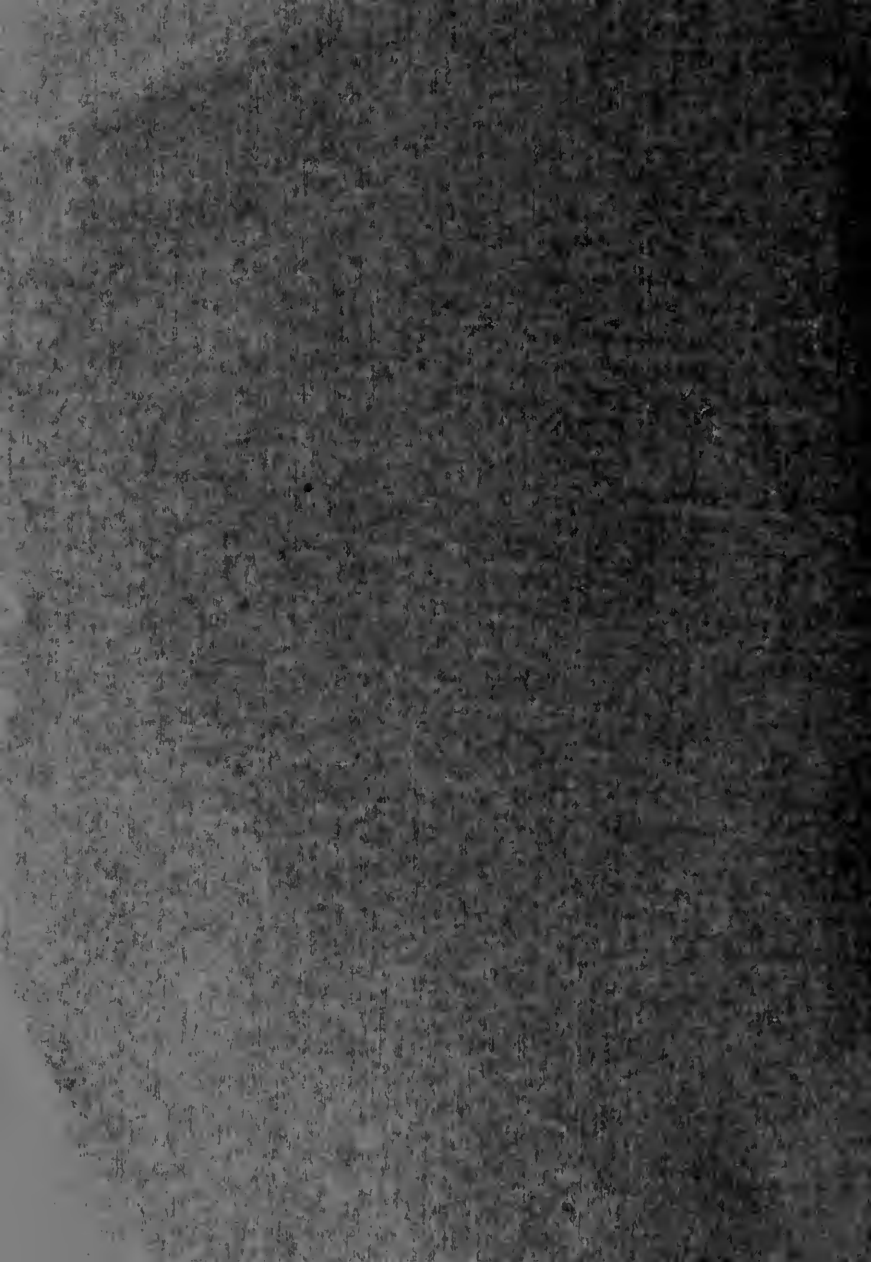




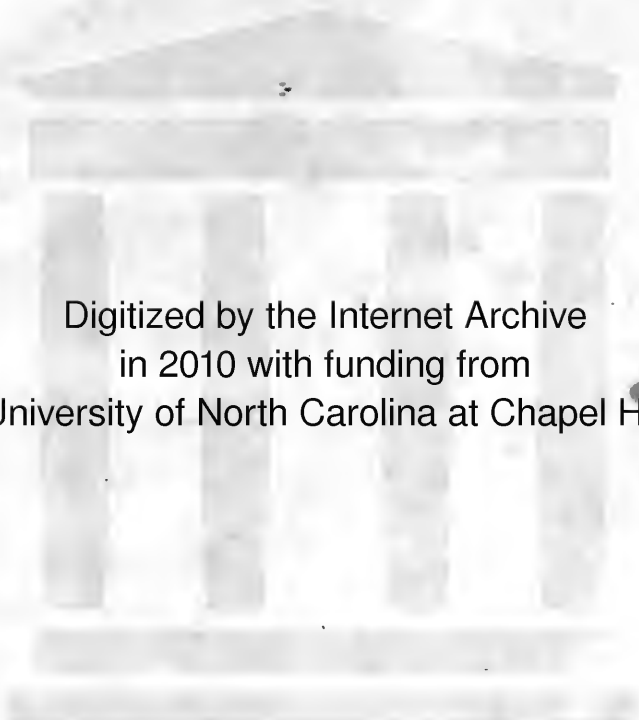


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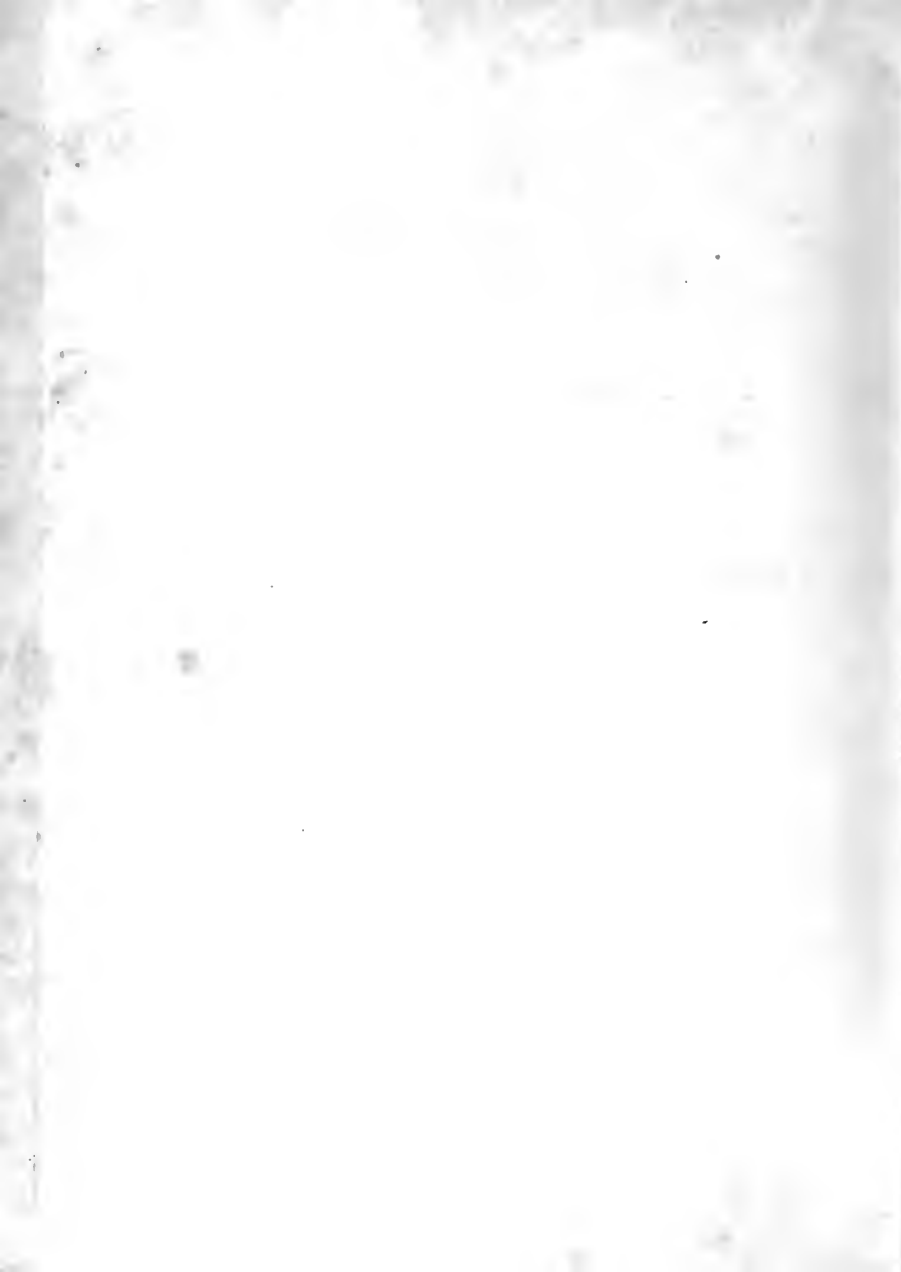






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Published by the
Students Association

—of

Greensboro College
for Women

1917

Greensboro, North Carolina



MASCOT
DAVID F. NICHOLSON, JR.

Foreword

To you, Greenboro College women—past, present and future—1917 presents its "*Echo*."

To you Alumnae, may this *Echo* recall from the treasure house of the mind memories long stored away, and may you hear repeated the joyous laughter of your own college days.

To you, girls of the present, may this *Echo* be a constant reminder of the happy hours that pass here swiftly on their way, and the warm and lasting friendships born among these scenes so dear to you.

To you, women of the glorious future, may this *Echo* be a source of inspiration, present scenes of peace and gaiety, and keep ever before you the lofty ideal of womanhood, toward which we strive.

DEDICATION



To

Floyd S. Bennett

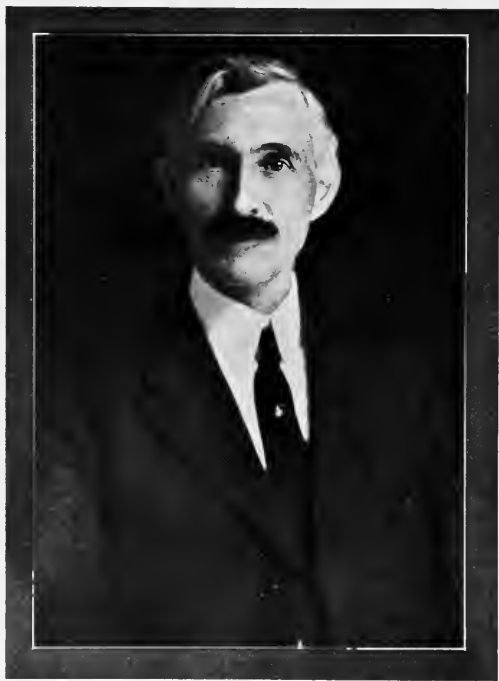
because he united scholarly instruction
with helpful counsel
and manifested untiring interest
in every phase of our college life.

We the Class of 1917
lovingly dedicate this volume of

"THE ECHO"



FLOYD S. BENNETT
Professor of English 1912-1916



DR. S. B. TURRENTINE
President



MRS FRANK SILER
Dean



MRS. LUCY H. ROBERTSON
President Emeritus



REV. E. L. BAIN
Chaplain, 1916



DR. FRANK SILER
Financial Secretary



REV. W. M. CURTIS
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A.B. Graduate of George Washington University, Washington, D. C., and also a Bachelor's Diploma in Education; Teacher of Latin and German in Fairmount Seminary, Washington, D. C.

MISS FLORA B. HALL

English and French

A.B., Florida State College; A.B., Syracuse University; Teachers' Training Course at Westfield, New York.

MISS LINNIE M. WARD

A.B., Greensboro College for Women; Graduate Course at George Peabody College for Teachers.

Preparatory Department

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A.B., Greensboro College for Women; Graduate Course at Columbia University.

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A.B., Greensboro College for Women; Graduate Course at Columbia University.

Preparatory Department



MISS CLARKE



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MISS PEGRAM



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L. B. HURLEY



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Piano

Graduate of New England Conservatory of Music; Post-Graduate Course; Teacher of Piano in the Perkins Institute for the Blind, in Watertown, Mass.

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Graduate of the Normal Department of New England Conservatory; Pupil of Arthur J. Hubbard; Studied with Chas. B. Stevens, of Boston; Studied with Signor Chev. Danti del Papa, of Rome; Studied with the noted Dr. Frank C. Miller, of New York City.

ROBERT L. ROY

Violin and Stringed Instruments

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CONRAD LAHSE

Director of School of Music

Harmony, Counterpoint and Composition

Royal Academy of Art; Hochschule für Musik, Berlin, Germany.

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Piano

Graduate of New England Conservatory.

MORTIMER BROWNING

Organ and Piano

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

MISS MEREDITH CLARK

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A.B. Graduate with distinction, Central College, Ark.; Special Course in Modern Drama, New York; Graduate and Post-Graduate in Expression and Physical Culture, Central College; Student of Bertha Runz-Baker, of New York; Efficient Teacher of Expression and Physical Culture, including Folk Games; four years of instruction in Voice, Central College; teaching experience in Voice.



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CONRAD LAHSER
Director
of
School of Music



MISS ALVERA GUSTAVESON
Piano



MORTIMER BROWNING
Organ and Piano



MISS MARJORIE GASKINS
Piano



BENJAMIN BATES
Voice



MISS MEREDITH CLARK
Expression



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Violin



MISS BESSIE ALDERMAN
Piano



MISS PORTER
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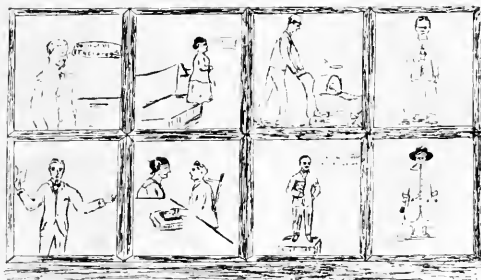
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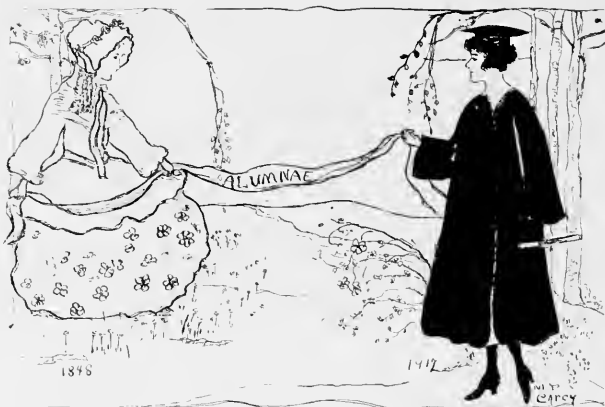
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A Message from the President of the Alumnae Association

The alumnae movement which has taken such great strides during recent years is said to be one of the greatest and quickest results. It does give promise of the greatest and quickest results. The students who leave an institution year after year form one of her best assets. They are not only her paid up capital; they are continually pouring into her treasury their love gifts and are disseminating the gospel of training and of culture.

An organization which provides for the conservation and proper direction of the training, loyalty and service of these students, is an essential factor in the life of an institution and provides for close co-operation between the governing bodies and those most vitally interested in her welfare.

The Alumnae Association of Greensboro College which was organized in 1884, has not only fostered every interest of the college, but has helped to promote every forward looking movement. Today, this Association joins with the trustees, the president and faculty, and with the present student body in a movement for a greater Greensboro College.

The general aim of the organization is to foster and maintain in the daughters of Greensboro College, a love for their Alma Mater, to keep them intelligently informed as to her needs and welfare, and to provide an opportunity to express their interest in voluntary service.

Our Alumnae Association has four loan scholarships at the disposal of worthy, ambitious students. A \$10,000 fund for the endowment of the chair of English is well under way; this fund to be known as the Alumnae Chair of English endowment. With the business of the Association in good shape and with hundreds of former students and graduates ready to share in the advancement of any enterprise which is for the good of our college, the opportunity for larger co-operation and more definite service is an incentive to even greater devotion and loyalty to our beloved Alma Mater.



MISS NANNIE LEE SMITH
Recording Secretary



MISS MARTHA DOZIER
President



MISS LUCY BELLE TOTTEN
Official Secretary



MRS. W. K. ODELL
First Vice-President

G. W. C.
ALUMNAE
1917



MISS LINNIE WARD
Recorder



MRS. W. C. TUCKER
Third Vice-President



MRS. J. M. STONE
Corresponding Secretary



MRS. E. L. SIDES
Treasurer

The pictures of Mrs. D. A. Garrison, Second Vice President, and Mrs. W. M. Curtis, Treasurer of the Presidential Fund, could not be obtained.



