


THE GALAX





Arthur G. Foard.

May, 30, 1907 -
Davenport.

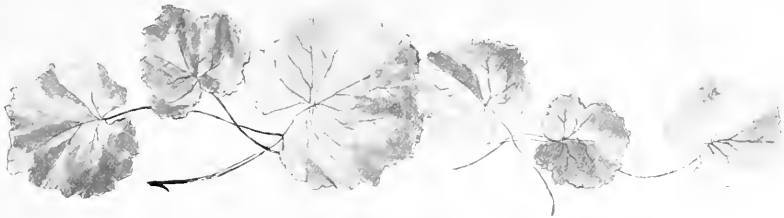


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PRESS OF HACKNEY & MOALE COMPANY
ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA



THE GALAX



1907

PUBLISHED BY THE SENIORS OF

Davenport College

LENOIR, NORTH CAROLINA

60

“*Nestor*” and “*Father*” Weaver

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“Turn over and see.”

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MISS LIZZIE PARKER *Lady Principal*

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(A. B. and B. M., Centenary College),
Piano.

MISS ALMA CRANDALL
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(Pupil of Mrs. Caroline Rockwood, New York City; and of
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Voice.



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CLASS ORGANIZATIONS

Senior Class

MOTTO:

Omnia lupidum movere.

COLORS:
Blue and White.

FLOWER:
Lily of the Valley.

YELL:

Ra, ra, ra!
Sis, boom, ba!
Seniors, Seniors!
Ha, ha, ha!

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FLORA RUTLEDGE
ANNIE GORDON SHARER



MARGE ALLISON—

Past: A contented child.

Present: An enthusiastic classmate.

Future: Will bring sunshine to other lives.

EDITH ABEY—

Past: Mostly spent within our college walls.

Present: Time divided between Senior Studies and Art.

Future: Will be the famous artist from Davenport.



CORA BLAIR—

Past: Read books.

Present: Our well-read Senior.

Future: Will be a librarian.



LOU BOOGS—

Past: Spent in School.
Present: A good Student.
Future: An excellent scholar.



LILLIAN BRYSON—

Past: Had a good time.
Present: Is living in Commencement hopes.
Future: Will devote her life to pharmacy.



MINNIE DOWNUM—

Past: I loved; he loved.
Present: I love; he loves.
Future: I shall love; he will love.



EDNA HAYES—

Past: A favorite student.

Present: Is our beloved President.

Future: The pride of her parents.



GERTRUDE HONEYCUTT—

Past: A good child.

Present: A sweet maiden.

Future: A sedate school ma'am.



LINA IVEY—

Past: Spent at Davenport.

Present: A practical Senior.

Future: A teacher of music.



RUTH KINSEY—

Past: Was a bright girl.

Present: Is a favorite at Davenport.

Future: Will be a fascinating young woman.



ZOE PORTER—

Past: Spent in mischief.

Present: An efficient editor.

Future: Will be a trained nurse.



FLORA R. TLEDGE—

Past: Full of laudable deeds.

Present: Is our greatest literary student.

Future: The Mehemene of the future.



ANNIE SHEARER—

Past: Noted for good grades.

Present: The brightest girl in class.

Future: Will be a literary star.



MOZELLE TROLLINGER—

Past: Spent in pleasing others.

Present: A friend to all.

Future: A useful life.

Extract from the History of the Class of '07 as Taught at Davenport



TEACHER (after girls have entered class room in an unusually disorderly manner): "This class as a rule is a very ladylike one, but for some cause today you seem to have forgotten you are Seniors and not Freshmen. Now, will you all go back and come in more quietly?" (She waits till they get seated). "Mozelle, will you please let that inkstand be? Now, if you are all ready we will have our lesson. Edna, tell all you can about this great moral and intellectual body known as the class of '07."

Edna: "Well, it first came into prominence about 1904. And er——"

Teacher: "Is that all you know about it, can't you give some of its characteristics?"

Marie (answering out of time): "There were seventeen in the class at first, and their——"

Teacher (interrupting): "Stop right there. In the first place you are answering out of time; in the second place you are not answering my question. Now Lou, if you have prepared the lesson, will you please answer?"

Lou: "Miss P——, I was sick yesterday so I took the time to read a book I had and I couldn't study."

Teacher (shaking her head slowly): "But, Lou, that is no excuse, if you were able to read you were able to study. Gertrude, can you answer my question?"

Gertrude: "They were rather a studious class of people, and tried in every way to progress in learning. They were so interested in the advancement of the human race intellectually that after much serious thought and study they published a book. And at times——"

Teacher: "But that's enough for you, Gertrude. Mamie, can you tell me what their favorite amusements were?"

Mamie: "Didn't they devote some time——"

Teacher: "I asked you the question, did they?"

Mamie: "Well, I don't see why——"

Teacher (ignoring this answer): "Zoe, can you name some of their amusements?"

Zoe: "The majority of the class liked out-door pleasure, such as ball, tennis, jumping rope, etc."

Teacher: "Very good. That's enough there. We must talk up faster on this lesson or we will not get over it before that bell rings. Cora, what are you writing there?"

Cora: "Nothing."

Teacher: "How many times will I have to tell you not to use your pencils on this class? Now, Lillian, can you tell me what the chief duties of the President of this class were?"

Lillian: "Why—er—he—er—she—why her duty was just her duty."

Teacher (looking vexed): "But you can't define a thing in terms of itself. Flora, can you tell us?"

Flora (with a suppressed giggle): "She had to go——"

Teacher (tapping on her book with pencil): "Stop there, Flora." (Looks around). "There is entirely too much talking in this study hall. You girls over there at that heater on the west side of this room go back to your seats and go quietly. Frances, put that chair down on four legs. If they had meant for it to rest on two legs they would have made only two. Eva, mend that fire, please, and if there isn't any wood over there, go tell Jim to bring some, and if you can't find Jim, get five girls from that side of the room to help you get some. Please don't put that smoky poker up against the wainscoting. Edith, will you turn that draught off? And Alice, please pull that window down from the top. Now, Flora, you can go on with your question."

Flora: "Well, she had to know everything that went on in this body, and it was her duty to give advice when she was asked and sometimes when it was necessary, she gave it unasked. Her chief occupa——"

Teacher: "But I didn't ask you about that, let Minnie tell that. Lillian, is that gum you have in your mouth? If it is, please put it in the heater. Now, Minnie."

Minnie: "Her chief occupation was '*riding*' with her friends, Mozelle and Marie; and some of her minor ones were visiting out in the valley, writing letters and making fudge."

Teacher: "Lina, are you talking to Sadie?"

Lina: "I was just asking——"

Teacher: "But you have been here long enough to know better. Sadie, you may just stand where you are until this class is over. Mary, you are out of your place, move down here on this front seat. There are plenty of desks in this study hall, without crowding three on a seat. Lina, will you name over the most important members of this class?"

Lina (promptly) : "Edna Hayes, Mozelle Trollinger, Lon Boggs, Edith Arey, Cora Blair, Gertrude Honeycutt, Zoe Porter, Marie Allison, Lillian Bryson, Minnie Downum, Annie Shearer, Flora Rutledge, and—er—*me*."

Teacher: "That was very good. Minnie, will you tell me something of their Vice-President—but no, we are dwelling too long on these minor questions and our time is short. Annie, you haven't had a question today, so will you start at the first of their government and tell me all you can?"

