

THE  
GAY  
X

1910



# THE GALAX

VOLUME V



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SENIOR CLASS OF DAVENPORT COLLEGE  
LENOIR, NORTH CAROLINA

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To  
DR. AND MRS. C. C. WEAVER

*With many thanks for their kindness and help to us, during a period of four years, we dedicate this little volume wishing them much success and happiness, always*



OUR PRESIDENT

## Foreword of Editors

**F**RIENDS, here is our annual, we leave it in your hands. To some it may mean much, to others little,—comparatively nothing. We have tried to do our best, and now it is at your mercy. Read it, and criticize it as you will, but it is our earnest hope that the criticism may be as light as possible.

To those who have helped us in preparing this volume, we are grateful and thankful. Especially we wish to thank Rosalie Lackey, Cora Ballard, Sadie Downum and Mamie Hoover for the pen sketches.

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PROF. G. FRYATT MOUNTFORD, L. MUS. L. C. M.,  
(Studied under John H. Goever, musical Doctor of Oxford University at  
Trent College, Nottingham, for five years and afterwards  
under C. J. B. Meacham, Mus. Bac. of  
Cambridge University.)

Prof. Mountford is a graduate of London College of Music and took the degree of Licentiate  
in Music in 1897; he is also a member of The Royal College of Organists, London Eng-  
land. His original compositions include a cantata, The Hymn of St. Patrick's,  
for Baritone Solo and Chorus, two string quartets, some part songs,  
anthems, songs and piano pieces. The Schubert String Quartet  
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dedicated to them

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*Voice*

## The College Song

Let us join a glad refrain,  
Let us make the welkin ring,  
While old "Davenport" we praise.  
Let the days be foul or clear,  
We have nothing now to fear,  
For life's roses bloom in happy college days.

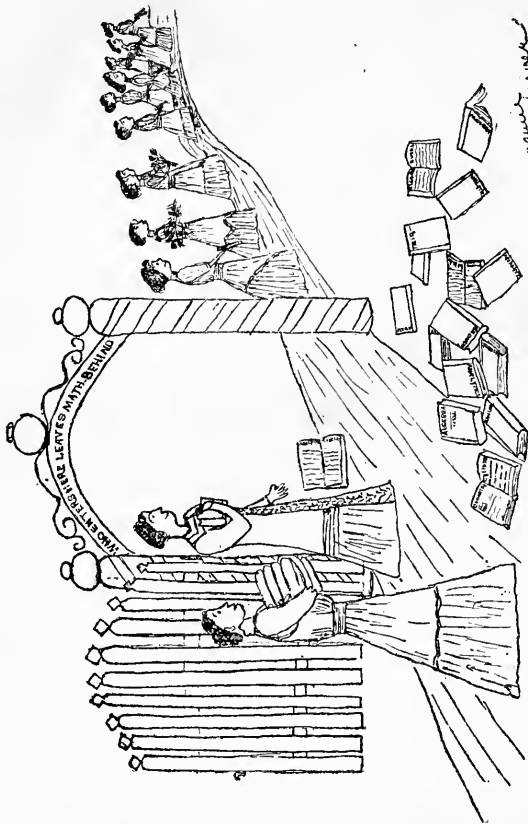
Banded today in love we are,  
Sadly at last we'll part;  
Love with a kind and holy hand,  
Locks memories in each heart.

In the coming days of life,  
If earth's sorrows dim the light,  
Let us all these memories keep;  
May no tears of vain regret,  
Hide fair visions from our sight,  
While the notes of joy through every heart  
shall sweep.

Banded at last in love we'll die,  
Tho' we be far apart;  
Love with a kind and holy hand  
Locks memories in each heart  
Love with a kind and holy hand  
Locks memories in each heart.



## The Classes



Wanda Haines

# Senior Class

## MOTTO

*To be rather than to seem*

## COLORS

*Black and Red*

## FLOWER

*Red Carnation*

## OFFICERS

BESS WEIDENHOUSE	- - - - -	President
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	LIZZIE WRENN



BESS WEIDENHOUSE



KATIE YORKE





REBECCA SMITH



LIZZIE WRENN



JULIA KENT



LOUISE ARTHUR



META MCGHEE



MAMIE HOOVER



IRENE WELLS



SALLIE COPPIDGE



LENA LEFLER



NORA PEGUES



KATIE YORKE  
Graduate in Expression



SADIE DOWNUM  
Graduate in Art



ETHEL PRICE  
Graduate in Piano



ELOISE RUDISILL  
Graduate in Piano

## Senior Class Poem

To The Class of Nineteen and Ten

To you my class mates whom I long have known,  
The time has come to say goodby:  
The tasks are many that before us lie;  
Ideals that in our hearts have once been sown  
Must wake and blossom for the duties shown.  
The coming years shall make us fret and groan,  
But if the days seem dark, then harder try  
Faithful to be, and keep our ideals high.  
Of course these years some worthy fruit have borne,  
But loftier things than these there yet must be.  
By example alone may we entice  
Others, to strive for things that are worth while:  
Only by uprightness will others see  
That a good record, we have left on file.

NORA PEGUES.



## Senior Class History

History, History everywhere  
Till all we girls do shrink,  
History, History everywhere  
Of ours I cannot think.

We began our career as students of Davenport College in 1906, at least some of us did. That year was hard. My, but didn't we study! In fact there was only one who was able to stand the trials and hardships of the whole year. One went until Christmas and stopped until 1907, while another began in the spring term of 1907. Although the Freshman class was a large one, only these three remain to tell the tale. We were laughed at by the Sophs for not knowing how to spell "beau," criticised by the juniors for not studying all the time, and ignored by the Seniors whom we envied. In spite of all this we were noted for being light hearted and fleet of foot—running from teachers on the halls. During a study period at night:

Katie.—"Bow-wow, bow-wow, meow, meow."

Julia.—"I do wish you would hush, how do you expect me to square  $(X+Y)$  by that formula?"

Katie.—"Hum, I don't know, but say, what is the History lesson?"

Julia.—Continuing to work her problem, "Why-er-why-twice the product of—from the sixteenth the—first and to the twenty eight page."

Katie.—"Wh-a-t?"

Julia.—"O just learn the paragraph headings and you will be safe."

Julia, after a short silence. "What is the square of one and a half?"

Katie, promptly, "One third."

As Sophomores we felt our importance, and when a notice appeared on the bulletin board for a Junior class meeting, we immediately posted a notice for a Sophomore class meeting. After school we went to the appointed recitation room. Such a crowd: Rebecca came in reading a letter, Louise followed studying "Trents American Literature," then Bess and Katie came arm in arm, Meta, Lena, and Irene came asking, "What do we do at a class meeting?" and,

"Who is going to teach?" Nora came last with a dreamy look in her eyes, composing a poem. There were lots of others, but as they did not return to finish with us they are of minor importance.

Rebecca: "Well, are we all here? If some one will close the door we will elect the officers." The president had been elected when the door opened and Sallie and Mamie came in each with a roll of music.

Rebecca. — "Do you want to join the Sophs?"

Sallie and Mamie. — "I dont know, I guess so."

Rebecca. — "Why didn't you come sooner? The president has been elected."

Sallie. — "I was practising and did not hear the bell."

Mamie. — "Me too."

Nora. — Speaking in a stage whisper: "Bess what word would rhyme with Sam and make sense too?"

Bess. — "Search me, Kit, stop pounding my head will you!"

Katie. — "I was going through the jestures of my last piece. I have to pound an imaginary fellow and I guess I was imagining you were he."

Rebecca finally prevailed on us, and the officers were elected and told what their duties were. Our Sophomore year passed very plesantly, for each of us studied our favorite text book and as we all seemed to differ, we went to the girl who liked the study we did not, and she would explain it for us. Our chief characteristic was asking questions, but never answering the ones the teachers asked us.

Only eleven of the thirty two Sophomores came to be Juniors: but three new girls joined us. During our Junior year we were very studious. Bess and Katie the inseperables, with Louise and Lizzie studied Latin constantly; Sallie Mamie, and Lena were never seen without a large roll of music; Rebecca remained our devoted adviser, but gave a part of her time to the training of her voice; Nora made her self famous by writing poetry and perfecting the art of carrying on an inteligent conversation with her self; Irene and Meta became excellent scholars always being prompt with their work, and making themselves general favorites by

their gentle ways; Julia still clung to her math, though she was seen with an English book several times and seemed to be enjoying it.

As Seniors, finally we have reached our goal. There are twelve of us, not quite so light hearted and fleet of foot as in former years, but always ready for fun and to recite our History lesson. As for our intellects, judge for yourself by going with me to a United States History class.

The bell has rung and we are pushing our way through the crowded hall to the History room. Meta and Irene are first in their places, the rest come in one by one except Bess and Katie, they are still inseperable. Some look hurriedly over the lesson while the rest are engaged in a lively conversation. Dr. Weaver enters with a business-like air and silence prevails.

Dr. Weaver.—“Well, what do you know about this lesson?”

Louise.—“Nothing.

Dr. Weaver.—“Nothing! just as I expected. You need not look so wise Miss Meta I know how you all study. Who do we have for today?”

Irene.—“Buchanan.”

Dr. Weaver.—“Yes, he was another of those good for nohing bachelors.”

Julia and Rebecca.—“He was not “good for nothing;” he was an exceptionally good president.”

Dr. Weaver.—“We all know how you two feel about bachelors so we will not discuss that subject with you. Miss Lizzie can you tell me anything about Buchanan?”

Lizzie.—“Well, he was a good president an—

Bess.—“Dr. Weaver if we draw up a paper of special privileges, will you sign it?”

Dr. Weaver.—“Go to Miss Parker for that.”

Nora.—“We have been, and been again, but she wont even talk about privileges.”

Dr. Weaver.—“What special privileges, do you want?”

Louise.—“To go visiting more than once a week.”

Dr. Weaver.—“I don't see how you could go more than once, for you have only one holiday, and besides you have not been invited once yet.”

Louise.—“O just so we have the privilege whether we go or not.”

Dr. Weaver.—“We will talk about that later, get the next president for to-morrow.”

Rebecca.—“I will try, if he is a bachelor.”

## Senior Class Song (Medley)

(Tune: Dixie)

"O, the time is coming when we're going to leave,  
Get to work and roll up your sleeves,

Exams! Exams!

Are coming our way.

In Davenport College where we've been taught,  
Where teachers have scratched and pupils have fought,

'Tis here, 'tis here,

We'll stand our exams.

And when they all are over

We'll get, we'll get

Diplomas white, which means we're bright,

Have studied hard and burned a light

At night, at night

Against Miss Parker's orders.

(Tune: Old Time Religion.)

They're the everlasting orders, the everlasting orders,  
They're the everlasting orders, and we hear them every day.

Miss Parker always gives them, Miss Parker always gives  
them,

Miss Parker always gives them—Here's what we hear her  
say:

"Don't burn a light at night girls,

Don't talk loud on the hall way,

Don't stray down toward the kitchen,

Either night or day"

They're the everlasting orders, the everlasting orders,

They're the everlasting orders, we hear them every day.

(Tune: Yankee Doodle)

The Senoir's went to town one day

Looking fine and dandy,

They met some boys upon the street

Who offered them some candy.

Dr. Weaver passing by,

Thought the scene was tragic—

When he spoke, the company broke,

And disappeared like magic.

(Home, Sweet Home)

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home,

A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,  
Which seek through the world is ne'er met with elsewhere,  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

(Tune: Blue Bell)

Goodbye old Davenport!  
Soon we must leave,  
But memories dear of thee  
To us will cleave—  
When 'mid life's battles  
Our hearts grow sad,  
We will think of old Davenport  
And be glad.

