

Howanoka



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SCENE ON CARRIAGE DRIVE IN COLLEGE LAWN

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VOL. VI

MCMXVII

Chowanoka



PUBLISHED BY THE
ALATHENIAN AND LUCALIAN LITERARY
SOCIETIES

CHOWAN COLLEGE
MURFREESBORO, N. C.

To

C. W. Scarborough

An honored and beloved friend, patron
and former teacher of our College,
we, the Class of Nineteen-seventeen,
affectionately dedicate this Annual.



C. W. SCARBOROUGH

Greeting

To the Alumnae, President, Students and Friends of Chowan College, we, the Annual Staff, extend this sincere greeting.

To the Present Students and Friends—We trust that this volume will give a glimpse of the individual, comic and tragic experiences of college life, which too soon become memories that make college life more glorious.

To the Alumnae—We hope that it will bring back the memories of by-gone days, and increase your sympathy and usefulness for your Alma Mater.

Chowanoka Staff, 1917



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(Meredith College.)

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(Emerson School of Oratory; Vanderbilt University.)

Professor of Expression and Physical Culture.

MISS LIDA M. OLIVE, A. B., B. S.

(A. B. Meredith College, B. S. Simmons College.)

Professor of Home Economics.



IN MEMORIAM

DR. R. P. THOMAS

DEVOUT CHRISTIAN
HONORED CITIZEN
LOYAL TRUSTEE

DIED IN COFIELD, N. C., OCTOBER 28, 1916

BOOK I

CLASSES



A Seventeen Ploshkin
Kept always in sight
Brings luck and good fortune
Makes everything right.

Senior Class

*"Mount the heights that rise before thee,
Grasp the star that gleams before thee."*

Colors: *Purple and Old Gold*

Flower: *Violet*

Mascot: *Ploshkin*

Officers

HELEN LEARY.....	<i>President</i>
FRANCES BENTHALL.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
KATHERINE TAYLOR.....	<i>Secretary</i>
ALMA FREEMAN.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
MAGNOLIA MITCHELL.....	<i>Poet</i>
INA DUNLAP.....	<i>Prophet</i>
INEZ BENTHALL.....	<i>Testator</i>
INEZ MATTHEWS.....	<i>Historian</i>

Members

Frances Benthall	Fannie Jenkins
Inez Benthall	Helen Leary
Ina Dunlap	Inez Matthews
Alma Freeman	Magnolia Mitchell
Katherine Taylor	



HELEN MARY LEARY, B. A.

MERRY HILL, N. C.

Lucalian

"Ripe in wisdom was she, but patient, simple and true."

Critic Lucalian Society, '14; Member Student Council, '15; Vice-President Sophomore Class, '15; Associate Literary Editor Chowanoka Staff, '15; Secretary of Lucalian Society, '15; Junior Marshal, '16; Secretary Junior Class, '16; Secretary Y. W. A., '16; President Senior Class, '17; President Lucalian Society, '17; Vice-President Y. W. A., '17; Treasurer of Carpe Diem, '17; Senior-Junior Basket Ball, '17; Lucalian Editor-in-Chief Columns, '17; Associate Editor-in-Chief Chowanoka Staff, '17; Member of Student Council, '17.

FRANCES VIVIAN BENTHALL, B. A.

RICH SQUARE, N. C.

Alathenian

*"Worth, courage, honor, these indeed you
sustenance and birthright are."*

Vice-President Freshman Class, '11; President Sophomore Class, '15; Treasurer of Student Government Association, '15; Treasurer Alathenian Literary Society, '15; Associate Editor of the Chowanoka, '16; Poet of Junior Class, '16; Member Student Government Council, '16; Treasurer Y. W. A., '16; Secretary Alathenian Literary Society, '16; College Marshal, '16; Winner of the English Medal, '16; President Y. W. A., '17; President Alathenian Literary Society, '17; Vice-President Senior Class, '17; Associate Editor the Column, '17; Vice-President Student Council, '17; Exchange Editor the Column, '17; Senior Story-Teller, '17; Associate Editor Chowanoka, '17.



INEZ VERNETTE BENTHALL, B. A.

WOODLAND, N. C.

Lucalian

*"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall and
most divinely fair."*

President Freshman Class, '11; Treasurer of Chorus, '15; Poet of Sophomore Class, '15; Alumnae Editor The Column, '16; Secretary Lucalian Literary Society, Fall Term, '16; Secretary Student Government Association, '16; Historian Junior Class, '16; Chief Marshal, '16; President Student Government Association, '17; Testator Senior Class, '17; Vice President Lucalian Society, '17; Chairman Social Committee Y. W. A., '17; Editor-in-chief Chowanoka, '17; Censor Lucalian Society, Spring Term, '14; Critic Lucalian Society, Fall Term, '17; Senior-Junior Basketball Team, '17.





ALMA BLANCHE FREEMAN, B. A.

COLERAIN, N. C.

Alathenian.

"Labor is a genius that changes the world from ugliness to beauty."

President Junior Class, '17; Censor Alathenian Society, '16; Associate Editor of Chowanoka, '16; College Marshal, '16; Editor-in-chief The Column, '17; Treasurer Senior Class, '17; Advertising Editor Chowanoka, '17; Chairman Devotional Committee of Y. W. A., '17; Vice-President Alathenian, '17.



FANNIE JENKINS, B. L.

MURFREESBORO, N. C.

Lucilian

"A knowledge of Art and an appreciation of natural beauty opens a whole new realm of enjoyment."

Art Editor, '16-'17.

INA AZALENE DUNLAP, EXPRESSION

BONLEE, N. C.

Lucalian

*"A perfect woman, nobly plann'd
To waru, to comfort and command."*

President Lucalian Society, Spring Term, '16; President Sophomore Class, '15-16; Vice-President of Carpe Diem Club, '17; President Y. W. A., '15-16; Associate Editor of the Columns, '16-'17; Critic Lucalian Society, '17; Censor Lucalian Society, Fall Term, '16; Chairman Personal Service Committee of Y. W. A., '16-'17; Prophet Senior Class, '16-'17; Business Manager Chowanoka Staff, '16-'17.



MAGNOLIA RICE MITCHELL, VOICE

WINDSOR, N. C.

Alathenian

*"Thou art not voice alone, but hath beside
both heart and head."*

Vice-President Special Class, '16; College Marshal, '16; President Chorus, '17; Senior-Junior Basket Ball Team, '17; Member of Y. W. A. Cabinet '17; Associate Editor Chowanoka, '17; Poet Senior Class, '17.



HELEX INEZ MATTHEWS, PIANO

WINDSOR, N. C.

Lucalian

*"As sweet and musical as bright Apollo's
lute, strung with his hair."*

Treasurer Lucalian Society, Fall Term, '15; Secretary and Treasurer Junior Class, '16; Junior Marshal, '16; Winner of Piano Medal, '16; Vice-President Lucalian Society, Fall Term, '17; Historian Senior Class, '17; President Music Club, '17; Corresponding Secretary Lucalian Society, '17; Joke Editor Annual Staff, '17.

KATHERINE MAE TAYLOR, PIANO

WINTON, N. C.

Lucalian

*"The harpers struck their chorus; a gush
of music broke upon the air."*

President of Lucalian Literary Society, Fall Term, '16-'17; Vice-President of Music Club, '16-'17; Vice-President of Athletic Association, '16-'17; Secretary Senior Class, '16-'17; Business Manager of the Columns, '16-'17; Associate Editor Chowanoka, '16-'17.



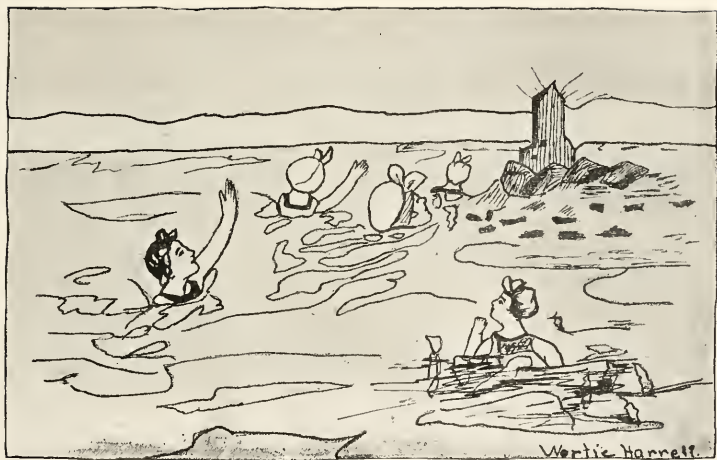
Senior Class Poem

Sing to the girls of '17
A song of classic lore,
For we've attained in these four years
A goal not reached before;
And may the muses vie with us
Till all our voices blend
In honor to these girls who will
Not pass this way again.

Sing of the class of '17
Your praises far and wide;
For these have been great days of woe,
Yet we have stemmed the tide
And now stand on the shore of life
Our new tasks to begin.
We'll find that knowledge gathered here
Will help us all to win.

Sing we the class of '17
Our Alma Mater's praise
For keeping us through trials unseen
From even freshman days;
And now deep shaded groves and walks,
Tall columns, quiet halls,
We'll long for thee and come to see
Lov'd rooms and sacred walls.

Sing we the girls of '17,
Whose school days now are o'er;
We're sure we've done our level best—
No school could ask for more;
And when we get our high degrees
In music, letters, arts,
We hope to meet the busy world
With loyal Chowan hearts.



Junior Class

Motto: "Onward and Upward."

Colors: *Old Gold and Black*

Flower: *Golden Rod*

Officers

ETHEL SNYDER.....	<i>President</i>
LUCILLE BRITTON.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
ROSA WHITLEY.....	<i>Secretary</i>
GRACE SYKES.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
VESTA BENTHALL.....	<i>Historian</i>
GLADYS LASSITER.....	<i>Poet</i>

Members

Vesta Benthall
Lucille Britton
Gladys Lassiter

Ethel Snyder
Grace Sykes
Ruth Thomas

Rosa Whitley

Junior Class



Junior Class Poem

Here's to thee, old Chowan College,
And thy past so grand;
We drink thy health right lustily,
And pledge with heart and hand,
The class of 18's loyalty,
None truer in the land.
We drink to ideals brave and high
For which we ever stand.

Here's to the girls of old Chowan
The girls so true and tried
Who ever makes a record good
Out in the world so wide.
Here's health to them and wealth to them
And much of joy beside
All honor, fame and praise be theirs
Our Alma Mater's pride.

Here's to thy record in the past
And thy future bright
To make our class a winning one
We'll strive with all our might,
And when our four years' course is o'er
Victorious in the fight
We'll bring honors to old Chowan
To her colors— Blue and White.

