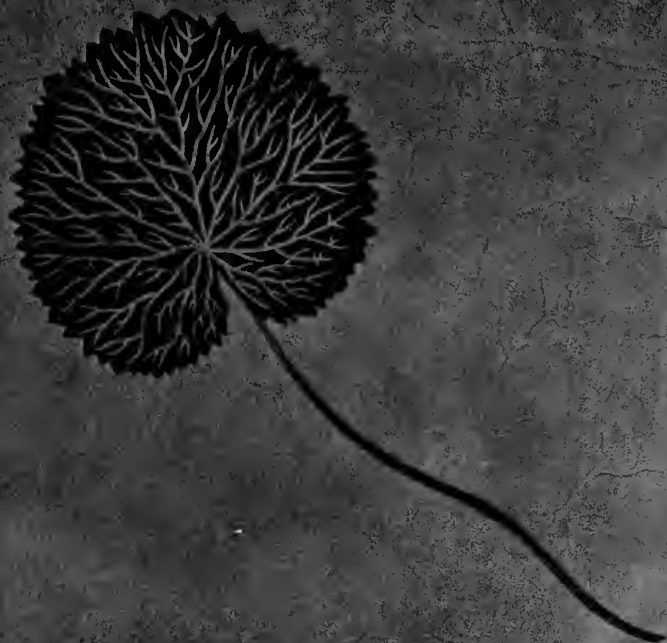


# THE GALAX



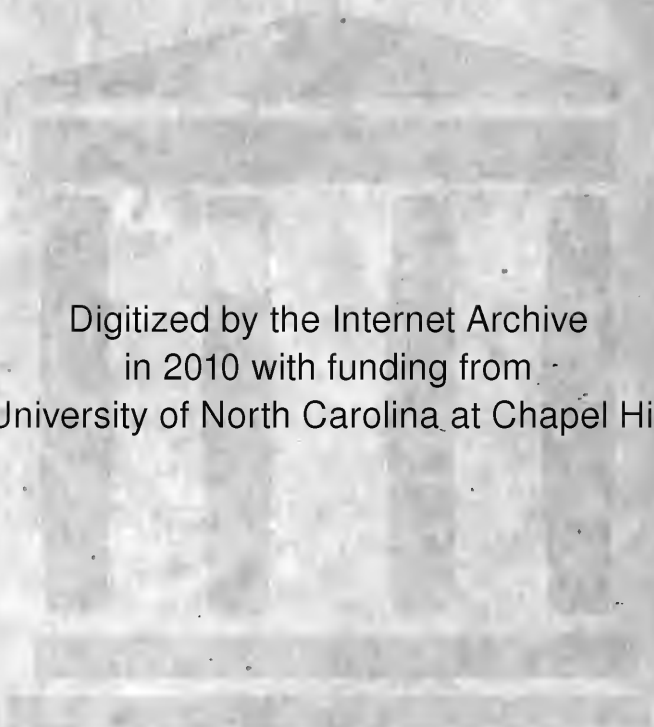
1913



Mrs. J. M. Dawson.

Lenoir.

N. C.



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# The Galax

1913

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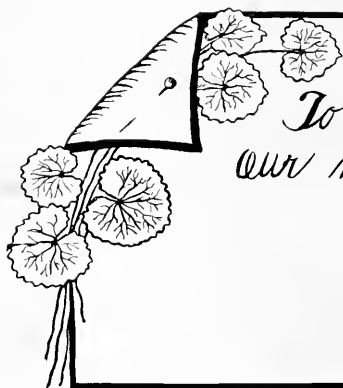
SENIOR CLASS of DAVENPORT COLLEGE

LENOIR, NORTH CAROLINA



VOLUME EIGHT

1913  
QUEEN CITY PRINTING COMPANY  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.



To Mrs. Nannie A. Craven  
Our much beloved "Mother"  
We dedicate this  
Our Galax.

JM Meakin



"MOTHER" CRAVEN

## Some Prefatory Words

In order that you may know the aim of our book, read what the editors have to say before you view its contents.

We have not tried to set forth any accurate account of our academic work this year. We could not produce anything very original, for all of our College Annuals are of necessity very much alike. Suggestions from our friends and from books have been gratefully adopted. But if our efforts in publishing this book shall recall to you many happy times and pleasant memories of Davenport, we are satisfied.

Here we wish to thank our many friends for their kind help and suggestions. Especial acknowledgements are due to Mrs. Gwyn, Jecolia Medlin, Ethel Montsinger, Estelle Miller, Ruth Fincher, Bess Hoffman, and Alice Ingold.

In future years when Davenport is increasing in size and influence, we shall expect to see more interesting volumes of the G.M.A.X., but we send forth this one with the best of good wishes to our readers and our Alma Mater.



## Davenport

Dear Davenport, our College fair,  
Where we have learned thy joys to share;  
Our days have all been pleasant here  
And free from sorrow, pain and fear.  
We've learned the worth of friendship strong,  
Of service free and joyous song,  
There springs a wish in every heart  
That from thy walls we ne'er should part.

Dear Davenport, our College fair,  
We thank thee for thy precious care;  
For lessons true with wisdom blent,  
For carefree hours in pleasure spent.  
The time has come for us to part,  
But memory echoes in each heart,  
"Tho' I should roam o'er land and sea  
Thy walls will e'er be home to me."

—L. E. C. H.

## **Editors and Reporters**

LUCY CAMP.....*Editor-in-Chief*  
ETHEL BROWN.....*Business Manager*

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LUCY PRICE, Junior  
VERA HOWELL, Sophomore  
LILY RICHARDSON, Freshman  
GLADYS LOWRANCE, Preparatory  
OLLIE HEGE, Special  
BESS HEAFNER, Senior Special



Miss Amy  
W. ...



Miss ...



Miss ...



Miss ...



Miss ...



Miss ...



Miss ...



Miss ...

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Vanderbilt University  
*President*

MRS. JAMES BRAXTON CRAVEN  
A. B. Eufaula (Ala.) Female College  
*Lady Principal*

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Graduate Davenport College; Two years' special work Trinity College  
*Latin*

MISS EVABELLE SIMMONS COVINGTON  
A. B. Shorter College  
*English*

MISS ELIZABETH NORWOOD  
Athens Female College; State Normal College of Georgia  
*Science and History*

MISS EDITH LEE RADFORD  
A. B. Randolph-Macon Woman's College  
*Mathematics and Physics*

MISS KATE JERMAN SHAW  
Graduate Davenport College  
*Assistant in Latin and English*

MISS BEATRICE BULLA  
A. B. Vassar College  
*French and German*

MRS. RUFUS LENOIR GWYN  
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Richmond Art Club, Richmond, Va.; Pupil of E. V. Valentine, Sculptor;  
Fifteen First prizes on different branches of Art  
*Art*

MISS TOMMIE BROOKS BABER  
Graduate Davenport College  
*Secretary to the President*

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MR. T. WILLARD BIRMINGHAM, *Director*

Graduate Cincinnati Conservatory of Music; College Music of Cincinnati; Five years Supervisor of Music, Public Schools, Mount Sterling, Ohio; Director Conservatory of Music, Seio College; President School of Music and Fine Arts, Jackson, Missouri; Director Conservatory of Music, Columbus, Ohio; Life State Certificates in Ohio and Missouri for Public School Music

*Piano, Voice, Chorus Work, and Public School Music*

MRS. S. C. HEBBON

Pupil Madam Julie Rive-King, Chicago, Illinois; Special Virgil Piano School, New York City, N. Y.

