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Quips and Cranks

VOLUME EIGHT

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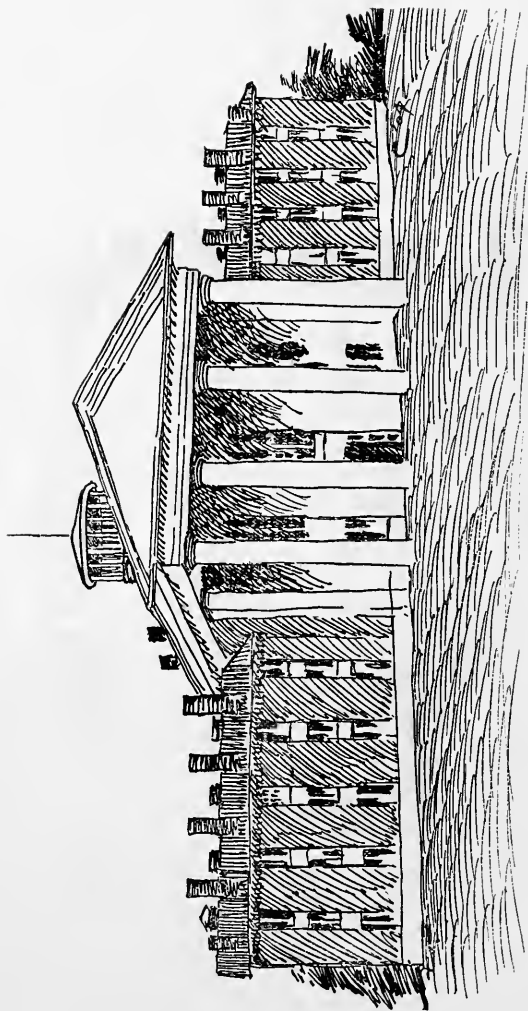
PUBLISHED BY
THE STUDENTS OF DAVIDSON COLLEGE
DAVIDSON :: NORTH CAROLINA

To
Mrs. J. A. Holt
as a token of the
respect and esteem in which she is held
This Volume
is
Respectfully Dedicated

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Q7a
1904

THE BEGINNING





THE CHAMBERS BUILDING

Editorial Note

IN presenting VOL. VIII of "QUIPS AND CRANKS" to the Students, Faculty, Alumni, and friends of Davidson College, we have no apologies to offer. We are well aware of its imperfections, and we easily see how far short of the goal we have fallen. We may not have attained the high ideal we had in view, nor the standard set by our predecessors. Under adverse circumstances and great difficulties, however, we have done our best, and hope that, to those who are initiated into the ways of college life, this volume will appeal strongly, and will unfold to them its deeper meaning.

We offer it, with its faults and all, hoping that our efforts may meet with generous sympathy and may be appreciated as an expression and representation of college life. The grinds and jokes are not meant harshly, but are dealt out impartially. They are meant in simple fun; take them so, and laugh loudest when the joke is on yourself.

Finally, we wish to thank all those friends who have helped us both by word and deed.

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Quips and Cranks, 1904

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Faculty

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

PRESIDENT

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 Bachelor of Arts in 1881, and the Degree of Master of Arts in 1888. Principal of the Selma Academy, at Selma, N. C., from 1881 to 1887. Pursued graduate studies at the University of Virginia in 1886-87, and again in 1890-91. Was awarded the Orator's Medal of the Temperance Union Society in 1887, and the Jefferson Literary Society in 1891, and the Degree of Ph. D. in 1890. Since 1887 Professor at Davidson College, being elected President in 1901.

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

VICE-PRESIDENT AND PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY

Born in 1832 in Appomattox County, Virginia. 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, Virginia. Graduated at Union Theological Seminary in 1858. Minister at Chapel Hill, 1858-62; in Halifax County, Virginia, 1862-70, and Principal of the Chester Springs High School from 1866 to 1870. In 1870 was called to the Presidency of Stewart College, Clarksville, Tennessee. After the re-organization of the College as the Southwestern Presbyterian University, Dr. Shearer held the chair of History and English Literature from 1879 to 1882, and of Biblical Instruction from 1882 to 1888. In the latter year he was elected President of Davidson College and Professor of Biblical Instruction.

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

PROFESSOR OF GREEK AND GERMAN

Dr. Harding was born at Charlotte, N. C., in 1861. 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 1886 he was Professor of Greek at Hampden-Sidney College, Virginia, and between 1886 and 1888 was engaged in teaching at Kenmore High School, Kenmore, Va. Received the Degree of Ph. D. from Johns Hopkins in 1887, and was elected Professor of Greek and German at Davidson in 1889.

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

PROFESSOR OF LATIN AND FRENCH

Was born in Union County, North Carolina, in 1858. 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 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.

THOMAS P. HARRISON, PH. D.

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH

Was born October 11th, 1864, Abbeville, South Carolina. Entered South Carolina Military Academy, at Charleston, 1882; graduated 1886, being one of two honor men in a class of fifty-three members. After graduation was appointed Assistant in English in the above named institution. Resigning his position after three years, he entered Johns Hopkins University in 1888, receiving the University Scholarship in English in 1890, and subsequently was appointed Fellow in English. In June, 1891, he received his Degree of Ph. D., and in the same year studied in Paris and the British Museum. In 1892 he was elected Assistant Professor of English in Clemson College, South Carolina, his rank being afterwards raised to Associate Professor. This position he held until January, 1896, when he was elected Professor of English at Davidson College.

WILLIAM JOSEPH MARTIN, M. D., PH. D., F. C. S.

PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY

Born in Columbus, Tennessee, in the year 1868. He graduated at Davidson College in 1888, standing third in his class. The following year he was Professor of Science at Clinton College, South Carolina. In 1889 he entered the Medical Department of the University of Virginia, where he received the Degree of M. D., and some years later that of Doctor of Philosophy. In 1894 he was elected Fellow of the London Chemical Society. Since 1896 he has held the chair of Chemistry at Davidson College.

JOHN L. DOUGLAS, M. A.

PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS

Born in Winnsboro, South Carolina, in 1864. Entered Davidson College 1884. He withdrew from College at the close of his Sophomore year. He was engaged in teaching until 1892, when he re-entered Davidson, and graduated the following June with highest honors, winning the Debater's Medal. The following October he entered Johns Hopkins University, taking a graduate course in Mathematics, Physics and Chemistry. Completing the Doctor of Philosophy course, with the exception of his thesis, he was elected Professor of Science in Chatham Academy, at Savannah, Georgia. In 1897 he was elected to the chair of Mathematics in Davidson College.

JAMES McDOWELL DOUGLAS, M. A., PH. D.

PROFESSOR OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY

Dr. Douglas was born in Fairfield County, South Carolina, in 1867. He entered Davidson in 1890, and received the Degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1893, being one of the honor men of his class. During the following year he pursued his studies in Mathematics, and in 1894 received the Degree of Master of Arts. The three years after graduation were spent in teaching at the Davidson High School, and as Superintendent of the Gaston Institute, Gastonia, North Carolina. He entered Johns Hopkins University in 1897, graduating in 1901 with the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy. In the same year he was elected to the chair of Natural Philosophy at Davidson College.

ARCHIBALD CURRIE, A. B.

ADJUNCT PROFESSOR IN MATHEMATICS, LATIN AND GREEK

Professor Currie was born at Hillsboro, North Carolina, in 1876. Entered Davidson College in 1893. In 1896 he received the Debater's Medal, and in the following year was graduated with the Degree of Bachelor of Arts. After leaving College he taught one year at Coleman, Texas. From 1898 to 1901 he was Principal of the Davidson High School. In 1901 he was elected to the position of Adjunct Professor of Mathematics, Latin and Greek at Davidson College.

M. E. SENTELLE, A. B., M. A.

PROFESSOR OF BIBLICAL INSTRUCTION

Born in Greenville, Tennessee, in 1874. Studied at Tusculum College, preparatory school, from 1887 to 1890; at King College from 1890 to 1892. Entered Junior Class at Davidson in 1892, and graduated with the Degree of A. B. in 1894, winning the Debater's Medal, Bible Medal, and being the Valedictorian of his class. After graduation taught at the Davidson High School from 1894 to 1896. From 1896 to 1897 he was Professor of Mathematics in King College. From there he went to Harvard, where he studied Experimental Psychology. From 1898 to 1899 studied Philosophy, History and Sociology at Yale. Then studied at Princeton from 1899-1901. After leaving Princeton he preached in Texas, until persuaded by Dr. Shearer to relinquish his work and assist him at Davidson in 1903.

Davidson College

Past, Present and Future

THE same hardy race which gave to the world the first Declaration of American Independence, were not less energetic in their advancement of religion and learning than in their struggle for liberty. The Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, who took up their abode in the Piedmont section of the Carolinas twenty-five years previous to the Revolution, showed their zeal for the cause of Christ by planting in the yet untried country of their adoption numerous churches; and their love of learning was manifested by the establishment of a number of classical academies, the influence of which extended throughout the whole of the up-country. Of these schools the most note-worthy, perhaps, were the Bingham school in Orange county; Dr. Caldwell's well-known school in Guilford; Queen's College, afterward Liberty Hall Academy, in Mecklenburg; and Zion Parnassus in Rowan. The zeal of these sturdy pioneers in establishing institutions of learning for the education of their young, has its most splendid commemoration and, as time has proved, its most enduring monument in Davidson College. The growing importance and influence of this institution furnish us a sufficient warrant for an inquiry into its earlier history.

On March 12, 1835, Concord Presbytery met at Prospect Church in Rowan county, about seven miles from the present site of Davidson College, and decided to establish a manual-labor and training school. When the Presbytery next convened it was announced by the committee appointed for the purpose, consisting of Rev. Robert Hall Morrison and Rev. P. J. Sparrow, that \$30,392 had been contributed by the heroic self-sacrifice and devotion of the churches under the jurisdiction of the three Presbyteries of Concord, Bethel and Morganton. In honor of Gen. William Lee Davidson, who fell at the battle of Cowan's Ford, the new institution was called Davidson College. Four hundred and ninety-two acres of land had been purchased between the Yadkin and Catawba rivers, and on this site the new college was opened to the youth of the South, March 1, 1837, with sixty-six students in attendance. Dr. Morrison was the first President, and Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy; Dr. Sparrow, Professor of Ancient Languages; and Mortimer D. Johnston, of Jefferson College, Pennsylvania, Professor of Mathematics and the

Natural Sciences. With a student-body of sixty-six members, and with three professors in its faculty, Davidson College commenced its career sixty-seven years ago, and from that day to this has never closed its doors. Even in the troublous times of the Civil War it continued its sessions, though its few students were, for the most part, boys too young to defend the cause of the South at the front.

The princely donation of a quarter of a million dollars made to its endowment fund in 1855 by Maxwell Chambers, enabled the College to employ a larger and more efficient corps of instructors and to purchase a more adequate equipment for the laboratories of the Natural Science departments. Like many another of the South's fortunes, the endowment of Davidson College was all but swept away by the ravages of the Civil War. Since the war the institution has had to struggle against poverty, which, for a long time, threatened its very existence; and it has been only by the noble devotion of its constituents that it has been enabled, slowly, to raise its endowment to \$100,000, to expend \$50,000 for laboratories, apparatus, and other improvements, and with this new equipment to carry on its work of training the young men of the South for usefulness in Church and State.

After a look at Davidson's past history, we may be justified in our desire to know in what degree she is measuring up to the high ideals of the past; in what way she is fulfilling her mission of usefulness to the Church and to the section whose zeal for the cause of truth and enlightenment brought her into being. Probably the growing prosperity of the College cannot be better shown than by referring to the numerous improvements which have been made on its campus within the last few years. And just here, and first of all, it is proper to call attention to the work and influence of the College Y. M. C. A., whose building, the first of its kind erected on a Southern campus, contains, in addition to the assembly hall and parlor on the second floor, a gymnasium and bath rooms, which occupy the whole of the lower story. In its gymnasium a number of the students take their exercise, and its bath rooms are used by a large majority of the men in College. As a moral agency on the campus, as one of the religious factors of life at Davidson, and as a training school for Christian workers, the value and influence of the Y. M. C. A. cannot be overated. The Association here is now in a flourishing condition, and promises to fulfill its high mission of usefulness to the work of the College.

Davidson has always boasted of her beautiful campus, unsurpassed by that of any institution in the South. Only those who have had the privilege of seeing for themselves can appreciate the inadequacy of photographs and word descriptions to set forth the beauty of its wide stretches of luxuriant lawns, shaded by magnificent trees, and traversed here and there by well-kept walks leading to and from the

various buildings; and only those who have spent four years under the dear old trees, have worked and dreamed in the rich atmosphere of the old College, can have learned to love its campus as one of the dearest spots on earth for them. But though nature, under man's directing hand, has done so much to make our college home a pleasant one, it has been reserved for recent years to bring about such changes and additions in our buildings as to make them worthy of their beautiful situation. With a view to a better housing for students and equipments, by the beneficence of ex-President J. B. Shearer, the "Old Chapel" was remodeled in 1901; and from a primitive sort of structure was converted into a thoroughly convenient, modern college building, with larger and more comfortable auditorium for chapel exercises and better equipped recitation rooms. In this building is now located the new reading room, which is so far superior to the old one as hardly to bear comparison with it. The new room has been fitted out with the best upholstered chairs, and in other ways made much more comfortable than before. The latest magazines and papers are always to be found on the racks, and these are accessible to the students at all hours of the day. At the same time that the "Old Chapel" was remodeled, a time-honored eye-sore in the shape of a little dormitory building, known as "Tammany," was removed from the campus, and now Elm Row and Oak Row and the two Literary Society halls are the only remains of the College as it stood in 1837.

Probably one of the most useful of the improvements made within recent years on our campus is the Martin Chemical Laboratory. It is a thoroughly modern structure in every detail, and is one of the finest laboratories of its kind in the South. It has done a great deal towards popularizing the study of Chemistry, and, by its complete equipment of materials, apparatus, etc., it has been able to give to the students a course unexcelled by any college curriculum.

In an issue of the College Bulletin, issued since the Class of 1904 entered as Freshmen, it was stated that, in consequence of the growing size of the student-body, a number of improvements were in the highest degree desirable, if not absolutely necessary. Among other things were mentioned: larger rooms for the Physical and Mineralogical laboratories, a remodeled commencement hall, an enlargement of the church, and an additional dormitory building. Before this year's Senior Class graduates, some of them will have profited by the increased facilities offered by the new Physical laboratories; quite a number will have enjoyed the comforts of the new dormitory building, and all of them will have shared in the advantages offered by the enlarged church. The new dormitory is thoroughly up-to-date in every detail; it is well ventilated, heated by steam, and provided with bath rooms, furnishing hot and

cold showers at any time of the day; and the renovated church, with its handsome new pipe organ, offers quite a pleasing contrast to the old building from the point of view of additional comfort and increased seating capacity. These improvements, which only a few years ago were hardly more than dreams, are now among the most useful realities of the College equipment.

A mere mention of the other recent improvements will be sufficient. Within the last few years the faculty has been enlarged to the extent of one Professor, an Associate Professor, a Gymnasium Director, and several assistants in various departments. The library is steadily increasing in size and value by the additions which are being made from time to time. The efficiency of the work done by the students in the Chemical and Physical laboratories has been greatly augmented by the continuous additions to their plants in the way of materials, apparatus, etc.

Under these conditions, life is going forward at Davidson today. With a larger student body and a larger faculty than ever before in her history; with better equipment in the way of buildings, libraries, laboratories, etc., it may be said that she is now doing more effective work and rendering more efficient service to the country than she has done in all the years that are gone, however glorious her past history may be. Life on the Davidson campus at the present day is far different from what it was when the fathers and grandfathers of the present students coned their textbooks in Latin, Greek and Mathematics beneath these classic shades. The advantages of a more flexible curriculum have increased the number of electives, thus giving greater play of selection to the individual student. Although the part Davidson has taken in intercollegiate athletics within late years has caused some of the older and, for aught we know, wiser alumni to shake their heads in disapproval, it can be said to the honor of Davidson College that her record on the gridiron, on the diamond, and in every other form of manly sport, has been as clean and irreproachable as her standards of intellectual discipline have been high and unimpeachable.

Standing as she does for the development of the whole man, Davidson has seen fit to endeavor to give her students every advantage available for the cultivation of bodily strength and activity. It is now becoming clear that in order for her sons to win in the battle of life, they must be equipped with bodies which can withstand the attacks of disease and sustain the fatigues of active life as well as with well-trained minds and clean moral characters with which to gain the love and respect of their fellowmen.

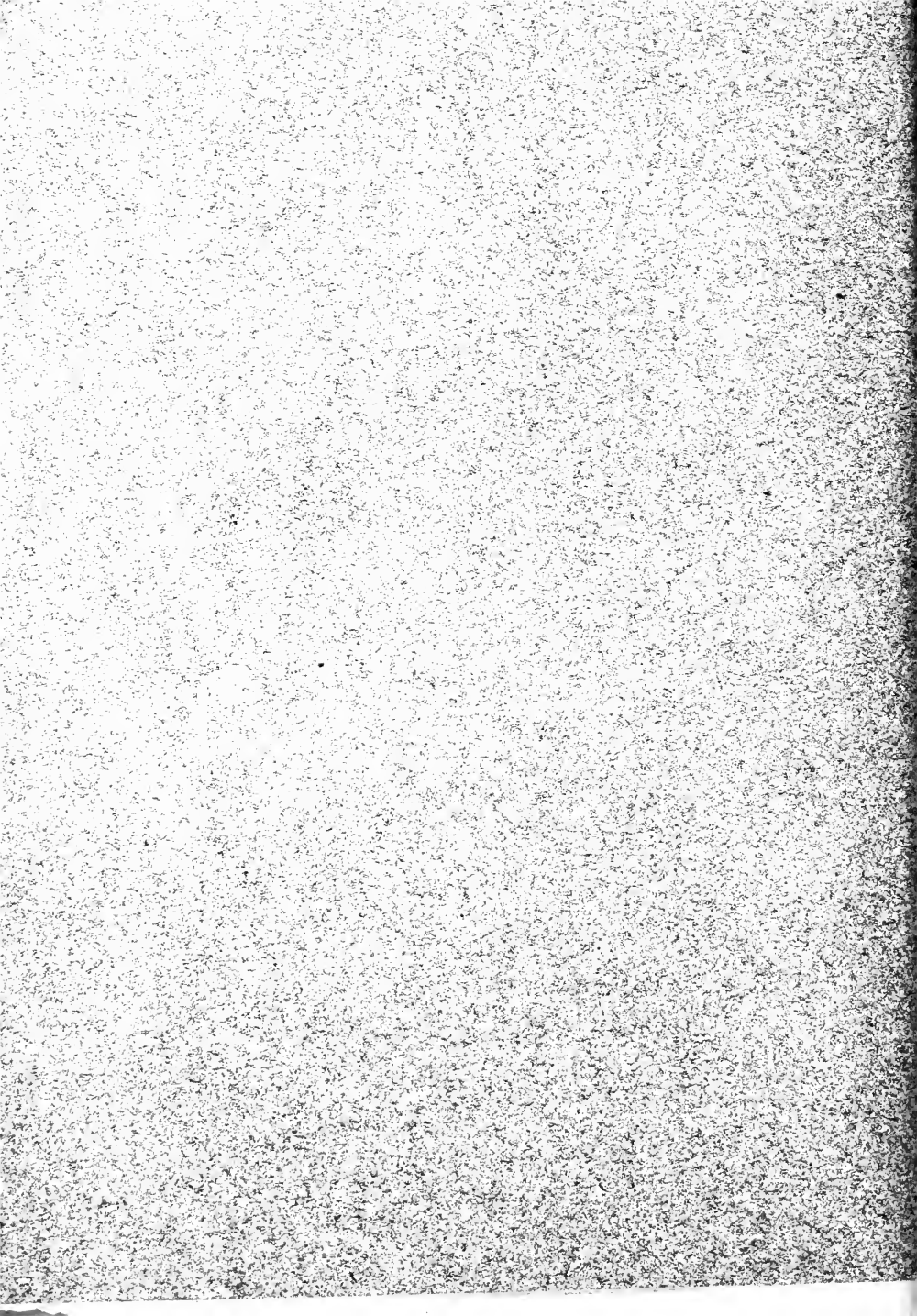
It is a characteristic fact that one of the most note-worthy improvements to be made at Davidson in the near future is in pursuance of this very idea. A generous

friend of the College has furnished the means for the construction of a new athletic field and out-of-door gymnasium ; a need which has been felt for a long time, and the satisfaction of which will be of untold benefit to the students. This was one of the wants mentioned in the last College Bulletin, issued only a few months ago. Another among the number was the need of an electric lighting plant. This, too, is now an assured reality, and the new plant will be set up during the coming summer. Quite a number of other improvements are being planned, and, from the success obtained thus far, we may be confident that they will materialize before many more classes leave the College walls.

