

## ON THE BURNING OF DAVIS COLLEGE

### English Language, Brains, Dingle Charts and Hysterical Papers Among Things Lost and Saved

It is with extinct regret that I write of the dreadful catechism that took place on our campus Tuesday night. What started the conflagration we have not yet sustained, possibly an assimilation of hot air in the history apartment.

I was perenially called from the refusal of a most interesting novel by the clabber of the fire department parking itself under my window. Imagine my consecration when I looked out and saw flames leaping from the roof of Davis College. My first impulse was to rush into the building and rescue my precious English notebook, but realizing how impudent this would be, I refrained myself and was intent to watch the efforts of the firemen and student body, many of whom were imperilled in bathrobes, in their fight to save the structure from complete obliteration. Dr. Snowden's pipe and English language were saved, but Dr. Morse's brains and many hysterical papers were entirely abolished, and the liars and penaces of the Latin and Greek room crumbled to dust in the extensive heat. The triumphant cries of students immersing with treasured charts and maps must have been edible for miles.

The smoke soon became so auriferous that I wished I could gain a point of conservation in the pinochle of the Chapel building from which to watch the process of the confiscation. From such a post one would have needed only a ukelele to imagine one's self Nero fiddling at the sack of Troy.

Coming back to earth from the heights of classical illusion, no classes have suffered loss of time. The president gave us a contemporary speech at Chapel, asking for anonymous cooperation. Rooms have been utilized in every orifice on the campus. We have even evaded the sacred instincts of the Law School.

While the gutting of our most magnificent building precipitated in an egregious loss, think how much worse it would have been had our lavatory building precipitated in the conflagration. With exploding chemicals there would have been quite a polytechnical display, and it would have been impossible even with the most jealous efforts, to hold science classes while some contralto was being found to repair the carnage.

Miss Malabrok.

### CHICORA BANISHES ALL RULES

It has come to the ears of the many disinterested people on the campus that there are strange happenings going on at Chicora College, and, strange to say, all the students of both institutions are sorry to hear of the strange acts of affairs.

Last Saturday evening one of the boys, not knowing of the pitiful state of affairs at our sister institution of learning, had a date with one of the young ladies.

Arriving there about eight o'clock, he was very much surprised to see Dr. Byrd standing on the porch to greet him and make him welcome. After he had gotten over this surprise he was led into the parlor where the lights were low and no one was around.

In about a minute, the young lady came down and everything went along fine until about time to go. The young man began to listen for the bell and dread the time for departure. Just as it was time to go, Mrs. Byrd came in and served refreshments and begged him to stay until eleven o'clock at least. She explained that the young men had just about stopped coming out there and that they had determined to banish all rules, because if the Carolina boys did not come out that they would be unable to get girls to attend their school.

By this time, the young man was so surprised that he could only breathe with the greatest difficulty, and just as soon as Mrs. Byrd left he asked the girl to pinch him so that he might be able to know whether he was dreaming or not. The pinch proved that he was not asleep.

At twelve o'clock he started to leave and had gotten to the door, when Dr. Byrd grabbed him and would not let him go until he had promised that he would come back on Monday evening and bring some other men with him.

Smallpox

### Discovered—A Samaritan Spirit on Our Campus

Behold! A champion of the fair sex has arisen from our midst! And who could it be? Jim Black? No. Cordes Green? Gracious, No! Well, I know you will never guess. It is no other than our venerable and beloved professor, Dr. Josiah Morse. Oh, now, don't be so surprised. You know that Dr. Morse has always showed a kindly spirit under his satirical manner. Of course, some of us rather doubt the truth of this statement, especially if we happen to be smarting under one of his wise cracks at our expense, but we can forgive him for much at that, when we hear of his defence of woman. He stated before witnesses (the Philosophy 7 class) that he completely sympathized with any young lady who was not the recipient of masculine attention—or in other words, a flapper with a tea-hound trailing along. He went farther to declare that if any young lady in such a situation would apply to him, that he would do his darndest to provide her with the lacking quantity. Such generosity! Such a spirit of noble altruism! Can you beat it?