SOPHOMORE

Chemistry
German II
English II
French II
Horace
Household Mgt
Trigonometry



Sophomore Class

Aim: *Purity.*

Flower: *White Rose*

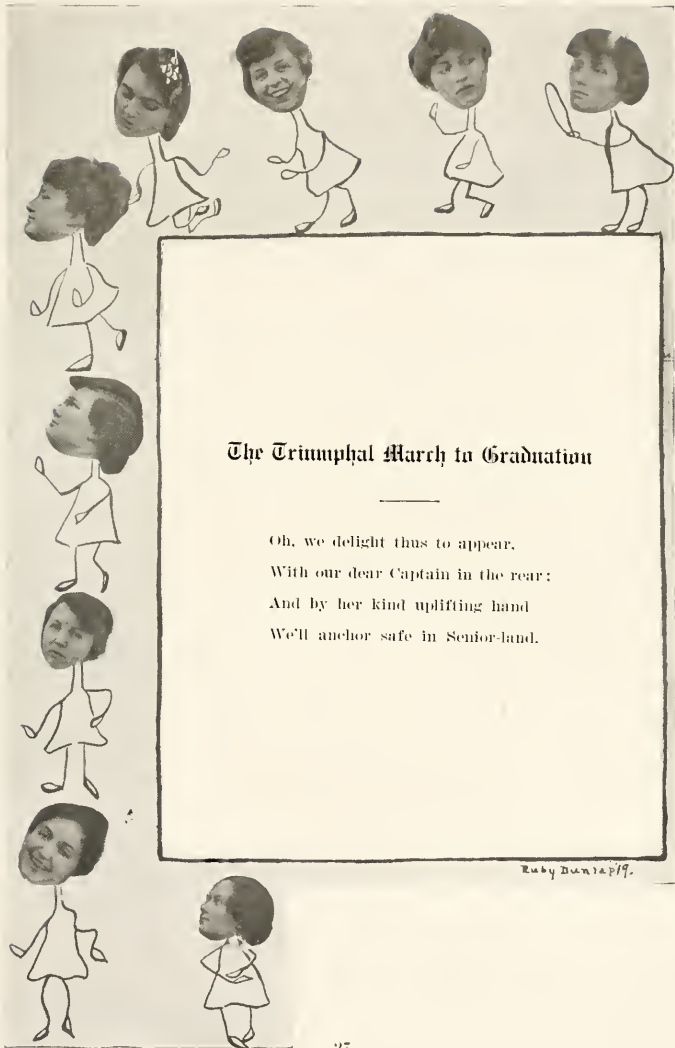
Colors: *Dark Green and White*

Officers

REBECCA LONG.....	<i>President</i>
JANIE PARKER.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
LEOLA MACCULLERS.....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
ELSIE BENTHALL.....	<i>Historian</i>
MARTHA SIZEMORE.....	<i>Poet</i>

Members

Elsie Benthall	Rebecca Long
Julia Drewett	Mattie Macon Norman
Ruby Dumlap	Leola MacCullers
Sadie Futrell	Janie Parker
Martha Sizemore	



The Triumphant March to Graduation

Oh, we delight thus to appear,
With our dear Captain in the rear;
And by her kind uplifting hand
We'll anchor safe in Senior-land.

Ruby Dunlap '19.

Sophomore Class Poem

We came to Chowan few in number
But we had a plenty grit,
Vowed to spend no time in slumber
Therefore made a brilliant hit.

Who has always helped the Seniors?
Who has even helped the Prof's.?
Why that great illustrious nine,
Better known as Chowan's Sophs!

Whatever would have been the fate
Of that newish measley crowd,
If we had not stooped to aid them
From our station, high and proud.

Why record all our achievements?
They resound o'er hill and plain,
Now we've reached our height of glory,
Pray what more can we attain?

So hail to Sophs, invincible nine,
Whom everyone's bound to acknowledge
Have always stood, and ever will,
The best in the life of the College!



ON to the heights

Freshman Class

Motto: *Perge ad Fastigia*

Colors: *Blue and Red*

Mascot: *Eagle*

Officers

MARY LINEBERRY.....	<i>President</i>
LIZZIE BRINKLEY.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
ESTHER SHEARON.....	<i>Secretary</i>
MARGARET WHITTINGTON.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
NETTIE LEWIS.....	<i>Poet</i>

Members

Lizzie Brinkley
Elizabeth Griffin
Wertie Harrell
Nettie Lewis

Mary Lineberry
Ollie Odum
Esther Shearon
Eloise Stephenson

Margaret Whittington



Freshman Class Poem

We are a band of Freshies strong
Who have the grit to pull.
The way is long, we are sure
To do our work in full.

Our name is small, but brain is strong,
In power and strength we rule,
If the teachers will just show us,
We'll be the best in school.

The "Sophs" say we are not yet great,
We care not what they say,
We do intend with our strong brains
To shine in brightest ray.

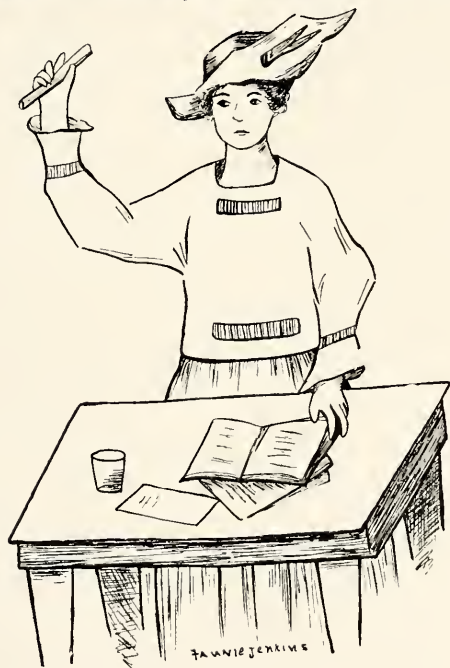
We do not fear; we do not dread;
Our nerve is strong as man's,
And when to us they give a task
We do all it demands.

Let us adore our dear Chowan
For her great love and light,
Whose rays do surely shine afar
And lead us in the right.

We'll wave our banner, blue and red,
We'll march along the way,
How long! For three more years and then—
Our graduation day!

BOOK II

ORGANIZATIONS



Student Government Association



INEZ BENTHALL
President



LUCILLE BRITTON
Secretary



FRANCES BENTHALL
Vice-President



LEOLA MACCULLERS
Treasurer

Carpe Diem



ETHEL SNYDER
President



INA DUNLAP
Vice-President



ELSIE BENTHALL
Secretary



HELEN LEARY
Treasurer



Beginning with the left hand bottom picture and reading to the right:

I. DUNLAP, *Personal Service*
I. BENTHALL, *Social*
A. FREEMAN, *Devotional*
M. FINEBERRY, *Treasurer*
R. LONG, *Secretary*

II. LEARY, *Vice-President*
F. BENTHALL, *President*
R. DUNLAP, *Poster*
V. BENTHALL, *Membership*

Ann Hasseltine Circle

No other organization in College has meant more toward the development and uplift of the students than has the Ann Hasseltine Circle. More interest has been manifested this year than ever before, and many splendid results have been realized. Every student and several members of the faculty are active members. Our contributions have more than doubled the amount given last year.

Besides the regular monthly meetings, we have under the organization—the Sunday evening services conducted by members of the faculty and visiting friends; and the Evening Watch, a short service, which is held every evening and is conducted by the students. Both of these are well-attended, and the helpful, practical subjects discussed are very inspiring.

Special mention is due the various committees who have promoted the interest shown in this phase of college life, for their untiring efforts in a social, philanthropic and personal way.

We feel this year more than ever before the members are more united and work together for the one common interest for which our Circle stands, and it is evident that there are no bounds to the possibilities of the organization.

Alathenian Literary Society Officers



FRANCES BENTHALL
President



ALMA FREEMAN
Vice-President



LUCILLE BRITTON
Secretary



JANIE PARKER
Treasurer



Alathenian Literary Society

Motto: "We Seek Truth and Wisdom"

Colors: *Pink and Green*

Flower: *Sweet Pea*

Officers

FRANCES BENTHALL.....	<i>President</i>
ALMA FREEMAN.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
LUCILLE BRITTON.....	<i>Secretary</i>
JANIE H. PARKER.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

Members

Louise Baker	Annye Haight	Rachel Mitchell
Frances Benthall	Maggie Harrell	Janie H. Parker
Vesta Benthall	Frances Harrell	Gladys Rounrye
Lucille Britton	Jennie Humphrey	Irene Scarborough
Lillian Byrnn	Eunice Jones	Esther Sheaton
Julia Drewett	Ola Kirk	Martha Sizenore
Lollie Edwards	Bertha Mizelle	Ethel Snyder
Alma Freeman	Mattie Macon Norman	Eloise Stephenson
Ethel Freeman	Rebecca Long	Gertrude Taylor
Sadie Futrell	Leola McCullers	Imo Vinson
Beatrice Futrell	Magnolia Mitchell	Margaret Whittington
	Irene Mitchell	

Lucalian Literary Society Officers



HELEN LEARY
President



INEZ BENTHALL
Vice-President



RUTH THOMAS
Secretary



NETTIE LEWIS
Treasurer



Lucalian Literary Society

"We Make Light to Shine."

Colors: *Green and White*

Flower: *Lily of the Valley*

[Members

Myrtle Baldwin
 Helen Baggett
 Inez Bentball
 Elsie Benthall
 Lizzie Brinkley
 Mattie Lewis Davis
 Ina Dunlap
 Ruby Dunlap
 Willie Forehand
 Elizabeth Griffin
 Wertie Harrell
 Louise Holland

Amber Holloman
 Lucy Johnson
 Mildred Johnson
 Gladys Lassiter
 Helen Leary
 Lanie Bell Lee
 Nettie Lewis
 Mary Lineberry
 Inez Matthews
 Bernice Matthews
 Lucille Menzel
 Ollie Odom

Ruby Smith
 Annie Williford
 Ethel Sutton
 Maggie Spivey
 Grace Sykes
 Katherine Taylor
 Katie Taylor
 Ruth Thomas
 Martha White
 Mary White
 Rosa Whitley
 Helen Williams



R. M. Literary Society

Motto: "Find a Way or Make a Way."

Flower: *Wistaria*

Colors: *Green and Lavender*

Officers

ELVA WORRELL.....	<i>President</i>
NETTIE EVANS.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
GLADYS ROUNTRYE.....	<i>Secretary</i>
MARY PARKER.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

Members

Mary Babb	Ruth Lineberry
Louise Baker	Bernice Matthews
Elon Byrd	Lucile Menzel
Mattie Lewis Davis	Willie Forehand
Lollie Edwards	Bertha Mizell
Nettie Evans	Mary Parker
Beatrice Futrell	Gladys Rountyre
Louise Holland	Geneva Standin
Emmie Jones	Gertrude Taylor

Elva Worrell

R. M. Society Hymn

There's a noted band in old C. C.
The best that can be found,
Who're leaders in the schoolroom
And on the athletic ground.