*Piano, Harmony*

MISS ISABELLE MABRY

Graduate Davenport College

*Practice Supervisor*

## **Department of Expression**

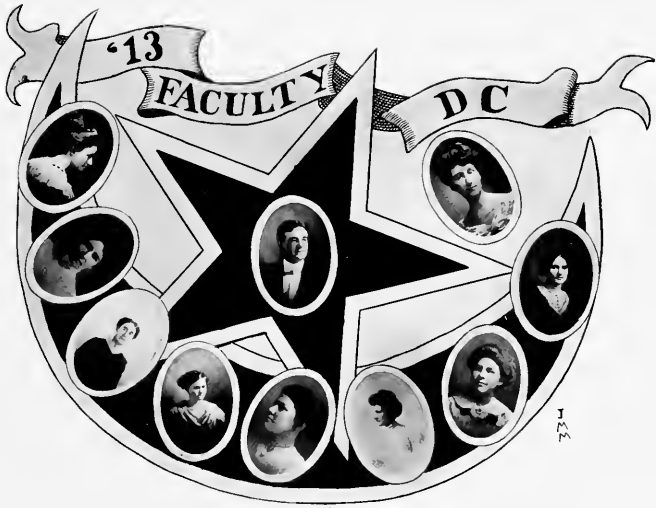
T. WILLARD BIRMINGHAM, *Director*



REV. JAMES BRANTON CRAVEN



MRS. JAMES BRANTON CRAVEN



## 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.

### *Chorus*

Banded to-day 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 to-day 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.



## College Songs

Come, come, come! Everybody come  
and watch them play!  
Cheer, cheer! Everybody cheer  
for victory to-day.  
Watch that ball go thro' there,  
piling up the score.  
Davenport, Davenport, win some more.  
When the game is through we'll give  
*One Great Roar.*

Should Davenport e'er be forgot,  
Tho' far away we go;  
Should Davenport e'er be forgot,  
The echoes answer "No."  
For hearts are true and skies are blue  
And mountains high and grand,  
Come back to old D. C. and to  
The noble western land.

Gaudeamus igitur  
Iuvenes dum sumus  
Post incandum iuventutem  
Post molestant senectutem  
Nos habebit humus.

## College Yells

Bum chick a rick, Bum chick a rick!  
Bum chick a rick, a rick a Bum chick a bah!  
Chick a bah bah chick a bah, bah.  
Davenport! Davenport! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Green and White! Green and White!  
Davenport girls are all right!

D-A-V-E-N-P-O-R-T  
Davenport! Davenport! Davenport!

Rippity! Rippity! Russ!  
What's the matter with us!  
Nothing at all, nothing at all!  
We're the girls that play basketball.

## Senior Class

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

*Flower*—American Beauty Rose

*Colors*—Black and Red

YELL,

Loose, Loose, Loose,

Here we come in a big caloose,

Roosters, Toosters, who are we?

Seniors! Seniors! of old D. C.

### Officers

MAE CLINE .....	<i>President</i>
LUCY HARRELSON .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
LUCY CAMP .....	<i>Historian</i>
ETHEL BROWN .....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

### Members

MAE CLINE	LUCY HARRELSON
LUCY CAMP	ETHEL BROWN



OLLIE MAE CLINE  
Lincolnton, N. C.



LUCYE ELLA COBB HARRELSON  
Cherryville, N. C.



LUCY LAURENCE CAMP  
Lincolnton, N. C.



ETHEL JAMES BROWN  
Catawba, N. C.

## Senior Class Poem

Just at the setting of the sun,  
When the day is almost done,  
And life's battles all are won,  
By-gone mem'ries then will come.

Back to the past our mind will stray,  
To the dear old college far away,  
And to the happy days we spent,  
As pouring o'er our books we bent.

We studied hard from day to day;  
It seemed all work and never play.  
But those days were merry then,  
From seven o'clock till half past ten.

O'er our Trig we had much pleasure,  
And Cicero's Letters we fondly treasure.  
In History we never knew a date  
Altho' we toiled morn, noon, and late.

Physics we always did detest  
On every day, and especially the tests.  
There's English, note-books, and text—'most twenty,  
And required readings just a plenty.

To Psychology we ever went slow,  
Each fearing she'd not have first go.  
Then French we direfully did hate  
For fear of verbs to conjugate.

Altho' it cost us many a sigh  
And left us with a tear-dimmed eye,  
Still with the GALAX we had some fun,  
Yet were not sorry when it was done.

No more studying for Thirteen's four,  
No more meeting behind closed doors;  
Those days in the Library passed away,  
But our hearts would ever bid them stay.

—Ollie Mac Cline.



## Senior Class History

We are few in numbers, but we think quality more important than quantity. It is very hard to live up to this, for everyone says: "They are Seniors and should set a good example for the others."

We have studied many kinds of Meter, but we cannot decide what kind of Measure we make—"two shorts and two longs."

Our president, Mae Cline, has been here for two years, but you would think from her learning it was a much longer time. Her chief delight is reading Latin, so long as she finds it easy, but when she comes to a difficult passage she invariably thinks of some joke to tell.

Lucy Harrelson is as stately a brunette as Mae. She likes best of all to sit at the Craven table and glance condescendingly at us as if to say: "Don't you wish you could?"

Lucy enjoys telling us about the Psychology lesson from which she learns that the Ego, or Consciousness, of self lies primarily and exclusively in the loving. Every day she asks if she got a letter. If she did, she will do anything for you, but if not, look out.

Next comes Ethel Brown, the smallest member of our class. Her ordinary conversation is clear enough, but for the life of me I cannot remember or understand what she means when she tries to explain her family history. All that I remember just now is that one of her distant connections is a wonderful young man—her cousin, you know.

She can sit in Physics class a whole period and tell Miss Radford all about the electroscope, but it will be one of her own invention, I assure you. In addition to this she is pretty and can sing like a mocking bird. And no one can help loving her.

As for myself, the recorder of our class, I came to Davenport in the fall of 1911 with our president, both of us representatives of Lincoln County. Of course I am as proud of my robe and cap and my privileges as any Senior could be. I still hope to do great things in the world some day, for every true Davenport girl does.