Looking forward to the years to come, the future seems bright with promise. Like a goodly vessel that has weathered many a storm and still right proudly holds on her course, the old College, though she has passed through some rough weather at times, is yet right seaworthy withal, and, with the promise of fair weather ahead, will, we doubt not, yet help many a voyager on life's broad ocean to his desired haven. Let those, then, whom she has helped in the past show their loyalty to the mother who nourished them so tenderly by clinging to her yet more affectionately in the future.







My Faith

And after this—how shall the journey be?
How fare upon that sea
To whose far-distant shore, whence comes no sound
My bark is outward bound?

List'ning I can but hear the surges roar
Upon the nearer shore.
I try in vain to sound ahead the sea
Immeasurable to me.

And yet my trust is this: when I shall cast
My moorings loose at last,
To see, steadfast and clear above the dark,
A Star to guide my bark.

Senior Class Organization

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L. W. WHITE, JR. Abbeville, South Carolina

Vice-President

G. M. WILCOX Elberton, Georgia

Secretary and Treasurer

M. A. THOMPSON Tahlequah, Indian Territory

Prophets

R. H. ADAMS Laurens, South Carolina

J. W. CURRIE Davidson, North Carolina

Historian

R. G. McALILY Chester, South Carolina

Colors

Blue and Grey

Motto

Teutare est valere

Yell

Whoop-la! Rah! Sis, Boom, Bah!
Blue and Grey! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Boomalaka, Boomalaka, Boomala, Bo!
D. C. N. C., Nineteen Four!

The Senior Class

Here's to naught-four, the class of the day;
Here's to the boys of the Blue and Gray.



R. H. ADAMS
Laurens, South Carolina



W. W. BAIN
Wade, North Carolina



C. L. BLACK
Davidson, North Carolina



E. B. CARR
Sofe, North Carolina



W. E. COOPER
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Chester, South Carolina



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R. T. GILLESPIE, JR.
Rock Hill, South Carolina



J. F. GORRELL
Greensboro, North Carolina



T. J. HUTCHISON
Rock Hill, South Carolina





E. D. KERR
Rankin, North Carolina



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Chester, South Carolina



M. L. McKINNON
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J. W. McNEILL
Vass, North Carolina



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Abbeville, South Carolina



T. B. PIERCE
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Carthage, North Carolina



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J. M. WATTS
Fancy Hill, North Carolina



L. W. WHITE, JR.
Abbeville, South Carolina



G. M. WILCOX
Elberton, Georgia



Senior Class History

IT has been said that History is past politics, and politics present History. Such being the case, the uninitiated may think us without history; but such is not the case, since nineteen hundred and four has struggled through several campaigns of a political nature, and has witnessed contests as exciting and as absorbing as any outside of our grand old institution. Laying aside this political feature of our past, we still have a record which will ever be recalled with mingled pleasure, pride and amazement. Did we say pleasure? Yes; for what a pleasure it will be in after years, when shadows of intervening events have interposed themselves to render dim the memory of our careers as students at Davidson College, to recall scenes, and friendly faces almost forgotten but for their association; to live again, in memory, a life wherein a delayed check was its greatest worry, and passing of examinations its greatest anxiety. And with pride may we recall the way in which we have worked shoulder to shoulder, in perfect harmony and good fellowship, and have striven with friendly rivalry to attain the prizes lying at our common goal. With amazement, mingled with amusement, may we recall our entrance into the institution to which we now point with pride as our Alma Mater.

There were fifty-six of us here in nineteen hundred—a sufficient number to keep the Sophs. amused until Saturday night of commencement. We did not undertake to run things that year, though there was considerable running done—and we were in the most of it. From the beginning we were anxious to be excellent Fresh. We began to live in accordance with that time-honored college maxim, “A Fresh. is to be seen and not heard.” O! that the Freshman classes succeeding would follow our example! For we are persuaded that it would conduce to the seemliness of their conduct.

In September of the following year we returned as Sophs., with all the hilarity befitting our promotion. We had a Soph. banquer, displayed the humorous side of our nature, and had a better time than any class has had before or since. Dr. Jones, one of our guests, said: “You are the speakingest set of fellows I ever saw.” On Field Day we won everything worth winning.

As Juniors we were not different from the average third-year man. When called on to speak, '04 was again not in the rear, as was proven on the twenty-second of February, and also later, when men in this Class won three of the four society medals, given for best debates and essays, and contested for by Juniors and Seniors. The same story is to be told of Field Day—'04 won everything that was worth winning, making a score of 54 points—20 points more than any other class. And now we are Seniors.

Of the fifty-six names that have appeared from time to time on our class-roll, only twenty-eight of these lads have baffled the storms of study and weathered the troubled sea of examinations. Our Class has furnished some of the best football and baseball players that were on our College teams. We can also boast of several worthy writers and speakers, and of a great number of really energetic youths. Aside from '04's heroic deeds and sacrifices on the athletic field and in the classroom, it has served the College most by the imperishable example of its noble work.

With fond recollections of four pleasant, prosperous years among congenial and jolly classmates and kind, indulgent instructors, who stood ever ready to befriend and assist us in all our undertakings, we are about to embark upon an untried sea. Though you remember us no more, we shall ever have a tender place in our hearts for you; and when we pass beyond these walls and enter the struggling, tumultuous life, may we have our courage strengthened and our zeal renewed by the familiar notes, so often cheering us on to battle, "*Vive la, vive la, 1904!*" — *Historian*.



Senior Class Prophecy

O Muse! who in the ages past has lent
Full aid to those who, kneeling at thy shrine,
Have thee invoked to open to their eyes
And draw aside the future-hiding veil.
Thou fate-revealing goddess! show to me
What turns and shifts of fortune lie along
The paths of nine and twenty standing now
At life's bright-opening portal. Hear, oh, Muse!

I knelt before an incense-breathing shrine
And lifted up my voice to supplicate;
And thus the Muse did deign to answer me:

From Adam first the veil is drawn aside.
In solitary hermitage he dwells
Far from the madding crowd. Within his cave
The dim light falls on piles of manuscript
Refused. His brow is worn with fruitless toil,
And pale from bread-and-water diet.

Bain,

The tenor, he whose voice triumphant rose
Above the choir's untuneful noise to flit
Among the rafters pink and ornamental,
Shall meet a horrid fate. Once while he sings
To charm his lady's ear, a deep-drawn breath
Shall suck his whiskers down his throat, and so
He goes at the price of a song.

And Black

Shall meet misfortune, his sweet smile is not
To last for aye. With that contempt that's bred
Of much familiarity, he mixed
Poor molecules and atoms heartlessly;
But once too oft. For they at last rebelled,
Exploded, and the smile was wiped away.

Methought the Muse had led me to a dale,
A cool retreat from every worldly care,
And I had laid me down to sweet repose.
But hark! What strident, pleading voice is that
Which taints the landscape with inexistency?
'Tis Deacon Carr, distracted services
Conducting, old-time Methodist revival,
Exhausting whom he would exhort.

The next,

As e'er of yore, stills views his fellowmen
With stereoscopic glance, and meets the world
With happy, Tuesday face. Philosophy
He followed—at respectful distance—whence
His old-time name of Solomon. But now
He lives by manual (not Underwood's)
Manipulation of the heads of men;
His shingle reads: "Cooper, Phrenologist."

Cornelson grew and waxed exceeding stout
Ere he across forbidding seas his way
To land of darkest heathens took. Zobos
He sought to teach and heal. Long pondered he
Whether to go to Hottentotium,
Until he found he'd save a quarter by

The former course. But him no quarter gave
The Zobos; that which made Milwaukee famous
Had built him for their hungry king's delight.

To Curry's wisdom-speaking tongue great halls
Shall give the echo, listening multitudes
Attend, with child-like wonder hear the words
That slip from off his tongue as honied dew
From fragrance-laden flowers. Thus awhile,
Then raise the deafening shout: "Enough! The eggs!"
And he shall wrathful nurse his vengeful ire
Beside the much resounding ocean deep,
In silence walking oft upon the shore.

Along the primrose path of ladies' love
DeGraffenreid shall walk, yet find a thorn—
What miracle!—where he had looked for bloom.
Misogynist, he wanders lonely long
On foreign strands until his heart is healed
At last beneath the sunny skies of France;
And there he comes to his ancestral 'states.

Undaunted though the world had twice refused
To wear th' insignia of his high esteem,
(She was the world to him, you know) Dickson
By perseverance won. A happy cot
Upon a mountain side he owns; a land
Of corn and stills is his delight; and here,
Supported by his thirteen sons, he lives,
Still verdant in the ripeness of his years.

Hippocrates and Pan, the whistling god,
Shall Easley follow, holding in his hands
The vials vile, and on his lips a tune
To charm away the heavy-footed hours.
What patient man from drugs and music come
Unscathed, shall by his ceaseless round of wit
Be bored to an untimely death.

Gillespie,
He with the wavy morning hair and nose
Of Roman architecture, to the Church of Rome,
Allured by filthy lucre's golden gleam,
Allegiance gives. A priestly gown, with fleece
Of faithful sheep well lined, enwraps his form;
And all is bald above where once his pride,
As Absalom's, luxuriant grew.

Gorrell
Doth play upon the pipes of Pan, and draw
From clarionet of sombre hue sweet strains
To match the music which the whirling spheres
With ceaseless harmony discourse to outer space.
Ofttimes its sweetness draws from busy wife
A bit of bread and meat, ofttimes a tear,
And oft a faithful fido's warning growl.

A wondrous mighty man was Hutchison,
Swoboda's eminent disciple. Arms
Were his an Ajax or a Hercules
Might envy; beautiful and fair to see
His form, and strength beyond a mortal's hope.
As "strong man" in the side-show, he began
To travel with a circus, but resigned
Because he could not be the whole show. Now
He lives upon his cross-roads scholarship,
A wielder of the birchen rod.

Kerr found

A road to wealth that was both short and quick
In its return. He married rich. But wife
And riches both took wings—not of the kind
That angels wear—so now he tramps it on
The dusty roads, tomato can at side.
His battered hat and ragged shoes proclaim
Him still a faithful Son of Rest.

The fable of the man who killed the goose
Of golden eggs, a new significance
Receives from McAliley's scientific
Farming experiments. He and Thompson S.
Put heads together in a plot to trick
Old Mother Earth, and, by the use of strange
New chemicals, at last to grow a plant
Whose virtue was to draw the radium
That's hidden in the secret ground until
Its fruit should be as incandescent lamps.
Success almost was theirs, but in their haste
They dropped some acid on the wondrous plant.
Just ordinary farmers they are now,
Their fortunes varying with the bulls and bears.

"McNeill and Rowan, Lawyers," reads a sign
That swings all weather-beaten in the wind.
The Muse would fain have let the vision pass,
For they have wandered from their path, she said;
But I cried: Let me know the fate of these!
They started to pursue the law, but turned
To that which lay much nearer to the heart
Of each: the one became a socialist,
Haranguing to the mobs of tyranny,
Oppression, rights of men, revolt against
Th' injustice of the present social order.
The other draws their crowd by doing tricks
Of slight; his masterpiece and favorite
Is eating pie, as in the olden days.

One did attempt to journey by the light
Of what men call expediency. Morse,
By virtue of association's law,
Became controller of the city's gas
Supply, and waxed most rich. But this induced
His state of single blessedness. Courting,
He could not bear to turn the gas-lights low—
For that would cut off revenue—and so,
From lack of shadow's kindly aid, he fails
To draw her to the point.

A fisherman

Is sitting by a mill-pond, conning o'er
A book of fishy tales—"From President
To Fisherman, by G. C." As Peirce turns
Its leaves he dreams he hears the people's call
To rise from fisherman to President,
And wear the mantle that his hero left.
Delusive dream! It is an angry swain
That calls him to the mill to grind a sack of corn.

Behind a pile of musty books,
And gazing at the stars through a telescope,
Sits Shannon, tracing out the planets' course,
Their times of blessing and of bane he knows,
And thus warns youth what time is best to sue
For maiden's love.

Guided by some strange chance,
Team wandered into China's ancient land,
And never came out thence. For, seeing him,
The Empress swore he was her husband's soul
Reincarnate, and raised him to the throne,
Where now he sits, and governs wisely thence
The people, viewing them through eyes that look,
As theirs, but slantly at the world of men.
And Timmons, whose delight it was to pull
The wires before their Chinese Highnesses
On feast-days, gives a Punch-and-Judy show
In which he works the wires.

McKinnon, too,
Stands near, cup-bearer to the throne. And oft,
For he was ever swift of foot and shod
With Hermes' sandals, messages of state
He carries to the utmost kingdom's bounds
With speed so swift the people's pig-tails stand
On end at sight of him.

Far out upon the plains
Of Indian Territory, Thompson M.
Has pitched his wigwam, dwelling there alone
Except for squaw and numerous papooses
Which share the vastness of this solitude
With him. An evil genius had made
A singing poet of him, and, for this
Disease, the people quarantined him there.

Wagner appears by desert suns much tanned,
With eyes that shine with wild fanatic light,
And ever from his lips is heard the cry
By which the prophet's followers are called
To prayer. The cause of this strange change the Muse
Showed not, but it is said a pair of eyes,
Once seen behind a veil on Cairo's streets,
Allured him to the bonds of Islam's faith.

A lamp which burns into the morning hours
Shows White engaged in searching out the roots,
From musty rolls and long-forgotten tomes,
Of "weiss" and "vice." For 'tis his theory
That, these once found, the question of the source
Of good and evil in the world is solved.

And Watts sits near; his job it is to keep
The precious books from moulding. This he does
By telling now and then an ancient joke
Of far-famed "Shearer" brand; they are so dry
They desiccate the air and rob the mould
And mildew of its needed moisture.

Then
The final scene of all inducts us to
A hospital, where long, white rows of cots
Are filled with fever-tortured victims. There,
Bending beside a cot, I see the form
Of Wilcox, worn with watching all the night,
His patient sleeping, soothed to rest by him.
And thus finds them the first grey light of dawn,
As o'er it all the Muse's veil is drawn.

Senior Soliloquy

Four years are gone ! How quickly run the sands
That mark the lapsing of our college days !
'Twas but awhile ago we first joined hands
And now we come to parting of our ways.

The hours, like shadows of a swift blown cloud,
From out the future sweep with plight so fast
We scarce can think or breathe "Lo! here" aloud,
But they are vanished to the silent past.

Four years are gone ! Four years of cloud and sun—
Yet all is sunny as we backward glance.
Four years of battles fought and lost or won—
Yet victory perches on each well scarred lance.

The plans that we had made, the deeds to do,
The actions that should show us true-souled men,
How have they fared ? How come the struggle through ?
How seems the "now" from viewpoint of the "then?"

The few have won the laurel. Yet the hearts
Of many centered on the high-hung prize;
'Tis their reward that they have borne their parts
As men, and ever upward kept their eyes.

What boots it should the honors others wear
Be won by means that fear to meet the light ?
Far nobler prize is his that would not dare
To cast one shadow on his honor bright.

Arm measured arm, and wit has matched with wit,
And hand and brain and heart been taught their use.
Some have a friendship loved and treasured it,
And some with friends have played at fast-and-loose.

Naught has he gained that through unsteadfast ways
And by unfaithfulness has gained his end ;
Far richer he who, through these passing days,
Has learned to know the value of a friend.

And lessons learned from books within these years
Are but a part of a far greater whole,
If that the calls of life have reached our ears,
Or e'er the voice of duty stirred the soul.

If we have learned to love the high and true,
If ever we have warmed to noble thought,
Or chosen honor's ways to conquer through,
'Tis surely not in vain the days have wrought.

'Tis over now. The sands are almost run.
The grains are sinking to the very last.
The battles fought, the battles lost or won,
Are numbered with the never-changing past.

The past is gone, is dead; we turn our eyes
Unto the dawning of a larger day.
Yet not forgot these days; their memories
Shall linger pleasant with us each along.

Often amid the busy haunts of men,
Clear charactered in time's enchanting haze,
Shall come a vision of the past again,
And we shall live once more these college days.

Ghosts, raised by power of the vision's spell,
Shall walk again, but in unwonted guise.
For then shall things that now appear as real
Be known but as a dreamer's phantasies;

And what we now in ignorance despise
We then shall know as things of higher worth,
When we shall see through world experienced eyes
And know life's sternness as we know its mirth.

Broad is the field of men, of action broad,
The world of life and thought and service wide;
Far from another may each lonely road
Extend, and time and space afar divide.

Yet what we be, and wherso 'neath the sun,
We shall be comrades still, as now in fact,
So then in thought and heart. — The sands are run.
Our college days have played their final act.





JUNIORS-

Organization Class 1905

W. T. GIBSON, *President*

G. N. BUTLER, *Vice-President*

R. I. McDAVID, *Secretary and Treasurer*

A. W. SHAW, *Historian*

Motto

"Facere sine jactantia"

Colors

Blue and Gold

Yell

Boo-la-ra! Boo-la-ra! Wah-hoo-wah!

Facere sine jactantia;

Blue and Gold! Kaka-loo-kive!

Vive la! vive la! Nineteen Five!



JUNIOR CLASS



Junior Class Roll

For the Degree of A. B.

D. A. BLUE	- - - - -	Antler, North Carolina
G. N. BUTLER	- - - - -	Goldsboro, North Carolina
J. B. CLARK	- - - - -	Clarkton, North Carolina
T. K. CURRIE	- - - - -	Davidson, North Carolina
C. W. ERVIN	- - - - -	Pine Grove, South Carolina
W. T. GIBSON	- - - - -	Barium Springs, North Carolina
M. M. GREY	- - - - -	Davidson, North Carolina
A. R. HARRISON	- - - - -	Huntersville, North Carolina
G. P. HEILEG	- - - - -	Davidson, North Carolina
J. A. MAWHINNEY	- - - - -	Marianna, Florida
D. W. McIVER	- - - - -	Montgomery, Alabama
W. F. O'KELLEY	- - - - -	Conyers, Georgia
F. A. RANKIN	- - - - -	Davidson, North Carolina
F. W. RANKIN	- - - - -	Mooresville, North Carolina
A. W. SHAW	- - - - -	Lumber Bridge, North Carolina
N. S. STIREWALT	- - - - -	Davidson, North Carolina
W. T. THOMPSON	- - - - -	Washington, District of Columbia
ASA THURSTON	- - - - -	Taylorsville, North Carolina
S. C. WILLIAMS	- - - - -	Mooresville, North Carolina

For the Degree of B. S.

I. M. CRAIG	- - - - -	Reidsville, North Carolina
J. S. GUY	- - - - -	Lowryville, South Carolina
E. L. McCALLIE	- - - - -	Chattanooga, Tennessee
R. I. McDAVID	- - - - -	Woodville, South Carolina
H. W. MOORE	- - - - -	Augusta, Georgia
J. P. PAISLEY	- - - - -	Guilford, North Carolina
R. G. VAIL	- - - - -	Houlton, Maine
C. H. WEATHERLY	- - - - -	Jamestown, North Carolina
R. E. WHITAKER	- - - - -	Kinston, North Carolina
E. H. YOUNT	- - - - -	Newton, North Carolina

Junior Class History

WHEN we examine the life of man we find that it is divided into four stages : Babyhood, Boyhood, Manhood and Old Age. To babyhood belongs that state of blissful ignorance, having to be continually corrected and trained in the way he should go. This stage is said to be from birth to the tenth year. Then comes boyhood. Ignorance now becomes foolishness, and during this stage we think we are wise when we are not. The wisdom of Solomon cannot be compared with the wisdom that the average boy thinks he has. He begins to sow wild oats, and laughs when he is warned, and says: "A boy will be a boy." This is from ten to twenty years. Then comes the happy state of manhood. Life now means something to him, and here we taste the first fruits of life's pleasures. This is from twenty to forty years. Then comes old age, with its trials and burdens, reaping the wild oats; bowed and bent under the burdens, and often wishing to live their life over.