"Cutty" Worrell and "Krusher" Menzell,
Wonders worked with cupid's darts.
"Bobby" Holland and "Dimple" Parker
Have won their share of hearts.

On the ground with basketball,
"Long Tom" and "Jumbo" reign supreme.
On class "Sunshine" and "Gentle" Ruth
Have won highest esteem.

"Suffrage" Rountrye wins all debates.
"Ever Ready" Edwards does her part, too.
A word for "Shorty" and "Fatty,"
For they are R. M.'s loyal and true.

While "Wise" Geneva, "Poky" and "Grumpy,"
"Baby" Baker and "Billy" Forehand,
"Measles" Jones and "Slow" Mizell
Have won honors for the band

And here's a cheer for "Mother" Lette,
We're at her beck and call.
There's nothing for her we wouldn't do,
For she's the queen of us all.

Columbus Staff



FRANCES BENTHALL
Assistant Editor

LOTTIE HARRELL
Joke Editor

ALMA FREEMAN
Mathematic Editor

HELEN LEARY
Lucalian Editor

KATHERINE TAYLOR
Business Manager

INA DUNLAP
Assistant Editor

JANIE PARKER
Alumniac Editor

BOOK III

Facts and Fiction

Popular Books at Chouau



LEOLA MACCALLERS

"The Siege of Seven Suitors"



INA DUNLAP

"Sense and Sensibility"

LOTTIE HARRELL
"Clever Betsy"



INEZ BENTHALL
"Dame Fashion"



KATHERINE TAYLOR
"Tempest and Sunshine"

IRENE MITCHELL
"The Joyous Wayfarer"



REBECCA LONG
"Pollyanna"



ETHEL SNYDER
"The Well-be-loved"



MATTIE LEWIS DAVIS
"The Girl Who Won"

Cupid a la Blacks

"Wha' did you say, aunty?"

"Nothin' honey, play with your dolls."

Maisie played with her dolls, but she was a puzzled little girl. Aunty did say something, 'cause she heard her and why did she say she didn't—such were the thoughts in her five-year-old mind. Soon, however, the puzzled look was gone, and she was busy dressing Sophronia Ann, her oldest doll-child, for a party.

Maisie was right. Miss Ann, or aunty, as she was know to all the children of the village, did say something, and if Maisie had been a little older and had caught her words she would have considered it a very big something.

The sleepy little village of Burnsville had long since ceased to wonder why Miss Ann still lived alone in the large mansion. She and her mother were the sole heirs of the immense estate, and at the death of Mrs. Preston, Miss Ann had remained in the old home with one servant, Aunt Lucy. Now Aunt Lucy was dead and Miss Ann lived alone. All that the village folk knew of Miss Ann was that she had an overpowering love for children, and was ever ready to minister to them in any way that she could. It was only through the children who came to see her that she learned anything of the happenings of the village, for she was quiet and unassuming like her mother. This, with the poise and dignity which she inherited from her father, kept her from mingling with the people. But the old mansion was no hermitage as one might think. It was a veritable haven for the children of the village. Miss Ann's cookies and fairy tales, of which she always had a supply, were the best to be had anywhere, the children told their mother. The worn path made by baby-feet leading to her back door testified to that.

To-day her visitor was Maisie Roberts, her next door neighbor, whom she loved dearly. The little girl had begged for a story, but Miss Ann had hardly noticed her. Maisie did not know what to think of this indifference. She had never seen Miss Ann in this mood and even her baby mind knew something was wrong. She was getting tired of playing alone and was gathering up her dolls, ready to leave, when she heard Miss Ann speak again. She heard the words "twenty years ago to-day," but could not understand them. She cautiously approached the large Morris chair in which Miss Ann sat, and peeped around the side to see what its occupant was doing. Nothing happened, so

Maisie moved nearer until she stood directly beside her.

"Look at Sophronia Anne, auntie."

Miss Ann did not even glance up from her knitting, but Maisie saw her lips move again. She bent her head to listen and heard the word "tomorrow." Determined to be heard she laid her chubby hand on Miss Ann's cheek and whispered, "Tomorrow's Friday and mother's goin' to the club meeting, and let's me and you have a party, auntie."

This time Miss Ann looked at her and dreamily answered,

"All right, honey, what time?"

"Soon's mother leaves," Maisie quickly responded.

Satisfied at last Maisie returned to her dolls and soon forgot the strange words she had heard. But if an onlooker could have seen Miss Ann he would have noticed a shadow that flitted across her face every few minutes, followed by a wan smile. All day she had felt that something was going to happen. She had begun her simple tasks with that thought and it had grown as the day lengthened until now it loomed up in large proportions before her eyes.

The shadow that flitted across her face, followed by the feeble smile, was symbolical of her life. Twenty years ago to-night she told David Walton good-bye, for early in the following morning he was to leave for the battle-front. He assured her over and over that he would return, and left with the words—"Anne, the key-words of my life are—God, country and you. I've been true to my God; now I go to help my country and I believe by God's help I am going to come back to you, a stronger, braver, better man than I leave you. Be true to me and wait is all I ask."

And she had waited. There were times when she had despaired, but had she not scanned the war news and his name was not among the dead. She had inquired and his parents, who lived near her home, had searched for him, but no trace could be found. When thoughts like these would come to dishearten her she recalled his last words and then the smile would chase away the shadows. At first five years had been her goal; then ten years and fifteen; and now the twentieth year was approaching. She had almost given him up for dead—or, she tried to make herself think: "he has forgotten me." But to-day she could not rid her mind of the premonition that something was going to happen.

"And to-morrow is ——"

"Yes, auntie, to-morrow is Friday and we're certainly going to have our party, aren't we?"

Miss Ann came out of her reverie with a start.

"Why, Maisie, I thought you had gone. Your mother asked me to send you back at five o'clock and it's almost six. Get your dolls and auntie will go with you."

Soon they started and Maisie plied Miss Ann with so many questions that her thoughts had no chance to wander back into her yesterdays. As they reached Maisie's home Mrs. Roberts came out and thanked her for bringing the little girl home, and invited her to stay for supper, but she declined, whereupon Maisie exclaimed breathlessly, "She's coming to-morrow though, and we're going to have a party."

"Well, won't that be fine!" her mother added.

"And mother let me play with my new blocks. Auntie will show me how to read 'em, won't you, auntie?"

"Yes, dear, we'll learn how to spell," absently answered Miss Ann. Mrs. Roberts noticed her indifference and hurried to explain.

"No, Maisie, you mustn't insist if Miss Ann doesn't want to."

"Oh, I'll be glad to come—indeed I will, if Maisie wants me to."

"Oh, I do, I do," Maisie shouted. Miss Ann turned and walked slowly toward her home through the gathering darkness determining to go to sleep early and rid her mind of its foolish fancies, and wake up prepared to enjoy Maisie and her party.

But her mind was no more at rest when she awoke than it had been the day before. She hummed as she dusted and replaced the things, that did not need replacing, in her effort to forget. When dinner was over she went to see Maisie and found Mrs. Roberts ready to leave.

"Oh, auntie, we're going to play with the new blocks, and then we're goin' to have some of the best jell—." Maisie slapped her hand over her mouth as she remembered what her mother had said about "their surprise."

"Yes, Maisie has some new blocks with pictures on one side and the letters of the alphabet on the other. She will not be any trouble, because she will be so interested in her blocks," her mother explained to Miss Ann.

"Maisie is never any trouble to me. We get on fine, don't we, Maisie?"

"Best of anybody, but let's be playing, auntie."

Mrs. Roberts left Maisie and Miss Ann seated on the floor deeply interested in the word "eat." Maisie's father had recited the alphabet to her and her bright little mind had grasped a few of the easiest ones; so Miss Ann did not find it hard to teach her the simplest words. They were making rapid progress when someone entered the room unannounced. Miss Ann's back was toward the door and before she could see who had entered Maisie said,

"You're not my daddy—go 'way."

Miss Ann turned, and in an instant was advancing to meet the tall, handsome man who had just entered. He was well-past middle age and patches of grey showed in his hair, yet he was strong and robust. He reached out his hand and said one word: "Ann."

They stood staring into each other's eyes as if expecting to find there all they wanted to know. Maisie had left the man entirely to Miss Ann and was busy with her dolls.

"Auntie, what does g-t-e say?"

"Auntie," the man repeated, and relaxed at once into a unsexular, moving creature. He placed a chair for her and seated himself not far distant. Miss Ann, too, had recovered from her first shock and confident that it was really David asked.

"Where have you been?"

"I have had quite a time locating you. First, I went to your old home and finding no one there, I ventured here to inquire of your whereabouts. On reaching the door I heard your voice and dared to follow it, as I have trusted that voice to lead——"

"But I mean before you reached Burnsville."

"It's too long a tale to tell now with all the important things there are to be said. I'll just give you an outline and we'll fill it in some other time. I was made a prisoner at the close of the war and taken to Brazil. There I was kept in prison for twelve years. After I was released I began working for myself, but having never done any real work I had to begin at the start on a very meagre salary and make my way. I continued at this for a year and then had the offer of a position in Italy that paid well, which I accepted. Perhaps you wonder why I did not write in the meantime. I did not know whether you were living or not, and if you were whether you were true to me, and, too, I knew that I could not come home until I made some money for the long trip. Fortunately my position proved a success. I have lived and worked all these years for this one hour. Now tell me about yourself."

"There's not much to be told except that I've been livnig at my old home, and alone for the past eight years. My little friends have helped me wonderfully, and this little girl is Maisie Roberts, who is entertaining to-day."

Maisie soon made friends with him, and as she inspected his watch chain ventured to say,

"You can stay to my party, too, if Miss Ann don't care."

When they had become thoroughly acquainted she went back to her blocks and paid no attention whatever to her guests.

"What has become of my old home?" David asked.

"Your mother and father died the year after the war closed. They told me many things to tell you when you returned. No one has lived in your home since they died, but it has been kept in good condition all the while."

"And who saw to that?"

"Auntie, what does m-o-g say?" Maisie interrupted.

Miss Ann was frustrated and failed to answer Maisie's question, but soon the blocks were spread out on her lap and Maisie demanded a hearing. Then followed a recital of all Maisie's newly-acquired knowledge and a shower of congratulations from Miss Ann and David. Resolved to learn more, Maisie went back to her blocks, but asked a question occasionally about some new combination she had made.