We have all enjoyed our school life at Davenport, and have learned to love our college this year as never before. May she prosper in all years to come!

—Lucy Camp.

## Senior Class Prophecy

It was one of those rare days in June when all the world seemed entranced in the beauties of nature and everything was so serene that I was thinking of the past.

I was listless and weak, just convalescing from a long illness. I scarcely noticed the steady voice of my nurse, who was reading to me from the *Observer*. She read several items which failed to arouse my interest, but finally the word Lenoir started me to attention, and my thoughts flew back to my College days and to my class—the four—and the unlucky year of 1913. "Where are they all: Mae, Ethel, Lucy?" I murmured; "Read me some news of them," I begged. And strange to say, the paper itself contained an answer to my question.

First my companion turned to the Social column and read an announcement from Lincolnton which was of great importance in my eyes:

"Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Cline invite you to be present at the marriage of their daughter, Ollie Mae, to Mr. Carl Jones, Junior, Thursday evening, June the 22nd, nineteen hundred and fifteen, at eight o'clock. At home, Lincolnton, N. C."

Oh! how it warmed my heart to hear line after line about Mae's admirable character and the many kind deeds she had done since she left College.

On and on my nurse read of the prosperous city of Lincolnton. She paused, and then began reading of Lucy Camp, who had been giving her life to the field of home missions. After teaching several years she gave her whole time working among the poor of Lincolnton. She was doing very effective work and carrying out the ideas she had learned in Mr. Birmingham's Bible Class. The article gave high praise of her and the work she was doing.

The reading stopped here, and I wondered and feared to ask about Ethel, lest—"But go on," I begged my nurse. And in reading over the headings of the *News*, she came to an account of the business success of Mr. Osborne Brown, a real estate agent of Statesville. "Oh! read that," I said; "for I know that is Ethel's brother, Osborne." Then followed a most interesting account of Mr. Brown's prosperous business. I was feeling a bit disappointed at hearing no news of Ethel, but finally this gratifying news: "Mr. Brown gives much credit to the capable assistance of his sister, Miss Ethel Brown. Since her graduation at Davenport in the class of 1913, she has been his stenographer and private secretary. His business is likely to suffer inconvenience by the loss of her expert help, for Miss Brown will leave for England in June to take possession of the property left her by her father."

As I was sadly thinking over the lives of my class-mates and the good news I had heard of them, a familiar figure appeared, coming slowly up the walk. "Who can it be but Mr. Craven," I cried in delight.

Then I had the pleasure of talking to him about my college days. He laughingly forgave us for all the demands we had made upon him while at College and for the many times we had chased him to his office pleading for help. "Take courage, girls," I heard him say; and then——

I awoke to find myself surrounded by papers, photographs, clippings and all the material for the Annual, which must be sent to the printer the next day.

And so the prophet after all her dreaming woke without learning anything of her own future.

—*Lucy Harrelson.*



## Senior Special Class

*Motto—Numquam non paratus*

*Flower—Sweet Peas*

*Colors—Green and Pink*

### Officers

HALLIE GIBBS.....	<i>President</i>
MARY NEWLAND.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
NELL MAUNEY.....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
EMILY FULLER.....	<i>Prophet</i>
RUTH FINCHER.....	<i>Historian</i>
BESSIE HEAFNER.....	<i>Reporter</i>
BESS HOFFMAN.....	<i>Class Artist</i>
CLARA HORN.....	<i>Class Musician</i>

### Members

EMILY FULLER	FAYE JOHNSON
BESS HOFFMAN	JOYCE LENOIR
HALLIE GIBBS	RUTH FINCHER
CLARA HORN	NELL MAUNEY
MARY NEWLAND	BESSIE HEAFNER



SENIOR SPECIAL CLASS



HALLIE MAE GIBBS  
Marion, N. C.



EMILY CATHERINE FULLER  
Augusta, Ga.



MARY HENDRY NEWLAND  
Lenoir, N. C.



JENNIE FAYE JOHNSON  
Lenoir, N. C.



BESSIE CANNON HOFFMAN  
Lincolnton, N. C.



RUTH LUCILE FINCHER  
Charlotte, N. C.





CLARA ESTHER HORN  
Rutherfordton, N. C.



MARY NELL MAUNEY  
Gastonia, N. C.



SARAH JOYCE LENOIR  
Lenoir, N. C.



BESSIE MALVENA HEAFNER  
Crouse, N. C.

## A Few Pages of the Diary of a Special Graduate of 1913

Tuesday, May 20th—I have just returned from a tour around the world. Such an exciting, happy time as I have had! Now I shall review my diary from the first day of this travel.

Atlanta, January 20, 1925—I have just returned from the Auditorium. I am too excited to write to-night. The audience was breathlessly awaiting for the famous musician to appear. A sigh of satisfaction drew my attention to the stage, and whom should I see but that old classmate, Nell Mauney. Years had encircled her beauty and talent. She is now the star in the Southern musical world.

Washington, February 1, 1925—One of the world's masterpieces was revealed at the city hall this evening. Fortunately I went early and the guide gave me an uninterrupted story of it. "Surely, madam," he said; "you have seen and heard of this beautiful young artist. She has won high fame in the Capital City, for Miss Ruth Fincher's name is on every one's lips. It is said her fame began in one of the Southern colleges and there she won—'Ah, madam, here she comes.'" Well, we had one long talk of Davenport days before she was carried away by the multitude of her admirers.

New York, February 10, 1925—We have just returned from the conservatory and my brain is all awbirl. Am I here? Is this 1925 or am I back in Davenport with Seniors of 1913? The most popular of the Conservatory's faculty were to give a recital of original compositions was the inducement given me to go. Whom should these prove to be but Mary Newland and Faye Johnson. After a successful and highly appreciated performance we took supper together.

On Board ———, March 2, 1925—Our first night on water. How lonely everything is now. I felt lonely at first for some jolly girl. There were so many strangers. My companion and I were on deck. Suddenly there came a low, sweet laugh that carried me back to school days. Whom should I see but Bess Heafner sitting by a handsome, distinguished looking person. After the excitement of meeting, she introduced him as Prof. ———. They were going on their honeymoon to Italy. She had been teaching music all the time in Texas, a position any girl would envy.

Florence, Italy, April 8, 1925—Today we have been seeing what all the world comes to Italy to see. As we wandered by a very picturesque lake, such as Italy is noted for, a voice called out. The tone was so familiar I turned to see who knew me here. Whom should I see but Joyce Lenoir. Dear old Joyce, as usual,

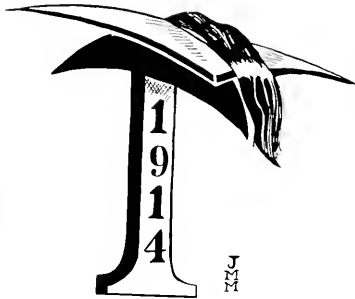
standing before a canvas with a handful of paint brushes. She has been here a year. She carried me to her studio to see her masterpiece, which represented a young man posing as Apollo.