Unity

Alma Mater, kind and true,
 We would turn our thoughts to you.
 All united we would stand,
 Heart to heart and hand in hand,
 Without fail through all the years,
 We have shared your smiles and tears.
 You have given us joy and fame,
 Low we bow before thy name.
 Was it then in thirty-eight
 Thou didst open wide thy gate?
 Swift the years since then have flown,
 Filled with girls whom thou hast known:
 Girls who've grown to women true,
 Women who now honor you.
 All united now they stand,
 Heart to heart and hand in hand.

Alma Mater, great in fame,
 We would magnify thy name,
 We who know thy wondrous worth,
 We would circle all the earth,
 Every girl whom thou dost find,
 Makes thee blest of all mankind.
 Spirits of thy absent daughters
 Return again from distant quarters,
 Here on earth their souls still speak
 Of the strength thou giv'st the weak,
 Of the power thou giv'st the strong,
 To help the weak, to right the wrong,
 We who take thy gifts divine,
 Thou hast given us all of thine,
 What shall we now give to thee,
 Alma Mater, brave and free?
 All united thou wilt find
 Our strength, our time—one heart, one mind.



Our Chain

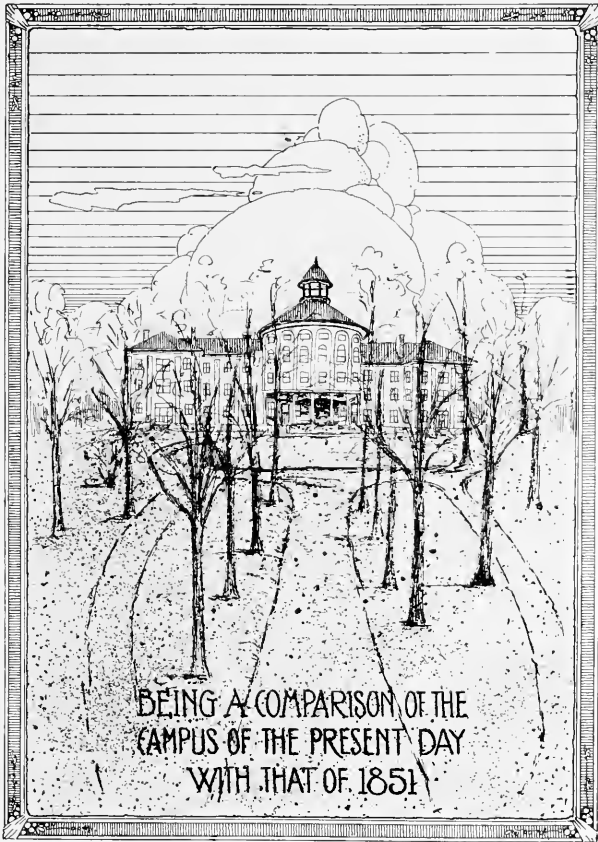
There are chains which are made of leaden weights,
But they bind not you and me.
The links of "Our Chain" were wrought with love,
And we care not to be free.

A chain? Yes, strong and powerful, but as slender as the silken rope by which the fierce and voracious wolf, Fenris, was restrained by the gods in Asgard. By magic arts the dark elves manufactured it out of such impalpable materials as the sound of a cat's footsteps, a woman's beard, the roots of a mountain, the longing of the bear, the voice of fishes, and the spittle of birds; yet when it was finished no strength could avail to break it. The more it was strained the stronger it became. Just so slender and strong appears the chain which binds the heart of each alumnae to Greensboro College, surrounded as it is by the ties of society, of church, and of home. It, too, is fashioned of impalpable materials: the inspirations of the heart of girlhood; the aspirations of young womanhood; the realization of the opportunities life will offer her, with the responsibilities which always accompany them; and the college training which would enable her to make the most of each opportunity and to bear best each responsibility. Invisible it may be at times, but let her trace back the threads as she will, she will find through all the influence of her college training.

To the girls who are now in training, I would turn especially. You, who tomorrow will have left these college halls as students only to enter another door as alumnae. Do not try to break the chain. Do not attempt to forget it. It cannot be broken. It will not be forgotten. The name Alma Mater is fraught with meaning. She is in truth your mother and you are the heir of the accumulated wealth and wisdom of her existence, of the life and influence of every teacher, student, and friend of the college. All these have laid their gifts of gold, of intellect, of personality, and of character at her feet that she may pass them on to you. As a mother she asks that you make your life strong, noble and sincere, and that you give her the devotion of a heart that is true. Thus, link by link, side by side, we stand: students today; alumnae tomorrow; daughters of Greensboro College always.

LUCY BELLE TOTTEN.







Old Entrance

'Twas here perhaps our mothers stood
And leaned against this rude board fence;
To wave a greeting if they could,
Not fearing then the consequence.



Present Entrance

Alas for these forbidden steps
That just beyond safe boundary lie
Ah! what a vantage ground they'd give
To watch the witching world go by.



Old Building

O'er one and half a century of years,
Through wars dread circumstance and tears
Have stood these ivy wreathed old walls;
Within young life has thronged the halls.



Main Building

Tall and stately still she stands there
Monument to things divine,
Towering upward in her greatness;
May her years see no decline!



Campus Scene

" Here Nature holds her carnival of peace
The very stillness of the lazy afternoon
Is yet unbroken and the birds that cease
Their singing will awaken soon "



Campus Scene

" Here all the tumult of the market place
Here all the glamour of the crowded street
Where vain deception walks with haughty face
Is lost amid thy stillness "



Campus Scene

O the touch of happy feet
Underneath those grand old trees!
O the blithe young voices sweet
Borne upon the evening breeze!



East Walk

Here the stately softly-sighing pines
Sift the shadows thru their needles
Down upon a winding walk.
When the sun in dewy newness shines,
Here wayside, windblown grasses
To the wild flowers nod and talk.





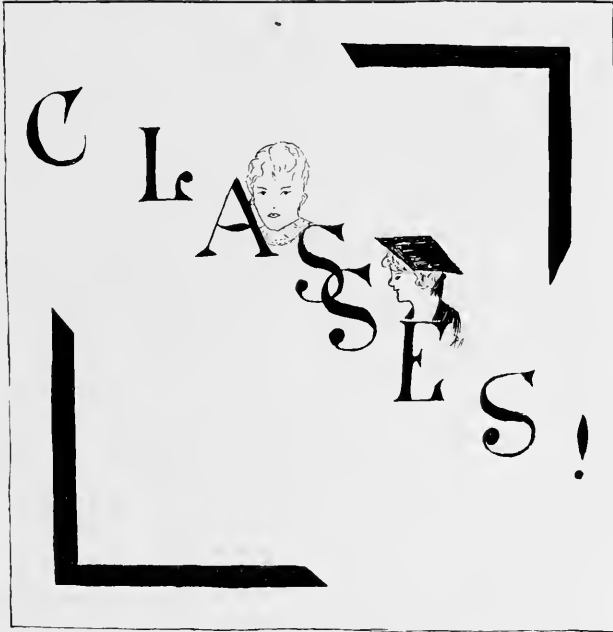
Fitzgerald Hall

After years of work and waiting
Fair it rises long to stand
Telling of her friends true-hearted
Who gave help with liberal hand.











To Alma Mater From '17

Oh, Alma Mater, guide of youthful life,
Now as we part, our thoughts turn back to thee
In gratitude, that from the great world's strife
Thou hast protected us and kept us free.
But now alone we scale the rugged steep
Of mountains lifting Atlas-like the sky,
Or knowing not again youth's rosebed sleep
Must walk through valleys where deep shadows lie.
Give us afresh thy blessings ere we go
To labor in the vineyard of the soul;
For thou hast taught us 'tis not all to know,
But that to serve should ever be our goal.
In after years the deeds we do will tell
Thou hast not taught in vain. A long farewell!

L. B.



Seniors





TEMPERANCE AYCOCK
 Pantego, N. C.

Vice-President Class (3); Vice-President E A E (3); Chief Chapel Monitor (3); Y. W. C. A. Cabinet (3), (4); *Echo* Staff (3); President E A (4).



"Temp.:" practical, energetic, capable and systematic (whisper low),—a little too fond of stringing. She's always ready to help, but a perfect success as a boss—generally termed a "good egg."



RUTH BARDEN
 Goldsboro, N. C.

Two years at Martha Washington College; President Sewing Club (3); Critic I A E (4); Vice-President Athletic Association (4); Message Staff (4).



"Ruth" spends most of her time with the three R's, Reading "specials;" 'Riting;' 'Rithmetic to "Analyt." Proverbial Senior dignity sits on her shoulders with becoming ease.



"Letha:"
 It is really most appalling
 How much knowledge without falling
 She can store within that brain of
 hers.
 We are proud to call her "poet,"
 "Genius," but you'd never know it,
 For that plain and unassuming way
 of hers.



LETHA BROCK
 Richlands, N. C.

Secretary Class (4); Corresponding Secretary E A E (4); Secretary "Perfect Patchers" (3); Echo Staff (4).



SARAH LEE BROCK
 Richlands, N. C.

Recording Secretary Students' Association (4); Captain of Walking Club (4).



"Sarah Lee" always finishes what she begins, and does it in a quiet, unpretentious manner. She has never, never been called up for chewing gum or wearing abbreviated skirts—a needed ballast in our boat.



MYRTLE BRUTON
Biscoe, N. C.

President Class (1); Vice-President Tribunal (3); Secretary-Treasurer Basketball Club (3); Captain Class Basketball Team (3); President Sewing Club (3); Annual Staff (4); President Y. W. C. A. (4).



"Bruton" is an "all 'round good fellow." She fills the job whether in Y. W. or basketball; takes her time on class but lets you hear from her outside.



GAYNELL CALLAWAY
Mount Airy, N. C.

Treasurer Class (3); President Tribunal I A E (3); Chief Chapel Monitor (3), (4); *Echo* Staff (3); "Message" Staff (3); Vice-President Class (4); Treasurer of I A E (4); Y. W. C. A. Cabinet (4); *Echo* Staff (4).



"Gay:" What she lacks in size, she makes up on intellect. She never fails to know the answer to a question, and she knows and knows she knows she's right. Indifferent; sassy; well, just meet her.



She may not be large in size but listen—she has a big heart. She has a wonderful memory, but she prefers to store it with facts at the last possible moment.



SALLIE RUTH CHAPPELL
Edenton, N. C.

Vice-President I. A. E. (+); Treasurer Students' Association (+); Captain Walking Squad (+).



LILLIAN COZART
Stem, N. C.

Vice-President Students' Association (+); President Tribunal (+); *Echo* Staff (+).



"Lillian:" She's quick when she arrives, but slow getting there. She takes to English VI like a duck to water—maybe. She enjoys a good joke; sticks up for her friends, "yassum" she does.



FRANCES FARRELL
Leaksville, N. C.

"G" Club; Assistant Business Manager of *Message* (3); Literary Editor of *Echo* (3); Marshal I A E (4); *Message* Staff (4); Literary Editor of *Echo* (4); Y. W. C. A. Cabinet (4); Chief Marshal (4).



"Frances:" Her skill on the athletic field is second only to her literary ability. She's a little prone to procrastination and the use of polysyllabic words, but withal, just about the best-hearted girl in the world.



"Louise:" If you once see her you'll never forget her. Capable, with an understanding mind, loyal as they make them; she truly captivates.

Page Forty-four



LOUISE FRANKLIN
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Two years at Salem; Vice-President E A E (4); Corresponding Secretary Students' Association (4); *Echo* Staff (4).



"Ila:" Generous and modest, quiet and serious minded, she's capable of enduring the lectures intended for the whole class—our president.



I. A. HARRELL
Gates, N. C.

President of Dramatic Club (4);
Secretary Y. W. C. A. (4); President
of Class (4).



ELEANOR HORTON
Wadesboro, N. C.

Treasurer Tennis Club (2); President of Class (2), (3); Editor of Message (3); Vice-President Dramatic Club (3), (4); Marshal I A E (4); *Echo* Staff (4); President Students' Association (4).



"Hort" leads and we follow, 'cause we love her and for other reasons! She sometimes alarms us with a most grandiloquent utterance but we're relieved to find it's from "Hamlet."



ELLEN JONES
Hillsboro, N. C.

One year at Southern Presbyterian College; Corresponding Secretary E. A. E. (3); Recording Secretary E. A. E. (4); Treasurer Y. W. C. A. (4); Message Staff (4); President Basketball Club (4).



"Ellen" always saves an answer until her question comes. Quiet on the surface but watch out for the undertow. She's accurate, level-headed and owns plenty of grey matter.



EDLWEISS KING
Wilmington, N. C.

President of Tribunal I. A. E. (1); Recording Secretary Students' Association (2); Second Vice-President Students' Association (3); Associate Editor Message (3), (4); Vice-President Y. W. C. A. (4); Chaplain I. A. E. (4).



"Edelweiss;" Calm in reasoning, deliberate in judgment, she walks with others toward the better things—a rare flower in our college garden.



"Grace Osborne" is full of a deliciously dry wit, but for some unknown reason she hardly ever lets it out. If you would "wait a minute" I'd say more.



GRACE OSBORNE
Durham, N. C.

Two years at Trinity College; President Athletic Association (4); Treasurer E. A. E. (4); Message Staff (4); *Echo* Staff (4).



RENA PERRY
Bailey, N. C.

Member Championship Basketball Team (1), (2); Business Manager Message (4); Y. W. C. A. Cabinet (4); *Echo* Staff (4); Wearer of "G" (4).



"Rena:" Here she is—our business woman; sensible, practical, diligent; she still finds time to be a good student and a dandy comrade.



BESSIE PULLIAM
Alton, Va.

Class Historian (3); Treasurer of
Class (+); Message Staff (+).



"Bessie:" Generous, dignified, sober, solemn; she sometimes frightens us, but she doesn't mean to. She craves the giddy with the rest of us, yet like B'rer Tar baby she "say nuffin."



"Mignon," our "intellectual giant," is a studious and dignified little creature at times, but one soon sees that books are not her whole world. She is capable, a good friend and full of jolly, good fun.



MIGNON SMITH
Reidsville, N. C.

Secretary Sewing Club (2), (3);
Captain of Walking Club (3), (4);
Editor-in-Chief of *Echo* (4).

Two years at Guilford College; Marshal I A E (3); Marshal Students' Association (3); "G" Club (3); Captain of Walking Club (3), (4); Business Manager of *Echo* (4).

"Marguerite" would have been called "Patsy" if she had been reared under Dixie's skies, for she's all the cuteness the name implies—a trace of Ireland, a hint from France—our pet.



MARGUERITE TUTHILL
Long Island, N. Y.



GRACE WALLACE
Morehead City, N. C.

Marshal I A E (1); Secretary-Treasurer Class (2); Tribunal I A E (2); Vice-President Y. W. C. A. (3); Treasurer Nordica Club (3); Chief Chapel Monitor (3); President I A E (4); President Nordica Club (4); Y. W. C. A. Cabinet (4); *Echo* Staff (4).

"Grace" is rightly named and so we call her. She can be happy over anything—even Physics! Hear her ask "Are you from Dixie?" and give a yell for Morehead City.

Bugle Call to '17

Temperance "Crusher" Aycock
Ruth "Special" Barden
Myrtle "Giggles" Bruton
Sarah Lee "Pedagogy" Brock
Letha "A+" Brock
Sallie Ruth "Chatterbox" Chappell
Lillian "Tardy" Cozart
Gaynell "Sleepy-Head" Callaway
Louise "Archimedes" Franklin
Frances "Piker" Farrell
Eleanor "Hot Air" Horton
Ila "Wake Forest" Harrell
Ellen "Worried-to-Death" Jones
Edelweiss "Good Egg" King
Grace "Wait-a-Minute" Osborne
Rena "Popcorn" Perry
Bessie "Down Town" Pulliam
Mignon "In-a-Hurry" Smith
Marguerite "Yankee Doodle" Tuthill
Grace "Chewing Gum" Wallace

The Life of '17

CAN WE ever forget that eventful night when we twenty-six homesick Freshmen first arrived at College, and began our new life here? It cannot be said that we looked forward to it with any too much pleasure. How well we remember the day when we presented ourselves to the Classification Committee! We stood there trembling and breathless, awaiting the verdict of that august assembly. 'Twas then that we began to have a faint conception of the work that was ahead of us; in the course of a few days, however, we became reconciled to it. We began to see the silver lining to our cloud when the Y. W. C. A. entertained us that first Saturday night. This was our first college function, and we fell to wondering when we would have such a pleasure again.

The royal attention which was shown us by the old girls, of course, with the idea of winning us for their society—of which purpose we were ignorant—had the effect of spoiling us and causing us to develop a sense of self-importance, which, as public opinion would have it, remained with us through our Sophomore year as one of our predominant characteristics.

We had not dreamed of anything as glorious in our college life as the society banquet. It was an entirely new experience with us, but as imitators of our escorts, we were sure that we passed the evening without a single violation of etiquette. The memory of it was a rich asset to the record of our Freshmen days.