During this time Miss Ann and David were racing to see which could talk the most. They gossiped and laughed like two school-girls, and many of Maisie's questions fell on deaf ears. They talked of their old friends, their school-days, the life of the village and even their faithful servants, but always the conversation came back to their homes as if something inevitable rested in that topic.

Finally David said, "Ame, you've been living in your home alone for these long years. In it are memories of the past with its heart-aches and disappointments. You are through with those. My home is filled with memories of my parents, whose fondest dream was the happiness of their only child. You are absolutely essential to the fulfillment of that dream. Will you go with me and make it real?"

There was a brief silence and Maisie took this opportunity to ask,

"What does y-es say, auntie?"

"Yes," she answered—but she looked at David.

—*Frances V. Benthall, '17.*

On Roast Beef

Roast beef, our midday portion day by day,
Thy bovine odor haunts us in our dreams.
We're doomed to see thee ever, so it seems,
'Till schoolmates, teachers, all have passed away.

'Tis noon. We all sit down with spirits gay,
Upon each board an oblong platter gleams.
Nine pieces are enough, Miss Baldwin deems,
For ten. We ask for more—she says us nay.

Perhaps it's just as well it's ordered thus
Too much would be a sinful, useless waste,
The teacher does without with statements rash.

To falsify is better than a fuss,
The pupils marvel at her vanished taste.
Where is the piece? Saved for supper hash!

On Lake Forgiveness

In a small college town on Lake Forgiveness lived a poor woman with her only daughter. Their little, simply, poorly furnished cottage was situated not far from Aberdeen, a co-ed college.

The daughter, Jean, is now in her eighteenth year. In spite of her poverty she has numerous friends and admirers. Her mother, Mrs. McDonald, spent most of her time sewing and crocheting as these were the only means she had of supporting herself and daughter. During the winter months Jean was in college; in vacation she spent her spare moments reading books secured from the college library. Her favorite place when reading was down by the lake.

One evening when Jean returned home rather late, she was met at the doorway by her mother who exclaimed, "My dear child, why have you stayed out so late this afternoon?"

Without a word of explanation Jean threw her arms around her mother's neck and said, "Mother, look what I have found!"

She showed her a K. A. Fraternity pin. Mrs. McDonald looked eagerly at her daughter and asked, "Do you have any idea to whom it belongs?"

"Yes," replied Jean, "the man to whom it evidently belongs was boat-riding with Lou Paulette while I was reading by the lake. I feel sure it must be his, for I saw him just before they left standing on the very spot where I found it." Saying this Jean fastened the pin on her mother's dress.

On starting to retire Jean went to her mother for her usual good-night kiss. She told Jean to sit down again as she had something to tell her. Wondering what it could be, Jean sank into a chair near her mother.

"Jean, my daughter," she began slowly, "the pin brings thoughts of your father so forcibly to my mind that I feel compelled to tell you the facts which I have kept so long. Your father is not dead as I have led you to think."

Jean was awe-struck by these unexpected words. When she could speak, she said, "O, mother, what are you telling me?"

"Your father, Jim Stanton, and I were in school together and they were my best friends," her mother continued. "After we were married the report reached your father that his love for me was in vain, and that I for the sake of Jim, or the one creating this report, was intending to poison him. Knowing that I was friendly toward this man before our marriage he could not

be persuaded by all my pleadings that the report was false. I arose one morning to find him gone and as yet have heard nothing of him——”

“Why did you not tell me before?” Jean interrupted. “Do you suppose he will ever come back?”

“Child, do not ask that,” Mrs. McDonald answered. “I cannot talk about it any more to-night. I would be willing to forgive him, although he has treated me thus—Good night, my dear.”

Jean unfastened the pin from her mother’s dress where she had pinned it several hours before and went to her own little room. The moonbeams were streaming through the open window. She opened her tightly-clasped hand to get another glimpse of the precious jewel she had found. She muttered these words in a low voice: “Oh! I wish the owner were as handsome as the pin itself and he loved me as much as it is possible to love. Then my future would seem as bright as the diamonds within it. But just to think it is from the same fraternity to which my father belonged and what if he should treat me in the same way father did mother and—pshaw! It is foolish for me to speak like this.” Then she placed the pin upon the dresser, and went to sleep.

The next afternoon, as usual, Jean went by the library and after looking over several books, decided to spend her afternoon with John Charles McNeill. She then sought the place where she had found the pin the day before.

After having read several poems she turned to *Away Down Home*; while reading she heard footsteps. Turning, she saw the man who was with Lon on the previous afternoon. He removed his hat and said, “I suppose this is Miss McDonald?”

“Yes,” replied Jean.

“My name is Jack North. I am in search of a K. A. Frat. pin which I lost somewhere around here yesterday.”

Jean immediately stood up and said, “I found a pin down here yesterday.”

“Why,” he exclaimed in overjoyed excitement, “have you found my pin? How can I ever show my appreciation? I have been worried over the fact of having lost it the whole of last night and to-day. It was my father’s pin.”

“It is at home,” said Jean, “but I will send it to you, and indeed I am glad to have found it for you.”

Then bowing her head she said, “Good evening.”

“Oh!—Miss McDonald,” he exclaimed, “may I walk up to your home for the pin instead of putting you to the inconvenience of sending it to me?”

“Never mind the inconvenience,” she replied turning toward him, “If you are not in a hurry for it, I will bring it down to-morrow afternoon as I

usually come down to read or walk about the lake. Possibly you will be here with Miss Paulette."

"I will be here but not with any one. My cousin, Lou Paulette, is out of town at present."

At this Jean started home. This was the owner of the frat. pin—her dream man. And just think he was only Lou's cousin and not her fiancé as she had thought. But how could he ever think of loving her, a poor Southern girl?

On arriving home she did not tell her mother anything that had happened, but after eating supper they went out on the porch and presently Jean said,

"I will be so glad when school starts; I am tired of idleness and I feel this year will mean more to me than any yet."

"Yes, my dear," replied her mother, "but it is so hard to realize that my baby will really be a senior, and you're only eighteen."

"Yes, mother, but you must remember I have had the advantage over most girls that are in my condition financially, and, too, in summer the library is at my command."

They sat silently for a few minutes, then Mrs. McDonald whispered,

"What handsome young man is that passing now? I don't remember having seen him before."

"Hush, mother dear. That is the man to whom the frat. pin belongs. I am going to take it to the lake to-morrow afternoon; perhaps I will see him."

The next afternoon Jean started down to the lake and before arriving there she noticed Jaek walking impatiently beside it, waiting for her. On nearing him, she bowed her head in a bashful manner and said,

"Good evening, Mr. North."

He at once came nearer, stretched out his hand and asked,

"Will you not shake? I feel as if I have known you for a long while, as I have heard Lou speak of you so frequently, and, too, I have seen you down here many times during my visit here."

"Mr. North," Jean began, "I have brought your pin, and again I will say I am glad to have found it for you."

"How can I ever show my gratitude," exclaimed Jack, "Miss McDonald, I see you have a book of Longfellow's poems. Will you be so kind as to read me *The Rainy Day*?"

"Certainly," replied Jean. "It is rather appropriate as the day has been inclement and dreary."

She then turned to it, and read with such expression and enthusiasm that the poem seemed real.

By the time she had finished it Jack had so thoroughly studied her that he found she possessed all the essentials which went to make up his ideal girl. But he did not show this in the least and only said,

"Thank you, I have always loved that poem."

"Why, Longfellow is my favorite American writer," Jean added, "I could read his words for hours at the time and not grow weary of reading. But as I promised mother to be out only a short while this afternoon I must be going."

With a polite "goodbye," the Longfellow lovers departed.

For several months Jack remained in the little village on Lake Forgiven. During this time he saw much of Jean and one day just before leaving, he met her as usual by the lake.

She was beautiful—yes—passionately fair and he could not help catching her hands as he solemnly said,

"Jean, you will think I am mad when I tell you with all sincerity in the world—I—love—you. With you near there would never be any dreary days. Is it possible that my love is in vain? I love you, God knows I do, and you should know it also. Do you believe it?"

The tears of joy were streaming down Jean's blushing cheeks and in the midst of her perfect happiness why shouldn't she speak as her heart told her? Nevertheless, she only replied,

"Mr. North, you must remember that I have only known you for three months, and don't you think this is rather sudden? I must say that as a man I admire you." With these words he clasped the frat. pin on her dainty dress. "But you must not mean more than a friend. I will, however, keep the pin, but it must have another meaning. Simply, that you and I are friends."

"Then, Jean, you will wear the pin with a new meaning?"

"Yes," she replied.

He called that evening and promised before leaving to correspond with her on his return home.

Several months passed and Jean received many letters from her friend, Jack North.

One afternoon after school hours Jean and several of her college friends went out for a stroll. When the time came for them to separate one of the boys, Gray Stevens, escorted Jean home. As they neared the house the subject was suddenly changed when he said, "I suppose you have heard that Jack North and Lou Paulette were quietly married yesterday?"

"No—I—I have not heard it," she uttered after a few seconds.

"Yes, few expected it," Gray continued. "They left this morning for New York."

As they were now at her door Gray bade her good-night.

"I suppose he wants his frat. pin," Jean thought when she was in her little room. "But how can I give my dream man, the man of my heart, to another woman?"

Next morning she told the whole story to her mother; sympathetically Mrs. McDonald watched her daughter. She noticed each day the girlish face of her daughter turning into that of a woman.

The next week, her graduation day came. Jean received more honors than any other member of her class. While on the stage just after receiving her diploma she looked into the audience and spied the face of Jack North. She also looked for his wife but failed to see any one except Jack.

She noticed the usher coming toward her just after the exercises. He presented her with a most handsome diamond brooch. She immediately thought it was from Jack, but she could not understand.

Jack hurried to see her, for he had never seen her look more beautiful in his life. But as the crowd was eager to compliment all the seniors, Jack North soon found himself entirely separated from Jean and saw her no more until that afternoon when Jean and her mother walked down to the lake. At a distance they saw two men; one Jean knew to be Jack North, but the other, a middle aged man, she did not recognize.

Jack came forward and shook hands with Jean and Mrs. McDonald and said, "Let me have the pleasure of presenting your father to you Jean, and to you, Mrs. McDonald, your husband."

"Is it possible for you to forgive me, dear?" Mr. McDonald asked. "I have been knowing Mr. North for quite awhile and he has been telling me about you and Jean. I felt that I must come back to see you."

After a long silence Mrs. McDonald replied, "I will forgive you and try to forget for the sake of Jean."

They were so intent over the making up business that they quite forgot that near them was a younger and perhaps more earnest couple than they. Their conversation ran something like this:

"And how is your wife getting on?"