Germany, April 28, 1925—Have just arrived. Am very tired, but those melodious airs and that clear voice arouse me. I must read the announcement. Here it is one o'clock. Such a musicale I've never attended. Such a thrilling voice. Such beautiful playing I've never heard, and to think—why, I can't believe that I have found Bess Hoffman and Clara Horn here drawing audience as they are, and to think no more than Bess ever cared for books, that she will leave it all to follow one who keeps to books every day in the week in earnest, thoughtful study. And Clara to sing to the measures of Uncle Sam's Musicians and to devote her life to the hero of school days when in Davenport. Now I have found all my old classmates except Hallie Gibbs. Surely fate will bring her across my path before I return to my dear old Georgia home.

New York, May 25, 1925. At the Grand Opera to-night I had the great pleasure of seeing my old classmate, Hallie Gibbs. She is now playing the role of the leading star in "The Follies of 1925." It is with much pleasure that I think of the great success and wonderful progress by which she has mounted the top round of stage fame. But I understand, that with the close of this season, she retires from stage life to take up life on a Western ranch.

Atlanta, Ga., June 30, 1925—My journey is ended. First mail today since we left Germany, but no more of my diary will be of any interest to the many friends of the GALAX, so will close the books until something of more interest crosses my path.

—Emily Fuller.



## Junior Class

*Motto*—Consider not what is most agreeable, but what is best

*Colors*—Dark Blue and Yellow

*Flower*—Jonquil

### YELL

Allagaroo, garoo, garoo  
Woh, hoo, bah, zoo  
Hi yix, hi yix  
Hika, pika, doma nika,  
Hong, pong, tippa, tika  
Alaka, balaka, bah  
Juniors, Juniors,  
Rah, Rah, Rah

### Officers

CHARITY NIPPER .....	<i>President</i>
NELL WEST .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
JANIE TUTTLE .....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
ETHEL WHITENER .....	<i>Historian</i>
LUCY PRICE .....	<i>Reporter</i>

### Members

MABEL CHERRY	LUCY PRICE
JESSIE ERVIN	MARY PARKS SHELL
ANNIE HEAFNER	JANIE TUTTLE
OLIVE KENT	BEULAH WILLIAMSON
MARY NEWLAND	ETHEL WHITENER
CHARITY NIPPER	NELL WEST



JUNIOR CLASS

## Junior Class History

Here we come, eleven of us! We felt our importance more than ever at the beginning of school this year. Perhaps more than the Seniors, for there were only four Seniors, and we were eleven in number.

We are like all other Juniors of Davenport College in thinking that Latin, Mathematics, and all other things are of small importance compared to the Junior Reception.

The class meetings have been love feasts, except one, for there is always an exception, and of course that one was concerning the Junior Reception.

Where will you find a class with such various talents? Even the Faculty and Seniors conferred the peerless honor upon us of helping entertain the University Glee Club.

We can't make much noise this year; but we will make our own Annual next year, and you will hear more about us.

—*Ethel Whitener.*



SOPHOMORE CLASS



## Sophomore Class

*Motto*—Success comes in can's; Failures in can'ts

*Colors*—Red and Orange

*Flower*—Orange Blossom

YELL,

Orange and red, orange and red,  
All Sophomores have full heads,  
Twelve Sophomores of us are we,  
Nineteen and fifteen's of old D. C.

### Officers

ETHEL CLINE .....	<i>President</i>
MARGARET TABOR .....	<i>Vice-President</i> ...
KNOX BESS .....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
LUCILLE WOMBLE .....	<i>Historian</i>

### Members

FRANCIS ATKINS	DAISY MORROW
KNOX BESS	INEZ LEGETTE
JENNIE CARPENTER	BLANCHE MANN
ETHEL CLINE	JULIA MILTON
VERA MAE HOWELL	MARGARET TABOR
LUCILLE WOMBLE	



SOPHOMORE CLASS

## History of the Sophomore Class

I think it will be best to make our history short and give the classes with more knowledge a larger space to fill.

When we Sophomores arrived last September and organized our class, we found our number to be eleven. We started out with the determination to gain more stars this year and the following years than any class which has ever been at Davenport. We feel greatly relieved to think we have passed all the hardships of our Freshman year, and have safely mounted the second step on the ladder of knowledge. Still, we feel as though we were near the foot; but the top does not seem so far off now as it once did.

Our work is real hard this year, as we are trying to take as much of our Junior work as possible, in order that we may not be so rushed next year, and may have time for our class meetings, since the Juniors are so rushed to get theirs in this year.

We have determined to stand by our motto, not only while we are in school, but after we leave, and to go out into the world prepared to make a creditable mark.

—*Lucille Womble.*



# Freshman Class

*Motto*—We conquer, step by step

*Colors*—Purple and Gold

*Flower*—Pansy

YELL

Rah! Rah! Rah! Purple and gold!  
The half of Davenport has never been told.

## Officers

KATHLEEN MICHAUX .....	<i>President</i>
DELLA WILSON .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARY PARKS .....	<i>Secretary</i>
ANNIE GLASS .....	<i>Treasurer</i>
LELYER FERREE .....	<i>Historian</i>

## Members

LELYER FERREE  
ANNIE GLASS  
DOVIE HYATT  
ESSIE LOVEN  
KATHLEEN MICHAUX  
MARY PARKS  
LILLIE RICHARDSON  
OLIVE REID  
RUTH SHERRILL  
ANNIE WILSON  
DELLA WILSON  
CLEO WALL



FRESHMAN CLASS

## Freshman History

We came scrambling up the old College hill last September for the first time, and you may know it was against our wills.

We are small in number, but we feel as important as the Seniors.

After several weeks of homesickness, we decided to study hard and to excel every other class in school. The haughty Sophs looked upon us with superiority and disdain, but we did not care for that, and did not let it worry us. We soon became friends with them, for you know it has not been long since they were Fresh, so now they do not look upon us as they did at first.

We struggled hard until our exams came along and gave us a hard jolt, but we managed to pull through.

After our Christmas holidays, we came back determined to do more during the spring term than we did in the fall. We shall try to give up our fun when we become dignified Seniors, but never while we are Freshmen.

—*Lelyer Ferree.*





SUB-FRESH

## Sub-Freshman Class

*Motto*—Gradation, "Step by Step"

### YELL

Hulla, balloo, bah  
Sis-boom-a-lah!  
Prep class, prep class  
That's who we are!