Annie (glibly) : "In September, 1907, the class met with the approval of the Governor General, to draw up a constitution. They were the first class that had had this great honor conferred on them, so it was with fear and trembling that the affairs of this first meeting were discussed. But——"

Teacher: "You are going too fast there. Give some reasons why this class was thus favored."

Chorus: "Because they were——"

Teacher: "One at a time, please. Annie, it is your question."

Annie: "Because, as girls in the lower classes, they had conducted themselves with such dignity and good sense, that the Governor General, being a just man, saw that they deserved some privileges. What those privileges are they were bound not to tell, but such as they are, they have been well kept, and on the proper conditions will be handed down to next year's class, as a great favor to *them*, not to the class of '07. And——"

Teacher: "But wait there. Say that again, and say it slow. It is important, and I want all the class to get it. Stop there, Lizzie, where are you coming from?"

Lizzie: "From music."

Teacher: "Well you make me out a schedule of your work and hand it to me when that bell rings at 3 p. m."
(Enter the workmen who are putting in steam heat, and begin preparations for their work.)

Teacher (to Mozelle, who is giving rapt attention to the workmen) : "Mozelle, if those men need your aid, they will call for you. Until then, please let me have your attention. Can you give me an outline of today's lesson?"

Mozelle, still looking at the workmen, shakes her head.

Teacher: "Please do not shake your head in answer to any question I might ask. If you don't know, say so. But Annie, I interrupted you; you may go on now. But there is that bell. This lesson sounded very much

as if you all had not studied it. Next time take this same lesson over and twenty-five pages in advance, and if you do not know it, although you are the class of '07, you will stay here till you do know it."

Edith (catching her breath and blushing): "Well, Miss P——, I knew my lesson, but the others talked so much I couldn't get my answers in."

Teacher (ignoring her, and addressing Edna, who has risen to go): "Edna, please be seated, this class is not dismissed yet." (Waiting till Edna takes her seat): "Now, you are excused."

(I will say here that they left in a more orderly manner than they came).

RUTH CLAYWELL KINSEY.



Prophecy of Senior Class



AM called upon to perform a most difficult task, to pierce the veil hiding the visible from the invisible, the seen from the unseen, and to open a book that Omnipotence itself has decreed shall forever remain sealed. Prophecy by inspiration ceased many, many years ago, and since then man has had to read the future by the past, and 'tis often true that the prophecy of today is the history of tomorrow. For four years I have mingled with my classmates in the classic shades of old Davenport, and the joys not unmixed with sorrows have been shared each with the other, until a bond of union unites our common interests. It is such a sharing of sunshine and shadow, of laughter and tears, that emboldens me to prophecy the things that the golden future years have in store for each of my comrades who leave their *alma mater* for the great wide world.

My earnest hope and prayer is that no unfriendly fate may deal unkindly with my class mates, but that a fair and friendly breeze may waft their home-leaving barks "to the haven where they would be."

* * * * *

As I lift the veil of the future, and gaze into that realm where neither space nor time are reckoned, but where the present, past, and future mingle to shape the destinies of my classmates, the first form which floats before my vision is that of our President, Edna Hayes. She has led the political life which we supposed, and is now classed among America's leading politicians, for a new Declaration of Independence, drawn up by her, has just been adopted.

Next Lou Boggs comes before us. We see her as an enthusiastic stump-speaker, with the subject, "How to Grow Tall" as a speciality. Frequently she brings in helpful notes from Bryson.

This form is followed by that of Gertrude Honeycutt. She has taken Franklin's place on the editor's staff of "*The Saturday Evening Post*," and has improved it very much. The main proof of this is its greatly increased circulation.

We learn of Lillian Bryson from all sides, for her latest invention, which is called "Tongue's Ease," possesses remarkable medicinal qualities. It guarantees incessant talking, unaccompanied by fatigue.

Under the management of Ruth Kinsey, the world famous Loafers' Corporation has undergone great changes for the better. Many new members have been enrolled and a set of excellent new rules has been instituted.

The last seen of Marie Allison she was striving for proficiency in her "Phil." course. It is now the prevailing supposition that success is to be hers.

A bit of astounding news has just reached us. It is reported that Edith Arey overtook a snail some time ago. It is the least bit far-fetched, but perhaps credible.

Flora Rutledge has made no definite decision as to her life-work yet. For some time she has wavered between two positions, which have been offered her,—the chair of mathematics in the State University, and one as Expression teacher in one of our Southern colleges.

Following these, the figure of Annie Sheaver appears. She is circulating pamphlets, which bear the interesting headlines, "How to Know Everything," and they are being disposed of at a swift and reckless rate.

Cora Blair is now living in retirement on account of ill health, which was brought on by the great responsibilities which she had to bear as Davenport's librarian. We little wonder at this, for well do we all remember that extensive library, and how the girls thronged in and out at all hours.

Since Mozelle Trollinger left college, she has tried her luck with different things. For a while she was accompanist for one of the famous singers, and later, we hear of her on the lecturer's platform, expounding the subject of "Bread Economy." When we last heard of her, she had accepted a standing position as housekeeper and agreeable companion for one of Newton's foremost young men.

Concerning Minnie Downum's career you will doubtless be a little surprised, when we tell you that she has laid aside her wonderful talents for music, voice and elocution, to become a photographer, dealing only in penny and two-for-a-nickel pictures.

Zoe Porter seems to have had a keener insight into the future than her other classmates. Well do we remember how often she was wont to say, "Girls, I just know I'm going to marry a Methodist preacher." Little did she think then of a day that would prove her prophecies true.

Once more, and I have finished. Half a hundred years from now it will be in order to celebrate Davenport's centennial. May I prophesy that we shall all be here to participate, we fourteen dames of seventy years. We shall soon scuddle, but there we shall come together from the North, the East, the South and the West, each in her own aerial yacht. We'll hitch our steeds to the fourteen spires of a mammoth new building and have a glorious time singing, "Hurrah for 1957!"

LINA JULIA IVEY.

Class Poem

IT WAS only four short days ago,
In autumn of nineteen-three,
That the rose bloom, which now you know,
For care was given to me,
And this rose bloom lived with one only thought,
To help and be helped by me.

This sweet rose from the full garden of life,
Shelter'd 'neath my cloister wall
From the wild weeds of ignorant strife,
Lifted its head to Love's call
For purity of soul and fragrance of bloom,
To shower its beauty on all.

Then another day came and past
Our crimson rose shone bright
For fond hopes in each petal nestled fast,
And its little halo of light
All the while increasing its noble sphere,
Despite the coming of night.

But soon came the dawning of the fourth day,
And the gentle winds playing
In this glad, flow'ry month of May
Put the rose stem to swaying,
And the rose petals, four and ten in number,
The evening wind wafted away.

—ZOE PORTER.

Junior Class

Junior Class

MOTTO:

Eae quid faciam.

COLORS:

Heliotrope and White.

FLOWER:

Heliotrope.

YELL:

Nineteen and eights, we are, we are!
Of our colleze the brightest star!
For nineteen eight, hurrah, hurrah!
We the girls of old D. C.!

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MAUDE WEAVER

MARIE SUE JOHNSON

REBEKAH ORVILLE W. M. D.

LEILA ROBY KINSEY



JUNIOR CLASS.