The same is true of the College man, for there are four stages of his life. First, the Fresh. days, when he is so green that he puts to shame the verdant pastures and green fields. As the child must be corrected, so must the Fresh. for if we spare the "strap" we spoil the child. Train him up in the way he should go, and the next year he will not forget it, but will know how to treat the Fresh. That wonderful strap! What magic there is in it, for it is wonderful how quick a fire can be started or a bucket of water brought or a pair of shoes shined at only one flourish. Just as the ignorance of babyhood becomes foolishness in boyhood, so does the greenness of a Fresh. turn into the foolishness of a Soph. When he becomes a Sophomore his head becomes filled to its utmost capacity with foolish wisdom. What man knows more than the average Soph. the first day he arrives on the campus? This is the time to sow, so he begins to cut prayers, skip classes, and when called upon, says, in that exultant voice, "not prepared." Truly he sows his wild oats. As a boy passes into manhood, so does a Soph. become a Junior. Now is the happiest year of his College life; he now feels free, and realizes what are the true joys of College life. For when he is a Senior he must face the grave question of the "sheep skin" and burn the midnight oil to pay for the folly of his younger days.

In our journey we have reached manhood; we are now Juniors. The greenness of our Fresh. days forgotten, the foolishness of the Soph. year laid aside, and we are not yet burdened with the dignity of Seniors. Is this not the happiest stage of our College life?

The year 1901 brought with it many remarkable things. First, Dr. Shearer guiding up the helm of the Old Ship of Zion which he had guided so well over many

rough places; second, Harry Louis taking charge, with his novel plans and ideas; then the destruction of old Tammany and the building of the new Chapel; but the most remarkable was the coming of the Class of 1905 to Davidson. Prompted by an innate longing for knowledge, and because our fathers made us come, fifty-one gay, green, guileless freaks called Fresh. packed their trunks, kissed their mammas and sweethearts good-bye, and boarded the train for Davidson. Our approach was not heralded by any great noise, such as the booming of cannon or roar of artillery, and this was a great disappointment to us. We knew very little about College life, but of course expected the Faculty and students to receive us with open hearts and arms. The Sophs. truly did the latter. A fairer day could not be seen, but that night the sky suddenly became clouded and literally rained bucketfuls. We came from all quarters of the country—not from Dan to Beersheba, but from Maine to Florida, and even Cuba and Brazil. When the Sophs. were tired of the harrowing tale of Mary and her little lamb, and of our weird performances, we decided to organize ourselves into a class with Shemwell, President; Barksdale, Vice-President; Wyman, Secretary and Treasurer, and Campbell, Historian, and we adopted the following yell:

Boo-la-ra! Boo-la-ra! Wah-hoo-wah!
Facere sine jactantia!
Purple and Gold! Kaka-loo-kive!
Vive la! Vive la! Nineteen Five!

We had one man on the College football team, and three on the baseball team. What would have become of the team that year if it had not been for "Bobby" Vail to pitch, "Diamond" Lynch to catch and "Blister" Yount on first. Not only in Athletics, but in Literary and Society work, we took a high stand. We had several men on the honor roll, and Dennison won the Declaimer's Medal in the Eu. Society. Then we returned next year, and forty-one enrolled themselves as Sophs. Some of our men had departed never to return, but others came to fill up the ranks. What a change! No longer the meek and lowly Fresh. but the mighty Sophomore, administering justice (?) upon the innocent Fresh. After providing for these unfortunates we sought loftier aims. This, we thought, was the year of our lives. We smoked cigars, chewed the weed, beat tobacco, cut classes and prayers at our discretion, and failed on "exams" at the disposition of the Faculty. We ran the College and paddled the Fresh. causing Harry Louis many sleepless nights trying to think of some plan to stop us. Well will the Fresh. remember the night of October 30, 1902. Out of a class of sixty-four members only four escaped that awful strap and paddle, for truly it was well administered. Although Tommy said there was "nothing" in the class and Long John said it was the sorriest Math. class he had ever seen, what did we care, for we did not come here to study. We elected as our leaders Tom Curry, President; Charlie Forney, Vice-President; "Tally" Thompson, Secretary and Treasurer, and George Butler, Historian. We make no vain boast about our stand in Athletics, but simply state facts—they are enough. Once more did the College look to us for "Blister" Yount

to pitch and Tom Currie to play first base. We did not make any great show on Field Day, yet we are by no means ashamed of our record. In the Literary Societies we carried off all the Sophomores could. Didn't Hendrix Smith capture the Declaimer's Medal in the Phi. and "Mike" O'Kelley walk away with it in the Eu? We had a banquet; and from nine o'clock until four in the morning the halls echoed and re-echoed with laughter from the jibes and jokes. The Soph. year is good, but oh! how glorious it is to be a Junior! The timidity of Fresh. and egotism of Sophs. are forgotten. We can now realize the true pleasures of College life. We look with contempt on the Sophs. jibing a Fresh. and we pity the Fresh. for his greenness. This year we are being led by "Little Gib" (Gibson), President; "Joe Peter" (Butler), Vice-President; "Raven" (McDavid), Secretary and Treasurer, and "Shoe" (Shaw), Historian. On the football team "Ike" McCallie played left half and "Bull" Whittaker left guard, while "Little Gib" was sub and captain of scrubs. Once more does the College ask old 1905 to give them "Bobbie" Vail and "Blister" Yount to pitch and Tom Currie to play right field.

We had a Junior speaking, and showed to the world that we had Ciceros galore in our class. From the time of the first Junior speaking until last year, we suppose, the Faculty has given a reception to the Juniors, but this year, notwithstanding the "genial cordiality" that exists between the Faculty and students, we were not given one. But what did we care? We just got our "daddies' dollars" together and gave one ourselves to the young ladies that honored the occasion by their presence. Here we rest, but time goes on, and soon we must enter into manhood, and be burdened with the dignity of a Senior, for Harry Louis said that we must become Seniors before we can get our sheep skins.





'06

Organization of Class 1906

President

B. R. LACY JR. - - - - - Raleigh, North Carolina

Vice-President

J. C. McDONALD - - - - - Hoods, North Carolina

Secretary and Treasurer

E. J. ERWIN - - - - - Morganton, North Carolina

Historian

A. L. JAMES JR. - - - - - Laurinburg, North Carolina

Motto

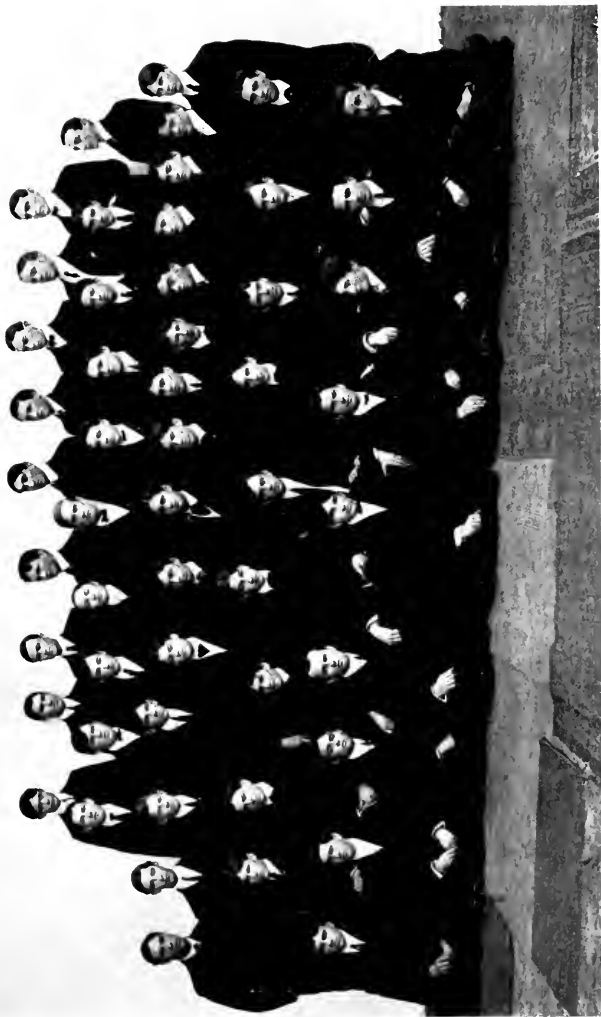
Aut Viam Inveniemus Aut Faciemus

Colors

Red and Gray

Yell

Hurrah! Hurrah! Yazoo Ray!
Yazoo! Razoo! Red and Gray!
Whoop-la! Whoop-la! Rip-ra-rix!
D. C. N. C., Nineteen Six!



SOPHOMORE CLASS



Sophomore Class Roll

For the Degree of A. B.

WILLIAM ERNEST BLACK	Davidson, North Carolina
HERMAN LEWIS CATHEY	Charlotte, North Carolina
JAMES FRANKLIN COLEMAN	Soddy, Tennessee
JOSEPH BARRETT DENTON	Dalton, Georgia
EDWARD JAMES ERWIN	Morganton, North Carolina
STACY W. GOFORTH	Plumtree, North Carolina
ANDREW PIERSON HASSELL	Hickory, North Carolina
SAMUEL HUTSON HAY	Liberty Hill, South Carolina
EDWARD HENRY HENDERSON	Aiken, South Carolina
ALEXANDER LONG JAMES	Laurinburg, North Carolina
WALTER D. JOHNSON	St. Pauls, North Carolina
ROBERT KING	Summerville, Georgia
BENJAMIN RICE LACY, JR.	Raleigh, North Carolina
OSCAR MANN	Barium Springs, North Carolina
EDWIN THORNWELL MCKEITHEN	
JAMES LEONIDAS MOORE, JR.	Rock Hill, South Carolina
MARTIN ALEXANDER RAY	Raeeford, North Carolina
DAVID LIVINGSTON READ	Wapanucka, Indian Territory
JAMES WILLIAMSON ROSEBOROUGH	Union Springs, Alabama
THORNTON STEARNS	Asheville, North Carolina
LEROY ADAMS STEELE	Charlotte, North Carolina
LOUIS TREZEVANT WILDS, JR.	Columbia, South Carolina
FRANCIS WILKES	Sylva, North Carolina
CHARLES BAXTER YEARGAN	Buffalo, Alabama

For the Degree of B. S.

JOSEPH LOWRANCE ADAMS	Asheville, North Carolina
JOHN GRAY ANDERSON	Tampa, Florida
WILLIAM TARRANT BAILEY	Greenwood, South Carolina
PRESSLEY ROBINSON BROWN	Charlotte, North Carolina
H. MARKLEY CROSWELL	Wilmington, North Carolina
YATES W. FAISON	Charlotte, North Carolina
EDWARD GORDON FINLEY	North Wilkesboro, North Carolina
JOHN LATIMORE GIBSON	Fancy Hill, North Carolina
JOHN HARVEY GREENLEE	Marion, North Carolina
JOSEPH COLUMBUS HOUGH	Kershaw, South Carolina
HENDERSON IRWIN	Charlotte, North Carolina
FRANK LEE JACKSON	Gastonia, North Carolina
HINTON JAMES	Laurinburg, North Carolina
WILLIAM CLYDE MCCOLL	Hasty, North Carolina
JOHN COLUMBUS McDONALD	Hood's, North Carolina
HAMILTON WITHERSPOON MCKAY	Mayesville, South Carolina
JOHN WALKER MOORE	McConnellsville, South Carolina

CHRISTOPHER DUDLEY PIERCE	- - - - -	Warsaw, North Carolina
PRESSLEY ROBINSON RANKIN	- - - - -	Charlotte, North Carolina
HENRY SMITH RICHARDSON	- - - - -	Greensboro, North Carolina
KEMP ELLIOT SAVAGE	- - - - -	Norfolk, Virginia
ROBERT FLEET SMALLWOOD	- - - - -	New Bern, North Carolina
BERNARD REID SMITH	- - - - -	Asheville, North Carolina
GLADYS BRUNEHAUT SUMMERS	- - - - -	Davidson, North Carolina
HENRY PORTERFIELD TAYLOR	- - - - -	Winston-Salem, North Carolina
HUGH TORRANCE	- - - - -	Charlotte, North Carolina
JOHN HENRY VANLANDINGHAM	- - - - -	Charlotte, North Carolina
CHARLES HANSELL WATT	- - - - -	Thomasville, Georgia

Eclectic

ALLEN GIBSON BONNOIT	- - - - -	Darlington, South Carolina
JOHN BASS BROWN	- - - - -	Charlotte, North Carolina
WILLIAM MCKINNON FETZER	- - - - -	Concord, North Carolina
MARION B. IVES	- - - - -	Orlando, Florida
CLARENCE MANTEO LENTZ	- - - - -	Albemarle, North Carolina
HENRY THOMSON MILLS	- - - - -	Greenville, South Carolina
JOHN WATT	- - - - -	Thomasville, Georgia
FRANCIS MARION WILLIAMS	- - - - -	Phoenix, North Carolina



Sophomore Class History

THE Frenchman Sully said of Charles I., that he was the "wisest fool in Christendom." We feel sure that had that eminent statesman been acquainted with '06 he would have applied that epithet to our Class, with possibly the additional remark that we were inclined to keep the wisdom to ourselves.

Yet "We, the Wise," were once poor, ignorant Freshmen, going about diligently attending to every one's business but our own, and especially attending to the Faculty's poultry and trucking business. These facts go to prove the proverb: "Great oaks from little acorns grow." This applied to us is "Wise Sophomores from fool Freshmen grow."

Taking us individually or collectively, we are the warmest bunch that ever went down the pike. Taking us individually, we have all sorts of freaks of nature, from the fat man (the Berkshire pig) to the long-legged, long-voiced, long-named John Henry Van Landingham, Junior. We also had a noted Duke with us, but he felt that he was called to serve his country in a nobler sphere. But let us pass over these afflictions and get to the brighter features of our Class, that is, when you take us collectively. One of the brightest features we have is our Class loyalty. Last year when the roll was called at Cornelius there were only three absentees, and when you consider the many difficulties of crossing ditches and going through briar patches, all the while pursued by the phantoms of an excited imagination, you can easily see that the unselfish loyalty exhibited by '06 in getting to that memorable rendezvous was worthy of a Van Winkelried. And the stand we made after returning to the campus has ever been the envy of the whole Student-Body.

Now for our athletic achievements. Our record in baseball has been a perfect one. Nineteen Six has never lowered the "Red and Gray" to any other class team on the diamond. She has also furnished the College Team with some of its star players. Fetzner, Harris, Bailey and Moore, J. W., have well represented us in this field of athletics.

On the gridiron Lentz, Fetzner, Mills, Moor, J. W., McKay, Gibson and Smallwood have upheld the honor of '06 on the College eleven, and have done much for the glory of old Davidson. To that "Fresh," who said one day, "Who

is that fellow 'Varsity' the coach tells to 'get in the game?'" As we had a majority of the men, we might have said "Nineteen Six."

But did you say that we are conceited about our achievements? Far be it from us; although we have just cause to be. Wait! There are those "Fresh." yelling. Come along! One, two; one, two:

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Razoo Ray!
Yazoo! Razoo! Red and Gray,
Whoop-la! Whoop-la! Rip-Ra-Rix!
D. C., N. C., Nineteen Six!"

We're off in a bunch.





FRESH

Organization of Class 1907

President

A. A. JAMES - - - - - Spartanburg, South Carolina

Vice-President

R. C. LOVE - - - - - McConnellsville, South Carolina

Secretary and Treasurer

A. H. SLOAN - - - - - Davidson, North Carolina

Historian

W. C. ROSE - - - - - Laurinburg, North Carolina

Colors

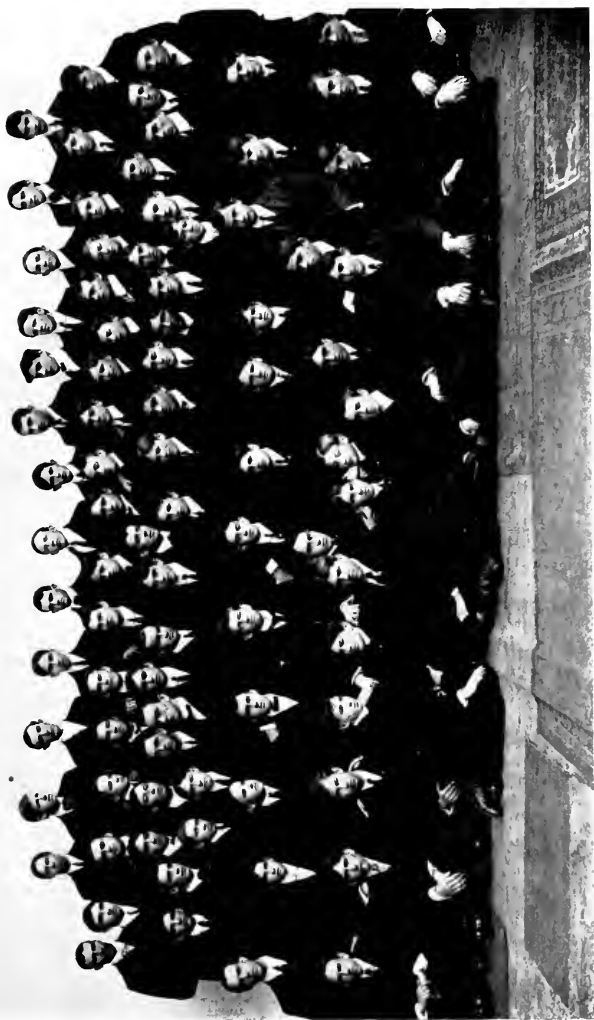
Blue and White

Motto

Sic iter ad astra

Yell

Wahoo! Wah!
Wahoo! Wah!
Sic iter ad astra!
Blue and White!
Sis-Boom-Bah!
Nineteen Seven
Rah! Rah! Rah!



FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class Roll

For the Degree of A. B.

JOHN DANIEL ABERNETHY	Lincolnton, North Carolina
ROBERT JOSEPH ATWELL	Mayhew, North Carolina
FRED LEROY BLYTHE	Huntersville, North Carolina
WADE HAMILTON BOGGS	Liberty, South Carolina
FLETCHER LOCKE BROWN	Whitesville, North Carolina
THOMAS MCNEILL BULLA	Fayetteville, North Carolina
EDGAR BIGHAM BYRUM	Charlotte, North Carolina
BARNETT HARGROVE CARTER	California Creek, North Carolina
JAMES HECTER CLARK	Clarkton, North Carolina
DAVID WORTH CURRIE	Fayetteville, North Carolina
DAVID RUSSELL DIXON	Rocky Mount, North Carolina
JOSEPH ROBINSON EGGERT	White Haven, Pennsylvania
ERNEST LELAND FLANAGAN	Clover, South Carolina
THOMAS JOHNSON FETZER	Wadesboro, North Carolina
CHARLES BERNARD FLOWE	Davidson, North Carolina
WYLY PARKS GIBBS	Statesville, North Carolina
WILLIAM UPTON GUERRANT	Wilmore, Kentucky
RUSSELL HAMILTON GUERRANT	Griffin, Georgia
JAMES EDWIN HEMPHILL	Wilmington, North Carolina
CHARLES SPEARS HICKS	Mebane, North Carolina
SAMUEL WHITE HODGE	Davidson, North Carolina
ZEB NORTH HOLLER	Gastonia, North Carolina
WILLIAM BLAIR HUNTER	Spartanburg, South Carolina
ALBERT ALLISON JAMES, JR.	St. Charles, South Carolina
WILLIAM BRYAN JENKINS	Goldsboro, North Carolina
HENRY SPICER JONES	Wapamucka, Indian Territory
GURDON FOSTER KIRKPATRICK	Union, South Carolina
CHARLES COHEN SUMNER LINDER	Charlotte, North Carolina
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For the Degree of U. S.

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GEORGE LEE WITHERS	Davidson, North Carolina
AUBURN WOODS	Chester, South Carolina
ERNEST E. YATES	Oak Forest, North Carolina

History of Class 1907

THE Freshman Class of 1903-04 is conspicuous for one thing—what it may lack in quality, it certainly makes up in quantity. If we apply the principle taught in the familiar proverb, "Two heads are better than one, even if one is a sheep's head" it must be a *brainy* class. In the beginning of September last no fewer than eighty-five matriculated. Gradually the class grew in numbers till it had reached ninety-eight, by thirty per cent. the largest class in the history of the College.

For good looks it is hardly as conspicuous as it is for numbers. It has a few who will probably *grow* in personal pulchritude by 1907 sufficiently to win the admiration of all the Student-Body at that time. Some of us are content to remain as we are.