### Officers

JOHNSIE NEWLIN .....	<i>President</i>
ALICE INGOLD .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
GLADYS LOWRANCE .....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
RILLA BYRUM .....	<i>Historian</i>

### Members

PANSY ABERNATHY	GLADYS LOWRANCE
ETTA ARMSTRONG	BESSIE MANN
MARY FRANCES ANGEL	JECOLIA MEDLIN
WILLIE MAE BABER	JOHNSIE NEWLIN
RILLA BYRUM	ANNIE BESS PALMER
SARA COLE	MAMIE PALMER
IDA DORTON	MINNIE RUDISILL
PEARL ERVIN	EMMIE RATLIFF
ETHEL ERVIN	MYRTLE SUDREITH
MARY WILLIE IVEY	BESSIE SPAINHOUR
ALICE INGOLD	ESTELLE SHERRILL
JESSIE WILSON	



SOPH-FRESHMAN CLASS

## History of Sub-Freshman Class

This class is destined to be one of the greatest that Davenport has ever produced. We have twenty-three members in our class, all exceedingly bright and studious girls. We make a specialty of solving algebraic problems and are ready for a test at almost any time. Realizing that ignorance is our bliss we are striving to reach a higher goal and as this was our first year at Davenport, of course we found many obstacles, trials and temptations that had to be overcome but now may it be said of us: "You have fought a good fight; enter thou into the Freshman Class."

Our class is young, therefore we do not have much history (or rather we do not know much history); will leave the space for others.

—Rilla Byrum.

## Some Hobbies

Hallie Gibbs	Posing for pictures.
Pearl Gibbs	Writing to Joe.
Emily Fuller	"Losing" Society pins.
Ollie Hege	Practicing in Mr. Birmingham's studio on Mondays.
Euenda Bedenbough	Ragtime and good time.
Anna King	Staying in the infirmary.
Charity Nipper	Talking about Banks and Murray.
Girls	Swinging.
Sarah Cole	Writing to "Grammie."
Jessie Wilson	} Trimming hats.
Mamie Palmer	
Art Girls	Accommodating Seniors.
Daisy Morrow	Bragging.
Ethel Brown	Making Coffee.
Miss Bulla	Talking French at table.
Tab Michaux	To have her name on bulletin board.
Lucy Harrelson	Reading Horace.
Ethel Whitener	Sleeping.
Inez Legette	Singing at parlor doors.
Annie Bess Palmer	Keeping up with Mamie.
Maud Mast	Letter writing.
Nell West	To be Maud's aunt.
Miss Covington	} Setting up Seniors.
Mother Craven	
Juniors	To have class meeting.
Emmie Ratliffe	Giggling.
Margaret Tabor	Studying.
Mae Cline	Detracting attention by telling a joke.
Leyer Ferree	To hear from Chapel Hill.
Bess Heafner	To go to "Crouse."
Estelle Miller	Writing to Pete.
Bess Hoffman	To write to "Papa?"
Ethel Montsinger	Sewing.
"Jack" Medlin	Drawing.
Alice Ingold	"Painting?"
Ruth Sherrill	To coin new words.
Rilla Byrum	To pet "Rab-bit."

## Special Class

*Motto*—We learn not for school, but for life

*Colors*—Light Blue and Pink

*Flower*—Pink Roses

### Officers

PEARL GIBBS .....	<i>President</i>
BESSIE HALLYBURTON .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
BETH MILLER .....	<i>Secretary</i>
EUENDA BEDENBOUGH .....	<i>Treasurer</i>
OLLIE HEGE .....	<i>Reporter</i>

### Members

EUENDA BEDENBOUGH  
PEARL GIBBS  
BESSIE HALLYBURTON  
JOHNSIE HARSHAW  
OLLIE HEGE  
KNOXIE KISER  
ANNA KING  
ETHEL MONTSINGER  
BETH MILLER



SPECIAL CLASS

## History of Special Class

Our class consists of eleven members; six of us first came to Davenport in the fall of 1912.

Some of our girls possess great talent in music, art, and voice; so you see, together, we are a very talented class.

We are all in for a good time when there is a possibility of having it, but we can work when the time comes to get down to good, hard, honest labor. And we live by our own Motto: "*Scimus non schola sed vita*" ("We learn not for school, but for life.")

—*Maud Mast.*



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In Memoriam

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Dr. W. P. Ivey

Died

June 28, 1912

Mr. J. Robert Ervin

Died

January 20, 1913

## The Romance of a Handkerchief

James Rogers, a prominent young lawyer from Raleigh, was walking down one of the shady streets of Elmsville. He had come two days before on a visit to an old college chum, Roy Overton, and was enjoying greatly the quiet of the little town.

Mr. Rogers was a handsome man. He was tall and athletic-looking, with dark brown hair and eyes. He had a very frank expression, which made every one like him. He dressed well and was altogether a pleasing figure to the eye.

As he was nearing the corner, a girl, evidently in a great hurry, passed him. She accidentally dropped her handkerchief as she passed, and was gone before he had time to return it to her.

Although she passed Mr. Rogers very rapidly, he noticed that she was beautiful. Also that she was a decided blonde, with curly hair. He had seen many beautiful girls before, and they had never touched his heart, but this time it was love at first sight.

Upon picking up the handkerchief, he found that it had "Cornelia White" written in the corner.

Fate certainly was good to him he thought, for he could tell Roy, who knew everyone in Elmsville, that he wanted to meet Miss White, and thus get an introduction.

He stopped in at Roy's office and they walked on home together. Meantime, he broached the subject of Cornelia White.

"Roy," he said, "do you know Miss Cornelia White?"

"Well, I guess! She is one of my best friends and the pet of the community. What do you know about her?"

"Oh, nothing much! She passed me up street and dropped her handkerchief. I became interested in her and just imagined I would like to meet her."

"You certainly shall meet her, then, Jim, for I will take you over to-night and introduce you. If you don't fall in love with her you won't fulfill my expectations."

That night after having made a careful toilet, Mr. Rogers found himself in the parlor of the White home with Roy. How his heart did beat! And how long it seemed to him they had been waiting.

Finally he heard footsteps; but alas, it was not she.

An elderly little lady, with white ringlets and a smiling face, greeted Roy cordially and affectionately. Then she turned to Mr. Rogers with a pleasant smile.

"Probably her mother," he thought.

But Roy disillusioned him by saying: "Mr. Rogers, let me introduce you to my friend and "sweetheart" Miss Cornelia White.

Mr. Rogers arose and stammered something about being glad to meet her, then sat down in utter despondency. He thought perhaps he would never meet the girl who dropped the handkerchief.

Suddenly he asked Miss White if she had any namesakes.

"Why, no," she answered, "I haven't a single one."

After this he let Roy do most of the talking and gave himself up to thinking of *The Girl*.

In a few minutes he heard a girl's voice bidding some one good-night. Then the front door closed and a girl came dancing into the parlor.

James Rogers's heart leaped, for this was the girl of whom he had been thinking.

