







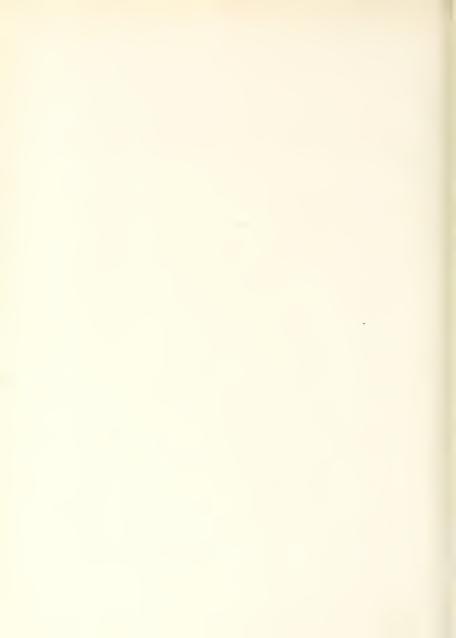


The ECHO

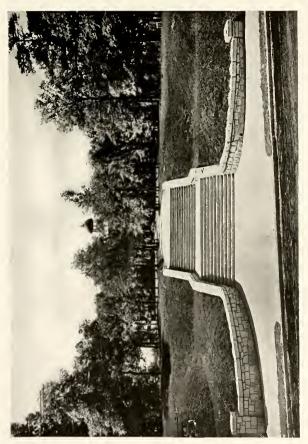
Published by the Students' Association of Greensboro College for Women



GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA







MAIN ENTRANCE

FOREWORD

In compiling this volume of "The Echo" we have striven to represent each and every side of student life in our school. We have worked with one aim in view—so to publish "The Echo," that every one will say with pride, "this is an echo of my undergraduate days." If "The Echo" of 1916 serves to keep alive in our memory the thoughts of our joyous college days, it will have accomplished its purpose, and have fulfilled the aim of the editors.

Dedication

To Dr. S. B. Turrentine This Volume of

"The Echn"

is Dedicated

In Appreciation of His Cove and Untiring Service For Us and For

Our College





Dr. S. B. Turrentine President

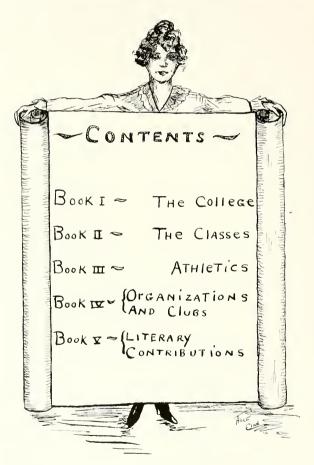


Dr. S. B. Turrentine

AMUEL BRYANT TURRENTINE, A.M., D.D., to whom this boos is dedicated, has been president of our College for the past three years. He has met with marked success during his administration, and there is unmistakable evidence that each year will be crowned with more and greater achievements. He is held in high esteem by all who know him, both as a minister and as an able and experienced educator. Those outside the College honor him for his scholarly attainments, his deeply religious life, his attractive personality, and his kind and courteous disposition. We admire him for these sterling qualities of character, but we love him for the tireless patience with which he attends to our every need; the prudence which he displays in guarding our own and the College's best interests; and the kind and fatherly protection which we feel is constantly around us.

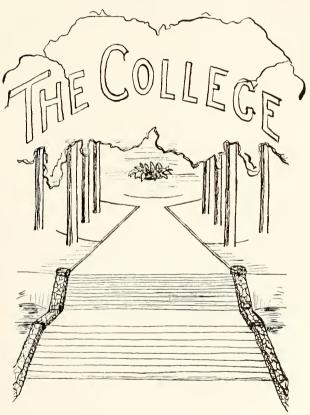
He was born in Chatham County, North Carolina. He graduated from the University of North Carolina in 1881 with honors, receiving the degree of Master of Arts the following year in Moral Philosophy, History, and English Literature. Theological training was secured at Vanderbilt University. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on him by Trinity College. He has had varied experience as a successful teacher and superintendent of state schools; was superintendent of Union Literary Academy, Chatham County; associate principal of Institute, Cartersville, Georgia; was elected to the chair of Hebrew and New Testament Greek at Trinity College 1891. His ministerial life has embraced a number of important pastorates, including Centenary, Winston; Trinity, Charlotte; West Market, Greensboro. He was also presiding elder of the Greensboro and Shelby districts. In 1912, he was elected President of Greensboro College for Women.







BOOK I.





Trustees

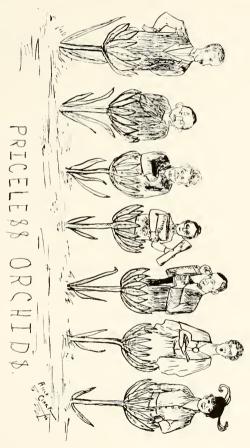
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Mrs. Frank Siler Dean



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For the Scholastic Year 1916-1917 Mas. Lucy II. Robertson, President Emerita

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Mrs. Frank Siler, Dean A. B. Monroe Female College; A. B. Wesleyan College Sunday School Teacher Training

Rev. W. M. Curris, Ph. B. University of North Carolina; Vanderbilt University Assistant in Bible

FLOYD S. BENNETT
A. B., Trinity College; Graduate Courses in University of Chicago
English and Philosophy

MISS ANNIE MCKENNIE PEGRAM A. B., A. M., Trinity College; Graduate Courses at Columbus University Mathematics and Science

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MISS LINNIE M. WARD
A. B., Greenshoro College for Women
MISS Eligenia Franklin
A. B., Greenshoro College for Women
MISS JEANNETTE M. PEARCE
A. B., Greenshoro College for Women





MISS PEGRAM



MR. NICHOLSON



MR. CURTIS



MR. BENNETT



MISS CLARKE



MISS HALL



MISS WARD



MISS FRANKLIN



MISS PEARCE



Special Faculty

Conrad Lauser

Royal Academy of Art, Hochschule fuer Musik, Berlin, Germany Director of School of Music

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Hollins College; Elective Graduate New York College of Music; Student of Oscar Sanger Voice

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Graduate in Organ, Peabody Conservatory of Music, Baltimore, Md. Organ and Piano

Miss Marjorie Gaskins

Graduate of New England Conservatory of Music Piano

MISS MARGURITE JAMES

Peabody Conservatory of Music; Pupil of Ernest Hutcheson Piano

Robert L. Roy

Royal Conservatory, Dresden, Germany; Concert Meister Gents, Berlin, Germany

Violin and Stringed Instruments

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Randolph-Macon Woman's College; B. M., Greensboro College for Women Assistant Piano

MISS ANNICE SILER

Graduate Elizabeth College Conservatory; Piano Student of Alfredo Barilli, Atlanta; Piano Student of Karl Mueller, and Voice Student of Albert Gerard-Thiers, Southern University of Music, Atlanta Piano

D. WALTER SMITH

Organ Graduate, Greenshoro College for Women

History of Music and Voice

Miss E. J. Porter

Graduate New York School of Design; Graduate Courses in Art in New York City and Paris

Art

MISS MATTIE H. CALDWELL

Greensboro College for Women; State Normal and Industrial College Business Department

MISS MINNIE W. HOPPER

Graduate in Domestic Science and Arts, South Mississippi College; Courses at University of Tennessee and Columbia University

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Martha Washington College; Curry School of Expression, Boston; Certificate in Swedish System of Gymnastics, Boston Expression and Physical Culture





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MISS ALDERMAN



MISS GASKINS



MR. LAHSER



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MR. ROY



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> MISS MINNIE W. HOPPER Supervisor of Kitchen and Dining Room

> > Miss Sallie Doub Bookkeeper

Miss Jeannette Pearce Registrar

MISS MINNIE ATWATER College Chaperone





DAVID NICHOLSON



MORTIMER BROWNING



MARIAN AND GRACE CURTIS



MARGARET BENNETT.













MAIN BUILDING



FITZGERALD HALL





ROTUNDA PORCH



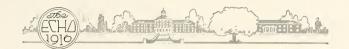
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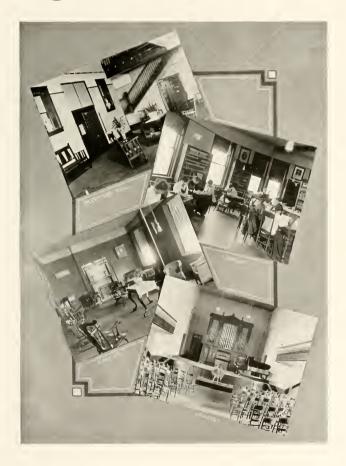


FITZGERALD HALL









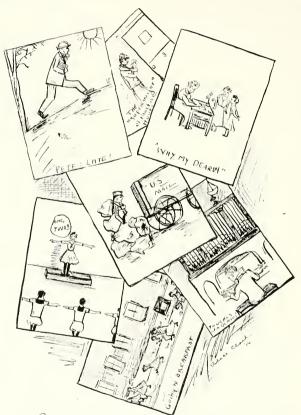












COLLEGE VIEWS AS WE SEE THEM





BOOK II CLASSES



Senior Class Poem

Alma Mater, seven seniors
Near the time when we must leave thee.
Near the border of the river
Where our books set sail for Future,
With regret we leave thy portals,
Longer would we linger with thee;
For our days here have been pleasant,
Seeming clouds were passing shadows,
Present, past, and future tenses
Tell for thee our deep affection;
Such a love could not be measured
If the world were used as meter.

This the year of graduation, Class-mates, is our year of triumph, When success, achieved by labour, Greets us all with crowning blessing. Do we count the time we've laboured? Four swift years are but a moment When compared with years of service Of the life that lies before us. Pleiades they fitly call us. Both for number and devotion: "Pleiades must shine for others." Let this ever be our motto.









LUCILE ABERNETHY . . . Lenoir, N. C. A.B. Graduate in Piano

Vice-Pres. Class, 1942-13; Assistant Editor Message, 1943-14; President Class, 1943-14; V. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1943-14; Vice-Pres. Emerson Lit. Society, 1944-15; Vice-Pres. Class, 1944-15; V. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1944-15; Pres. Emerson Society, 1945-16; Vice-Pres. Class, 1945-16; Pres. Senior Music Class, 1945-16; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1945-16; Nordica Club, 1945-16; Editor-in Chief Annual, 1945-16.

Sunny Lucile, our musical star, Softly is playing upon her guitar, The piano, too is her constant friend, Her singing and playing never will end.



Music Without Harmony





ETHEL BARBOUR . . . Asheville, N. C. A.B. B.M.



Foreign Meditations.

Corresponding Sec. Emerson Society, 1940-11; Corresponding Sec. Emerson Society, 1944-15; V. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1945-16; Recording Sec. Emerson Society, 1945-16; Class Poet; Chief Marshall, 1945-16.

Ethel B, so wan and pale, Do you think you've going to fail? You shirk your work 1 understand, To look at pictures of a "man."





Gertrude Falls . . .

, • 11

Critic Emerson Society, 1943-'14; Associate Editor Message, 1943-'14; Pres. Class, 1944-'15; Assistant Business Mgr. Message, 1944-'15; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1944-'15; Pres. Y. W. C. A., 1945-'16; Pres. Class, 1945-'16; Business Manager Message, 1945-'16; Assistant Business Mgr. Annual, 1945-'16; Dramatic Club, 1945-'16;

. Charlotte, N. C.



SING NUMBER 355

Gertrude, "devout and pure, Soher, steadfast, and demure," Sings and tries to lead her flock, Though she meet with many a knock.





RITH GENTRY Sparta, N. C. A.B.



Marshall Emerson Society, 1914 [15] Vice-Pres, Students' Association, 1915-16; Treas, Emerson Society, 1915-16; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1915-16; Assistant Business Manager Annual, 1915-16; Giftorian of Class, 1916.