Shortly after the beginning of the session we had our class meeting, despite the difficulties under which we labored, and elected the following officers: A. A. James, Jr., President; R. C. Love, Vice-President; A. H. Sloan, Secretary and Treasurer. Our class motto was also selected.

The Fresh. reception, held on the night of September 7th, was, to many, a grand affair—such an array of beauty, such kind attention from fellow-students!—to all of us it was a most enjoyable evening. The return homeward to our places of abode in the Chamber's Building and the New Dormitory will be remembered for a long time. There is a reason for it.

Our Class has evidently a great degree of musical talent. It has been tested, tried, and proven. Some have been heard to sing duets and even solos. The skill with which they can adapt words to music has been noticed by many intelligent observers, and their original songs have often been greeted with loud applause, and even encores.

As there have been no class football teams this year, our men have had no opportunity to exhibit their proficiency in this game. On the College team we are represented by two men, who have done the Class credit. Several of our men are possessed of a laudable ambition to excel in other games.

We are quite well represented in the Orchestra as a matter of course.

The majority of our Class are connected with the Young Men's Christian Association, and are regarded as useful members.

The "Hill" and the "Campus" have often echoed with our well-known class yell :

Wahoo ! Wah !
Wahoo ! Wah !
Sic iter ad astra
Blue and White
Sis boom bah !
Nineteen Seven!
Rah ! Rah ! Rah !

Judging the Class by the attainments of the present year, its motto was evidently wisely chosed, "*Sic iter ad astra.*" —*Historian.*



A Firelight Fancy

To each come waking visions. So to me;
And thus, within the embers' flickering flame,
I trace the form of her that I would love.

My love is very fair;
Yet hers is not the beauty seen by all
Who gape and gaze within the market-place,
But something rarer,—like a perfect flower
Yielding its secret unto only one,
Finding alike in sunlight and in cloud
The elements of perfect loveliness:
Not beautiful like some great lordly gem,
Far-flashing in a monarch's diadem,
But like a rose to wear upon the breast.
Hers is the wondrous beauty of the soul;
For she has stood within the holy place,
And bears the glory of divinity.

So too my love is strong,
And strong in that she is all tenderness.
Tender is she as are old songs of love,
That o'er wide waters steal into our ear
At eventide, when all the winds are still.
Where I am weak, 'tis there that she is strong;
And side by side, co-equal in the strife,
We wear alike the cypress and the bay.
Her strength like Gawain's girdle 'circles me,
Nor know I fear or doubt or any ill.
Her might is that of fragrant Southern winds,
Whose way is set with flowers and at whose call
The world is filled with beauty and with song.

And then my love is wise;
Not with the futile wisdom of the schools
That search the star-strewn vault and the grey deep,
For she has looked into profounder depths
And learned the meaning of the heart of man.
There she, the master-chemist, transmutes
Life's leaden thoughts all into purest gold.
My boasted knowledge is but vanity;
For where I faltered at the ocean's marge,
Gathering the empty shells of thoughts long dead,
She dared into the depths of life, and found
The pearl of perfect wisdom,—love with faith.

And last, my love is true,
Changeless among the changing, unremoved
Amid the shifting circumstance of fate.
And watching her, I too grow firm and true ;
Mine but a life of shreds and patches is,
Yet in the presence of her purity
I weave a life of unity divine,
My wedding garment for the Master's feast.
She is my star : like that dear star of him
Whose poet-harp sounds love unwavering faith,—
A star that dartles rays of blue or red
To those dull eyes that comprehend it not,
But always unto me the ray of white,—
Fair, tender, wise, and true,—the perfect ray.

Such is the one that I would know as mine ;
And as I smoothed the hair from her broad brow,
And placed thereon the chrysm of a kiss,
My lips should cry, " Thou art all fair, my love !"
And all my soul, grown of a sudden proud,
In words more sweet than mortal melody,
Should answer soft, " Thou art my love—my own !"

—*William Gilmer Perry*





Literary Societies

COLLINS '04

The title "Literary Societies" is rendered in a highly decorative, blackletter-style font. The letters are intertwined with a complex network of vine-like lines, leaves, and small flowers. Two classical-style urns are integrated into the design: one on the left side, partially obscured by the letter 'L', and another on the right side, partially obscured by the letter 'y'. The overall composition is symmetrical and ornate. At the bottom center, the text "COLLINS '04" is written in a small, simple font.

Officers of the Eumenean Society

First Term

President—R. K. TIMMONS

Vice-President—W. T. THOMPSON

Secretary—R. KING

Reviewer—E. D. KERR

Second Term

President—L. W. WHITE, JR.

Vice-President—R. I. McDAVID

Secretary—B. R. LACY, JR.

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Third Term

President—E. D. KERR

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Third Term

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J. A. MAWHINNEY

L. McNEILL, *Secretary*



EUMENIAN SOCIETY



The Long Ago

"SELECTED"

(Written by Philo Henderson, Class '43)

Oh ! a wonderful stream is the river of Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
And blends with the ocean of years !

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And the summers like buds between,
And the ears in the sheaf—so they come and they go
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen !

There's a magical Isle in the river of Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing ;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical chime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the fumes with the roses are staying.

And the name of this Isle is Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there ;
There are the brows of beauty, and bosoms of snow,
There are the heaps of dust but we love them so !
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer ;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air ;
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh ! remember for aye be that blessed Isle,
All the day of life till night ;
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that "greenwood of soul be in sight" .

Officers of Philanthropic Society

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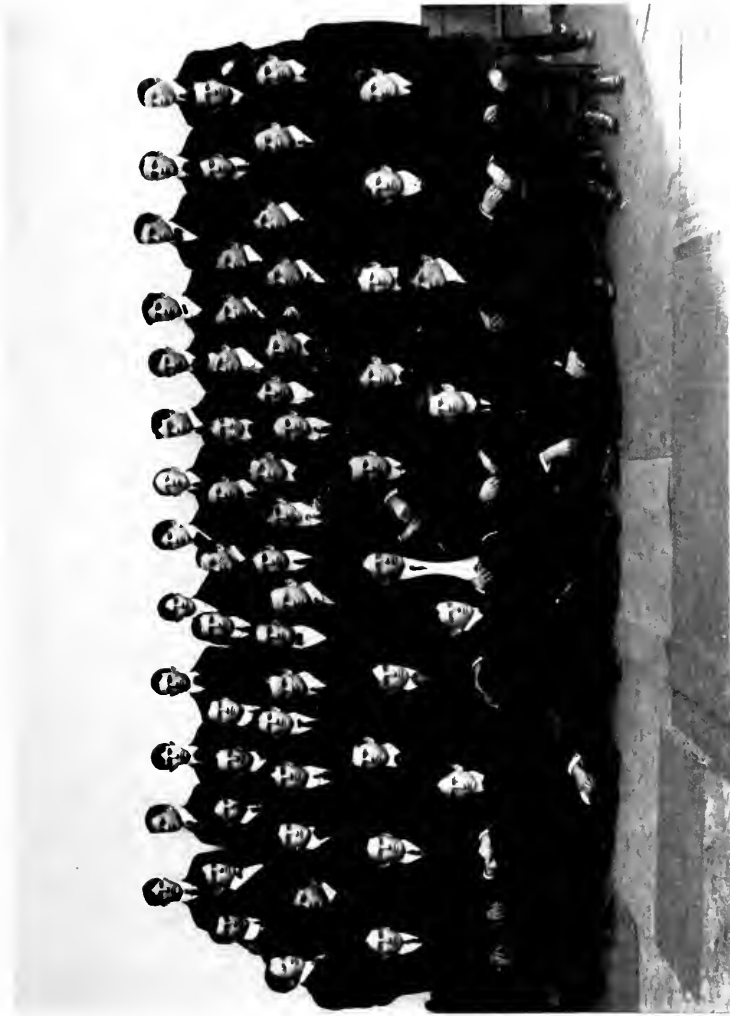
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W. T. GIBSON, *Treasurer of Society*
 J. O. MANN, *Janitor of Society*



PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY

“Et Tu Brute!”

Thou couldst not know how keener far for me
Than poisoned arrows, thy light words would be—
Thy words would be.

Nor dream, a slowly healing wound of yore
Those fingers that I love, unwitting tore—
Unwitting tore!

Thy light words all unconscious sped
And in a moment months of peace had fled—
Forever fled

I pardon thee, my friend ; I cannot think
Unkindness with thy loyal heart to link—
A moment link.

I see, through tears, thy kindly honest face ;
I hear, through sighs, thy voice, and grace—
I yield thee grace !

But when—how soon God knows !—thine eyes have scanned
The story of my life—then thou wilt understand—
Yes, understand.

—O. H.



Pansies for Thoughts

Dear, pansies are for thoughts, they say ;
But can these words, my love, be true—
Else were the world full pansy sown,
So constant are my thoughts of you ?

Editors Davidson College Magazine

Published by the Eumenean and Philanthropic Literary Societies

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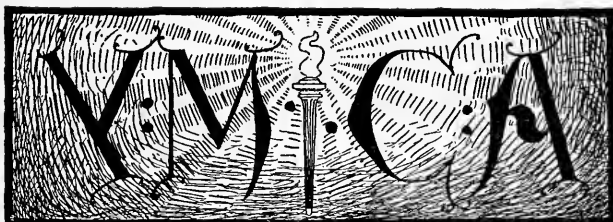
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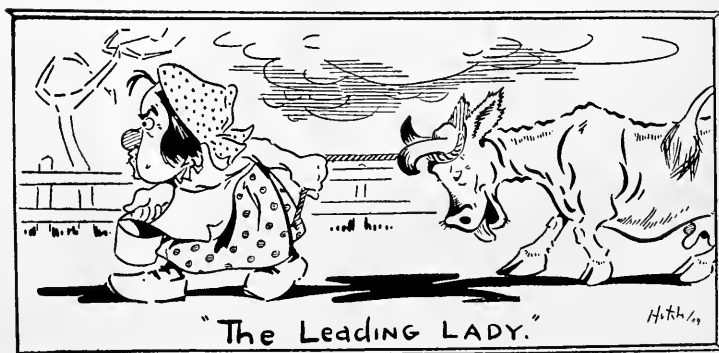
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To Her

I would I were a rosy cloud aflame
With the glowing west, that thou might'st see
It burning there, and, musing on my name,
Might'st say: "How like his passion love for me
You western cloud doth fiercely burn."

I would I were a flower along thy way,
Content to bloom unseen in shadows dim
Till thou should'st pluck it with thy hand and say:
"How like the fragrance of the thought of him
Is this rare sweetness of a flower."

I would I were a star that shines away
And over storm and calm steadfast above,
That thou might'st often look at it and say:
"How like the constancy of him I love
Is yon forever changeless star."





Fraternities





Kappa Sigma

(FOUNDED 1400)

Delta Chapter

(ESTABLISHED 1890)

Colors: Scarlet, White, and Emerald Green

Flower: Lily of the Valley

Active Chapters 65

Alumni Chapters 23

1904

TSCHAMER HARRINGTON DEGRAFFENREID - - - - Yorkville, S. C.
JOHN FRANK GORRELL - - - - Greensboro, N. C.

1905

AUGUSTUS WORTH SHAW - - - - Lumber Bridge, N. C.
WILLIAM TALIAFERRO THOMPSON, JR. - - - - Washington, D. C.

1906

WILLIE FARRANT BAILEY - - - - Greenwood, S. C.
WILLY MCKINNON FETZER - - - - Concord, N. C.
EDWARD GORDON FINLEY - - - - North Wilksboro, N. C.
JOHN COLUMBUS McDONALD - - - - Charlotte, N. C.
HAMILTON WITHERSPOON MCKAY - - - - Maysville, S. C.
JOHN WALKER MOORE - - - - McConnellsville, S. C.
HENRY SMITH RICHARDSON - - - - Greensboro, N. C.
ROBERT FLEET SMALLWOOD - - - - New Berne, N. C.

1907

PLATT WALKER COVINGTON - - - - Wadesboro, N. C.
ROBERT ALLISON FETZER - - - - Concord, N. C.
THOMAS JOHNSON FETZER - - - - Wadesboro, N. C.
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ROBERT CARTER LOVE - - - - McConnellsville, S. C.
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ALEXANDER HERRON SLOAN - - - - Davidson, N. C.
WILLIAM DIXON VARDELL - - - - New Orleans, La.

Medical College

JOHN CALVIN DYE, 1906 - - - - Fayetteville, N. C.
CLYDE ALLISON STEVENSON - - - - Statesville, N. C.

Frater in Urbe

CHARLES LESTER GREY - - - - Davidson, N. C.





KAPPA SIGMA

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FRANCIS MITCHELL ROGERS - - - Winston-Salem, North Carolina

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THOMAS JOHNSTON HUTCHISON - - - - - Rock Hill, South Carolina

Junior '05

WILLIAM FRANCIS O'KELLEY - - - - - Conyers, Georgia

Sophomore '06

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KEMP ELLIOTT SAVAGE - - - - - Norfolk, Virginia

BERNARD REID SMITH - - - - - Asheville, North Carolina

HENRY PORTERFIELD TAYLOR - - - - - Winston-Salem, North Carolina

HUGH TORRANCE - - - - - Charlotte, North Carolina

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JOHN WATT - - - - - Thomasville, Georgia

LOUIS TREZEVANT WILDS, JR. - - - - - Columbia, South Carolina

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THOMAS HARDAWAY JONES - - - - - Norcross, Georgia

DONNELL EVERETT SCOTT - - - - - Graham, North Carolina

JOHN EBENEZER PRESSLEY SHERARD - - - - - Iva, South Carolina





KAPPA ALPHA

Beta Theta Pi

Phi Alpha Chapter

Established in 1858 as Phi of Beta Theta Pi; re-established in 1884 as
Sword and Shield Chapter of Mystic Seven; united with
Beta Theta Pi in 1889, becoming Phi Alpha

Frater in Facultate

WILLIAM JOSEPH MARTIN, M. D., Ph. D., F. C. S.

Active Members

1904

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MATTHEW ASTOR THOMPSON - - - - - Tablequah, Indian Territory

1905

GEORGE NORWOOD BUTLER - - - - - Goldsboro, North Carolina
IRWIN MONTGOMERY CRAIG - - - - - Reidsville, North Carolina
DUDLEY WILLIAM McIVER - - - - - Montgomery, Alabama
CHRISTOPHER HILL PEIRCE - - - - - Wilmington, North Carolina
FREDERICK WHARTON RANKIN - - - - - Mooresville, North Carolina

1906

HENDERSON IRWIN - - - - - Charlotte, North Carolina
MARION BRITT IVES - - - - - Orlando, Florida
EDWARD HENRY HENDERSON - - - - - Aiken, South Carolina
CHRISTOPHER DUDLEY PEIRCE - - - - - Warsaw, North Carolina

1907

WILLIAM UPTON GUERRANT - - - - - Wilmore, Kentucky
RUSSELL HAMILTON GUERRANT - - - - - Wilmore, Kentucky
HENRY SPICER JONES - - - - - Goldsboro, North Carolina
JOHN EDWIN PURCELL, JR. - - - - - Red Springs, North Carolina
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Medical College

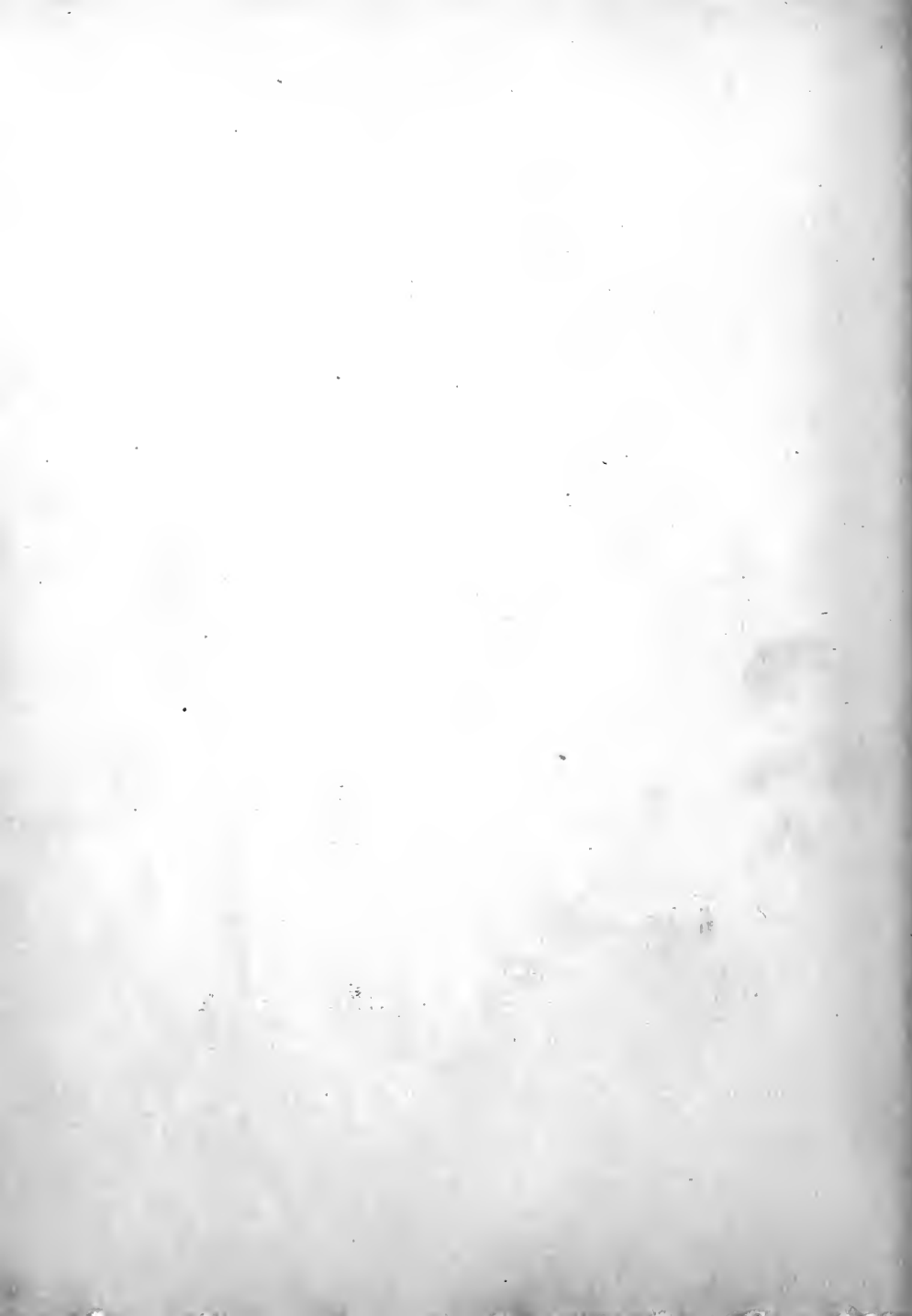
RUFUS REID MORRISON - - - - - Shelby, North Carolina

Colors : Pink and Blue

Flower : Rose

Active Chapters, 67

Alumni Chapters, 51





BETA THETA PI

Sigma Alpha Epsilon

(FOUNDED 1856)

North Carolina Theta *Flower:* Violet *Colors:* Old Gold and Royal Purple

Fratres in Facultate

PROF. JOHN L. DOUGLAS DR. J. P. MUNROE DR. JAMES M. DOUGLAS
PROF. ARCHIBALD CURRIE

1904

CHARLES ARTHUR CORNELSON - - - - - Orangeburg, S. C.
JAMES WHAREY CURRIE - - - - - Davidson, N. C.
ROBERT GEORGE MCALILY - - - - - Chester, S. C.
MORTIMER LACY MCKINNON - - - - - Hartsville, S. C.
JOEL SMITH MORSE - - - - - Abbeville, S. C.
BENJAMIN GASS TEAM - - - - - Camden, S. C.