## Will and Testament of Senior Class

We the Class of 1910 of Davenport College, feeling that we have almost completed our work at this school, and desiring that our memory should remain fresh in the hearts of our teachers and school mates, do hereby make and publish this, our last will and testament, as follows:

First, we desire that the trustees of this institution will erect to our memory, a new building, to be situated on the east side of the present structure, and be ready for use by the first day of September, 1910. And as to the disposal of our college possessions, we will and bequeath them as follows:

Item 1. To the Junior Class we will and bequeath our dignity and the numerous privileges we have enjoyed during the past year, hoping that they may not grow stoop-shouldered from bearing the burden of so many said privileges.

Item 2. To Dr. Weaver we gratefully bequeath all our will power, to be distributed among the girls of next year, who may chance to have La Grippe.

Item 3. To Messrs. Durham and Craven we will and bequeath the privilege of mutually sharing the Superintendency of Davenport Sunday school.

Item 4. To the Latin students we bequeath all our ponies, on condition that Miss Parker never finds it out, and hope that they may still be of service, though they have grown lame from over-work.

Item 5. To Mr. Durham we will pen, ink, paper, envelope and stamps, for the purpose of writing to Mr. Wentworth, concerning certain mistakes in Analytics and Geometry.

Item 6. To the Sophomores, we bequeath the sincere wish that they may entertain the Seniors of 1911 as well as that class, while Juniors entertained us.

Item 7. To Prof. Mountford we will and bequeath a Harmony Class, that "cawn't ever besick."

Item 8. To Gus we will and bequeath "Stracted's" slippers, for his wife Liza, with the hearty wish that she will wear them as long as "Stracted" has.

Item 9. To each member of the board of trustees, we will and bequeath a magnifying glass, so that they may

better see the girls who go down town.

Item 10. To Misses Clark and McNutt, we give ten hours every day to be spent in each other's company.

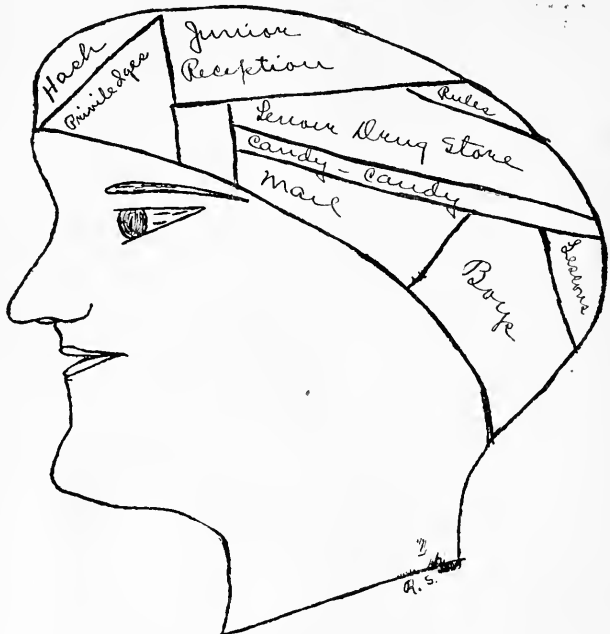
Item 11. To the Faculty of Davenport College, we will and bequeath our best wishes and a thousand thanks for the valuable instruction, which they have given us.

Item 12. We hereby appoint Mr. W. E. Shell and Prof. J. B. Craven joint executors of this our last will and testament. Said executors to draw on Mr. J. W. Self for all necessary funds for the execution of the will.

In testimony whereof we have hereunto set our hands and seals, this the second day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

(Signed)

SENIOR CLASS.



Interior of Senior's Head



## Senior Class Prophecy

**F**OR weeks I have pondered day and night trying to get a vision of the future. Some class prophets say that fairies come and tell them what they want to know. No fairy has come to me. Now almost in desperation, as it is time for the Galax to go to press, I have decided to write a letter to one of my classmates—such a one as I may write twenty years from now. With this explanation, here is the letter.

KOBE, JAPAN,  
May 1, 1930.

MY DEAR KITTY:

To others you are Miss Katharine Wells York, but to me you are the same dear Kitty and I can use no other name in addressing you. I don't know how you feel about it but I like very much to hear my given name—it has been a long time since I have, however.

At last that long looked for class letter has reached me and now it is time for you to have it. Two days ago I received it to my surprise for long ago I had given up the hope of ever seeing it. When Bess received it she quickly wrote her letter and sent the ten letters to me. She is anxious I guess that it may get around before the twenty years since we separated has expired.

No doubt you will laugh at some of the letters, as I did, for they are so old and things have changed so much since some of them were written. The letter from Bess is just as sweet and refreshing as can be. Isn't it wonderful how she is managing those Randolph-Macon girls? You know she always did like Latin and her aim seemed to be to teach some day. Poor Hal—I know he must have been disappointed when she refused to marry him. It seems strange that she should have acted as she did, but I guess she felt that she could serve others better if she led a single life. She is certainly making a success from what I learn. Who knows but that she may yet take up a new field of responsibility? She is not so old after all; the last picture I saw of her she really looked young. Please, dear, when you write, tell me what you know and think about her now for I feel

Mamie and Julia meet when they are in their home town and have very pleasant times together I imagine. You have seen Mamie since I have perhaps, and if you have not seen her, I'm sure you have seen some of her paintings or prints of them. I have noticed sketches in the American papers about what a success she is having. My heart really swells with joy when I think of her as one of my class-mates. While she was studying art abroad I saw her twice. It really seemed remarkable to me the progress that she had made. Now of course we all know that when she was at Davenport she spent the greater part of her time in the art room, but we little thought what a famous artist she would make.

Doesn't Sallie's writing look natural? It is so small that I was almost afraid it would evaporate before I got through reading it. But, dear me, she certainly told bushels in a little space and thereby saved postage. It is a pity some of the rest of us do not know how to be more economical. I fear we have forgotten all we ever knew about economics while we were at Davenport. I cannot refrain from commenting on some of the things Sallie has written. The last time I heard from her she was teaching music for she could not "make up her mind" whether or not to marry John. I guess she will finally consent to do so for she is so good natured that she could not bear to really give anyone trouble. I imagine she still knows how to shut her eyes and laugh, and I really hope she will never forget how. It is so good I think to be able to look on the bright side of life and see some fun.

When you notice the date of Louise's letter you will no doubt wonder, as I did, what could have caused her to wait such a long time to write. She was so sure she would write in only a few weeks after we left school. The letter explains everything. That agriculturist was the cause of all of it. We may just as well consider that he was the cause of the letter being so long in being started. You know how she used to plan what she would do "next year" when she got to teaching. Well she did not do much of it, did she? We all ought to have known that she would marry a farmer the first time one that she really liked proposed to her, for she was always so crazy about farm life.

When I get to thinking about the girls—they are still girls to me—I hardly know when to stop writing about them.

As the different ones have come to my mind I've written about them. It would be too long a story for me to tell what I've done since leaving school. You know enough about my experiences from former letters. I am at a loss to know just where to send this letter for you travel about so much. I am going to risk its finding you in your New York home. I am very proud of you. I trust that you may continue to have much success as a reader. If you ever can make it convenient, when you are abroad, come to see me.

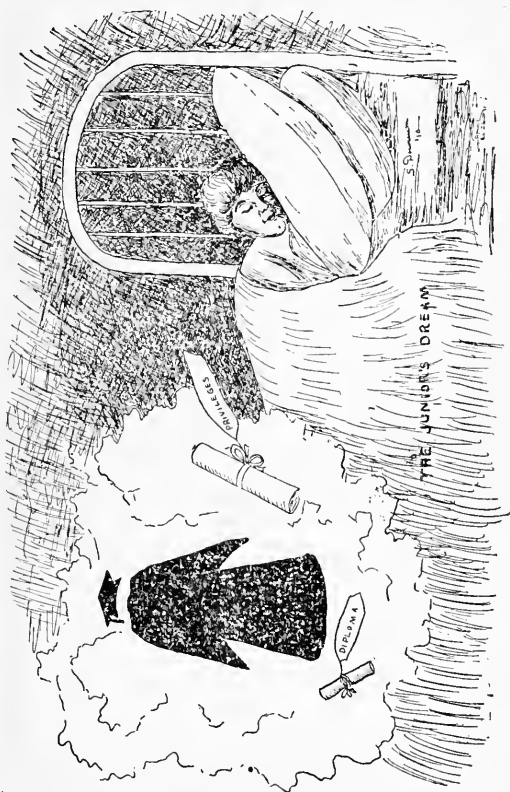
To all of my classmates—should this letter with the others ever be sent around again—I extend the same invitation I've given Kitty. My heart is with you all in your different phases of life. Many times I think of you. With very best wishes for all of you, I am,

Very sincerely,

LIZZIE.







THE JUNIOR'S DREAM

## Junior Class

### MOTTO

*No Labor, no Crown*

FLOWER  
*Violet*

COLORS  
*Dark Blue and Gold*

### YELL

Dig out knowledge!  
Dig out knowledge!  
We are the Juniors,  
Of Davenport College.

### OFFICERS

TOMMIE BABER	- - - - -	President
SALLIE IVEY	- - - - -	Vice-President
GERTRUDE COURTNEY	- - - - -	Secretary
JENNIE MECUM	- - - - -	Historian

### MEMBERS

ROSE STACY	MATTIE CAMP
MABEL CLYDE	BEATRICE BAGGLEY
ZONA STROUP	LIZZIE ROGERS
SALLIE IVEY	BESSIE KING
GERTRUDE COURTNEY	LUCY KING
MAMIE SHARPE	LUCY JORDAN
NELLIE SHEPHERD	MAUD ELLIOTT
IVA MCINTOSH	TOMMIE BABER
JENNIE MECUM	



THE JUNIOR CLASS

## Junior Class History

**T**HE Junior class of nineteen hundred and ten consists of seventeen members, all of whom are very humble, working girls, collected from all parts of the "Old North State." But what has this class been doing worthy of record?

Its members are very active, and when they agree upon a plan it is always carried out. They felt the need of a better equipped library at Davenport, and as a result will soon have a nicely furnished, comfortable room for this purpose. This will be quite a generous donation to the college, and ought to be recorded in our history.

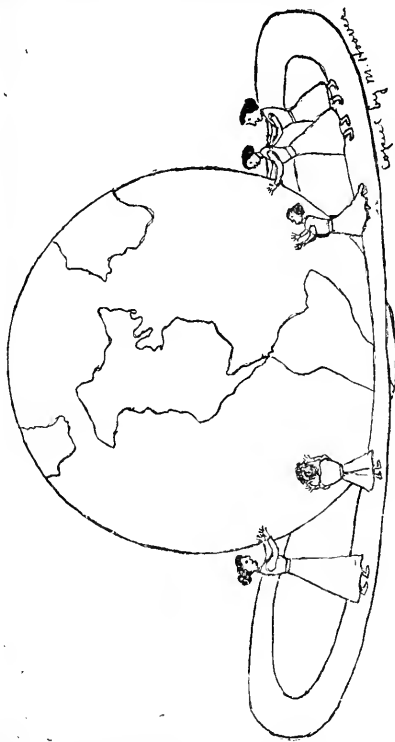
We, as a whole, are not boasting of the great things we will do when we are Seniors, but are trying to make the best out of our time while we are Juniors. We know that if we manifest our desire to help our Alma Mater this year, the desire will be stronger next year.

Don't think we are bragging, for considering what we have rubbed up against this year, as measles, for instance, you will find that we have done remarkably well indeed.

Listen! is that a teacher? I was just preparing to tell you of some of our "stunts" but for fear it will mar our merits, I will just say we are still "digging out knowledge," striving to be seniors of our dear old College, relying on the old adage, "No labor, no crown."