"My wife!" exclaimed Jack.

"Yes, your wife. I know you are married, Mr. North, and have been for several days. I heard it through one of my friends. Do not try to make me believe other than the truth."

"Jean, I do not understand," Jack answered.

Mr. McDonald interrupted, saying, "It is a false report; he is not married. I know, as I have been in the mining business with him out in Virginia."

"Now, Jean, about my wife," Jack began tenderly, "I hope you are all right. It was my plan to make you my wife some day."

— *Ruth Thomas, '18.*

The Final Test

"Shall I wear my blue suit to-day or the 'pepper and salt' one which looks so well on me? I want to wear the best looking things that I have so that I may make a good impression on all present," said Randolph T. to himself. It was the day when the great debate was to take place, and Randolph was one of the most promising debaters. His speech had been learned and carefully rehearsed many times, but to-day he thinks only of his clothes. After giving a final twitch to his tie and turning for one last look at himself in the mirror, he went to the auditorium. He took his seat upon the platform and began to look around over the audience.

"I know that girl out yonder is just crazy about me already. Why should she not be! I am the best looking man here, have the most stylish clothes, and can wear them to a better advantage than any person on this stage." Such thoughts as these ran through his head until he heard his name called, then he walked briskly to the front.

"Ladies and Gentleman, I"—then every thought left him except "is my tie straight? Am I standing in the best position to show the stylish cut of my coat? Is that silk handkerchief showing in my pocket?" Knowing that he was expected to say something he began again—

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I come before you to-day with a new crepe-de-chine tie and a"—Instantly the audience burst forth in deafening peals of laughter. Then he came to his senses and realized what he had done. With a blush of humiliation covering his face he went back to his seat and suffered the agonies of injured pride.

Inez Benthall, '17.

Grosseskopf

We were sitting in the classroom waiting to have a meeting of the Sophomores when Martha came in late, as usual, and said, "Where in the world is Rebecca, I thought I was late enough."

"What, Martha here even before the president," exclaimed Julia.

"I cannot believe it is true," said Ruby.

"Surely something has happened," chimed in Elsie.

Mattie Macon said that she would try to find out the trouble. Just as she rushed out in the hall at break-neck speed, one of the girls waved her hand to quiet her, and told her to tell the other Sophomores to come to Rebecca's room at once, as they needed all the help possible. Mattie M. hurried back to tell us of the misfortune and we went in haste to Rebecca's room.

There stood the Lady Principal, the Bible Teacher, and Adviser of the Sophomore Class and several other teachers. We knew at once that Rebecca's condition was serious. She was tossing from one side of the bed to the other, muttering and groaning.

Elsie ran for the water bottle, Leola got a lamp, Sadie fixed the water, Ruby found the camphor, Julia prepared a dose of ammonia, Janie was rubbing Rebecca's clinched hands, the teachers were applying hot cloths, while Mattie M. had gone to find some ice. In the meantime, Martha had gone with Miss Abernethy to get Dr. Futrell.

As soon as the Dr. came we saw that he was puzzled. He gave the patient several hyperdermics, but they had no effect. Dr. Futrell frowned and walked the floor. He realized that the trouble was with Rebecca's head, as there was already a perceptible enlargement of the temples. He stated frankly that he would have to get more specific information before treating the case intelligently. He told the Lady Principal that he would return later, and rushed out of the room.

When Dr. Futrell reached his office, he pulled down his medical books one after another and pored over them, trying in vain to unravel the mystery. After some time he came back to the college, confessed that the case had baffled him, and advised the Lady Principal to wire immediately to Dr. Eckamtschaft of Chicago, who is the best known specialist on diseases of the head.

In less than two hours we heard a whizzing and a sputtering overhead and rushing out on the veranda, caught sight of an air ship slowly descending in front of the main building. When it reached the ground, out stepped Dr. Bekantschaft. Escorted by the Lady Principal, he hurried up the steps and as he caught sight of Rebecca he recognized symptoms of grosseskopf—a disease peculiar to Sophomores—the most painful and the most serious known to the human race.

In a few minutes Dr. Bekantschaft asked about the other Sophomores, as in such cases it is always necessary to examine all Sophomores who have been exposed. He found upon investigation that all the others were beginning to show symptoms of the same disease. Of all the sighs and moans and groans ever heard at Chowan, these from grosseskopf were the worst.

Dr. Bekantschaft said that it was necessary to undergo a long and tedious operation which involves the grafting of Sophomore omniscience with Junior simplicity. In order to accomplish this it is necessary for one Junior, for every Sophomore involved, to sacrifice one hundredth of a molecule of gray matter.

Dr. Bekantschaft telegraphed to Chicago for all the necessary equipments. In the same year and the same month that the Alathenian Society hall was used for photography, it was necessary to use it for an operating room. Two operating tables were used, one for the Juniors and the other for the Sophomores, as it was necessary to perform the operations simultaneously.

When Dr. Bekantschaft found that there were only seven Juniors to the nine Sophomores, he asked if two of them could not afford to sacrifice two hundredths of a molecule of gray matter. Vesta B. and Ethel S. volunteered from their abundant supply a sufficient amount to sustain Martha S., Julia D., Mattie M. and Elsie B.

The operations were successful in every case, and now at the close of the year we are recovering satisfactorily. Dr. Bekantschaft says, however, that a perfect cure will be realized only after two more years of hard study at Chowan.

—*Ruby Dunlap, '19.*

The Surrender

"Are there any new cases which need my attention," the head physician asked a nurse.

"No, but there is a patient, in 13 who saked to see you. He has only a bad arm though."

When the doctor reached the ward he found his friend Dick. Well, well, what are you doing here? I am glad to see you, but am sorry to find you in this condition."

"Oh, it's nothing. I just dropped in for a little friendly call, laughed Dick. I was beginning to think the war would end before I had any excuse to call on you, but they were merciful to me at the last minute." He did not add, however, that he had another reason for wishing to come, and the innocent doctor laughed good naturedly as he stooped to examine the patient's arm. The twinkle in his eye showed that he was wholly unconscious of any deeper meaning in his friend's words.

The two friends laughed and chatted for some time. Suddenly the doctor interrupted a hearty laugh on Dick's part with the statement. "By the way, do you remember that timid little girl you brought here at the beginning of the war to be a nurse? I had no hopes of her ever doing anything, but I took her because there was a great demand for nurses, and, too, I'd do anything to oblige you, old man. I owe you a debt now, for she's about the best nurse I have. I make no exception, above others she is the one I can depend on to keep cool and to follow exactly the directions given in a crisis."

Joy beamed from Dick's face as he replied, "Now you see I have some judgment. I thought she would make good. I am delighted that you are pleased with her work. I was just about to ask if I might see her. You see we are from the same town and I thought maybe she had some news from home."

"Sure you may see her. She'll be in here in a little while any way. She is on duty in this hall and is now in No. 11. It will be a great surprise to her. Well, I must go now, but I'll be dropping in often."

Dick raised himself with a painful effort and began to whistle softly with joyful anticipation. Soon he heard the sound of a familiar voice in the next room. At first he noticed only the melody of the voice, but soon his attention was attracted by a deeper one. It was not the words which attracted him

at first, but the caressing tones with which he spoke. Soon, however, these words forced themselves on his mind. "Bess, you remember you promised to tell me to-day the reason you came to be a nurse. Why on earth did your people allow you to be exposed to so much danger! I'll bet it was on account of some lover! Why, just think the Germans might have stormed this building and killed you."

"And just think," she gently reminded him, "I might have stayed at home and then I would never have seen you. But if you wish I will tell you the reason I came. Four years ago when the war broke out it was my father's greatest desire to serve his county. He was too old to go and as I was all he had to give he enlisted me in the Red Cross service. At first I felt I could never do it."

"But did no one else try to persuade you?"

"Yes, all my friends begged me to come, and, oh! yes, I remember now, there was Dick."

"Oh, I thought so."

"Oh, but you don't understand, and he was my childhood chum. I thought once that I loved him, but now I know I love only you. You know there is nothing serious in childish love."

"Oh, isn't there?" groaned Dick to himself in the next room.

Again the deep voice, entirely ignorant of the agony its words were causing in the adjoining room began, "Very well, go on. I couldn't doubt anything you say when you look at me like that."

Dick could hear no more. He buried his head in the pillow to shut out the sound, but something seemed to force him to listen.

"It was through his kindness that I obtained this place," the soft voice went on. "He was a special friend of the doctor. I poured forth all my fears and reluctance to him but received no sympathy there. He seemed positively shocked at my lack of patriotism, as he expressed it."

"The brute! Had he no heart?"

"Hush dear. I am glad that he encouraged me to come. I would like to see him and thank him for it, but I am afraid the war——"

"Do you know the doctor says that by next week I will be able to leave? We will be quietly married with only the doctor and a few friends present. Then we will take our wedding trip to your home, and we will show your father the benefits of war."

How mockingly these words sounded to Dick. "The benefits of war, indeed," he groaned.

The voices grew fainter and finally ceased. "I must leave at once," Dick muttered to himself. But I cannot. I must see her once more. If only the war had benefited me by killing me! Ah, how I long for one more look at her! What a fool I was to insist on her coming here. I hope the war has not left the country a more barren waste than it has my heart. I must stay for one more look at her, but she shall never know of my feelings. I will make any sacrifice for her happiness, but, oh, it is hard!"

With an aching heart Dick waited for her coming. Finally he fell into a troubled sleep. When he awoke he found her sitting by his bed. In the gray light of dawn her face seemed sweeter than he had ever seen it. Dick looked at it until he was conscious of the dreamy, far-away look in her brown eyes. Then he could bear no more and stifling a groan he forced his eyes to shut out her lovely face, and silently fought out the battle. After awhile she left and with her went the light of his life. For a long time Dick silently watched the door through which she passed. He was thankful that no voices from the adjoining room interrupted his thoughts or shook his resolution. Finally he arose and dressed as hastily as he could, although at times he felt as if the pain from his arm would overcome him. But he was urged on by the remembrance of the lovelight in Bess's eyes—Bess his childhood sweet heart—Bess who was now the sweetheart of another. Then the look of determination deepened upon his face as he wrote the following note, and pinned it on his pillow:

"Dear Bess,—

"I have heard of your happiness and I rejoice with you. I am glad that I have been a feeble means of bringing it about. I am leaving in search of happiness, too.

"With congratulations to the lucky fellow, and all good wishes for your future.

