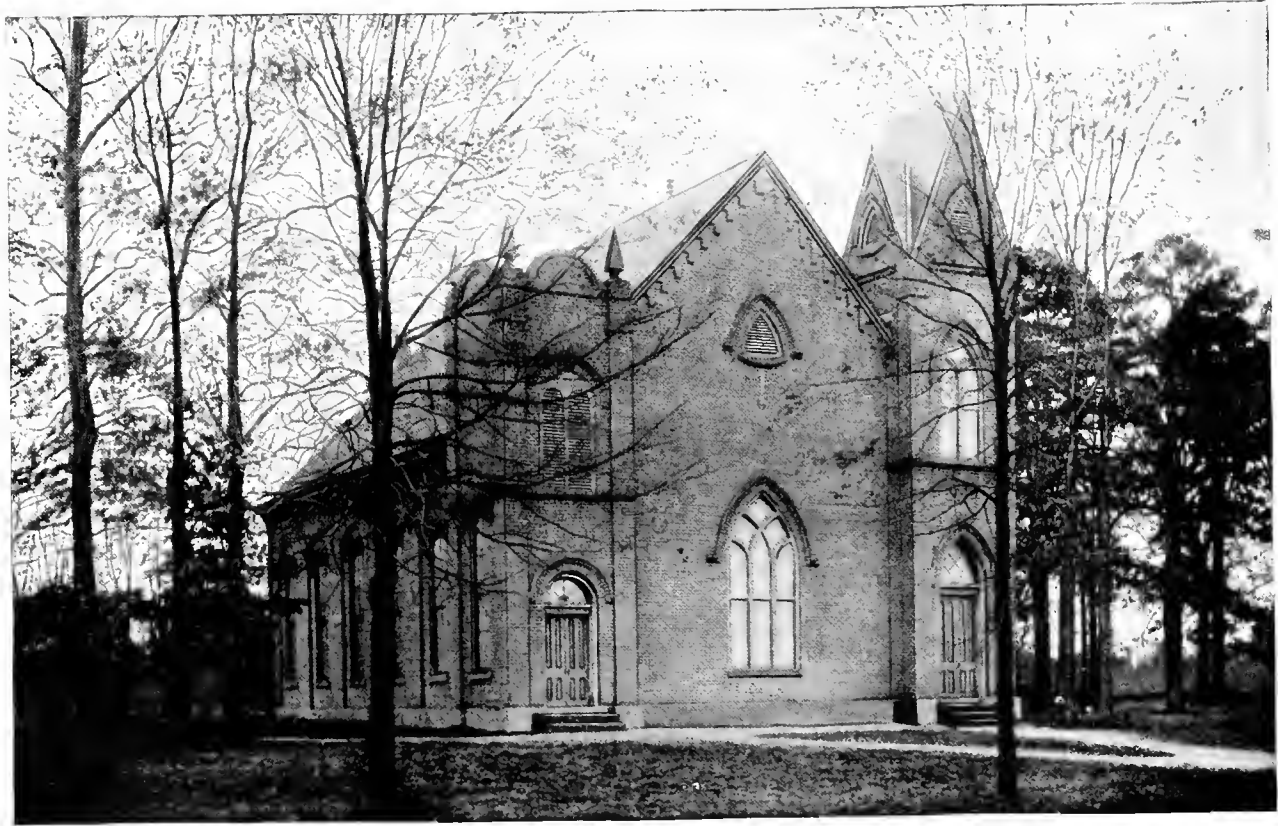
Cabinet

F. C. BARTH, Chairman

W. A. FERGUSON

J. M. MCCONNELL

T. F. HANLY



DAVIDSON COLLEGE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH



REV. ALFRED THRUSTON GRAHAM

THE writer has seldom had a pleasanter work to perform than the writing of this little sketch of one who holds so warm a place in the heart of every student connected with Davidson

College during the past half-dozen years. His greatest fear is, not that he may say too much, but that in the space allotted him, he may fall so far short of giving a true expression of his own feelings and

the feelings of the others who have known and loved Mr. Graham, for he deeply realizes that at best his

“Words are only words, and moved
Upon the topmost froth of thought.”

Mr. Graham is a Virginian by birth, having entered this little world in the old town of Winchester on the fourth of June, 1858. He graduated at Hampden-Sidney College, Virginia, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1879, and after teaching one year, entered the Union Seminary at Hampden-Sidney, Virginia. From there he graduated in 1883, and following in his father's footsteps, together with two of his four brothers, entered the ministry of the Presbyterian Church.

His first pastorate was at Rockville, Maryland, where he remained until 1891, coming thence to his present charge at Davidson. Here he has remained continuously since. By his marriage on November 16, 1886, was established a bond additional to that of pastor, uniting him to the College, as Mrs. Graham *nec* Isabelle Irwin, of Charlotte, N. C., a niece of “Stonewall” Jackson, is the grand-daughter of Dr. Robert Hall Morrison, the first President of Davidson College.

Since his stay at Davidson Mr. Graham has proved himself much more than merely a preacher and pastor to the College boys. He has made a steady effort to inspire in them a confidence and regard that will lead them to look upon him as one

who feels a sincere interest in all that concerns them. The better to come into touch with them he has largely identified himself with every phase of student life, literary, oratorical, social and athletic, and his success in this effort has been extraordinary.

Scarcely anything occurs on the campus at which his presence is not sought and expected. Every class banquet has a chair and toast for him; he is sought as umpire or judge in all the athletic contests; he finds a place on the committee in every forensic bout, and there is no class entertainment or presentation of prizes and medals at which he is not requested to officiate in some capacity.

Mr. Graham is in short, the student's friend and counsellor in all phases of college life, whether in health or sickness, merry-making or trouble, joy or sorrow. Whatever may be wrong every man on the campus knows that there is a warm, welcome and true friend awaiting him in the manse study.

It is a great work that Mr. Graham is doing on the campus, and no one has ever done more to make religion attractive to a body of young men. He has established for himself a secure place within the inner heart of all who know him, and one of the fairest and most lasting memories that a Davidson student carries with him from College into the world is the memory of our little minister.



TOASTS

TOASTMASTER, J. M. MCCONNELL

WELCOME
 ADDRESS .
 THE LADIES
 ADDRESS
 THE FACULTY
 ATHLETICS .
 DORMITORY LIFE
 OUR FUTURE
 NINETY-NINE

. T. F. HANEY
 DR. J. B. SHEARER
 . . . S. A. ROBINSON
 DR. J. P. MUNROE
 . . . J. L. FARRIS
 A. A. MCFADYEN
 W. C. HARRISON
 . . . F. M. HAWLEY
 REV. A. T. GRAHAM

INFORMAL TOASTS

COMMITTEE

H. G. SMITH, CHAIRMAN
 S. A. ROBINSON . . . I. G. BEALL
 S. C. SMITH . . . H. S. MUNROE

TOASTS

TOASTMASTER, W. M. WALSH

BREAKING OF THE HOME TIES
 BREAKING OF THE SHELLS
 AD ASTRA PER ASPERA
 FROM AN UNDER-THE-THUMB STAND POINT . . J. MCJENNINGS
 ECHOES FROM THE SACRED REALM
 THE JOYS OF SLUMBER
 OUR SWIFTER MOMENTS
 THE FATAL CHARGE
 A GNAWED CHESTNUT
 ADDRESS
 NINETEEN HUNDRED .
 ADDRESS

W. E. HILL
 JOHN HALL
 E. S. MORTON
 J. MCJENNINGS
 F. B. RANKIN
 S. GEO. MOORE
 T. T. ALLISON
 JNO. G. LAW
 CHAS. M. BROWN
 PROF. JNO. L. DOUGLAS
 REV. A. T. GRAHAM
 DR. J. P. MUNROE

INFORMAL TOASTS

COMMITTEE

F. B. RANKIN, CHAIRMAN
 T. T. ALLISON . . . C. M. BROWN
 E. H. HUMPHREYS . . . W. T. WATKINS . . . R. M. FITZPATRICK

JUNIOR SPEAKING

J. L. FARRIES '93

Speakers and Subjects

Monday, February 21, 8 P. M.

MUSIC

- R. S. ABERNETHY, Lincolnton, N. C. A National Peril
 D. H. H. ARNOLD, San Diego, Cal., 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

MUSIC

- 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

MUSIC

Tuesday, February 22, 10.30 A. M.