JENNIE MECUM.





The Great Wall of China

## Sophomore Class

### MOTTO

*Nihil desperamus*

### FLOWER

*Pansy*

### COLORS

*Purple and Gold*

### YELL

Boom-a-laca! Boom-a-laca!  
Sis boom ba, bim-a-laca,  
Bim-a-laca-Rah, rah, rah,  
Booma-a-laca! Booma-a-laca!  
Who are we?  
The 1912 of Old D. C.

### OFFICERS

BRYTE BESS	- - - - -	President
ODESSA RICHARDSON	- - - - -	Vice-President
KANSAS BYERS	- - - - -	Secretary
VIRGINIA PATTERSON	- - - - -	Treasurer
JEWELL WOMBLE	- - - - -	Historian

### MEMBERS

BRYTE BESS	VERA QUARLES
KANSAS BYERS	ODESSA RICHARDSON
CORA BIGGER	ELLEN ROGERS
LULA BELLE BLACK	ANNIE REEVES
VALLIE FEIMSTER	HILDA ROBINSON
LILLIE BEATTIE	EVA SHANKLE
CARRIE HIPP	WINNIE SPENCER
MAMIE MILLER	CLYDE SIGMON
ESTHER MCCRARY	KATE SHAW
EFFIE MORROW	MABEL THOMPSON
MAMIE NIPPER	MARGARET WOOD
VIRGINIA PATTERSON	JEWELL WOMBLE



SOPHOMORE CLASS

## Sophomore Class History

**I**F History is a record of the lives of great women, then to tell the history of the Sophomore Class would require volumes, but since our space is limited, we must content ourselves with an abridgment. This class does not boast of a natural genius, but a number of girls, who have the power of concentration and "stick-to-itiveness." The roll is made up of twenty-four members.

If honor should always be rendered to whom honor is due, then the class made no mistake when it chose Bryte Bess president. "Bryte" comes to us from the red-brush hills of the "Old North State," and of amorous nature is she.

The musicians of our class would excel the musicians of ancient days, they do not allow the class to drag in sentiment. Some of our artists are sure to take the medal.

The Freshman smile as they pass us, for they think of the honored name "Soph," they will have next year. While the Juniors stand around the corners of the halls, with their Virgils, to get aid from us as we gather to read our lesson.

Pebbles we,  
In a sea  
Of mingled mirth and misery.  
Crunch and grind  
Every kind  
Angels oft, a shape shall find,  
Presently  
We shall be  
Fair and fit for Gods to see.

And now we leave the class to the future historian as she chronicles the deeds of the brave and useful of our land.

JEWELL WOMBLE

# FRESHMEN



# Freshman Class

## MOTTO

*To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield*

FLOWER  
*Goldenrod*

COLORS  
*Black and Gold*

## YELL

Loose! Loose! Loose!  
Here we come in a big caboose!  
Roosters! Toosters! Who are we?  
1913's of old D. C.!

## OFFICERS

WILLIE MCGHEE	-	-	-	-	President
FANNY FERGUSON	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
ETHEL BROWN	-	-	-	-	Secretary
MARY LENA BUSHONG	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
LUCILE LOWRY	-	-	-	-	Historian

## MEMBERS

IDA DORTON	WILLIE MCGHEE
MAUDE BESS	JOHNNIE HESTER
MABLE CHERRY	FANNY FERGUSON
PAULINE RAPER	LILLIE WHITESIDE
OBERN JACKSON	ETHEL BROWN
GLADYS JACKSON	LUCILE LOWRY
LENA HOGUE	ROTIE NOLAND
MARY LENA BUSHONG	



FRESHMAN CLASS

## Freshman Class History

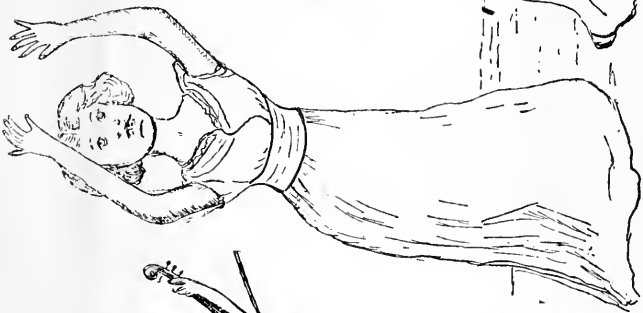
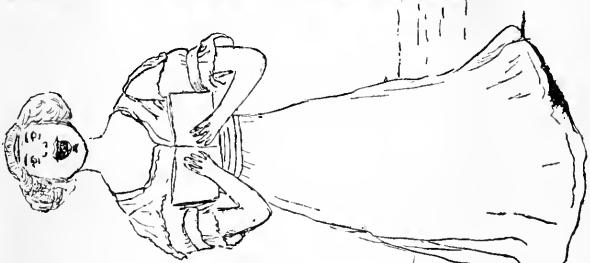
**U**R class is so wonderful and marvelous, that its real History could not be written on the small space, which the Seniors have allowed us in their precious Annual, but I will try to give some idea of what we are. One of the Juniors mockingly said, "They are sharp enough to stick in the ground, and green enough to grow," but even if we do go by the name Freshmen, we are not quite so "fresh" as they pretend we are. We take it all good humoredly though, for the Freshmen of every college must expect to have all manner of jokes thrust at them.

The legacy left us by the Freshmen of last year, their "indomitable will and courage to overcome all obstacles and to 'find a way, or make one,'" has been taken in good faith by us. We boast of being able to say that we have overcome all obstacles so far. For instance, we decided that the rules were too binding, so we forthwith threw off all restraint and ignored these rules—except when the teachers were around. We have succeeded so far, with no worse result than the "campusing" of several of our number for a month or so.

We have a great deal of fun, this class of fifteen in number, but we are also seeking for knowledge, and hope some day to reach that glorious goal. And we will, too, if we follow our motto, "To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield."

LUCILE EDITH LOWRY.





# Special Class

## MOTTO

*Do ye the next thing*

## FLOWER

*American Beauty*

## COLORS

*Garnet and Cream*

## YELL

Vive-la, vive-la; Sis-boom-ba  
Specials! Specials! Rah, rah, rah.

## OFFICERS

MAGGIE DAVIS	- - - - -	President
GRACE KIRKMAN	- - - - -	Vice-President
ANNA PUETT	- - - - -	Historian
MYRA HERMAN	- - - - -	Reporter

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MAGGIE DAVIS	STELLA MCGHEE
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MYRA HERMAN	KATHALEENE HOVIE
FUSHIA LACKEY	ISABELLE MABRY
ROSALEE LACKEY	CORA BALLARD
MARION LONG	GLADYS MINISH
CARRIE CAPELL	CLAUD TEETER
HAZLE MCADAMS	HELOISE CONNELL
ELOISE RUDISELL	CLYDE LYNCH
ANNIE PERRY	LOIS STEEL
GRACE KIRKMAN	CLARA FORD
ANNA PUETT	NORA SHOOK
DOLORES CASSELS	



SPECIAL CLASS

## Special Class History

THE special class of nineteen and ten consider themselves to be the "most special" class in college. We have twenty-five members in all, and of course we all believe that doing one thing well, is a very good rule. We are the jolliest class in college, and have more "nerve" than any of the other girls.

Not having as much studying to do as the other classes, we devote most of our time to fun, and fun we have, too. There is never a mid-night feast, or a prank of any kind, that we are not present to anticipate in it.

Of course we are the smartest girls in college, although the smartest girl isn't in our class (to be sure she is a Senior) yet Stell McGhee is a special. Then we have Grace Kirkman in our class, she is especially fond of the mail ??? Fushia Lackey is the jolliest; Myra Herman is the sweetest; Annie Perry is the handsomest and Maggie Davis is the cutest, but, oh, it is useless to think of summing up the prominent characteristics of each member of this famous Special class of nineteen hundred and ten. But let it be sufficient to say, that we fully feel our importance. Yet we always keep in mind our motto, "Do ye the next thing." We sincerely hope that our influence as the special class of nineteen and ten has been wholly for good. (No more.)

ANNA M. PUETT.

In Memoriam

[REDACTED]

LOUISE LYNCH

DIED

June, 1909

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

MAMIE BAILEY

DIED

June, 1909

[REDACTED]

## Sweet Sixteen

(From a school girl's diary)

June 1, 1909

**W**ELL! School closed yesterday and here I am back at home again. The last four months have passed by sooner than I expected. Oh, how I have longed for home and how happy I expected to be if I ever got home any more. At last I am realizing what I have been dreaming of so long. When my darling daddy met me at the station this afternoon I wanted to shout for joy. I was so glad to see him and felt very proud when he looked at me and said:

"Well, my little girl is sixteen now and it won't be long before she will be a woman."

I think it will be a very long time myself, nevertheless, only a sixteen year old girl can do lots and I feel that I have a mission to perform this summer. I will write in this diary all about how I succeed etc. Cause I have started this diary with the intention of writing in it every night and even if my summer vacation isn't so very interesting, this will be a good way to help pass off the time. I am very tired to-night so perhaps I have better stop and go to bed.

June 2.

Father and I had such a delightful time to-day. We drove all around the farm and away off somewhere to see one of his patients. I like so much to be with father and especially do I like to go with him when he goes out on his rounds. That is one of the nice things about being a physician's daughter. But Oh! what if father should marry again! I don't mind saying right here that my mission this summer will be to try to help father escape the snares and pitfall that some old maid will be likely to lay for him 'cause he's very handsome, I tell you he is, and that old one eyed Miss Perkins has already set her cap for him I know. As we came home from the station yesterday father was talking about how lonely it was at home when I was away and the thought just occurred to me that perhaps he was contemplating matrimony. He shows no special signs of being in love now and there's no one in this out-of-the-way place of a marriageable nature



except the above mentioned Miss Perkins and I'm sure father would never marry a one eyed woman especially when she had a horrid wart on her nose besides—Oh dear—but I had forgotten about Miss Dickens, that old maid who rents the cottage during the summer. I am determined not to have a step-mother and especially her because she is so cross and wears such horrid green glasses and does nothing but hunt for bugs, (and widowers). I have noticed however that no one is in the cottage at present and intend to ask daddy if Miss Dickens is coming back this summer. If she is I must do all I can even if father doesn't seem to like her much for strange things happen sometimes.

June 3.

Father has been away all day and I had nothing to do this morning but unpack my trunk and straighten out my room; and this evening I have nothing to do but write so here goes—

I declare I didn't know this was such a lonesome place. Had a letter from cousin Edith this mornning saying that cousin George was coming out here to spend a week or two. Now I have never seen George but I hope he will come soon and even if I don't like him so very well he will help me pass away the time.

June 10.

Here I have waited a week to write but nothing worthy of note has occurred. Daddy said that Miss Dickens was not coming back to the cottage this year but that he had heard that an old widow was coming in a week or two. Worse and worse!! An old maid is bad enough but an old red nosed widow is worse than ever and I know she will be red nosed and will manage to get a cold just to get father over there and then,—

But, cousin George is coming Monday and perhaps he will help me. Edith described him to me and said for me to meet him at the city. "Tall for his age, (seventeen) brown hair, ditto eyes, ditto suit". I am sure I wouldn't know him from Tom, Dick, or Harry by that description but she said his suit case had his initials G. R. engraved on it in large letters so perhaps I can tell him by his suit case if I see more

than one "brown haired boy, ditto eyes, ditto trousers".

June 12.

If I can get my scattered wits collected I will write about my adventures to-day. Had a lovely ride to the city and made all sorts of plans for George's entertainment (and mine.) When I got to the city and heard the train blow I was just a little bit afraid that I wouldn't find George very easily but reassured myself with the hope that if I failed to recognize him he would recognize me, because he had seen my picture.