At this time there was a turning point in our conception of college life. Up to this time social interest had been paramount, but with our class organized, we started to work in dead earnest with our goal before us.

As Field Day rapidly approached, our class spirit became stronger and our confidence in our class tennis and basketball teams increased. We defied the upper classmen in both these fields of athletics, and set the championship cups as our goal. Each of us determined that we much reach this goal, each of us appointed herself a special committee of one to encourage our men to win at all odds. When the day at last came, we were indeed conquerors, and these heights of joy and pride have been attained never before or since. Perhaps this great conquest was brought about by the mere ability of the teams, perhaps by the great enthusiasm of the class expressed in songs and yells, but one thing is certain, our determination and strong class spirit had a great effect on our victory.

One of the most important events of our Freshman year was the inauguration of our beloved President, Dr. S. B. Turrentine. We indeed felt our importance as participants in this occasion.

Then came the time in our lives when the learning we had gained in our Freshman year made us feel as if we could conquer the world, but when we waded into knowledge a little further we found that after all we were just the same little wise fools that every Sophomore has been since the world began. We were suddenly overcome with the desire to make the Freshmen feel just how green they were. We walked around the campus as though we owned it and gave our opinions on any questions at the slightest provocation.

It was during this year that Ellen Jones came to us from Red Springs. We were glad to have her join our ranks. We became active and interested in all phases of college life. One social feature of the year was the Junior-Sophomore entertainment, which made the bonds of friendship stronger. Then we, following



the example of our big sisters, entertained the Freshmen in the "gym." It was indeed a night of gayety. During this year the Students' Association was born.

As an evidence of our spirit of altruism, the Sophomore class secured the co-operation of the student body in sending a fund to the suffering Belgians, by dispensing with all Christmas presents among ourselves. From this we branched out into other college activities and by the end of the year we had won honors in classroom and athletics, thereby gaining the championship in basketball again.

But these glorious days were over at last and we were Juniors, with all the burdens the name implies. Our ranks were greatly strengthened this year by the addition of Louise Franklin of Salem, Ruth Barden, from Martha Washington, Grace Osborne, from Trinity and Marguerite Tuthill, from Guilford.

We began the usual cry of ice cream early in September. Our business prospered, through sunshine and rain, and at innumerable class meetings our plans were discussed. The final plan was to whirl the Seniors away by means of automobiles to a city not far distant. Strange to say not a Senior discovered our plans, and you can imagine the surprise when we arrived at the hotel and were served to a six-course dinner.

Then came Commencement with regalias and we awoke to the realization that we were really Seniors. By that time we had already felt responsibilities mingled with a sense of triumph which come with that stage of our development.

We returned in the fall to find one of our number had chosen her profession already as a mistress of a home, but we still count Mrs. Mildred Spiers Emory as one of us.

The dignity that we had accumulated during the first three years was not a circumstance compared to the air that we began to assume in the early fall. At the beginning of this, our last year, having approached the climax of knowledge, we condescended to give a word of advice to mere Freshmen. It cannot be said we completely ignored any of the under classmen. If we seemed neglectful of their welfare, it was merely because we were consumed with a desire of knowledge. It was at this time that we began to map out great careers for ourselves. Added responsibilities were accompanied by added privilege. With the hope of paving the way for student government, which had been rejected by student vote at the close of our Junior year, we took the responsibility of the government of Senior Hall, which was thrust upon us *nolens volens* by our Dean. Soon these minds of ours that had been soaring above the ordinary things of life had to come back to earth again and for what purpose, do you suppose? Alas, 'twas only boys—those Wake Forest boys of the Glee Club, whom it fell to our good fortune to entertain.

Social functions have come our way rather frequently this spring. Mrs. Wylie, wife of Judge A. S. Wylie, teacher of the Senior and Junior class at West Market Street Sunday School, had us at an afternoon reception. Soon at the hospitable home of Mrs. E. C. Wallington, we were entertained by the Alumnae, and we also were guests at their reception at the College March 20. Our alumnae always had a warm spot in their hearts for G. C. W. girls.

Realizing that we would like to do something especially definite in our last year of college life, we adopted the following platform: "We, the Senior Class, in the interest of the realization of a greater Greensboro College, after due consideration and careful deliberation resolve to stand for discipline, self-control, the elimination of useless expenditures, and for loyalty as coming alumnae." In our ambitions and aspirations, which are boundless, we bear in mind Browning's injunction: "Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp or what's a Heaven for?"

S. R. C.



What Will Come to '17

IN THE month of May of the year 1925, a young lady sat in one of the easy chairs on the rotunda porch of Greensboro College for Women. She gave an appearance of quiet dignity from the sensible low-heeled shoe to the sparse, primly arranged strands of straight hair. These attributes would have marked her, even to one who did not know that it was Miss Barden, head of the department of Mathematics at G. C. W., as the usual and proverbial "spinstery schoolmarm." The pupils asked why Miss Barden, who was always known to employ every spare minute of her time performing her numerous arduous duties, was dressed in her best black taffeta dress, which heretofore had only been worn on those Sundays when she led the line to church. Only the Mathematics star was able to answer, but she was listened to in breathless amazement when she told the others of her preparations to give a reception in honor of the reunion of her classmates of 1917.

Just then Miss Barden, for all her dignity, made a flying leap toward two ladies briskly approaching. With a reckless and daring embrace, she welcomed the two ladies, at the same time saying: "Well, Ha, of course you are on time. You can thank your position as Class President for that good habit. But, Frances Farrell, when did you cultivate the art of coming on time?"

The last lady addressed in an absend-minded manner took out a note book and began hastily jotting down notes. After the question had been several times repeated, she deliberately took off her glasses, turned slowly toward Miss Barden, and said:

"Well, you know, since I have become editor of the Daily News, I thought that this would be an interesting item for the morning edition, so I came early in order to get everything in an orderly form. If there is one thing in the world I deplore it is lack of order."

Miss Barden turned to the other lady and inquired, "Well, Ha, what has become of you?"

"At present I'm very busy with my campaign work. The people in my town have prevailed upon me to give up my law practice for a while, and I'm now making stump speeches advocating the cause of Militarism. I tell you, people ought not to sit still and sigh for peace, but we ought to be up and doing, well prepared for war upon the slightest provocation—"

Ha's oration was interrupted by the approach of a large automobile, from which merged you might call it, the latest word in fashion. "Could it be a girl?" thought Miss Barden. The brevity of her skirts and the trippingly fantastic step with which she approached seemed to affirm this question, but when within three feet of the group her shrilly penetrating voice was heard, "Oh, girls, I'm just bubbling over with excitement at the thought of being here. Isn't it glorious! Oh, yes, Letha sends her regards. I'm sorry she couldn't be here, but the manager just wouldn't let but one of us off. You don't mean to tell me you haven't heard of the chief attraction of the "Tripp and Toe vaudeville, the Brock toe dancers?"



"Could this be Sara Lee Brock?" thought Miss Barden, and she seemed on the verge of hysteria, but quickly regained her neutral equilibrium as she saw several ladies alight from the street car.

The group on the porch moved into the parlor, where tea was served, and where they amiably discussed various topics until interrupted by the arrival of the before-mentioned ladies. As they entered the room they were laughing and talking merrily and the ladies already in the room had an opportunity to observe them closely.

One of the three ladies who was dressed very plainly, almost masculinely, and who was very small was easily recognized as Marguerite Tuthill. She was telling of her work as trained nurse in one of the leading Northern hospitals.

The second lady, tall, handsomely dressed, interrupted her, saying, "Well, I can not stay here long. I promised Frank I would go riding with him at five o'clock, and the dear boy would never forgive me for breaking a date with him. He is the sweetest thing in the world to me. I never dreamed that to be in love was such a blissful state, and I don't see how women can be such ardent suffragettes when there are such wonderful men in the world as Frank." These words of wisdom fell from the lips of Temperance Aycock.

The third lady of the group then began explaining the many uses of the hair dye which she was selling. She herself had beautiful black hair and only by the tones of her voice were the ladies able to recognize her as Ellen Jones.

Just then the maid brought in two well-dressed, even wealthy looking ladies. Of course the younger looking of the two was recognized at once by everybody in the room, for they were constantly reminded by the numerous pictures of the leading prima donna soprano of the day, of the success of their former classmate, Gaynell Callaway. The company rose to greet her with a sense of awe, for was she not a personage who had just recently returned from a tour of Europe, where she had been presented at the various courts of the mighty monarch?

"Oh! girls," said the rich voice of the prima donna, "it's so good to be with you all again. Of course I'm living a wonderfully gay life, but I have missed you more than once since the good old days of '17. Oh, I almost forgot to introduce my accompanist and chaperon," she said, as she saw some of the ladies looking with interest at the quiet, dignified, and rotund lady at her side. "Well, this is Sallie Ruth Chappell. You don't mean to say you didn't know she has become a splendid pianist, and as soon as I saw her in New York I signed her up as my accompanist."

"And by the way, I want to tell you of an experience I had while passing through India. Sallie Ruth and I were riding along a deserted-looking road, when suddenly we came upon an interesting looking group. On a box a very stout woman sat, calmly waving a palm leaf fan to and fro, while the rays from the Indian sun beat upon her head mercilessly. The lady was industriously and patiently teaching the Catechism to a large group of half-naked children. Now, for the surprise and point of the story. That missionary was our old classmate, Grace Wallace."

The prima donna's story was interrupted by the arrival of a messenger boy with a telegram for Miss Barden. She read it aloud: "Sorry not to be with you girls, but Jack came in unexpectedly, and he says I just must stay at home. Then, too, the youngest boy has whooping cough, so I guess it's best not to come." And the telegram was signed Rena. Think of Rena Perry bowing down to the wish of a mere man.



Again there was an interruption. This time a handsome, elderly lady entered. It was Grace Osborne, who had recently married a resident of Durham, a wealthy man of sixty years of age. Since that time, Grace had led a life consisting of the worldly pleasures. Her name was quite prominent in the society columns of the papers as leader in every form of social life, from the Woman's Club to the weekly dances. After greeting the ladies, Grace at once began, "Well, let me tell you, before I forget it, that the last person I saw in Durham was Louise Franklin. Poor Louise, she's slaving her life away trying to teach Physics to those young ignoramuses at Trinity, and, since she had a most important experiment on this afternoon, she couldn't possibly get off even for three hours."

The reception proceeded in a rapid and delightful manner, the conversation being interrupted several times by the arrival of other guests.

Again two ladies stood at the door. They were no others than Edelweiss King and Bessie Pulliam. Bessie, who had become quite a famous artist, told of her work, and then she told of a most remarkable occurrence. She said that a model came to her, and the model was Mignon Smith, who, on account of her belligerent disposition had gone to Europe, and played a brilliant part in the European War, but, by so doing, lost both her arms. Ever since she had been posing as Venus.

Edelweiss King told of her work as the keeper of the Raleigh Insane Asylum. She caused the first touch of sadness to the otherwise happy occasion by telling the pitiful story of Myrtle Bruton, who had been brought to the asylum. There she sat in one of the cells, constantly going through the motions of playing a piano. She had gone crazy over the thought of being a famous musician.

The merriment went on for several hours, and, when the guests were preparing to leave, a vigorous ring of the door bell was heard, and, as usual, Lillian Cozart came in, puffing and blowing. After the general laugh at her expense, Lillian, in an enthusiastic manner, told of the useful work she was doing, by exhibiting the wonderful invention of Mr. Nicholson, the "rat-proof crib," by which, eventually, the world would be entirely free from rats.

When the last guest had disappeared down the long avenue of the stately old campus, Miss Barden drew a great sigh that was both of regret and pleasure. As she turned to go within, reflecting as she went, "I always felt that the class of '17 was destined to do great work for the advancement of civilization."

E. H.



Left Overs From '17

DESIRING even the last moments of this our college life to be in harmony and accord with our past actions, we have departed—as is our custom—from the usual way of accomplishing the desired end, and instead of drawing up a Last Will and Testament, having it duly signed and witnessed, have decided without further ceremony to donate to various parties the things which we have held as our very own despite various efforts to wrest them from us. We are not only going to leave behind us those things which we have carried through the entire four years with us, such as buoyant spirits, frankness, and ability to express our own opinions on various and sundry objects, in fact on every subject which has been mentioned, but also the responsibilities which have come to us in later years, which have furrowed our brows, lowered our voices, calmed our boisterousness and all but whitened the hairs of our heads. In short, we are going to leave behind us everything *which we cannot carry with us.*

The second floor of Fitzgerald Hall, which, by virtue of the monarchs—not absolute, but limited—who have ruled over it for the past nine months, has been dignified to the position of Senior Hall we leave to the disapproving Juniors. Despite the various threats, at certain times and on critical occasions that this floor shall be taken away from us, we find that it is as immovable as all other brick buildings, and can not be taken away with us. (Oh! What fate hangs on a preposition!) Along with this hall goes a little wooden box which may be seen fastened securely to the wall at the head of the central stairs. In the top of this box there is a slit and woe be unto the girl whose name passes slowly but relentlessly through that slit! We call this box the "report box" and we trust that our heirs to it may find that its capacity is greater than demand will require.

On Senior Hall will also be found a number of red-back books, with lettering in gold which read, "Text-book of Physics." These, too, go to the Juniors. We cannot take them with us, conscience forbids; the Juniors will *need* them.

Our much enjoyed privilege of all being allowed to talk at once and as much as we like (which has been restricted to class meetings) we leave to the incoming Freshmen. It will be impossible for us to make as much noise in the outer world and not be misunderstood, so we regretfully leave it behind us. We wish it clearly understood, however, that in the future, at class reunions, we shall have the right to resume this privilege and have another class meeting in which we may express our righteous indignation at the way the world, no longer the faculty, has mistreated us. We hope that this one privilege will bear fruit and bring to the incoming Freshmen many much-clamored-for privileges which it has been ineffectual in doing for us.

To the young lady who was for three years one of us, but who remains after us, we leave the felicitation of one of our number, who has recently changed classes in order to get a broader view of her subject, for a certain professor and his book-satchel. We can not allow one of us to go out with said partiality in her heart. It must be left behind—we trust it is in safe keeping.

To the Dean we wish to leave the unrestricted use of the telephone. While it is true that we have never had the use of this instrument, yet we wish it understood that we consider her the only person capable of answering long distance calls, and keeping young men listening or *perhaps* talking until they have nothing with which to pay railroad fare to Greensboro.

To the President of our College home, after careful consideration and due deliberation, we have come to the conclusion that the only thing which we possess



worthy of his attention is a lexicon of synonyms which we found useful in writing our English themes. We trust that he will follow the main trunk line of thought which runs through it, and that it will be a comparison on his numerous itineraries. We throw this out as a bare suggestion but hope someone will heartily endorse it.

The propensity for the use, even the correct use as far as the rest of us know, of polysyllabic words which one of us possesses, we leave to the new president of the Student Association. May she use them so effectively as to put even the Dean on the defensive and cause her to consider what the Association wishes if it is only to wonder over the words themselves.

The peace which will follow our departing footsteps we leave to the Faculty. While it is true that this peace has never been associated with us yet anything which will succeed will be peace, comparatively speaking. We hope the faculty will enjoy it as thoroughly as they have wished for it in the past four years.

Contrary to the custom of most classes and therefore in perfect accord with our record, we do not leave behind us the love and fidelity which we feel so deeply for our Alma Mater. Instead we take it with us and will keep in our hearts forever a true love and loyalty for our College.

G. C.



'17's MASCOT



WAITING-AND-LONGING

ON THE STUMP

CRUSHERS

BUSHMEN

WHEN SHALL WE -
THREE MEET AGAIN

THE HOLD-UP



Music

S
e
n
i
o
r
s



B. M.

WE TSUNG ZUNG
Shanghai, China



VELNA CANFIELD
Morehead City, N. C.



EMMA PILLOW
McLeansville, N. C.



EVA STAINBACK
Greensboro, N. C.



LOLA WOLTZ
Mount Airy, N. C.



LOLA WOLTZ
Mount Airy, N. C.
Graduate in Voice

ELEANOR HORTON
Wadesboro, N. C.
Graduate in Expression





DOMESTIC SCIENCE





LILLIAN COZART
Stem, N. C.



LOUISE FRANKLIN
Winston-Salem, N. C.



BESSIE PULLIAM
Alton, Va.



GRACE WALLACE
Morehead City, N. C.

* Elizabeth Andrews, Temperance Aycock, Edelweiss King, recipients of Teachers' Certificates.



SENIORS IN ART





Junior Class

CATHERINE HUBBARD	<i>President</i>
CLAIRE HARRIS.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARGUERITE WILSON.....	<i>Secretary</i>
MAURINE BRITAIN.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

Colors: Blue and White

Flower: Narcissus.

Motto: Dum virimus, vivamus.