1905

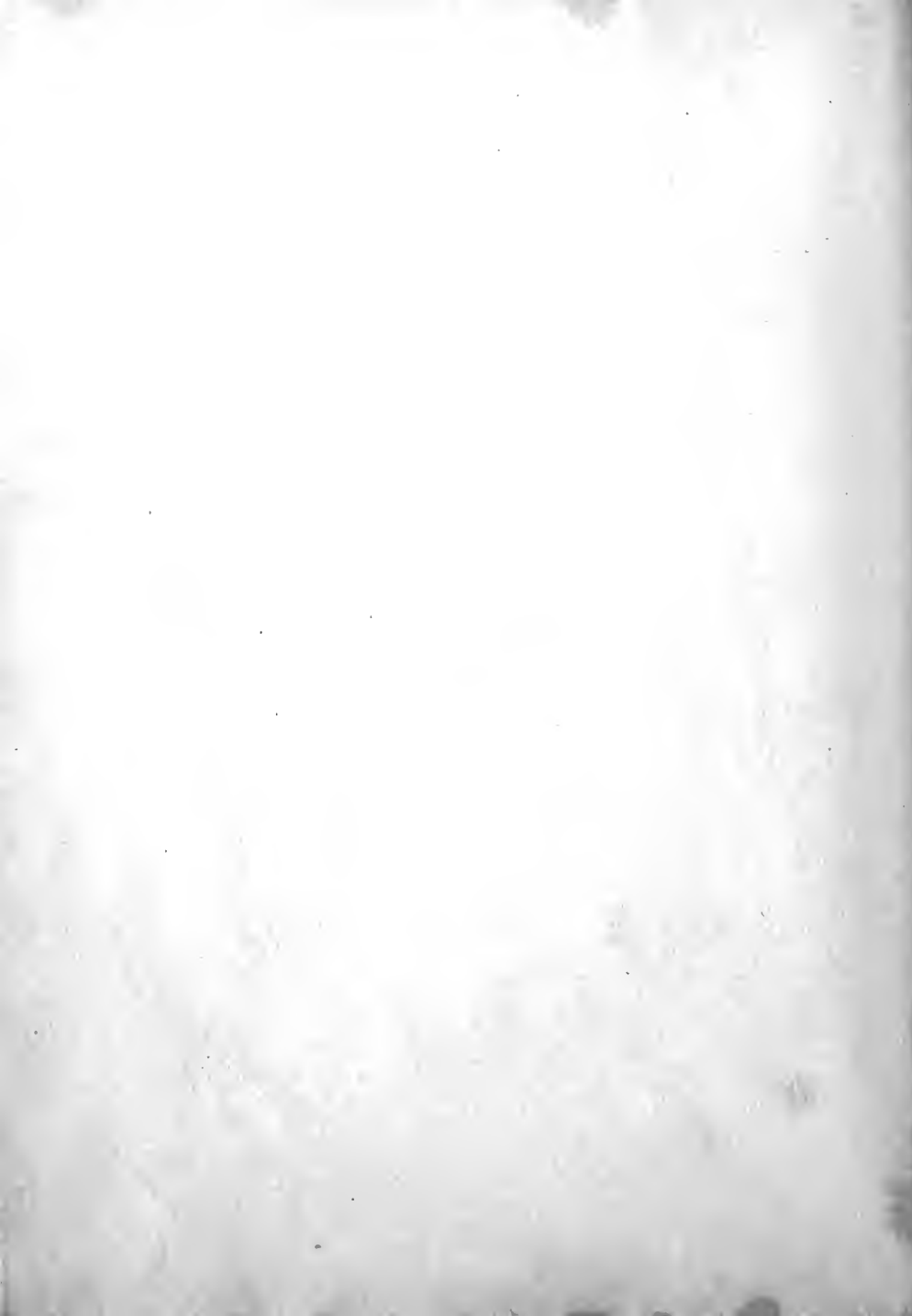
THOMAS KING CURRIE - - - - - Davidson, N. C.
EDWARD LEE MCCALLIE - - - - - Chattanooga, Tenn.
HARVEY WILSON MOORE - - - - - Augusta, Ga.

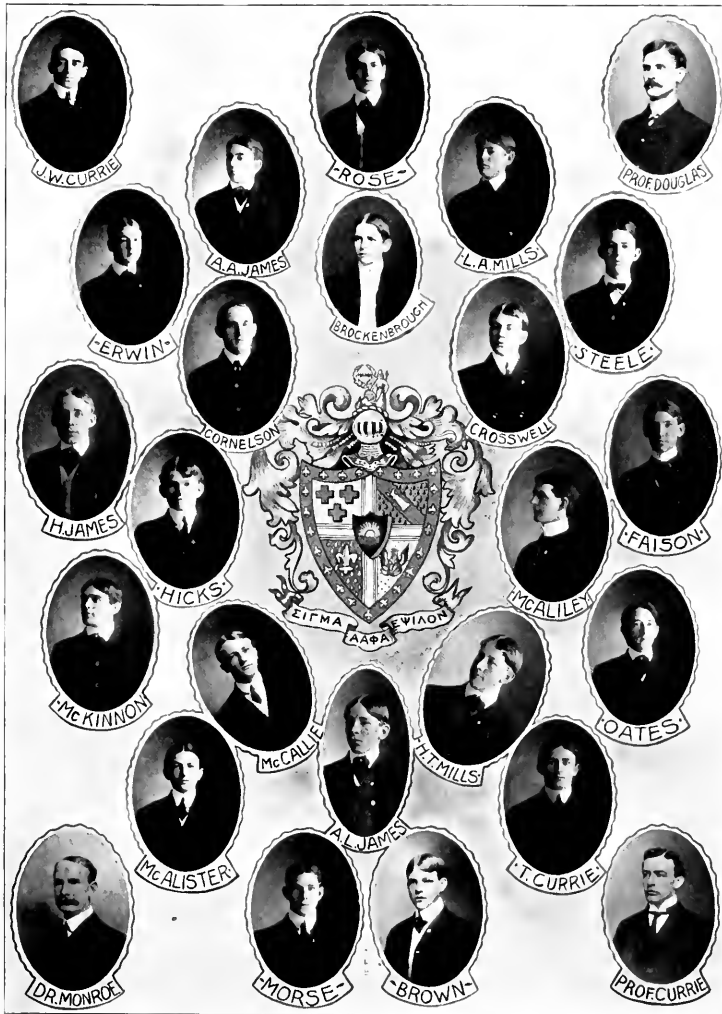
1906

JOHN BASS BROWN - - - - - Charlotte, N. C.
HENRY MARKLEY CROSSWELL - - - - - Wilmington, N. C.
EDWARD JONES ERWIN - - - - - Morganton, N. C.
YATES WELLINGTON FAISON - - - - - Charlotte, N. C.
HINTON JAMES - - - - - Laurinburg, N. C.
ALEXANDER LONG JAMES, JR. - - - - - Laurinburg, N. C.
HENRY THOMSON MILLS - - - - - Greenville, S. C.
LEROY ADAMS STEELE - - - - - Charlotte, N. C.
JOHN HENRY VAN LANDINGHAM, JR. - - - - - Charlotte, N. C.

1907

GEORGE HAWKINS BROCKENBROUGH, JR. - - - - - Charlotte, N. C.
DAVID WORTH CURRIE - - - - - Fayetteville, N. C.
CHARLES SPEARS HICKS - - - - - Wilmington, N. C.
ALBERT ALLISON JAMES, JR. - - - - - Spartanburg, S. C.
GUS McLEAN - - - - - Lumberton, N. C.
JOHN BOYKIN McALESTER - - - - - Washington, Ga.
LADSON ARTHUR MILLS - - - - - Greenville, S. C.
JAMES MUNROE OATES - - - - - Charlotte, N. C.
WILLIAM CUMMING ROSE - - - - - Laurinburg, N. C.





SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON



Πi Kappa Alpha Fraternity

Beta Chapter

(ESTABLISHED 1869 RE-ESTABLISHED 1894)

Flower: Lily of the Valley

Colors: Garnet and Gold

Active Members, 1904

R. H. ADAMS	Laurens, South Carolina
R. T. GILLESPIE, JR.	Rock Hill, South Carolina
N. T. WAGNER	Asheville, North Carolina
G. M. WILCOX	Elberton, Georgia

1905

J. B. CLARK	Clarkton, North Carolina
R. I. McDAVID	Pelzer, South Carolina
G. A. PENICK	Lynchburg, Virginia

1906

J. B. DENTON	Dalton, Georgia
ROBT. KING	Summerville, Georgia
J. L. MOORE, JR.	Rock Hill, South Carolina
T. STEARNS	Asheville, North Carolina

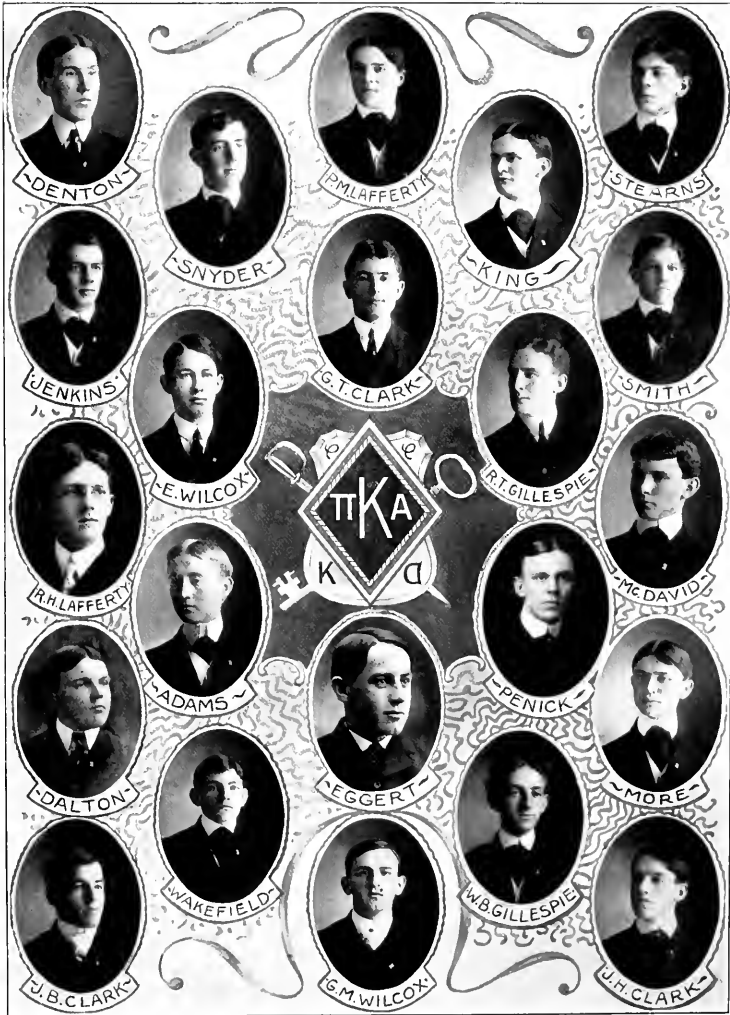
1907

J. H. CLARK	Clarkton, North Carolina
J. E. EGGERT	White Haven, Pennsylvania
W. B. GILLESPIE	Rock Hill, South Carolina
W. B. JENKINS	St. Charles, South Carolina
P. M. LAFFERTY	Concord, North Carolina
S. A. SMITH	Clarkton, North Carolina
L. A. SNYDER	White Haven, Pennsylvania
H. A. WAKEFIELD	Charlotte, North Carolina
E. WILCOX	Augusta, Georgia

Medical College

GEORGE C. CLARK	Charlotte, North Carolina
R. H. LAFFERTY	Davidson, North Carolina





PI KAPPA ALPHA

Basil's Choice

Out from youths gateway rode a gallant company
With songs and mirth, and faces flushed with joy, and eyes
Wherein there shown the light of bouyant hope. The day
Was young, and on ten thousand boughs the night had hung
Her trophies, diamond drops of dew that sparkled in the sun.
Behind these gay young Knights there stretched grim College walls—
Before them lay the world!

“Which road?” cried one, for here
Branched divers ways, and every one bore sign-board fair.
This one said: “Wealth,” and this read “Honor,” and this “Fame,”
While still another flower-draped, read: “This way leads
To Pleasure's Halls.”

Then further, where through vistas cool
Were seen fair forms and paths that lead away to homes,
A sign there gleamed whereon was writ in gold, one word—
‘Twas “Love.”

As one, and yet another looked and read,
“Let's choose!” cried Cecil with the eager, restless heart—
He who could never brook delay.

“I know which way
I'll go. We've digged and plodded till I'm weary quite.
I say let's follow Pleasure's way a while. We need
To rest. Life is so long, and care and sorrow soon
Will drag our souls down unto bondage ever more.
He looked around expectantly, but Maurice spoke—
He of the gleaming eyes and swathy skin—he said:
“Nay! not that way for me.” He stretched his arms afar—
“I shall seek Fame upon my country's battle-field,
And there, amid the roar of cannon, I shall lead
Ten thousand patriots on to victory.”
His dark eyes flashed, his swathy cheeks were flushed, and he
Moved on amid the cheers of those upon whose ears
His words fell like a call to arms.

Then Arthur spoke.
With kindling eye and fervid tones, he pointed where
The summer landscape set in turquoise mountains fair,
Hung like a wond'rous picture painted by God's hand.
“I too, shall follow Fame, but not 'mid horrid den
And carnage of the battle-field”—his cheek grew pale.
“I want to write my Country's songs, and live in hearts
To whom my words shall come as messages from God.”
His clear eyes shone, and he passed on with words of cheer.
Then to the front he moved, who foremost in debate,
Now wore the medal of First orator. Aloft
He held his head, and in his eyes there gleamed the light
Of a seer's vision—Conrad his name.

“ I would not
“ For my Country’s sake seek fame upon the battle-field,
“ Nor do I care to win a place and name by song ;
“ Pleasure is sweet, Love doth most surely lift the soul,
“ But life is not long enough, nor is will strong enough
“ For us to dally on those flower-fringed roads. Brothers,
“ Our Country calls for men—men, who by force of worth
“ And will shall sway the masses, and uplift our land.
“ We’re sick of shame—sick of the greed of gold, and I
“ Shall seek while life is mine for honor that is earned
“ Within those halls from whence have come our Nation’s laws.”

’Mid wild applause he led a score into that road
Where in dim distance gleamed the Nation’s Capitol.
Felix came forward then, his shrewd, keen eyes a-light
With purpose of success.

“ All that is very fine,
But fellows, listen here!” he said, “ I’ve looked around—
“ ’Tis money makes the man, and more, it gives him power
“ To do, and be, and help his fellow-man, and so
“ I take this road, be sure.” He turned to where far off
There hung a cloud of smoke that marked where toiled the many
For the few, and with him rode the largest band of all.
Others were left of that slow type who always wait
Because they never like to choose; and these turned now
To where there stood a man who all unconsciously
Swayed the firm scepter of an influence pure and strong
“ Come Basil, what say you?” asked one who knew full well
The saving power of Basil’s noble life. “ Speak man !”
“ What is your choice ?” “ Whither thou goest I will go.”
“ I dare not choose for you, my friend, but as for me—
“ See there”—he pointed down a long and crowded street
Where dwelled and plodded wretched men and women too.
Squalor and Dirt, and Want and Vice walked hand in hand.
“ How could I go elsewhere ? The groans and tears, the sighs
Of bitterness call louder than the syren voice
Of Wealth, or Fame, or Honor, yea—or even love.”
His gaze was rapt. His eyes gleamed with the immortal fire
Of love divine—that love which had a Savior given
Unto mankind!

“ This is my choice”—he said and smiled.
And by his side rode Audrey, while the west’ring sun
Placed a soft halo ’round their noble heads.

O. H.

Present Day Proverbs

CHAPTER I.

My son, hearken unto the voice of a sage, *immediately*, and learn wisdom.

The students and idlers come together in college; the professor knoweth them all.

A wise Fresh. keepeth within his hole after nightfall, but the simple venture out and receive some fifty, some an hundred fold, and some a libation of water.

Zeros and falls are in the way of the slothful; he that calleth on the Faculty members of a-Sunday nights shall be far from them.

Train up a Freshman in the way that he should go, and when he graduates he will pay for one or two of the lamps and window-panes he broke during his college course. (Accidently, yerno).

He that soweth hours of card-playing, or learning the twenty-three ways to tie a cravat, yerno, shall reap destruction and scurrilous remarks on his report.

Cast out the Sophomore and his foolishness will cease; verily his heart is putrid with devilment.

When thou enterest a racket store, offer thou the merchant \$2.95 for the suit marked \$2.98, and thou mayest wear it many days.

The lazy Soph. sayeth: "I will not study this syllabus tonight," and behold Sentelle shattereth his constitution next day with infernal questions.

Speak not in the ears of a fool (revised version, Fresh.) for he will despise the wisdom of thy words.

My son, if thou gettest behind with thy abstract, take it to the Professor after dark any time before commencement, and it shall be well.

Eat thou not the marshmallows of him that hath an evil eye, neither desire thou his dainties; for as he thinketh in his heart, so is he. "Eat," saith he to thee; but quinine is upon those marshmallows.

See'st thou a Sophomore? There is more hope of a fool than of him.

If thine enemy be hungry, sell him a biscuit ; and, if he be thirsty, charge him three cents for a glass of water and a toothpick.

The Fresh. that singeth loud at prayers I shall remember ; and woe to his soul, for music allers did make me sick, although I can distinguish a small difference between C and G.

See'st thou a student a-riding a pony ? Wisdom is far from him.

A fool uttereth all his mind , but a man like me keeps back 1 per cent. till afterwards.

The man who laughs long and loud at a Professor's jokes shall not be without his reward. It shall help his mark mightily, provided his laughter be sincere and not mocking.

If a man pulls out his watch during preaching, it shall be counted a crime ; yea, verily, he should be imprisoned for it. Selah !

The candidate for the ministry whose face is not four feet long is not to be trusted. He thinketh not of religion nor of making high marks.

When I see a Freshman a-smoking of a cigarette, truly my thoughts are too deep for words. I say unto myself, "*Omnes stulti non mortui sunt*" and try to forget that such animals as Fresh. exist.

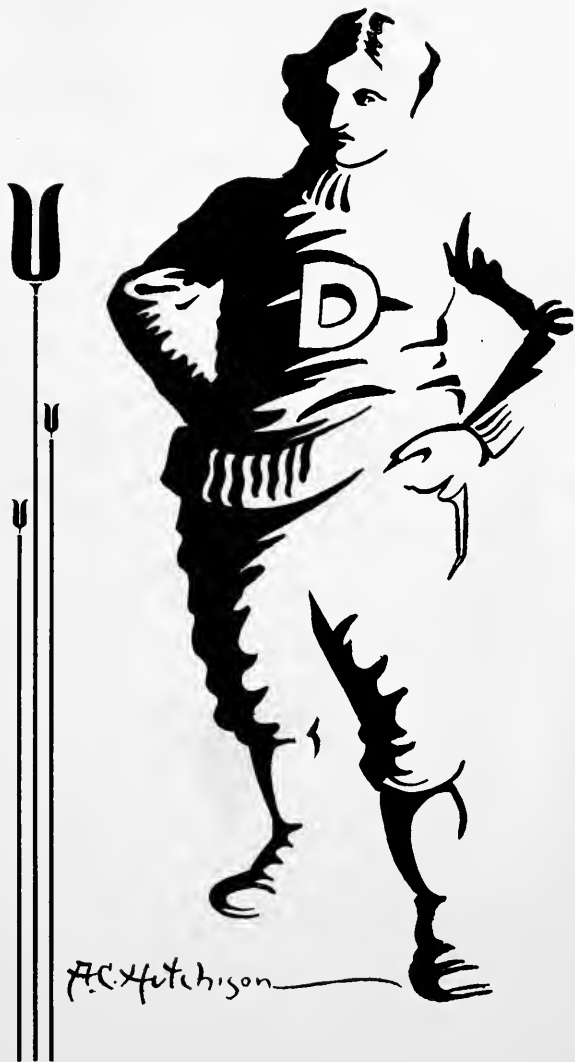
The man that loafes around the drug stores a-drinking coca colas, yerno, ought to have a mill-stone around his neck and be cast into the depths of the sea. Selah !

Vanity of vanities ; all men are liars when it comes to prayers and church absences.