When the passengers began to get off, I looked in every direction for a brown eyed young man with a brown suit on, and at last I discovered the object of my search. A young man in a brown suit got off and was anxiously looking around as if in search of some one. "Ah", thought I, "that is George", but to assure myself I looked at his suit case as I approached and saw in bold type the initials "G. R." With my fears all banished I stepped boldly up to him, held out my hand, and said: "I guess I am the person you are looking for, am I not?" He looked at me quickly and replied, "Oh yes, I am glad to see you cousin." I took him to the carriage and very soon we were speeding away towards my home. I felt rather shy with my new cousin but finally mustered up courage to say: "I hope you will enjoy your visit. I have made lots of plans for our amusement." To which he replied, "How thoughtful you are Kathleen." This amused me and I said, "Kathleen! why you surely have not forgotten my name, George." He looked very much puzzled and replied: "My name isn't George." We looked anxiously at each other for a few minutes and then we both broke out in a hearty laugh. The truth that I had the wrong George dawned upon me and I said: "Aren't you George Reynolds?" He replied, "My name is Grady Robinson, but aren't you Kathleen Davidson?" I answered, "My name is Madge Siler and I fear we have made a mistake." He answered, "I fear so too, but suppose we were neither one to blame. I will explain, but first please have the driver to stop so I won't be getting farther away from the city." I called to the driver to stop and he gave the following explanation:

"I am on my way home from school; one of my cousins who lives about five miles from the city asked me to stop as

I went by and spend a few days with him. He has been sick and said that perhaps he could not meet me but would send his sister Kathleen. He described her to me and said it would be no trouble for me to identify her as she knew my personal appearance and would be on the lookout for me. When I got off the train, I was eagerly scanning every face, looking for a blue eyed girl in a blue frock. I was almost in despair when you came up and held out your hand. Then I was sure you were Kathleen and asked no questions."

I then explained my part of the mistake, and as I finished we both saw the ludicrous side of the situation and had a hearty laugh over it. In spite of his protest to the contrary, I had the driver take us back to the city where we parted, bearing no malice toward each other and each wishing the other better success in their future attempts to identify unknown cousins.

Now I call that real interesting and I am so glad I have such a romantic adventure to put in my diary. But my—didn't I get into it? When I came home this evening I found a letter awaiting me from Edith saying that George had broken his arm and couldn't come. Now my plans are spoiled and here I am left to face the foe alone. I think however that with proper management I can accomplish my design or rather prevent that widow from accomplishing hers.

June 20.

Nothing eventful has happened until to-day. That widow has come! I saw smoke coming from the chimney early this morning so of course she is there. I told father about it and he said that I must call on her right away and ask her over here. Now that is exactly the thing I must not do. It is my duty to shield dad from all old maids' and widows' thrusts and to that end I shall exert all my energies.

June 25.

What do you think happened to-day, old diary? The unexpected has happened. My old widow is not old at all and neither is her nose red but she is very young looking and oh! so pretty. I rode past there this evening and saw her in the yard. She has brown hair and lovely eyes. She nodded at me very pleasantly when I passed and

I was tempted to stop and talk to her but thought of father and rode on.

June 26.

What do you think now? Another "unexpected" has happened! I was out in the tennis court practicing and accidentally knocked my ball over into the widow's front yard. The hammock on the porch stopped swinging and a boy sprang out, picked up the ball and started towards me. I advanced to meet him but when we got nearly up with each other we both stopped suddenly and each stared at the other in blank surprise for a moment and then the boy came nearer, held out his hand and said:

"I guess I am the person you are looking for am I not?"

"Oh yes" I answered, "I am so glad to see you cousin," whereupon we both laughed and he remarked:

"Upon my word this meeting is as much a surprise to me as our first one." Of course I agreed, and wondering how he came to be at the cottage, asked him to have a seat on a nearby bench and tell me if he ever found his cousin. We sat down and he began to narrate the following:

"When I got back to the city that day, thinking it would be of no use to make any further search for Kathleen, I hired a conveyance and drove out to my cousins. They told me that they had decided I wasn't coming as Kathleen failed to see me anywhere at the station. That is no wonder though 'cause she met the wrong train. They were all surprised to see me but gave me a good time. I know you are wondering how I came to be here so I will tell you that also."

"When I got home, mother was getting ready to go to the sea-shore for the summer but I begged her not to go." Here he lowered his voice confidentially and continued: "You know mother is all I have and every time we go to the sea-shore, I'm kept in constant peril of losing her. She is so pretty that she is infested with a group of men all the time and, though she declares she will not marry any of them, I was afraid another summer might prove fatal and I'm determined mother shan't marry." Here I gave him a sympathetic glance and he continued: "I saw this cottage advertised in the paper and as I knew there would be no men in

this out-of-the-way place I begged mother to come out here. She finally consented and here we are. Now I would like to hear from you if you please."

All the time he had been speaking I was exulting with joy to know that I was going to have this boy for a neighbor and that there was some one to sympathize with me in my troubles with old maids etc. I commenced at once to tell him all about it from beginning to end and when I had finished he said:

"It is lucky we have met up for we can work together. I'm so glad you live out here for I was afraid it would be awful lonesome, but you will help to pass away the time even if you are only a girl." When he saw that I was indignant at this he hastened to say, "Oh you are not like most girls. You see all I have ever known were so silly and afraid of everything but I don't believe you are that kind. But look here! Suppose your father and my mother should take a notion to marry!" Now this was a difficulty indeed. In my joy over finding a chum to help me while away some of the lonely hours I had overlooked this fact. Of course if we were friends our parents would naturally become acquainted. After puzzling our brains for a long time we decided to keep our acquaintance a secret from our parents and to use every possible means to keep them apart.

June 30.

Father was away to-day and so was Mrs. Robinson so Grady and I took a row up the river. We had *such* a jolly time. Grady said he didn't know girls were so nice till he knew me. I think he is a dandy boy too 'cause he is so jolly. It won't be at all lonely this summer with him here (if we can be together without dad and Mrs. Robinson finding it out.)

July 4.

Mrs. Robinson went to the city today and Grady and I went on a mountain trip with an old northern woman and her husband. Grady is awfully smart just to be seventeen. He said his mother was always wondering why I didn't call on her and said she thought father was very handsome. Father is always telling me to call on her and talks about

her being so pretty. I suppose I must go to see her tomorrow. No, I won't either—I just won't (Though I'm sure I would love her—Grady says she is an angel.)

July 10.

Grady and I slipped off this afternoon and rowed away up the river. Father thought I had gone to see Aunt Jane and I didn't undeceive him. He keeps talking about Mrs. Robinson every day and keeps telling me to call on her. I am afraid he is almost in love with her.

July 12.

Grady and I went to ride this evening. I suppose it is selfish in us to slip off together and leave poor father and Mrs. Robinson at home by themselves but it is our duty, I mean it is our duty to keep them apart and of course we owe it to ourselves to get all the fun we can. They don't mind being to themselves like *we* would because we are young.

July 14.

Father was gone to-day and so was Grady, so it was very lonely for me.

July 17.

Played tennis with Grady this afternoon. Father never says anything about Mrs. Robinson now. He has surely caught on to my scheme and decided to humor me. Grady says that Mrs. Robinson has stopped talking about father too. I'm glad they are acting so sensibly and hope they will let things rest as they are.

July 20.

Grady and I went horse back riding to-day. Grady says I can ride better than any girl he has ever known. I think he likes me very much and I'm sure I couldn't do without him. We are having such delightful times now and to add to our joy; father and Mrs. Robinson are behaving beautifully. Grady says his mother is as gay as a lark all the time and never mentions father's name. I'm sure father has stopped thinking anything about Mrs. Robinson for he never says anything about her. He is good humored all the time

too and jollier than I have ever known him to be.

July 22.

I'm so glad I started this diary cause I've had so many nice things to write in it. Nothing special happened to-day. Grady and I went on a picnic.

July 23.

Had a good time to-day.

July 24.

Had a lovely time.

July 25.

Ditto

July 26.

“

July 27.

“

July 29

“

July 31.

“

August 2.

Am too sleepy to write but everything is lovely and we still have fair weather. No matrimonial storms are brewing as yet and we are having delightful times. I like Grady better every day and we are going up the river tomorrow.

August 3.

Am so excited I don't know whether I can write or not but I will try to get a few words together to tell what happened to-day. My brain is in such a whirl that I hardly know what I'm doing. This afternoon about three o'clock Grady and I got in the boat for a row up the river. We were rowing a little bit slow 'cause we were thinking about how soon the holidays would end and we both would have to return to school. Then we began to get rather serious and Grady began to talk to me just as the boys in story books

do. I was surprised that a seventeen year old boy could talk so nicely but then Grady is smarter than most boys of his age. We were nearing a landing place where we intended to get out of the boat and sit down on a bench which was placed behind some shrubbery and Grady had just said that he would promise never to marry anyone else if I would promise the same thing when lo! we heard voices. As we stopped the boat, we noticed another one fastend to the shore. We were disappointed to find that some one had beaten us to our resting place and stopped to listen, wondering who the intruders could be. We heard a noise which sounded suspiciously like a kiss and then a voice said:

"But dear, I'm afraid the children will be angry with us for deceiving them."

Another voice replied:

"Yes, but I'm sure I can make it all right with Grady. When he and your Madge get acquainted they will like each other I know and they can be so much company to each other. Grady has always wanted a sister."

"Yes, and Madge has always wanted a brother."

Grady and I gazed at each other thunderstruck. *This* was what all our scheming had amounted to. This proved how easily we were deceived right when we were gloating over our success. Without a word we turned the boat around noiselessly and glided down the stream.

"Well!" said Grady when we were beyond ear shot of the guilty couple on the bench, "how in the mischief have they done all this?" He lookd at me defiantly as if to say "tell me if you can." I could only sob out a pitiful little "I don't know" and Grady kept silent. Now to tell the truth I wasn't quite so sorry as I wanted myself to be and that was one reason I was crying but of course Grady thought it was disappointment making me cry and sat there giving the water vicious strokes with his paddle because as he was a boy and couldn't cry, he had to give vent to his feelings in some way. Finally he said:

"See here Madge, we musn't blame them so much 'cause we have deceived them too. Then we have been rather selfish. I imagine they have each been lonely when we were off together having a good time."

"I guess they were off somewhere having a good time



too" I said, my sobs getting louder now that Grady was trying to comfort me.

"But oh Madge" said Grady, "we won't mind now 'cause we have each other and then they will have to let us marry sometime,—'cause" he added sternly, "because if your father won't give you to me then he shan't have mother!" This comforted me somewhat because I had serious doubts as to how dad would take our engagement, though of course I didn't intend to tell him about it for a year or two.

When we got to the house we saw father and Mrs. Robinson sitting on the porch. They both looked very happy but a little bit sheepish too. They looked surprised indeed when they saw Grady and me coming up together and father began:

"Well, so you all have got acquainted to-day—come here Madge and see your new mother." I burst out crying and threw my arms around father's neck and at the same time Mrs. Robinson grabbed Grady and waltzed him around the porch while she tried to tell him how happy she was and asked him to forgive her for deceiving him. Grady said it was alright with him so far as he knew and looked at me significantly. Father, thinking he understood the look said:

"Oh yes, and you two can be brother and sister." We were both silent and they looked at us wonderingly. The silence began to be embarrassing when Grady walked up to father and in a bold business like way said:

"Look here Dr. Siler, I am Mrs. Robinson's guardian and before I consent to give her away I must have your promise to give Madge to me. We are already engaged."