MUSIC

- F. M. 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

MUSIC

- 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

MUSIC

Tuesday, February 22, 8 P. M.

MUSIC

- S. A. ROBINSON, Gastonia, N. C.,
 The Causes of the Reformation
 W. S. ROYSTER, Tarboro, N. C.
 Journalism and Public Opinion
 D. P. SILAW, 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

MUSIC

- 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

MUSIC



Speakers and Subjects

Friday, April 8, 8 P. M.

MUSIC

- H. V. ALLEN, Raleigh, N. C.
 Government Ownership of the Nicaragua Canal
 F. C. BARTH, Atlanta, Ga. Influence
 C. T. CARR, Rose Hill, N. C. . The Divine Hand in History
 W. A. FERGUSON, Bladenboro, N. C. . . . The Eye Single
 S. M. GOODMAN, Mooresville, N. C.
 The Influence of History upon Civilization

MUSIC

- S. H. HINES, Milton, N. C. . . . The Relation of Art to Life
 R. A. LOVE, Gastonia, N. C. . . . The Conservative Spirit
 J. M. MCKINNON, Laurinburg, N. C.
 Independence of Judgment
 J. McA. McSWAIN, Wade, N. C.
 Scotch Influence on American History
 W. G. PERRY, Charlotte, N. C., The Lights on the Altar Stairs

MUSIC

Saturday, April 9, 8 P. M.

MUSIC

- J. R. ROSS, Charlotte, N. C. Jingoism
 R. B. SANFORD, Mocksville, N. C. Grant and Lee
 R. A. SHERFESSE, Rock Hill, S. C. The Iconoclast
 ALSTON SHOAF, Mill Bridge, N. C. French Justice
 J. A. STEELE, Mooresville, N. C.
 Huguenot Influence on American History

MUSIC

- R. S. STEELE, Lafayette, Ga.
 Chivalry: Its Origin and Influence
 T. H. WATKINS, Henderson, N. C. . The American College
 H. W. WILSON, Charlotte, N. C. . . . Anglo-Americanism
 J. H. WITHERSPOON, Yorkville, S. C.
 Who is Responsible?
 J. D. WOODSIDE, Greenville, S. C.
 Unwritten, but not Forgotten

MUSIC



A SOUTHERN GIRL



HER eyes
Would match the Southern skies,
Where Southern skies are bluest ;
Though bright
With beauty's wondrous light,
Yet are her eyes the truest.

Her hair
Is like a golden snare,
To trap some hapless fellow ;
Sun beams
Are mingled in its gleams—
Beware its meshes yellow !

Her laugh,
As light as wind-blown chaff,
Bursts forth full glad and ringing,
As brooks
Run bubbling through the nooks,
Where throbs the wild-bird's singing.

Her mouth,
Warm glowing as the South,
Bright rows of pearls discloses ;
Her cheeks,
Where modest beauty speaks,
Wear only Southern roses.

Her heart
Will always take its part
Where Southern hearts are purest ;
Her love
Is like to that above,
The noblest and the surest.

Such youth !
Too well I know, forsooth,
How my poor heart is laden
With sighs
Engendered by the eyes
Of one fair Southern maiden.

SHAKSPERE CLUB

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Dates and Subjects

October 25. Shakspeare's Life and Times—
C. T. Carr.

November 16. The Sonnets and Lyrical Poems
of Shakspeare—*H. S. Munroe.*

December 6. The Evolution of Shakspeare's
Dramatic Work—*J. D. Woodside.*

January 17. "Nemesis" in Shakspeare's Plays—
J. M. McSwain

February 7. Shakspeare's Heroines—*H. G. Smith.*

February 28. The Bacon-Shakspeare Controversy—
J. L. Faries.

March 14. The Early Comedies—*R. B. Sanford.*

March 28. The Historical Plays—*J. M. McConnell.*

April 11. The Great Tragedies—*T. H. Watkins.*

April 25. The Romantic Plays—*H. W. Wilson.*

May 9. To What Extent Shakspeare's Work is
Subjective—*W. G. Perry.*



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DEAL, *Le très Rouge*
HEWITT, *Bien Rouge*

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JOHNSTON, *Der Längste*
NEWELL, *Der Längere*
DOUGLAS, *Der Sehr Lange*

DIE LANGENUGEN

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Rules and Regulations

- I. The table cloth is intended for neither a towel nor a handkerchief.
- II. Do not eat your soup with a knife.
- III. Always wear your sweaters to meals—you might soil your shirt.
- IV. Do not use the table-spoons for tooth-picks.
- V. Wash you hands at least once a week.
- VI. Do not spill molasses in your neighbor's chair—it costs 15 cents per gallon.
- VII. If you find anything unappetizing in your food, make no remarks, and swallow it very quietly.
- VIII. Always wear your coat at meals—have regard for the feelings of others.
- IX. Never make remarks on the quality of the beefsteak—it is a pure waste of energy.
- X. Remove your hat in the presence of the eggs—always be respectful to old age.
- XI. No strong drinks allowed—nothing permitted in the dining hall stronger than the butter.

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OUR ECCENTRIC EXQUISITES



"All men are either fools or liars, and the fools are the better of the two."

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MEMBERS.	HOBBY.	MEMBERS.	HOBBY.
Woodside,	The Shekels	Dr. Shearer,	Bon Mots
Morton,	Puns	Askew,	The Ladies
McFadyen,	Smiles	Reid, W. B.,	Blowing his face
Eaves,	Ego	Dr. Martin,	Post-Bell-um Addresses
Perry,	Whistling	Witherspoon,	English Wit
Humphreys,	"Fiddling"	Stokes,	Lip
Moore,	Rest	Hawley,	Ecclesiastical Solemnity
Carr,	Babies	Dr. Douglas,	Breaking up Freshmen's play-houses
Dr. Harding,	Boils	Sanford, E. C.,	" <i>Whoa</i> Buck!"
Farries,	Schemes	Haney,	Impromptu Oratory
Ferguson,	Wiles	McLaughlin,	Political Economy
Dr. Smith,	Hyperboles	Dr. Harrison,	Brevity
Ward,	Blow	Smith, J. T.,	"Limber-grit"
Sanford, R. B.,	"My Girl"	Beall,	Cachinnation
Shaw,	Sleep	Prof. Rowe,	Impressing the Preps.
Shoaf,	"Francais"	Oates,	Baby Elephants
Harrison,	Bluff	Underwood,	His Simian Ancestry
Dr. Grey,	Loquacity (?)	Stevenson, M. D.,	The Ballet
Smith, H. G.,	Math.		



DAVIDSON COLLEGE OLD CHAPEL.

A PAGE FROM OUR

	ALIAS	AGE	VOCATION	HOBBY	AMBITION
Allen . . .	"Sleepy"	A recent product	Mixing drinks	Reactions	To grow electric currents
Barth . . .	"Father"	Recorded only on the Rosetta Stone	Secretary to "His Nibs"	Orating to Lake Wiley, à la Demosthenes	To be a Populist Senator
Carr . . .	"Mary"	Carr(i)age	Managing the official organ	Amusing the young	To sing "tootsy wootsy"
Ferguson . . .	"Parson"	Archean	Shrouded in mystery	"Oxygen"	To tell Old Puss's jokes to the heathen
Goodman . . .	"Chinaman"	Bronze	Smoking cheroots	Making <i>bon-mots</i>	To run a Chinese laundry
Hines . . .	"Remarkable"	à la mode	Oratorical instructions to Juniors	Working his jaw	To control the supply of natural gas
McSwain . . .	"Fatty"	Persillage	Tooting his horn	Making schemes	To become President of the United States
Perry . . .	"Wallie"	Modern	Fertilizing his voice	Writing p-o-e-t-r-y	To get to prayers on time
Ross . . .	"Charlie"	Up-to-date	Working the growler	Bird hunting	To be chief-marshal
Sanford . . .	"Sandy"	Coeur-age	Swearing off from cigarettes	Pressing his suit	To run a female academy
Sherfeseec . . .	"Shirt-sleeves"	Mess-age	Reading Laura Jean Libbey	Cracking chestnuts	To be generally popular
Shoaf . . .	"Little Creature"	Young and tender	Raising onions	Mud pies	To sell his face
Steele, J. A. . . .	"Old Hoss"	Iron age	Making morn hideous	Chasing the pig-skin	To fight Injuns
Steele, R. S. . . .	"Black Bob"	Carboniferous	Chewing his cud	Henry Louis's Star Course	An unknown quantity
Wilson . . .	"Runt"	Crib(b)age	Crying over spilt milk	Senior Chemistry	To join the artillery
Witherspoon . . .	"Beck"	Ante-deluvian	Making a collection of grass seeds	Playing Kitten	To succeed Ward McAllister
Watkins . . .	"Tubby"	Mass-age	Entertaining Dickie	"Alcestus," Hinds and Noble stock	Early marriage and a full quiver
Woodside . . .	"Jerry"	Uncertain	Bluffing the Faculty	Paper dolls	\$ \$ \$ \$