—*Uno*



A
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A.C. Hutchison

Davidson College Athletic Association

Officers

G. M. WILCOX	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>President</i>
T. K. CURRIE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Vice-President</i>
W. T. BAILEY	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>



Executive Committee

G. M. WILCOX, '04, *Chairman*

T. J. HUTCHISON, '04	P. S. EASLEY, '04
T. K. CURRIE, '05	E. L. MCCALLIE, '05
I. M. CRAIG, '05	W. M. FETZER, '06
W. T. BAILEY, '06	H. S. RICHARDSON, '06
C. S. HICKS, '07	T. J. FETZER, '07



Football

G. A. PENICK, *Manager*

T. J. HUTCHISON, *Captain*



Baseball

H. E. BOWMAN, *Manager*

E. YOUNT, *Captain*



Track Team

M. L. MCKINNON, *Manager*

T. J. HUTCHISON, *Captain*



Tennis Association

J. F. GORRELL, *President*

F. L. JACKSON, *Secretary*

Athletics

IN looking back over the past year's record of Davidson on the diamond and gridiron, we cannot but feel some disappointment at the number of scores which read in favor of our opponents. Yet we do not feel that these scores give a just estimate of the merits of our team. We are proud of last year's baseball team. They made the red and black of Davidson wave in victory on several hard-fought fields. In the final game of the season with Virginia, they showed that they were well worthy to wield the stick for Davidson. They made Virginia more than once tremble for her laurels, and only lost the game by a "streak of hard luck" in the sixth inning.

As to football, and the work which the eleven of last fall did, this can best be told in the words of our coach: "Davidson had a first-class eleven this year, but on account of many unfortunate occurrences the number of victories was very limited. To begin with, all the games arranged could not be scheduled merely with the one idea of victory. If this were the case, we would always remain in the same old rut, and, in a football sense, our team would never be recognized. No one will gainsay the fact but that our performances against Virginia, Clemson and V. P. I. have done a great deal to boost us in the football world. The great fault this year has been that we had a very poor schedule. We had but one practice game on the hill, and the only other team we could confidently expect to win from was U. of South Carolina. Nothing will tend to put a team out of form quicker than to have the tiresome, monotonous practice unbroken by what is termed a preparatory game. A practice game was not needed much before the Virginia game, as the team was full of spirit and felt like playing football. But after this the team took a 'slump,' and the result is too well known. This year's team was handicapped by the schedule, but, outside of the South Carolina game, played splendid ball and upheld the honor of the College. The team was well drilled and knew as much football as any team they went up against, and but for the unfortunate schedule we feel they would have made an exceptional record."

As for track athletics, Davidson, in the contests between the classes, has always shown that she had excellent men for this kind of work. Last Spring was the only time we have ever entered into outside contests. We had a meet with Charlotte Y. M. C. A., and here our track team showed that their powers had not been overestimated. They won first in all contests except one, and made fine records for themselves.

As we write, our baseball team is preparing to enter upon another season of work. With a good schedule and most of last year's team, and our old pitcher, Vail, who was not with us last year, we predict a good record.

Football Team

G. A. PENICK, *Manager*

HUTCHISON, *Captain*

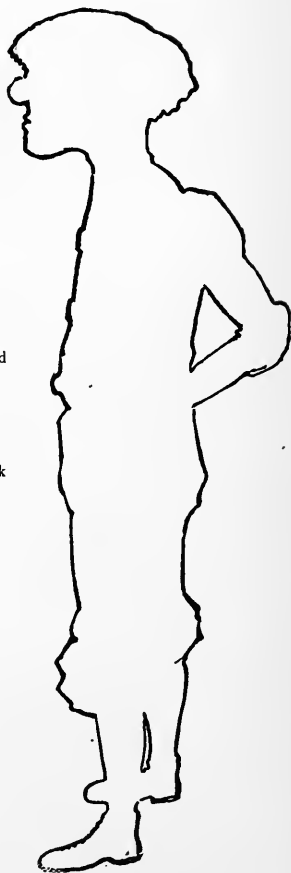
J. A. BREWIN, *Coach*

Varsity Eleven

LENTZ, Center	DICKSON, } SMALLWOOD, }	Right Guard
SLOOP, Left Guard	WHITAKER,	Right Tackle
GIBSON, J. L., Left Tackle	FETZER,	Right End
HUTCHISON, Left End, <i>Capt.</i>	McKINNON,	Right Half Back
McCALLIE, Left Half Back	McKAY,	Full Back
VARDELL, Quarter		

Substitutes

MOORE	HASSELL
GIBSON, W. T.	LACY
HODGE	ROGERS





FOOTBALL TEAM



Games Played

	Sept. 28	
Oak Ridge, 0	at Davidson	Davidson, 54
	Oct. 31, in Charlotte	
University of Virginia, 22		Davidson, 0
	Nov. 8, in Charlotte	
South Carolina, 28		Davidson, 12
	Nov. 21, in Charlotte	
Clemson, 24		Davidson, 0
	Nov. 26, in Roanoke	
V. P. I., 26		Davidson, 0



Second Team

TEAM, *Manager*

GIBSON, W. T., *Captain*

MILLS, Center	HASSELL, Right Guard
ROGERS, Left Guard	CLARK, Right Tackle
CLARK, J. B., Left Tackle	FETZER, R., Right End
EGGERT, Left End	McNEIL, } Right Half Back
GIBSON, W. T., <i>Capt.</i> , Left H. B.	FITZPATRICK, }
LACY, Quarter	TEAM, Full Back

Substitutes

STOCKARD	RICHARDSON	HICKS
MILLS		MANN



Games Played

	Nov. 16, at Rock Hill	
Kings Mountain Military Academy, 0		Davidson, 12
	Nov. 25, in Charlotte	
Charlotte Y. M. C. A., 0		Davidson, 26

Baseball Scores

1903

Charlotte Y. M. C. A..... 7	Davidson 5 at Davidson
Bingham 2	Davidson 15 at Davidson
Georgia University..... 4	Davidson 5 at Athens
Clemson 11	Davidson 0 at Clemson
Wofford..... 2	Davidson 3 at Spartanburg
Trinity 5	Davidson 3 at Durham
A. & M..... 10	Davidson 11 at Raleigh
Trinity 4	Davidson 2 at Concord
Virginia..... 8	Davidson 1 at Charlotte

1904

Charlotte..... 1	Davidson 12 at Davidson, March 19
Lenoir 0	Davidson 16 at Davidson, March 28
Guilford 1	Davidson 3 at Davidson, April 2
University of N. C..... 0	Davidson 7 at Winston, April 4
Furman 10	Davidson 11 at Davidson, April 5
South Carolina College..... 0	Davidson 13 at Charlotte, April 11
Clemson 3	Davidson 6 at Charlotte, April 18
Wofford..... 4	Davidson 12 at Spartanburg, April 19
University of Georgia 2	Davidson 5 at Athens, April 20
Mercer..... 4	Davidson 2 at Macon, April 21
Furman 11	Davidson 7 at Greenville, April 22
A. & M. College..... 13	Davidson 3 at Charlotte, May 2
Wofford..... 2	Davidson 4 at Davidson, May 9

Scrubs

Charlotte..... 2	D. C. Scrubs..... 12 at Charlotte, April 25
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T.J.H.

Baseball in Winston
April 4, 1904

Baseball Team

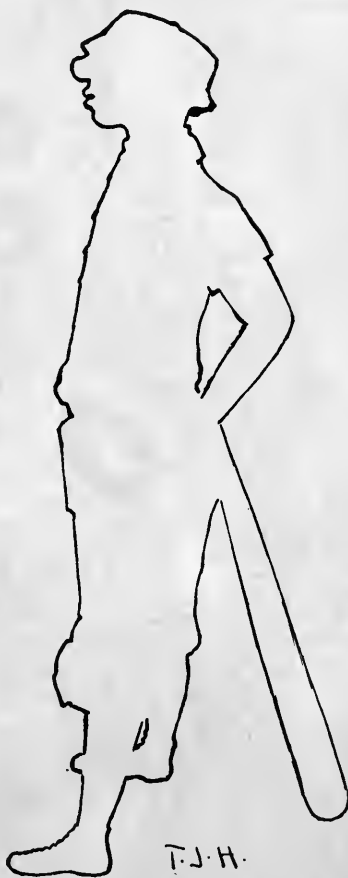


H. E. BOWMAN, *Manager*

E. YOUNT, *Captain*

J. A. BREWIN, *Coach*

ROWE		Catcher
VAIL }	Pitchers	HALL
YOUNT }		WILCOX
YOUNT	First Base	VAIL
MORRISON		Second Base
FETZER, W.		Third Base
BAILEY		Shortstop
WILCOX		Left Field
MOORE, J. W.		Center Field
CURRIE, T. K.		Right Field
THOMPSON, W. T.		Sub.



Track Team

HUTCHISON, T. J., *Captain*

McKINNON, M. L., *Manager*

McCALLIE

GIBSON, W. T.

SHAW, A. W.

EASLEY, P. S.

CARR, E. B.

LORRENCE, H.

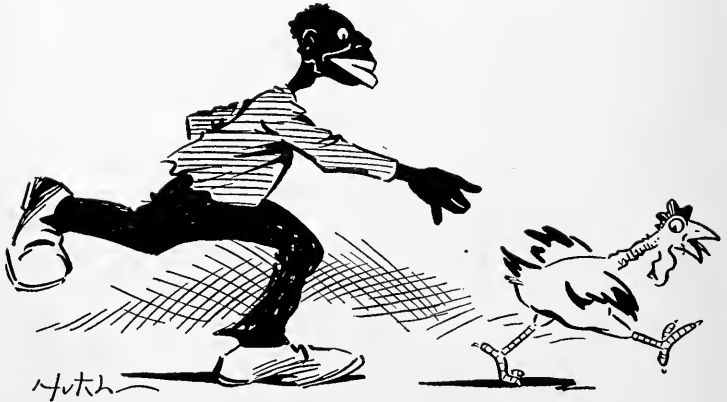
WALKER, A. T.

McNEIL, L.

McDONALD, J.

SMALLWOOD

MOORE, J. W.





TRACK TEAM

Athletic Records

Pole Vault

MARCELLUS WOOTEN, '96 10 feet 10 inches

Hammer Throw

D. K. POPE, '96 117 feet

Hurdle—120 Yards

O. J. HUIE, '01 15 3-5 seconds

220 Yards

O. J. HUIE, '01; T. J. HUTCHISON, '04; L. MCKINNON, '04 23 4-5 seconds

440 Yards

H. C. REID, '95; J. A. STEELE, '96 51 1-5 seconds

Half Mile

P. S. EASLEY, '04 2 minutes, 10 seconds

Mile Relay

CLASS 1900 AND '97 3 minutes, 28 seconds

Baseball Throw

YANDLE 333 feet

Shot Put

CARR, '04 43 feet

Broad Jump

MARCELLUS WOOTEN, '96 22 feet

High Jump

R. H. M. BROWN, '94 5 feet, 9 inches

100 Yards

H. C. REID, '97 10 seconds



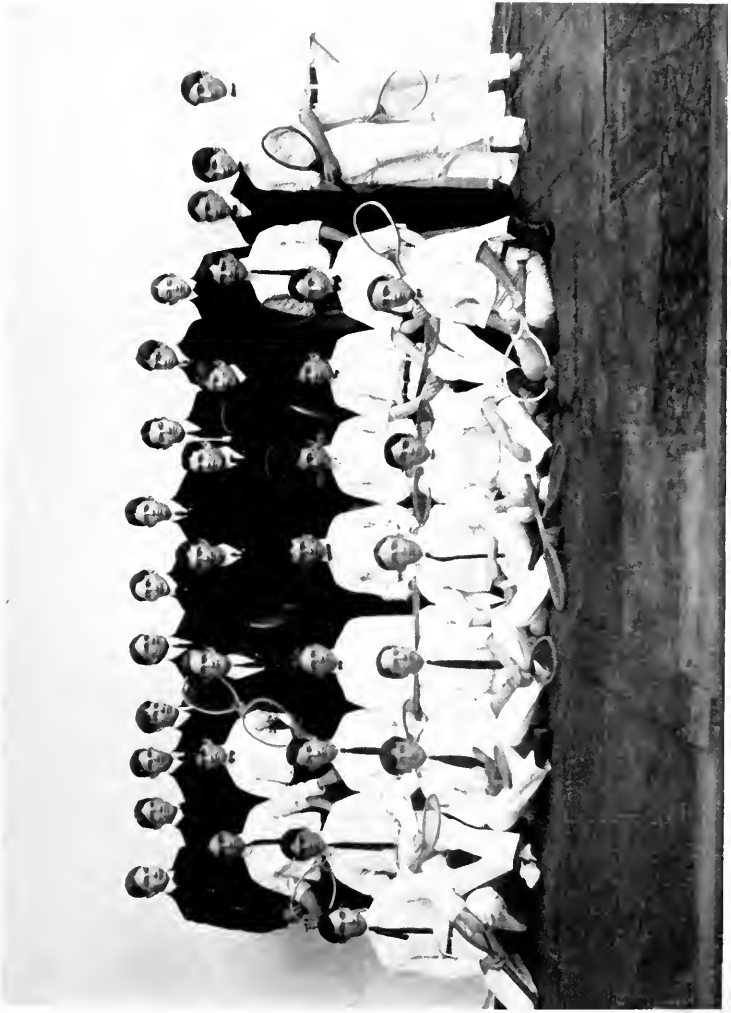
Tennis Club



J. F. GORRELL *President*
R. G. McALILY *Vice-President*
F. L. JACKSON *Secretary and Treasurer*

Members

DeGraffenreid
Morse
Craig
Timmons
Thompson, M. A.
Faison
Thompson, W. T.
Cornelson
Wilds
White, L. W.
Butler
Brown, J. B.
Dickson, R. D.
Watt, C.
James, T. H.
McDonald
Moore, J. L.
Currie, J. W.
Henderson
O'Kelley
McAlester
Guerrant, R. H.
Fetzer, R.
Long, T. B.
Eggert
Sloan
Witmer
James, A. A.
Boggs
Mills, L. A.
Erwin, E. J.
Love
Van LANDINGHAM
Greenlee
Scott
Team
James, H.



TENNIS CLUB



Tennis Tournament

1903

Teams

DAFFIN AND ARROWOOD
JOHNSTON AND SPRUNT
TIMMONS AND ROWAN
MCCAULEY AND WHITE
BUTLER AND FORNEY
THOMPSON, W. T. AND DEGRAFFENREID
HALL AND CRAIG
MORSE AND FAISON
THOMPSON, M. A AND McDOWELL
BAILEY AND FETZER
RANKIN AND GORRELL
MILLS AND BEATY
McMURRAY AND McLAUGHLIN

Finals Played

BY
MORSE AND FAISON *vs.* HALL AND CRAIG
WON BY
HALL AND CRAIG
CHAMPIONS FOR NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THREE



The Sentimental Soph.

A little while he'd been—
Two years—at Davidson,
And felt himself quite swell,
And smil'd o'er hearts he'd won.

He sat him down one day,
To write a little ode—
A pretty girl he'd met—
Toward her Pegassus rode.

In regulation phrase,
He thus began to write,
"Blue are thine eyes, my love,"
And sent the thing that night.

He waited long for her
Reply. To his surprise
It read: "You're wrong, sir, in
The matter of my eyes."

Dire consternation fill'd
His soul, when this he read;
And forthwith he, the swain,
Began to beat his head.

"And be they brown," cried he;
"Egad! I clear forget,
Or blue, or black, or gray,
The girl I last week met?"

"A duced fix I'm in,
Ah! me; Alack! Alas!
What shall I do? I'm all
Undone—a driveling ass."

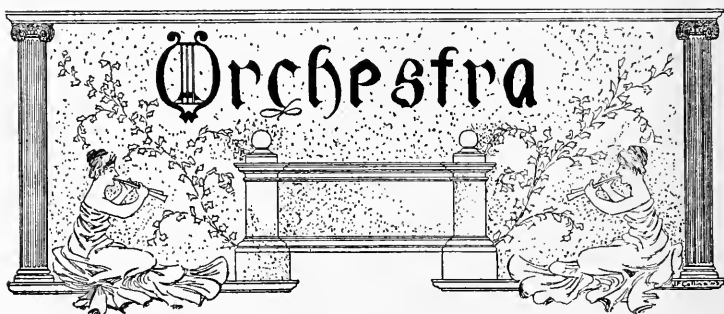
And so the story proves,
As Aesop's fables say,
An ass in linen's skin
Just gives *himself* away.





T.J.H.

A DAVIDSON TYPE



W. T. BAILEY *Leader*

N. T. WAGNER *Manager*

PIANO—W. T. BAILEY

FIRST VIOLIN—H. JAMES CLARINET—J. F. GORRELL

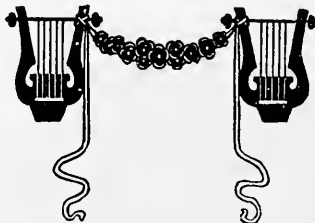
SECOND VIOLIN

W. F. O'KELLEY A. P. HASSELL

FIRST CORNET—H. L. CATHEY SECOND CORNET—J. E. HEMPHILL

BASS VIOLIN—P. S. EASLEY SNARE DRUM—N. T. WAGNER

TRIANGLE—A. L. JAMES





ORCHESTRA



I and My Opportunity

How like to one who, hearing, understands
But dim and vague the master's symphony,
Am I, who waste on trifles thoughtlessly
These hours of youth that run with golden sands,
Nor catch the voices of the day's demands.
The flowers along my path, that else might be
My laurel-crown of opportunity,
I pluck to cast aside with careless hands.
And still I sigh: "When shall the dawning be?
When shall I see my star of fortune rise?"
Ah, foolish me! Ah, blind unseeing eyes!
It shines to-day; and some day I shall see,
From some point glancing back along my way,
A beam of light athwart each common day.



Glee Club



1903-1904



M. A. THOMPSON - - - - - *Leader*
 T. J. HUTCHISON - - - - - *Manager*

First Tenor
 C. S. HICKS C. H. PEIRCE J. A. MAWHINNEY
 D. W. McIVER K. E. SAVAGE

Second Tenor
 W. E. COOPER A. P. HASSELL M. A. THOMPSON

First Bass
 D. W. CURRIE T. J. HUTCHISON P. S. EASLEY

Second Bass
 J. G. ANDERSON J. A. McMURRAY

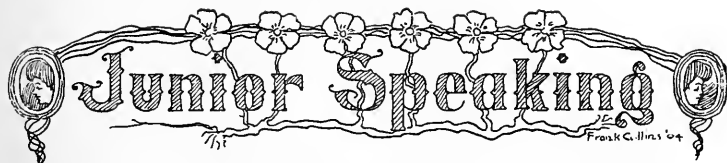
J. O. MANN, A. L. JAMES

Pianist
 W. T. BAILEY



GLEE CLUB





Programme

Friday, Feb. 26, 7:30 P. M.

MUSIC

INVOCATION

MUSIC

D. A. BLUE	- - - - -	Antler, North Carolina
	"True Greatness"	
G. N. BUTLER	- - - - -	Pernambuco, Brazil
	"America's Gift to the World"	
J. B. CLARK	- - - - -	Clarkton, North Carolina
	"The Age of World-Politics"	
T. K. CURRIE	- - - - -	Davidson, North Carolina
	"The Louisiana Purchase"	
I. M. CRAIG	- - - - -	Reidsville, North Carolina
	"Success and Its Conditions"	

MUSIC

C. W. ERVIN	- - - - -	Church, South Carolina
	"The American Soldier"	
W. T. GIBSON	- - - - -	Barium Springs, North Carolina
	"College Athletics—Their Use and Abuse"	
M. M. GREY	- - - - -	Davidson, North Carolina
	"Manifest Destiny"	
J. S. GUY, JR.	- - - - -	Lowryville, South Carolina
	"The Recognition of Panama"	
A. R. HARRISON	- - - - -	Huntersville, North Carolina
	"The March of Christianity"	

Saturday, Feb. 27, 11:30 A. M.

MUSIC

INVOCATION

MUSIC

G. P. HEILEG	- - - - -	"The Future of the South"	Davidson, North Carolina
J. A. MAWHINNEY	- - - - -	"The Battle of Gettysburg"	Marianna, Florida
R. I. McDAVID	- - - - -	"The Founding of the Republic"	Pelzer, South Carolina
D. W. McIVER	- - - - -	"The Right of the Strongest"	Montgomery, Alabama
J. A. McQUEEN	- - - - -	"John B. Gordon"	Marven, North Carolina

MUSIC

H. W. MOORE	- - - - -	"Robert E. Lee"	Augusta, Georgia
W. F. O'KELLEY	- - - - -	"Civil Liberty in America"	Conyers, Georgia
J. A. PAISLEY	- - - - -	"The Laborer and His Rights"	Guilford, North Carolina
F. A. RANKIN	- - - - -	"The Re-establishment of the Old Plantation"	Davidson, North Carolina
F. W. RANKIN	- - - - -	"American Imperialism"	Mooresville, North Carolina

Saturday, Feb. 27, 7:30 P. M.