The History of the Class of 1908



THIS chronicle is to be short, but brief because we give place to Freshmen and Sophomore writers. Naturally, as we are soon to become the largest and best Senior class Davenport has had, our history has been a record of achievement; but while we rejoice in possessing pre-eminence, we of course hesitate to make mention of our superiority. So with modesty we write only one word of admonition to the other classes, "*Eccc us.*" We are seventeen strong; each one is ready to fill the days with honest work; we're all in love and charity with our neighbors, and when the Davenport catalogue has become a volume of many pages, in the records of the Alumnae there will be no class reflecting more credit, more honor upon our *Alma Mater* than will the class of nineteen hundred and eight.

CORRIE HONEYCUTT.

Sophomore Class

Sophomore Class

COLORS:
Black and Gold

FLOWER:
Pansy

YELL:

Boom-a-lack-a, boom-a-lack-a!
Bow, wow, wow!
Chick-a-lack-a, chick-a-lack-a!
Chow, chow, chow!
Boom-a-lack-a, chick-a-lack-a!
Who are we!
We are the Sophomores of old D. C.!

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CORRINA ESTELLE SHANKLE

CHARLIE JUANITA STARRETTE



SOPHOMORE CLASS.

History of the Class of 1909



IT IS difficult to say which would be the harder, to say little of them of whom much is known, or to say much of them of whom little is known. The record of our class, while important, is too short to furnish sufficient material for an extended sketch, and such will not be attempted. It is a prevailing opinion that we Sophomores have rather an exalted notion of our position, and very much over-estimate our advancement in the road of knowledge. We are at a loss to conceive how people could judge us so harshly, or so under-estimate our real worth, for have we not waded through the stream of knowledge up to the college course, and now are number two among the college classes?

We are perfectly willing to concede the fact that there are some things we do not yet know, that there are some ahead of us, but we and others are also fully aware that some are far behind us. Has it not been said by a head older and wiser than any of ours that the Sophomore of nineteen hundred and six and nineteen hundred and seven is the banner class of old Davenport? Much more could we tell you if we were not too modest, but we insert this much in our history to give you some faint idea of our worth. It is not to be forgotten that one of our number made the highest grade in college during the Fall term.

Our history is not yet complete. Some good day when we have advanced farther and stand higher, we trust our record shall be more worthy of the historian's pen. May we not hope that the past is but a faint precursor of what is yet before us?

With no envy toward those above us, and with hearty good will toward those below us, we cheerfully press on our chosen way.

SARAH DOWNUM,

Freshman Class

Freshman Class

MOTTO:

Essi quam ridere.

COLOURS:

Purple and Gold.

FLOWER:

Goldenrod.

YELL:

Purple and gold!

Sis, bas jam!

Class of '10!

Ris, ras, ram!

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ELIZABETH ROGERS

ELIZABETH WILLS

ATTIE CARLY WOOD

KATIE YORK



FRESHMAN CLASS.

History of the Class of 1910



WE are the light-hearted, fleet-footed class of Davenport. We are light-hearted because we haven't any book knowledge or dignity and we find ignorance is such a blissful bliss. We are fleet footed because—well—just because it is a very convenient endowment in the Freshman year at school. There isn't a coward in our class, but we simply want to keep up the custom of pretending that Freshmen are afraid of Sophs., and besides, we wanted exercise. Now we are strong and vigorous for our Sophomore year. We haven't very many historical events to record because we haven't turned our minds toward history (so Miss Parker says), but our most important feature of this year has been our spelling class. None of us have got very many head marks, but the Sophs. and Juniors and Seniors needn't laugh because we couldn't spell "beau." Probably some of them can spell that word of so much meaning to them, but we know an *ex-Senior* who said she was "oner" of something; however, we don't think she was owner of a spelling book; and another *ex-Senior* put a "d" in "oblige;" but we'll not tell anything on the Seniors as we've learned that it is safer to say things about those who are absent.

The first of April marks our beginning as faculty representatives. When we appeared in faculty and Senior attire and chaperoned the Sophomores and Juniors down street and to walk, we heard many audible compliments and everyone we met, especially the college trustees, looked approval. Now, if as Freshmen, we have shown our ability to fill such responsible positions, what may our schoolmates, the faculty, the town, the State—yea, the nation, expect when we shall have reached our second year in college life!

GERTRUDE WARE.

Sub-Freshman Class

Sub-Freshman Class

MOTTO:

Live and learn.

FLOWER:

Dog Fennell.

COLORS:

Variegated.

YELL:

Mamma!!!

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Historian

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PANSY SUMNER

SALLIE IVEY

LOIS STEELE

PEARL MINISIC

NELLIE WEBSTER

HISTORY - Too punny to write.



SUB-FRESHMAN CLASS.

Special Class

FLOWER:
NARCISSUS

COLORS:
Orange and White.

MOTTO:

Better do one thing well than half do many things.

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ZILDA CHINE

MAMIE HARBHAW

RENA MUNDY

MRS. SHEERILL

OCY COMANN

MARY HENKLE

ANNIE NOLLY

EVA TROUTMAN

MAE CORDELL

ALLIE HENKLE

SELMA OWENBY

EDNA WEBB



SPECIAL CLASS.

Annette's Red Letter Days



ON THE OTHER SIDE the rain was pouring in torrents, and if the dark clouds had silver linings there were certainly no evidences of them. The few who were so unlucky as to have to venture out in such a down-pour looked in enviously as they passed the Singletons' pretty home. The curtains had been drawn back to let in the light, so that passers-by had a full view of the cozy room, with its cheery fire burning so brightly in the grate, and throwing its gleams on a girl who sat nestled in a huge arm chair before it.

Notwithstanding the fact that the girl, with her cozy surroundings, was an object of envy on this dark, rainy day, she did not seem very happy. Her chin rested on her hand, her brown eyes gazed into the glowing coals with a serious light in their depths.

Five years before, Annette Singleton's father had died suddenly, leaving his wife and two little daughters, Annette and Louise, only fairly well provided for. Visitors at the bright, cozy home little guessed what a struggle it sometimes was to make ends meet, for the brave little woman never let her worries and troubles interfere with her courtesy and sweet hospitality. How ambitious the little mother was for her girls! But it was only by dint of much hard planning and self-sacrifice that she was able to give one of her girls the advantage of a college education. Annette, the elder daughter, was more brilliant than her sister, and it was to her that the college course was given. She had already finished her first year's course at a nearby college and was preparing to return to her studies.

She was all eagerness to start back to work again, for she found her little home town very quiet and sometimes lonely. But somehow this rainy day had brought a new thought into Annette's head and with it had come the struggle with self. Since her childhood she had had a habit of speaking her thoughts aloud when alone, so, with her gaze still fixed on the glowing coals she said slowly, "No, it is not fair. I have the best of everything, all the advantages, all the fun, all the happiness, while Louise stays at home and wears my old clothes and helps mother, so that I may have all that my college life means to me. Dear little 'sis!' this year at college ought, by rights, to belong to her, but I can't give it up. Louise has never had a taste of it, so

doesn't know how grand it all is, while I would simply die if I had to stay in this stupid old town almost a whole year. I say a year! Why, every month would seem a century to me when I thought of the fun Grace, Marion, Blanche and all the rest of the girls were having without me. And after a while they would soon forget that Annette Singleton ever honored the institution of learning with her most gracious presence,' as Kate Lester would say. I am sure I would go into some kind of an awful decline and fade away to a mere shadow if I didn't have dear old Kate to laugh at this winter," she finished with a laugh as various funny speeches and daring escapades of Kate's came to her mind. "But Louise would learn to love it so and I know the girls would all love her. She isn't like poor, thoughtless little me, always making some kind of a blunder, but is so sweet and kind, always thinking of another's happiness. She just must have at least one year of it anyway, but oh! how can I give up my fun for so many long months? Then, besides, if I don't attend this year I'll be so behind in my studies and shall be in a class with girls who will all be strangers to me. And Grace and I have been planning to room together all summer long. My! I have written her just dozens of letters all about the fun we were going to have together next year and what a dear little room we were to have. If I don't go I just know that horrid, stuck-up Julia Kennedy will persuade Grace to room with her and——well, I guess I'm jealous of her, but I really don't believe she would suit Grace as a room-mate as well as I would. I don't care if that does sound conceited, it's true."