"I beg your pardon, auntie," she said to Miss White, "but I didn't know you had company."

She then shook hands with Roy and was introduced to Mr. Rogers as Elizabeth Winston, Miss White's niece, who lived with her.

They all had a very pleasant time, especially Mr. Rogers and Elizabeth. And when the two men left, they promised to be frequent visitors.

In two weeks Mr. Rogers went to his home in Raleigh. As Roy expected, he had fallen in love with Miss White, and also with her niece. Many were the visits he paid to Elmsville in the following year.

During one of these visits he and Elizabeth were sitting out on the terrace in the moon-light. She wore a diamond ring and he wore a smile on his face. But far more important, they both wore Cupid's darts in their hearts.

He pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and asked her if she had seen it before. She said that it was one of her aunt's. Then he told her how he had been misled by the name in the corner and what a joke the handkerchief had played on him. He was rewarded by a silvery laugh.

"Oh! you old dear," she said, "I couldn't find any of my own that day, so I hooked one of auntie's."

—*Mary Newland.*

# Henry Timrod Literary Society

Motto—"Fiat Lux"

Flower—Daisy

Colors—White and Orange

## Officers

LUCY CAMP .....	President
BESS HOFFMAN .....	Vice-President
MAUD MAST .....	Secretary
NELL MAUNEY .....	Treasurer
NELL WEST .....	Critic
LUCILLE WOMBLE .....	Chaplain
OLLIE HEGE .....	Chief Marshall
WILLIE MAY BABER .....	Assistant Marshall

## Members

Miss Isabell Mabry	Anna King
"Mother Craven"	Knoxie Kiser
Miss Edna Holtzelaw	Inez Legette
Miss Tommie B. Baber	Essie Loven
Prof. T. Willard Birmingham	Alma Lee
Pansy Abernathy	Maud Mast
Mary Francis Angel	Jecolia Medlin
Etta Armstrong	Nell Mauney
Francis Atkins	Daisy Morrow
Willie Mae Baber	Kathleen Michaux
Estelle Barker	Charity Nipper
Knox Bess	Annie Bess Palmer
Euenda Bedenbough	Mary Parks
Rilla Byrum	Lucy Price
Lucy Camp	Olive Reid
Mabel Cherry	Emmie Ratliffe
Mae Cline	Lillie Richardson
Ethel Cline	Pearl Robertson
Ethel Curtis	Minnie Rudisill
Ida Dorton	Ruth Sherrill
Lelyer Ferree	Margaret Tabor
Grace Furr	Cleo Wall
Ruth Fincher	Ruth Wagg
Annie Glass	Della Wilson
Lucy Harrelson	Beulah Williamson
Annie Heafner	Lucille Womble
Ollie Hege	Ethel Whitener
Bess Hoffman	Lois Winecoff
Vera May Howell	Nell West
Dovie Hyatt	Estelle Sherill
Pearl Irvin	Ethel Irvin



HENRY TINSOD LITERARY SOCIETY

# Sidney Lanier Literary Society

*Motto*—Loyalty, Fraternity, Fidelity

*Flower*—Red Rose

*Colors*—White and Red

## Officers

ETHEL BROWN .....	<i>President</i>
HALLIE GIBBS .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
PEARL GIBBS .....	<i>Secretary</i>
JANIE TUTTLE .....	<i>Treasurer</i>
MISS BULLA .....	<i>Critic</i>
ESTELLE MILLER .....	<i>Chaplain</i>
GLADYS LOWRANCE .....	<i>Hall Marshall</i>
BESSIE MANN .....	<i>Assistant Hall Marshall</i>

## Members

Miss Bulla	Jessie Wilson
Miss Shaw	Estelle Miller
Miss Covington	Miss Norwood
Ethel Brown	Olive Abernathy
Jennie Carpenter	Julia Milton
Mary Newland	Sarah Cole
Faye Johnson	Pearl Gibbs
Beth Miller	Gladys Lowrance
Johnsie Harshaw	Alice Ingold
Mary Parks Shell	Johnsie Newland
Jessie Ervin	Bessie Mann
Olive Kent	Janie Tuttle
Hallie Gibbs	Katherine Craven
Emily Fuller	Mary Willie Ivey
Joyce Lenoir	Ethel Montsinger
Blanche Mann	
Clara Horn	
Annie Wilson	





SIDNEY LANIER LITERARY SOCIETY

## Autobiography of a Broom

I am only a tall, slim broom, about two years old. I lived in Mr. Stone's store for about a month, standing in the corner with my companions. Mr. Craven came in the store one day and carried me away to a new home.

My home is Davenport College in a cozy little room. I have to go to my work every morning after breakfast and sometimes before. The only companion I have is Miss Dust-pan, who helps me in my work. Monday is my hardest day, because I have to sweep under everything, and especially under the bed. It almost breaks my back.

On all other days I have a very good time. I take a lick here and there and then I'm through. Just lots and lots of times I get in fights which I don't like very much. I get my head knocked too much and it generally gives me the headache, and I often get my dress torn.

I have just four more months until my vacation, and I am going to try to be good, do my work faithfully and not fight.

—*Mary Parks.*

## The Young Women's Christian Association

The Young Women's Christian Association is conducted by the following committees:

1. Membership, whose aim is to have every girl in school become a member of the Y. W. C. A.
2. Devotional, whose aim is to bring girls to Christ, to build them up in Christ, to send them out for Christ.
3. Bible Study, whose aim is to organize and conduct classes for systematic study of the Bible, and to encourage regular private devotions.
4. Missionary, whose aim is to help the missionary cause.
5. Intercollegiate, whose aim is to keep in touch with other colleges and answer all letters promptly.
6. Social, whose aim is to welcome new students, and to promote friendly social relations in the student body and to keep the Y. W. C. A. hall attractive.
7. Music, whose aim is to have good music each time for Y. W. C. A. and to do the best work it can.
8. Sunshine, whose aim is to always carry sunshine.

## U. M. C. A.

*Motto*—"I am come that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly"

### Officers

HALLIE GIBBS .....	<i>President</i>
BESS HOFFMAN .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
MAE CLINE .....	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
ESTELLE MILLER .....	<i>Recording Secretary</i>
LUCY HARRELSON .....	<i>Treasurer</i>

### Chairman of Committees

BESS HOFFMAN, <i>Membership</i>
MABEL CHERRY, <i>Devotional</i>
NELL WEST, <i>Bible Study</i>
ANNIE HEAFNER, <i>Missionary</i>
MAE CLINE, <i>Association News</i>
ETHEL BROWN, <i>Music</i>
CHARITY NIPPER, <i>Sunshine</i>
LUCY PRICE, <i>Social</i>
RUTH FINCHER, <i>Poster</i>
LUCY HARRELSON, <i>Finance</i>



CABINET AND ADVISORY COMMITTEE

## Officers of the Missionary Society

*Motto*—All for Christ

MABEL CHERRY .....	<i>President</i>
ANNIE HEAFNER .....	<i>First Vice-President</i>
MAE CLINE .....	<i>Second Vice-President</i>
LUCY HARRELSON .....	<i>Secretary</i>
CHARITY NIPPER .....	<i>Treasurer</i>
MISS EDNA HOLTZCLAW .....	<i>Lady Manager</i>

## Missionary Society

The Missionary Society is one of the principal devotional meetings at Davenport College. It meets regularly every first Sunday in each month, and an attractive program is rendered. This Society adds much to the training and to the development of the religious instinct of the girls. It puts them in touch with what our missionaries are doing in the foreign fields, and it always tries to help each to observe what is good and holy.