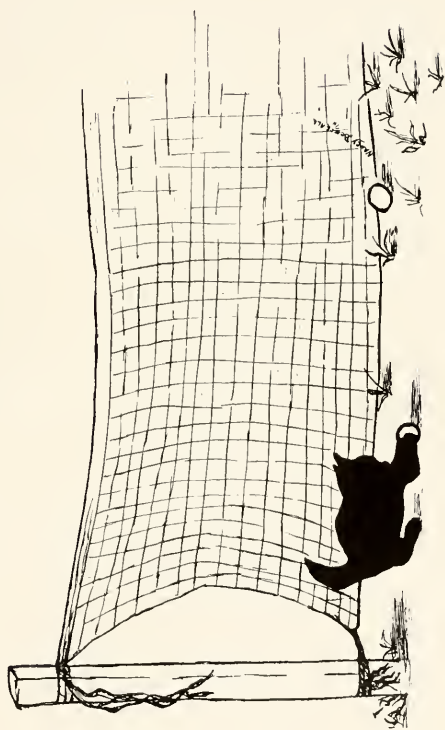
As ever,

"Dick."

—*Mary Linberry, '20.*

BOOK IV

ATHLETICS



Athletic Association Officers



ETHEL SNYDER
President



KATHERINE TAYLOR
Vice-President



LUCILLE MENZEL
Secretary and Treasurer



Invincibles

(Seniors and Juniors.)

YELL:

Come! come! yell, yell, yell! !
Don't let our playing frighten you
Look! look! then go tell
We're the Invincible true.

Captain

Lucille Britton.

Forwards

Iuez Benthall
Vesta Benthall

Guards

Gladys Lassiter
Ethel Snyder

Centers

Ruth Thomas
Helen Leary
Magnolia Mitchell



Sophomore Basket Ball Team

YELL:

If you want to see a band
Playing ball and raising sand,
Winning games to beat the band,
Just you watch the Soph'more clan!

Captain, Jamie H. Parker.

Center, Sadie Futrell

Right Center, Mattie Macon Norman

Left Center, Leola McCullers.

Right Guard, Jamie H. Parker

Left Guard, Rebecca Long

Right Forward, Elsie Benthall

Left Forward, Julia Drewitt



Freshman Basket Ball Team

Frank Harrell, *Manager*

Wertie Harrell, *Captain.*

Forwards

Martha White
Elizabeth Griffin

Guards

Ethel Freeman
Frank Harrell

Centers

Eloise Stevenson
Wertie Harrell
Lillian Byrum

YELL:

Hooray! Hooray! Who takes the day?
Freshmen! Freshmen!
Are we in it? Well, I guess!
Who are we but "Chowau's best?"



R. M. Basket Ball Team

Colors: *Red and White*

Flower: *Red Rose*

Motto: *Find a Way or Make a Way*

YELL:

Hickety-huss, Hickety-huss
 What in the dick-ens
 The matter with us,
 Nothing a' tall, nothing a' tall,
 We play ball.

Centers

Louise Holland, *Manager*
 Lucille Menzel, *Captain*
 Elva Worrell

Forwards

Nettie Evans
 Mattie Lewis Davis

Guards

Mary Parker
 Bernice Matthews



Tennis Club



Rat Track Team

Expert Scenter.....*Captain*
 Gray Whiskers.....*Manager*

Members

50 yard dash.....Jean Scurry
 Shot put.....Peanut Roller
 Hurdles.....Rafter Romper
 Hammer Throw.....Bisenit Slinger
 Pole Vaulting.....Raise Cain Rodent
 High Jump.....Attie Athlete
 Broad Jump.....Lauky Lean
 Relay race.....Every Rat

Track meets scheduled every night from September 6, 1916, to May 15, 1917.

BOOK V





Science Club

Mary Babb
Louise Baker
Inez Benthall
Elsie Benthall
Frances Benthall
Vesta Benthall
Ina Dunlap
Alma Freeman
Wertie Harrell
Elizabeth Griffin
Amye Haight

Mary Lineberry
Helen Leary
Nettie Lewis
Rebecca Long
Lucille Menzel
Leola MacCullers
Janie Parker
Eloise Stephenson
Martha Sizemore
Ruth Thomas
Rosa Whitley



Musical Club

Aim: "*Music for Everyone.*"

Members

Lucille Britton
 Elsie Benthall
 Inez Benthall
 Elon Byrd
 Julia Drewett
 Lollie Edwards
 Sadie Furrell
 Elizabeth Griffin
 Louise Holland
 Ola Kirk
 Mrs. Humphrey
 Anne Haight
 Rebecca Long

Gladys Lassiter
 Mary Lineberry
 Ruth Lineberry
 Nettie Lewis
 Lucille Menzel
 Bertha Mizelle
 Irene Mitchell
 Rachael Mitchell
 Inez Matthews
 Bernice Matthews
 Leola MacCullers
 Magnolia Mitchell
 Mattie Macon Norman

Ollie Odum
 Janie Parker
 Esther Shearon
 Ethel Snyder
 Irene Searboro
 Grace Sykes
 Gertrude Taylor
 Katherine Taylor
 Katie Taylor
 Imo Vinson
 Mary White
 Martha White
 Rosa Whitley



Dramatic Club

[Scene from "Pygmalion and Galatea"]

Ina Dumlap.....	<i>Pygmalion</i>
Rebecca Long.....	<i>Cymisca</i>
Ruby Dumlap.....	<i>Myrine</i>
Vesta Benthall.....	<i>Galatea</i>
Myrtle Baldwin.....	<i>Leucippe</i>
Lottie Harrell.....	<i>Chrysos</i>
Gertrude Taylor.....	<i>Daphne</i>



Art Club

Regular Art Class

Fannie Jenkins
Ruby Dunlap
Wertie Harrell
Helen Leary

China Students

Janie B. Parker
Lida Olive
Janie H. Parker
Inez Benthall
Elsie Benthall
Ruby Dunlap
Fannie Jenkins
Helen Williams

Saturday Art Class

Bertha Mizelle
Lanie Bell Lee
Amber Holtoman
Eunice Jones
Elya Worrell



Cooking Club

There's a gay little kettle in the cooking-room
 That sings the livelong day,
 It boils and sings, and sings and boils
 And the refrain goes just this way:

Miss Olive, the chef, is full of knowledge,
 She weighs each girl, and finds
 From the shape of her hand and the
 size of her head
 Her value to our dear College,

Margaret and Lucille, the articles rare
 That season his lordship's meals,
 They try to dazzle him with their stares,
 But Janie's right down at his heels,

The sound of the sifter reaches my ear
 And I stop and wonder the source,
 Then I hear Miss Olive crossly say,
 "Ruth, singing's not in this course,"

The spoon and the fork are ever at
 odds,
 For Inez and Fannie are queer
 Then Nettie and Gladys implore the gods
 For the salvation of these little dears,



The "Colerain" Drops



Chorus

Officers

MISS GOODWIN.....	<i>Director</i>
MISSSES FERRELL AND PARKER.....	<i>Pianist</i>
MAGNOLIA MITCHELL	<i>President</i>
ETHEL SNYDER.....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

Roll

<i>First Sopranos</i>	<i>Second Soprano</i>	
Elsie Benthall	Julia Drewett	Grace Sykes
Sadie Futrell	Ruby Dunlap	Katie Taylor
Elizabeth Griffin	Miss Lette	Annie Williford
Jennie Humphrey	Amber Hollomon	<i>Allos</i>
Wertie Harrell	Louise Holland	Myrtle Baldwin
Emmie Jones	Nettie Lewis	Inez Benthall
Kate Jenkins	Bertha Mizell	Vesta Benthall
Frances Lawrence	Leola MacCullers	Miss Ferrell
Rachel Mitchell	Lucille Minzel	Miss Herring
Miss Parker	Mattie Macon Norman	Annye Haight
Irene Searborough	Mary Parker	Miss Loving
Imo Vinson	Miss Olive	Magnolia Mitchell
Helen Williams	Esther Shearon	Ethel Snyder
		Olive Vinson



The Windsor Tie

Aim: "To Bind the Tie Closer."

President..... MARGARET SPIVEY
 Secretary..... BERNICE MATTHEWS
 Treasurer..... AMYE HAIGHT

Members

Inez Matthews "The Musician"
 Bernice Matthews..... "Jinks"
 Margaret Spivey..... "Little Beck"
 Mary White..... "Curly"
 Helen Baggett..... "Tam"
 Magnolia Mitchell..... "The Victrola"
 Amye Haight..... "Bosses"
 Maggie Harrell..... "Poker"



Northampton County Club

Elsie Benthall
Frances Benthall
Inez Benthall
Vesta Benthall
Julia Drewett
Lollie Edwards
Sadie Futrell
Beatrice Futrell

Elizabeth Griffin
Gladys Lassiter
Rebecca Long
Ollie Odom
Mary Parker
Eloise Stephenson
Grace Sykes
Gertrude Taylor



Sweethearts

Motto: *Love Everybody*

Place of Meeting: *Lovers' Retreat*

Time of Meeting: *When the Lights Are Low*

Aim: *To Krush Hearts*

Members

"Krusher" Menzel
 "Baby" MacCullers
 "Kuty" Kirk
 "Jack" Mitchell
 "Make" Norman
 "Tomnie" Thomas

"Frank" Harrell
 "Blondie" Benthall
 "Jimp" Parker
 "Puek" Holland
 "Shorty" Mitchell
 "Fatty" Harrell

"Inliette" ———

"Loving" Taylor

Down at "Lovers' Retreat"
 You'll find us girls,
 Riches cannot compare
 With these precious pearls!
 Every body loves us
 And wants to be our "Krush."
 We are not to blame,
 We treat all the same
 Down at "Lovers' Retreat."



Donuttown Club

Motto: *Silence Does Not Always Mark Wisdom*

Colors: *Green and White*

Flower: *Arbutus*

Members

Mary Babb
Nettie Evans
Eva Gary

Fannie Jenkins
Frances Lawrence
Thelma Nicholson

Elva Worrell



Kids Club

President.....Ola Kirk
Secretary.....Mattie L. Davis
Treasurer.....Bernice Matthews

Highest Ambition: To Get Grown

Motto: Laugh and Thirteen Laugh With You

But Grow and You Grow Alone

Olo B. Kirk....."Dot"
 Mary White....."Diddy"
 Ruby Dunlap....."Dumps"
 Mattie Lewis Davis....."Laughin' Susie"
 Magnolia Mitchell....."Cutie"
 Lucile Menzel....."June"
 Bernice Matthews....."Lot."
 Margaret Spivey....."Little Beck"
 Elizabeth Griffin....."Pet"
 Imo Vinson....."Baby"
 Katie Taylor....."Frisk"
 Amye Haight....."Billy"
 Sadie Futrell....."Nameless?"