But wait! He isn't the only one who feels a kindly pity for the much abused and down-trodden sex. I hear (now, of course, this is only hearsay, but I had it from a fairly reliable source—and one of the amused witnesses of the conversation) that our dashing freshman, who is universally recognized as the outstanding vamp of the campus, was talking to one of the social cabinet members. The social cabinet member was bemoaning the fact that though she had been a co-ed for two long years and had faithfully attended all the University social functions, never had any boy so much as noticed her existence to the extent of asking her for a date. The vamp—tender-hearted little thing and not a bit stuck up because of her unlimited popularity—consoled the member as best she could, and even suggested that she come out to visit her some night and promised that she would try to provide her with a bean. Really, now, self-sacrifice can go no farther. All the rest of us poor, neglected co-eds should immortalize the precious vamp's memory by a vote of thanks and avail ourselves of her generosity and proffered help in the all-absorbing task of man-chasing (it is scandalous the way we harrass the eds' existence by chasing them, isn't it?).

—U.S.C.—

### Believe it or Not

Constant reports reach the campus of long, but apparently tireless walks of a faculty member and a young lady friend, minus the bicycle. Where they commune with nature is not known. However, we advise a closer watch of the quickly disappearing sun. We hope these signs are good, and that spring will play the usual role. Congratulations.

N. Y. Z.

—U.S.C.—

Dean Baker says he has discovered the cause of the fire the other night. Professor Davis had a meeting of his class in "Public Sleeping" that afternoon. Some hot air artists belong to this class.

—U.S.C.—

WANTED—More hearts to conquer. I have exhausted the supply at Chicora. Address "Inhuman Heart-Smasher," or D. C. Brock.

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### REMARKABLE POLO GAME

Matchless skill and fearless riding were the chief characteristics of the Polo game which took place on the campus last week. The game was replete with thrills and there were but two casualties to mar the success of the day.

Both teams exhibited wonderful ability and rare finesse. The playing of Ichabod Crane Wardlaw and Jessie James Lipscomb stood out for the Reds while Douglas Fairbanks Wauchope and Barney Google Morse were the stars for the Whites. Buffalo Bill Snowden played well for the Reds until he ran head foremost into the Maxey monument. Bill was not hurt much, but the monument was completely demolished. Paul Revere Burney's shots were invaluable to the Whites until he mistook Hoot Gibson Currell's head for the pill, and gave it an awful crack; he was then put out of the game. This proved fatal to the Whites, for Bill Hart Kennedy's powerful two-gun shots soon gave the Reds a lead which the Whites were unable to overcome.

Many famous and beautiful ponies were used in the game; chief among them being the Old Gray Mare and Spark Plug.

—U.S.C.—

### WHAT A DISTRACTION?

The beautiful accompaniments rendered the University Glee Club by Ignacijan Mattesonski have been recipient of much comment. His one-finger work is exquisite, and his crashing chords are most unique; certainly they have never been excelled in peculiarity of tone. He has mastered the art of ear-grating to perfection, and the listener is so enraptured(?) that he needs must seek the outer air. What a pity that the Glee Club has to be there to detract so much from this monster—pardon, master of melody!

### LOST

A brand new straw hat somewhere on Main Street. I was standing in front of the Wigwam looking at the ladies as they passed. Somehow I noticed that the lid had gone. Andrew Burnett.

My pure blooded bull pup. It goes by the name of Dam-it. It is a pretty pup. I have a picture in my room for all would-be finders to look at before starting. Lester Thomas.

My register, containing the marks of the students taking French II. It was misplaced during the fire last week. Reward for finder will be an A in French II this year. Prof. Keith.

Someone borrowed the rope to the bell last night. Finder please return it to me immediately. Dudley.

Somebody took my seat by mistake during the fire rush last week. This seat belongs in the German class room. Please return immediately as I am tired of standing during classes. Collier.

Ever since last June I have felt a strangeness about me. At last I have discovered that it is the loss of my dignity. Karesh

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