STAR CATALOGUE

PERSONAL PECULIARITIES	FAVORITE DRINK	FAVORITE SONG	CAUSE OF DEATH	ST. PETER'S GREETING
Fumes of H ₂ S	C ₂ H ₄ O	"Baby Mine"	Slipped his trolley	"Enter: you took Senior Chemistry without swearing"
Tragic Wit	Beck	"Die Wacht am Rhein"	Fungus growth on the face	"Come in, and leave your whiskers outside"
Maternal Instincts	Kettle tea	"Mama take me by the hand"	Broke his voice	"Pass on to the roof-garden"
Anti-fat	"Don't like to say"	"Nobody knows the trouble I know"	Betrayed Innocence	"Sorry: but you wouldn't laugh at Old Puss' jokes"
Rubber-neck	Old Corn	"It's all right, but its awkward"	Lost his cue	"No go"
Macrocephalous	Coca-Cola	"Lo, the conquering hero comes"	Cephalic explosion	"At last your merits will be appreciated"
"Piddling"	"No preference"	"Blessed Assurance"	Simply running out of breath Caused this man's untimely death	"Museum two doors below"
Somewhat of a long fellow	"Noch ein"	"I cannot sing the old songs"	Writer's Cramp	"Hang up your voice and come in"
Wheels in his head	Bromo-Seltzer	"Coming thro' the Rye"	Superfluity of energy	"No loafers allowed"
Unmentionable	Milk of Human Kindness	"Nobody knows how mean I am"	Always simple glad and gay He simply smiled himself away	"Sonny, you've missed your bearings, this isn't the Central Hotel"
Gush	Radway's Ready Relief	"How can I forget thee"	Broke his shins against his wit	"This Shericsee?—Unph!!!!"
Boston manners	Creme de Menthe	"Down on the Farm"	Wet feet	"You don't work that false face on me"
Run to feet	Red Lemonade	"How firm a foundation"	Roasted on the gridiron	"Keep off the grass"
Wouldn't tell it if we knew "A jolly round face and a little round belly, That shakes when he laughs like a bowl full of jelly"	Pot liquor	"When he's just about to fall"	Overdose of knowledge	"I don't wonder at the mistake; both places begin with H—"
"Marvellous things without number"	Sterilized Milk	"She didn't do a thing to him"	Buckwheat cakes	"Welcome—A little ham goes a long way"
Quantity not quality	Pierian Spring	"Oft in the Stilly Night"	Mid-night oil	"Present your syllabus and enter"
Smooth	Brown Stout	"They tell us we don't, but we do"	Broke his neck in the "Bald-headed row"	"Come in and get your Jew's-harp"
	Castoria	"I'm o'er young to marry yet"	Old age	"This is the wrong road to the Klondike"

HER TIRED LIFE

(For Quips and Cranks '98.)

Poor tired feet—I love the dewy hill on which they trod
Ere the Autumn wind had changed its flower'd hue ;
I love the summit of that hill where the budding violets waved,
And washed her feet with their sweet morning dew.

Poor tired hands—I love the grassy mound from which they pluck'd
The little daisies, so innocent and fair ;
I love that mound, for it's just like the one beneath which rest
Those sweet still hands, now free from earthly care.

Poor tired eyes—I love the sun-beam's hue on which they gazed,
As it scatter'd its golden rays across her way ;
I love its hue, for there I find the gentle light of hope,
That will guide me unto her, some sweet day.

Poor tired heart—I love the shrine from which it gather'd peace,
And the love that bore its gentle burden long ;
I love that shrine, for from its sacred altar came the love
That swelled her breast to hope, and lips to song.

Poor tired life—I love the very atmosphere it breathed
In the midst of disappointment deep and sore ;
I love that atmosphere, and therein I shall abide in peace,
Loving her tired life forever more.

J. GORDON COUGLER.

A MEMORY



In the quiet depths of the great dark wood,
'Mong the mosses of softest green,
Where the aged oak and the elm tree stood,
And the violet bloomed unseen,
A restless rivulet rippled by,
And sang its quiet melody.

One day I strayed by the murmuring stream
With a fair little hand in mine,
Then into my heart broke Love's bright beam,
Like the glorious spring sunshine ;
There was joy below and peace above,
And all the world was filled with love.

All quiet now is the voice of the stream,
And another voice as well.
Time blighted the hopes of my childish dream,
And shattered Love's mystic spell.
Ah me ! How the weary years go by,
And I would that again a child were I.

LONG JOHN'S NEW TROUSERS



His friends were uneasy about "Long-John." For a week or more he had been very restless, and his appetite had failed entirely. The doctor shook his head ominously and muttered "Fever." The old ladies smiled significantly and whispered "Love." "Long-John" alone was not uneasy. He knew what the trouble was. He had suffered before. For some time the truth had been slowly taking possession of him. His trousers were almost gone; he must have a new pair. That's what made "Long-John" restless and sick. Buying a pair of pants is a matter of small concern to most men. With "Long-John" it is different.

So one day, when the nervous strain had become unbearable, "Long-John" set his teeth, sat down on his wheel and rode into Charlotte. He made for the most prominent clothing store, and walking boldly in with a frown on his face, as if he anticipated what was coming, said:

"I wish to look at some trousers."

"Um—m! Ahem! For yourself?" inquired the clerk, anxiously.

"No, for my bicycle," snapped "Long-John," savagely.

The clerk saw his mistake, and said apologetically, "I beg pardon, but we have none longer than fifty inches in stock, and—"

"Fifty inches!" roared "Long-John." "I said *trousers*; when I want Knickerbockers I will ask for them."

"But you see," expostulated the clerk, "you are so very tall that—"

"Tall," yelled "Long-John;" "what does that matter? Is that any reason why I shouldn't wear pants?" and thoroughly disgusted at the clerk's stupidity, he turned on his heel and stalked out into the street.

As "Long-John" walked along, looking down at the signs above the doors, he was presently attracted by the words "Merchant Tailor" on a

window opposite. Hurrying across the street, and to the amazement of passersby, unconsciously stepping over a street-car on his way, he entered the shop and asked "How soon could you make me a pair of trousers?"

"Have to measure you up first," replied the tailor.

"Well, hurry up," said "Long-John," impatiently.

"Here boy," shouted the tailor to his assistant; "run around the corner to B's and fetch me his scaling ladder and surveyor's chain."

"Aren't you going to take my measure?" queried "Long-John."

"I have just sent for the necessary apparatus," replied the tailor placidly.

"Cotangents and Secants!" screamed "Long-John." "What do you take me for?"

The mathematical terms in his customer's oath seemed to suggest something to the tailor, for, pushing "Long-John" into a seat, and telling him to wait a moment, he hurriedly left the store.

In a few minutes he returned, accompanied by a man, whom "Long-John" instantly recognized as Professor Project, a distinguished astronomer and physicist. This gentleman approached our hero and began blandly:

"Professor Long-John, the tailor tells me that you wish a pair of trousers, and that he is in somewhat of a difficulty about the measure. Now, if you will kindly stand so that your shadow shall fall across the street, I can use that as a base, and ascertaining the angle between the hypotenuse and base with the help of my instruments, I guarantee to give the measure required in just one minute and forty seconds *precisely*."