Du Bist Wie Eine Blume

Louise Holland.....	"Bleeding Heart"
Ina Dunlap.....	"Heart's Ease"
Inez Benthall.....	"Sweet William"
Lucille Britton.....	"Jonquil"
Amber Holloman.....	"Tulip"
Frances Benthall.....	"Daisy"
Leola MacCullers.....	"Sun Flower"
Mattie Macon Norman.....	"Morning Glory"
Gertrude Taylor.....	"Forget-Me-Not"
Jamie Parker.....	"Magnolia"
Ruth Thomas.....	"Jack-in-the-Pulpit"
Elsie Benthall.....	"Pansy"



Dreamers Club

Meeting Place: *Land of Nod*

Color: *White*

Aim: *To Make Our Dreams Come True*

Song: *Meet Me To-night in Dreamland*

Flower: *Morning-Glory*

Dreamers

"Fatty" Harrell

"Ted" Baggett

"Baby" Vinson

"Bunny" Matthews

"Angel" Spivey

"Aimy" Haight

"Krusler" Menzel

"Kutey" Kirk

"Reddy" White

"Jack" Mitchell

"Bob" White

"Frank" Harrell



Who's Who On The Fence ???



Cupid's Club

When Cupid, his arrows cast
At these the fated eight,
He inflicted a wound which will last,
Until each has found her mate.

There's Louise, Lucille and Ruth
Janie, Leola, and Mattie "Make"
Who suffered alike the pang
As felt by Elsie and "Kate."

When far in the future we look,
And these our club-mates see,
'Twill not seem as in a book,
But then in reality to be.





The Mischief Makers

Aim: *To do Errything We Can Without Being Caught*

Meeting Place: *Wise's Graveyard*

Time of Meeting: *Midnight*

Purpose of Meeting: *To Plan Mischief*

Members

Maggie Harrell.....	"Pie"
Bernice Matthews.....	"Bunny"
Helen Baggett.....	"Puck"
Mattie Lewis Davis.....	"Pat"
Inez Matthews.....	"Pinkey"
Leola MacCullers.....	"Pug"
Ola Kirk.....	"Pete"
Mary White.....	"Fluffie"
Margaret Spivey.....	"Dot"
Lottie Harrell.....	"Frank"
Gertrude Taylor.....	"Billy"
Lucille Menzel.....	"Doc"
Imo Vinson.....	"Buster"

Double
Trio



Lucy Bertall



Lucy Bertall



Lucy Bertall



Ethel Snyder



Ethel Snyder



Lucille Bitton



Double Quartette

Miss Goodwin, *Director*
Ethel Snyder, *Manager*

First Sopranos

Elsie Benthall
Helen Williams

Mezzo Sopranos

Kate Jenkins
Ethel Snyder

First Altos

Elizabeth Griffin
Julia Drewett

Second Altos

Magnolia Mitchell
Olive Vinson

Concert

Chowan College Double Quartette

ASSISTED BY

MISS ROSE GOODWIN, Soprano

MISS EMILY CLARK, Contralto

PART I

ALL THIS THROUGH CHOWAN (?)

(To show in twenty minutes what Chowan can do for your daughter)

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Kitty, Chowan Graduate	Miss Mitchell
Kitty's Ma	Miss Goodwin
Kitty's Pa	Miss Williams
Mrs. Rutherford, Wealthiest woman Around	Miss Drewett
Tom Payne, Young Farmer	Miss Snyder
Sam Periwinkle, Dude	Miss Jenkins
Mrs. Periwinkle, Who Looks after Sam's interest	Miss Benthall
Miss Becky Snip, Who has her opinion of such doings	Miss Griffin

PART II

O, Italia Beloved	<i>Donizetti</i>
Quartette	
Sea Dreams	<i>Metcalf</i>
A Birthday	<i>Cowan</i>
Miss Clark	
Bacarolle (Tales of Hoffman)	<i>Offenbach</i>
Quartette	
An Evening Song	<i>Blumenthal</i>
Miss Jenkins	
Chanson Provencale	<i>DeFacqua--Shelley</i>
Miss Goodwin and Quartette	
Polly Willis	<i>Arne</i>
Miss Williams	
Calm as the Night	<i>Goetze</i>
Miss Goodwin, Miss Clark	
Chowan, Mother Dear	<i>MacCallers-Goodwin</i>
Quartette	



Camper

Name: *Camper*

Aim: *To DiscoverForbidden Ground*

Watchword: *Go! !*

Destination: *Wherever "Potted Ham" is Sold*

Mascot: *"The Jug"*

Favorite Song: *We Won't Be Home 'Till* ———

Hikers

Lucille Menzel

Ruth Thomas

Mattie Maeon Norman

Janie Parker

Lucille Britton

Louise Holland

Elsie Benthall

Rebecca Long

Here's to the push who can stand a jolt
 And know how to "rought it," too,
 We're never known to fret or bolt
 When any mischief plam'd.
 We know where rarest treats are found
 In woodland, glade or den,
 And many spots unknown to man
 Are unearthed by this noble band.



Cramers

Colors: *Olive Green and Turkey Red*

Flower: *Cauliflower*

Object: *To Eat and Love All We Can*

Motto: *Eat, Drink, and be Jolly. This is the Life*

Meeting Place: *On the Highest Perch*

Members

4th Floor

Loving Pals

K. M. Taylor....."Romeo"

Leola MacCallers....."Juliette"

Spooners

V. L. Holland....."Bob"

Lucille Menzel....."Dot"

Irish

lovers

J. H. Parker....."Bill"

Mattie Macon Norman....."Pat"

Crushes

H. V. Williams....."Jack"

Inez Matthews....."Jill"



Marshals



BOOK VI

Senior Character Cards

Name—FRANCES BENTHAG

Known as—"Miss Pat"

Characteristic expression—"Sure 'nough"

Favorite pastime—Making society programmes

Name—INEZ BENTHALL

Known as—"Inez"

Characteristic expression—"Well, I'll declare"

Favorite pastime—Taking history notes

Name—INA DUNLAP

Known as—"Little Minister"

Characteristic expression—"Well, I never"

Favorite pastime—Making announcements

Name—ALMA FREEMAN

Known as—"A talker"

Characteristic expression—"I wish I had time"

Favorite pastime—Wishing

Name—MAGNOLIA MITCHELL

Known as—"Nollie"

Characteristic expression—"That's a mess"

Favorite pastime—Teasing

Name—INEZ MATTHEWS

Known as—"A kpusher"

Characteristic expression—"I just can't stand it"

Favorite pastime—"Primping"

Name—FANNIE JENKINS

Known as—"Jenks"

Characteristic expression—"O shucks"

Favorite pastime—Painting

Name—HELEN LEARY

Known as—"Carrot Top"

Characteristic expression—"My Scott"

Favorite pastime—Jingling the keys

Name—KATHERINE TAYLOR

Known as—"Romeo"

Characteristic expression—"Ich kann nicht ertragen"

Favorite pastime—Loving Juliette

The Senior Class

Known as—Workers, Winners, Independents

Favorite pastime—Working on the Annual

Characteristic expression—"Oh, Ploshkin"

Besetting Sins of Our U's Faculty

MR. LINBERRY.....	Authority
MISS ABERNETHY.....	Perspicacity
MISS BAKER.....	Loquacity
MISS BINNS.....	Sensitivity
MISS COBB.....	Timidity
MISS FERRELL.....	Felicity
MISS GOODWIN.....	Humidity
MISS HERRING.....	Masculinity
MISS HORN.....	Vivacity
MISS LETTE.....	Flattery
MISS LOVING.....	Sentimentality
MISS MIDDLETON.....	Vanity
MISS OLIVE.....	Superiority
MISS PARKER.....	Adaptability
MISS WILLIAMS.....	Curiosity

MISS WILLIAMS (*on Bible I*)—"Who can name the prophets this morning."

NETTIE LEWIS—"Hezekiah is a very important one."

MARY WHITE—"What girl in school has the longest hair?"

HELEN BAGGETT—"My room-mate has, because when she takes her hair down it falls to the floor."

MARY LINBERRY (*in the laboratory*)—"Miss Cobb, I can't find any dilute acids and it seems to me this *consecrated* ought to do good work."

MISS WILLIAMS on Bible I said that the Pharisees disliked the Republicans. We wonder what they thought of the Democrats! ! !

L. B.—"It is bad taste to use green ink."

W. F.—"All ink tastes bad to me."

LILLIAN BYNUM seeing a certain girl pass her window said, "There goes the college belle."

MARY LINBERRY—"Who's got it?"

Jokes

JANE TO ELSIE—"Where is Ruby?"

ELSIE—"She is in the studio painting art."

SABIE FUTRELL wrote in an English theme—"He went down town and bought cabbage and other confectioneries."

MATTIE MACOX was in the hall when she was heard to say—"Hurry, Proctor, and bring the mail. It's White-letter day."

LEOLA when asked to give her favorite toast readily replied, "Baker's bread."

MAGGIE SPIVEY walked up to the fire extinguisher one cold morning and said, "My, the heat is not on this morning."

MATTIE MACOX—(Describing her room-mate)—"Oh! Janie has such a strong personification!" (meaning personality.)

INA D.—"Imo, if you could have one wish to come true, what would you wish?"

IMO VINSON—(the largest girl in school)—"I would wish to get little—all at once."

HISTORY PROF. TO CLASS—"You had better read Josephus' book on the Wars of Rome in the East during the first century."

VESTA B.—"Who? Josephus Daniels?"

The Bulletin Board

WANTED:

Good roads.
SOCIAL FUNCTION COM.

FOR SALE:

One Webster's un-
abridged Dictionary.
Reason for selling, it is
split open.
KATHERINE TAYLOR

WANTED:

Hair curlers. Latest
and quickest model pre-
ferred.
STUDENT BODY

LOST

One pair high-heeled
overshoes. Suitable only
for wearing with white
shoes.
MARTHA SizEMORE

LOST:

One photograph. Find-
er please see Miss Baker
and receive reward.

LOST:

One box of "Nunnal-
ly's". Finder please re-
turn to Vesta Benthall,
Studio No. 25 Artist's
Colony, College Place.

WANTED:

Position as "baker"
in a reliable bakery.
Have had several years'
experience.
JANIE PARKER.

WANTED:

One day to rest.
JUNIOR CLASS.

WANTED:

More lamps on Sun-
day night, to fry saus-
age.
FOURTH FLOOR DWELLERS.

WANTED:

College steamer to
bring coal from Balti-
more to Murfreesboro.
PRES. LINBERRY.

**BOOKS! BOOKS!
BOOKS!**

Latest theories on
"Good Order" and "How
to Study."
THE FACULTY.

FOR SALE:

Old love letters con-
taining information con-
cerning all subjects re-
lating to same.
TAYLOR & WHIT-
TINGTON, INC.