JUNIOR CLASS ROLL

Reuben Alley	Catherine Hubbard
Maurine Brittain	Elizabeth Merritt
Kathleen Conroy	Jessie Reeves
Lucy Curtis	Mattie Register
Flossie Denny, B.M.	Edith Swinney
Minnie Garrett	Sadye Trollingier, B.M.
Thelma Harrell, B.M.	Marguerite Wilson
Claire Harris	We Tsung Zung



REUBEN ALLEY
Greensboro, N. C.

*"She could on either side dispute;
Confute, change sides and still confute."*

MAURINE BRITTAIN
Summerfield, N. C.

*"Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat,
And therefore, let's be merry."*

KATHLEEN CONROY
Culowhee, N. C.

*"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low;
an excellent thing in a woman."*

LUCY CURTIS
Greensboro, N. C.

*"My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much must talk in vain."*





FLOSSY DENNY
Greensboro, N. C.

"I am never merry when I hear sweet music."

MINNIE GARRETT
Rockingham, N. C.

*"Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair."*

THELMA HARRELL
Suffolk, Va.

*"Music hath charms to sooth the savage
breast:
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak."*

CLAIRE HARRIS
Roxboro, N. C.

*"Satire's my accapon, but I'm too discreet
To run amuck and tilt at all I meet."*



CATHERINE HUBBARD
Elkin, N. C.

*"Some are born great; some achieve
greatness,
And some have greatness thrust upon
them."*

ELIZABETH MERRITT
Mt. Airy, N. C.

*"Charm strikes the right, but Merritt
wins the soul."*

MATTIE REGISTER
Greensboro, N. C.

*"In Nature's infinite book of secrecy,
A little I can read."*

JESSIE REEVES
Albemarle, N. C.

*"True, virtuous and in all a noble
woman."*





EDITH SWINNEY
Atlanta, Ga.

*"Give me an honest fame or give me none
at all."*

SADYE TROLLINGER
Burlington, N. C.

"As musical as Apollo's lute."

MARGUERITE WILSON
Hertford, N. C.

"Thou who hast the fatal gift of beauty."

WE TSUNG ZUNG
Souchow, China

*"And still we gazed and still the wonder
grew,
That one small head should carry all
she knew."*



Junior Class History

There was much speculation as to the cause of the sudden summons of the class of '18 to the office of the president. What could it mean? But our fears were dispelled when we were told that it was for nothing more than an oral examination; however, two-thirds of the class must answer each question in the affirmative, or we would not be allowed to finish the race which was almost three-fourths run.

"Will those who attended the Sophomore reception in the fall of 1914 rise?"

And two-thirds of us stood up!

"Will those who drank toasts to the class on the memorable night when we noiselessly congregated around the tree which was in the future to grow with us in every way except in verdure—please rise?"

It was by a narrow margin that this question passed.

"Will those who acted as nurses when we entertained the homesick Freshmen in the fall of 1915, rise?"

Happily we passed this question.

"Will those who returned on time after the holidays in the Spring of 1916 please stand?"

And—mirabile dictu—all of us rose at once!

"Lastly, will those who have diligently sold cream at the time assigned them, rise?"

But only one-fourth stood up!

Our three years at college were wasted—we would not be permitted to round the curve, beyond which lay the road to Senior-dom!

The hour bell rang, and we knew that we had only been day-dreaming of the most memorable of the red letter days in the Calendar of the Class of '18.

C. H.



Junior Class Poem

Juniors, and what does it mean?
 That the road is nearly finished
 And though the ascent was weary,
 Hot the tired days—and long.
 It means to live on the hill top,
 With knowledge of valleys crossed,
 Knowing the mountain steepness
 And the fearful chance of a fall;
 Knowing and prizing the knowledge
 And the breadth of the view it has brought.
 And ah! the joy of the climbing,
 The pleasure outweighing the pain.
 For we're all good pals on this journey,
 Marching shoulder to shoulder each day.
 Marching and laughing together
 At the fun of the every day.
 Working and planning together
 O'er the problems along the way.
 The hours we've had together,
 The lives we have met and touched,
 Who can measure the depth of the impress
 In the light of the years to come?
 But we are not yet at the summit,
 The end is scarce in view.
 The last is perhaps the steepest,
 But who will dare to say
 That the glorious class of 'eighteen
 Will fail of the crowning day?

C. H.



AS THE FRESHMAN APPEARS TO MISS SOPH.



Sophomore Class

OFFICERS

ERNESTINE LAMBETH.....	<i>President</i>
RUTH BELL.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
ESTHER AYCOCK.....	<i>Secretary</i>
ELIZABETH GIBSON.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

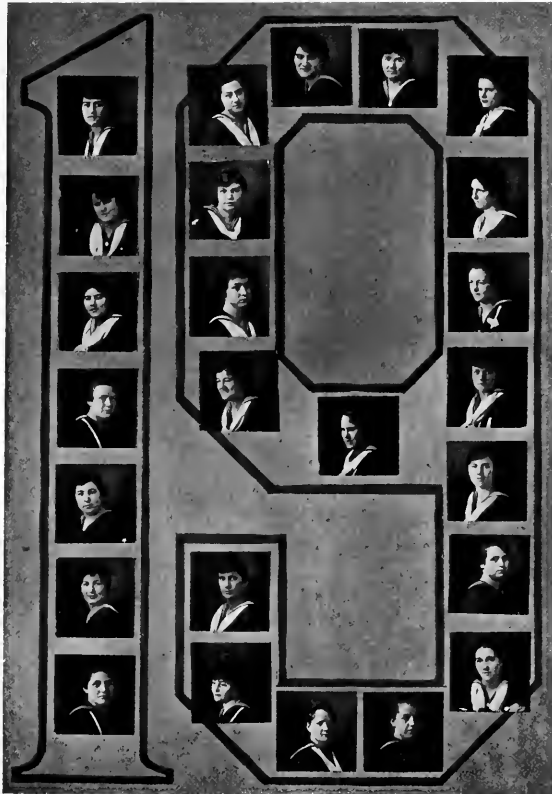
Colors: Red and White.

Flower: White Sweet Pea.

Motto: "Carpe diem."

CLASS ROLL

Esther Aycock	Anna Holshouser
Ruth Bell	Ruth Hunter
Helen Bristol	Carrie Erwin
Lucy Brothers	Attrice Kernodle
Myrtle Caviness	Ernestine Lambeth
Edna Caviness	Annie Long
Thelma Dixon	Jessie Pillow
Helen Earhardt	Mary Miller
Bessie Finstein	Martha Moore
Elizabeth Gibson	Lillie Gay Shaw
Lois Goode	Verdie Trollingier
Nell Groome	Gladys Whedbee
Carrie Harris	Marjorie Worsham



Sophomore Poem

Only two short years ago
When our life was all aglow,
And we had no earthly woe,
 We were Freshmen.
Every heart beat high with joy,
We were gold without alloy,
Books were but a passing toy
 To us Freshmen.

Now our hearts are filled with pride
And all ignorance we deride,
Wisdom with us doth abide,
 We are Sophomores.
Day by day we learning show,
Toss opinions to and fro,
Solomon, himself, you know,
 Wasn't a Sophomore.

A. L.



Class History '19

SURELY, our Muse will have many wholesome little smiles when she leisurely scans the annals of the class of '19. She will find there many little incidents that seem to speak of that awful malady, so prevalent among first, and even second year college girls—homesickness, and the usual routine of blunders, both gradually replaced by a brighter aspect toward college life, and life in general. And, perhaps, as she reads with a greater interest, she will be agreeably surprised in the discovery of little bits of history which heretofore had escaped her notice; it is possible that there will be promising, even distinguishing, phrases ascribed to each of us. We hope that the print, whether in Latin, French, German or English, for the sake of future reference, will be thoroughly legible, if not literal. Although we have not as yet had a glimpse into the last two chapters of the all important volume, we feel assured that they will reflect more genuineness of mental and moral character, which, in later years, will point to the Alma Mater whence it originated. At this particular point in our college careers, we are striving not to be disappointed in this, our crowning ambition.

We are free to confess that our advent into college under the label of "Freshies" must have been a source of absorbing interest to the onlookers. Most of us, doubtless, carried down-spirited, and ill-at-ease countenances. A few of the braver of us, unfortunately, assumed an air of familiarity with our new surroundings; consequently, many painful little pranks were played at our expense. But, at length, after the prolonged pains of classification, we were finally organized as a class under the leadership of Elizabeth Derickson, and began to look for our share of both work and play in the schedule of college activities. Soon, we were indulging in basketball to the extent of unmercifully defeating the Juniors, and taking from them the cup they had cherished since they themselves were "Freshies." The event gave us athletic rank, but not very desirable social prestige. The social triumph, however, came a little later when, as a result of the many little consultations with our president, we were prepared for our debut into college society. We shudder to think what might have befallen our self esteem, had she not given us all the timely information necessary for enjoying the party arranged for us by the Sophomores. How often since that occasion have we found ourselves longing for a repetition of the freedom to be carried back to our "childhood"—to play in the sand, to have our good nurses tell us fairy tales, and sing us old-but-ever-new lullabies! As for literary distinction: most of us passed the finals on Latin and Math.

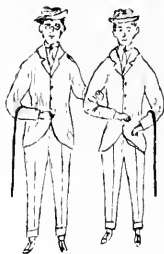
And so:

The second year found the class fewer in numbers, yet stronger in its very selectness. It saw us with Ernestine Lambeth as president, leagued together in closer comradeship, under the class standards of "Kindness, Cheerfulness, and

Loyalty." This year, evidently, was destined to be one of greater importance to us from the standpoint of college life in general. In consequence of some of its outstanding features, we are able to boast of our tennis champions, and to congratulate ourselves on various "good times" together. We are not likely to forget such enjoyable occasions as the *real* party given to us on St. Valentine's day in the home of Attrice Kernodle on West Market Street, or the less real party in which we as "sailor lads" attempted to win the hearts of the bashful little Freshman lassies. But these delights have been intermingled with serious work and some strenuous duties. Always, they have been indulged in with due consideration of the "E's" to be avoided by all right minded students.

Now, with the closing of the Sophomore Chapter, we are wondering what our Junior and Senior pages will contain.

H. B.



Darlings -



FRESHMAN



SEPT.

AND

MAY.

Trish Young

Freshman Class

OFFICERS

LOUISE DAVIS.....	<i>President</i>
NAOMI HOWIE.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARY ELIZABETH SMITH.....	<i>Secretary</i>
BESSIE OWEN.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

Colors: Silver Grey and Purple

Flower: Purple Aster.

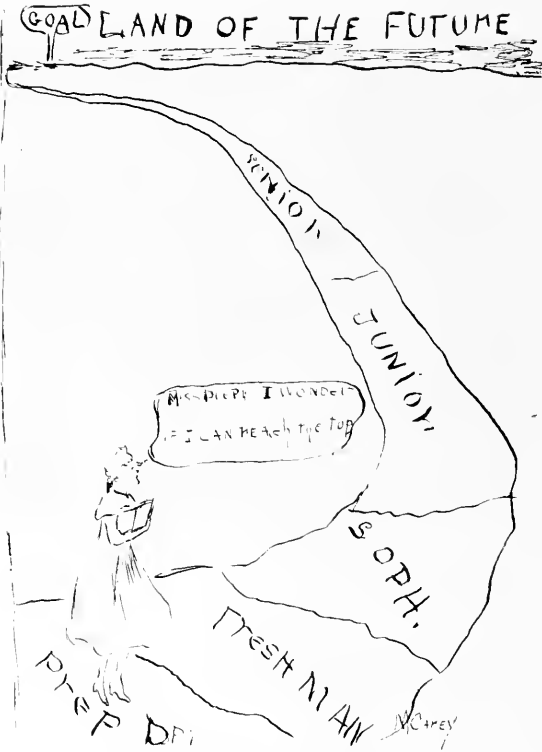
Motto: Per ardua ad Alta.

CLASS ROLL

Martha Adams.....Durham, N. C.	Helen Knowles.....Hertford, N. C.
Elizabeth Austin....Albemarle, N. C.	Lilly Nelson Mason...Durham, N. C.
Annie M. Atwater...Burlington, N. C.	Martha E. Morris....Asheboro, N. C.
Maude H. Baynor....Belhaven, N. C.	Lucile Morris.....Asheboro, N. C.
Catherine Bailey...Marshville, N. C.	Elizabeth May.....Rocky Mt., N. C.
Pauline Blalock.....Dunn, N. C.	Bernice Nicholson, Washington, N. C.
Myrtle Barnes.....Lumberton, N. C.	Bessie Owen.....Weldon, N. C.
Bessie Buckner.....Salisbury, N. C.	Betty Packer.....Clinton, N. C.
Grace Bowen.....Wilmington, N. C.	Mae Robinson.....Mt. Airy, N. C.
Melba Cole.....Carthage, N. C.	Mary Reece.....Elkin, N. C.
Mary L. Cox.....Goldsboro, N. C.	Mattie Reeves...N. Wilkesboro, N. C.
Mary Lilly Cox...Jacksonville, N. C.	Madge Sills.....Winston, N. C.
Elizabeth Cox.....Jacksonville, N. C.	Madeline Strickland..Nashville, N. C.
Josephine Craven...Rocky Mt., N. C.	Mary Sherwood.....Ramsour, N. C.
Helen Hood.....Dunn, N. C.	Inez Smithwick....La Grange, N. C.
Elizabeth Harris...High Point, N. C.	Mary E. Smith.....Belhaven, N. C.
Lucy Harden.....Boone, N. C.	Clara Steele.....High Point, N. C.
Mary Louise Harrell...Gates, N. C.	Esther Tatum.....Mt. Olive, N. C.
Annie Harris.....Oriental, N. C.	Nancy Tyson.....Stantonsbury, N. C.
Eliza Herring.....Goldsboro, N. C.	Virginia Thompson.....
Naomi Howie.....Madison, N. C.Stanton-bury, N. C.
Minnie R. Holcomb...Mt. Airy, N. C.	Elsie Thompson...Stantonsbury, N. C.
Annie May Hatch...Mt. Olive, N. C.	Carrie Wilkinson...Lexington, N. C.
Louise Ingram.....High Point, N. C.	Nellie White...N. Wilkesboro, N. C.
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Eva Jurney.....Mt. Olive, N. C.	Marie Young.....Greensboro, N. C.
Grace Jerome.....Greensboro, N. C.	

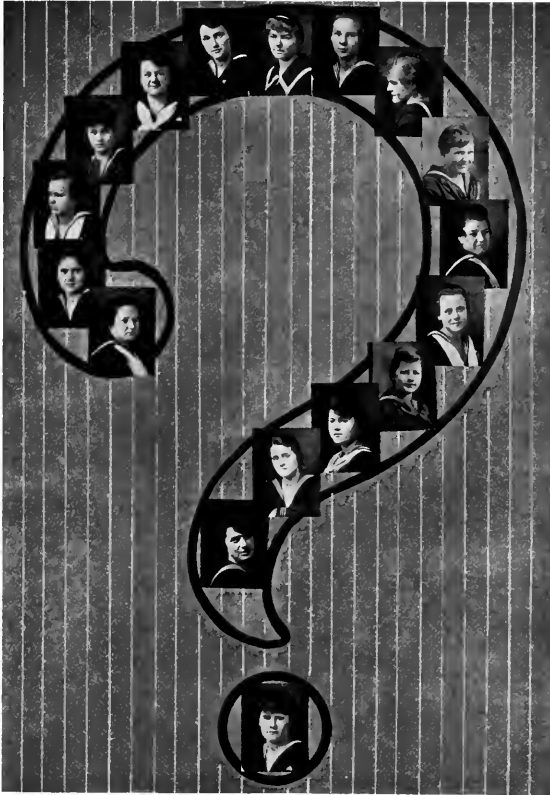


FRESHMAN GROUP



THE QUERY CLUB CLASS OFFICERS

- KATE WARLICK.....President
- MARJORIE CHATHAM.....Vice-President
- SARAH COLE.....Secretary
- GRACE BENCINI.....Treasurer



THE QUERY CLUB

The Preparatory Department

Motto: Labor accomplishes all things.

Colors: Black and Gold.

Flowers: Black-Eyed Susans.