Just then the door opened and Louise stepped into the room, saying, "Why, Big Sis, I thought you had a visitor, I heard you holding such an animated conversation with some one but it seems to have been an invisible caller for I see no trace of her now."

"No callers on a day like this, Honey, I was only indulging in that silly habit of mine—talking to myself."

"In spite of the rain *l'ec* had a visitor, Ethel has just been over to beg me to go off to school with her this year and be her room-mate. I told you that you and Ethel were to be schoolmates this year, did I not? I shall miss her so much this winter for its dreadfully dull here and I shall feel so very lonely with you and Ethel both away. Ethel is quite enthusiastic over going to college, and insists that I go with her and if there was the slightest chance of my doing so I guess I would be as happy as she is. Oh, why couldn't there have been enough money for both of us to spend on our education!" she said wistfully. "You see *you* have given me such a glowing account of your college days that it seems to me in such a life there is very little left to wish for—unless it were for home, mother and something good to eat occasionally, as your letters sometimes said."

Annette bit her under lip in vexation. Why on earth had Louise come in at this inopportune moment and made the battle harder to fight than before! The wistful tone in the girl's voice haunted her. Almost impatiently she answered, "You little infant, you! College isn't 'all work and no play' by any means. Just wait until you have stood one of Miss Gray's terrible Math. exams., then you would certainly change your views. Sometimes you get so blue and homesick that you almost hate everything connected with the college."

"I promised to 'phone to Ethel, so must leave you to your own conversation," said Louise with a laugh. "But by the way, here is a book that answers to the description of the one you have been hunting these many months. I found it among your old school books which you asked me to sort out for you," she continued, handing her sister a crumpled little composition book, dog-eared, and in every way much the worse for wear.

"Oh, it's my blessed little red-letter-day book! I have hunted for it everywhere and had decided that I had left it at school. You dear little reminder of my first term at college." These red-letter-day books had been a fad with the college girls and Annette had carefully recorded each day which she deemed worthy of being called a red-letter day.

There on the first page she read:

"September 18th.—I hardly know whether to call this a red-letter day or not, for I am certainly bluer spirited than anything else. To be honest with myself I am miserably homesick. It's the first time in all my life that I have ever been homesick. Everything is so new and strange, and college is not one bit like I thought it would be. The girls all seem so queer and distant—how I wish I could turn my back on it all and go right back to mother and Louise"—and the rest was blotted out by little spots that looked very much like tear drops.

Turning over several pages, she stopped at this entry:

"October 21st.—There isn't one bit of use in writing this date down, for I am sure that I shall remember it always, for this has been the happiest night 'in all the glad New Year.' For weeks we girls at this end of the hall have been crazy to have a midnight feast, but not until tonight did we have a single opportunity. Yesterday we found that the teacher, who guards us at this end of the hall, was going to spend Friday night out in town, and, 'when the cat's away, the mice will play' you know, so ten of us girls promised the chamber-maid all our best ribbons and collars if she would go up street and buy us just loads of good things for the feast. When the lights flashed all of us had gone to bed, leaving our doors open a few inches, so that we would not

make any noise in leaving our rooms. We were all to meet in Kate Lester's room, as she and Blanche have the largest room on the hall, besides, it's more of a sitting-room, as Kate says, for they have more chairs, lounges, and window-seats than any girls in school.

"We all reached the room safely, just as the little cuckoo clock, that is the apple of Blanche's eye, chimed twelve. There wasn't a sign of a light, so there were lots of funny mistakes made. Alice Boyd volunteered to make her favorite salad for us and we all laughed when she spread her potted ham salad on Zu Zus, mistaking them in the dark for Uneeda biscuits. We were a little disappointed when Blanche, who had the honor of pouring the chocolate, sweetened it with salt instead of sugar, but Kate suggested that we try the Christian Science plan, and imagine it was sugar, so it would be sure to taste sweet.

"I forgot that we were using Blanche's window-seat as a dining table and sat down in the potato salad that Kate had managed to 'hook' from the pantry. The girls were awfully sweet about forgiving me, though that mischievous Kate vows that I did it on purpose. I was so penitent over this sin that the girls told me that I could make up for it by going to Bess Mason's room for the apples she had forgotten to bring. On my way back I was so elated over my success that I did not notice that Sue Brown had come to the door to meet me, so what should we do but have a terrible collision that knocked me to the floor and sent the apples rolling down the hall and bumping down the stairs. Why, they made enough fuss to have awakened the dead, but somehow the living slept through it all in a way that was nothing short of wonderful.

"Just as we were smacking our lips over the last of the pickle and cake, Kate moved that we adjourn, as she was too sleepy to play the role of hostess a minute longer."

This had been the longest entry in the book, and Annette remembered how she had written it by the light of a candle in the wee sma' hours of the night. With a smile she read this short entry:

"November 1st.—This is a red-letter day!!! My German exercise was handed back to me with only two mistakes marked on it. Think of it! Only two mistakes!"

But her lucky fairy seemed to have deserted her on November the fifteenth, for underneath that date was written:

"I guess this is more of a black than a red-letter day, for I know that the black marks against me will be something dark to look upon. Miss Reid has just given me the most terrible frosting. We made fudge last night, so I didn't have time to study my Science. Ugh! It sends the cold chills over me just to think of that unforgettable frosting."

Turning a few pages, Annette read these lines:

"November 19th.—There was a real live young man here today and every girl in school has a sore neck as the result of having 'rubbered' too much. The poor fellow had my sympathy for, of course, the girls could not let such a rare, though frequently heard of animal as a young man come to the school without getting up some kind of excitement. We made him blush until his face was very nearly purple, by making such remarks as these as we passed the door: 'Is he alive?' 'Will he bite?' 'Oh, ain't he sweet!' 'Did his nursie curl his itta bitta curls this morning, bless his heart!' All of which were spoken in a whisper so loud that he could not help but hear. Of course, all this would sound terrible if I were to tell it at home, but to quote Kate L., 'Some of us just have to do dark and desperate deeds to break the monotony of the desert.'"

Annette turns several pages:

"December 7th.—I think last night was a red-letter night to all of us, for we did have such a jolly time. We had a tacky-party down in the Society hall. Almost all the girls dressed up as tacky as possible and truly 'Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' After dancing the Virginia Reel, we had an impromptu recital."

"December 10th.—Oysters for supper, mark this as a red-letter day. Sue Brown, at our table, ate three plates-ful and then called for more."

"How silly that sounds now!" Annette said, meanwhile turning to the last entry in the book:

"December 22d. —We are going to have a recital tonight, a great big one, you know, with just lots and lots of folks. Grace and I are to play a duet, which we should be practicing this very minute."

"Tomorrow morning we are to be free once again, for I leave on the early morning train for home. This first term at college has been such a happy one. I only wish it were possible that Louise could be here with me. She would love it so and——"

Here Annette closed the book with a little sigh, and setting her lips in determination, she called her sister.