Ruth, intense, our earnest one, Studies in the midst of fun, For her daily recreation She sweeps and dusts with concentration,





Grace Huckabee . . Albemarle, N. C.

Vice-Pres, Class, 1913-14; Treasurer Class, 1914-15; Vice-Pres, Tribunal Irving Lit, Society, 1914-15; Glee Club, 1914-15; Associate Editor Message, 1914-15; Treas, Class, 1915-16; Sec. Y. W. C. A., 1915-16; Pres, Irving Society, 1915-16; Rusiness Manager Ananal, 1915-16.

Dear faithful Grace, Could we despise The lovelight shining in your eyes? So often do we heave a sigh To own a lover like Eli.



DAILY DOPE





ETHEL ROSS Durham, N. C. A.B.



Two years at Trinity College; Reporter for Riding Club, 1914-15; Pres, Students' Association, 1945-16; Pres, Riding Club, 1945-16; Vice-Pres, Irving Society, 1945-16; Nordica Club, 1945-16; Assistant Editor Annual.

Ethel R, so straight, so slim, Walking ever with a vim; Ethel dear, you're just in time! For the register closes at 5:59.





MARY SMITHERMAN . . . Troy, N. C. A.B. Graduate in Piano

Sec. Class, 1942 '13; Marshall Irving Society, 1942'13; Treasurer Basketball Club, 1942'13; Glee Club Accompanist, 1942'13; Sec. Class, 1943'11; Treas. Basketball Club, 1943'14; Sec. Class, 1944'15; Sec. Music Class, 1911'15; Nordica Club Accomp., 1945'16; Assistant Editor Annual; Corresp. Sec. Students' Assu. 16.

And still we gaze and still the wonder grows,

How Tiny plays the songs and rags she knows.



"THE COLLEGE SONY"



Senior Class History

HE fall of 1912 blew in a storm of bright faced, young girls, beginning on a college course. All other dates seem to fade into insignificance when compared with the 10th day of September of that year. On this day, twenty-five girls, after the trials and tribulations of the first Matriculation, banded themselves together and were thenceforth collectively known as the Class of 1916.

After the first week or two, Society rush with its darling "cases" held in unstable equilibrium pangs of homesickness and thoughts of mother. Then the Society Banquets followed at which we made our respective debuts; we felt quite grown up in our first evening dresses and no doubt looked the same. Two weeks vacation for Christmas times, with real breakfasts, dinners and suppers which we all took advantage of by eating a sufficiency, and then back to school again.

The Sophomores showed their interest by inviting us to an Easter Egg hunt at which we all felt a great deal more natural than at many other festivities which we had attended.

Exams came on, accompanied by their companions, cramming and boning, for many of us were neither born bright, nor had achieved brightness and knew it would not be thrust upon us—

And here's vacation and home again! Did we miss our college home and friends that we'd made there? And now and then wasn't there a sneaky feeling around our hearts that summer would hurry and end? Well—twenty-five exchanged greetings the following September on the same old campus, but in a different way, for weren't we old girls and wise Sophomores at that! Well, ask the freshmen; they will tell how we did unto others as we were done by, Anyway, 'twas fun, and it gave a fellow a jobly good feeling to guide some mother's baby girl who meekly followed with frembling knees where e'er the leader led them, to the Classification Committee, etc.

It was a year of many changes in various ways, but the little brook at the foot on the hill babbled on and—

So did we.

Even wise Sophomoredom was not able to destroy the spirit of co-operation and loyalty we found to be essential to our class and to our college, but notwithstanding the many vicissitudes there were times of rejoicing and we were glad. We gave a party in the parlor in honor of the freshmen and it was truly a night of pleasure for all.



What happened during the summer of 1914? Well, really, no one knows; only five of the original Freshman Class returned; some were lost, others strayed, and a few were stolen. We were joined that year by Ethel Ross who came to us from Trinity College, and by Ethel Barbour. Who says seven is an unlucky number? Anyway, we had to prove it wasn't. Few in number, we had to put forth unusual energy, earnestness and euthusiasm. Anyone will tell you that our weekly cry of "ice-cream cones, five cents each, one for a nickel or (wo for a dime" had a true ring in it. And there was a business head somewhere among those seven; and didn't we save those slick nickels until we had-Oh! so many! Well, I guess we did. Then one beautiful moonlight night on the first day of May, the Seniors and Juniors accompanied by Mrs. Siler, Mrs. Turrentine and Mr. Beanett were whirled away in automobiles -off for a lark were we and Durham was our destination. Did the Malbourne Hotel ever entertain such a bevy of good-time girls and was a six course dinner ever more joyed? Well, I'd hate to say, but—I wonder. Oh, you Seniors, Juniors and chaperones too, in later years when a reminiscence of it comes a peeping in at you, don't throw in, but pick up your imagination and see how many other memories you have to go with it.

Commencement of 1915 brought regalias and marshalling, along swith other honors, into play, and the joyful jingle of Juniordom was replaced by the seft, setene stream that piloted the Senior ship. And after such exhibitration as that closing term gave us we couldn't be anywhere else but at dear G. C. in the fall of 1945.

This last year has simply been a revelation of life in general to all of us. It's hard to realize that soon our college career will be a thing of the past; but we hope that people can say we have made good and the world is better off by our having lived. They say that all things come to him, who waits, but we're not the waiting kind and thus we leave our college home to—but that's for the prohiphet to say; nevertheless our motto is, "We don't know where we're going, but we're on our way."





Prophecy

NE morning I was tired of the world. My studies oppressed me, the girls' continued chatter almost angered me, the heat of the morning, which was out of season, made me desperate. Realizing that I was in no frame of mind to be with my school friends. I determined to take a long walk. Almost unconsciously I walked towards the woods by an unfrequented path. I paid little attention to the trees around me until I came to a section of pine trees. The fact that these trees were so straight caused me to straighten up and breathe deeply. The continuous monotone of the wind through the branches soothed me.

Gradually new hopes came to me and 1 felt that after all life was worth living. As 1 wandered on and on, 1 wondered what life held for me.—This thought made me try to imagine what was in the future of my six class mates. A little indistinctly 1 heard a whisper, "1 can tell you." The strangeness of the situation seemed to throw me into a trance, my senses were benumbed and a misty atmosphere encircled me, 1 felt myself to be one of those lonely old pines. Before 1 could reply 1 heard again in the same tone,

"Whom shall we discuss first?"

I replied, "Certainly no one could come before our beloved President, Gerrrude Falls."

"Gertrude will win prominence in the literary world. Her first attempt to perfect the art of novel writing will be in vain, but after many attempts she will ascend the ladder of fame, Her wide spread knowledge will make her an authority on many subjects of the day. Woman's Suffrage is now recognized throughout the entire United States, and no more faithful advocator of the subject ever lived than Gertrude. By her enthusiastic championship of "the cause," she is chosen to occupy the office of Secretary of State, under the administration of the first woman president of the United States. Her farreaching influence is felt from coast to coast."

A rustling among the other trees reminded me that there were six others whose destinies I was auxious to know about and for fear that the spell would be broken, I hurried on with my inquiry.

"Lucile! surely her future is glorious, do reveal her fate to me."

The old pine seemed to chuckle and continued, "The first two years after graduation she will pursue the study of fine arts, but her enthusiasm will decrease. Realizing that its never too late to seek a newer world, she persuades her father to move to a metropolis. There she will illuminate the exclusive set of the "four hundred." For years, card-playing and dancing, in which she



is an artist, occupy her time. In the meanwhile, Fuller, her lover of olden times, faithful through all the years, persuades her to become mistress of "A little grey home in the West."

Ruth, our mountain maid, was discussed next. "No one will be surprised to know that her future will be spent in the class-room. Immediately upon leaving college she will go to a western University to pursue further the study of higher mathematics. After taking her 8, 8, degree, she returns to her native state and accepts the chair of mathematics at the North Carolina University.

"You will see Ethel Barbour at the head of the Question Department of the 'Ladies' Home Journal', there dispensing information on all matters concerning social propriety. After the great war ended, realizing that there was a greater field of usefulness for her in Germany, she, together with several other Americans, set sail to readjust conditions in that country.

"Ethel Ross, you remember, always showed such fondness for children so a great part of her life will be spent in moulding their characters. After nine years of teaching in a small western town she will be loved by all, but more especially by the lonely village rector. She will turn the humble parsonage into a paradise for the six motherless children. Feeling that her sphere will be limited, she with the aid of her husband, will found an orphan asylum.

"Though you could hardly have prophesied for Tiny the career that awaits her, still her serious demeanor should have foretold that she was destined to be nothing less than a missionary. Her field will be Brazil. After twenty-five years of faithful service she will pass away as a flower in the rays of mid-summer's heat, gone but not forgotten, for her work will be continued by her devoted followers.

"Why are you waiting? I have revealed the secrets that surround all of your class-mates. Oh! I beg your pardon, there is yours, tongue cannot tell—."

The idea of knowing my doom so startled me, that I forgot to thank the pine for the knowledge imparted to me and so left as bastily as possible. The quiet and eventful morning among the pines has given me many new thoughts, so that I hope the winds will tell the pine how grateful I am to have learned that even trees have the power of seeing into the future.



Last Will and Testament

State of North Carolina) Ss. Gnilford County

City of Greenshoro, Greenshoro College, May 16, 1916.

We, the Class of '16 of Greensboro College, having promptly and willingly obeyed all of the regulations, and followed all of the mowise suggestions of the college authorities and would-be authorities, such as going to bed every night at the proper bedtime, and rising for the morning meal; going to church every Sunday, and applying the sermon during the week; having prepared every Bible lesson one week ahead of time, and endured such mental and physical dissipations as these for four years, do realize the approaching End of this life.

Since all these things are untrue, and the Grand Jury (The Faculty) is about to take an unwise step in granting us a Pardon (diploma), which will send us out into the world free from prison and guards, we do hereby draw up our last will and testament.

First: That the President he the sole executor, and no bonds exacted. In the beginning, we bequeath our good-will and loyalty to the college, only requesting that they conduct the funeral service with due form, and have the procession of the correct length, embracing every particular relating to style and decorum.

Second: To the 4nnior Class, our oldest sister, we do bequeath our special privileges, granted because of our dignified and orderly conduct, on condition that they value them and use them few and far between, handing them to the rising Seniors pure and undefiled.

Also, to balance this first blessing, and to prevent excessive use of the same, we do bestow upon you our Physics, which you will later come to know; enough said.

Third: We bequeath the lumber left from class dag rising to Prof. Nicholson, as we know he will make good use of it, and the saw will busily glide between the molecules while he thinks of laboratory fires on the morrow, and the work he did when he was similarly engaged.

Fourth: Our department store of patience and wisdom, we do bequeath to the Freshman Class, realizing their deep need.

Fifth: Our musicians, Misses Lucile Abernethy and Mary Smitherman, do bequeath to Miss Thelma Harrell their musical felicitation of Mr. Browning.

Sixth: Whereas, Miss Ethel Barbour, for the past six years has held the spect of the student body and of Mr. Lahser, we do bequeath the same to Miss Virginia Fortune.

Seventh: Last, but not least, to that ever lasting body, the Faculty, we return that overflowing supply of privileges, cuts, and high marks, hoping they will use them to reform our younger sisters, so that when they have been perfected, the finished product will be somewhat as saintly as we are.

The foregoing is the legal will of Greenshoro College, and class of 1916, and we do solemnly swear that we published and executed the will in the presence of two lawful witnesses. In witness thereof we hereunto set our hands and seals this 16th day of May, in the year of our Lord, 1916.

LINNIE WARD, LAURA BALLANCE. SENIOR CLASS.







Music



Srninrs





ETHEL BARBOLB, Asheville, N. C.