The Society has suffered greatly on account of the loss of Miss Edna Holtzclaw, who has been the devoted Lady Manager of the Society for some time. She did much to hold the Society together and to always respond to the needs of every officer in charge. After she left us we rallied forth and under the supervision of a new manager have regained our old place and are now trying to do good work.



OFFICERS OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY

## Rules and Regulations

All students are required to throw their waste paper and fruit parings on the floor or on the campus.

Always go up Main street when going to the dressmaker's.

Students must go to the vaudeville at least four times every week.

It is an absolute necessity that every young lady should have written permission from home to go walking and to go to church.

No permission is needed to have young gentlemen callers.

The phone is never to be used by president—always students.

Go to the kitchen any time in the day—the cook will give you anything you want to eat.

Meals will be served in the dining-room at all hours, but if preferred they will be sent to your room.

No sick girl is required to go to the infirmary—you may stay in your room and have as many visitors as you like.

Pupils may go shopping at any time without chaperones.

Don't waste your time cleaning up your room every morning—once a quarter is all that is necessary.

Scratch furniture, break crockery, and mark walls as much as you like.

Visiting is allowed at any time.

Low talking is discouraged—make yourself heard, especially after the lights go off.

Never walk anywhere—always run.

When ascending stairs never take less than three steps at a time.

Practice chorus at your own inclination—it is not compulsory.





## Music Class

Manie Palmer  
Bessie Mann  
Mary Newland  
Faye Johnson

Euenda Bedenbough  
Miss Baber  
Miss Shaw  
Clara Horn

Nell Mauney  
Hallie Gibbs  
Emily Fuller  
Bess Heafner

Bess Hoffman  
Sarah Cole  
Kathleen Michaux  
Essie Loven

Annie Bess Palmer  
Ethel Brown  
Nell West  
Maud Mast

Mary Willie Ivey  
Johnsie Newlin  
Johnsie Harshaw  
Bess Hallyburton

Alice Courtney  
Dovie Hyatt  
Rilla Byrum  
Ethel Ervin

Pearle Ervin  
Mabel Cherry  
Inez Legette  
Minnie Rudisill

Pansy Abernathy  
Pearle Gibbs  
Janie Tuttle  
Mary Parks

Gladys Lowrance  
Ruth Sherrill  
Cleo Wall  
Vera Howell

Willie Mae Baber  
Anna King  
Knoxie Kiser  
Ollie Hege  
Beth Miller



MUSIC CLASS

## Social Life at Davenport

### Children's Party

First of all the social events when we came back to Davenport College, was a children's party, given in honor of our new girls. Each girl, old and young, came down to the parlors dressed as children, wearing their names pinned on their dresses. Many childish games and performances were enjoyed by everyone. Refreshments were served with a great deal of noise and confusion, which always accompanies children's parties. We did not stay late, but many fond memories of our *young days* were recalled during that time. We left, hoping that soon we could have another party.

### Negra Minstrel

On Saturday night all of us who had a nickel went to the chapel to have some fun, and that we had it is a certain fact.

A very comical looking gentleman of the black race met us at the door and took our money. The performers were all negroes and acted their parts to perfection. They all sang very well, considering their being negroes, and "Sal" and "Jim" were very devoted to each other.

Lindy, in her red waist, yellow tie, white shirt and green belt, was more than good looking, and as for old "Uncle Pete," we all knew he would do no end of kind deeds for us.

We had a jolly good time and were sorry to hear the last of "Aunt Molly's" harp, though she had already given us several encores.

The performers were so good-looking that they thought of leaving the "black" on their faces.

### Hallowe'en Party

On the night of October 31st, at the ringing of the electric bell, the girls and the teachers assembled in the chapel, dressed as ghosts. After greetings were exchanged and they had given accounts of their life since their departure from earth, they were conducted to the basement, where they were given an insight into the mystic maze. A more weird or ghostly spectacle never was seen by mortals. In a darkened corner hung the heads of the seven wives of Blue Beard. It made one shudder to look at them. They were hanging by their hair, and blood was trickling from their pallid faces.

In another part of the room lay a shrouded form and some one stood near who announced to the spectators that it was a mummy which had been preserved for ages, and warned them not to touch it for it would crumble to pieces.

The ghosts were then conducted to a recitation room, where there was a blazing fire. There they removed their masks and were served to pop-corn, peanuts and apples.

When the lights flashed, they all dispersed to their rooms, having spent a very pleasant evening.

### **Special Graduates Entertain Seniors and Teachers**

Imagine our surprise, when one day each Senior and teacher was given an invitation to come to the parlor on the following Saturday night. We could not imagine what the Senior Specials were going to do to us, but we found out on Saturday night and would be willing to let them try it again, for we had such a nice time.

After several interesting contests, we were invited into the refreshment room, where delightful refreshments were served. After many witty toasts were given we separated, each sure that they could never have a better time.

### **Society Entertains**

On Thursday, our regular Society meeting day, the Sidney Lanier Society was asked to meet with the Henry Timrod Society. At the ringing of the bell both Societies assembled in the Society Hall, and a short program was rendered. After this, several girls played on the piano while a three-course luncheon was served.

Everyone seemed to enjoy it very much and regretted when the time came to leave.

### **Reception to N. N. C. Boys**

On the afternoon of February 4th, the Glee Club from the University came to the College and entertained us by singing. After the concert they were invited to the reception room. Here they were introduced to the Faculty, Seniors and Juniors. After spending an hour in conversation the young men departed. Pearle Gibbs and Bess Hoffman presided at the punch bowl.

### **Y. W. C. A. Council**

On February 7th, 1912, the delegates from the different colleges of Western North Carolina met at Davenport in the Young Women's Christian Association Council.

The girls, on first reaching the college, registered and were given the number of their rooms.

That afternoon at five o'clock an informal reception was given in order that all the girls might become acquainted. Each girl was asked to wear her name pinned on her dress. Refreshments were served, and the hour was both pleasantly and profitably spent.

Friday evening the meeting was opened by Miss Mary D. Powell.