This was too much. With a howl of mortification and rage, "Long-John" made a bound for the door. In the intensity of his feeling he forgot to bow his head, and his forehead came in violent contact with the door-facing. It is said that he was found an hour afterwards by Dr. Munroe wandering in a dazed fashion about the streets with the blood pouring from his wound. The "Doctor" took him in tow and brought him home, and as the result of this unpleasant experience it is rumored that he is now seriously considering the idea of following the example of that famous

"Hindoo,
Who do just like his kin do,
Who sticks to his cast
From first until last,
And for trousers—well, just makes his skin do."





THE GIRL IN THE GAINSBOROUGH HAT



READ of a bard in the olden time,
Who captured his love with his mellow rime,
But I, poor chump, knew nothing of time
And rhythm, and all of that.
But at last I conceived a most beautiful scheme—
I would masticate poetry ream after ream,
Till the greatest of poets to her I would seem,—
To the girl in the Gainsborough hat.

So I hastened direct to the book-seller's store,
And bought a collection of poets galore—
Rossetti, Theocritus, Virgil, and Moore,
And Omar Khayam's Rubaiyat.
Then homeward I went with the books I had bought,
And reveled in seas of poetical thought,
Till my bosom with love's purest gems was o'er fraught,
For the girl in the Gainsborough hat.

One evening, at length, in the fair month of May,
I poured out my love in a soft little lay,
And decided to stake all my joy on one play,
As under the roses we sat.
I at first got along just as well as could be,
Then—heavens! Each stanza, each word, seemed to flee,
And all I could say was, "I love you;" and she—
Well what she replied concerns no one but me,
And the girl in the Gainsborough hat.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS



Why I am not Conceited; by C. T. C - - r:
A work of rare merit, clear and conclusive. After even a cursory perusal any unbiased reader must be convinced of the utter impossibility and lack of foundation for such conceit. *Sold at all news stands.*

Soap, as I have Found it; by A. Sh - - f:
A book of the hour; strong, concise even to brevity, and full of surprises. *A copy presented at Schofield's with every cake of Uncle Sam's Tar Soap.*

Economy and Tobacco; by J. R. R - - s:
A long-desired book clearly disproving the old claim of the expensiveness of the "tobacco habit," showing how with a minimum expense a man may enjoy the luxuries of smoking. *Sold only by subscription.*

Three Weeks in Politics; by A. M. McL - - - h - - n:
A justly famous monograph on the "boss" and "machine" question. The book contains also a short treatise on "How to Win a Society Election." *Edition de Luxe, price, 10 cents.*

The Art of Entertaining; by R. A. Sh - - - - s - - :
A rare work of pure fiction, interspersed with charming autobiographical sketches. After reading it one feels that the author has his subject well in hand. *R. A. Bohre & Sons, Publishers.*

How to Keep Fresh; by T. J. D - - n:
A tender plaintive little juvenile pastoral, that covers the reader's cheeks with bellows of brine, and raises a lump like a base-ball in his throat. *Hinds & Noble, Publishers.*

Twenty-five Ways of Emptying a Beer Bottle; by W. C. H - - - - - n:
A *Poe*-tic rhapsody of intoxicating loveliness, containing many pleasing suggestions of the great Duck Timmons. *A. B. Keaving Co., Publishers.*

How to Become Beautiful; by J. H - - l:
A collection of forty-nine prescriptions and recipes used and proved by the writer. *A copy with each bottle of "Titian Hair Fluid."*

What am I—An Unsolved Problem; by C. L. R - g - - s:
A deep philosophical study following the wierd, speculative school of philosophy. Recommended especially to all lovers of the sublime and the beautiful. *P. F. Barnum & Co., Publishers.*

A Study of Natural Gas; by E. H. H - - ph - - - s:
A thorough discussion of an important economic subject, fully detailing the origin, uses, and possibilities of this great factor in our commercial and domestic life. *The author will peddle his own book.*



One of the prominent features of a modern, liberal education.
(With apologies to C. D. Gibson.)

OUR BACTERIOLOGIST

THERE is a man in our town
And germs he simply burns ;
He keeps them in his pockets,
In test-tubes and in urns.

He has some germs of this kind,
And has some germs of that ;
He feeds them up on gelatine,
Until they all get fat.

He has some typhoid fever germs,
And mumps and measles too ;
And has he germs of small-pox ?
Why sure, he has a few.

He bought them of Dick Harding
For fifty cents cash down ;
Dick stole them from a nigger
Who chanced to pass our town.

So if at any time you wish
To catch a dread disease,
Why come right around and see this freak
He'll fix you up with ease.

And he has germs of broken legs,
Of coughs and colds galore ;
Also some germs of stomach-ache,
And goodness knows what more !



VIEW OF QUADRANGLE

THREE MYSTERIES



BEYOND the utmost bound of human thought,
There lies the measureless abyss of space,
Where from the formless, God in silence wrought
Each system wheeling in its flaming trace.
Beneath the ceaseless surging of the waves,
A wondrous, weird, enchanted realm is spread,
Where uncouth monsters dwell in ambient caves,
O'er which rare gems their mystic glories shed.

Beneath the noisy tumult of the world,
There dwells the mystery of human life,
Where hopes and fears and doubts chaotic hurled,
Within man's heart wage silent, awful strife.
Unknown, unknowable, since time began,
The greatest mystery is the heart of man.

NIGHTFALL



THE rugged hills are wrapped in shadows dim,
Soft falls the lingering light upon the stream
From out the fading West. The night draws near,
Breaking upon the stillness now we hear
The low of kine, and catbird's distant call.
All mellowed in the evening air they fall,
Blending their music with the river's song
That in melodious murmurs moves along.
Above the hill top hangs the evening star
A beacon light that softly glows afar.
O Lord, so let the night of death descend
Upon my little day! Let the lights blend,
Mellow earth's sounds, and while my dying eyes
Gaze on the fading light in evening skies,
So let night softly fall. Eternal hope thus shine,
And may I rest and wake to life divine!

O. H.



THE BEE



ADOWN the fragrant meadow land,
A golden bee once flew,
And drank the honey from the cup
Of each fair flower that grew ;
Yet as he sped on burnished wing,
And kissed the blossoms rare,
He only sipped the honey up ;
The poison left he there.

Ah, that I might thy lesson learn,
Thou dainty-winged wight !
That I might learn to choose between
The evil and the right ;
And when upon the world's broad fields
Life's flow'rs I chance to find,
That I may only sip the sweet ;
The bitter leave behind.

EXAMINATION PAPERS



Astronomy Examination

1. Calculate by determining his annual parallax, the distance of a Senior from his diploma, when he has Fresh. and Soph. Greek to make up and only two weeks to make it in.
2. The Milky Way being quoted at 10 cents per quart, how far is it to the cow-pen.
3. Give the Albedo of "Harry" Louis' forehead.
4. Calculate the density of the average Freshman by the equation $\left(\frac{M}{S}\right)^3 = D$.
5. Discuss in paragraphs, under properly numbered heads, the motions of "Skew" in walking.

Examination in Senior Chemistry

1. Starting with "blockade" whiskey, describe the method of making a "jag" by the Cyanide process. Write the reactions.
2. Write the graphical formula for boarding-house hash.
3. Give "Long John's" method of precipitating Fresh.
4. How many litres of $\frac{N}{10}$ Solⁿ Kerosene must be burned in getting up a lesson in Chemistry?
5. How would you extract the Glue from Glucose?
6. Make a quantitative analysis of the average Sophomore's gall.

N. B. You will be allowed four years to work out this analysis.
7. Write the reaction between "Daddy" Rogers and H₂O (Give color of ppt.).

Junior Physics Examination

1. Discuss the difference in potential between 69 and 70
2. Discuss the attraction and repulsion between Askew and the ladies.
3. Give reasons for Goodman's resemblance to his x-ray photograph.
4. How many ergs of energy does it require to overcome the inertia of the average student at 7.30 A. M. ?
5. Calculate the time which will elapse before the College has electric lights.

History Review

Discuss in full :

1. The history of the Universe from the Creation to the blowing of Gabriel's trumpet.
2. The governments of the worlds, giving some of the chief rulers under each form of government.
3. Five thousand of the world's greatest men from the time of Adam to that of Dr. Shearer.
4. The form of government at Davidson College, with the origin, development, purposes, possibilities, characteristics, and probable destiny of the institution.
5. Anything also that you may have heard of, thought of, or dreamed of, at any time, at any place, or on any subject whatsoever.

NOTE—Make your answers concise, and finish within the hour allowed.