A. B., B. M.; Corresponding Secretary Emerson Society, 1910-11; Corresponding Secretary Emerson Society, 1914-15; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1915-16; Recording Secretary Emerson Society, 1915-16; Class Poet; Chief Marshal, 1915-16.

^{*}Candidacy for B. M. withdrawn,



LUCILE ABERNETHY, Lenoir, N. C. A. B.; Graduate in Piano.

Vice-Pres. Class, 1912-13; Assistant Editor Message, 1913-14; Pres. Class, 1913-14; V. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1913-14; Vice-Pres, Emerson Lit. Society, 1914-15; Vice-Pres, Class, 1914-15; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1914-15; Pres. Emerson Society, 1915-16; Vice-Pres. Class, 1915-16; Pres. Senior Music Class, 1915-16; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1915-16; Nordica Club, 1915-16; Editor in Chief Annual, 1915-16; Editor in Chief Annual, 1915-16;





Myrtle Bruton, Biscoe, N. C. Graduate in Piano. President of Class, 1913-14; Captain Basketball Club, 1915-16.





Julia Burns, Wadesboro, N. C. Graduate in Piano,

Alice Clark, Belhaven, N. C. Graduate in Piano.

Marshall Emerson Society, 1912-13; Message Staff, 1913-14; Y.W. C.A. Cabinet, 1913-14; President Tribunal Emerson Society, 1913-14; Message Staff, 4914-15; Censon Emerson Society, 1914-15; Y.W.C.A. Cabinet, 1914-15; Secretary Athletic Association, 1914-15; Message Staff, 1915-16; Treasurer Y.W.C.A. 1915-16; Secretary Athletic Association, 1915-16; Censor Emerson Society, 1915-16; Apt Editor of Annual





May Gwyn, Mt. Airy, N. C. Graduate in Piano.





Frances Mann, High Point, N. C. Graduate in Piano, Vice-Pres, Nordica Club.





Beulah Normant, Trinity, N. C. Graduate in Piano.

Mary Smitherman, Troy, N. C. A. B.; Graduate in Piano.

Sec. Class, 1912-13; Marshall Irving Society, 1912-13; Treasmer Basketball Club, 1912-13; Glee Club Accompanist, 1912-13; Sec. Class, 1912-14; Treas, Basketball Club, 1913-14; Sec. Class, 1914-15; Sec. Music Class, 1914-15; Nordica Club Accompanist, 1915-16; Assistant Editor Annual; Corres, Sec. Students' Association, 1946.





Madeline Stafford, Greensbord, N.C. Graduate in Piano,





WE TSUNG ZUNG, Southow, China. Graduate in Piano.





Edith Savage, Corapeake, N. C. Graduate in Expression.

Message Staff, 1914-15-16; Treas, Irving Society, 1915-16; Dramatic Club, 1915-16; Supervisor Housewices' League, 1915-16; Assistant Photograph Editor Annual.

JENNIE TURNAGE, Ayden, N. C. Graduate in Expression.

Pres, Darmatic Club, 1914-15, 1915-16; Pres, Tribunal Emerson Society, 1914-15, 1915-16; Treas, Students' Association, 1915-16; Message Stuff, 1914-15, 1915-16; Photograph Editor Annual.







Elma Gwyn, Mt. Airy, N. C. Senior in Art



Ame Here

Domestic Science Seniors



Elizabeth Andrews Greensboro, N. C.



CALLIE KOONTZ



MINNIE KOONTZ



ORA RAPER Wilson, N. C.



Juniors

Motto: "More matter, and less art"

Flower: Daisy Colors: White and Gold

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TEMPERANCE AYCOCK				V	ice-President
MILDRED SPIERS .					Secretary
GAYNELL CALLAWAY					Treasurer





Temperance Aycock, Pantego, N. C.

RUTH BARDEN, Goldsboro, N. C.

LETHA BROCK, Richlands, N. C.



SARAH LEE BROCK, Richlands, N. C.

Myrtle Bruton, Biscoe, N. C.

GAYNELL CALLAWAY, Mt. Airy, N. C.







Sallie Ruth Chappell, Edenton, N. C.

Lillian Cozart, Stem, N. C.

Frances Farrell, Leaksville, N. C.



Louise Franklin, Winston-Salem, N.C.

MINNIE GARRETT, Rockingham, N. C.

ILA HARRELL, Gates, N. C.







Eleanor Horton, Wadesboro, N. C.

Ellen Jones, Hillsboro, X. C.

EDELWEISS KING, Wilmington, N. C.



Grace Osborne, Durham, N. C.

Rena Perry, Bailey, N. C.

Bessie Pulliam, Alton, Va.







Mignon Smith, Reidsville, N. C.

Mildred Spiers, Weldon, N. C.

MARGUERITE TUTHILL, Long Island, N.Y.



GRACE WALLACE, Morehead City, N.C.







Junior Class Poem

Three years within these walls we've spent, In faithful toil and wholesome play, Our books to us have wisdom lent, Our pleasures, faces bright and gay. We wish to know, and, learning, find Ourselves imbued with strong desire For future truth "Strive, not to grind, But strike the intellectual fire."

Years hence most clearly will be seen The light from class of seventeen.

Look not behind for things we've done; The Past's best witness is Today Its hattles fonglut, its victories won, Will shout the Present's aye or nay. Our roll is long, and in its column Are terms of music, science, art, Quite as well as letters solenm; In "cooking" too, we have a part. For twenty-two thrones we've a queen From out this class of seventeen.

Another year we have to run,
This course of life—this preparation
To do our best, content when done;
However tried, whatever station,
We'll take a firm and steady grasp
Upon our hopes, our joys, ambitions,
From out the good, the best we'll clasp,
And for all, in all conditions,
We promise never to bemean,
Our own dear class of seventeen.

F.E.F.



Junior Class History

N the morning of September 9, 1913, twenty-six new girls classified as Freshmen, could be seen wandering through the halls and on the campus of Greensboro–College for Women, with wide-open months and staring eyes.

We were especially looking out for the Sophomores, as we had heard of their tender care of the Freshmen in the ages past. We dreaded the pranks and jokes that we new they longed to pull off on us, so we resolved to declare our Independence at once.

In the deep hours of the night we quietly met in room No. 110, organized ourselves into a compact hody, and adopted the name of Freshmen, a name which we were all proud to own and cherish. We took the oath of allegiance and united under the gold and white. This was a notable day in our lives and one that caused our hearts to swell with gratitude.

As honor comes to those who deserve honor, our class officers were, Myrtle Bruton, president; Frances Walker, vice-president, and Ruth Phoenix, secretary and treasurer.

Over the stormy beaten paths which are trod by all Freshmen, we made our journey that year, but we look back with no regret on that, our first period. Firmly and steadfastly we laid the foundation with the stones found in the wide field of knowledge, cemented with the mortar of social intercourse.

The crowning event of our Freshman year was the basketball tournament. We showed our courage and strength to the learned "Sophs." We, as champions, caused them to say, "I came, I saw, and I was conquered."

By perseverance and earnest endeavor, we soon came one step nearer the goal and adopted the name of Sophomores.

It took the mighty weapons of intellect to conquer and make ourselves masters of the strongly fortified forts in the fields of knowledge which we traversed that year. Such as the innumerable formulae of Analytics, Poetry from the earliest existence to Shakespeare, Chemistry, Livy and European History, However, we all survived the reign of terror and wonder how such marvelous changes have taken place.

One of the greatest honors ever bestowed upon a class of our Alma Mater came to us during our Sophomore year, when we were graciously and royally entertained by the Juniors. We were a little new along this line of social life, but by close observation of the Juniors, we passed the evening without a blunder.

We, as Juniors, have indulged very extensively in the social functions of the year and have enjoyed all our work.



We dote on Psychology and declare that it is the most interesting and fascinating study in the course. We reason for hours on very short lessons and even though the most of our acts are reflex, we get Will behind them and soon find that our minds are concentrated and that we have voluntary attention. Angel's Psychology is a wonderful and practical book, for here we find that we are always conscious even in our sleep, and that nobody is sane, a very sad truth to relate; especially to Juniors.

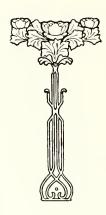
On bright starry nights, Juniors are seen gazing up at Venus and Jupiter in all their glory.

We still Parlez-yous-and so have reached Deutsche too.

Our class meetings have been most inspiring and we are looking forward to entertaining the Seniors in grand style.

In annals of history this will be the class of our school,

HISTORIAN.





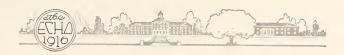


JUNIOR CLASS





Sopilomone Class



Sophomore Class

Colors: Light Blue and White

Flower: Narcissus

Morro: "Dum vivimus, vivamus,"

OFFICERS

CATHERINE HUBBARD					Presiden
MARY BELLE HERRING				\	ice-Presiden
Virginia Forti ne				٠	Secretary
MAURINE BRITTAIN					Treasure

MEMBERS

Maurine Brittain Catherine Hubbard

Lillian Brendall Pruce Long

Lucy Curtis Mattie Register

F ossie Denny Jessie Reeves

Virginia Fortune Gladys Tuck
Claire Harris Marguerite Wilson

Lillian Hendrix We Tsung Zung

attian Hendrix — We Tsung Zung

Mary Belle Herring



History of the Sophomore Class

E began our term of imprisonment in the fall of nineteen hundred and fourteen, a band of workers armed with zealons care and in eager pursuit of Knowledge. We were indeed verdant, and harmless to a certain extent. It goes without saying that we were harmed, the ruithless Sophonores ever conveying terror to our hearts. No Bluebeard ever numbered. At the very beginning of our career we toiled not, neither did we spin. We were every one rushed for society, regardless of race, color or previous conditions of servitude. Each followed the dictates of her own heart and each road proved a narrow and straight one.

Realizing that in unity alone there was strength, we organized and developed into a full-fledged class, with Miss Louise Bruton as a capable president.

On one glorious occasion the Sophomores entertained us, and no prodigal ever appreciated a fatted calf more. With becoming dignity they made us happy and it seemed as though some good fairy had removed their ferocious qualities. The affair was in every way a peaceful one, and a thing of joy forever!

At the beginning of the Spring term it was necessary to elect a new president, since Miss Bruton had not returned. Miss Frene Broome was the class favorite this time. Again assuming dignity, we continued reaping farvest—and sowing tares.

There was one red letter day in our Freshman Calendar. One midnight we journeyed upon a noble escapade, armed for the foe. With lanterns and, incidentally, refreshments, we marched onward toward the campus. Here we adopted a tree, one which should grow with us in mind and body, and one which we should pattern after in every way except in greenness. The blue and white streaming from its slender form called forth much approbation and little condemnation on the ensuing day.

Time fled and soon our second year rolled around. No king ever ascended a throne with more glory and pride than we in our accession to Sophomore trials and tribulations. It is true our number had diminished, and we suffered from the loss. Miss Catherine Hubbard was our second year president.

We hope that our position inspired awe among the Freshmen; we labored for such results. One night we entertained them in our nursery as bables, we acting as nurses. We trust that they enjoyed it; certainly the refreshments were bountiful. We were delighted to have them with us.

The fall tournaments brought out our true worth. Truly it was Sophomore day, for we won on the termis court and in walking and running contests. Great was the rejoicing thereof.

Every member of the Sophomore class is striving for the best things in ife. Our aim is that of all Sophomore classes—to succeed. Here's to our loyed college, G. C. W., and here's to 1918.

Historian.



FRESHMEN





FRESHMAN CLASS



Freshman Class

Colors: Red and White

Morro: "Consider the end."