I was surprised at Grady but felt very proud of him, he talked so much like a man. Mrs. Robinson and father looked as if they thought the stars had fallen. Presently father began to laugh and said:

"I see you youngsters have equaled us in this game and I also see that to gain my wife I must compromise with young Grady and give up my daughter. But look here you mischief makers! You are both to return to school and when you get old enough to think of such things, if you still think as you do now why I shall give you my blessing and now Mr. Robinson will you give your consent?"

Mr. Robinson and I had been looking on and when father

finished his little speech Mrs. Robinson turned to Grady and said:

"Oh Grady how could you?" He replied:

"Oh mother how could you?" Then we all laughed and I laughed and cried too and Mrs. Robinson and I kissed each other and father and Grady shook hands. Father and I soon left and we were so happy we sat up nearly all night talking about it.

I just love Mrs. Robinson and am so glad she is going to be my mother. Grady and I didn't exactly accomplish what we intended but I believe everything has happened for the best.

August 30.

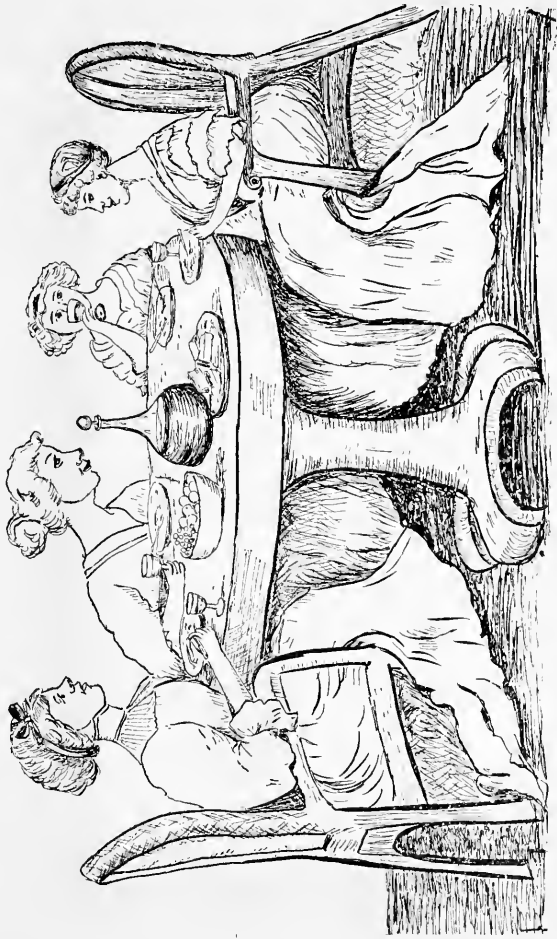
This ends the diary of my summer vacation. I am glad I have written it because this has been the most interesting summer I have ever spent. I think I will let Grady read this some day. Perhaps I shall show it to father. I'm sure he will laugh when he sees what I have written about him. I am so glad I'm not going to have a red nosed widow or a one eyed old maid for a step mother.

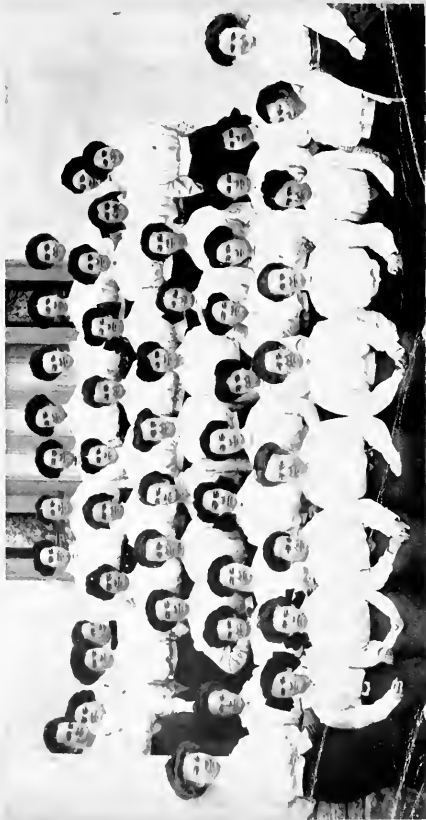
Father and Mrs. Robinson are to be married next week and Grady and I start off to school the next day. We will both graduate in two years more and then—but oh the future will take care of itself!

MAMIE MILLER



Clubs and Organizations





HENRY TIMROD LITERARY SOCIETY

# Henry Timrod Literary Society

MOTTO  
*Fiat Lux*

FLOWER  
*Daisy*

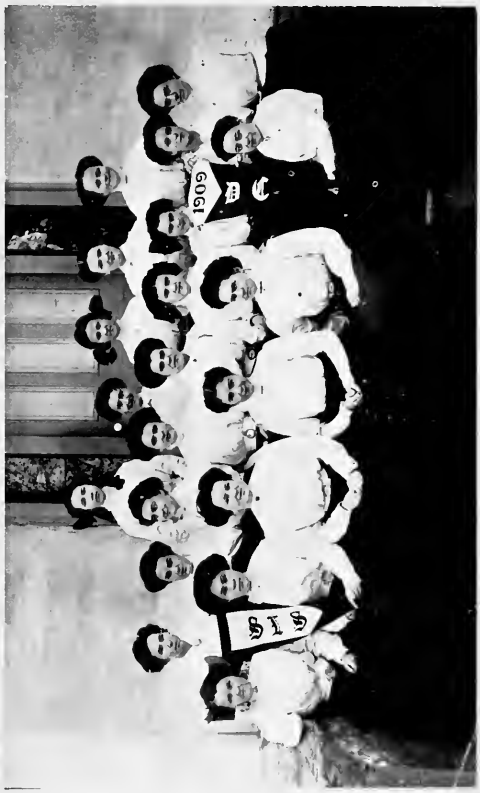
COLORS  
*Yellow and White*

## OFFICERS

FALL TERM		SPRING TERM
KATIE YORKE	President	NORA PEGUES
TOMMIE BABER	Vice-President	IRENE WELLS
LENA LEFLER	Secretary	ANNIE PERRY
LUCY KING	Treasurer	META MCGHEE
META MCGHEE	Critic	KATIE YORKE
IVA MCINTOSH	Chaplain	MABLE CLYDE
STELLA MCGHEE	Hall Marshal	MAYME NEWELL

## MEMBERS

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CORA BALLARD	ROSALIE LACKEY
BRYTE BESS	IVA MCINTOSH
MAUDE BESS	META MCGHEE
KANSAS BYERS	STELLA MCGHEE
LULA BELLE BLACK	BILL MCGHEE
LILLIAN BEATTIE	JENNIE MECUM
AMANDA BROOM	EFFIE MORROW
BEATRICE BAGGLEY	ISABELLE MABRY
MABLE CHERRY	ROXIE NOLAND
MABLE CLYDE	MAMIE NIPPER
DELORES CASSELS	MAYME NEWELL
HELOISE CORNWALL	ANNIE PERRY
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CARRIE HIPP	ELLEN ROGERS
KATHLEEN HOWIE	LIZZIE ROGERS
LENA HOGUE	ANNIE REEVES
MYRA HERMAN	ROSE STACY
GLADYS JACKSON	ZONA STROUP
OBERN JACKSON	EVA SHANKLE
BESSIE KING	CLAUDE TEETER
LUCY KING	IRENE WELLS
LENA LEFLER	LILLIE WHITESIDE
KATIE YORKE	MACIE MCGINN
	LILLIE MCGINN



SIDNEY LANIER LITERARY SOCIETY

# Sidney Lanier Literary Society

## MOTTO

*Loyalty, Fraternity, Fidelity*

## FLOWER

*Red Rose*

## COLORS

*White and Red*

## OFFICERS

### FALL TERM

REBECCA SMITH - - - President - - -  
MAMIE HOOVER - - - Vice-President - - -  
LIZZIE WRENN - - - Secretary - - -  
LUCY JORDAN - - - Treasurer - - -  
CLYDE LYNCH - - - Critic - - -  
CLARA FOARD - - - Chaplain - - -  
LOIS STEELE - - - Hall Marshall - - -

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JEWELL WOMBLE  
GRACE KIRKMAN  
GERTRUDE COURTNEY  
HAZEL MCADAMS  
NORA SHOOK

## MEMBERS

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BERTHA BAILIE  
ETHEL BROWN  
MARY LENA BUSHONG  
SALLIE COPPEDGE  
GERTRUDE COURTNEY  
SADIE DOWNUM  
MAGGIE DAVIS  
MARGARET DURHAM  
MAUDE ELLIOT  
CLARA FOARD  
VALLIE FEIMSTER  
MAMIE HOOVER  
JOHNNIE HESTER  
LELIA HEADEN  
SALLIE IVEY  
LUCY JORDAN  
GRACE KIRKMAN  
JULIA KENT  
CLYDE LYNCH  
GRACE WOOD  
JEWELL WOMBLE

MARION LONG  
MARGIE LOCKMAN  
ESTHER MCCRAEY  
HAZEL MCADAMS  
LEE NORA ODOM  
VERA QUARRELS  
PAULINE RAPEY  
ODESSA RICHARDSON  
HILDA ROBINSON  
HATTIE SLOAN  
KATIE SHAW  
LOIS STEELE  
REBECCA SMITH  
NORA SHOOK  
WINNIE SPENCER  
EVA SISK  
MAMIE SHARPE  
CLYDE SIGMON  
LIZZIE WRENN  
MARGARET WOOD  
BESS WEIDENHOUSE



Y. W. C. A. OFFICERS



"I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly"

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## Y. W. C. A. Officers

### OFFICERS

TOMMIE BABER	-	-	-	-	President
LIZZIE WRENN	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
LENA LEFLER	-	-	-	-	Recording Secretary
BESS WEIDENHOUSE	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
LOUISE ARTHUR	-	-	-	-	Chm. of Devotional Com.
SALLIE COPPIDGE	-	-	-	-	Chm. of Social Com.
NORA PEGUES	-	-	-	-	Chm. of Missionary Com.
MABLE CLYDE	-	-	-	-	Chm. of Intercollegiate Com.