CLASS ROLL

Elizabeth Bailey

Grace Bencini

Elizabeth Burns

Marjorie Chatham

Sarah Cole

Louise Elliott

Sallie Holt

Rose Jones

Inez King

Carrie McNeilly

Ouida McRae

Susie Meadows

Mary Moose

Nancy Moose

Annie Mary Smith

Carey Troutman

Ethel von Cannon

Kate Warlick





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Business Class

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Inez Billings	Janie Fields	Mary Parks
Grace Bowen	Ella Glasburnier	Clara Paul
Helen Bristol	Mary Adele Glenn	Lillian Smith
Marjorie Chatham	Doris Holt	Ruth Vernon
Fay Conley	Rose Jones	Carrie Wilkinson
Mildred Commander	Mayme Long	



ART CLASS



Art Class

Lucy Brothers	Willie Black Musgrove
Clyde Brown	Grace Osborne
Gray Bradshaw	Velma Paris
Marion Carey	Ruth Phoenix
Marguerite Crater	Jeannette Phoenix
Eugenia Franklin	Jeannette Pearce
Annie Mae Hatch	Katie Lee Perry
Eliza Herring	Mary Reece
Anna Holshouser	Inez Smithwick
Eva Journey	Grace Stroud
Attrice Kernodle	Esther Tatum
Ethel Long	Mary Thomas
Inez Miller	Virginia Thompson
Mary Moose	Mabel Wyche
Gertrude Young	



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

The School of Music

CONRAD LASHER, Director

FACULTY

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Robert Roy
Benjamin Bates

Miss Marjorie Gaskins
Miss Alvera Gustaveson
Miss Myrtle Dodson

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Elizabeth Bailey
Maud Baynor
Gaynelle Barnes
Pauline Blalock
Laura Boyd
Grace Bowen
Maurine Brittain
Myrtle Bruton
Elizabeth Burns
Bessie Buckner
Velna Canfield
Myrtle Caviness
Virtle Caviness
Marjorie Chatham
Kathleen Conroy
Mary Lilly Cox
Josephine Craven
Nell Davis
Erdine Denning
Myrtle Dunn
Helen Earnhardt

Louise Elliot
Frances Farrell
Elizabeth Gibson
Lois Goode
Nelle Groome
Lucy Hardin
Mary Louise Harrell
Thelma Harrell
Elizabeth Harris
Naomi Howie
Minnie Ruth Holcomb
Anna Holshouser
Sallie Holt
Mary Huckabee
Rose Jones
Inez King
Helen Knowles
Ernestine Lambeth
Miss Lee
Annie Long
Martha Moose
Martha Evelyn Morris
Rosalie Morrison

Nancy Moose
Bernice Nicholson
Bessie Owen
Miss Pegram
Emma Pillow
Nell Reynolds
May Robinson
Mary Sherwood
Annie Mary Smith
Mary Elizabeth Smith
Eva Stainback
Clara Steele
Madeline Strickland
Lily Gay Shaw
Sadie Trollinger
Verdie Trollinger
Carey Troutman
We Tsung Zung
Miss Ward
Miss Weber
Gladys Whedbee
Nellie White
Lola Woltz





ATHLETICS





GRACE OSBORNE
President



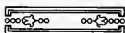
RUTH BARDEN
Vice-President



MAURINE BRITTAIN
Secretary



MARJORIE WORSHAM
Treasurer



Athletic Association

MISS CLARK, Director

OFFICERS

GRACE OSBORNE.....	<i>President</i>
RUTH BARDEN.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
MAURINE BRITAIN.....	<i>Secretary</i>
MARJORIE WORSHAM.....	<i>Treasurer</i>



The Year in Athletics

At the last meeting of the Athletic Association of the year 1915-'16, the following officers were elected: Grace Osborne, President; Ruth Barden, Vice-President; Maurine Brittain, Secretary; and Marjorie Worsham, Treasurer. When the fall term opened all the officers were back and ready for work. Miss Virginia Moss, for two years our physical culture director, not returning, was succeeded by Miss Meredith Clark, who came to us from Central College, Arkansas. We were sorry to lose Miss Moss but glad to welcome Miss Clark, who we soon found to be an enthusiastic worker. We immediately began to plan our work for the coming year.



MISS CLARK

The first step in our work was to have every girl sign up for some sport especially adapted to her ability. The girls showed much enthusiasm in the beginning of the term, and through the persistent efforts of the officers of the association managed to retain same until—examinations. Among the Freshmen we found material which had fair to distinction on the coming Field Day. Some of these Freshmen had come from the champion basketball teams of their respective villages. Others had heard of basketball but had never seen one in action. These said Freshmen were soon inspired, however, by their fellow-classmates, who more skilled in the art than they, performed marvelous feats which were duly appreciated by the upper class-

men. When we recall what the result of the Freshmen-Senior basketball game was, we do not wonder these dignitaries should gaze in wonder and apprehension—for "Did you ever see the Seniors get beat?"

In the meantime, however, the tennis courts were not forsaken. Every afternoon girls from the respective classes were seen tossing racquets to the tune of tennis balls. Tennis is naturally the most popular sport of college girls. It is more dignified for the Seniors. The Juniors must keep pace with their older sisters. The Sophs. take to tennis like a duck to water, for there is an unwritten law at G. C. W. that the Sophs. always take the championship cup in tennis. The sentimental Freshmen elect it because it takes only a little thinking to play a few games of tennis. But they soon find out their mistake.

There is a class of girls at G. C. W. who are entirely distinguished from the common herd: these are the walkers. They are divided into four squads. They



take cross-country hikes at all times of the day (?) before breakfast being the most desirable time for the more energetic girls. There's method in this energy, however, for they either want to "fall off" or to add roses to their complexions. These squads have contests between themselves in walking for speed and "for grace and ease."

During the months of severe temperature, when outdoor sports can no longer be indulged in, the gymnasium classes begin. This department of athletics is gradually improving. It is really becoming more of a pleasure than a burden to take gym. Miss Clark has made the work interesting and to her we give the credit of this improvement.

Each year in athletics has been better than the last. Each Field Day has been more successful than the one preceding it: and here's extending to the year of 1917-'18 a great big wish, for unprecedented success in athletics.





Wearers of the G

Basketball

Bruton '17
Farrell '17
Jones '17
Miller '19
Perry '17
Young '17
Thompson '20
Tyson '20
Finestein '19

Blalock '20

Tennis

Worsham '19

Running

Alley '18
Brittain '18
Craven '20
Faison '20
Ferree '20
Morris '20

Walking

Wallace '17

Field Day, 1916

One of the most important events of the fall term was Field Day, November 20. On that day final contests in all the departments of athletics were held. The teams were well supported by the enthusiasm of their respective classes. Every member of the college household and numerous visitors took active part in making the day a success. Among the chief "rooters" were the faculty—Mrs. Siler and Mr. Curtis especially hilarious.

The day opened with folk games played on the front campus by the Religious Pedagogy class. This was a very interesting feature, being given by them to demonstrate the latest methods of teaching children to play outdoor games.

This was followed by the hundred-yard dash and relay race, every class being represented except the Seniors, who were entirely too dignified to participate. The relay runners were: Hubbard, Reeves, Brittain and Alley, Juniors; Lambeth, Whedbee, Musgrove, and E. Caviness, Sophomores; Morris, Craven, Ferree, Faison, Freshmen. Each runner was inspired to do her best by the hearty cheers from her classmates. It was a close race, but the Freshmen carried off the honor, the Juniors coming second. The winners in the hundred-yard dash were: Freshmen, Morris, first; Faison, second; Senior, Bruton, third.

In walking and running for "grace and ease," however, the Freshmen yielded the honors to the Seniors and Juniors. In walking for "grace and ease," Wallace took first place; Canfield, also of that class, second; Harrell, Junior, third. The most graceful runner was judged to be M. Brittain; Lambeth, second and A. Long, Soph., third. The next event, walking for speed was won for the Freshmen by Hood, first; Blaylock, second; Trolinger, Junior, third.

It was now eleven o'clock, the time set for the tennis tournament, which was to be played between the Sophs and the Juniors. The class rooters gathered on opposite sides of the court and rent the air with their inharmonious yells. From one side came:

Gooseberry, blackberry, huckleberry pie,
 V-i-c-t-o-r-y
 Are we in it? Well I guess,
 Sophomores, Sophomores,
 Yes! Yes! Yes!

The Juniors answered with:



LEWIS

Who is it that wears the blue and white?
Juniors, Juniors, right, right!!

After the preliminary rooting the players came upon the field. The spectators were prepared for a close game. The first set, hotly contested, was won by the Sophs 6-3. Enthusiasm ran high. The score was registered on the faces of the spectators. At the close of the second set it was sad to see the drooping features of the Juniors, who had lost out only by a small margin, 6-4, again in favor of the Sophs, who were borne away on waves of tumultuous joyousness to be placed in halls of fame.

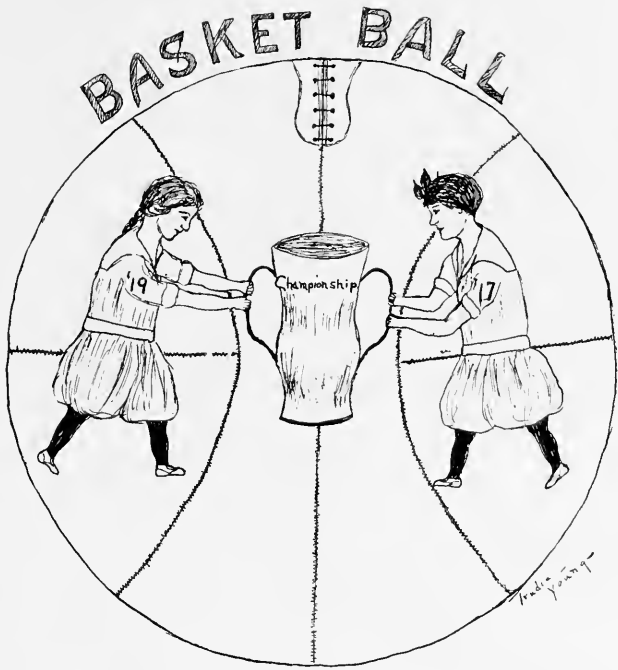
The crowd dispersed to gather on the basketball court to witness the climax of the day. Mr. Ralph Lewis, referee, called the game with the following line-up:

Seniors—Farrell, center; Young, Perry, forwards; Bruton, Jones, guards.

Sophomores—Hargrave, center; Lambeth, Gibbs, forwards; Miller, Hols-houser, guards.

Everybody enlisted with the rooters. The Seniors, being few in number, but with the aid of a "tin-pan orchestra." Mrs. Garner, Dike Young and Aunt Belle, amply supported their team. Songs were rendered to every tune imaginable in the endeavor to drown the voices of the opposing rooters. The game ended and the Seniors walked off with the trophy cup, the score being 19-1. This game brought the events of the day to a close. When the points were added, it was found that the Freshmen by hard work had won Field Day by several points, and were awarded a trophy.







CHAMPION TEAM, '19

Won championship cup '15-'16. Defeated by Seniors, fall '16.

Mary Miller, Capt.

Ernestine Lambeth
Adelaide Hargrave

Anna Holshouser
Virginia Gibbs



SENIOR TEAM

Champions '13-'14, '14-'15, '16-'17.

Myrtle Bruton, Capt.

Rena Perry Frances Farrell
Gertrude Young Ellen Jones



FRESHMAN TEAM

Nancy Tyson, Capt.

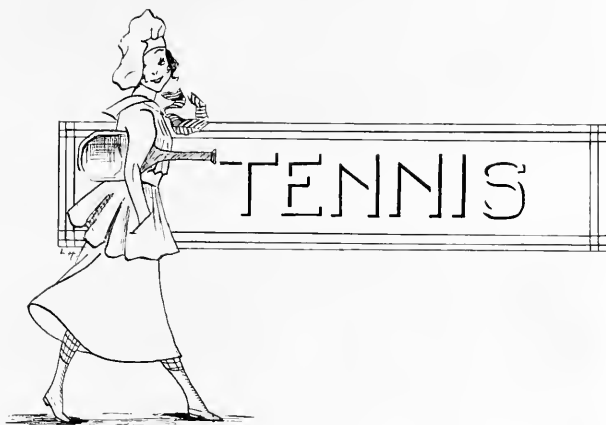
Carrie Wilkinson Mary L. Cox
Elizabeth Bailey Elsie Thompson



TRACK TEAM



WINNERS IN RELAY RACE, FALL 1916
Morris, Ferree, Craven, Faison





TENNIS CLUB



TENNIS CHAMPIONS '16-'17

Bessie Finestein Marjorie Worsham





SENIOR



JUNIOR



SOPHOMORE



FRESHMAN

CLASS TENNIS TEAMS





Eleanor Horton.....*President*
Lillian Cozart.....*1st Vice-President*
Sallie Ruth Chappell.....*Treasurer*

Sarah Lee Brock.....*Rec. Secretary*
Louise Franklin.....*Cor. Secretary*
Edelweiss King.....*2nd Vice-President*

The Students Association

The Students' Association of Greensboro College for Women is in the third year of its existence. Although it is far from the ideal association which we plan for and hope it may some day become, it shows decided signs of growth and development in various ways.

The Students' Association is directly responsible for two decided steps which have been taken this year toward student government:

(1). The discipline and control of one of the dormitory floors have been placed in the hands of the Seniors. The arrangement for this Senior hall has resulted in securing better discipline, and in bringing about a more genuine spirit of co-operation between the faculty and the students. As various problems have arisen and been solved, an increasing sense of responsibility has grown among the students.

(2). The initial step toward securing self-government for the younger class women has been taken by placing in the hands of the Executive Committee the power of recommending to the faculty students eligible for privileges.

The members of the Students' Association, during the collegiate year, have been greatly benefited by hearing some splendid talks given by eminent citizens and by members of the great college family.

Dr. C. W. Banner, one of the leading specialists of Greensboro, gave us a very valuable talk on *The Care of the Eyes*.

Rev. W. M. Curtis, the secretary and treasurer of the college, has given us several helpful talks upon the subject of "*Thrift and Something to Eat*."

Mrs. Frank Siler, the dean of our college, and Miss Lucy Belle Totten, the secretary of the Alumnae Association, jointly gave a talk on *College Efficiency*.

The Students' Association has also succeeded in bringing about a finer class spirit by increasing efficiency in class action.

The Students' Association helped in the work of the Young Women's Christian Association, appropriating from its treasury funds for the orphanage and for the Polish sufferers. It has undertaken the relief of a Belgian child for a year. The Students' Association and the Y. W. C. A. are closely and sympathetically bound together in all the work of the college. We hope more and more to realize the high purpose of our organization as stated in Article II of the Constitution:

The purpose of this Association shall be: (1) To assume the direction of all matters concerning the college life not reserved to the jurisdiction of the faculty or already provided for by existing organizations; (2) to encourage aspirations toward right ideals of life; (3) to promote a sense of personal and corporate responsibility in the students of the college; (4) to study and advance the welfare of the college from the students' 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 co-operation with them.



Y. W. C. A. Cabinet





Y. W. C. A.

We find that the girls have shown during this year a very great interest in the growth of the Young Women's Christian Association. They are coming more and more to feel that the organization is their own channel of spiritual expression, and they are striving to make it broad and deep. A brief resume of the year's work is herewith given:

Y. W. C. A. Calendar

April 30, 1916-March 11, 1917.

April 30—Installation of new cabinet; procession of old and new cabinets; talks from old and new presidents; service conducted by Dr. Turrentine.

May 14—Commencement sermon by Rev. H. M. North of Durham, N. C.

May 16—School closed.

June 6-16—Seven of us met four hundred ninety-nine other college girls on Blue Ridge Conference grounds.

June 7—Regular conference work. 8:45-1:00: Religious meetings, committee and class meetings. In the afternoon: Mountain hikes, swimming, basketball, tennis, horseback riding and other sports. Lecture at 7:45.

June 8-15—Repetition of June 7, only better. Church pageant given by a number of the delegations on June 14. Conference closed.

June 16—Left for home with the report that it was the most joyful and inspiring week ever spent anywhere.

Aug. 10-20—Letters sent to prospective students welcoming them to our Association.

Sept. 5—School opened. Y. W. C. A. welcome cards put in rooms of new students.

Sept. 9—Moonlight picnic given in Fisher Park in honor of new students.

Sept. 10—Association cabinet introduced to new students. First Morning Watch service is held. Attendance grew and services were strengthened.

Sept. 17—Miss Yopp, a representative of the Travelers' Aid Department of the City Y. W. C. A., gave a talk on her work in Greensboro station.

Sept. 24—Mrs. Robertson brought to us some good answers to the question, "Why I Came to College."

Oct. 1—Rev. R. J. Parker, a return missionary from Cuba, gave an account of Cuban life and his work there.

Oct. 8—The Candle service was used in the recognition of the new association members. Rev. W. M. Curtis conducted the service.

Oct. 15—First missionary meeting. Miss Mary Moose gave an account of Korean life and customs



Oct. 29—Blue Ridge delegation gave an enthusiastic and very interesting report of the conference. We hope to have a very large delegation next June.

Nov. 12-19—Pledges for missionary collection. Observance of World's Week of Prayer.

Nov. 16—Dr. Wm. Byrd led the service after which the president of the Association presented him with a gift as an evidence of our appreciation of his noble service to us during the four years that he has been our chaplain.