MUSIC

INVOCATION

MUSIC

A. W. SHAW	- - - - -	"The Benefits of Wealth"	Lumber Bridge, North Carolina
N. S. STIREWALT	- - - - -	"An Anglo-American Alliance"	Davidson, North Carolina
W. T. THOMPSON, JR.	- - - - -	"Our Approaching Industrial Supremacy and Its Perils"	Washington, District of Columbia

MUSIC

ASA THURSTON	- - - - -	"Gen. Nathan B. Forrest"	Taylorsville, North Carolina
C. H. WEATHERLY	- - - - -	"The Isthmian Canal and the South"	Jamestown, North Carolina
S. C. WILLIAMS	- - - - -	"A Solution of the Race Problem"	Mooresville, North Carolina



Senior Speaking

By Frank Collins

Programme

Class Nineteen Hundred and Four

Friday, April 1, 8.00 P. M.

MUSIC

INVOCATION

MUSIC

R. H. ADAMS - - - - - Laurens, South Carolina

"The Man Who is Master of Himself"

W. W. BAIN - - - - - Wade, North Carolina

"Popular Education for North Carolina"

C. L. BLACK - - - - - Davidson, North Carolina

"The Scholar in Politics"

E. B. CARR - - - - - Safe, North Carolina

"The Advantages of Difficulties"

W. E. COOPER - - - - - Hogansville, Georgia

"Ideals and Life"

MUSIC

C. A. CORNELSON - - - - - Orangeburg, South Carolina

"The Prophecy of Nature"

Jas. W. CURRIE - - - - - Davidson, North Carolina

"Individual Liberty"

T. H. DEGRAFFENREID - - - - - Chester, South Carolina

"The Southerner of the Future"

R. D. DICKSON - - - - - Raeford, North Carolina

"The Future of the East"

P. S. EASLEY - - - - - Black Walnut, Virginia

"Optimism"

MUSIC

Saturday, April 2d, 10.30 A. M.

MUSIC
INVOCATION
MUSIC

J. F. GORRELL	- - - - -	Greensboro, North Carolina
R. T. GILLESPIE, JR.	- "What We Owe to the Study of Science" -	Rock Hill, South Carolina
T. J. HUTCHISON, JR.	- "The Fall of the Bastille" -	Rock Hill, South Carolina
E. D. KERR	- "Tentare est Valere" -	Rankin, North Carolina
R. G. McALILEY	- "Napoleon's Place in History" -	Chester, South Carolina
	- "An Undeveloped Resource" -	

MUSIC

M. L. MCKINNON	- - - - -	Hartsville, South Carolina
J. W. McNEILL	- "College Training" -	Vass, North Carolina
J. S. MORSE	- "The Balance-Wheel of Our Democracy" -	Abbeville, South Carolina
T. B. PIERCE, JR.	- "The New Ideal" -	Warsaw, North Carolina
J. C. ROWAN	- "The Fall of Rome" -	Carthage, North Carolina
H. W. SHANNON	- "Popular Education and Religious Liberty" -	Gastonia, North Carolina
	- "The Influence of Reformers" -	

MUSIC

Saturday, April 2d, 8.00 P. M.

MUSIC
INVOCATION
MUSIC

B. G. TEAM	- - - - -	Camden, South Carolina
M. A. THOMPSON,	- "A New Type of Manhood" -	Charlotte, North Carolina
S. A. THOMPSON	- "Literature and Life" -	Davidson, North Carolina
R. K. TIMMONS	- "The Cotton Boll Weevil" -	Columbia, South Carolina
	- "Nemesis—A Lesson from History" -	

MUSIC

N. T. WAGNER	- - - - -	Asheville, North Carolina
J. McL. WATTS	- "Martin Luther" -	Fancy Hill, North Carolina
L. W. WHITE, JR.	- "What American Manhood Must Do" -	Abbeville, South Carolina
G. M. WILCOX	- "The Anglo-Saxon and the Slave" -	Elberton, Georgia
	- "The Naval Appropriation Bill" -	

MUSIC



A Contest in Social Life

IT is a truthful saying, and worthy of acceptance, that boys will take every "something made out of nothing and God knows 'tis good" which meets them in the by-paths of social life. Once upon a time, in the year of our Lord since the Davidson Rebellion, three eminent Seniors, distinguished in their own scarcity of "mammy wit," known among the rabble as Li Hung Shang Chawterbaker, Lulu and the Father of David, made a secret determination to raise thunder as sports. They assembled at the home of a kind young lady between Portsmouth and Tampa. They were three good shepherds, distinguished for gathering in the fold. For the pleasure of the crowd the game of "Flinch," or conscience-easer of weak-headed people, was suggested. The prize offered to the winner was that he could administer to any one present a "broken dose" of "two lip" salve, a sure cure for an "itching booce."

Every one present soon saw that the buxom darling of the Normal was destined to win, and she did.

Well I will be cussed up a saplin backwards! Did you partake of that operation? The other sister took the prize, and she should have given it to her god-forsaken, aspiring friend, one of the brothers. The shepherds mourned that the lost one was gone, gone, gone!

The second contest was started with a retrospective view of the past, a philosophical survey of the present, and a prognostication of the future. The same prize was offered again. Great was the excitement of the struggle which ensued. The wonder of every one was: who will win? The Goddess of Love was present without her rival, and bestowed the skill upon the same fair creature of her own peculiar care. Li Hung Shang Chawterbaker swore that he would not see his comrades outdone, and claimed the kiss for the Father of David.

To kiss or not to kiss, was the question.

Whether 'twas nobler and better to suffer the sneers of a female's outlandish tongue or miss the prize.

There was balm in Gilead. The kiss was snapped with the rapidity of a flash of lightning, echoing and re-echoing in the room, smack! smack! smack! Only heard of again in the deliberate sound, a note prolusive and prophetic, "you bold rascal."

The contest was over, the prize was won.

Owing to the indifference of the Father of David to the maiden's jibes, she advised him to read the Bible. He, knowing nothing of this book, asked what part. Psalms, 85th chapter and 10th verse, was the reply. This proved that "all is well that ends well," and confirmed the old, old phrase:

Boyibus, kissibus, sweet galorum,
Girlibus, likibus, wanteth some-morum.

An Ignominious Affair

Several Killed, Some Wounded, but the Majority Perished Because
They Were Obligated to

OUR SOUTHLAND is developing very rapidly along nearly all lines of progress. Davidson College boasts of having her part in the prosperity, and verily she has been wonderfully blessed in many respects. What Art, Science, Theology and the classic languages have failed to do for us, Nature has in some instances attempted. We are constrained to believe that the following, which is the experience of one of our number, vulgarly known as "The Deacon," is a hint from the greatest of all teachers, Nature, to establish a chair of Bugology in our institution.

The saintly brother, above referred to, came on the campus last September with that dignity and justifiable pride which is nothing but natural to a Senior. On meeting him, nearly every one spoke about how well he looked. Even "Woolie" told him he looked as fat as a deviled crab. The Deacon was evidently much pleased at all this, and especially at "Woolie's" flattering compliment. But Deacon, poor fellow, little suspected that enemies were silently lurking, ambushed snugly away on his last year's roosting pole.

About 11 p. m. the Deacon decided to retire to his virtuous couch. He undressed in a very dignified manner, and, having offered up his evening petition, "turned in," as the "tufts" express it. As he rolled over a time or two he thought of the three years hard work which were now past, and he could see in his vivid imagination the Senior Class around the stage a year hence, and "Project" handing sheepskins to each and all. In his mind he was deciding about the amount of dignity that he ought to assume, and how he should conduct himself as a Senior.

But his reveries were rudely stopped by a sudden sting on his bare shank, just two inches above his uncouth ankle bone. The next second his sense of touch conveyed to his inner sensory the intelligence that another bed-fellow had presented his *bill* between his big toe and its nearest neighbor. Before he had time to surmise the meaning of all this, he was startled by the presence of several prospecting and dissecting parties (mostly of the latter kind) on what he had "grewed up" to believe was his own personal and private stock in the market of humanity.

His first resistance was against one brave crusader, who, not noticing the dignity and solemn mien of the owner thereof, was making a hasty survey of his proboscis. The unfortunate explorer was caught between the "Deak's" finger and a whisk of his moustache, and in the struggle which ensued was cruelly crushed to death, his body being mangled beyond recognition, but, at the same time, giving out an odor which was in the highest degree recognizable. After committing several such deeds, the Deacon swore vehemently rough—even an expert cusser would have pronounced him a genius with a life of experience, instead of a green amateur at the business.

The "Deak," too conscientious to sell his bed to a Fresh., quietly threw it out the window, expressing a wish that the inhabitants thereon, with all their ancestors and other belongings, were in h—l.

The "Deak" now betook himself to a furniture store and "sunk 'is self" to the amount of an iron bedstead. When it arrived on the scene of the previous conflict, and was set up in sleeping order, the "Deak," in order to keep other members of his family out of bed, if possible, put each of the "lower limbs" of the bed in tar and turpentine.



In Absence

Through all the long, dark night of absence, dear,
I wait for thee,
Till I shall see thy face again, and hear
Thee speak to me.

So as the rose waits all the sunless night
In patience, till
Her lover sends his messages of light
O'er eastern hill.

On a Picture of an Oriental Girl

Ah ! maiden of the dreamy eyes where lies,
In depths whose darkness is but chained fire
That waits release, what passion of desire !
A daughter of the sun and burning skies,
Nurtured in Oriental sorceries
That claim the hearts and minds of men their hire
To lay at last but on a funeral pyre,
High Priestess thou of race-old mysteries !

Perhaps beneath the spell of some such eyes
Mahomet dreamed ; a book from such to win
Fought Moslem, ay, and Western Paladin,
And dying, saw in them his Paradise.
Perhaps—for so his canvas seems to tell—
The painter, too, has felt their potent spell.



A Wish

The sunbeam kissed the rosebud sweet,
And left a blush of crimson hue,
Why may not I, like sunbeams, kiss,
And leave a blush, dear Rose, with you ?



Assistants to the Faculty

THE FACULTY, finding themselves no longer able to perform the ever-increasing duties of their respective departments, consider themselves fortunate in having secured the services of the following assistants:

In the Perfumery, Dr. Flourine Molybdenum Rogers, whose work on the bivalency of human nature is well known, fills the capacity of chief. Drs. Mercury Alcohol Thompson, Rhodium Glucinum McAliley, Chloride Litmus Black, Calcium Aluminum Cornelson, Carbon Hydrogen Pierce and Nitrogen Sulphur Stirewalt compose his staff. It is true that, with the exception of Messrs. Cornelson and Pierce, these gentlemen may not be acquainted with everything that has been done, or may be done, in the chemical world, yet in their particular places of the work they are abundantly efficient. With such facility does Dr. McAliley handle apparatus that his name has become synonymous with rapidity in experiment; and no one would think of disputing with Dr. Thompson as to the proof, age, or quality of any alcoholic substance after it had once passed under his nose. The amount of gas that Dr. Black can generate per minute is astonishing, and with very little effort he is able to supply the whole institution with this staple product. In the art of generating fumes, Dr. Stirewalt, without doubt, is unsurpassed.

As adjuncts in the English department, Drs. Rythmical Hyperbole Adams and Logical W. White render valuable assistance. These gentlemen are masters of an enormous vocabulary—literary, sacred and profane, and it is even whispered that they are now engaged in a work that will greatly increase their already extensive reputation.

For his intrepid daring in receiving electric shocks, and as he is the only living man known to be able to see an electric current, Dr. Refraction Hydrostatics Lafferty has been secured as assistant in the Physics department.

In the Latin and French department, Dr. Evocandus Gladiator Finley ably lends his aid. So well versed is Mr. Finley in the ancient and modern languages that he is able to dream in nine and swear in seven. So overwhelming have become his duties that even Prof. J. L. Douglas, whose energy and capacity for work need not be mentioned here, has found it necessary to call in the assistance of the renowned Dr. Elliptical Differentiation Kerr, who, by his untiring energy, has made

himself famous by a number of original works; among these the best known is his proof of the theory that a man's intellect is inversely proportional to the square root of the noise he makes.

The Greek department, however, is still conducted by the regular Professor alone, except that two men are employed to help him carry his books to and from the class-room. The reason for this is not because this is an easy chair, but because, so far, no one has been found with a library sufficient to furnish the texts requisite to this department, nor with a conscience sufficiently depraved as to allow him to adequately aid the chief in his work. We hope, however, in the near future such an one may be found.

Last in time, but not least in importance, has been appointed Second Vice-President, Dr. Red Tape Gillespie, Jr., whose work, manner and diplomatic disposition fits him for association with our President and makes him a worthy addition to the faculty.

With such an illustrious coterie of assistants to our renowned board of instructors, one may well bespeak the further success of our honored institution.





A Maiden and Her Muse



A maiden fair poetic bent,
On writing verse was much intent,
The difficulty was her muse.
Beplumed heroes were her theme,
And weeping maidens, too--'twould seem
An easy task--try ev'ry ruse
To summon her the sylphid form,
'Twas failure, all. There came no swarm
Elf-like, the maidens soul to infuse.

* * * * *

And when she found 'twould never do,
She buried her "pome" "where the daisies grew."





Dr. Frogum



SOME time in January the hill was blessed with a visit from the far famed Professor Frogum, who is known all over the civilized world for his wonderful feats of slight-of-hand. This young man is a great philanthropist, traveling solely in the interest of science and, incidently, his traveling and sporting expenses. Prior to his arrival some had thought that the majority of the student body were skeptically inclined toward science, but this false opinion was quickly dispelled by the number of our young men who nobly volunteered to fork over a fiver to the Professor in exchange for recipes of some of his hair-raising stunts. Our youthful exemplar, Mr. Johannus Bass, of the Sophomore class was the first to volunteer, and we would like to say right here that he deserves a medal for his mettle, metal, and meddle.

The first thing the professor taught this young man to do was to change brass into gold; and it is said that he became very wealthy in two days, as he had an unlimited supply of the former. We are glad the young man had such a glorious return for his self-sacrifice in being the first to volunteer. Mr. Rooster Percival, of the Medical College, also handed up five sheckels and learned to tell a mule from a cabbage by its looks, and also learned to crow each time he threw a strike while pitching— (it is said he crowed twice this season). Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson Helper was the next to take a lesson in science. He became quite scientific during his college course some years ago, and though he was offered the science chair in Biddle University, he refused point blank. He seemed to be much relieved when, on having a dollar extracted from his ear, he was told that deafness would not ensue. Mr. Burseson, of the Freshman class, had a cataleptic fit when a ten-dollar bill was drawn from tooth No. 28, right wing, 2d floor, but is expected to be well by commencement. One of the Professor's best tricks is one that he only works in large crowds in cities and places where the public cannot see him. It is the trick of pulling "tin" out of the pockets of his fellow beings without their knowledge or permission. Some people call it "picking" pockets, but the Professor has a nicer name for it. Mr. Christopher Marlow Pierce was another one of the apt pupils of the Professor, he learned how to sample cigarettes, tell the truth, and look pretty all at the same time, whereas previously he could do only two of these tricks at once.

Mr. Kemp Esquimau Savage, of the bench-legged frame, came along about this time and nothing would satisfy him until he and his money were (*soon*) parted in exchange for which he received instructions from the Professor in the following trick: putting a nickel on the counter at the soda fountain, it was quickly transformed into a coca-cola. Mr. Savage has since become proficient in this, and can work it many times a day. Indeed it is his crowning glory and can always make an hundred on it. On a whole, our noble volunteers are to be highly commended for the skill they have acquired in their various callings. They have even taught others these glorious feats free of charge, and we are looking forward and longing for the time when a *new* Swift will write a *new* volume of "*New* Gullibles Travelers."



Distressing Affair

THE dwellers on Brickbush Street, the most fashionable thoroughfare of our flourishing city, were rudely awakened at an early hour last Sabbath morning by that discordant clamor which invariably attends the mingling of two vigorous men in battle. On reaching the scene of action it was ascertained that the belligerents were two of the best known citizens of the community—Mountain Joe and Sandlapper Sam.

It seems, so far as can be gathered from persons near by when war's shrill clarion sounded, that these two, between whom bad blood has existed for quite a while, meeting by accident before the newly erected cold-storage department of the Smith-Davidson Company, became engaged in a wordy controversy which finally terminated in a genuine mix-up. Sandlapper, perceiving his enemy approaching along the opposite side of the street, was heard to make, in sarcastic tones, a few broken remarks concerning Mountain Joe's manner of locomotion—the latter having, in fact, a rather peculiar mode of handling his nether extremities. This sarcastic speech, while addressed to a companion of the satirist, reached also the attentive ear of the Highlander, who forthwith crossed over and applied a vile epithet to his detractor. Hot words passed in rapid succession. Mountain Joe, having repeated some half-dozen times his copious supply of invective, ended by thrusting upon his antagonist the humiliating cognomen, "Jackass." The fiery Sandlapper, evidently considering this a misnomer, yelled, shrilly, "You lie!"

This was too much. The man from the hills, assuming a pugilistic attitude, opened the engagement with a left upon the jaw. The stricken one retaliated with a kick on the bulging abdomen of his opponent. Clinching, they rolled amid a whirlwind of dust, leaves and imprecations. The struggle waxed fierce and hot, while victory hovered in neutral atmosphere as though loth to alight on either contestant. Eagerly the excited onlookers, their number ever increasing, weighed the chances of each; some contending for Sandlapper, on the ground that his mathematical skill, coupled with an unusual bodily activity, would enable him to direct and carry out a plan of attack to which, in the long run, his opponent must surely succumb; others stoutly upholding Mountain Joe, because of the well-known strength of his massive limbs.

All doubt as to the outcome, however, was suddenly set aside by Mountain Joe's securing a grip on his adversary's goozle. The latter called hoarsely for deliv-

erance. The former gently admonished him that he should have considered the advantages of an unobstructed goozle before making the remarks which had precipitated the scrap.

At this juncture some bystanders interfered to end the disturbance, the two foes making vigorous efforts to reach each other after being separated, though, doubtless, inwardly rejoicing that their fellow-citizens had taken a hand.

We regret exceedingly that this unfortunate affair took place, and trust that the hostile parties will soon become reconciled. It is rumored that they still roam, thirsting for each other's blood, though considerable care seems to be evinced on either side to avoid a meeting.—*Davidson Gasometer*, Nov. 15, '03.



A Ballad of Mary

Mary had two little calves,
Two *little* calves, so thin ;
Still everywhere that Mary'd go
With her they'd always been.

They carried her to school for years,
The way that calves should do ;
But 't made the children laugh and play
To see those calves so few.

The teacher could not turn them out,
Else Mary, too, would go ;
And so the calves, they lingered near,
Attached to her you know.

But Mary was a stripling, then ;
She now is quite full grown :
The calves still with her go about,
That's all of them that's known.





A Vicious Gang

Clipping from the "Davidson Daily"

FOUR strange and interesting characters visited our peaceful city recently, and had we known at that time who they were and whence they hailed the quartet would have been securely housed in the calaboose till the various interested authorities, who as it afterwards transpired, were hot upon their trail, had been duly notified. Though the strangers claimed to be representatives of a well-known "Art Emporium," and each carried a bulky package, which presumably contained the complex apparatus necessary to execute the rare and beautiful work done by their illustrious firm through its agents, they were, in reality, none other than that famous band of vagrants, familiarly known as the "Scourge of the South," consisting of Li Hung Chawterbaker, Moses Myhoney, Terrible Tecum, and Laughing Lulu, who struck these parts after passing through and committing their depredations upon our unsuspecting sister towns, Reidsville, Concord, and Durham.

The tramps, however, tarried but a short while with us; for it is here that the eagle-eyed Harry has his abode and keeps watch continually over the many tender youths entrusted to his care. And not daring to encounter a close inspection at the hands of one so unerring in the detection of fraud, they turned northward and

journeyed toward the city of Mt. Mourne.

The following week an officer from Danville came along and posted all available space with glaring ads. describing minutely the wanderers and offering a liberal reward for their arrest and identification.

A citizen of southern Virginia has set forth special inducements for the capture of Terrible Tecum, who, he claims, frightened one of the female members of his family into a severe spell of brain fever.