OFFICERS

Elizabeth Derici	KSON					. President
Езтнек Аусоск						Vice President
RUTH BELL						Secretary
LILLIAN BYRD						Treasurer

MEMBERS

Sadie Ashby Ernestine Lambeth Esther Aycock Mary Miller Lillian Barker Martha Moore Ruth Bell Jessie Pillow Helen Bristol Louise Porter Lillian Byrd Lily Gay Shaw Edna Caviness Mary Stockton Elizabeth Derickson Andrey Stone Lily May Duls Sadie Somers Elizabeth Gibson Leuise Tedd Nellie Groome Verdie Trollinger Carrie Harris Mildred Winkler Thelma Harrell Ruth Hunter Anna Holshouser





74



Preparatory Department

Rosalie Abbott Katherine MacClamrock

Bessie Albritton Dolores Miranda

Laura Ballance Velna Paris

Elizabeth Barker - Frances Paschal

Grace Betts Mary Paschal

Kirk Callium Margaret Phoenix

Sarah Cole Mary Rees

Louise Davis Katherine Reeves

Nell Davis Grace Stroud

Lavinia Freeman - Irene Taylor

Florence Gerock Elsie Thompson

Mattie Belle Godwin Virginia Thompson

Lillian Hedgepeth Nancy Tyson

Naomi Howie Gladys Whedbee

Kate Hutton Annie Wilson

Attrice Kernodle Tempie Zollicoffer





CLASS IN DOMESTIC SCIENCE



Classes on Domestic Science

Domestic Science II

Ella Andrews Minnie Kountz
Elizabeth Barker
Ruth Bishop Ora Raper
Lucile Brown Alma Richardson
Lucile Dixon Frances Stanback
Callie Kountz Clarice Walters

Domestic Scenee I

Alice Clark Bessie Pulliam Lillian Cozart Alma Richardson Ruth Bishop Grace Strond Louise Franklin Grace Wallace Mary Huckabee

Domestic Science B

Resalie Abbott Inez Miller
Pauline Beveridge Leona Muse
Lucile Dillard Margaret Phoenix
Virginia Gibbs Lillian Cozart
Ruby Godwin

Domestic Art 1

Rosalie Abhott Louise Porter Sarah Cole Ora Raper

Domestic Art II

Elizabeth Andrews Callie Koontz Elizabeth Barker Ora Raper Minnie Koontz





BUSINESS CLASS



Business Class

Ella Andrews Edna Burton

Mildred Bethel Annie Geddie

Inez Billings Adelaide Hargrave

Trene Broome Lucile Sharpe

Margie Burns Louise Todd



ART CLASS



Art Class

Laura Balance Dolores Miranda

Virtle Caviness Inez Miller

Eugenia Franklin Velma Paris

Mary Goode Murchison Pickard

Elma Gwyn — Ora Raper

Florence Gerock Mary Stockton Willie Harris Mildred Spiers

Anna Holshouser Annie Mae Sutton

Miss Jones Virginia Thompson Atrice Kernodle Gertrude Voung

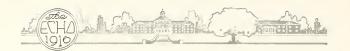
Willie Black Musgrove







BOOK III ATHLETICS





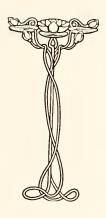


Athletic Association

Miss Moss, Director.

OFFICERS

Irene Broome							President
MAURINE BRITTAL							
ALICE CLARK				,			Secretary
MILDRED SPIERS					٨	ssistant	Secretary
RUTH BISHOP							Treasurer





Athletics in G. C. W. 1915-16

The close of the spring term, 1915, the Athletic Association met and elected as its officers; Gertrude Young, President; Maurine Brittain, Vice-President; Alice Clark, Secretary; Mildred Spiers, Assistant Secretary; Ruth Bishop, Treasurer. When the Fall term opened all the officers were back and ready to go to work except the president, Gertrude Young. We were very sorry to find that she had not returned, and have missed her sorely, on the field more perhaps than in any other phase of college life, because it was there that she was at her best, and there that we needed her most.

The Association met and elected Irene Broome president, and we immediately began to plan our work for the term. We found that we had as material to work with, one hundred and seventy-two girls, three tenuis courts, two nets, two basketball courts, one ball, and a croquet set. We bought another basketball at once. Each girl was asked to sign up as a member of the walking club, tenuis club, basketball club, riding club, or croquet club. In this way every girl in school is enabled to participate in outdoor sports.

The walking club was divided into four squads, with two captains of each squad. Three squads go out three times a week for cross-country walks, leaving the college at four o'clock and returning at six. They take Mr. Fonst at his word on his invitation to "make themselves at home all over the county," or at least as large a part of it as can be covered without going more than an hour's walk from the college. They explore all the roads leading out from Greensboro, or rather, leading into Greensboro, for all roads lead to Greensboro, and when they can no longer find a new road, they cut through the woods and fields at random. On these walks the exercise, though that is very good, is one of the least of the attractions. The free companionship of the girls, unrestricted by walls and doors, helps greatly to keep a strong democratic spirit in school. Also, the opportunities for close observation of flora and mineral matter, and the workings of Dame Nature upon the face of the earth, are unsurpassed any where, and the girls learn to be keen observers.

The Tennis Club is divided according to the college classification of its members, and each class plays twice a week. Seniors and Juniors play Monday and Thursday, Sophomores, Tuesday and Friday, and Freshmen, Wednesday and Saturday. The courts are reserved only in the afternoon, and any who wish to do so may play in the morning. Just as late in the Fall, and as early in the Spring, as it is light enough before breakfast to see how, a number or girls get up every morning and play tennis. About a month before field day, we put a big poster upon the athletic bulletin board, and the tennis



players sign up with their partners for the tournament. Then the girls begin to play down the contestants to two girls from each class. The winners have to win two out of three sets. When the players for each class have been thus selected the Juniors play the Seniors, and the Sophomores play the Freshmen. The two winning teams play the final game on field day.

The Basketball Club, too, is divided according to class. Each class has a first and second team, and plays twice a week. Miss Reube Alley, Assistant Director of Athletics, coaches the teams. The class teams play each other down to two, before field day, when the two winning teams play for the trophy cup. In the Spring tournament a second game is played for the championship cup. If the two teams stand with a game each, a third game is played to determine the winners.

The Riding Club is fully organized with Ethel Ross, president; Frances Farrell, vice-president; Catherine Hubbard, secretary and treasurer, and Olma Poindexter, reporter. They get horses from the stables and ride about once a week. Only those who ride can fully appreciate the wholesome pleasure to be derived from an afternoon on horseback. In this the benefits of all other outdoor sports seem combined; the thorough exercise of tennis, the exhiliration of basketball, and the quiet contemplation of walking. We have had no contests between the riders, but we hope to offer a prize for the best rider, in the Spring.

Croquet is primarily for the girls who are physically unable to participate in the other games, and since we have very few of that type in college, the croquet club is quite small. The members play twice a week, and have no contests.

We have added to our Capital Investment this year, a tennis cup and a net, besides the basketball purchased the first of the year.

At the beginning of the Spring term, we acquiesced to the demand of the growing interest in athletics and added to our working force the following officers: Many Belle Herring, President, and Marjory Worsham, Secretary and Treasurer, of the Tennis Club; Olma Poindexter, President, and Jessie Reeves, Secretary and Treasurer, of the Walking Club; Reube Alley, President, and Myrtle Bruton, Secretary and Treasurer, of the Baskethall Club. With these additional officers we are expecting the Association to do great things for the college life this Spring.







Walking Squads



Walking Club

OFFICERS

Squad 1

Temperance Aycock Captains

Madrid Hood Mary Stockton

Louise Porter Velna Canfield

Kathleen Brown Kathryn Reeves

Kathryn Reeves

Squad II

Ohna Poindexter Mignon Smith (Captains

Sadie Ashby Elizabeth Barker

Helen Ernhart Mary Goode

Irene Hoke Amelia Poindexter

Lillian Perry Kathleen Spruill Annie Palmer

Squad III

Mildred Spiers (Captains Margnerite Tuthill)

Sallie Ruth Chappell Ruby Godwin

Lillian Barker Tris Pitts Lucile Brown

Gaynelle Callaway

Squad IV

Jessie Reeves) Lyda Nichols (Captains

Lyda Nichols (Captain Jessie Pillow

Gertrude Falls Ruth Gentry

Inez Miller

Lillian Brendall

CROQUET CLUB

Letha Brock Lillian Brendall Sarah Lee Brock We Tsung Zung







Field Day, Fall Term 1915.

OVEMBER 25th was dedicated, on our calendar, to athletics, and we called it, after the manner of colleges, Field Day. On that day we played the final games in the fall tennis and baskethall tournaments, and held walking and running contests.

The tennis game was called at 9:30 o'clock; at 1:45 the girls began assembling at the court. Quite a number of our friends from in town were with us, and added much to the pleasure of the occasion by the encouragement of their presence. The game was to be played between the Juniors and Sophomores, and the members of those classes, and their sympathizers bunched on either side of the court, and vied with each other in giving the class yells. When the spirit of the spectators was worked up to the proper pitch, the players came out and the game began. Lillian Cozart and Grace Osborne played for the Juniors, and Lillie Lanier and Mary Belle Herring played for the Sophomores. The players were well matched and put up a good game. The battle raged fiercely; excitement ran high; cheers filled the air, and culminated in a burst of tunultuous joy on the part of the Sophomores when at the close of the game, the score stood high in their favor. Mr. Alian Preyer referred.

The spectators then moved to the rotunda porch of the college to witness the walking and running contests. The following young ladies walked for speed; from Squad I, Virginia Fortune; Squad II, Elizabeth Barker; Squad III, Lillian Barker; Squad IV, Jessie Pillow. They walked from the front of Main Building around the campus, and back to the front of Fitzgerald Hall. They walked so very rapidly, one would suppose they are never late, for they must have practiced coming up the hill just as the bell rings for supper. The spectators crowded around the goal to see them come in. Virginia Fortune won, with Elizabeth Barker a close second.

The course marked for the walkers for grace and case, was the small circle in front of Main Building. The walkers were Velna Canfield, Squad 1; Olma Poindexter, Squad 11; Ethel Ross, Squad 111; Lillian Brendall, Squad IV. Of all our contests, this is the most beautiful, because here we have every opportunity to observe the grace of the most graceful girls in school, and the case with which they perform a really difficult feat; that of walking well when closely observed. The judges decided in favor of Velna Canfield, with Olma Poindexter second.

The Seniors, being too dignified to run, were not represented in the race. Ellen Jones ran for the Juniors, Reube Alley for the Sophomores, and Margie Worsham for the Freshmen. Each runner was encouraged and urged to put forth her best efforts by hearty cheers from her anxious classmen while she



ran. Renbe Alley won, making the round in $202\frac{7}{5}$ seconds, with Margie Worsham second, with a record of $204\frac{7}{5}$ seconds. Both runners broke last year's record, which was 21 seconds.

The basketball game was of unusual interest. The Juniors have held the cup ever since they were Freshmen, and guard it with zealous care. The Freshmen have a very strong team, and they want to begin now to make a four year record. Everyhody enlisted with the rooters of one side or the other, and the enthusiasm of the spectators spoke loudly in the class yells of the Juniors and Freshmen. Mr. Ralph Lewis, referee, called the game with the following lineup;

JUNIORS	FRESHMEN						
Frances Farrell Center	Leona Muse Center						
Rena Perry Ruth Barden · · · · Forwards	Nancy Tyson / Audrey Stone(· · · · Forwards						
Myrtle Bruton, Capt.) Mary Smitherman (Guards	Faunie Belle Rice, Capt Guards						

The playing was good on both sides and the score very close until the last two minutes of the game, when the Freshmen made three points, bringing the score up to 74 in their favor, where it stood when the game closed. The Freshmen are justly proud of their victory, for their opponents played like the trained veterans they are.