Fresh. Bible Examination

1. Where was Moses when the light went out ?
 2. Describe the part taken by Lannie in the siege of the Old Chapel and the rout of Butts.
 3. Locate Shearer's Chapel, Solomon's Temple (Coleman).
 4. Who were the Googooites, the Yumyums and the Mugwumps ?
 5. Explain in detail, using diagram, the point in the Adam's rib joke.
- Freshmen must write the entire hour—3 is given for the last.
- Pledge.

Dr. Martins' New "Pledge"

I pledge my best honor as a gentleman that I have not received any aid, help, assistance, or support, directly or indirectly, written, spoken, thought of or winked at, but also that I have not given by any word, sign, wink, nod or signalling by handkerchief,

lead pencil, or motion of any kind, any aid, assistance, help, or support to anyone or everyone, or each and all individually and collectively in the room, and during this examination, S'elp me !

(Signed)

A. DEW. N10R.



ODE TO THE ODIUS EXERCISES

The Plaînt of a Sophomore

When from the pen of Dr. Grey
Our Latin books do come this way,
Like some scarred heroes of the fray,
Who nobly fought, yet lost the day.

What grief to us they then afford,
When on them twenty marks are scored,
And, ah ! How we are then assured,
"The pen is mightier than the sword."



STATISTICS



In securing the accompanying statistics of the student body at Davidson College, printed questions were furnished to each student with the request that he answer them accurately and conscientiously. On the whole, these directions seem to have been followed, though there were some slight errors owing to misunderstanding, as in

the case of several Freshmen, who gave their vote to a certain upper-classman as the most versatile student because of his capacity for verse making.

The general statistics are very accurate; in the personal statistics are doubtless some errors due to judgment—of this, however, let the reader decide:

AGE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	SIZE OF SHOE	SIZE OF HAT	SIZE OF COLLAR	HOURS SPENT IN STUDY, DAILY.	NO. OF PRAYERS MISSED PER MONTH	NO. OF BOOKS READ THIS YEAR
26	6'2"	200	10	7 ⁵ / ₈	17	10	12	60
25	6'1"	180	9.5	7 ¹ / ₂	16 ¹ / ₂	9	10	40
24	6'0"	165	9	7 ³ / ₈	16	8 ¹ / ₂	9	35
23	5'11.5"	160	8.5	7 ¹ / ₄	15 ¹ / ₂	8	8	30
22	5'11"	155	8	7 ¹ / ₃	15	7 ¹ / ₂	7	25
21	5'10.5"	146	7.5	7	14 ¹ / ₂	7	6	20
20	5'10"	145	7	6 ⁷ / ₈	14	6 ¹ / ₂	5	18
19	5'9"	140	6.5	6 ³ / ₄	13 ¹ / ₂	6	4	16
18	5'8"	135	6			5 ¹ / ₂	3	10
17	5'6 ¹ / ₂ "	139	5			5	2	8
16	5'4"	120	4			4	1	6
15	5'2"	111	3.5			2	0	1

Dotted line is the Medical Department.

Black line is the Academic Department.

Academic Department

Color of Eyes—Brown, 36% ; Grey, 33% ; Blue, 26% ; Black, Green, Hazel, scattering.

Color of Hair—Brown, 45% ; Black, 34% ; Red, 13% ; Golden, 1% .

Favorite Game—Tennis, 30% ; Base Ball, 28% ; Foot Ball, 22% ; Poker, Whist, Basket Ball, and "Seven Up," scattering.

Favorite Study—Nearly every study was mentioned ; the highest five (5) are in the order named, Math., Physics, Chemistry, English, and French.

Most Boring Study—Almost all were mentioned ; the highest five (5) are, in the order named, English, Greek, Latin, Math., Chemistry.

Favorite Style of Literature—The Novel, 60% ; The Romance, 20% ; History, Poetry, Classics, Biography, etc., scattering.

Smoke (?)—Yes, 43% ; No, 57%

Drink Intoxicants (?)—Yes, 30% ; No, 70% .

Chew (?)—Yes, 25% ; No, 75% .

Use Profanity (?)—Yes, 32% ; No, 68% .

Wear Glasses (?)—Yes, 15% ; No, 85% .

Yearly Expenses—\$80 to \$400.

Ugliest Man—Shoaf, 30% ; Stokes, 25% ; Askew, 20% ; McLauchlin, 15% ; Rogers, 10% .

Biggest Liar—T. J. Dunn, 62% ; Humphreys, 17% ; McSwain, 13% .

Heaviest Eater—White, at Alexander's ; Foster, at Stirewalt Club ; Dye, at Stewart Inn ; Rankin, at Neil's. Underwood and Huie (tied), at Student's House.

Most Conceited Man—Humphreys, 40% ; Dye, 20% ; Faucette, 18% ; Eaves, 17% ; Perry, 5% .

Greatest Bore—Morton, 42% ; Humphreys, 16% ; Sherfesee, 15% ; Dunn, T. J., 11% .

Cheekiest Man—McSwain, 32% ; Foster, 30% ; Osborne, 20% ; Humphreys, 12% ; Perry, 6% .

Laziest Man—Shaw, 40% ; Moore, 30% ; Hewitt, 13% ; Watkins, W. T., 12% ; Dunn, T. J., 5% .

Most Popular Man—McConnell, 40% ; Woodside, 30% ; Walsh, 15% ; Smith, H. G., 10% ; Beall, 5% .

Most Influential Man—Woodside, 60% ; McConnell, 35% ; Walsh, 3% ; Beall, 2% .

Most Intellectual Man—Perry, 90% ; McSwain, 5% ; McConnell, 5% .

Best Man Morally—Walsh, 65% ; Barth, 15% ; McConnell, 13% ; McFadyen, 7% .

Best All-around Athlete—Fitzpatrick, 50% ; Calder, 32% ; Smith, H. G., 12% ; Steele, J. A., 6% .

Best Foot-Ball Player—Smith, H. G., 43% ; Steele, J. A., 20% ; McNeely, 17% ; Brown, H. P., 10% ; Yonan, 10% .

Biggest Lady Killer—Askew, 45% ; Carr, 25% ; Law, 12% ; Sherard, 10% ; Sanford, R. B., 8% .

Hardest Student—Witherspoon, 40% ; Hoffman, 30% ; Hand, 14% ; Walsh, 10% ; McConnell, 6% .

Handsomest Man—Smith, H. G., 64% ; Ross, 16% ; Woodside, 12% ; Farries, 8% .

Best Writer—Perry, 85% ; McConnell, 5% ; Walsh, 5% ; Witherspoon, 5% .

Medical Department

Color of Eyes—Blue, 45% ; Brown, 43% ; Black, 11% ; Green, 1% .

Color of Hair—Black, 60% ; Brown, 28% ; Red, 12% .

Favorite Games—Foot-Ball, 45% ; Whist, 25% ; Base-ball, 20% ; Poker, 10% .

Favorite Study—Practice, 30% ; Physiology, 25% ; Obstetrics, 22½% ; Anatomy, 22½% .

Favorite Style of Literature—Fiction, 66⅔% ; History, 16⅔% ; Biography, Essay, etc., scattering.

Smoke (?)—Yes, 45% ; No, 55% .

Drink Intoxicants (?)—Yes, 33% ; No, 67% ;

Chew (?)—Yes, 29% ; No, 71% .

Swear (?)—Yes, 50% ; No, 50% .

Wear Glasses (?)—Yes, 25% ; No, 75% .

Most Boring Study—Histology, 50% ; Anatomy, 27% ; Materia Medica, 23% .

Ugliest Man—Jones, 40% ; Wilson, 40% ; Flippin, 10% ; Flower, 10% .

Biggest Liar—Simpson, 66% ; Boyd, 20% ; Wilson, 7% ; Burrus, 7% .

Heaviest Eater—Boyd, 40% ; Flippin, 25% ; Wilson, 17½% ; Rankin, 17½% .

Most Conceited Man—Bost, 40% ; Rankin, 35% ; Simpson, 12½% ; McMillan, 12½% .

Greatest Bore—Simpson, 60% ; Brown, 25% ; McMillan, 15% .

Cheekiest Man—Burrus, 50% ; Flowe, 25% ; McMillan, 25% .

Laziest Man—King, 35%; Simpson, 35%;
Walkup, 30%.