MISSIONARY OFFICERS

## Officers of Missionary Society

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LUCY JORDAN	-	-	-	Vice-president
VIRGINIA PATTERSON	-	-	-	Recording Secretary
LIZZIE WRENN	-	-	-	Corresponding Secretary
MABLE CLYDE	-	-	-	Treasurer
MRS. R. L. DURHAM	-	-	-	Lady Manager



ART CLASS

## Art Class

### MEMBERS

MAMIE HOOVER

ROSALIE LACKEY

SADIE DOWNUM

GRACE KIRKMAN

GLADYS JACKSON

CARRIE CAPELL

MARGARET HARPER

LIZZIE FULLER

CORA BALLARD

ANNA PUETT

MARY NEWLAND

CLAUDIE TEETER

LILLIAN BEATTIE



THE EXPRESSION CLASS

## Expression Class

### MEMBERS

KATIE YORKE

LOUCILE LOWRY

SADIE DOWNUM

MAGGIE DAVIS

ODESSA RICHARDSON

MARGARET WOOD

OBERN JACKSON

CARRIE GOFORTH

CLAUD TEETER

BERTHA BAILEY

BEATRICE BAGLEY

MARION LONG

MAMIE NIPPER

NORA SHOOLS

MARY LENA BUSHONG

LILLIE WHITESIDE



THE EXPRESSION CLASS IN "WOODCOCK'S LITTLE GAME"





LA GRIPPE



THE M. J. P.'S ABROAD

# M. J. P. Club

## MEMBERS

### ABROAD

GRACE WOOD	- - - - -	"Tedly"
CLARA FOARD	- - - - -	"Foard"
GRACE KIRKMAN	- - - - -	"Kirk"
STELLA MCGHEE	- - - - -	"Stell"
WILLIE MCGHEE	- - - - -	"Bill"
FUCHSIA LACKEY	- - - - -	"Fuch"
ROSALIE LACKEY	- - - - -	"Roet"
LUCY JORDAN	- - - - -	"Juicy"
WINNIE SPENCER	- - - - -	"P. D."
LOIS STEELE	- - - - -	"Nig"
REBECCA SMITH	- - - - -	"Beek"
MARION LONG	- - - - -	"Lengthy"
MAGGIE DAVIS	- - - - -	"Peggy"
ANNIE PERRY	- - - - -	"Perry"

### AT HOME

Mrs. Sal Schnippes (Grace Kirkman)
Granny Schnippes (Stella McGhee)
George Washington Schnippes (Marion Long)
Berginia Ann Schnippes (Annie Perry)
Abraham Lincoln Schnippes (Bill McGhee)
Australia Schnippes (Lucy Jordan)
Burher Schnippes (Maggie Davis)
Matildy Schnippes (Fuchsia Lackey)
Victorie Schnippes (Rebecca Smith)
Europenia Schnippes (Clara Foard)
Christopher Columbus Schnippes (Winnie Spencer)
Africa Schnippes (Lois Steele)
Miss Mary Queen of Scots Schnippes (Grace Wood)
Cuby Schnippes (Rosalie Lackey)



M. J. P.'S AT HOME



## The Rabbit Club

MOTTO—*Catch him if you can*

PLACE OF MEETING—*Where the five get together*

YELL

Ching-a-lack-a, ching-a-lack-a,  
Hip boom ba!  
As you lack-a, as you lack-a,  
Tra, tra, tra!  
Have you caught-a, have you caught-a,  
Ah, ah, ah!  
Mera, mera, mera, rah! rah!

### MEMBERS

JEWELL WOMBLE

MISS WRENN

LIZZIE WRENN

LELIA HEADEN

HAZEL McADAMS



D. C. D.

# D. C. D.

## MOTTO

*Blessed are they who are lean, for  
They shall have a chance to grow fat*

FLOWER  
*Forget-me-not*

COLORS  
*Blue and White*

TIME OF MEETING—*After the lights go off*

## YELL

Kitty karo, kitty kabus  
What in the mischief's the matter with us?  
Nothing at all, nothing at all,  
We're the girls that beat them all.

## OFFICERS

MAYME NEWELL	-	-	-	-	President
FANNIE FERGUSON	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
CLAUDE TEETER	-	-	-	-	Secretary
LUCILE LOWRY	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

## MEMBERS

MAYME NEWELL

KATE SHAW

ODESSA RICHARDSON

CLAUDE TEETER

FANNIE FERGUSON

LUCILE LOWRY



THE MIDNIGHT VISITORS



# The Midnight Visitors

COLORS  
*Black and White*

FLOWER  
*Night shade*

MOTTO  
*We are not afraid to go home in the dark*

YELL  
Wide awake and full of fun,  
Scared to death but afraid to run.

## OFFICERS

META MCGHEE	- - - - -	President
KATIE SHAW	- - - - -	Vice-President
ETHEL PRICE	- - - - -	Secretary
VIRGINIA PATTERSON	- - - - -	Treasurer

## MEMBERS

META MCGHEE  
MAMIE NIPPER  
VIRGINIA PATTERSON

ETHEL PRICE  
ODESSA RICHARDSON  
KATIE SHAW

MAMIE NIPPER

KIDS

ODESSA RICHARDSON



B. F. C.

# B. F. C.

## MOTTO

*We like anything eatable*

FLOWER  
*Carnation*

COLOR  
*Red*

FAVORITE DISH  
*Frenchfriedporterhousepotos*

## YELL

Yickity, yackity, sis boom bar,  
We're all right, yes we are.

PASS WORD  
*To See Him*

TIME OF MEETING  
*When we ought not*

PLACE OF MEETING  
*Not Known*

## OFFICERS

OBERN JACKSON	- - - - -	President
MARY LENA BUSHONG	- - - - -	Vice-President
BERTHA BAILEY	- - - - -	Secretary
GLADYS JACKSON	- - - - -	Treasurer

## MEMBERS

"BOBBY" JACKSON  
"BILL" BAILEY

"HULL" BUSHONG  
"CAPTAIN" JACKSON II



OYUCANETIS CLUB

# Oyucanetis

## MEMBERS

MAGGIE DAVIS  
GRACE WOOD

LUCY JORDAN  
REBECCA SMITH

GRACE KIRKMAN  
ANNIE PERRY



THE SPOONERS

# The Spooners

## MEMBERS

"STRACTED" PEGUES

"LADD" WEIDENHOUSE

"KITTHIE" YORKE

"LASS" McADAMS

## MOTTO

*What's the use of loving  
If you can't love all the time*

PLACE OF MEETING—*In each other's arms*

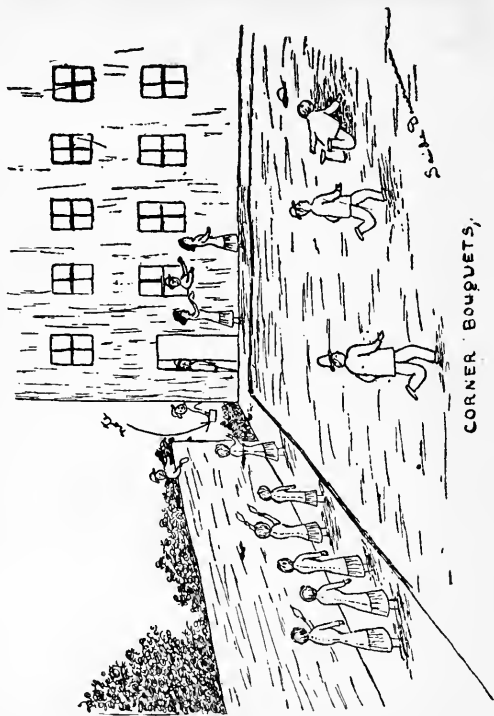
TIME OF MEETING—*Any old time at all*

CHIEF DEBATE AT MEETING—*"Whose bab 'a doll is 'oo?"*

OUR OBJECT—*To play hearts*

## OUR PRAYER

"O Lord, bless me and my wife,  
My friend Stracted and his wife,  
Us four, and no more."



CORNER BOUQUETS.



## The Dog and the Rabbit

Tom' Turner on a winter's day,  
Saw a rabbit pass his way.  
He called his dog and urged him on,  
To catch the hare before 'twas gone.  
But when the dog looked down the trail,  
He saw the disappearing tail.  
On through the snow, the rabbit flew,  
The hungry dog in close pursue.  
At last the rabbit reached a patch,  
Which he called his own strong thatch.  
The dog looked in when he reached the  
place,  
And saw the rabbit face to face.  
The rabbit grinned from ear to ear,  
'I'd like to see you come in here.  
For you are large and I am small,  
Through this wee hole you cannot crawl.'  
The dog turned away in such a run,  
You wouldn't have thought he'd been out-  
done.  
"I'll try my luck in another chase,  
And see if I can't beat this case."  
The saddest thing that comes to a dog,  
Is to chase his dinner into a log.

(ELIZABETH ROGERS.)



# Athletics



TENNIS CLUB

# Tennis Club

## OFFICERS

REBECCA SMITH - - - - President  
LUCY JORDAN - - - - Secretary and Treasurer

## MEMBERS

LUCY JORDAN	FANNY FERGUSON
ROSEBUD BROWN	MARGARET WOOD
REBECCA SMITH	MAUD BESS
JOHNNIE HESTER	BERTHA BAILEY
BEATRICE BAGLEY	JENNIE MECUM
BESS WEIDENHOUSE	KATE SHAW
HAZEL McADAMS	EFFIE MORROW



VARSIITY BASKET BALL TEAM

## 'Varsity Basket Ball Team

MYRA HERMAN, R. F.

LULA BELLE BLACK, S. C.

GRACE KIRKMAN, L. F.

FUCHSIA LACKEY, R. G.

MAYME NEWELL, C.

FANNIE FERGUSON, L. G.

REBECCA SMITH, Manager



SAMSONIAN BASKET BALL TEAM



## Samsonian Basket Ball Team

ZONA STROUP, R. F.

ROSEBUD BROWN, L. F.

CARRIE CAPELL, C.

MAGGIE DAVIS, S. C.

BILL MCGHEE, R. G.

LOUCILE LOWRY, L. G.



## Tiger Basket Ball Team

MARGARET WOOD, R. F.

ROSALIE LACKEY, L. F.

KATIE SHAW, R. G.

ODESSA RICHARDSON, L. G.

BEATRICE BAGLEY, C.

## One of the Necessities of a Boarding School

**I**T was one cold day in December that a handsomely dressed man, his wife, and several pretty children came to visit our home. As we lived on the out-skirts of the city we were of a rather timid nature for we seldom had visitors of any kind.

Since I was among the youngest of the children, and the youngest of the children, and the babies are always among the first to be shown off, the company was brought right into the nursery. There I lay, a dirty heap on the floor. Then they saw me gathered up, and carried to the next room, where some of my older brothers and sisters were going through a cleaning process. Next we went into an adjoining room where I was put into a red hot furnace and heated to the highest degree.

A part of my body was taken by a man, which, when held up, looked somewhat like candy that was being pulled. This man managed by means of some tongs to make some pretty walking sticks, souvenirs for the children.

The strangers stood and looked on in amazement as they saw the many beautiful articles that were made from my own body and from those of my brothers and sisters. They soon left our home and I little dreamed of ever seeing them again. I liked one of the little girls very much, as she especially, seemed interested in our home and in our mode of living.

Soon after their departure, my body was put into an iron mold, and I came out a pretty, round, clear object, but without a head. I wondered what would happen to me next.

In a few days I received an invitation to visit our city cousins, which I gladly accepted. While there they gave me a lovely silver head and also a cap, which was fastened on so that I knew it would always be present.

On leaving their home, I was put into a large crate, with some of the other members of my family. In this we were carefully packed in a soft bed of hay, so as not to be so badly jarred on our long journey which we were soon to take.

After traveling for many days, we finally reached our destination. We were then unwrapped, dusted and placed upon a counter in a large store. Here for a long time we sat, to be gazed at by the many passers-by.

One hot summer day a fine looking gentlemen came into the store, and after looking over the different articles, he selected quite a number, I myself being among them. I was again packed in a box with the other articles, placed in a wagon, and thus we started out on another journey. This ride, however, was rather short, for soon we stopped in front of a large building, which I afterwards learned was Davenport College. We were taken into the building, unpacked, and set on a long shelf.

In a few weeks I hardly knew what to think, when I found myself in the midst of so much noise and confusion. I could hardly keep still for the excitement kept me going most of the time. At first I felt rather embarrassed as some of the new girls turned up their noses at me, and remarked about my being so common. At this I never murmured but remained silent and tried to look as cheerful as I could, never minding the sneering little remarks so often made about me.

One day I was placed on a table which was called the Senior table. As these were the most advanced girls in the college, and every one seemed to be a little afraid of them, of course I somewhat dreaded them at first, but soon I found that they were to be my best friends. They laughed and chatted so much, and made everything so pleasant for me, that I loved for each meal to come, as that was the happiest part of the day.

As I drew near one of the girls at the table, she smiled sweetly at me as if she had seen me before. There in an instant I whispered and told her where I had first seen her. It was that cold day when she visited my home, and I lay in a dirty heap on the floor, quite a number of years before. Since then I had been transformed into a pretty, clear object with a silver cap upon my head and stationed in the center of the Seniors' table. As the girls were so fond of me I remained there until the last night of school.