Tecum, approaching this gentleman's dwelling late one evening, rapped on the door with the intention of obtaining a small "hand out." It seems that the daughter of the house was at this moment expecting a caller, and evidently anxious to extend a cordial welcome, rushed out upon the porch, seized the hand of the tramp, and ushered him affectionately into her parlor. The visitor, more used to being greeted in his calls by a hostess in the shape of a bulldog than by the tender clasp of a maiden's palm, was dumb with amazement. When, however, the deluded one gazed upon his fat, oily face glistening in the light of the chandelier, she uttered an hysterical yell and leaped straight through an open window near by.

Tecum fled with all the speed of which his short legs were capable. The household, aroused by the loud scream, ran out to find the maiden in a dead faint.

Although the unfortunate girl's fright was followed by a long sickness, she is now out of danger. But the father still thirsts for revenge.





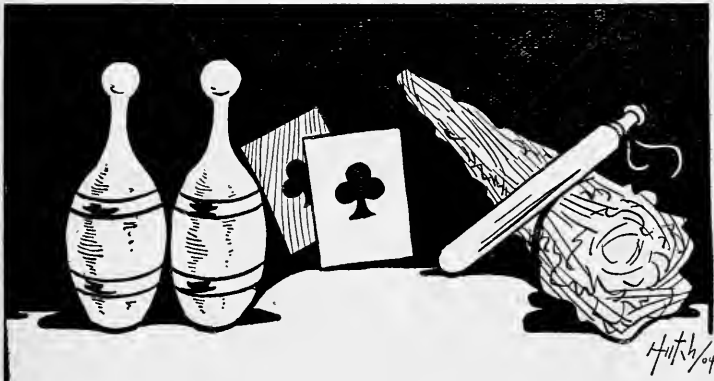
Grinds



- "College bred is often a four years' loaf."—SENIORS
"Who loves no music but the dollar's clink."—TEAM
"There are some good people with music in their souls who have not realized that it does not extend to their voices."—CHAPEL CHOIR
"They always talk who never think."—RANKIN, F. W.
"No doubt we ought to love our work, but sometimes it seems in the same category with loving our enemies."—STUDENT BODY
"It is a great plague to be too handsome a man."—MCALILY
"Had you been silent you might have passed as a philosopher."—HARRISON
"Lean as a fork with the wind whistling through the prongs."—GREENLEE
"I am not yet so bald that you can see my brains."—HASSEL
"Nature cast his face in a mould uncommon."—ABERNETHY
"Every way of a kid is right in his own eyes."—HENDERSON
"Don't miss a look at Weary, Weary, Wormie Willie."—W. B. GILLESPIE
"A band of kids—unruly kids."—SOPHS.
"A mouthy fellow."—MCKEITHAN
"Time on his head has snowed; yet still 'tis borne aloft."—MCDAVID
"What a spendthrift is he of his tongue."—C. H. PIERCE
 " Oh, 'e's little, but 'e's wise—
 'E's a terror for 'is size."—GUY
"I am declined into the vale of years."—TIMMONS
"Fresh. just reached the incipient, silly, unconscious, unreasoning, reckless stages of love."—
 W. T. THOMPSON
"Pa, ain't I a peart youngster? Pray that I may be a dude."—T. H. JONES
"The starving chemist in his golden views supremely blest."—C. L. BLACK
"I am pressed down with conceit."—MCCALLIE
"I' faith his hair is of a good color."—STEELE
"I see no more in you than in the ordinary of Nature's sale-work."—LACY
"Do not believe what I tell you here any more than if it were some tale of a tub."—LENTZ
"O, there has been much throwing about of brains."—PIERCE, T. B.
"A close mouth catches no flies."—MCLEAN
"Oh! you flavor everything; you are the vanilla of society."—MORSE
"The bore is usually considered a harmless creature."—J. BASS BROWN
"Wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason."—CORNELSON
"A kind of a boy—a little scrubbed boy."—JOHN ANDERSON
"Plunged into a gulf of deep despair, ye wretched devils lie."—EXAMINATIONS
"Counterfeit, I assure you."—A. A. JAMES AND MCALISTER
"God be wi' you; let's meet as little as we can."—SUNDAY EXERCISES
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men (?) desire."—HUTCH.
"Let me choose; for, as I am, I live upon the rack."—FRESH. HAY
"Good God, what a wit snapper are you!"—COOPER
"One would think his mother's milk was scarce out of him."—FRESH. ANDERSON
"Nothing but an innocent little lamb."—KID PERRY

- " He may make a proper man ; the best thing in him is his complexion."—TOAD MILLS
- " He passed his youth full of errors, of madness, even."—JOE ADAMS
- " To paint their person these were thin and dry ;
 Well matching them, their legs were spare and lean."—FINLEY AND H. IRWIN
- " He should be respected with a religious silence."—J. W. MOORE
- " A little of the fool."—GIBBS
- " I have a man's mind but a woman's might."—JOHN McDONALD
- " But it is always something in a tenor's favor, that the look on his face gives the impression that he is suffering too."—BAIN
- " I have never seen a greater miracle than myself."—O'KELLEY
- " As great as have the humane souls of man."—R. T. GILLESPIE
- " His nose shone like a calcium light just before it explodes."—VARDELL
- " The sparrow chirped as if he still were proud."—W. E. BLACK
- " I am sure care's an enemy to life."—WATTS
- " The short of it."—BONNOITT
- " Hath somewhat of the savage beast."—SAVAGE
- " I have seen better faces in my time."—WHITAKER
- " There is mischief in this man."—BUTLER
- " There is no harm in being stupid, so long as a man does not think himself clever."—MCKINNON
- " Patient, simple and childlike."—PAISLEY
- " I shall always be a kid."—GREY
- " Would that I were a man ; a bold, bad man."—ROWAN
- " Learning will be cast into the mire and trodden under the hoofs of a swinish multitude."—
 FRESH CLASS
- " An enemy to ease."—SENTELLE
- " Thy sins not accidental, but a trade."—CRAIG
- " That fatal freshness."—FLOWE
- " A mighty pain to love it is,
 And 'tis a pain that pain to miss."—E. J. ERWIN
- " The fool of Nature stood with stupid eyes and gaping mouth."—JENKINS
- " Sweet grave aspect."—A. T. WALKER
- " And had a face like a blessing."—WILKES
- " The very pink of perfection."—A. W. SHAW
- " The magic of a face."—WALKUP
- " Please, oh ! please, don't let me fall."—CARR
- " The surest way to hit a woman's heart is to take aim kneeling."—SHANNON
- " There is, probably, no hell for authors in the next world."—ANNUAL STAFF
- " Arise ! Shake the hay-seed from off thee."—CLARK, J. B.
- " No man is the wiser for his learning ; wit and wisdom are born with a man."—"BULL"
 WILLIAMS





CLUBS



Some Characteristics of Our Confirmed Cranks

SOPH. CLASS	Playing h—
VAIL AND YOUNT	Going to prayers
MCCAULEY	Milking cows
SNYDER	Persecuting humanity
VAN LANDINGHAM	Shooting off his lip
GREY	Dealing out information
J. B. BROWN	General nuisance
A. R. HARRISON	Eloquence (?)
T. B. PIERCE	Trusting his intellect
A. W. SHAW	Strutting
LENTZ	Filling space
ANDERSON, W.	— Lord help us!
JOE ADAMS	Laughing at his own jokes
FRED RANKIN	Airing his opinions
JIM CURRIE	Sipping beverage
CRAIG	Wearing a plug
THOMPSON, M. A.	Hunting Mss.
JONES	Dude
GILLESPIE, R. T.	Talking about "My Kid Brother"
THOMPSON, W. T.	Asking questions
HEMPHILL	Having motives
MCKEITHAN	Mouthing
MCIVER	Making the air hideous
WAGNER	Being a delusion and a snare
IRWIN, H	Wetting Fresh.
MCNEILL	Fussing at everything
ROWAN	Echoing "Sissie"
ATWELL	Hunting H2 S.





“**T**HEY smile and bow, and hug, and shake the hand, ev'n while they whisper to the next assistant some cursed plan to blast their patrons' purse.”

The Committee on Public Protection, having on several occasions had their suspicions aroused by the maneuvers of the Agents Association, and also having some doubts as to the legitimacy of such an organization, has made a thorough investigation of its proceedings, and beg to submit to the Grand Council for special consideration the following charges against the said Association :

I—They have a standing committee to seize upon men, ignorant, and of low estate ; and by use of hair-brushes and razor-strops and to demolish their apparel in the most prominent places.

II—They monopolize the public bulletin, the function of which is for general information.

III—Undue fortunes are amassed.

IV—Their exits are followed by curse-words from the most righteous mouths.

V—By reason of their frequent visits worthy men are known to have failed to attain high positions to which they aspired.

VI—Unsuspecting victims are financially wrecked by their devices.

VII—Luxury has been introduced by them which has perverted the public mind.

VIII—Their purpose and proceedings as expressed in their motto, etc., are worthy only of their near relative, the organization of all such association.

And as punishment for these offenses the Committee would suggest :

I—That their organization be assigned to Hades whence it came.

II—That its members be ostracized, boycotted, and forever debarred from the Assembly of the just.

III—In order that they may be recognized wherever seen, that their heads be shaved and their ears cropped; and that those who may be bold by nature have their little toes cut off from the foot of the left hind leg.

Respectfully submitted, accompanied by copy of plan of their organization.

Officers

GILLESPIE, R. T.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
DICKSON, R. D.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
TORRANCE, HUGH	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
THOMPSON, M. A.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

*Motto: Get money honestly, if you can, if you can't,
get money.*

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MCDONALD	JAMES, A. L.	ANDERSON
McKEITHAN	BONNOITT	GIBBS
GIBSON, L. O.	CRANFORD	GILLESPIE, W. B.
BLACK, C. L.	FETZER	McNEILL, J. W.
HUTCHISON, T. J.	ROWAN, J. C.	SCOTT
MORSE, J. S.	COOPER, W. E.	TEAM, B. G.
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McCALL	WHITAKER	GREENLEE
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Know ye all by these Presents :

That the following men, after having passed a thorough and rigid examination, and having been found to be experts in catch-as-catch-can and fancy lying, have been duly elected and initiated members of this celebrated Order, and are hereby authorized to lie, prevaricate, and extraordinarily stretch the truth, and are entitled to all the benefits and kind treatment of a full member of the A. O. R. I. P.

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R. G. MCALILEY
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K. E. SAVAGE
G. M. WILCOX
G. N. BUTLER
P. S. EASLEY

J. W. CURRIE



Rough Riders Brigade



“ After many strains and heaves
 He got up to the saddle-eaves,
 From whence he vaulted into the seat
 With so much vigor, strength and heat
 That he had almost tumbled over
 With his own weight, but did recover
 By laying hold of tail and mane,
 Which oft he us'd instead of rein.”

R. H. ADAMS	Commander-in-Chief
E. D. KERR	Lieutenant-Colonel
T. J. HUTCHISON	Colonel
S. C. WILLIAMS	Major
G. N. BUTLER	Captain
L. T. WILDS	First Lieutenant
J. L. MOORE	Second Lieutenant
J. B. McALESTER	Sergeant
W. C. McLAUGHLIN	Color Bearer
R. K. TIMMONS, A. W. SHAW, C. W. ERWIN, A. L. JAMES	Scouts
A. R. HARRISON	Chaplain
SISTER McNEILL	Cook
HINES AND NOBLES, R. T. GILLESPIE, local agent	Stock Supplies

Growlers Association

I 'M getting confounded tired of the way things are going about this place ; a fellow can't get any satisfaction out of anything. They give you so much work you've got to stay up all night to do it, and then expect you to get up at 7:25 and go to prayers. Why can't they let a fellow sleep? If ever I go to another College, I am going where they don't have any prayers. Monday is the only day in the week when a man has any time that he may call his own, and he's got to spend half of that in society, listening to those fellows up there act the fool. They give a fellow such long lessons that he feels obliged to hurry over them and just get up the main points, and then they send him to the board next day and ask him to write a lot of little details that you would have to get a microscope to see, with your book open. A fellow decides that he's got to do better work, and sit up till half-past twelve, studying Math. and Physics, and then thinking he just must get over his Greek, he finds that some one has borrowed his pony. By the time one has decided that his eyes are being ruined, and wishes himself back at a prep. school, or some other good place where they don't work so hard, the faculty begin to shoot reviews at him, three at a time. No sooner has a man received a check from home than here comes "Nellie" or "Graf.," or some other first-class Ananias, with a baseball subscription, wanting you to put down as much as possible, being as they are \$80.00 in the hole. Of course you've got to help, but before he is out of sight in comes another paper carrier wanting you to subscribe "Am't \$—" monthly for missions. Of course you've got to help along this good cause, and before bed time your check is gone and your bill at the drug store is unpaid, and father has already written, "try and be as saving as possible."

A fellow manages to pull through the week somehow or other, looking forward to Sunday when the factory whistle doesn't blow and the prayer-bell doesn't ring till half-past nine. But when Sunday morning comes and you are just in the midst of that land where knowledge grows on trees, and faculties have long since disappeared, because their business doesn't prosper; you are suddenly recalled to the land of trouble by Dick's and Holtsclaw's bursting in to clean up your room, full two hours sooner than they do during the week.

With all these and myriads of other difficulties daily and hourly preying upon our spirits, we would long since have been in the land "from whose bourn no trav-

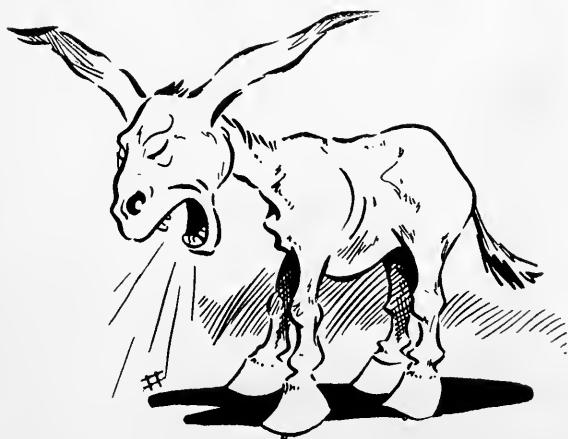
eler returns," were it not for the fact that we realized that in sympathy there is consolation, and in unity there is strength, and formed ourselves into an Association with the following officers and charter members:

G. M. WILCOX	President
MORSE	Vice-President
THOMPSON, W. T.	Secretary
McKAY	Treasurer

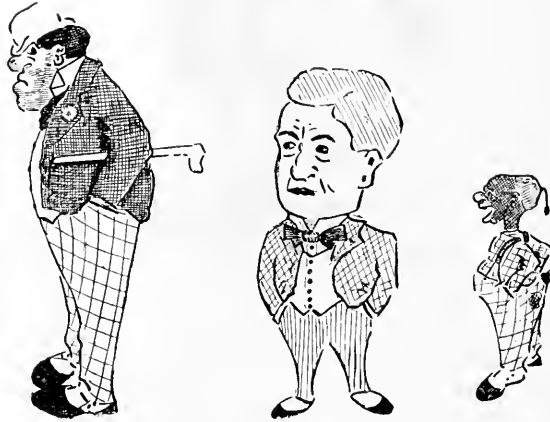
McDAVID
 ROWAN
 McNEILL, J. W.
 WATTS
 RANKIN, F. A.

STIREWALT
 THOMPSON, M. A.
 WHITAKER
 BROWN, J. B.
 RANKIN, F. W.

CLARK, J. B.



Rivals of Apollo



Diana, herself, could not survey,
Unmoved, such charms as they display.

Organization

GREENLEE	Pulcherimus
ABERNETHY	Pulcheror
WAGNER, N. T.	Pulcher
WALKUP	Minus Pulcher
SHAW, A. W.	Minime Pulcher

Membership

ANDERSON, J. G.
WILKES
BLACK, C. L.
MCEARCHEN, A.
HEMPHILL
H. W. SHANNON

KNOX
STIREWALT
GREY
SMITH, B. R.
MCALILEY, R. G.
CHANDLER

MORSE



Motto : "Who said chicken in this crowd."

Organization

BLACK	- - - - -	President
BLUE	- - - - -	Vice-President
BROWN	- - - - -	Secretary-Treasurer

Membership

CHARLEMAGNE LAFAYETTE BLACK

DEMOSTHENES ABRAHAM BLUE

JEREMIAH BALAAAM BROWN

MOSES MONTGOMERY GREY

JOSIAH DANIEL BROWN

WILLIAM EPHRIAM BLACK

POMPEY RASTUS BROWN

"Coon, coon, coon, I wish my color would fade,
Coon, coon, coon, I like a different shade."

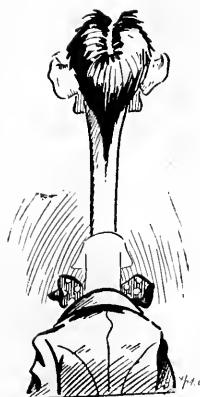
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Average Size: Eleven

STEARNS	Supreme Mud-Splasher
VICKERY	Clumsy Clod-Breaker, 1st Degree
ABERNETHY	Clumsy Clod-Breaker, 2d Degree
GREY, M. M.	Terrific Toe-Masher
McLAUGHLIN, M. B.	Awkward Stumbler
CARR, E. B.	Great Natural Rock-Crusher
ERWIN, E. G., BURLESON, KERR, E. D., NIXON	Sand Packers



All-my-neck for 1904.

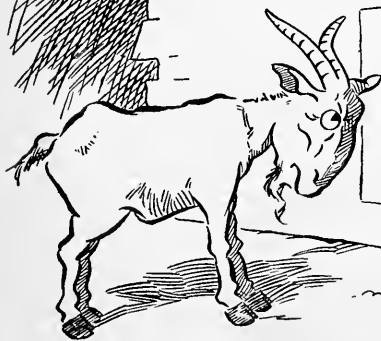
Second term began January 5, 1904
Junior Speaking, February 26, 27
Senior Speaking, April 1, 2
Field Day, April 15
Senior Examinations, May 3
College Examinations, May 9
Senior Vacation, May 14-21
Commencement, May 22-25
Baccalaureate Sermon, May 22
Society Exercises, May 23
Annual Oration, May 24
Alumni Banquet, May 24
Junior Oratorical Contest, May 24
Commencement Exercises, May 25

A little book of bitter-sweet
To whipe away an hour;
Among the chaff a grain of wheat,
And here and there a flower.



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SPARTANBURG, S. C., Feb. 5th, 1903.

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DEAR SIR:—It will interest you to know that Converse College has decided to equip the Music Department with thirty-four new Stieff Upright Pianos and one Concert Grand in September next.

For some years we have had in constant use a number of Pianos of sundry manufacturers, and I have found that the Stieff Pianos have stood the severe test better than the others, from the standpoint of both durability and tone of color.

During the Xmas vacation I went North to inspect a number of Pianos of different makes, and also to visit the factories. The decision referred to above has been arrived at both from experience in the past and also from personal observation of facilities for manufacture.

I shall be obliged to you if you will kindly advise the factory in Baltimore that these Pianos must be delivered in Spartanburg not later than September 15th, 1903.

Yours very truly,

R. H. PETERS
Director of Music Department

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If our Southern States are to be saved from gross materialism and vulgar mammon-worship, if, while gaining earthly riches, they are to retain the spiritual treasures of the past, it must be by the Christian culture and training of their young men. This is the work that Davidson College has so nobly carried on for two-thirds of a century. It believes in modern culture, modern science, modern love of humanity; it is not a theological school, nor has it ever taught courses in theology, its atmosphere is broad and catholic; yet it believes and teaches that high-toned Christian Character is the end and aim of all training, and that truth, purity, reverence, and self-control are the flower of Twentieth Century manhood.

If these are your own ideas and ideals, add your influence, your prayers, your labors and your liberal gifts to more fully carry on the great work which the College is doing, and to make her, in material equipment and resources, not only abreast of our progressive age, but worthy of the great educational denomination of which she is the intellectual crown and exponent.

HENRY LOUIS SMITH, *Pres.*

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The Rev. Gibrus B. Strickler, D. D., LL. D. Professor of Systematic Theology.

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Davidson Annual

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*PRINTED IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FOUR*

THE type being made by the Inland Type Foundry, the engravings by Barnes-Crosby Company, and the whole being done into a book and printed on an Optimus press by the Osmond L. Barringer Company of Charlotte, North Carolina, U. S. A. ¶ The edition being limited to one hundred and seventy-five copies of which this is No. 88









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