Nov. 19—Dr. Turrentine conducted a very interesting and instructive service.

Nov. 26—Miss Weber brought us a message of encouragement and strength.

Nov. 30—Thanksgiving service. Students gave \$40.00 to each of the Methodist orphanages, and \$10.00 to the Polish relief fund.

Dec. 3—Miss We Tsung Zung gave an interesting talk on her impressions of Blue Ridge.

Dec. 5-7—Miss Margaret Flenniken, our student secretary, visited our Association and made several helpful talks and many good suggestions about our work.

Dec. 17—Christmas service. With Mrs. Frank Siler as leader, many of the students and teachers took active part in the service. Special music by the orchestra helped to make the evening a success.

Dec. 21-Jan. 5—Christmas holidays.

Jan. 14—Miss McGeorge, a city secretary, gave an interesting account of some of her work.

Jan. 21—Dr. Meyers, the Presbyterian minister, gave us one of his helpful, straightforward talks.

Feb. 4—Mrs. S. L. Aklerman gave us a number of answers to the question, "What Can You Do?"

Feb. 25—Missionary service. Mrs. Robertson gave the history of our Association and Mrs. Richard Wills told an interesting Irish story.

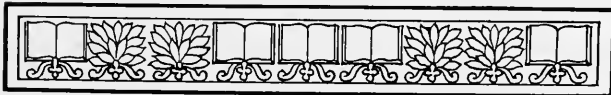
March 1-8—The annual series of services, led by Dr. E. L. Bain, strengthened and deepened the spiritual life of many of the students and teachers.

March 11—Election of new officers. Service led by Mrs. E. L. Stamey.

April 1—Installation of new cabinet.



Societies





THE EMERSON LITERARY SOCIETY



Emerson Literary Society

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Ruth Bell	Annie May Hatch	Virginia Siler
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Lucy Brothers	Rose Jones	Inez Smithwick
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Virtle Caviness	Eva Jurney	Esther Tatum
Edna Caviness	Attrice Kernodle	Verdie Trollinger
Myrtle Caviness	Ernestine Lambeth	Sadie Trollinger
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Mary L. Cox	Inez Miller	Ida Waldrop
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Elizabeth Derrickson	Mary Moore	Lola Woltz
Sallie Douh	Carrie McNeely	Zung We Tzung
	Lolita Miranda	



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Irving Literary Society

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Frances Farrell	Nancy Moose	Mabel Young
Lucia Flowers	Elizabeth May	Marie Young
Marie Faison		Gertrude Young



THE COLLEGE MESSAG

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MANAGER'S NOTICE

The Message will be published about the first of November and the last of December, middle of February, March and May. All material must be handed in by the first of the month prior to publication.

Advertisements known on application. All advertisements are due after the 15th of the month. A. FERRY.

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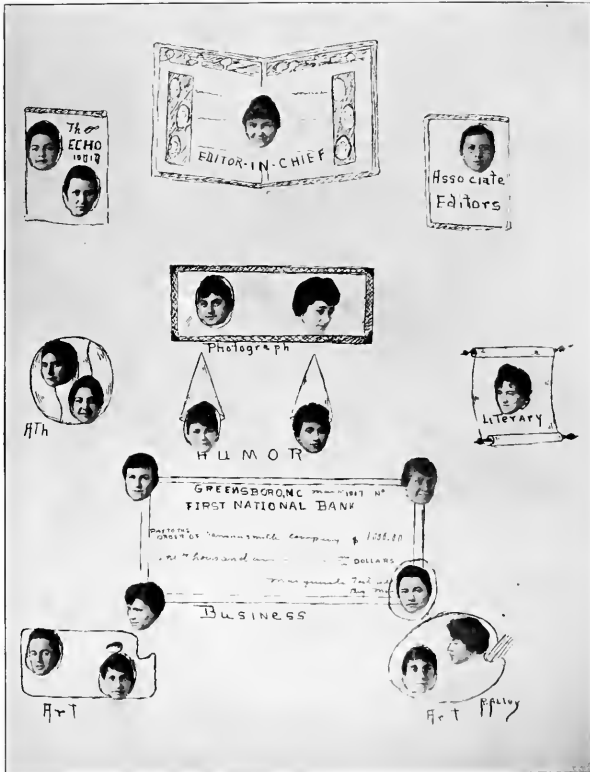
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Rosalie Abbot	Annie Griffin	Ellen Jones
Myrtle Bruton	Virginia Gibbs	Adelaide Hargrave
Sarah Cole	Carrie Harris	Eleanor Horton
Kathleen Conroy	Ila Harrell	Elizabeth May
Louise Davis	Catharine Hubbard	Elizabeth Merritt
Helen Earnhardt	Eva Journey	Esther Tatum
Fay Ferec		Marjorie Worsham



The Norwica Club

Nordica Club

OFFICERS

GRACE WALLACE *President*
 LOLA WOLTZ *Vice-President*
 MARY ELIZABETH SMITH *Secretary-Treasurer*

MEMBERS

Elizabeth Austin	Mary Cox	Ernestine Lambeth
Maud Baynor	Flossie Denny	Bernice Nicholson
Grace Bowen	Myrtle Dunn	Bessie Owen
Pauline Blalock	Helen Earnhardt	Annie Pegram
Inez Billings	Annie Griffin	Nell Reynolds
Grace Bowen	Flora Hall	Mary Elizabeth Smith
Maurine Britton	Ila Harrell	Lillie Gay Shaw
Grace Bencini	Mary Louise Harrell	Clara Steele
Bessie Buckner	Elizabeth Harris	Sadye Trollinger
Clyde Brown	Anna Holshouser	Grace Wallace
Velna Canfield	Catherine Hubbard	Linnie Ward
Edna Caviness	Mary Huckabee	Elizabeth Weber
Meredith Clark	Inez King	Marjorie Worsham
Mildred Commander	Helen Knowles	Lola Woltz



Our President himself, you see,
And Hughes, who President
would be,

If some had had their way,
Were children of the parsonage
too;
Then why not I and why not you
Be also great some day?

Children of the Parsonage



We Tsung Zung
Rena Perry
Carrie Erwin
Josephine Craven

Martha Adams

Emily Allen Siler
Mary Moose
Grace Bowen
Virginia Gibbs
Naomi Howie

Lucy Curtis

Nancy Moose
Lois Goode
Myrtle Cavenis
Pauline Blalock



FUTURE TEACHERS



ONE OF OUR SEWING CLUBS

Sea Nymphs



Colors: Blue and White.

Motto: Sink or Swim

Flower: Water Lily.

MEMBERS

Martha Adams
Temperance Aycock
Esther Aycock
Ruth Bell
Maud Baynor
Grace Bowen

Sallie Ruth Chappell
Mildred Commander
Velna Canfield
Elizabeth Derickson
Annie Griffin

Annie Harris
Helen Knowles
Bernice Nicholson
Clara Paul
Mary Elizabeth Smith
Grace Wallace

Dwellers of the Sky



Colors: Blue and Gold.

Flower: Rhododendron

Motto: "To Let Our Aspirations be as High as the Mountains."

MEMBERS

Helen Bristol
Marjorie Chatham
Kathleen Conroy
Faye Connelly
Bessie Finestein
Louise Foy

Lucy Hardin
Minnie Ruth Holcomb
Catherine Hubbard
Inez King
Annie Long

Mayme Long
Carrie McNeeley
Mary Reece
Mattie Reves
May Robinson
Nellie White



THE QUIND CLUB

The Quill Club

What is the Quill Club? It is a little company with kindred tastes and aspirations, seeking, amid the grind of college life, to find breathing space and time for voluntary excursions into fields of thought and life. It hopes to make a richer soil and a freer air in which the literary instinct, dormant in many a student, may come to happy expression. Attendance and work are entirely voluntary. Some poems submitted by a corresponding member have met with generous appreciation and discriminating criticism. While the club recognizes that it is yet only "in the tender blade," it feels the thrill of real life.

MEMBERS

Emily Allen Siler	Frances Farrell	Grace Bowen
Lucy Bell Totten	Bessie Pulliam	Mary Sherwood
Letha Brock	Kathleen Conroy	Madge Sills
Eleanor Horton	Katherine Hubbard	Mary Lily Cox
Myrtle Bruton	Reube Alley	Louise Elliott
Mignon Smith	Annie Long	Naomi Howie
	Mayme Long	



Irving-Emerson Debate

Affirmative: Emerson



SARAH LEE BROCK



BESSIE FINESTEIN

Negative: Irving.



ELEANOR HORTON



REUBE ALLEN

QUERY—Resolved, that a spendthrift is more harmful to society than a miser.

Won by negative.



LITERARY



College Song

To our dear old Alma Mater we will sing a song of praise,
All our hearts are filled with loyalty and love;
For to her belongs all praise and honor
That our tongues can frame,
And for her we raise our hearts in praise above.
Through the shade and through the sunshine
She has stood, our college home,
And she stands for countless ages yet to be;
All our hearts beat high with pride and rapture
For the home we love,
As we sing a song for dear old G. C.

Chorus

Dear G. C., thy name is thrilling in the air,
Dear G. C., my own dear college home so fair,
Bright dreams of young life's golden spring
Around thy walls forever cling.

As years advance and life puts on an aspect more severe,
With faith in G. C. old yet ever new,
Whose precepts and whose dignity
We look to and revere, success and fame
Shall crown our efforts true,
The high ideals and truth
That she has taught us to regard
Illumination to our way shall be.
In mem'ry dear we'll hold her through
The long, long years to come,
Our faithful Alma Mater, dear G. C.



In a college there may be found four distinct classes of people, the first and fewest have looked into the mirror of life and studied themselves with grave deliberation. They have separated the apparent from that spirit which is the final truth. A little of the wisdom which is theirs we find in

The Book Worm

There are many species of the worm genus with which we are more or less familiar, such as the angle-worm, that most tempting morsel so eagerly sought after by boys on a fishing trip; the thousand-legged worm, from the sight of which we flee; the glow-worm, whose praises are sung by poets. One of the most interesting species, whose acquaintance is well worth cultivating, but whom no one cares to imitate and whose praises are seldom sung, is the "bookworm," that bent-double, bespectacled, uninteresting individual who lives among his books and never leaves them to drink from Youth's foaming, bubbling, sparkling cup; the unprepossessing, undemonstrative, uncommunicative person who is believed to be more or less devoid of feeling, certainly very unhuman, with no interest in common with us.

This species is familiar to us, but do we have any intimate knowledge of him; can we see his point of view? What can he say for himself?

Was he born a bookworm? Certainly not; a person with the same likes and dislikes you have. But, surrounded by books, encouraged, doubtless, by his parents, he early begins to make them his comrades. They appeal to him; he likes to delve into their hidden stores of knowledge and drink deep of the Pierian spring, but his horizon is not narrow, he finds interest in outdoor sports and various other forms of amusement and delights in his friends. Beginning then as a conscientious student with an innate love for knowledge, he continues his search for undiscovered realms of thought; he spends more and more time with his books.

Surely "the appetite grows by what it feeds upon," for soon he discovers the interests of his friends are not his own; he becomes absorbed in his work; he pores over his books from morning until night. He resolves to "follow knowledge like a sinking star beyond the utmost bounds of human thought." Nothing shall deter him; friends, if they disturb, are cast aside; Nature's laws are disregarded; even Love, who makes silent demands, is ruthlessly thrust aside. So great becomes the desire for knowledge that even death in its pursuit is preferable to life and health without its fascinating acquisition.

What is his compensation? To him, knowledge is the one thing worth while in all the world; it is supreme, the pursuit of all else is trivial. Through books



is found all the pleasure life can offer, pleasure that is not as that of this world—fleeting, but an abiding source of joy and inspiration. The world of books is peopled with far more interesting characters than the real world; friends never forsake; love never proves unkind; sympathy is never wanting. There is always something new; scenes and faces for every mood. The world—call it dream world if you care—is beautiful with roses blooming on all sides; soft breezes blowing, fanning the feverish brow; sunbeams dancing, filtering through the leaves of the cool, green forest; brooks murmuring sweet messages of love to the blue-eyed gentians hanging over their banks; and vast fields of poppies “stretching in never-ending lines,” lulling the senses to forgetfulness.

Should your mood change and you demand the tempest in all its fury, then the book-worm offers “King Lear,” where the howling of the winds and the raging of the torrent is only equalled by the wild ravings of the desolate, forsaken old king. Do you wish to see the effects of an all absorbing, never satisfied ambition? Then lose yourself in the tales of Napoleon or study the character of Macbeth. Would you have examples of love that is faithful to the end? Then walk with Ruth through the green field of Bethlehem. Would you be stirred to the depths of your soul, “dream dreams and see visions,” then walk with Wordsworth beside the banks of the beautiful lakes of northern England and “see the trailing clouds of glory come From God, who is our Home.” In the world of books only is there an expression for every mood, a gratification for every desire.

The lure of knowledge, the thirst for it takes as strong a hold on an individual as the passion for strong drink or the craving for opiates. We cannot call it madness. It has its compensation; is pleasure more profitably obtained?

But what individual, through whose veins flows the warm, red blood of youth or from whose eyes sparkles the jest of living, covets the possessions of the pale bookworm? He spends his time in dreams; he does not do his share in helping to lighten the “burden of this weary, unintelligible world,” he follows blindly a star which leads often to destruction; he sometimes fails to realize that the greatest knowledge, indeed the only true knowledge, is to know and love the souls of his fellow-men.

M. S.

The next class is marked by its high ambitions and its steady work, though here we find them guilty of being

Cupid's Assistant

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Edith's Classmates at G. C. W., Spending
a Week at Aunt Julia's.

Aunt Julia	Maurine	Flossie	Claire	Jessie	Marguerite
Edith, her niece	Kathleen	Minnie	Cath	Mattie	We Tsung
Reube	Lucy	Thelma	Merritt	Sayde	

John Randolph, Aunt Julia's beau	Squire Thomas' son
Bill Marshall	Burglar, a half-wit.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.

Summer of 1917, at Aunt Julia's home in the country. Vine covered porch.

Enter Aunt Julia from kitchen pushing damp hair from her forehead.

Mr. John on steps.

Aunt J.: Good morning, John, have you heard the news? Edith is bringing her classmates down to stay a while. There are sixteen of them, and one is from China; they say she's real smart. I asked the squire's son to take his boys to meet them, and he asked Bill Marshall to go along with his team. They get here just before dark. The house is spick and span from cellar to garret, and the pantry is full of everything good to tempt a girl's sweet tooth.

John: Well, Miss Julia, it sounds like old times. Is there anything I can do to help you?

Aunt J.: Since you mention it, John, I wish you would go down to the bottoms and bring up a load of melons, to cool in the cellar.

John: I'll see about them first thing in the morning. (Starts to leave.)

Aunt J.: Wait a minute, John, let me get you a doughnut before you leave. (Re-enters with doughnuts.)

John: Miss Julia, I bet none of those "scientific" girls can beat you cooking. (Exeunt.)

SCENE 2.

Aunt Julia in a high state of excitement stands at front gate, peering over the rims of her spectacles, and wildly fluttering her apron. Before she is aware, she is surrounded by a bevy of girls.

Edith: Aunt Julia, we are all here at last.

Aunt J.: Children, I am so glad to see you. Now this is Maurine Britain, I am sure, for I've heard of her red curls since Edith was a Freshman. But I'll learn you all by and by. Edith, take them up to the front spare room and let them brush up for supper.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE 3.

All seated at supper table.

Aunt J.: Who will ask grace?

All: Sadye Trollinger, our new Y. W. C. A. president!

Edith: By the way, Aunt Julia, how is Mr. John coming on?

Minnie: Edith, is he that good looking man who brought us out?

Edith: Horrors, no! He's Aunt Julia's beau!

Claire: Social blunder number one, Minnie!



Reube: I hope you don't think that specimen that brought us out was any Apollo?

Merritt: Well, none of us are Venuses.

Claire: Social blunder number two, Merritt.

Marguerite (in a loud whisper): Girls, did you ever see such dandy eats?

Kathleen: It seems just like Commencement—fried chicken and iced tea!

Cath.: Oh, Aunt Julia, did you hear about the trick we played on the Seniors?

Aunt J.: No, dear; tell me about it.

Cath.: It has always been the custom for the Juniors to entertain the Seniors; this year their hopes were sky high, but we dashed them to the ground when we bought choir seats for the chapel, and soup spoons.

Thelma: And Aunt Julia, you should have seen them when we took them up to the chapel and seated them in those new chairs and served ice cream with shiny new soup spoons.

Aunt J.: Well, girls, that was the sensible thing to do. Sarah Jane, come clear the things away and bring in the cream.