As Louise came in Annette looked at her lovingly. How pretty she was, this little sister of hers, and how lonely her girlhood was, spent in this lonely little village!

"Louise," she began, "I've been thinking very hard this morning and I know now that it isn't fair that you should stay at home, while I have all the pleasure. I've had enough fun to last me for two years, anyway, and I can study here at home with mother, I know she will help me, so you must take this year at college."

little sister mine. And I shall expect great things of Miss Louise Singleton, sister of the learned Miss Annette. And now run tell mother all about it."

And as Louise's happy face disappeared, Annette buried her face in the old arm-chair and sobbed out her heart-ache, her disappointment, all alone.

"But she looked so happy, I'm glad I did it, though it does hurt," she said between her sobs.

Laura Burton Miller.



College Organizations

Y. W. C. A.

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

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"All for Christ."

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Sidney Lanier Literary Society

MOTTO:

Loyalty, Fraternity, Fidelity.

FLOWER:

Red Rose

COLORS:

Red and White

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SIDNEY LAXIER LITERARY SOCIETY.

Henry Timrod Literary Society

MOTTO:
Fiat lux.

FLOWER:
Daisy.

COLORS:
Gold and White.

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GRACE TUTTLE

OLLY COMANN

ANNIE LOWRY

ZELMA WINKLER

MABEL COMANN

GLADYS MENISH

KATH YORK

MA DE MENISH



DELSARTE CLUB.

Art Club

MOTTO:

Multum est pictura potuit.

COLORS:

Lavender and White

FLOWER:

Wisteria.

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CARRIE TATE

GRACE TUTTLE

GERTRUDE WARE

ALICE WOOD



GLEE CLUB.

Murphy Club

FLOWER
Wild Rose

COLORS
Pink and White.

MOTTO:

To make Murphy proud of us.

OFFICERS

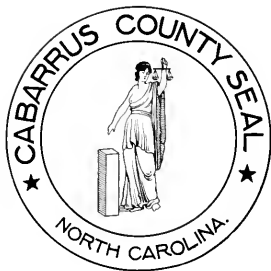
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*CORRIE HONEYCUTT

OLLIE STROUD

*Removed to Gaston County.

D. D. CLUB

Minutes of the Second Session of the Davenport Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South

THE Conference convened in the College Chapel, Lenoir, N. C., at nine o'clock, Wednesday morning, November the sixteenth, nineteen hundred and six, Bishop Loula T. Cordell, presiding. The opening service was conducted by the Bishop. Gertrude Honeycutt was re-elected Secretary. A line from the rear of the sixth window was made the Bar of the Conference.

The following resolution was adopted:

Whereas, It is important that we have our minutes published; *Resolved*, That they be published in the College Annual.

Then the business of the Conference was taken up and the following questions called:

Who are admitted on trial? William Emma Lear.

Who are admitted by transfer from other Conferences? Ella D. Blake, from the Centenary Conference.

What traveling preachers are elected elders? May Cordell.

Who are located this year? None.

Who are superannuated? None.

Are all the preachers blameless in their life and official administration? Their names were called one by one in open Conference and their characters were passed.

Where shall the next session of the Conference be held? In the Students' Building.

Where are the preachers stationed this year? See appointments.

The Bishop read the appointments. (See same).

The doxology was sung, and the Bishop pronounced the benediction.

And at nine o'clock the Conference adjourned *sine die*.

(Signed) LOULA T. CORDELL, *Bishop*.

H. GERTRUDE HONEYCUTT, *Secretary*.



DAUGHTERS OF DIVINITY CLUB.

APPOINTMENTS

COLLEGE DISTRICT, MARY STACY, P. E.

Lenoir Station.....	Maye Cordell
Lenoir Circuit.....	Minnie Downum
Studio Station.....	Lizzie Cordell
McCoy's Chapel.....	Emma Lear
Weaverburg.....	Gertrude Honeycutt
Third Floor Reformatory.....	Elba Blake-Chaplain
Supply.....	Sadie Downum
Parker Hall Circuit.....	Kate York
Missionary to Darkest Weaver School.....	Lucille Goode
Missionary to Tuttle Hall.....	Carrie Tate
Conference Evangelist.....	Corrie Honeycutt
Editor of Church Paper.....	Eva Blair

The Autobiography of Black Prince



TANDING here with my head across the pasture bars looking at the mules and horses as they pull the plows through the upland and bottom, I am reminded of that other period in my life, when from morning till night I looked out indolently on a busy world.

I was born, and spent the first year of my life on the broad stretches of a Nebraska ranch: as I remember it now life seemed then like a long holiday gladdened by green fields and happy comrades. Since that time of restless freedom and coltish fancy, something over twenty years of faithful service lie, and now I am again left to my own thoughts and amusements, and with the freedom of the broad fields comes much of the vigor and gladness of my earlier days.

My first friend of the human kind I found in my North Carolina home; she ran out to meet me and the big brother when I was brought, tired and nervous, from the train which had separated me from all that I knew and loved. (How glad I was to find that my new home was to be in the country among kind people!) With a joy in life as wild as my own, dancing from her dark eyes, this short-haired, bare-foot tom-boy was swung to my back. As young as I was I felt the kinship of this little, brown body that clung so tenderly to my neck. This first ride on my bare back with big brother running alongside was the beginning of a long comradeship whose sympathy left no room to regret the wild companions of the plain.

Now my coat is almost white, but then its glossy blackness won for me the name, "Black Prince;" and to this family of horse-lovers I must have seemed a bit royal, for the treatment I have received has been that accorded to the nobility.

Since my early colthood my extreme fondness for apples and loaf sugar has led me into many acts of rudeness; as is often the case with children, these tendencies were encouraged instead of rebuked, because to the mature mind they seemed amusing. In pleasant weather I was left to wander at will in the lots surrounding the yard. Often mellow apples were brought out to the gate, but sometimes I was forgotten, and it was then that I learned to lift the latch and help myself from the great baskets that sat on the low back porch; and even now, as old as I am, I cannot bear for a person to eat apples in my presence without giving me some. Though I know that it is rude, I will stick my nose into his pockets, or take the apple he is eating from his hand, if it is not given to me freely.

As I grew older and stronger my love for life and fun increased; I could not hold myself down to the even pace that everyone on the farm, except the little girl, required. Often after nights filled with the dreams of prairie freedom I was led out into the crisp morning air whose every whiff filled my blood with such a tickling, tinkling thrill that I could scarcely wait until I felt the reins tighten. Then the light trap was nothing more than a feather as I dashed along the narrow country road, and the full strength of the driver only gave me poise as it strained at the bit firmly caught in my strong young teeth. Although I knew that I was cruelly frightening the dear ladies, and making the driver's hair stand on end, I could not resist the fascination of these wild races in which I could hear the outside wheels as they spun in the air, rounding a curve, and could feel the tremor of the occupants as they held their breath and dodged the overhanging limbs.

But these escapades brought their punishment; I was put to work on the farm to reduce my surplus energy, and yet the driver's back was never turned, or the reins dropped, that I was not off and away over fences or ditches that chanced to lie in my path. The shock that the sudden moves gave the workmen was worth all the labor they cost. I really believe that a great deal of my good health is due to the fact that I've always enjoyed a joke, and have never lost a chance to play one.

The older members of the family, failing to appreciate my keen sense of humor, I would have been left much alone if it had not been for the tom boy who loved me all the better for my wildness.