Hardest Student—"Buck" Jones, 50%; Moore,
33½%; Rankin, 16⅔%.

Best Writer—Lyon, 45%; Stevens, 20%; Faust,
17½%; Duncan, 17⅓%.

Biggest Lady Killer—Flowe, 60%; Simpson,
25%; Burrus, 15%.

Handsome Man—McKethan, 40%; Lyon,
30%; Tyson, 15%; Moore, 7½%; Leak,
7½%.

Most Popular Man—Moore, 65%; Boyd, 15%;
Wilson, 10%; Flowe, 10%.

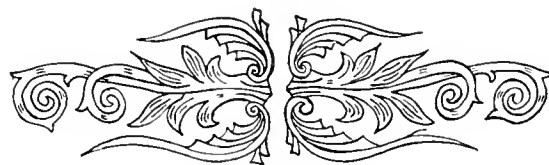
Most Influential Man—Moore, 75%; Jackman,
15%; Boyd, 10%.

Most Intellectual Man—Lyon, 75%; Moore,
25%.

Best Man Morally—Jackman, 65%; Moore,
20%; Maxwell, 15%.

Best All-around Athlete—McKethan, 66%;
Tyson, 16%; Lyon, 8%; Leak, 8%.

Best Foot-Ball Player—Tyson, 60%; McKe-
than, 20%; Leak, 10%; Boyd, 10%.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS



MAUD—I agree with you. It is certainly very bad form to kiss a gentleman while he is eating soup.

H. W. W.—You should always begin your letter, “My dear Miss Jones.”

R. E. MORSE—No, “Belle of Carolina,” is not the brand of a mineral water.

LILY MAID—I think it hardly probable that H. G. Smith wrote, “The Tale of a Tub.”

CLIO—You are correct, “Mary” Carr’s voice is not as bad as it sounds.

H. VALEX—I must commend your modest action; it was very rude of the young lady to desire to play with your moustache in public.

WHILIE—Do not mind a little thing like that; when a woman looses a bull-dog on you, it is only an interesting way of carrying on a tender flirtation.

CO-ED—No, the name “Old Puss” has no reference to kittenish propensities.

OLD HENRY—No, “Alec” is not a member of the Faculty. The mistake doubtless occurred from seeing him constantly carrying what from a distance you mistook for a basket.

E. C. S.—No, I would not advise you to get into the habit of chuckling young ladies under the chin.

FRESH.—You must conform to the customs of your community. Here, at College, when the President sends you his card, it is customary to call at once.

R. B. S.—Certainly. That Dr. Smith should so continually make a point to disagree with you on Geology, clearly indicates that he does so only from a desire to appear eccentric.

GEORGE—Oh no, George, you are mistaken if you think that the editors of Quips and Cranks do any work. They simply recline on luxurious couches while the students flood the floor with MSS.

ARTHUR—No, Arthur, we do not pretend to know by what means Muldrow got his pull in the Phi ; but genius will tell, you know.

BELINDA—We cannot give you the exact directions for curling your hair like Mr. Hines. Try curl papers and vaseline.

W. W.—It is not exactly known which of the old Doctor's legs is cork—there is a tradition afloat that it is the left.

P. D. Q.—No : we do not think Mr. Huie is conceited. The boys do not properly appreciate his greatness ; that is all.

FRESH. McLEOD—We do not recommend singing teachers ; but we suggest that you first run your voice through a threshing machine, to get the kinks out of it.

FRESHMAN—No, you are wrong. The name Major Bean, does not mean a very large bean ; in this case it is a rather small one. The term "Major" is here, as our President's D. D., a purely honorary degree.



JOHN PETER'S MEDICAL COLLEGE

JOHN Peter keeps a college
In this here famous town ;
He keeps it for the Medicos,
And does his courses *Brown*.

The roof thereof did never *Leak*
For that is made of *Slate*,
And water wont *Flow* through it, so
It's just right up-to-date.

He has a small and charming zoo,
Where he keeps his only *Lyon* ;
You know he's called the *King* of beasts—
Now really that sounds fine.

But then he has a *Campbell*,
And counts his "*Bucks*" by twos ;
And then he has a little "*Kid*,"
Who never pays his dues.

And goodness only knows what freaks
John Peter keeps in store ;
He has all those I named above,
And half a dozen *Moore*.

He has a coon to *Washum*
But it takes too *Long* to tell,
So just *Walkup* and see them,
For I hear my dinner *Bell*.

PERSONAL EQUATIONS



"I, to myself, am dearer than a friend."—*Eaves*, 1901.

"There is probably no hell for authors in the next world."—*Perry*, '98.

"Night after night
He sat, and blurred his eyes with books."—*Witherspoon*, '98.
"For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale."—*Long*, 1900.

"These are the times that try men's souls."—*Examination Days*.

"I am resolved to grow fat and look young till forty."—*MacSwain*, '98.

"A little, round, fat, oily man of God."—*T. H. Watkin*, '98.

"I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently penned, I have taken great pains to con it."—*Hines*, '98.

"How like a river—largest at the mouth."—*Harrison*, '99.

"Very good orators, when they are out they will spit."—*Dr. Shearer*.

"Bring me no more reports."—*Those who flunk*."

"Oh God defend me how am I beset;
What kind of catechising call you this?"
—*History Exam*.

"A steam
Of rich distilled perfumes."
—*Junior Chemistry Laboratory*.

"And his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble land at harvest home."
—*Rogers*, 1900.

"My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls."—*M. McBryde*, 1901.

"The heathen Chinee is peculiar."—*Goodman*, '98.

"A politician; one that would circumvent the gods."—*McLauchlin*, '99.

"Tried and found vaunting."—*Jennings*, 1900.

"The power behind the thrown."—*The Faculty*.

"I came, I saw, I conquered."—*Huic*, 1901.

"Grant that the old Adam in these persons may be so buried that the new man may be raised up in them."—*The Phi Machine*.

"We have such hope, we use great plainness of speech."—*The Board of Editors*.

"As the crackling of thorns under a pot so is the laughter of a fool."—*Sherfesse*, '98.

"The sleep of a laboring man is sweet."—*Dr. Martin*.

"Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain."—*Stokes*, '99.

"Wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason."—*Humphreys*, 1900.

"Put a knife to thy throat if thou be given to appetite."—*Foster*, 1901.

"Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing."—*McLeod*, 1901.

"He that hath knowledge spareth his words."—*Dr. Grey*.

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."—*McFadyen*, '99.

"I am fearfully and wonderfully made."—*Moore*, 1900.

"Spreading himself like a green bay tree."—*Watkins*, '98.

"It may be said that his wit shines at the expense of his memory."—*Morton*, 1900.


"My salad days when I was green in judgment."—*The Fresh*.

"I am the very pink of courtesy."—*Lata*, 1900.

"A gentleman that loves to hear himself talk."—*Hall*, 1900.

"Thou art too thin and bare to hide offences."—*Oats*, 1901.

"He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading ;
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not,
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer."
—*Dr. Smith*.

"So wise, so young they say do never live long."— *McKENNOL* '98

"Framed in the prodigality of nature."—*Fétzer*, 1901.

"How lush and lusty the grass looks! How green!"—"Buck" *Jones*, *Med*.

"I care for nobody; no, not I."—"Kid" *McMillan*, *Med*.

"As merry as the day is long."—*Burrus*, *Med*.

"There's mischief in the man."—"Buck," *Med*.

"He must needs go that the devil drives."—*Boyd*, *Med*.

"Most glorious night, thou wert not sent for slumber."—*Tyson and McNeil*, *Med*.

"A strange invisible perfume meets the sense."—*Dissecting Hall*.

"Thy chin, the springing beard began
To spread a doubtful down, and promise man."
—*Rankin, Med.*

"Many a crown covers bald foreheads."—
"Baldy" Jones, Med.

"None but himself can be his parallel."—
Smith, Med.

"He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day."
—*Capt. Bosl's Foot-ball Team.*

"The bore is usually considered a harmless
creature."—*Simpson, Med.*

"I am sure care is an enemy to life."—*McRac
Med.*

"And so we grew up together."—*Walkup and
Rankin, Med.*

"Coming events cast their shadows before."—
State Board.