Jessie: "1824, Arctic Ice Cream Co.? Send up a gallon of chocolate and a gallon of Tutti Frutti." That's my call for cream, Aunt Julia.

Lucy: Jessie, are you selling two cones for five this afternoon?

Sadye: I wish we had brought you some of our crystallized grape fruit, Aunt Julia—

Claire: But the boys were so few!

Aunt J.: Edith, do any of the girls sing or play?

Mattie: Yes, ma'am, Flossie sings "Who is Sylvia? What is She?" and "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind" so charmingly.

Edith: Well, girls, let's blow away for the parlor and tune up for Aunt Julia.

(Exeunt.)

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Afternoon. Sleeping porch. Girls lounging comfortably in negligee.

Thelma (stifling a yawn): Marguerite, what time is it?

Maurine: By the stroke of my clock, it is supper time!

Marguerite: Ha-ha-ha (ad infinitum).

Sadye: For goodness sake, tasez-vous, fermez-vous votre bouche!! Who can sleep in all that noise?

Marguerite: Well, if you had seen what we saw this morning, you'd be laughing, too.

Maurine: Tell us the joke.

Marguerite: I would give anything if you could have seen Aunt Julia—

Jessie: Oh, we heard all that this morning at the dinner table!

Marguerite: No, you haven't heard the funniest part—I couldn't tell it before Aunt Julia. We had just crossed the bridge going down the slope when "Old Bob" and the front wheels parted company with Aunt Julia, Claire, the back wheels and me—

Claire: I held on to the lines and Old Bob dragged me up that dusty road a-flying!

Marguerite: Aunt Julia fell over the spatter-board and—

Claire: When I looked around, she was scrambling in the dust for her slippers and "specs."

Marguerite: When she saw that man coming back with the horse, she yelled, "Help, murder! Children, find my glasses, quick!" Ha-ha, you bet we rooted into that dust after them.

Claire: We told Aunt Julia if she'd wait for us, we'd go up to the store and call you all to send after us.

Marguerite: Yes, and while we were gone she sat in that awful buggy, and who should come down the road but Mr. John! He stopped and said, "Miss Julia, you're in a fix, aren't you?" And Aunt Julia said, "Yes, I'm in a dickens of a fix." (All laugh.)

Thelma: Tell me nothing! That man is crazy about Aunt Julia—he just doesn't have sufficient courage.

Cath.: I hope it isn't all spoiled by him seeing her in that plight.

Maurine: Oh, girls, think how good she looked after we spent all the morning dolling her up.

Mattie: My curl papers were never used to better advantage!

Claire: What a pity he didn't "look before" instead of "after," and then he wouldn't have "pined for what was not!"

Kathleen: Mercy! There goes the supper bell, and not a one of us is dressed.

Jessie: Pshaw! Who couldn't dress in five minutes after three years of practice?

(Exeunt.)

SCENE 2.

Midnight—Sleeping Porch.

Minnie (in hoarse whisper): What is that?

Lucy: It sounds like someone in the kitchen.

Merritt: Reube, I thought I heard something a long time ago, but—

"My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much must talk in vain."

That is, when all of you are asleep.

Jessie: Oh, don't be so scary, be still, and I'll call Aunt Julia (exit).

Minnie (pulling cover over her head): I wouldn't go down stairs for a king's ransom.

Thelma: I know there's some one under this bed—I feel it breathing—

We Tsung: Oh, I am so scared!

Jessie, re-entering: Aunt Julia says we are not to make a sound, and she is going to ring that big bell for Mr. John.

(The bell rings, and after a short interval, Mr. John's steps are heard on front porch.)

Mr. John: What's the matter, Miss Julia?

Aunt J.: There is someone in this house who doesn't belong here!

Mr. John: Wait, there is someone running across the lot now. (Exit.)

Aunt J.: Be careful, John!

(John is heard returning, and Aunt Julia runs down stairs.)

Girls, excitedly: What was it Aunt Julia?

Aunt Julia: Here comes John by himself; don't be afraid.

John: Well, Miss Julia, it was a bad scare for you women folks. But it was nothing after all—just Jim Jones' half-witted boy after something to eat. Julia—er—er—this has made me bold enough to say what I've wanted to for twenty years. It is not safe for you to stay here alone, and it's not necessary. I love you—my house has been waiting, and is still waiting for you.

Aunt Julia: Oh, John—!

Edith (in loud whisper): The unbelievable has happened.

All: Three cheers for Aunt Julia and—Uncle John!!

—JUNIOR.

From the next class there comes that which one would most naturally expect.

An Appreciation

Traits are those individual characteristics which are peculiar to a person or to persons. We possess them in a body—the Sophomore body. And that we possess them to a noticeable extent should not be amazing because it is not so much the fact that they are great in number as that, like those of all other prominent individuals, they differ in characteristics.

Freshmen are meek, green and apparently insignificant. We forget that we were Freshmen last year, for a Freshman ceases to be fresh when she becomes a Sophomore. The Juniors (at least the Juniors as we see them) are always walking around as if the weight of the worries and cares of this world was upon their shoulders. As I write I have a life-sized picture of one Junior yelling at the top of her voice, "Ice cream, two cones for a nickel." Our sister class, those calm, bespectacled and austere Seniors, are all that may be desired.

Sophomores! Look out for the inevitable Sophomore. Just like all other Sophs, we realize our importance. We are still young, and in a decided minority, but we're "old girls" and that means a lot. I wonder how we appear to others. Wouldn't it be a terrible blow to our vanity if we thought we didn't appear at all. But the thing is, we do not so think. Next year, of course, we will be Juniors, and then a little later the office of a Senior will be thrust upon us; but surely we will be different from the usual run of such—in wisdom excelling the seers, in vision going beyond the prophets as now in humility we rival Job.

But why look into the future? We are happy now and we're—just Sophomores



And from the last we have the characteristic—

Freshmen Initiation

"THE MELANCHOLY DAYS HAVE COME,"
 "Freshies" cause a great sensation
 'Mong the old girls of the college,
 Filled with noble aspiration,
 We begin our quest for knowledge,
 Green as gourds
 We go in hordes
 Listening to the idle tales
 Of the last year "Freshman wails."
 The Classification Committee grim we meet,
 And show our entrance blank complete:
 Then, work arranged, we scamper out,
 To put traditions all to rout.
 The next step in this feeble rhyme
 Is Students' Meeting, after supper-time.
 With all the patience of a saint,
 We sit and listen to the "Can'ts."
 The "Can'ts" are emphasized with care,
 While "cans" are left within the air.

Pen in hand—
 Our message homeward goes,
 Filled with joys and tales of first year "woes."
 To "Mamma," "Papa," "John" we write
 Details of our woeful plight.
 During study hour be on hand,
 Lest a teacher visit in our land;
 Our absence would cause our room-mates worry,
 And throw their brain all in a flurry,
 "Do you 'Privileges' get?"
 "Oh, dear, no! Do you forget"
 They are the summit I'll never reach,
 My teacher would rather watch than teach."
 "If when at last they're given to you,
 Don't fail to use them wisely, too."

We must not in the *Drug Store* go,
 Nor even mention *Picture Shows*,
 For only *Seniors* are granted this pleasure,
 As a reward—"Fourth Year Treasure."
 When Christmas time is drawing near,
 Control that heart, which beats so queer:
 "Don't pack those trunks three weeks before,
 You start the journey to your door."
 On Field Day, we excelled in points,
 Which was the height of our ambition;
 Though criticized and scrutinized,
 We rose to REALMS OF RECOGNITION.
 FRESHMEN!!



"The Deed"

For days the man had watched his victim—watched him with hate, ungovernable, burning hate, gleaming from his eyes. He had dogged his footsteps, quietly and unobtrusively, but with a fever of rage in his heart. Always the way had led through throngs on the crowded thoroughfares and fate withheld the opportunity. Realizing the betrayal of his dark designs by one small act might mean the foiling of his deep laid schemes, he forced himself into a deceitful calm, assuring himself that not always could the bright star shine for his victim. Some day the clouds would gather—and when that day should come, the shadow should be his friend. And now with smothering exultation he realized that fate had at last turned to him with the terrible smile which says, "Now or Never." And his black heart bounded with the assurance of success. The day from the dawn had given promise of all the mid-summer sultriness. The park with cool trees and fountains was as a magnet to all the hot, pulsing life of the city. The man smiled the horrible smile of one who has been drawn by an all absorbing purpose from all consideration of human kind—smiled as he set the gun against his shoulder and lovingly fingered the trigger. Not in vain had his tedious surveillance been; he knew unerringly every like and dislike of his prey. He knew, and with what good cause, that the solitary disposition of his victim would lead him along some deserted pathway of the shady park to enjoy the solitude and to study with avid interest the bird and insect life about him. So entering the park from a deserted alley way, he crept along a shady pathway until he came to a bench sheltered from sight behind a tree. Here he crouched, and scarcely breathing, waited. The suspense was fast becoming unbearable and the gun seemed a thing of lead, when suddenly a snapping twig told of some one cautiously advancing. Parting the leafy screen he saw what made the light leap in his eyes—his victim slowly approaching, with head erect—a perfect target against the green background. One shot and that was all. The proud head sank to the ground, one last quiver and his arch enemy was still forever. Never again would he tremble at his approach, tremble in an agony of fear for all that was nearest and dearest. All was over. With a sigh of thanks to the powers that be, the man dug a shallow grave with the toe of his shoe—and buried his cat.

CATHERINE HUBBARD.

Are Dreams Worth While

Dreams are the invisible parts of inspirations—the true interpreters of our inclinations; these may be weak, worthless, noble or unique, but they are born and nourished on dreams. It is for us to weigh and analyze them by calm and deliberate judgment, just brain control, in order that we may attain that which we cherish. "Dreams in their development have weight upon our waking thoughts; they take a weight from our waking toils. They do divide our being." If they are pointing toward a higher life we should not curb them; but should control them, and they will soon become a fixed ambition, an ambition that will direct our energies toward reaching their goal. In their extravagant conceptions lie the germs of human government, invention, and discovery; and from their mysterious vagaries spring the power of the world's progress. Without a dream there is little hope for attainment, for through them we conceive, idealize and achieve.

Our civilization is the evolution of dreams. The rude tribes of primeval man dwelt in caves until some unwashed savage dreamed that a damp cavern was not the best resting place for a body worn from the chase of the day's toil. It dawned upon his mighty intellect that one flat stone would lie on top of another; and that a little mud aided by nature's forces would hold them together;



and that walls could be built in the form of a quadrangle. Here was the birth of architecture, and thus from the magical dreams of this unmausoleumed barbarian came the home,—the best and sweetest evolution of Man's civilization.

About six hundred years before Christ an old Greek discovered electricity by rubbing together pieces of amber. Unable to solve the mystery he called it soul. For two thousand years it slept and finally awoke in the dreams of Franklin, Volta and Edison, the fruits of which have been among the most efficient and indispensable contributions to humanity.

An eighteenth century dreamer saw the imprisoned vapor throw open the lid of a teakettle, and lo! a steam engine came puffing from his brain. And now many a huge monster of Corliss is sending its thrill of life and power through the mammoth plants of humming machinery.

In the nineteenth century phantoms of lightning, as they leaped across continents and seas, haunted the dreams of Morse, the scientist. In each he dreamed a human thought. Finally from his brain emerged the telegraph, and the world received a fresh baptism of light and glory.

Not all dreamers bring blessing to their fellowmen. A great tobacco manufacturer dreamed of millions, and pursued the vision with the best his brain could command. He found the gold, but the product of his labor was hurtful not helpful to humanity. Napoleon dreamed of conquered worlds, and wrote his name upon the glory scroll of history with the blood of his fellowmen. The sun of Austerlitz was the rising sun of his glory and power; but it went down, veiled in the dark clouds of Waterloo, and he, the uncrowned and unthroned, "wandered aimlessly on the lost field" in the gloom of a fallen empire; as Hugo describes him, "the somnambulist of a vast, shattered dream." Thus, as in the case of many; his vision was on the lowest plane of life; it was of personal advancement, and wrought ruin not only to himself, but to countless others.

How different from these are other immortal dreamers. Frances Willard dreamed of a world freed from alcohol, and she followed her vision on bended knees. Her dream was toward generations unborn—an unselfish one—one that has today been realized in twenty-three states and is fast becoming a universal fact.

Florence Nightingale dreamed a woman's dream of relieving the suffering wrought by the cruelty of man to man. Today the Red Cross proclaims the realization of her dream on the battlefields of every nation.

John Wesley dreamed of a religion free from caste and human dictation. He gave his life in prayer, thought and toil to the search, and Methodism as a world's force is the result.

Our own Aycock dreamed of a people lifted from the shadows of illiteracy and the bondage of ignorance. He fell in answer to the call with hands and voice raised in prayer for the education of his generation. Today the old North State is rapidly forging to the front in equipment for the banishment of illiteracy.

Were not these dreams worth while?

M. T. SILLS.



Written Lesson on Astronomy Given on the Day of the Intersociety Debate

The period of Mercury is 88—
 I can't get my mind off the debate!
 Saturn is inhabited by misers, I know,
 That's why the old thing goes so slow!
 The period of the earth is one whole year,
 I'll flunk this test I greatly fear.
 Now I'll skip those periods to go to the next—
 That law? That's not in our text.
 I wonder if I know that quotation at the last?
 Perturbations? Invariable plane? That's too fast!
 Superior conjunction "is when"—gee,
 When I say that Miss Pegram kills me!
 When the earth, and the planet are in a line,
 (Now that definition is going fine),
 We call it a miser—there I go!
 I don't believe that's at all so,
 Now what have I said? I can't think,
 This debate and test will drive me to drink!
 There goes the bell! Oh, woe is me!
 I've flunked the test but at least I'm free.

REUBE ALLEY, '18.

The Burglar, as it Were

And it came to pass on one bright moonlight night when it was about the midnight hour, that the girls of the Hall were aroused from their slumbers by a tapping on the window below, and a striking of notes on a piano.

"What hearest thou?" inquired they, one of another.

Then was there heard upon the halls a running and a screaming as had not been heard before. Some said, "Surely it is a burglar." Others said, the one to the other, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, it must be so."

Then I, when I had heard the loud noise, sprang in great haste to the window. And behold! I saw two young teachers come forth around the walk, yea, the walk that led around by the front door. And they were sore afraid. And when they had looked up at our windows, which were opened toward the west, they laughed in a merry manner to behold the sight. For lo, there were thousands upon ten thousands of heads, and every window was filled to the fullness thereof. And they, as they looked, beheld, curly hair, straight hair, long hair, short hair, and every kind of hair, and every kind of girl. But then they bethought themselves of their mission, and their bodies did tremble with fear.

Straightway did they turn their eyes toward the "Gym" window whence had come the window tappings and the piano playings. And lo, while they looked, and all the girls held their breath in suspense, they murmured among themselves, the one saying to the other, "What seest thou?"

Then did the other make answer in this manner, "Behold, the window is open that was wont to be closed." And when they both had looked they murmured, "Yea, verily."



Then was a small frightened voice to be heard from one of the open windows above, "Oh, my teacher, dear teacher, be thou afraid. For surely he will come out and devour thee, yea, tear thee in pieces."

And straightway did the teachers turn again with a bright light toward the open window that was in the lower end of the "Gym" floor. At once they both screamed with a loud voice and ran with all their speed to the calling of help, as it were. Yea, they sent forth a plea throughout all the city and country round about for an officer of the law.

And as those moments went slowly by, lo, the fright of the girls in the windows changed to frightfulness; and anxiety was great among them. For they knew not at what moment they might be wiped off the face of the earth. They murmured among themselves concerning the ferocity of the burglar and leaned far out of the windows, looking toward the "Gym," and wishing all the while for weapons of war with which they might go forth and slay the burglar, yea, even the two, three, or four burglars, that were residing below in that same building.

As time continued in its dragging movement, the young women began to murmur against the delay of the officers of the law. And lo, as they berated the policeman, after their manner of berating, in that same moment did a large car draw up at the entrance which is on the west side of the building. And this car had as occupants, two officers of the law, one reporter of the news, and one chauffeur. And straightway did these dignitaries advance of one accord toward the building in which the burglars and girls were residing. Then did the girls lift up their voices, and in one loud cry they inquired of the policemen the cause of their delay. Then the policemen with one accord, began to make excuse. To these would the girls not give ear, but said they would go into the highways and hedges and compel the policemen to come in for the next burglar. The officers of the law, on hearing this, laughed with a loud laugh and went straightway in search of the burglar. And when they had looked throughout all the premises around about and found nothing that resembled what they would call a burglar, they came and made report of their failure to the girls. Those hearing the report became exceedingly angry and said, "Go, look again the second time, and bring out the burglar."

And the policemen went about again the second time, but found nothing. This being so, they brought back word again the second time that nothing was to be found.