She had grown large enough to ride alone, but she never mounted my back without the anxious mother calling after her, "Child, be careful of that horse, and hold him down until you get around the bend." She always bridled and saddled me herself, and then with a rub of her face across mine, she would leap into the saddle as I sprang forward, impatient to hear the wind whistling by my ears.

The delight of a gallop through a woodland trail with a fearless young creature whose body sways and whose heart beats with his own, only a prairie-born horse can know! On early morning errands to the village we talked of the sunrise, the song birds and the freshness of the dew-laden earth; these were our sweetest communions, for the beauty and mystery of the breaking day calmed the wild natures within us.

But there were times when the savage in us both swelled high. Let some one challenge my speed, be it Sunday or Monday, rough road or smooth, there came back the answer, "We are ready to prove it." Then I felt the strong young body fit itself to me with a thrill of sympathy, and we were off; could I fail? Not with that creature's heart and brain urging me on. I would have dropped dead sooner than have let the rival's shoulders come even with mine.

But as the years went by my little friend grew into a college girl and was much away from home, so that I became, for lack of comradeship, a horse of more quiet manners.

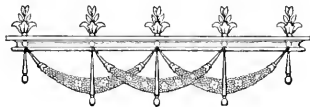
The old father, who was now too feeble to walk about the farm, took the child's place upon my back, and along the highways and through the paths over which we had madly galloped I walked with slow, surer steps, thinking with him of the past. In the many days that we spent together, a strong feeling of fellowship grew up between us; I supplied the strength that nature had taken from him, and he, in his cheerful energy, partly filled the place that his daughter had left.

Then there came a day when the master left me; it was in a quiet grove that I saw them lay him away. With dumb pain I returned home feeling that hereafter my life would be a useless burden; but I was mistaken, for with all its losses, life is still sweet and full of duties.

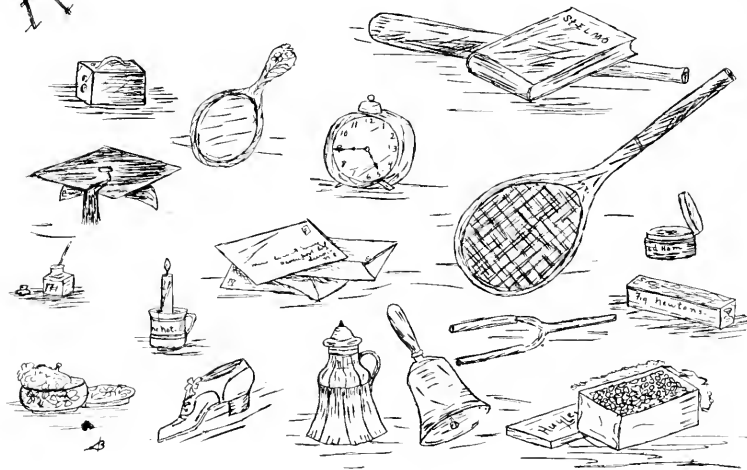
With the first bloom of summer came the grand-children from the city, wild for freedom and the joy of horseback riding, and who is to be trusted with the little unskilled ones but old Prince?

Quenching every impulse for mischief, I walk quietly along, only now and then giving a squeeze or uncertain step, just to hear the jolly half dozen chatter, and to feel their chubby toes digging into my ribs.

ANONYMOUS.



KNIFA-KNAKAS.



Menu of a Midnight Feast

IN THREE COURSES.

I.

Chipped Beef		Pickles
	Unceda Biscuit	
Vienna Sausage		Olives

II.

(Enter Miss Parker, feast continues).

Warm "Tongue"		Pepper "Sauce"
	Crisp Lady Fingers	
Excuses—Frosted		Ice-d Tea
	Sad Cake	
Salt Tears		Regret

III.

DESSERTS

Two weeks served with Compassment

ACTUAL COST OF THE RESPECTIVE CLASS-PINS—

Senior Class-pin	3c (including safety catch)
Junior Class-pin	3c (bought at a bargain sale)
Sophomore Class-pin	4c (expensive, but guaranteed)
Freshman Class-pin	(found in prize peanuts)

Total 26c, plus the peanuts

WINDOW PAINS (PANES)

COLOR:	FLOWER:
Gents' good complexion.	Tulip.

MOTTO:

See every man coming and going. (Hint: And see him while here).


YELL:

Look out!

The duties which the train men perform when the mail (male) clerk arrives at Daveport station:

1. Signal given.
2. The train is made up.
3. Train reported on time, crew takes in the scenery.
4. Train starts on return trip, collides with Lady Principal on main track.
5. Heavy snow fall. Train crew goes under.


Poetry

THERE was an old man named Gray
Who chanced to pass our way,
The steam heat he put in
And left with a grin,
Saying, "Now summer is here
The heat will begin."

There was a young man called "Hobo,"
Who worked on the college third floor;
But the girls all called him their bear
So his boss asked him to move down below.

There was an old man named John,
Who came to the college for fun;
He put the brightness the radiators on,
And took to his heels to run.

Dr. Weaver's Address on Flirting

MAKE it your highest ambition to flirt,
By all means keep on the alert;
For all young men, both great and small,
In fact, the size matters not at all.

Good looks is the most important feature,
For man of some kind must be your teacher,
In all things he must guide and lead you,
His commands and requests you must bow to.

Not any *one* man you must learn to like,
But just any and all that come down the pike,
Now my last advice to you of the skirt,
Is to make for all men and flirt, flirt, flirt!



THE MOCK FACULTY.

MOLASSES, (According to Junior Chemistry



AMILY.—Sugar.

ELEMENT.—Molasses.

SYMBOL.—'Em.

PREPARATION.—This element is prepared from cane. The juice is first extracted by pressure, then heated until it reaches the correct constituency.

PROPERTIES.—Molasses is a sticky liquid with a sweetish taste and peculiar, characteristic odor. It varies in color from a light glycerine yellow to a deep coffee brown. At ordinary temperatures it is viscons; but in summer, lasses runs. Upon application of heat, as remarked, it becomes at first freely fluid, then again viscons; and, if heat be still added, it gradually undergoes a peculiar molecular change, being converted into a crystalline form commonly known as "candy."

Molasses is readily acted upon by foreign substances (?)

OCCURRENCE.—In enormous quantities at Davenport College, for breakfast, dinner, and supper. This element is often found in uncombined state, but seldom left so.

Use.—To fill up on.

COMPOUNDS.—The chief compounds of molasses are those formed with bread and butter, but this element has been known to combine even with beans and kraut.

HISTORY.—The date of discovery is uncertain. It is thought to have been known from pre-historic times.



Steam heat?

SENIORS' IDEAS OF ELYSIUM



- DNA: That she can do absolutely as she pleases.
MOZELLE: That there will be no eating, therefore no dishes to be washed.
GERTRUDE: "That I can study history without comments from anybody."
ZOE: A place where annuals are not published.
MINNIE: "That I can talk all I want to and will have an audience."
LINA: That there will be no more school.
ANNIE: That she can always study English under Miss Tuttle.
EDITH: A place where the Senior Class of 1907 will have a reunion.
LILLIAN: That she can go "down street" as much as she wants to.
CORA: A place where she can read all the time.
LOU: A place where "frosty" teachers are not admitted.
FLORA: A place where she can "wade."
RUTH: That she won't have to go after the mail.
MARIE: "That I can *always* have Miss Smith with me."
The common idea is that there will be an almost literal "pony" for each of us.