After the basketball game, the members of the walking squads played folk games upon the lawn. All who participated, thoroughly enjoyed the old-time play, and those who did not play enjoyed watching the beautiful picture made by the rythmical movement of the girls in white upon the dark green background of the lawn. Miss Moss, director of physical culture, led the games and brought the day, which we consider one of the best in the history of our Athletic Association, to a fitting close.











Tennis Chib



Tennis Club

ÖFFICERS

MARY BELL HERRING					President
Marjory Worsham			Secreta	ry an	d Treasurer

Seniors Juniors

Grace Huckabee Lola Woltz Lucile Abernethy Minnie Garrett Annie Mae Sutton Ethel Ross Frances Mann Jennie Turnage Ruth Bishop Benlah Normant Kopelia Hunt Rena Perry Eleanor Horton Julia Burns Louise Franklin Alma Richardson Edelweiss King Edith Savage Lillian Cozart Mary Smitherman Eva J. Lawrence Ethel Barbour Ha Harrell Margie Burns Fannie Rountree Bessie Pulliam Alice Clark Grace Osborne

Sophomores

Gertrude Falls

Mary Belle Herring Margie Gulledge Ruby Spencer Catherine Hubbard Frances Stanback Frene Broome Virtle Caveness Gaynelle Barnes Gladys Whedbee Emma Pillow Lucile Dillard Sadie Trollinger Renbe Alley Annie Harris Edith Swinney Ora Raper

Bruce Long

Freshmen

Ernestine Lambeth Clarise Rodwell Mildred Winkler Inez Billings Sadie Somers Lila Chinnis Florence Gerock Eva Wynne Mary Huckabee Thelma Harrell Corinne Blalock Lillian Byrd Clara Gurley Eva Stainback Hazel Ledhetter Esther Avcock Elizabeth Westbrook Carrie Harris
Marjorie Worsham
Louise Todd
Verdie Trollinger
Lillie Gay Shaw
Clarice Walters
Louise Davis
Rosalie Abbott
Ruth Bell
Madge Wilkinson
Edua Burton
Pauline Beveridge
Well Davis
Willie B, Musgrove





TENNIS CHAMPIONS OF 1915



BASKET-BALL CLUB





FRESHMAN BASKETBALL TEAM





RALPH LEWIS



ALLAN PREYER







JUNIOR CLASS TEAM

Myrtle Bruton, Captain

Ruth Barden Rena Perry

Frances Farrell Mary Smitherman



SOPHOMORE TEAM



Gymnasium Classes





DING CLUB OFFICERS



Riding Club

OFFICERS

Ethel Ross .						President
Frances Farrell					Vic	e-President
CATHERINE HUBBARD				Secreta	iry and	Treasurer
Ohna Poindenter						Reporter

MEMBERS

Inez Billings Virginia Gibbs

Annie Bell Geddie Bruce Long

Louise Davis Virginia Siler

We Tsung Zung









BOOK IV

ORGANIZATIONS AND CLUBS



Y. W. C. A. Cabinet



GERTRUDE FALLS .							President
Grace Wallace .						Vic	-President
Grace Huckabee .							Secretary
Alice Clark .							Treasurer
MAURINE BRITTAIN					۱.	ssistant	Treasurer
RUTH GENTRY .			Cha	irman	Dev	otional	Committee
LICILE DINON .				Chair	man	Social	Committee
ETHEL BARBOUR .			Ch	iirman	Mis	sionary	Committee
LUCILE ABERNETHY			Chai	rman l	Bible	Study	Committee
Ethel Ross .				Chair	man	${\rm Music}$	Committee
MARY SMITHERMAN		Chair	man	Associ	ation	1 News	Committee
Annie Mae Sutton				Chair	man	Poster	Committee
MILDRED SPIERS .		Assi	stant	Chair	man	Poster	Committee
TEMPERANCE AYCOCK				Chair	man	Blue R	idge Fund



Y. W. C. A. Calendar

March 21, 1915-March 19, 1916.

MARCH 21: Installation of cabinet. Service was conducted by Dr. S. B. Turrentine.

MARCH 21-28: Annual series of meetings, led by our chaplain, Dr. C. W. Byrd. Five girls joined the church as a result of these meetings.

APRIL 1-5: Easter holidays.

APRIL 18: Junior class gave a pageant, representing some of the women of the Bible.

APRIL 29: Ten delegates elected to Blue Ridge Conference.

MAY 23: Commencement sermon by Bishop James Atkins.

MAY 25: School closed.

MAY 26: Intentions of getting out a college directory shattered because of lack of Association funds.

JUNE 1-11: Ten of us met on Blue Ridge Conference grounds.

JUNE 5: Conference reception to all delegates.

JUNE 6: A great day for us up in the hills. Religious services conducted by Association leaders.

JUNE 7: Regular conference work—from 8:45 to 1, rushed from class to class or from committee meeting to committee meeting, every class and committee meeting a little more interesting than the one before. Mountain transp. in the afternoon, Lecture at 7:45.

JUNE 8-12: Repetition of June 7, except every thing was better.

JUNE 13: Repetition of June 6, with greater inspiration, Conference closed.

JUNE 14: Left for home, determining to go every time we have a chance, AUG, 140: Letters were sent to prospective students welcoming them to our

Association.
SEPT, 8: School opened. V. W. C. A. welcome cards put in rooms for new

students.

SEPT. 11: Y. W. C. A. reception for new students.

SEPT. 12: Association cabinet introduced to students.

SEPT, 15: First cabinet meeting; decided to meet every Wednesday evening, SEPT, 19: Blue Ridge meeting. Prospects for larger delegation next year.

OCT, 3: Miss We Tsung Zing, our Chinese student, gave an account of life at McTyelre school, China.

OCT, 17: Bible Study classes organized.

OCT, 24: A story based on verse 4 of Psalm 15, written and read by Miss Jennie Clarke, member of the Faculty. . .

NOV. 7: New members recognition service.

NOV. 14: Association heard Hon, W. J. Bryan at City Opera House.

NOV. 14-21: World's Week of Prayer observed.

NOV. 25: Thanksgiving service, conducted by Rev. Frank Siler, Dr. S. B. Turrentine and Association President. Students gave \$60.70 to the orphanages of our conferences.

NOV. 26: Bishop Walter R. Lambuth gave us glimpses of his missionary experiences in China, Japan, and Africa.

DEC. 19: Christmas service. Mr. Orman Baldwin gave an illustrated lecture on Palestine.

DEC, 21-IAN, 5, 1916; Christmas holidays,





RUTH GENTRY, Vice-President

ETHEL ROSS, President

JENNIE TURNAGE, Treasurer

EDELWEISS KING, Second Vice-President



JAN, 9: Mrs. Frank Siler gave us an inspiring New Year's Message of regret for failures in the past, but hope and courage for the future. Then she was gracious enough to have her address—"The Far Country and the Near"—printed and each student was given a copy.

JAN, 23: Illustrated lecture by Missionary committee.

AAN, 27-31: Missionary conference of W. N. C. Conference.

JAN, 28: Missionary Pageant given by some of our students. During the conference we had the great pleasure of hearing some of our church's greatest women.

JAN, 30: Heard Bishop Collins Denny deliver the conference sermon.

FEBRUARY: Jubilee Month.

FEB. 6: Miss Katherine Hawse, on the meaning of the Jubilee.

FEB. 9-13: Laymen's Missionary Convention. We had the rare opportunity of hearing our own Dr. W. S. Rinson, Mr. W. T. Ellis, and many other ministers and laymen.

FEB, 20: Mass meeting with the city and Normal College Associations. Miss Helen Thomas, of New York, gave the address of the evening.

FEB. 22: Had Miss Thomas with our Association.

MAR. 5: Anniversary Service.

MAR. 12: Missionary Service. Conducted by Miss Annice Siler, return Missionary from Japan.

MAR. 19: Seniors conducted the service. Officers for year 1916-17 elected.

Student Association

HE Student Association was organized at the beginning of the last college year, and has a prominent place in the life and work of the college. This organization came into existence to meet a felt need of earnest, loyal coöperation between the faculty and the students of the college. Its purpose is clearly stated in Article IV of the constitution:

(1) To assume the direction of all matters concerning college life not

 To assume the direction of all matters concerning conege for not reserved to the jurisdiction of the faculty, or already provided for by existing organizations;

(2) to encourage aspiration toward right ideals of life;

(3) to promote a sense of personal and corporate responsibility in the in the students of the college;

(4) to study and advance the welfare of the college from the student's

point of view;

(5) to keep the students informed as to the great welfare movements of the day, and to arouse a spirit of sympathy and coöperation with them.

The Association passed several movements during the past year that greatly influenced this and other student hodies, and is now an active member of the Woman's Peace Party. It has helped greatly in the discipline of the college life and is looking and studying toward the best form of student government.



Bear Wins Clarks-

December 24, 1915.

Mrs. Buily A. Siler, Greensbore B.C.

Dear Mrs. Siler: I thank you most heartly for the generous gift from the

College girls, and I would like very much for you to express to them the gratitude of the entire Home family for their bind remombranes of "These little enos," at this jayous season of the year, when fatherless and notherless children feel more charply the difference between themselves and other children. It was a besuliful thing for the girl: to do, and I wish I could tell them how much it is appropriated.

I am enclosing the official receipt to you, as requested, and with the scasen's greetings, and best wishes, I am

Sincerely years. walle Thompson.

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

AETENED AT

TORDAD 70 BICE

HB CHICAGO ILLS 1280PF MINV 27RB LOES

LUCY BELLE TOTTEN CHENCHOL COLLEGE CREEKSTORD VC

POLITY SALE OF ANXIONS OWNERS DEPOTOR THAT TOWN GOOD WAT IT ADDRESS TO WITCHIS DEPOTOR THAT TOWN GOOD TO THE VILLION ASPADE CITETY ON COTPOURD BY THE THAT ADDRESS TO WE ADDRESS TO MAKE THE THAT ADDRESS TOWN AS THE THAT ADDRESS TO

PRIME STAR

Pulsed & St. Jany. Lien, 1916.

Januaray 4th, 1916,

I want to thank you sincerely for the check of thirty dollars and eighty six cents (\$30.86) which Tex. Siler, at your request, sent us on December 22nd as a Christman present from your Y. v. c. a. to the Dephan entities of our time. This money is greatly appreciated by soch the children and muself and move them much pinasure at Christmas.

I would have acknowledged this cift carifer but the usual heliday rush has rude it impossible for ne to do ne, and the delay makes the rift none are less appreciated I secure you.

hit i on ev wish this this way he the hipping and next prosperous year in the history of your Y. N. C. A., I 17,

it. S. Burnes

The Children's Sund ter Rittere Ritte ** **** **** *****

Dec. 27th, 1915.

Mtem Alico Ctark, Greensburo Colters for Nomen, Greensburo, M. C.

Wy dear wing Clarks-

Inc Committee of Vanarement aigh we to send you and the young tadies of the Greenshore Cellere for Foren, trear sincere thanks for your generms response of \$10.00. We appropriate mest highly your sending to the Children's First, the consection taken at your Christman acreice. Your donation for a strip Tit will be used for the next shipment which is to be sent immediately.