Late that night as the pale moon-beams glimmered through the window, a strange feeling crept over me as I

felt the presence of someone in the room. It seemed to come nearer and nearer, then something lifted and bore me away, and I knew not where I was going to land. Soon we came to a dainty, lighted room and I found myself once more being hurriedly packed, but this time among some soft garments in the bottom of some one's trunk, and here I lived a lonely life for many years.

The years rolled on and on, and one day I seemed to hear some one say something about a reunion of the classmates of "1910" of Davenport college, which was to be held at my owner's home. This brightened me up, and I felt quite young again when I thought of the treat so soon in store for us, for I always loved to hear of those pleasant days spent within the walls of our old college.

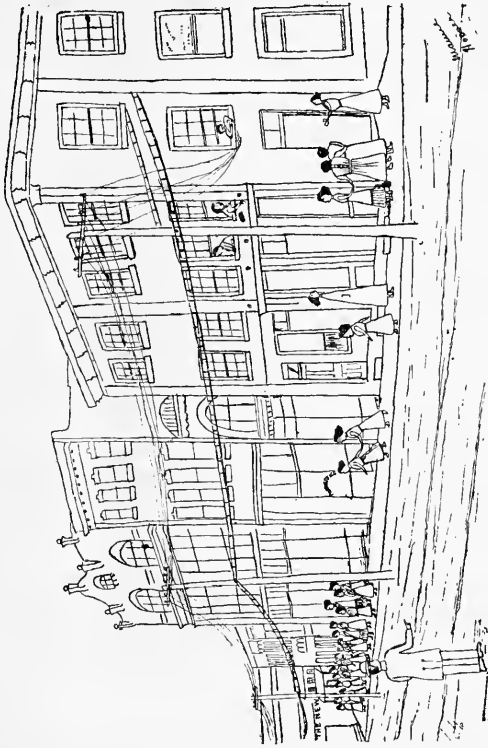
In a few weeks great preparations were being made for the reunion. Everyone was filled with excitement and joy at the thought of being together once more. But somehow as I lay in the bottom of the old trunk, I couldn't understand it very well with all the talk that was going through the air.

At last they all arrived with the exception of one, who was now sleeping gently beneath the waving grass. It was a happy set of faces as they gathered around the glowing coals to recall the happiest days of their girl-hood, spent at old Davenport.

Before I was aware of what had happened, I was taken from the old trunk, where I had lain for many years, and found myself being passed around and carefully examined by the different ladies. They were young once more in spirit if not in looks, for some, by their silvery hair had begun to show that age was steadily creeping upon them.

Among the smiles and tears, I was admired and tenderly held by all. More than one wished that she had slipped downstairs in the silent hours of the night, and stolen the old syrup pitcher, on that last night, spent at old Davenport.

SALLIE Y. COPPEDGE.



MR. DURHAM'S WALKING LINE

## Parody on Hamlet's Soliloquy

To be, or not to be—that is the question,  
Whether 'tis better to be a Senior  
With two and a half privileges from Miss Parker  
Or to be a Freshman against a crowd of teachers  
And by hooking, evade them? To visit,—To shop,—  
No more; And by shopping to say we go  
But once a week, and then by strict permission  
From the President,—'tis a state of things  
Long wished to be changed, To visit,—To shop,—  
To shop! but once a week! Ay there's the rub!  
For in our Senior year what things may come  
To make us want to go down town once more  
When we have been. That's the respect  
That makes the kick of the Senior class.  
For who would be a Senior on this hill  
With two privileges, Dr. Weaver's indifference  
The pangs of Miss Parker's "frost," the trustee's gaze,  
The insolence of Juniors. And the dignity  
That Seniors must assume,  
When they themselves might be Fresh.  
With, "Catch me if you can?"

KATIE YORKE.

## Bright Sayings of Brilliant People

Prof Mountford: "Those Seniors haven't a bit of business getting out that Annual, until all the graduates in music have stood their final examination."

Miss Allen: "I've never had anything but a howling success."

Miss Wrenn (on last lesson before exam): "Know Hamlet from cover to cover, and be able to discuss any character in an intelligent manner. Quote at least one thousand lines, and tell where each may be found, i. e. act, scene, page and number of line; be able to give the meaning of any word, by whom it was said and under what circumstances."

Dr. Weaver (at chapel): "I'm sorry the girls are sick, but if they would use more will power there would be less gripe." (It is almost useless to say that he went to bed the next day with the gripe.)

Mr. Craven (to his wife): "I wish I had two just like you."

Prof. Mountford: "The girls will just have to quit being sick on the day for Harmony."

Miss Parker (on class to Senior): "If you don't read up on this Latin, you will just have to come back next spring and finish."

Mrs. Allison (angry because so many girls are sick): "Yes, yes, just *everybody* go to bed and have your breakfast sent up!"

Miss Carr (to Bill): "No matter if Stella is sick, she can't have fresh water during quiet hour, it's against the rules."

## The Understudy to Nancy

(SALLIE IVEY)

The little door in the negro cabin on Mr. Grey's plantation stood open, and the mellow rich strains of the banjo were heard in the warm air, sweetened by the scent of June roses. Mr. Grey allowed his slaves one night out of every week to amuse themselves in their quarters on the west side of his large plantation.

Mr Grey was supposed to be the richest planter in all Virginia at the time of this story. He had only one child, a beautiful girl about seventeen years old. His wife was an invalid and Dorothy remained at home with her mother almost all the time, especially during the day.

Oak-dale, as the Grey plantation was called was a magnificent old house with the front piazza extending nearly around it, built of stone, with large white columns covered with Virginia creeper.

Dorothy was sitting on the front steps alone listening to the negro's songs and watching the "picinnies" dance. Her old mammy, Emeline, came to the little cabin door and whistled like a whip-poor-will.

"Oh, ash cake," Dorothy exclaimed and raced down the avenue, bordered by huge live oaks. When she reached the cabin, she found her old mammy just peeling the cabbage leaves from a genuine old ash cake. Dorothy sat down in the door and taking a big yellow bowl of milk, the old negro gave her, began eating her milk and ash cake.

"Mammy, Nancy is coming tomorrow, oh, I'm so glad!"

"Humph! I never did like dem Randolphs, her ma wuz one of dem Creoles from way down yander whar dey sells off mean niggers."

"Mammy, I will not have you talk like that about my dearest friend, she is the sweetest girl I ever knew, and she is so pretty—so lovely. Ah! yonder is Bob Kingston coming up the avenue. I would know his horse even in this dim light. Good-night mammy, you will be sure to like Nancy when she comes."

Dorothy ran up to the house and having gone in the back



door, reached the drawing room just as the big old butler ushered her guest in.

Bob Kingston was Dorothy's eldest playmate. His home was on the next plantation and they had been together constantly, until Bob had gone to the University. He was now reading law in Kingston, the county seat ten miles away.

"Bob, I'm so glad to see you; haven't been here before in ages."

"I'm so busy Dot." Here they both laughed heartily, for Bob was proverbially lazy.

"Well I imagine you will be here pretty often after tomorrow, for Nancy is really coming at last, and I want you to bring every boy in Kingston over to see her. She is lovely, one of those dark rich beauties, and a perfect heart-breaker. I can hardly wait to see her, we were such friends when I visited Aunt Nell in Richmond, but she is much older than I. Uncle Jack called me 'The understudy of Nancy.'"

"I can't imagine you playing understudy Dot; you have held the center of the stage here so long."

"But here isn't Richmond," and Dorothy half sighed, as if she wished she were in Richmond.

Bob stayed a long time and they planned all kinds of entertainments in Nancy's honor.

The next morning Bob was sitting in his office at Kingston with his feet on his desk, whistling, when James Graham came in and said:

"Come on Bob and let's go over to Oak-Dale. I hear that Nancy Randolph is visiting there and I want to see her again. Give me a fair show Bob, you're such a ladies man, I don't count when you're around. If she were visiting anybody but Dorothy Grey I would give up, but you are pretty true to Dot."

"Yes, truer than she is to me, judging from the number of times you've been over there of late."

It was just two o'clock when Bob and Jim rode up the avenue at Oak-Dale. A negro took their horses and just as they rang the bell Dorothy appeared at the head of the stairs.

"Don't you dare come in boys," she cried, "we are going out to the orchard, it's so hot in the house," and turning around she called, "Come on Nancy, Bob and Jim have come, and we are going out to the orchard."

Then she ran on down and shook hands with them, just as Miss Randolph appeared at the head of the stairs.

Bob could scarcely repress an exclamation when he first saw her; she was even more beautiful than Dorothy's description had caused him to expect, being tall and stately with that indescribable air of grace that seems the birthright to those queenly women of the far South.

She greeted Mr. Graham cordially, and acknowledged Dot's introduction to Bob by saying laughingly:

"Dot do mine eyes really behold Bob?" and then, "Mr. Kingston I assure you that I know a great deal of you." As Bob made some laughing reply he glanced at Dorothy, and to his surprise her face was crimson and there was a hurt look in her eyes. He could not understand why his little friend should feel self-conscious at those light words—Wonder if she cares?—the thought had hardly crossed his mind before it was forgotten in the gay conversation. As they went toward the orchard, he found himself walking slowly with Miss Randolph, while Dot and Jim walked ahead.

"Isn't Dorothy the dearest child?" Miss Randolph said.

"Indeed she is, you all seem to have a mutual admiration society, she is devoted to you."

"And no more the less so to you, she's a true friend."

When they reached the orchard they discovered Dot and Jim sitting on the grass at the foot of a big apple tree. Then Miss Randolph started to stop with them, but with some careless remark, Bob sauntered on and they did not stop until they reached the old stile, which separated the orchard from the pasture. Here they sat down and Bob found Miss Randolph to be very charming.

Bob and Jim stayed for supper, after which Miss Randolph entertained them by her beautiful singing. Her voice was a very deep contralto, and as she sang the old songs, Bob loved so well, he felt his admiration for her beginning to grow.

Dot was very quiet all evening. When the boys left it was with the proper understanding that they should come early the next morning and go fishing. The days went by and the end of each one found Bob more interested in Miss Randolph. Jim said he had given up, so he and Dot were constantly together.

Jim was one of those gentle understanding men, who could read a woman's moods nearly as well as another woman could. He saw that Dot felt Bob's neglect very keenly, but of course didn't mention it.

One day Nancy announced at breakfast that she really had to go home. Dot begged her to stay but she said she had to start the next day.

Bob came over that afternoon and he and Nancy went horse back riding. When they left Dot proudly hiding her jealous pain, waved them a gay good bye from the front door. After they had gone she rushed up to her room, and opening her desk, she took from it a small rose-wood box; out of the box she took a little ring. It was too small for any finger, but her little one, so she slipped it on that.

"I can't give him up, even to Nancy," she sobbed, "she has so much and I have only Bob."

She sat up there an hour, then getting up, she bathed her red eyes and leaving the ring on her hand, went down just as Nancy and Bob came in. Bob's face was glowing with happiness as he rushed up to Dot and cried:

"Congratulate me, Dot. I am the happiest man on earth"

He caught both her hands and when he released them he observed the little ring.

"Why Dottie have you kept that all these years?"

"I have kept every gift I ever received in my life, and when I found this a while ago, I put it on to see if you would remember it."

As the two girls prepared for bed that night Nancy said to Dot:

"Dot I am in trouble, I've promised to marry Bob and I am engaged to Jack Danbridge." "Nancy!" was all Dot could say at that moment.

"Oh you silly little girl, you will soon learn to flirt," Nancy said.

"Not like that, because Nancy it isn't right honorable is it?"

"Oh Dotsie dear don't be prudish, I beg of you. I want you to tell Bob for me after I leave, and then I want you to come down to Richmond in September, to be my brides maid."