LANGUAGE OF CHEMISTRY

CHEMISTRY WORD	CHARACTERISTIC	APPLICATION
Gold.....	Truthness.....	Minnie Downum
Steel.....	Durability.....	Edna Hayes
Iron.....	Strength.....	Lou Boggs
Silver.....	Purity.....	Marie Allison
Lead.....	Heaviness.....	Flora Rutledge
Mercury.....	Slight Heaviness.....	Gertrude Honeycutt
Oxygen.....	Life Supporting.....	Mozelle Trollinger
Diamond.....	Brightness.....	Zoe Porter
Copper.....	Makes Cents (Sense).....	Annie Shearer
Aluminum.....	Light (hearted).....	Ruth Kinsey
Asbestos.....	Steady under fire.....	Lillian Bryson
Tin.....	Unchangeable.....	Cora Blair
Glucose.....	Sweet (tempered).....	Edith Arcey
Platinum.....	Resistance to acidity.....	Lina Ivey



Halloween

NOT THE RAVEN EXACTLY

ONE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many volumes of ungodden lore
Suddenly there came a tapping, as of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door
" 'Tis Miss Parker," I muttered, "who has seen my lamp's faint glow—
Only she and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And the thoughts of examinations were like ghosts upon the floor,
Vainly I had sought to borrow a few hours from the morrow,
And once more instead of sorrow, have my lessons up once more,
Merely this and nothing more.

But this sudden, gentle rapping, coming when I should be napping,
Thrilled me--filled me with such terror as I never felt before;
For, I knew a rule I'd broken, and this rapping was a token
That Miss Parker's rest was broken by my movements to and fro;
Only this and nothing more.

Suddenly my soul grew stronger; for excuse I lacked no longer,
"Girl," said I, "or Teacher, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the truth is I've been napping, and I arose to still the rapping which I thought was just
the tapping of a picture near the door,
Only this and nothing more."

Then I flung the door wide open, and the silence then was broken,
In there stepped that angry teacher from the room across the hall;
Not the least obeisance made she; not a minute stopper or stayed she;
But, with the air of Lady Principal, took her stand without the door—
Not only this, but something more.

Deep into the hallway peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing, shaking, quaking as no
mortal ever did before;
But the silence then was broken, and the stillness gave a token,
But the only words there spoken were, "You are compassed as before,"
Merely this and nothing more.

WHO ? ?



ASKED if Cyclops was a star?

On Livy class was too bashful to say female, and said women elephants?

In school has a bean bright enough to out wit the lady principal?

Came to the college to see his girl on very important business.

In the Senior Class thought the battle of Gettysburg was fought in the Revolutionary War?

Said that be-a-n meant an animal?

On being asked if boys came to school at Davenport, answered that it was not a denominational school?

On Bible class said that the children of Israel were fed on locusts and wild honey rained from heaven?

Asked if we were descendants of Ham?

Asked if we had molasses for desert every day?

Asked Misses Bishop and Crandall if there were any "ente" boys in Lenoir?

Thought that the Art Club and Delsarte Club were the same?

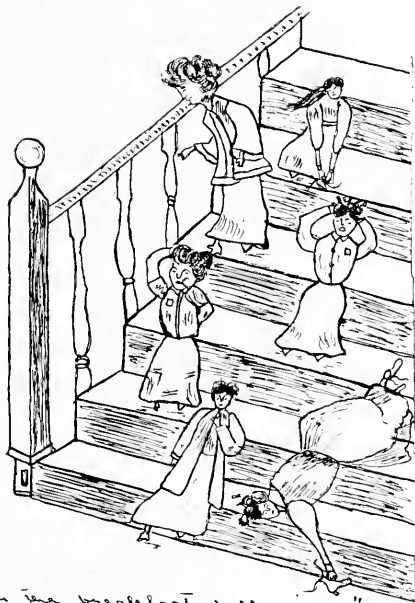
Told Dr. Weaver that Alexander and Philip of Macedon were both pupils of Aristotle?

Refused to eat hominy because it looked so much like grits?

On being asked if she had any mureilage in her room, asked, "Why, who's sick?"

When she asked Miss Weaver if she could spend the night out of her room, received this answer: "Yes, if you don't let Miss Parker catch you?"

Was so busy reading a novel she didn't have time to prepare her lessons?



"When the breakfast bell rings." G.T.

REVISED VERSION OF CONSTITUTION

WE, the intelligent and honored class of 1907, do hereby pledge our word that we will abide by our privileges, all our privileges, and nothing but our privileges.

ARTICLE I.

SECTION 1. Every Senior is requested to go down town once every day, provided she goes with the sole intention of having a good time. This privilege may be extended to three times a day provided she "cuts" Math, and other easy lessons.

SEC. 2. Each Senior is urged to accept every invitation extended to her both in town and out of town, provided she has permission from her room mate, said permission to be read by herself and filed away in her trunk.

SEC. 3. The members of this class are privileged to go to walk any hour of the day but of course in case of "spring fever" she may rest.

SEC. 4. The dining room Seniors are permitted to spend several periods in their room each day, provided they "swipe" something for the other members each meal, and provided they spend the time in their rooms in embroidering, darning, patching, or something equally as fascinating.

SEC. 5. Each Senior is expected to receive company as often as the teachers—every other night.

SEC. 6. Each Senior is privileged to go to church every Sunday unless she knows some other way she can spend her time more profitably.

ARTICLE II.

SEC. 1. In walking, visiting and going to the dressmaker's, they are absolutely required to go through town by way of Main street.

SEC. 2. The members of this class are required to spend each vacant period in "beating" chapel, but if in there by force, each shall comply to the general rules.

SEC. 3. Every girl of the class is urged to remain in her room during the study period at night, provided she has something to eat. They are permitted to go to the library if they go with the hearty intention of exchanging pleasantries and gossip.

SEC. 4. No member of this class is allowed to carry on any but a friendly correspondence with any young man in town.

SEC. 5. In visiting both in town and out of town, each girl is advised to have one or more previous engagements with young men in order to assure herself plenty of attention and candy.

ARTICLE III.

SEC. 1. Any girl not taking advantage of these permissions, her privileges shall be doubled for a length of time determined by the pleasure she has forfeited.

SEC. 2. In case any girl violates the general rules of the school the teachers are not supposed to report it, as we are a self-governing class.

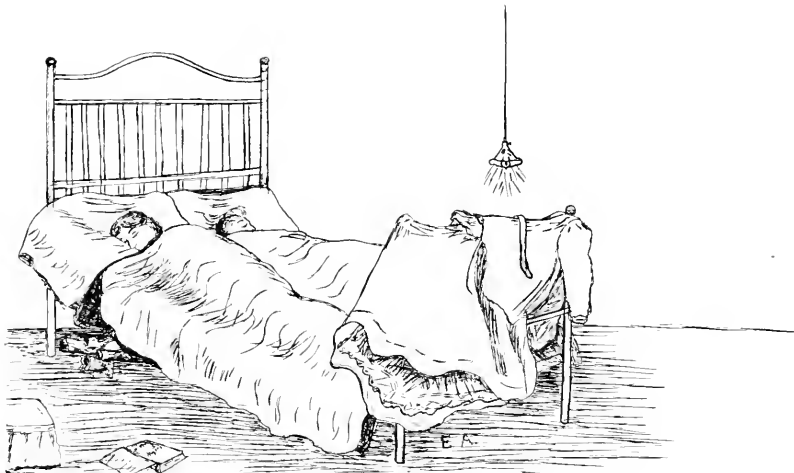
SEC. 3. In case any girl neglects her work or fails on exams., we entreat the teachers to bear patiently with us, all the time remembering that what we learn from text books is not all of school life, but we consider it to our advantage and to the advantage of the school to spread our influence abroad.