With Chacks for your interest and concerntion

Tery truly years,

Louise m Ring



Irving and Emerson Societies







THE IRVING LITERARY FOOTERY



Irving Literary Society

OFFICERS

GRACE HUCKABEE					President
ETHEL Ross .					e-President
MARY SMITHERMAN					Secretary
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Alma Richardson					Critic
LUCILE DIXON					Censor
Ohna Poindexter					Chaplain

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THE EMERSON LITERANY SOCIETY



Emerson Literary Society

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IRENE BROOME .								Critic
Access (Normal								Consor

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Edith Savage Alice Clark	}		_				Take It"	



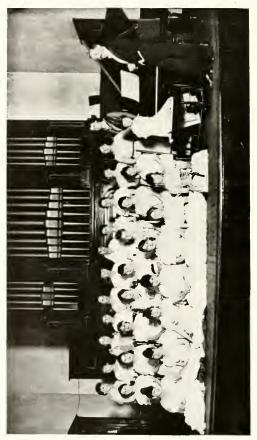




The Echo Staff

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Grace Huckabee										1;	us	ine	88	Mau	rage
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Lucile Dixon														Н	umo
CLAIRE HARRIS														11	umo





Тив Ховыед Сыв



Nordica Club

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Miss Flora Hall	М	iss A	nnice	Siler					
Eva J. Lawrence	L	ily Ga	ıy Sha	a w					





DRAMATICACIUB



Dramatic Club.



SCENE FROM "GREEN STOCKINGS"

OFFICERS

JENNIE TURNAGE .					President
Eleanor Horton				V	ice-President
Ohna Poindexter					Secretary
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MEMBERS

Reube Alley Catherine Hubbard
Helen Ernhardt Ellen Jones
Gertrude Falls Iris Pitts
Clara Gurley Lillian Perry
Mattie Belle Godwin Jessie Reeves
Mary Goode Grace Stroud
Ha Harrell Edith Savage



Rules and Rhymes for House Wives' League

Whereas, amid the strenuous atmosphere of our College life, literature, science, art, and music require such constant worship at their shrines that we may fail to cultivate those home-making and home-keeping instincts that are among our holiest possessions and;

Whereas, in forgetting to cultivate those house-wifely virtues that have made our mothers so competent for their jobs at home, we fail to fit ourselves for similar jobs, should the opportunity, present itself. Therefore be it resolved:

First. That we do hereby join together in a Housewives' League to be made up of neighborhood clubs, which shall meet for one hour every other Saturday night, for the purpose of keeping our belongings in order and getting acquainted with our neighbors.

Second. That this Housewives' League shall be a department of the Students' Association and identified with its interests, and shall be under the guidance of the Students who take Domestic Art. One of these students shall be the supervisor of the league.

Third. That once a month at a Students' Association meeting, the League shall have its part on the program and each club shall report in full the work done and shall bring its best specimen of darning and mending to be submitted to a committee.

We do hereby adopt the following as the rules of our ancient and bonorable order:

These are the rules we must obey With strict observance day by day: No stockings (and of course they're cotton) Shall go undarned or be forgotten: No garment torn without a patch: No hook without its proper catch; Buttons must be all in place: Embroidery mended, also lace: Every garment shall have its due, Whether old or whether new; These charming things we will not shirk For any sort of fancy work, Every girl must have her tools,-Scissors, needles, thimbles, spools; Workbag, too, she must possess; Or a basket big or less; None of these we'll lend or borrow. For we'll need them all tomorrow. Every club shall choose its name And win unto its members fame, Our neighbor near shall be the friend With whom we do this hour spend, No gossip shall these moments mar: All unkind things we will debar. And since tall oaks from acorns grow, This Housewifes' League the world will know.





THE STATE OF INDUSTRY

Jessie Reeves Governor
Gertric Falls Lieutenant Governor
Mignon Smith Secretary of State



ARACHNE CLUB

EDITH SAVAGE President
LUCILE ABERNETHY Secretary





Vone Zune We

ELIZABETH BARKER				President
We Tsung Zung				Secretary



THE STITCHERS

CATHERINE HUBI	3ARD			President
ETHEL Ross				Secretary





The Dorgas Club

RUTH BARDEN President



THE MENDERS

Mary Belle Herring . . . President Ellen Jones Secretary





Perfect Patchers

MARY STOCKTON				President
Letha Brock				Secretary



NEEDLES AND PINS

MARGUERITE WHISON			President
RUTH BISHOP .			Secretary





THE EMERY CLUB

RUTH GENTRY .			President
Anna Holshouser			Secretary



Cupid's Darts

Ora Raper . . . President
Lola Wolfz . . . Secretary





THE ORANGE-TREE CLUB

Lorna Porter				President
KATHLEEN SPRUI	LL			Secretary



LE ROND FREIZE

LUCILLE BROWN .			President
Little May Deas			Secretary





RIP AND TEAR

MYRTLE BRUTON			President
VIRGINIA FORTUNE			Secretary



THE MERRY MENDERS

CLARICE WALTERS			President
Elizabeth Gibson			Secretary
Margaret Bennett			Mascot



The "Do Something New" Club



MOTTO: "Fac Nova" FLOWER: Shasta Daisy Colors: Garnet and Gold

Gladys Whedbee Edna Burton Edith Savage Marguerite Tuthill Ruth Barden Mildred Spiers Rena Perry Gaynell Callaway

Myrtle Bruton



"The Only Pebbles"



Motto: "Do not wait for the tide" Colors: Navy Blue and Sea Green

ÖFFICERS

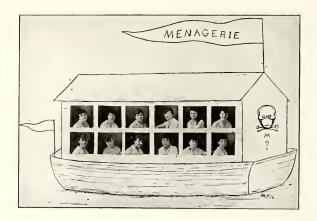
Edelweiss King	٠			٠		President
ALICE CLARK .	1					Secretary

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Esther Aycock Lillie May Duls Temperance Aycock Edelweiss King Ruth Bell Jeanette Pearce Pauline Beveridge Lillian Perry Ruth Bishop Kathleen Spruill Velna Canfield Mande Swindell Sallie Ruth Chappell Grace Wallace Lila Mae Chinnis Elizabeth Westbrook Alice Clark Marguerite Wilson Elizabeth Derickson Eva Wynne



Menagerie



Flower: Dogwood Blosson

Colors: Turkey Red and Peacock Green

Motto: "To be a lamb in meckness and a lion in might"

SORORES IN COLLEGIO

Ethel Ross, Keeper
Esther Aycock
Temperance Aycock
Pauline Beveridge "Alyphant"
Louise Davis
Nell Davis
Virginia Fortune
Virginia Gibbs
Mattie Belle Godwin
Ruby Godwin
Mary Belle Herring
Madrid Hood







Cherubims



Louise Franklin				•	٠.	Arch Angel
Frances Stanback						. Fairest
Bruce Long .						Most Angelic
Margie Burns						. Darkest
Tiny Smitherman						. Tiniest
Julia Burns						Most Melodious
Minnie Garrett .						Most Innocent
Elizabeth Westbro	ok					Most Ethereal



Sans Souci



Sponsor—Mrs. Elizabeth Garner Colors: Light Blue and White Flower: White Rose Motto: Côte à Côte

OFFICERS

MAURINE BRITTAIN						President
Grace Wallace						Vice-President
LUCILE DIXON				Secreta	ry	and Treasurer

MEMBERS

Maurine Brittain Velna Canfield Elizabeth Derickson Lucile Dixon Frances Farrell Thelma Harrell

Eleanor Horton Ernestine Lambeth Eva J. Lawrence Frances Mann Alma Richardson Grace Wallace



The Movies-Active and Passive



THE MOVIES—Active and Passive.
Subject to appointment and to disappointment.
Motto: "'A rolling stone gathers no moss;
Hence, no moss-backs found among us.'"

CONGLOMERATION DISTRICT of the

	"LA	ITY	RIGE	178"	COXI	ERE	INCE.	
Bishop in charge								Emily Allen Siler
Presiding Elder								. Annice Siler
**			$-\Lambda m$	OINTY	ENTS			
Aspiration Heights								Gertrude Falls
								, Lucy Curtis
Countr Point .								Lillian Brendall
							·e) ·	
Fiddle Bridge .								Virginia Siler
(Dismi								
Locus Point .								Naomi Howie
								. Rena Perry
Oratory Circuit								
Sentimental Depths	÷							Ethel Barbour
(Pulling for common sense station)								
Tennis Court .								. Lois Goode
(With the ir	itenti	on of	makir	ng the	breth	ren v	valk th	e chalk line)
Missionary to heath	en A	merie						We Tsune Zung

138



Dwellers of the Sky



Colors: Snow White and Evergreen Flower: Mountain Laurel

Morro: "To let our aspirations be as high as the mountains"

OFFICERS

Опра	POINDEXTER		 		•	•	President
Всти	GENTRY						Secretary

MEMBERS

Lucile Abernethy Amelia Poindexter
Ethel Barbour Virginia Siler
Inez Billings Sadie Somers
Mary Goode Louise Todd
Irene Hoke Mildred Winkler



T. F. B. Club



Motto: Eat 'till Niagra Falls Colors: White and Gold Flower: Daisy

OFFICERS

Eva Stainback .					. President
Lorna Porter .					Vice-President
Adelaide Hargrave				Secretar	y and Treasurer

MEMBERS

Eva Stainback Lorna Porter Grace Strond Adelaide Hargraye Willie B. Musgrove Mary Stockton Tempie Zollicoffer Hazel Ledbetter





BOOK V

LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS



College Bells

B razen, urgent breakfast bell!

E uraging sleeping beauties,

L oud ye ring, but all is well.

L ead us not unto our duties.

8 leepy—sleepy—sleepy.

B eckoning, joyful dinner bell!

E neouraging appetite, dispelling care,

L cave your theme. We can tell

L uncheon is a bare affair.

Starving! Starving! Starving!

B ed time, bed time, bed time bell!

E luding section teachers.

L iberty we will not sell!

L oving still ye midnight features.

S catter—scatter—scatter!

VIRGINIA FORTUNE.



"Sic Transit"

RANCES was taking English 11, and was reading the Elizabethan love lyrics. At first she did not think much about them, but as anything oft repeated makes an impression on the mind, she soon began to have some faith in the little blind god. Staying shut up in college away from all mankind is not the best thing to counteract a girl's tendency to sentimentality, even under favorable circumstances-witness crushing; and reading love lyrics all day long greatly strengthens the sentimental side of a girl's nature. Frances, reading love lyrics, and communicating very little with the outside world, liked to think of these things, and as romance appeals to every young girl, she frequently indulged in day dreams, imagining herself the subject of the most inspiring lyric she had read that day, to the neglect of all other studies, and the detriment of her own happiness. For what can be more disappointing than to be imagining oneself a beautiful heroine, and have the bell recall one to the stern realities of school life? So Frances dreamed away every vacant period and when the bell rang she jumped up and glanced hastily into the mirror, thereby discovering that she was far from beautiful. She went on class in a bad humor and with an unprepared lesson. When the teacher called on her she could not answer, which only increased her ill temper, and she stayed in an unpleasant frame of mind until she could get off by herself again and dream. She took no interest in out door sports, Literary Society, or anything that took her from her air castles. Only when buried in a love story of the sentimental type was she happy.

And then the holidays came on, "Going home" was the theme of conversation at all times, and excitement ran high. Frances thought that this must be the time when she should meet her Prince Charming. She hailed the holidays with this one thought in mind.

At last the longed for day arrived, and Frances, dressed very carefully and wearing a smile studiously wrought out before the mirror, started home. She examined every attractive man she saw on the train with the idea that he might be the one she was looking for, and they, finding her interested, dirted with her. Frances, being very young, did not know that men will flirt with any girl who will look at them twice, and so she thought she must be very attractive and was much pleased with herself, which made him smile the more. Long before the dust of travel soiled her spotless white gloves and shoe laces. John, "a hoy from home," came through the car, greeted her with pleasant surprise and introduced to her his room mate, Bill. Bill was good looking, big, and faultlessly groomed. A girl of seventeen rarely probes beneath the surface to see what kind of mind a handsome head contains, but rather, she takes a man for what he looks. Frances saw in Bill a splendid, brave man, whose love would be a priceless treasure. What one expects from a man one gets. She expected Bill to make love to her, and he lost no time in fulfilling her highest



desires in that line. He swore it was a case of love at first sight. That kind of boy always swears to things he doesn't expect anyone to believe. She declared it was no one-sided affair. He knew they were intended for each other from the beginning of time. She fancied she had seen Cupid planning it all out weeks before. He would love through all eternity—Oh! but this was his station, and hurriedly he took his leave. Frances was radiantly happy. How very wonderful that she should have met her soul's mate so soon. Little did she think that any boy will fall in line and be a "soul's mate" for half an hour for the fun of the thing.