"Nancy I can't tell Bob and I won't."

"You must, I hate to, Dot, it will hurt him so."

"You should have thought of that sooner."

"Oh never mind little understudy you can console him."

"Thank you, but I don't care to."

It was a new Dorothy Nancy saw, her eyes were blazing and her mouth curled in contempt.

"Don't be angry Dot, I'll tell him in the morning."

Next morning Bob came over and found Nancy alone in the grape arbor. As he started to take her in his arms she drew back.

"Don't you think our little game had better end?" she said.

"Game? I don't understand," he gasped. "Don't you love me?"

"No I'm going to marry Jack Danbridge in September."

"Why then, may I ask, did you promise to marry me?" he said bitterly. Before she could answer Dot came in and told Nancy that her father said she must come home on the next train.

"Good by, Bob, thank you for your share in my pleasant visit," and saying this Nancy was gone.

Presently Dot came in and sat down.

"Oh Bob I'm so sorry," she said.

"Don't worry little comrade, it's hard, but I'll try to be a man and bear it."

A year later Bob came over to Oak-Dale and found Dot alone in the grape arbor.

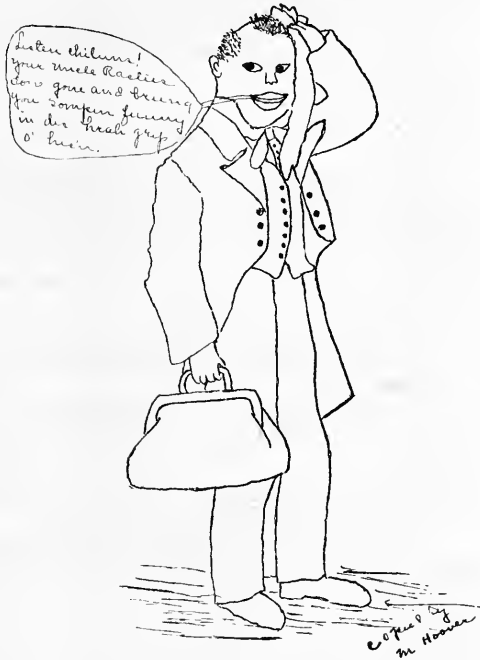
"Dot, little girl, I want you to say you'll be my wife," he said.

After Dot had consented and they were planning their honey-moon, she said teasingly:

"After all I'm just an understudy to Nancy, Bob."

"Not understudy dear," he said, "the glare of the lime lights blinded my eyes, and I mistook the real understudy for the Star."

## Jokes



## Schnapps

Bess—"Lee Nora, who is that new girl rooming with you?"

Lee Nora—"Mary Lena Bushong."

Bess—"That sounds like a foreigner's name."

Lee Nora—"She is from Tennessee."

Sub Fresh—"Miss Wrenn, when a duck falls into a pond he gets a ducking, doesn't he?"

Miss W.—"I suppose so."

Sub Fresh (very seriously)—"Well when a drake falls in does he get a draking?"

During study period, Maude in going up stairs, stopped about half way. Miss Parker passing by asked her what was the matter. Maud replied: "I ate so much of that heavy light-bread for supper that I'll have to rest awhile before going any further."

Miss Parker (in chapel)—"Louise, were you and Tommie talking?"

Louise—"Yes'm."

Miss P.—"Well you will have to stand up. (aside) Now isn't that a pretty come off for the presidents of the Y. W. C. A. and Missionary society."

Little Willis—"Mother, please turn on the lights."

Mother—"No son, wait until it gets dark."

Little Willis—"Why mother, are the lights tied to the dark?"

Lena (to clerk)—"I want to get a cake of Oxygen soap, please."

Elsie—"Lena, doesn't Taft belong to the Sanitarium church?"

Kansas (in the dining-room)—"I wish some of these old dishes would get broken. I just know they came out of Moses' ark."

"New Girl (turning knob of refrigerator door)—"Is this where you get hot water?"

Miss Clark (in ice cream parlor) "Beer-root please!"

Peggy—"I've tried all morning to move this old fire box,  
so I could put my dresser in that corner."

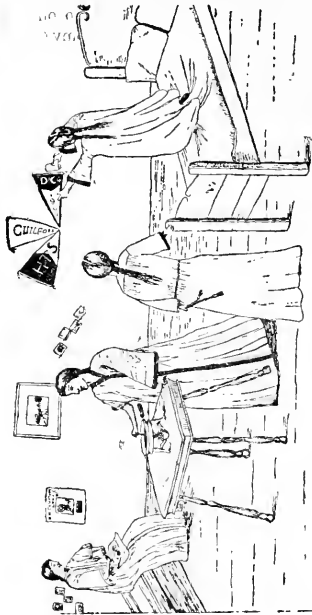
B. (reading Geology)—"Kitty, what is coral?"

K. "O, you know, you've eaten it many a time,  
it's that flower-like stuff in mixed pickels."

"Louise—"Mr. Durham, which will it do one the more  
good to study, Economics or Political Economy?"

"A little word from Margaret,  
A letter from old Scott,  
A cross-eyed look from Myra  
Makes Hazel blazing hot."





QUIET HOUR SUNDAY AFTERNOON



## At the Senior Table

[Breakfast bell rings, and four Seniors come straggling in.]

Mamie—"Well, if I'd known *this* was all we were going to have for breakfast, I'd have stayed in bed!"

Nora—"I think! just look at that hash, about half enough to go around."

[Blessing is asked, and girls sit down]

Irene—"Sallie, there isn't any postum this morning. Will you take coffee?"

Sallie—"No I'll not. I don't see why they can't make postum *every* morning. Wish I'd slept!"

Lizzie—"The other girls must be sleeping this morning."

Louise (just coming in)—Hello! "Say girls, aren't you glad Mr. Durham's sick, and we won't have math this morning? I mean—I'm sorry he's sick, but—well—you know."

Katie (sitting down)—"Mornin' 'Stracted!"

Nora—"Mornin' Kitty!"

Bess—"Good-morning children, how are you this morning?"

Lena—"Beck, better hurry or she won't get in. She's always lazy. Sallie please pass the bread."

Sallie—"Are you all going to the lecture to-night?"

Several—"I am."

Bess—"Are you Sallie?"

Sallie—"I don't know yet, I—,"

Louise—"Of course Sallie doesn't know yet. She won't make up her mind until the last bell rings to-night."

Rebecca (coming in)—"Well, I just did get in 'by the skin of my teeth,' Tommie was going to lock the door when she saw me coming."

Katie—"Laziness!"

Rebecca—"That's all right 'krin,' but you'd be talking nice if you knew the good news I have for all of you."

Others—"Tell us what it is."

Bess—"Pass Beck the hash, grits, gravy and bread, and Beck tell it quick."

Rebecca—"Miss McNutt has the measels and—."

Others—"Oh, me! OO, !! ? ? \* \* !! I'll—."

Mamie—"Goody, I've had 'em!"

Katie—"You mustn't say you've had 'them,' its 'it'".

Mamie—"What's 'it'? I guess I know what I've had."

Katie—"I mean Miss Wrenn says it aint 'them,' its—."

Rebecca—"Kitty you said 'aint.' Ma, make her pay her penny."

Katie (to Rebecca) "Hatefulness!"

Louise—"Ma, make the twins stop fussing, they're at it continually."

Bess—"Hush children, or I'll have to separate you."

Katie—"We won't hush unless we want to."

Rebba—"Shake, Kitty! No we won't. Say, please pass Kitty the pepper."

Nora—"There comes Dr. Weaver, let's cheer, wonder if he is over the grippe?"

Meta—"Guess he decided to use a little 'will power,' and get up."

Nora—"Bess, how many privileges did you say you told Dr. Weaver we had?"

Bess—"I told him we had nearly three and a half. I'll declare, I certainly think Miss Parker ought to give us more."

Others—"Amen!"

Rebecca—"Kitty, I'll tell you, you dress up like a hant, I mean a haunt—."

Louise—"You mean a ghost don't you?"

Rebecca (continuing)—"—and scare a couple or three out of her. No—o, you don't need to dress up. Why if she'd meet you some night in a dark corner, she'd just hand out privileges by the peck."

Katie—"There you go again hatefulness! Ma, Beck said I was ugly enough to scare—."

Rebecca—"Now, I didn't mean it exactly that way."

Katie—"I know you did."

Bess—"Hush children."

Nora—"Have any of you worked that last Physics problem?"

Sallie—"No, I just believe that's another one Miss McNutt has made up."

Irene—"Why, girls your memories are mighty short, have you forgotten so soon that Miss McNutt is sick?"

N. and S.—"O yes, I forgot."

Katie—"Please pass the pepper."

Rebecca---"Lizzie, this is our shopping day, are you going?"

Lizzie---"Certainly, I wouldn't miss it for anything."

Louise---Well, I hope you won't forget to go to the Lenoir Drug Store. Hadn't I better put it down on your list?"

L. and R.---O, we won't forget that."

Katie---Beck! quit jogging my elbow. Now just look at that coffee, all in my syrup! Wish you would be still!"

Rebecca---"Why honey, that's all right, your coffee is sweetened, and then—O, girls, I've made a discovery. You who have had coughs and colds, no more half dollars thrown away. Why right here in Kitty's plate is coffee-syrup as good as you could buy at the Lenoir Drug Store."

Lena---"I know something."

Others---"Tell it, tell it!"

Lena---"Miss W. got a basket of fruit from her down town beau last night."

Others---O, Lizzie, why hadn't you told us? We're coming to see you and 'sister' right after breakfast."

Louise---"Humph, I know something better than that. Last night Lawyer W. was calling on Miss C., and while she was singing to him one of her puffs came off. He picked it up and looked at it a few minutes. You know the Lawyer is very fond of quoting, and he said 'only a ladies' hair!'"

Mamie---"You got that wrong, Louise, I believe you made a part of that anyway. If you're quoting from Steele, he said only a 'woman's hair.'"

Others (laughingly)---Steele? Why Mamie!"

Katie---"Mamie you're too 'Swift' in one respect, and not enough in another."

Meta---"O, my, just listen at Kitty, why pretty soon we won't need any lights up here at all."

Louise---"Pepper please."

Katie---"peppy, peppy!"

Lena---"Now to whom *must* I pass it?"

Louise---"To me!"

Katie---"To me!"

Irene---O, I'll borrow the box from Miss Allen's table, and then you may both help yourselves at the same time."

Lizzie---"Sister said —."

Rebecca---"Come on girls, I'm ready to go. Lena don't

let it take you so long to fold your napkin."

Mamie---"I'm not through yet. Please pass me the syrup."

Lizzie---"I'm with you Mamie. Pass me the bread please."

Sallie---"Here comes some hot bread."

All others---"Oh, goody! I want a piece."

Mamie---"Now, I guess you aren't in such a hurry."

Nora---"I'd like to go back to bed and sleep a week."

Louise---"Be fashionable and take the measles, then you may."

Bess---"Is every one through? Let us go then."

REBECCA SMITH





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O Lord, we come to thee in prayer once more,  
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But others snarled, as did Kincaid.  
We asked the lawyers for only a card,  
But they frowned and said that times were hard.

We asked the bankers, but 'twas no use,  
With one accord they all made excuse.  
O Lord, we pray thee to visit now  
On them, the wrath of thy threatning brow.

Now, in thy wisdom so sublime,  
Thou know'st that hunting ads takes time.  
We have'nt half time to study math,  
And have to endure Mr. Durham's wrath.

Thou know'st exams are an awful bore,  
We'll thankful be when the last one's o'er.  
So then in May when we've done our best,  
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Amen.

(NORA PEGUES and KATIE YORKE.)



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