ARTICLE IV.

SEC. 1. The Senior Class recognizes the fact that prompt obedience to general rules and to the dictates of common sense are necessary for self government and will therefore cheerfully support the authority of the school in all matters that are pleasing to them.

SEC. 2. We hold ourselves ready at any time to give assistance in anything looking to the general welfare of the school, provided it is in accord with the general principles of our class.

Edna Hayes
Gertrude Honeycutt
Joe Porter.
Eileen Amy
Ann Broge.
Kathleen Bysan
Mozelle Trotter.
Cora Blair.
Lina May.
Marie Allison
Annie Shearer
Flora Rutledge
Ruth E. Kinsey.
Minnie S. Darnham.



Study periods.

Concerning Our Alumnae



THE Alumnae of Davenport College have recently organized themselves into a body with Mrs. M. M. Courtney, president; Mrs. G. F. Harper, vice-president; Mrs. J. L. Nelson, secretary, and Misses Mattie May Ballew and Maude England as corresponding secretaries.

There are now about fifty members enrolled in the Association.

The object of this body is to keep alive the love for Davenport in the hearts of its former students and to enlist the interest of the public in the cause of our college.

Good luck to the Association! is the sentiment of the student body.

WHAT THE D. C. GIRLS HAVE MONOPOLIZED

ANNA BETTE BARRILE *Miss Lear's companion*
 DELL HARRIS *Her "brother" from Hickory*
 CORA LEE CAGLE *Biscuits*
 JEANIE MICHAEL *Curled coiffures*
 GERTRUDE WARE *Rutherford College boys*
 THELIE BABER *Cheerfulness*
 FANNIE FINCHER *Neatness*
 ADELE FINCHER *Melissus's comb*
 FANNIE FAYN *"Auntie"*
 MARY PATTON *Viola's companion*
 TEE SHANKLE *Off-handness*
 KATE NASH *Bullfinch*
 DAISY SHAWER *Beauteous*
 ADA HANSHAW *Steam heat*
 MARY HINES *Melissus's patches*
 NINA LILLY *"Goodness"*
 SALLY LILLY *Ted Shanks*
 JEANIE SABBELLE *Age of Misses*
 GRACE TULLER *Twilight walks on the campus*
 IRMA CARLSON *"Oz"*
 ADELE WOOD *Belle-Louise*
 FANNIE OSBORNE *Nell's room coat*
 LIZZIE OSBORNE *Practical ideas*
 LOIS STUELL *Half-pandora*
 SUE HOFMANN *Modesty*
 THELIE SUMMERS *A good nature*
 NELL WEBSTER *Her step mother*

CARRIE TATE *Rheumatism*
 PINK RINDFELMAN *Ready wit*
 FRANCIS RINDFELMAN *Tin roofing*
 ANSIE LOWRY *Quietude*
 FANNIE McINDOSH *Latin*
 MATHIE MAY SCHOPLER *"Boarding"*
 MAMIE SUE JOHNSON *Good grades*
 MARY STACY *Hickory people*
 HETTY PITTS *Papa, mamma, sister, brother*
 EMMA CARPENTER *Feasts*
 EUGENE GOODE *Preciousness*
 GWENDOLINE GARDNER *Fun*
 BEulah WOMBLE *La-du-lah's plans*
 EVELYN LYNCH *Silk dresses*
 CLYDE LYNCH *Sausage*
 VINNIE McLEAF *Fudge*
 LUCY COLTRANE *Tert books*
 KATH YORK *Mischief*
 FLORENCE BEAVER *Friends from Boston*
 STACY LITTLE *Past cards*
 EDITHA EDWARDS *Home Abonahs*
 MAUDE WEAVER *Louisa's candles*
 BEulah SHENNS *Long lengths*
 LEXNA BARRILE *Epishoma class*
 MAMIE SUGBIRTH *Perpetual smiles*
 FANNIE BOBT *No enthusiasm for monopolies*
 IRENE BARRINGER *Chewing gum*

ADDIE ROBERTS.....	<i>Quarrelsome tendencies</i>
EDNA ROBERTS.....	<i>Bible study</i>
LULA CORDELL }	<i>Ideal sisterly feelings</i>
LIZZIE CORDELL }	
MAY CORDELL.....	<i>Rodily ailments</i>
PASSY SUMNER.....	<i>Ray-line music</i>
CORRIE HONEYCUTT.....	<i>Haw stacks</i>
LARA SCOTT.....	<i>Base ball</i>
LEILA KINSEY.....	<i>Superfluous flesh</i>
ALMA HORSCLAW.....	<i>Constantia</i>
LULA FAIN.....	<i>Duty</i>
NENA ALEXANDER.....	<i>Giggles</i>

KATY REID WYCOFF.....	<i>Compassion</i>
LOVA PRICE.....	<i>Art room</i>
JENNIE PRICE.....	<i>Brookiness</i>
MAY HOOPER.....	<i>Stella's ideas</i>
STELLA OWENBY.....	<i>Medical information</i>
VERA QUARLE }	<i>And Leila</i>
CLYDE SIGMON }	
LIZZIE ROGERS.....	<i>Book sense</i>
LILLY MAY BRITAIN.....	<i>Frost received</i>
WENSH BRITAIN.....	<i>Pen sketches</i>
ETHOISE REUSTEL.....	<i>Fun-alussa</i>





"Miss Carolina Bishop and Miss Anna Alma Crandell
Do the hearts of men in general, in a cruel manner
huddle."
—LONGFELLOW V.



"Miss Edna Lee Holsclaw
Is one without flaw."
—MARK TWAIN X.



"What besides Wentworth and cake
Did Santa Claus bring Miss Ella D. Blake?"
—HOMER II.



"Miss Nancy Weaver so tall
Is the loved queen of them all."
—TENNYSON IV.



"Miss Ida M. Lee
Needs no 'light' for to see."
—WORDSWORTH V.



"Miss Jennie P. McCoy
Does a school girl's time employ."
—FRANKLIN III.

"William Emmalina Lear
Is a perfect little dear."
—SHAKESPEARS II.

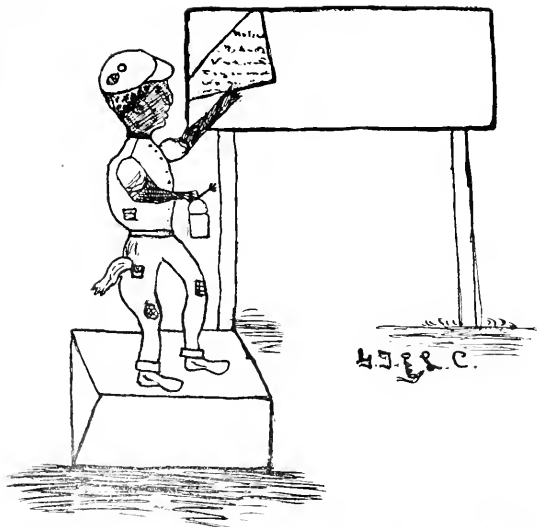


"Miss Leila Judson Tuttle
Thinks the Senior Class is subtle."
—DANTE II.

"Miss Smith, I declare
Is perfection so rare."
—SAM JONES VI.



"Miss Lizzie D. Parker
The boss of us all
From President to cook
We run at her call."
—MOTHER GOOSE



H.P.C.

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