The train, the people, the fields and woods outside, were too commonplace to appeal to this girl whose mind was poisoned by an overdose of slushy poetry, and so she bought a "Snappy Stories" from the vender of magazines and fruit, and was dead to the world until the porter yelled the name of her station the second time.

She sprang up, straightened her hat, and jumped off the train into the arms of her chum, Madeline. After a very unhygienic greeting, punctuated by little screams and squeals of delight, Frances extricated herself from her friend's arms, and completely upset her father's diguity by rushing at him, knocking off his hat and displacing his cane. He thought she was mad, and did not say anything to her, but gently placed her at a safe distance and asked if she cared to go home that night. She did, if Madeline would go, and Madeline would; then they all got into the car and went home, where her mother waited anxiously to see her darling daughter.

The girls ate supper and rushed off to their room early to talk, though indeed neither of them had stopped talking one instant since they had been together. As soon as they were alone Madeline told her dearest friend a great secret, something that she had not told a living soul. We can't blame her. She really forgot the half-dozen others of her dearest friends whom she had already told. Frances was all attention the moment she heard the word "secret." Madeline was dead in love with the dearest, sweetest, handsomest, bravest, most altogether adorable boy in the world. And his name—oh! yes, she was coming to that in a minute—his name was Bill, and he roomed with John and—

"What is the matter, Frances? You look awful."

Frances said she supposed she was tired and perhaps she ought to go to bed. As soon as everything was quiet she fell to thinking. How could Bill have said what he did to her, if he was in love with Madeline all the time! But youth is easily consoled. She very soon decided that Bill was not the kind of boy she could possibly love, and so fell asleep and dreamed of a far more handsome lover.

The next night Madeline gave Frances a reception, and there Frances met the true ideal of her dreams. Tall, dark, handsome, with a slight frown, he



answered in every detail the description of the hero in all the best stories. She had but to cast a few adoring glances his way, and he came over to meet her. As soon as he could disengage her from her encircling friends, he led her to a corner shaded by palms, and thereby made slightly less public than the rest of the room.

"Beautiful lady of my dreams," said he. "I have been waiting for you longer than you have been in the world. I knew that you were somewhere, and that you would come to me. Now that I have found you, nothing shall take you from me. The birds shall cease to sing, the violets shall refuse to bloom in April, and the fish shall burn in the ocean, but I shall not forget you. Even though love shall put away his bow and arrows and wake no more upon the earth, I shall love you."

Frances thought of Bill, and was more reserved than she had been the day before. He broke a rose from her corsage, and, after touching it to his lips, gave it back to her, saying,

> "tio, lovely rose! Tell her that wastes her time and me That now she knows, When I resemble her to thee, How sweet and fair she seems to be,"

Frances fell. She thought surely no one could quote that beautiful stanza unless he really felt it. She remembered the very day she had it in English. He must be sincere. And the rest of the evening passed quickly, for, indeed, doves enjoy their own senseless cooing. That night Frances went to sleep in a great air castle built around her new hero.

For three days she was radiantly happy in her newly found love. All the time she was not with him, which, indeed, was not much time, she dressed him in dreams and worshipped at the shrine of the god she had created out of a mere man and imagination. On Thursday night there was nothing much doing, so Frances went to the movies. The picture was fairly good, and she was very much interested until she heard her own name spoken in the darkness. Of course she listened.

"Frances Aberaine? My dear, you couldn't have been jealous of that child. Oh, yes, she is pretty, as pretty as the most of them, and has about as much sense. Sure I made love to her on the night of the party and have done so several times since, but a fellow can't disappoint a girl, you know, and that kind of girl expects you to make love to her. Of course she knows I don't mean it. No harm in a little holiday flirtation, don't you know."

It was Howard, the occupant of all her latest aerial structures, who spoke. Her soil surged up in fury, and hot with the fire of anger, she hastened out into the cool air. When she arrived at home she threw herself across her bed, and, too angry to weep, she bent all her energies to hating the man who had wounded her vanity. From hating her late lover she began to sympathize with



herself. All the future was black before her. Her dream of happiness was destroyed, and having loved once, she could never love again, for no one loves twice. She sobbed bitterly and very soon was fast asleep.

Frances awoke the next morning feeling that something had happened. In a moment she remembered the occurrence of the night before, and looking down at herself, saw that she had slept in her dress. As she changed the dress for a middy, she reviewed the situation; it did not look quite so bad by daymembering the line: "Shall I, wasting in despair, die because a woman's fair?" she decided he was not worth worrying about.

The same day that Frances cast off the mantle of melancholy which she had been wearing for lloward, her brother's college chum arrived. He was noted in the world of sports as a star football player. He was not very tall, but broad and muscular. His hair was light, and showed a tendency to curl, and his eyes were blue. His appearance, as well as his name, Donald Patrick, proclaimed him of Scotch-Irish descent. He was witty and good natured, For two days he did not mention love at all to Frances. And because he did not, she wanted him to. On the day of his departure Don found Frances alone, and he couldn't miss so good an opportunity to exercise the chief art of men. He told her that he had loved her from the first, but that he wanted to be sure before he told her. He asked her if she would write to him and let him see her again in the near future. She said she would write as soon as she heard from him and he promised to send her a "special" the very next day. So, thinking she had at last found the man God made for her, she told him goodbye, and settled down to wait for his letter. The morning of the next day broke, blossomed into midday, and faded into dusk, but Don's letter had not come. Another day passed, and no letter. Frances imagined all kinds of horrible things happening to him, till she could stand it no longer. She went to her brother and asked if he had heard from Don.

"Why sure," said he, "here is his card." She took the card and read: "That was as good as a football game. Regards to the pretty little sister, D. P."

Frances gave the card back to her brother, put on a coat and cap and went out of doors to think. She chose a long cross country walk, so that she might be alone. Two hours later she returned satisfied. She had figured out that Cupid is a myth, love a theorem that can not be worked out, and that men are "featherless, two-legged animals" and not gods and heroes.

Three days later Frances returned to school. She read essays instead of love lyrics, and history instead of rotten magazine stories. She wasted no more time day-dreaming but utilized her spare moments to cultivate her mind in the library and her body on the athletic field. At the close of school she went home a normal, sensible human being, prepared to meet men on terms of equality. She found them more pleasant companions than sweethearts, and more faithful friends than lovers.

TRENE BROOME.



Rain

NE advantage of rain is that in handling it you need never fear that your subject will be dry; it can hardly be handled in a dry manner. In this respect it differs considerably from certain other substances. It is the exact opposite of sunshine. In the plan of creation it seems to be the exception rather than the rule. It being human nature to notice exceptions, the rain is noticed more frequently and more uncomplimentarily than the majority of our other heavenly visitors.

Human nature has noticed rain in different ways. We can all understand and sympathize with the little boy who dolefully sits by the window and chants to the unheeding drops;

"Rain, Rain, go away. Come again another day."

And it is to be hoped that at least sometime in our lives we have sung in spirit the "farmer's refrain; "Sunshine and Rain, refreshing, reviving rain."

There are as many different kinds of rains as there are drops to an April shower. There is the "day-is-cold-and-dark-and-dreary, it-rains-and-the-wind-is-never-weary" sort. The kind that seems to settle like a gray cloud over the spirits if you are on the wrong side of the pane. But just get on the right side—the right side of a window pane in rainy weather is always the outside. Be a comrade with friend Wind. Laugh in his face as he dashes the rain drops full at you. Don't dodge! Take what's coming, and before you know it, you'll be whistling a quickstep. O life's worth while in a rain storm, with plenty of wind, impartial as the fates, one minute giving you a stinging slap on the cheek, and before you can turn the other, whispering wonderful, wonderful secrets of birds and flowers, hills and valleys, and, best of all, the delicious pitter-patter language of the rain drops!

As some one has said, there is no bad weather. Weather is not good or bad; it is we who are thus. Dame Nature never has the blues. The Spring showers are her tears, but delicious tears of joy; tears whose gentle, coquettish touch wakes the crocusses and dandelions and all things that grow; sets the frogs singing, and the birds to building nests. And the touch of these same tears makes all mankind marvel at the wonder and the sweetness of returning life. The Summer rain comes suddenly as a burst of anger from a willful Man—and leaves in its wake a glowing seal of promise flung across the sky. But in the Fall, when the days have half of Autumn's sadness, half of Summer's glowing heat; when it's whispered that the equinox is coning.—do you frown, or do you joyfully go and dust the books you've wanted to read for, goodness knows, how long, and unearth those "dear" old letters that you must try to burn this time?

If you're in the habit of frowning—why—just don't do it next time. A rainy day is never a day for frowns. It's a glorious mental holiday, set aside



by Dame Nature especially for renewing half forgotten friendships in the world of hooks, and for bringing out of one's mental store house all the quaint, ungainly ideas that have lain in topsy-turvydom so long that you scarcely knew you had them. It's a glorious physical holiday—anyway you take it. Sleep if you want to; the raindrops have patented and copyrighted beyond all chance of imitation, the drowsiest, dreamiest hullaby in all the world. Or if the wanderlust is strong on you, and you resent the close confinement of the four walls called "home"—just be a gipsy; heed the call of the wild; be glad if you can hear it, for it is this that keeps us big brothers and sisters to the tribe that claims all under the blue roof as home. Take each shower for your friend, each bird that sings, each tree that grows, each wind that blows as the confident of your dearest secrets. And when you go back to your kind again, as every man that is a man, must, the secrets that you've learned in return for the fellowship you've given will bring you closer to the soul of things.

CATHERINE HUBBARD.

To an Old Sycamore

O matchless form of beauty, through whose boughs. The setting sun now casts its lingering rays. Thou monument to His immortal power. Who guides us all, and plans our several ways. O thou, that givest shelter to the birds. And bendest low to greet the rising gale. Example far more beautiful than words. Thou givest thy companions in the dale. How thou dost draw my loving thoughts to thee, Exalted as thou art o'er trivial things. To many thou art but a gnarled old tree. On which a careless axe full often rings: Though time and frost take of thy beauty toll. To me thou art a thing endowed with soul.

LETHA BROCK.



"The Serenaders"

The silver moonlight Gilds the dear old roofs and walls, Within, dim Silence Holds full sway o'er all the halls.

The lights are out. And soft shod teachers tip around Into the corners, Peering, listening for some sound.

No noise is heard, Scarce breathing, waits each maiden fair, For sound of voices Floating upward through the air.

Tis Tuesday night, And as the troubadours of old Sang to fair ladies

Songs of love in accents bold,

So on this night Our faithful minstrels come and stand. In the evening by the moonlight." Beneath our windows. St. Cecelie bless this band!

The songs they sing, With many a well-beloved refrain, Now add for us The sweetest link in Mem'ry's chain. "Sweet Adeline,"

"My little girl, you know I love you."

"Dear old girl,"

Don't you know that I'll be true!

"In the evening-Soft melody That seems an echo of the night.

But all too soon, It's "Good Night, Ladies,"-and away. "Sweet Dreams, Ladies," Their voices in our dreams delay.

And as they go, The gloating moon becomes less bright. As though their song Had led off captive half her light.

Then here's to you, To you again, our Moonlight "Knights," For worlds of bliss Your songs have opened after "lights,"

And as we sit Upon our Mem'ry's window seat, We'll listen back And long for you and carols sweet!

Catherine Hubbard.