This report provoked the girls to greater wrath, and they said, "The burglar is surely there, and you must needs bring him out."

And the policemen went again to look the third time. This time it chanced that a certain one of the men opened a window that had not been noticed before. And as he did so he was greatly astonished to see the veritable burglar spring forth armed to the teeth. And it was such a burglar as had never been seen, as such, before that time. It was black, had bright, shining eyes, and the feet thereof were four instead of two. It crept stealthily and quietly along close to the ground.

Then in that same moment did the policeman seize upon the burglar with his two hands, the chauffeur did open the throttle of his car, and the reporter of the news did swear forthwith to report the capture of the burglar; and they did, in that same hour, bear the burglar away captive. And this burglar was in those days known by the name of "Cat."

And from that time forth, and even forevermore will the girls and the teachers of the Hall be exceedingly thankful to the policeman, the reporter of the news, and the chauffeur for their timely assistance, as it were.

MYRTLE BRUTON.

Our Announcements

An atmosphere of enthusiasm bordering on hilarity is prevalent everywhere! It is all because two hundred and seventy disquieted appetites have been sharpened by the deliciously fragrant odor of a long-hoped-for something to eat. There is a general rush for the dining room. The girls may be seen pushing, and falling through the doors, each in an attempt to precede the others, and so, have a first glimpse at the welcome addition to the bill of fare. All possible haste is made in being seated and preparing to eat—eat—eat. For some reason or other, the clash of the *silver* and *china* (half inch thin) seems to create an unusual amount of noise. Every one is animated and talkative. Presently, some one in the rear of the room through her hurry and flurry, unceremoniously, upsets a pitcher of water, and the restrained good feelings are given outlet in whole-hearted laughter. But suddenly, above it all there is a peal of a seemingly far distant bell, which, to the consternation of all, has but one important meaning, and that—the cessation of present activities. Cups, if suspended in mid-air must remain suspended, even at the risk of spilling the precious cocoa; platters, no matter how heavy, by no means, must be passed on; worse still, the hot roll snatched so eagerly is doomed to grow stone cold, while you with *absorbing* interest, listening to the announcements that are being made.

A secret: If you listen attentively, it is possible that you will have regained as much heat as your roll lost, under the silence brought about by sound of the all important little bell.

HELEN BRISTOL.

Bits of Wisdom Gleaned from Bible Examination Papers

Seth, son of Adam, perpetrated the race.

Question: Which was the oldest of all civilizations?

Noah was the oldest civilization.

Methusaleh was the oldest civilization.

Adam was the oldest civilization.

Now which was?



The Wits

They love to spring some jokes on us,
 And hear the whole class roar,
 But they forget that some of us
 Have heard them all before.

Freshman (first week-end at home): "It sure does look good to see a fire again. We haven't had one at College this year. I don't see how they keep so warm without one, either."

Thereupon she was reminded that there were radiators in college.

Liz. B.: I want to write to a fellow I know, but I just can't think whether he's in South America or Brazil.

Freshman (rushing up to a Junior): Do you believe in regeneration (reincarnation), of the soul?

To a teacher: "They're pretty shoes you have on, Miss Pearce, I had some last year just like them."

Freshman to Senior: Oh, let me see your pictures. I heard they flattered you to death. I'm crazy to see them.

Prof. Hurley: "Yes, I know those twins, but I like the older one better."

Perry: "Please pass the cream."

Mignon: "You mean the diluted water."

M. B. (Senior): Please see if it's cold enough to take an umbrella out to-night.

Mr. Nicholson (on Biology Lab.): Girls, pass that stuffed live alligator around so all can see it.

Grace Osborne: "Let's ask the proctor to let us keep on the lights so we can see the eclipse of the moon."

Excited Professor (conducting Chapel exercises): "We will sing No. 3 verses of 207."

Mr. H.: "What is a gallows?"

C. H.: "Something you hang trousers on!"

M. B. (Y. W. C. A. president): "Marguerite, do the boys at Guilford belong to the Y. W. C. A.?"

Grace Wallace (Students' Meeting): "Madame President, I move that we retain the name Annual for our College Message."

Ruth Barden: "Madame President, I second that nomination."

Dr. Turrentine (in Chapel): Dr. Bain is thoroughly interested in College girls because he was at one time connected with Asheville Female College for Women.

M. G.: Why did Jack Dillon go way out to Hot Springs?

E. H.: To get hot baths, of course.

M. G.: I don't see why he couldn't get hot baths in Greensboro.



S. R. C.: This grand piano is not a bit of good. Every time you pedal, the whole keyboard moves.

Mrs. Siler (reading letter): Maude Powell will be here Monday, Oct. 9. Now I believe that's next Tuesday night, isn't it, girls?

E. H.: I just like that Arbutus root pie, fine (rhubard pie).

L. Woltz: I believe I have appendicitis and I'm going to have a bird's-eye view (x-ray), taken of my side.

New Places these Men have in the Literary World (given by English 1):
Plato was the god of Music.

Homer was an English poet and wrote: "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

Thackeray wrote: "The Breakfast Table" and "Hiawatha."

Plato wrote about the Negro Question.

Old Girl: "Won't you join the Y. W. C. A.?"

Freshman: "No, I've already joined one literary society."

Soph: "I can't play Tennis. Why? Because I am a quiet person and tennis has to be played with a racket.

Fresh: What did A. C. take up here last year?"

"Piano."

Fresh: "Did she finish?"

"Yes."

Fresh: "Was she a Junior or a Soph?"

M. B. (on way to Biltmore): How many members in the Biltmore (Vanderbilt) family?

At Miss G.'s table:

Junior: "Miss G., you look so much like Miss Annice Siler."

Senior: "You know Miss Siler wasn't pretty, but she had such a good face."

Freshman on History test: Monks and Nuns were places of refuge, sometimes called abbeys for the feeble-minded.

Senior: I've just gotten a pill from Mrs. Garner to take three times a day.

Mary Louise Harrell: Is 7:45, twenty-five minutes to eight?



The Virgin Mother

Thou who watch by night o'er fair Judea's plain
Didst flee in fear toward Egypt's burning sand
To save from murderous hand the babe that once had lain
In Bethlehem's manger in thy Holy Land;
How pure and sweet thy trust: how high its reach
That God could stoop to give through thee his Son
To earth's lost race and through that Son to teach
Love's sacrifice to right what sin has done.
How sharp the sword that pierced thy heart when death
Did take Him far beyond thy mortal ken.
Knowest thou not that in one cannon's breath
A thousand sons are slain through sin of men?
O, Mary, what dost thou know of sacrifice?
Earth's motherhood sits under leaden skies.

QUILL CLUB.

The Thousand and Second Tale

Now after Shahrazed had related unto King Shahriyar one thousand and one marvelous stories of folk gone before, consuming in the telling thereof an equal number of the journeys of the stars; after she had shown him by her words and her manner that she was a most virtuous, ingenious and pious woman, causing him to take away from herself and from all her sisters a most grievous doom, he had set her in the chiefest places among all the ladies of the Empire, telling her that no longer would she be constrained to worry her brain for some tale of the past for the entertainment of anyone, not even for himself—"king of the time and unique one of the age and tide," tho he was.

Shahrazed was thereupon very much relieved both in body and spirit, for as all women like herself, she was very loath to put her thoughts and imaginings into speech. So she sat hour after hour surrounded by her graceful hand-maidens embroidering shields of silk and fine linen with gorgeous designs of flowers, wild animals and curious letters for the protection of the Emirs and chief officers in bitter weather, or when they should go forth to battle. And her hardest task was to sit arrayed in splendor of jewels and fair garments, rivaling the glory of the sun in the laughing sparkle of her smile and shaming the languid charm of the moon with the light from her bending and leaning eyes; and her greatest pleasure was to bow daily before Shahriyar.

But, alas, as many wise and thoughtful ones—who have gone before and have followed after her, have done—Shahrazed had spoiled her king. His ears had thrived upon the music of her soothing voice; her words, glowing messengers borne by shining wings from the temple of her brain through the pearly gates of her alluring mouth, had put thoughts into his head; and this was a dangerous ting to do to the king who had hitherto in his omnipotent majesty, reigned above such.

One day, when Allah, the Father of the Faithful, granted to his children a day most beautiful with the splendors of the shining sun, and the glories from the green-veiled face of nature, Shahriyar sat on his favorite divan among the palms thinking of the interesting tales which the Shahrazed used to whisper in his ear. But he had thought on these for many days and now he was beginning to long for new ones. Somehow the charm of the stories lost itself in the convolutions of his brain, and the magic wonder and glowing interest of them had fallen away. His whole memory of them was as a temple stripped of its carpets, statues and loft towers, with no worshippers before the altar.

This did not please Shahriyar and through his own efforts he began to think that probably he had dealt too generously with Shahrazed, that he had not heard the most fascinating fables of the ancients or the most masterful narratives about the war-like Caliphs who had gone before him. So he beckoned a eunuch and opened his mouth for speech:

"Go," said he, "to Queen Shahrazed and say that the Vice-Regent of Allah, the Orthodox king of the time and tide, summons her to appear in the light of his presence."

On the wings of the wind the eunuch flew to do his commanded order and forthwith brought back word that the queen had arisen from her couch and was soon to be seen. When he had spoken his permitted speech Shahrazed appeared, accompanied by two fairy hand-maidens, her beauty shaming the loveliness of love and dressing the sun of day in clouds. And when she had made obeisance, she asked:

"Oh gracious Master, what will thou have of me, that thou biddest me come into thy presence at this time?"



And Shahriyar, not knowing exactly how to express himself, and feeling for the first time a slight sense of what would have been shame of selfishness, in a less illustrious personage, spoke in hesitating manner:

"My eye longest to behold the splendor of thy countenance, and my ear grows lonely now that the music of thy voice has hushed the strains it used to pour in them. I want to know more. I am overcome with fear lest there should be adventures which you have not recited and I desire to hear you speak of them, may Allah protect thee."

Whereupon Shahrazed thought that his last words were very fitting and said to herself, "Mercy, is there no limit to the curiosity of man? I now see that everything does not satisfy it, and that it is up to me to add more." But in speech she spoke thus:

"And may Allah protect thee, oh king of the age, and guard thee from all dangers of evil. As for the thing thou asketh of me, nothing would bring more pleasure unto me than to relate unto you a thousand and one times, a thousand and one reckoned twice over, of glowing tales, if it were not that the whole past has been revealed. The limitations which Allah has placed upon the faithful have been reached and there is no more to say."

Shahriyar did not believe this; he felt sure that there was something hidden which should meet his eye but in mercy he said:

"Go back to your hand-maidens, and when tomorrow's sun has measured an equal distance on its journey across the heavens, come again to me with new speech."

Shahrazed went away sorrowfully and thought long and deeply upon what she would speak the next day, until she fell asleep and dreamed of happenings stranger than anything which had ever been known upon the earth before. But when morning came she was afraid that the recital of her dream would not be pleasing to Shahriyar. Still there was nothing else he could tell him, so with outward calm but inward tremor, she anointed herself with costly perfume, put on her most splendid robes, and came again before the king, bowing down and saying:

"Oh, most mighty one of the age, I have searched the annals of the past and behold there is nothing which thou hadst not been told. Now the future alone remains to be opened to you. It is not pleasant; may Allah protect you from the sorrow of it."

Shahriyar smiled triumphantly, although he had no thought of that he knew there was something that he ought to know, and he made haste to say:

"Oh, blessed among women, hasten to tell me of this thing called Future."

And Shahrazed spoke:

"Last night there came to me in a dream such a strange revelation, the like of which has never before been seen upon the earth. I thought that I was lifted by terrible Jinnis and carried between heaven and earth over all parts of this illustrious city; where beauty, love, and art reigned in fine palaces, I now saw dirt, degradation and ruins. An evil odor as of earth too long denied the light of the sun arose to my nostrils as I beheld with amazed eyes, strangely-clad men and unveiled women jostling each other rudely in the market place. Traders and merchants of curious wares were displaying their goods from the windows of the temple and clamorous huyers were desecrating the steps thereof.

"Everywhere I saw men dressed in flaming scarlet walking about as ones with authority. I heard strange noises of triumph burst forth from many trumpets and the air was burdened with strange voices of unbelievers. My eye caught sight of wondrous monster contrivances of brightly polished metal which now and then poured forth livid tongues of flame, in a roar that shook the foundations of the earth; and strangest of all I saw men like unto those walking in the streets,



guiding through the air huge birds with wings an hundred times broader than the expanse of the largest palm, shining and glittering in silver harness, as they moved swifter than the wind.

"Marveling greatly, my eyes sought the earth again. I saw fifteen sons of Allah bound with chains pushed through the throng by three of these men of fire and brought to an open place where a long rod of bright metal was stretched between two queer-looking bee-hives; and as they stood before this a voice uttered a command—they grasped hold on the rod—their bodies motionless—until suddenly their hold loosened, and they fell to the earth lifeless.

"I shuddered and desired to go away out of the reach of this evil magic, but as the shadows of night began to veil the face of the city my bearers brought me to a window opening into a corner of the Mosque, where those who appeared to be the chiefs, sat in council. As they spoke together they drank foul colored water and held between their lips burning rolls of paper, or tiny reeds with a small bowl on one end full of glowing coals, and smoke issued from their mouths and from their nostrils as though their bodies were aflame with an unconsuming fire. And I saw a woman clad in simple garments enter the rooms and immediately they arose every man on his feet and made low obeisance, also—"

"Enough," interrupted Shahriyar, "thou mayest cease thy permitted say. *It will never be thus in Bagdad.*" And calling his Chief Wazir, the father of Shahrazad, to him he said:

"Allah has called to Himself the mind of thy daughter; see that her body follows quickly that it be not without a bidding place."

FARRELL.



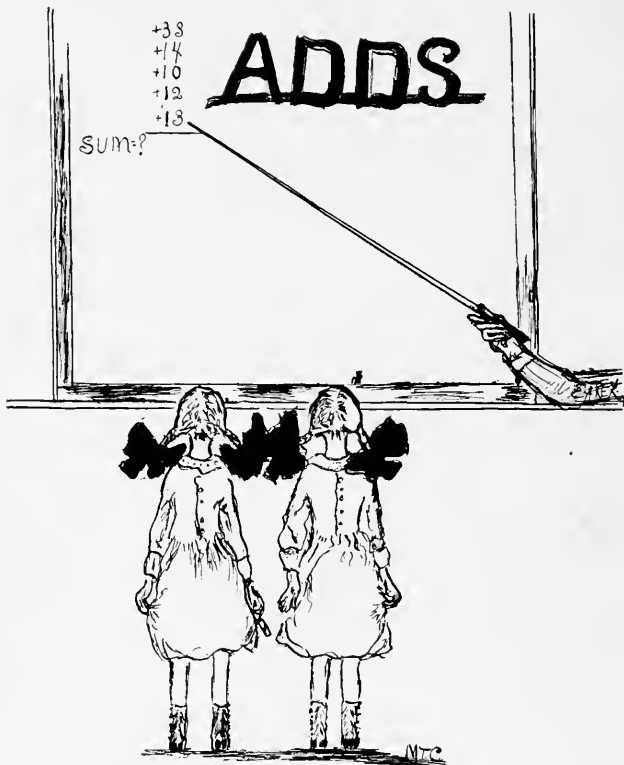
An Apology

Tho we know that sternest times are calling everywhere today,
That no time is left for idling, and no space for fruitless words,
We would ask you not to scorn our efforts here; not to call
The moments wasted in earnest, loving toil we gladly gave
To make this Memory Book. As days and years shall swiftly come and go
In Life's full calendar, this volume rich will shed a rosehued glow
From olden scenes and faces only half remembered otherwise.

Across the sea, the women of all lands are bending, breaking 'neath
Burdens many times too heavy for their strength. They plant the soil
To see it wet with dearer blood than that which flows in their own veins.
Their household cares and joys forgot, they shape the instruments of war
In patient sorrow, knowing that like hands are fashioning death tools
Like unto these, as sadly and as hopelessly, each to destroy
The others own; they hear the little children cry aloud for food
And cannot dry their tears for there is none to give; they waste in despair.

The scarcely muffled drums of Mars are beating near our own loved shores,
Threatening to hush the voice of peace in war's fierce overture of hate.
With thoughts of human woe and human peril surging through your mind,
We ask again that you look not upon our task as trivial.
A link we moulded which may join our happiest days to other days
That may not ring with laughter so abundant; may not know the throb
Of simple joy in life that sun and dew can give. Perchance when
We "Have poured out the sweet, red wine of youth," it will be good
To gaze upon a picture of the glass when it was full.

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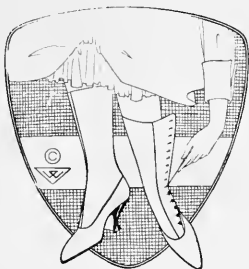
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