"Love is blind and lovers cannot see
The petty follies they themselves commit."
—*Campbell, Med.*

"A delusion, a mockery, and a snare."—*His-
tology.*

"The bed has become a place of luxury for
me."—*Brown, Med.*

"Begone, dull care, I prithee begone from me ;
Begone, dull care, thou and I shall never agree."
—*King, Med.*

"I am not in the race of common men."
—*Thomas, Med.*

"He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went for want of thought."
—*Watson, Med.*

"Shut up in measureless contest."—*Walkup,
Med.*

"Beautiful in form and feature."—*McKethan,
Med.*

"Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined and
unknown."—*"Stiffs."*

"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."
—*"Bunk" Harris, Med.*

"Hear ye not the hum of mighty workings?"—
Moore, Med.

"Nay, but make haste."—*Flore, Med.*

"The sagacious reader who is capable of read-
ing between these lines what does not stand written
in them, but is nevertheless implied, will be able to
form some conception."





MARSHALS

WILHERSPOON

BROWN

MCSWAIN

STEVENSON

ALLISON

CALENDAR



- September 9th. College opens. Fresh. "to burn," only they'll have to be kiln dried.
- September 13th. Fresh. reception. Mark Stevenson tells one of Davidson's belles that he likes her, she reminds him so much of his Ma. Morton asks the young lady he goes out with if her Ma raises chickens.
- September 16th. Fresh. have a meeting and decide to change the management of the College.
- September 18th. Buck Jones (Med.) wants to buy a gallon of "sody water" to send home.
- September 20th. Dr. Munroe gives the Meds. a reception, "Kid McMillan" head waiter.
- September 23d. Sophs. beat the Fresh. at baseball. Fresh. no good. First time it ever happened.
- September 31st. Faculty gives the foot-ball team permission to play two game off the hill. Dates October 32d and November 31st.
- October 1st. Athletic Association elects Baxter Manager of Foot-ball team. Team elects "Jim" Steele Captain.
- October 4th. Class Foot-ball teams commence to practice.
- October 5th. Been raining a week.
- October 6th. Dr. Shearer prays for rain.
- October 13th. Dr. Shearer gets off that good old "rib" joke on Fresh. Bible.
- October 15th. Baldy Jones, (Med.) discourses on the bachterion portion of the occipital bone.
- October 4th. Holiday to go to "Bay rum" springs. Meds. bring back all the bay (?) rum inside them.
- October 18th. Jackman, (Med.) lectures on the Chinese, Goodman very much interested.
- October 20th. Meds. organize Foot-ball team and play the Fresh. Score 18 to 0 in favor of Meds.

- October 21st. Meds. play Sophs. and disband. Quit keeping score after it got 40 to 0 in favor of Sophs.
- October 25th. Fresh o Seniors 22, foot-ball.
- October 28th. "Tommy"—"Mr. McSwain who was Roger Bacon."—McS—"He was a man who wrote essays which are still considered good reading."
- November 1st. Sophs. o Juniors 6, foot-ball.
- November 4th. "Wooly" smiled on Junior French. Class in consternation.
- November 8th. Seniors 12 Juniors 6, foot-ball.
- November 10th. Nobody "sick" on Fresh. Bible. Dr. Shearer goes home and gets his umbrella, rain certain after such an occurrence.
- Nov. 13th. Sophs. 18 Seniors 0, foot-ball.
- November 20th. Charlotte comes over for a practice game in foot-ball. They need it. Score, Davidson 14 Charlotte 6.
- November 25th. Thanksgiving. Students thankful for holiday. Seniors turn out in caps and gowns. Mrs. Dr. Martin gives visiting young ladies a reception that night.
- November 28th. Boyd, (Med.) gets "fired" from the Abernethy Inn.
- November 30th. Dickie does'nt have "sight reading" on Junior German. Cause, supposedly small-pox scare.
- December 1st. Annual Board organized. Perry Editor-in-Chief.
- December 2d. "Harry Louis" forgets to say "precisely and exactly" on Junior Physics. No cause known. Such a thing never happened before and there's no analogy to reason from.
- December 3-10. Nothing happens, everybody too busy getting ready for "exams."
- December 10th. Examination begins.
- December 13th. "Long John" returns from Charlotte with a black eye.
- December 14th. He proceeds to seek revenge on the Fresh.—throws half the class.
- December 18th. Senior Chemistry examination. "Nuff said."
- December 23d. Christmas holidays begin.
- December 27th. "Mulligan Guards" organize. Farries Commander-in Chief, MacSwain Drum Major.
- December 28-31. Dress parade every morning at 10 o'clock.
- December 31st. "Feiertag Club" organizes and gives a New Year's ball in the Y. M. C. A. Nobody dances.

- January 4th. College re-opens. Everbody gets vaccinated.
- January 10th. Mrs. Grey gives a reception in honor of Senior class.
- January 17th. "Moonlight, music, love, and flowers" at Dr. Munroe's.
- January 20th. MacSwain had nothing to say !!!
- January 25th. Morton got so interested in small-pox scare that he forgot to sing "Hot Times in the Old Town."
- January 30th. Prof. Douglas goes to Blackstocks to see his dentist.
- February 2d. Dr. Harding quarantined on account of small-pox.
- February 8th. Perry too hoarse to sing. Thanksgiving service on the Campus.
- February 11th. Prof. Pool and singing class render a "Cantaty."
- February 13th. Dr. Martin at his old tricks. Goes to Salisbury and stays three days.
- February 14th. Lecture—"A Country Parson Abroad," by Dr. Thornwell.
- February 19th. Soph. Banquet.
- February 22d. Junior Speaking. "Kid" Smith puts on a shirt and collar.
- February 24th. Holiday—Day of prayer for Schools and Colleges.
- February 25th. Reception at Dr. Munroe's.
- February 28th. Reception at Dr. Harding's.
- February 29th. Morton didn't "get off" a single pun the whole day.
- March 3rd. Sherfescce makes his first appearance in the costume of a Ballet girl.
- March 5th. First piece of Annual MSS. comes in amid great rejoicing.
- March 10th. A connection formed in Dr. Harding's room between Greek and Grease.
- March 13th. Fresh. Math. Black-boards turn green.
- March 14th. Room rented in which to store superfluous Annual MSS.
- March 18th. Dr. Harrison waxes complimentary to Senior English Class.
- March 20th. John Oates loses three pounds.—Finder can "keep the change."
- March 28th. Election of Magazine Editors. Phi. Society machine "slips a cog."
- April 1st. Hot times on the campus about 9.30 P. M. Junior Banquet same night.
- April 6th. Oates '01 found on second landing trying to find his way into the Library.

April 8th and 9th. Senior Speaking. Long John gone to Presbytery at Blackstocks.

April 16th. Field-day. Major Bean lands on the hill high and *dry*.

April 21st. United States sends ultimatum to Spain—terms rejected.

April 22d. Dr. Martin sends ultimatum to Senior Chemistry Class—terms accepted.

April 24th. "Long John" wishes his teeth would get out of fix or that they would have another Presbytery at Blackstocks.

April 26th. Dr. Smith lectures on Mars. Gets back safely on the last boat on May 3d.

April 28th. Soph. and Fresh. play Base-ball. Score—Sophs., 17. Fresh., 3.

April 29th. Sophs. and Fresh. play for the championship of the College in Base-ball. Score—Sophs., 27. Fresh., 11. Sophs. are Champions.

April 30th. Foster volunteers in the Iredell Blues.

April 31st. Senior German class gets off recitation five minutes before time

May 1st. Foster wishes he hadn't.

May 2d. Last of Annual MSS. goes to press.

May 13th. Winthrop College girls over *En masse*. Two and a half girls to every boy on the hill. "Aint it nice?"

May 9th. Final Examinations of Senior Class begin.

May 23d. Final Examinations begin.

June 5th, 11 A. M. Baccalaureate Sermon.

June 5th, 8 P. M. Sermon before Y. M. C. A.

June 6th, 8 P. M. Senior Reception.

June 7th, 11 A. M. Annual Meeting of Trustees.

June 7th, 8 P. M. Re-union of Literary Societies.

June 8th, 11 A. M. Alumni Oration.

June 8th, 6 P. M. Alumni Association Meeting and Banquet.

June 8th, 8 P. M. Anniversary of Literary Societies.

June 9th. Commencement Day.