Seasoned Timber

"What is the best of life, the most perfect time of love?" I asked my muse. She would not answer, but bore me with her through time to

SPRING

Sunrise. The last gray note of night is dying in the softly shaded harmonies of dawn. It is springtime. The hand of the Divine Painter has touched the face of the earth with transforming fingers, and a new covering of verdant splendor has replaced the aged tatters of winter's cloak. The air is full of joyous music, melodies that sound wild and free, and the sweeter, silent ones. The clear call of the robin to his mate; the care-free song of the brook; the whisper of the breezes to the wistful violet; the timid anemone blushing at the kiss of the golden sunbeam; the exulting trees lifting proudly their living emeralds to the sun; the sparkling dewdrops bidding farewell to the slender blades of grass. The morning of life is here. Surely this is good.

Two children are coming along the path that leads from the farm-yard through the grove to the moss-covered bank of the brook. They have reached the bank where they stop and seem to deliberate on some weighty matter. The unruly brown locks bend close to the long, vellow curls, two small clubby faces are twisted in deep perplexity. They do not lose much time; soon they shout with childish glee and dance about with unrestrained joy. They have solved their first problem. They discover a smooth, mossy place which looks to their uncritical eyes like a wonderful fairy throne. Quickly they find some vines with queerly shaped leaves, a few violets, and with these treasures they run to the chosen place. The owner of the tawny yellow curls seats herself gravely on the throne and begins to lashion a wreath with the aid of the owner of the unruly brown locks who sits on the "make-believe" stool at her feet. All the while the little boy is telling of the wonderful deeds he will do when he grows to be a man, of the bears he will kill, and the giants he will overcome—all for the little girl who smiles on him with queenly approval, and adds occasionally an idea of her own to his glowing plans. A butterfly appears and the future is forgotten in careless abandon to the present. Nature smiles on the whims of her innocent children. Surely this is good,

But we come to

SUMMER

Noonday. The sun shines greedily from a cloudless sky on a clear, lazy stream. The slothful water longs to play with the sun, but its efforts accomplish nothing save the stirring up of tiny ripples here and there on its goodnatured face. It seems content to reflect the blue sky above, and to glide indolently over its bed of smooth, white sand like a huge, endless, shining snake, creeping out of sight in hidden curves beyond. Its only burdens are the water lilies, cool and fresh under the glare of simlight, and the tiny fish that swim nimbly in and out of their rock castles underneath. The trees along the bank, laden with luxuriant foliage, bend over that they may have a better look at themselves. The water-oak shakes with envy of the willow whose dainty



branches come nearer this crystal mirror than its more stately limbs. The still atmosphere is burdened with delicately mingled perfumes from the valley and the wood beyond. Surely this is good.

luto this place of rest there come two intruders rudely disturbing the quiet water with their light canoe. A strong, dark-haired youth and a slender maiden, whose curly, light brown hair is scarcely concealed beneath a chic panama, are the invaders of this tranguil spot. They come here, apart from all human eyes, out of the toil and bustle of the world, far from its failures, successes and hopes, to tell each other what is in their hearts; to dream dreams; to paint pictures of future days with the brush of hope and the hand of love on the unsoiled canvas of the future. Morning and spring-time have gone. They have successfully met the difficulties of preparation for life and now they are going to join their strength in the fiercer struggle of the noonday years. But they are not thinking much of the battles of life. This is the wonder of young love—that it cannot see the storms to come, only the days of sunshine are marked on its calendar. They live in romance, believing it to be as lasting as time. Truly time and romance meet, but their walk together is short. Romance flees from aging time who, grasping vainly after her, clutches only a mystic memory. The dreams of today in romance are the memories which crown tomorrow's sorrowful time. This day-is it not the best?

But we come to

AUTUMN

The old brick house with its wide veranda and noble columns stands in the midst of a large lawn, a picture of colonial glory, its own beauty mellowing into indistinct lines as has the memory of that once illustrious time. To one side is an old-fashioned garden with its rosemary, crepe myrtle and myrrh growing together in riotous confusion. Stately oaks, monitors of many generations past, are gravely standing guard over the memories of vesterday. not loath to express stern disapproval of changing customs. Outside the picket fence that marks the end of this lawn stretch large fields of grain ready for harvesting, and clover hay already stacked up for winter's use. Indian summer, the harvest time, is here in the summit of its glory of richly variegated green, gold, brown and red tints. The very air of the whole place carries thought back a generation, and lets the mind wander with chivalrous gentlemen and uncenty dames among suntit gardens where there are no aloes for regret. This day has passed, because it is no longer practical. Mourn its loss. Do not wish to recall it. But it is good to remember.

Along the road that winds among the fields of waving grain is seen an along proaching cloud of dust. Soon it is near enough to see that it is caused by a large, high-speed automobile. The shrill horn strikes a discordant note in this harmonious whole. But its call brings two beautiful old ladies and a very dignified old gentleman to the door and down the wide steps of the versunda to welcome the occupants of the car with old-fashioned hospitality. A tall, carefully-groomed man with iron gray hair, a handsome woman of about forty, a youth with light brown hair which shows an irrepressible tendency to curl, a sancy, black-haired girl who bears a marked resemblance to the man, step out from the machine and warmly greet their courteous friends. This man and this woman come from the outside world where people are too busy



fighting for existence to see the Indian summer day. They come to talk to each other, and to again weave webs of future plans. But there are other persons in these visions. They are thinking of the future of their two children. For themselves, theirs is the present. Life has not been a rose-strewn vista, trellised with cool, shading vines; they have had many disappointments. Many times in the thick of the fight they have been almost ready to give up in weariness. But through it all they have clung to their love and hope, their belief in each other. Now surely they are living their ripest years. Their lives are full. The future of their children is bright and promising. They are living in the harvest time, the time of the ingathering of the fruits of labor. They put away the thought of the swiftly approaching north wind and its winter tale. Surely this is life; this is love.

But we reach

WINTER

Twilight. Out of doors the snow is falling softly, as if afraid to disturb its own rest. The ugly places, the failures, the sins of the world are covered with this veil of atonement. The lingering light plays with the fantastical snow crystal figures. Several redbirds, looking like living drops of blood from the heart of the white earth, are impatiently waiting outside the window of a large, silent home for their usual evening crumbs. They shake their heads with disapproval at the north wind that alone breaks the stillness of the world, sighing through the trees, whizzing around the corners and knocking

rudely on the window panes in anger at its own helplessness.

Inside the fire casts playful shadows over the big room, giving fantastical for the objects around. It shines brightly but lovingly on the faces of two thoughtful figures sitting side by side. There is a tender smile on the wrinkled face of the man, and a sadly whimsical look in the eyes of the woman. In the physical flame they trace the course of the unquenchable fire of love. They have met the trials of life bravely and unflinchingly, and now at the close of their years they are happy in the thought of a life well spent, a rest well earned. They see the day of spring in the frisky young flames; the passionate summer month, as the fire gets a stronger grasp on the fuel; the season of antumn, while the fire gives out its strength in many colored lights; the year of winter which comes with the glowing embers. They are tired, the day has been very long. Their sleep shall be sound and peaceful, with no fear of the coming morning's light. The embers have cooled. The room is dark. Outside the snow breathes its benediction and all is at rest. This is life. This is love.

Frances Farrell.



That English III

(Apologies to Hosea Bigelow.)

Ι.

Prof. Bennett, a teacher here, Teaches English every year. He likes the Senior English class; This fact he hopes will help them pass, But Floyd S. Bennett, he Says he can't teach that English 111.

11.

Prof. B. is strong and true; He does the tasks he's set to do, For him there is no idle plan. O, Prof. B. is a very smart man, But Floyd S. Bennett, he Says he can't teach that English 111.

111.

Psychology is his favorite book; The class all wear a learned look, "Judgment" and "concept" to him are known; One learns that quickly from his tone. But Floyd 8. Bennett, he Says he can't teach that English 111.

IV.

In everything that man may do, He always aims to carry it through, He helps each cause that seems all right; But if it's wrong, he's sure to fight, But Floyd S, Bennett, he Says he can't teach that English 111,

٧.

My, my, ain't it terrible? What ever shall we do? Guess he'll just come around, don't you? Cause English 111 is in the course. So if he talks until he's hoarse, Poor Floyd S. Bennett, he Just has to teach that English 111.

EDITH SAVAGE, '16.



Firelight Reveries

HE winds chanted a mournful lay to the pines. The rain fell mercilessly upon the tender plants beneath, and the very atmosphere breathed of despondency. Nestling closer in my big arm chair, I gazed with intentness into the open fire before me. Its roseate glow and cheery warmth were inviting to me, a pilgrim of the night, and the flames, as though aware of this, leaped towards me, entrancing, challenging, alluring. My surrender was complete, and fantasy claimed her own. Looking into the fire, I saw that the flames had undergone a mystic change. Gracefully descending from a yellow flame, a fairy advanced towards me. He was golden from his shining crown to the tips of his feet, and in an instant I recognized the god of Gold. Impulsively, with Midas-like grasp, I leaned forward to encircle him in my burning fingers, but he was—gone! Gone! And then the thought came to me that wealth is not man's goal, and that not until he can dispel greed and selfishness is he ready for it.

I looked again into the fire. From a charred ember, advanced an emaciated creature, pale, wan and faint. She drew open her black mantle as if to envelop me. With a horrible sludder I drew back. But not before I had seen the skeleton underneath the garment. For the first time in my life I knew that Poverty and Death are kinsmen, both striving for victory on life's battle field. I knew too, that death comes to both prince and pauper, but now came the added thought that the pathway leading from the lovel to death was the sadder. With my carthly riches I had been selfish, and poverty had always seemed a fancy rather than a reality to my unknowing nature.

With timidity bordering upon cowardice, I looked for the third time into the flames. On a throne of now glowing coals, a strange spectacle greeted me. I recognized Love on the throne, but to my amazement I saw that Sorrow was her attendant! For an instant I hesitated. Could I endure sorrow just to gain love? This lesson taught by the Man of Sorrows came upon me with overwhelming force. I opened my arms to receive Love when, to my surprise, Life in the form of infinite understanding, came with Love. God is love.

My dream was not an idle one. I am no more a pilgrim of the night, but a mariner on the sea of life steering the good ship Happiness.

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If grief your steps attend,

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Remember the shoulders of the teachers, girls,

They forget you not, Forget you not.

Then here's to our faculty,

The noblest, grandest, best,

May they go to sleep at ten o'elock.

And enjoy perfect rest,

Special Information for the Freshmen.

- Do not speak to the dumb janitor.
 If you wish to get up in the morning without being called, you may have selfraising flour for supper.
- 3. The college is surrounded by several roads; Cicero's turnout is for hire, 15 cents per day.
- 4. If you wish to do a little driving, Arthur will supply you with a hammer and nails.

 5. If at any time your lights go out, take a feather out of your pillow; that is light enough for any room,



Ode to Trinity Glee Club

The happiest day in the whole year round 1s the day when the Glee Club comes to town; Every girl then forgets her books, Dons party frock and pretty looks, When the Glee Club comes to town.

From each window a head appears,
While Mrs. Siler's shocked, "My dears!"
Seems to cause no visible fears;
The smiles go on; there are no tears.
When the Glee Club comes to town,

Each girl listens with bated breath While "Ditty," Conneil, and the rest Tell us, it now must be confessed, "What of was thought, but ne'er so well expressed;" When the Glee Club comes to town.

The boys are rushed to the parlor in hasie,
Where dainties are served, delicious to taste.
They have to look pleased when really they're not,
For talking to Seniors is such a hard lot,
When the Glee Club comes to town.

At twelve o'clock, by a well known sign, We know that it is "good night" time—With promises never to forget, Oh! how they linger with us yet! They give us yells; they yodel, too—Our hearts go out to the Trinity blue, When the Glee Club comes to town.

EDITH SAVAGE, '16.