FOUND:

During search: 53 Lat-
in "ponies."
LATIN PROFESSOR.

WANTED:

Samples of hair tonic.
MAGNOLIA MITCHELL.

COMING! ! !

Madam Goodwin and
her well-trained chorus,
consisting of 59 ladies
and 53 "gentlemen," will
present in the College au-
ditorium to-night, scenes
from the grand operas,
"Red Pepper Rags."

Those who miss this
event will regret it.
Those who come will
regret it.

TO LET:

Our privileges to the
highest bidder.
SENIOR CLASS.

FOUND:

Energy lost by Prep's,
at first of year.
THE INSTRUCTOR.

IDLERS

will meet in their den
immediately after din-
ner.
IDLER-IN-CHIEF.

WANTED:

A "jack" to chemistry.
INA DUNLAP
&
ELSIE BENTHALL.

What The Following Would Take In Case of Fire

MISS ABERNETHY.....	her street hat
KATHERLNE TAYLOR.....	frat. pin
RUTH THOMAS.....	false hair
MISS HERRING.....	the cat by the tail
MYRTLE BALDWIN.....	expression
MISS FERRELL.....	A. Cobb
MARTHA SIZEMORE.....	her <i>university knowledge</i>
INEZ MATTHEWS.....	artificial flowers
MATTIE MACON NORMAN.....	Phil's letters
MAGNOLIA MITCHELL.....	her voice
INA DUNLAP.....	her "Frank" opinions
LEOLA AND ELSIE.....	"the jug"
INEZ BENTHALL.....	a "Herring"
HELEN LEARY.....	her flaming locks
FANNIE JENKINS.....	Can(a)day
LUCILLE MENZEL.....	artificial curls
PRES. LINEBERRY.....	his time
ALMA FREEMAN.....	her troubles
MISS OLIVE.....	a needle and thread
FRANCES BENTHALL.....	silk umbrella
MARY LINEBERRY.....	her dry wit
THE SENIOR CLASS.....	ploshkin
FRANK HARRELL.....	her kid dialect
ETHEL SNYDER.....	a pillow from the infirmary
PREP. 4's.....	their class spirit
MISS BALDWIN.....	the dining room keys
MRS. MITCHELL.....	her rotating conversation

And

What We Hope They Would Leave

.....her white sweater
.....her disposition
.....her "cree"ky shoes
.....her gray sweater
.....her lately attained airs
.....her sample books
.....her superiority
.....her conceit
.....her family history
.....a few "Nichols"
.....her cat
.....the same
.....Tom's picture
.....her dignity
....."that giggle"
.....her freshness
.....talks on precious hours wasted
(By special request of Maggie Harrell)
.....her overflowing vocabulary
.....those tan shoes
.....her red sweater
.....her swift movements
.....Sophomore partiality
.....Slang
.....her tonsils
.....their abundant knowledge
.....cabbage for next day's dinner
.....the castor oil

Junior Directory

<i>Name</i>	<i>Nickname</i>	<i>Favorite Saying</i>	<i>Occupation</i>	<i>Possible Future</i>	<i>Reminds Us Of</i>	<i>Eyes</i>	<i>Looking Place</i>
Lucille Britton	"Chlo"	"O lady— "Yes ma'am"	Talking	A suffragette	A doll	Chocolate	Home
Rosa Whitley	"Rosie"	"Gee whiz"	Laughing	School ma'am	A baker	Old rose	Down town
Grace Syles	"Primmer"	"Did I ever"	Practising	Missionary's wife	A lamb	Yellow	Nowhere
Vesta Benthal	"Ben"	"Priggle"	Bossing	Uncertain	A walking Encyclopedia	Orange	No. 9 New Building
Ruth Thomas	"Tommie"	"Have mercy"	Hunting	Bacterial inspector	Bantam	Lavendar	Ask her
Gladys Lassiter	"Baby"	"Lan sakos"	Telling jokes	! ! ! !	Jumping Jack	Green	Science building
Eddie Snyder	"Stripes"	"Who would have thought it"	Firting	Single bliss	Onion	Sky-blue pink	Everywhere

Extracts From Note-Books

Lungs are found in the *throat*—*Mary Babb.*

Climate is caused by the *emotion* of the earth around the sun—*Gertrude Taylor.*

Georgia was founded by people who had been *executed*—*Geneva Standin.*

A mountain pass is a pass given by the railroad to its employes, so that they can spend their vacation in the mountains.—*Lollie Edwards.*

The *roseta stone* was a missionary to Turkey.—*Amye Haight.*

Bismuth occurred in its native state—I didn't know there was a state named *Bismuth*.—*Leola MacCallers.*

Soraete was the wife of *Socrates*—*Helen Leary.*

English I is that punishment which is meted out to those unfortunates who are required to take the freshman course—*Frank Harrell.*

(In a paper written by Mary Linberry on "What My Society has Meant to Me.")

It has meant more to me than anything during my college career—except my washerwoman.

Theodoric (leader of Gothic army in sixth century) studied militarism abroad—*Vesta Benthall.*

Books Fresh From the Chowan Press

DETAILS, A SEQUEL TO HOW TO BE SPECIFIC

By Harriet Herring

The latest and most complete work of this sort. It is intended to give exactly the information required in the extensive use of details. The book is suited to the needs of the beginner and the more advanced.

\$1.50 net.

STUBBORN PAUL, SEQUEL TO FAITHFUL PAUL

By K. M. Taylor.

A very human love story and one that counts most. It is very romantic and gripping, and one of the best the author has written. If you wish to spend a delightful evening, read *Stubborn Paul*.

\$2.00 net.

HOW TO SAY THE MOST IN THE LEAST TIME

By Alma Freeman, Author "Rapid Conversation"

The only book of its kind in English. An authoritative volume in saving time in speaking. It is well expressed, and contains explicit details.

\$2.00 net.

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Echoes From the R. M.'s.

MISS COBB—"What's a skeleton?"

ELOX BYRD—"A skeleton is what is left after the insides have been taken out and the outsides taken off."

MISS BAKER—"Miss Holland, give the definition of a circle."

LOUISE HOLLAND—"A circle is a straight line with a hole in it."

HISTORY PROF.—"What is the government of England?"

MARY PARKER—"It is a limited mockery."

BERTHA MIZELLE (to her room-mate)—"Frene, how much will it cost to call up central?"

LOUISE HOLLAND—"Is Elva Worrell a responsible sort of girl?"

BERNICE MATTHEWS—"Yes, she's responsible for all the mistakes made in the R. M. Society."

LATIN PROF.—"Emnice, do you remember *Horatius* at the bridge?"

EUNICE JONES—"I don't think I ever met him. You know we see so few men in Chowan College."

MAGGIE HARRELL—"What's the matter, Gladys, you look like you could bite a ten penny nail in two?"

GLADYS R.—"That would be an easy thing to do after eating that beef we had for breakfast."

PROF. OF MATH.—"Nettie, work an example for me over there on that board."

This is the example:

$x = \text{boys}; y = \text{girls}; z = \text{chaperone.}$

$x + y + x = \text{misery}$

$x + y - z = \text{bliss}$

MISS COBB—(*Physiology Class*)—"God is found in everything. Do you know of anything in which he is not found, Ruth?"

RUTH LINEBERRY—"Yes'm, algebra!"

"Gladys, why don't you take algebra?"

"Oh! I doubled on math. last year. I took Arithmetic A. and Latin A." was the self-confident reply.

NETTIE EVANS—"Louise, what's a blizzard?"

LOUISE BAKER—"A *blizzard* is the inside of a hen."

A Chowan Fairy Tale

Once Upon a Time_____

We didn't have any cabbage for dinner¹
Alma Freeman didn't get rattled.
Mr. Lincherry failed to "arrange."
There were no announcements in chapel².
Martha Sizemore understood.
Irene Mitchell forgot to laugh.
Mattie Maeon Norman put on the soft pedal³.
Iva Dunlap couldn't eat.
Imo Vinson didn't ask, "What did you say?"
Julia Drewitt heard the class bell⁴.
There was only one teacher on fourth floor.
Gertrude Taylor told the truth.
Lucile Menzel Studied⁵.
Mrs. Humphrey failed to practice.
Mary Lincherry laughed aloud.
Esther Shearon put the "claw" in Chowan.
Vesta Benthall's curiosity was satisfied.
Leola McCullers prepared one chemistry lesson.
Inez Benthall mastered a "Fleet."
Frank Harrell was serious.
Lizzie Brinkley spent a week out of the infirmary.
Katherine Taylor forgot to speak of "Paul".
Inez Matthews was satisfied with her photograph.
Ollie Odum struck a tune on the violin.

¹They were frozen and and they couldn't get them cooked—we had them next day.

²There were no chapel exercises.

³She had a severe sore throat.

⁴She was standing under it.

⁵Miss Baker was standing over her.

To Our Advisers

Miss Horn, you've battled for us,
You've been our daily need,
Answering when Seniors called you,
You've helped by word and deed.

To us you've been adviser,
To you we've been a pest,
And now, the Annual finished,
We hope you'll have a rest.

Miss Olive, our Junior guide,
You are ever on our side,
You've helped through thick and thin
And made the Juniors win.
Your work for us we'll cherish —
Our love will never perish.

Here's to Miss Goodwin, our Soph. adviser,
We just can't tell how much we prize 'er,
Our toils, our care, our pleasures and joys,
And everything else from toys to boys
We take to her.
The serious things she'll understand,
In fun and merriment lend a hand,
The serious, social, jolly class, we,
Are all indebted to her, you see,
Our Faculty adviser!

You can joke about the Freshies
Till you're simply black and blue,
But we're the luckiest lot
That you ever did view.

And why, perhaps, you wonder
You, who seem much wiser,
Why 'tis because we have
Miss Baker for adviser.

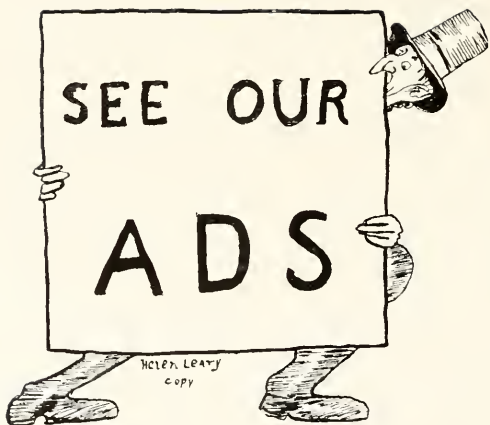
She's just an all-round friend,
Who is always kind and ready,
To aid us in our many trials,
And make our actions steady.



What Remained After the Annual Was Finished

THE END





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