Owed to Sir Arthur Rutt and the Great Projectoscope



All ye who know the tale of Troy,
And Hector's gallant stand,
Or how Horatius faced alone
The great Etruscan band,
Come hearken while my humble Muse
May sing her simple lay,
Of how great Arthur Rutt did strive
Alone, against three score and five,
Then, as the poet sings, did, "live
To fight another day."

Throughout the town a message went
That filled each heart with hope :
"To-night will Rutt appear with his
Sublime Projectoscope !"
The townsmen and the students,
The simple and the sage,
Came pouring in to see this "great
Invention of the Age."

But Arthur went-down groggy,
The Projectoscope went down,
And all along the student ranks
There grew an awful frown ;
From man to man with winged feet
A loud stage-whisper sped ;
The Juniors all grew pale with fright,
The Freshmen all dropped dead.

Forthwith up rose a Sophomore,
Up rose the students all,
The Seniors girded up their gowns,
And hied them from the hall ;
Each Prof. sped quickly homeward,
Home flew each man and child ;
Each ancient maiden grabbed her beau,
And clung to him and smiled.

Still Rutt wot not of trouble,
He raked the shekels in,
And proudly viewed the glittering spoils,
When hark ! What means that din !
'Twas now no sound of laughter
He heard among his foes ;
A wild and wrathful clamor
From all the campus rose.

I wis in all Rutt's body
There was no spot so bold,
But sore it ached and fast it shook,
For both his feet grew cold.
And now the noise grew louder,
A fearful crash was heard ;
The brick-bats hurtled thick and fast,
And Rutt cried out, "Oh Lord !"

Then "Old Puss" heard the clamour,
And sallied forth in state,
And by his good cork leg he swore
That he'd investigate.
So with his basket at his side
And "Lannie" at his rear,
He went within the chapel door,
And said, "Most deeply I deplore
This grievous and most vile uproar,
But now I'll bring it to a close."
Then loud and long he blew his nose,
And wiped away a tear.

Brave "Lannie" slightly oped the door
And peered out through the crack,
While "Old Puss" shouted, "Let's get out!"
And Arthur cried, "Come back!"
For from without there came a shout
That crushed each lingering hope:
"Come forth, come forth, thou warrior bold,
We do not want the tin you rolled,
We only want to get a hold
On that Projectoscope!"

And still the siege continued,
And still grew old the night,
Until at last great Arthur quoth:
"My noble heart is sadly wroth
That I should linger here in sloth,
I'm itching for a fight."
So wrapt within night's sable folds,
He crept a-down the stair,
And sure had gotten safe away,
But bumped his head, and chanced to say
A simple little swear.

Yet as he spake yet nearer
The sound of strife had come,
And louder still with clamorous swell,
From out the night as dark as — Hades,
Was heard the warlike College yell,
And sulphuretted words most fell,
A trampling and a hum;
And quicker and yet quicker
Quaked Arthur's valiant legs,
As in the gloom, infernal smells
Rose 'mid the crash of bursting shells
Of antiquated eggs.

But who shall sing the wondrous tale
Of all that then was done?
Nor Atalanta, Paul Revere,
Nor any other far or near,
Need ever hope to be the peer
Of Rutt when on a run.
For fiercely ran great Arthur,
Pursued with frightful din,
For loud and wild the foe did cry,
And thick and fast the eggs did fly,
Until at last about to die
He reached the Helper Inn,
Where "Uncle Pink" stretched wide the door
To safely help'er in.

Full many weeks have passed since then,
And Rutt,—ah, where is he?
Yet still his name sounds stirring
Among the men of D.;
And maids still pray to Juno
To send them such a man,
As he who faced his foe so well,
And then so nobly ran.

When in the nights of winter,
A crowd of Sophs are met,
To swap prevarications
And smoke a cigarette,
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Rutt held that Chapel door
In the brave days of old.



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And in such a kid way,
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'Tis sad to tell, I know —
In what he found a dozen salts,
Was naught but H₂ O.



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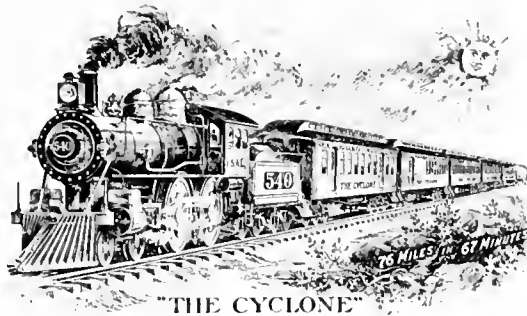
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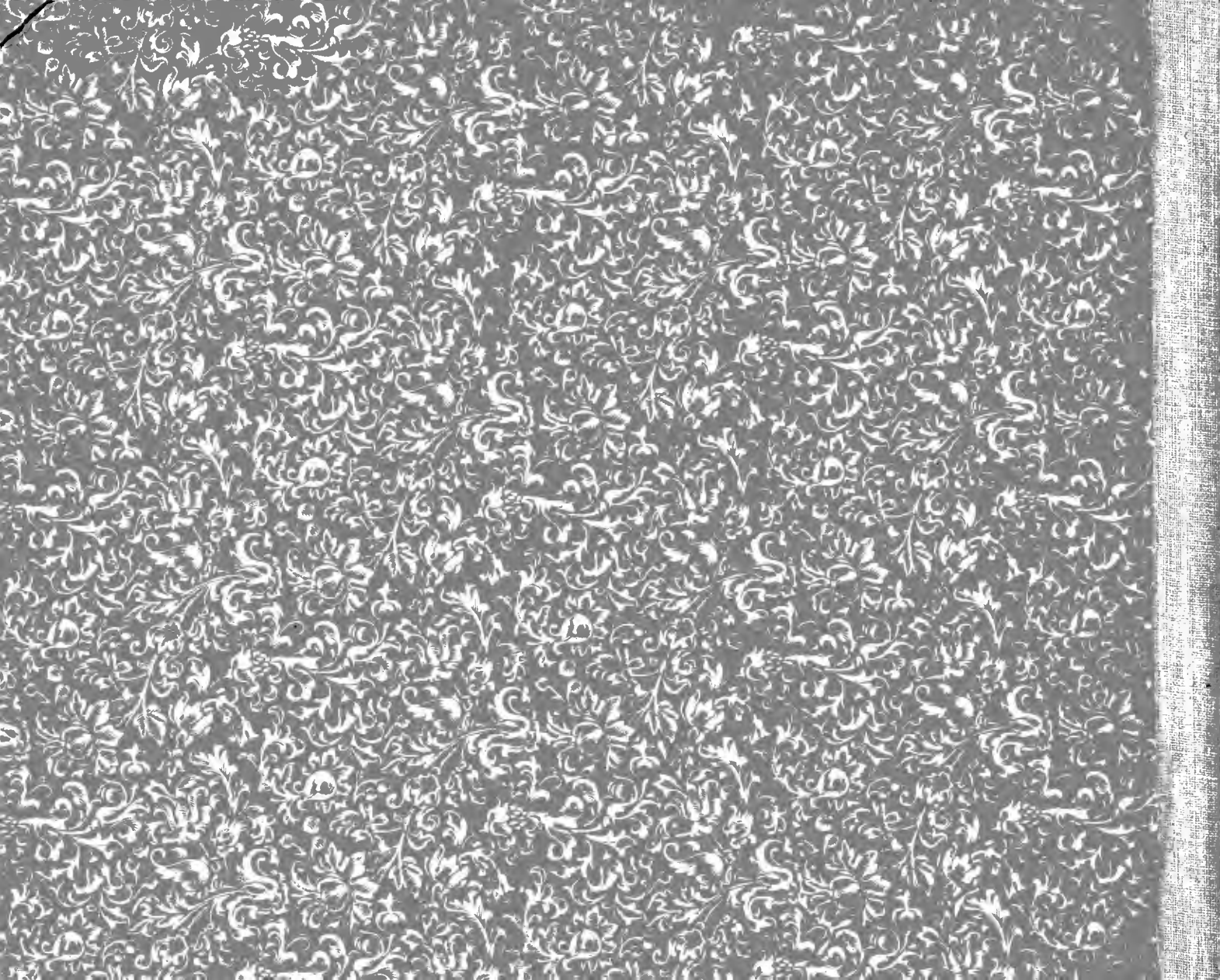
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