On Saturday morning, Miss Jane Miller made a very interesting talk on "The Hebrew Ideal of Woman." The other time was given over to discussing the needs of the different associations.

Saturday afternoon the reports from the delegates were given; also the work of the committee was discussed. The kinds of meetings the Y. W. C. A. ought to hold, what work it ought to do, and how to accomplish it, were brought before the Council.

Saturday evening the services, which were short, were followed by a reception in the college parlors. Some of the girls rendered several beautiful selections on the piano. A delicious salad course was served, followed by one of ambrosia and cakes. The time was thoroughly enjoyed.

On Sunday morning, Miss Miller made another impressive talk. Sunday evening, Miss Anna D. Casler made one of the most interesting talks on what our Y. W. C. A. ought to mean. This ended work which has greatly helped our Association.

### **Mr. Birmingham Entertains**

One of the most enjoyable affairs of the college this year was the party Mr. Birmingham gave in honor of his Sunday School class. The entire faculty was also invited. About thirty were present. There were three prizes given, the first a hand-painted salt and pepper set, and was won in the guessing contest by Miss Ruth Fincher. Mr. Birmingham read an original poem, describing the contents of the package containing the prize, which was greatly enjoyed by all. Miss Kate Shaw won the prize for the best drawing of the face of George Washington, as it happened to be the birthday of our first president. Miss Bulla won the prize for drawing the best pig, blind-folded.

The refreshments were ice cream and cake.

### **Candy Pulling**

An event which we Davenport girls enjoy most of all is a candy pulling, down in the dining-room in the middle of the night.

Often we hear the bell ring about nine o'clock and we have learned to know that it means "come to the dining-room and have some taffy."

## Junior Reception

Among the social events of the year at Davenport the one most eagerly anticipated was the Junior Reception. On Monday night, March 17th, the class of 1914 was hostess to the Faculty, the Seniors of 1913 and a number of guests from Lenoir and out of town.

The reception took place in the college parlors, charmingly decorated in green and white, the college colors. Progressive conversation furnished the entertainment of the evening. At the close of this the guests were invited to the refreshment room, where the decorations beautifully carried out the 1914 colors, purple and gold. Refreshments in two courses were served by Misses Blanche Mann, Beth Miller, Johnsie Harshaw, Maude Mast, Pearle Gibbs and Lelyer Ferree, who were assisting the Juniors. Mary Parks and Frances Atkins had charge of the punch bowl in a bower of ferns.

The evening will long be remembered as one of the happiest of our college year, and the Juniors were heartily congratulated on their success.

## Work of the Teacher's Bible Training Class

The Teachers' Training Class is composed of twenty young women, with Mr. T. W. Birmingham as teacher. The names of the young women are as follows: Misses Tommie Brooks Baber, Kate Jerman Shaw, Isabelle Mabry, Lucille Womble, Hallie Gibbs, Emily Fuller, Lucy Camp, Mabel Cherry, Ruth Fincher, Nell West, Lucye Harrelson, Mae Cline, Annie Wilson, Inez Legette, Clara Horn, Nell Mauney, Bess Hoffman, Ruth Sherrill, Bess Heafner, Ethel Brown.

The class began its work the first of last September, a very short time after school opened—in fact, just as soon as our Sunday School was organized. It is largely composed of members of the Senior class, there being a few faculty members and several undergraduates, however. Each joined with much enthusiasm and interest for this splendid Sunday School training. The attendance has been unusually good during the entire course. February 17th a final examination was taken and each member passed successfully except one, who was ill and could not take the examination along with the class. This we regretted very much. She, nevertheless, entered a new class which has been recently organized. In this way she will receive her diploma with the next year's class.

This training means so much to the young woman, not only the good she may get, but the help she may give to those in her community. Efficient teachers has been and is the cry of every wide-awake Sunday School. You see, then, the opportunities a girl has for preparing herself for effective work through this course.

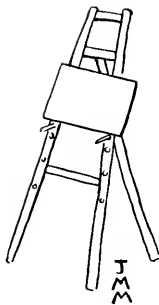
As Christ sent out His disciples to different parts of the world to preach and teach His gospel, just so does this institution send out young women, from this training class, to different parts of North and South Carolina and Georgia to teach His word and proclaim His divine love as is given in the Sunday school lessons.

In spite of the fact that the pupils are hampered somewhat by their regular literary work, this course has been completed within seven months. Often it is taken in the Sunday School or other places where a lot of time can be given to it. And as a rule not less than one year is taken to finish it. But with pluck and courage, the pupils here pushed forward and finished in half the usual time.

Too much stress cannot be laid on this noble work. There are so many things derived from it. It is an inspiration to each girl to give her best to the upbuilding of God's Kingdom on earth.

The new class which has been recently organized has twenty-nine members, exceeding the former one by nine. The same teacher, Mr. Birmingham, takes this class. They began the work this spring and finish some time next year.





## Art Club

*Color*—Burnt Sienna (chocolate color).

*Flower*—Wall flower.

*Aim*—To make the "Old Masters" ashamed of their work!

*Surest route of travel*—The plumb line.

*Favorite amusement*—"Making eyes."

*Ambition*—To paint great, big, enormous pictures.

### Officials

MRS. GWYN ..... *Chief Justice of the Peace*  
RUTH FINCHER ..... *Rear Admiral*  
BESS HOFFMAN ..... *Queen Bess*  
JOYCE LENOIR ..... *Her Royal Highness*  
ALICE INGOLD ..... *The Pet*  
DOROTHY KANOV ..... *The Baby*

### Ladies in Waiting

Estelle Miller	Mrs. Tuttle
Maud Mast	Julia Kent
Jecolia Medlin	Estelle Barker
Knoxie Kiser	Ethel Montsinger
Zelma Winkler	Bess Haliburton
Mrs. Rabb	Nora Mast
Mrs. Little	Ethel Coffee
Wray Booth	Augusta Little



AIR CLUB

## Some Correspondence

Lynchburg, Va., August 1, 1912.

*My Dear Friend:—*

I received your letter yesterday; you can't imagine how glad I was to get it. It inspired me so much that I feel like a new man. Yes, I expect to spend a much longer vacation than I had planned; you ask why? This morning I had breakfast real early and was out rambling around before half the people here were awake. I was enjoying my quiet walk immensely, when suddenly a half-distracted man rushed up to me and grabbing my arm swung me around so that I faced him. And then, without giving me a chance to express my astonishment, he said his name was Mr. FitzGerald, and as I was the only detective he knew of in the city at present, he wanted me to do him a favor. I started to tell him he had made a mistake, but he wouldn't give me a chance; instead, he proceeded to give a description of a girl whom he said was his daughter, who had suddenly disappeared the night before, and that he would pay me any price I asked if I would only find her and bring her back to him. When he saw that I was just standing there staring at him he drew a pencil and paper from his pocket, wrote down the particulars for me and made me take them. But, John, the strangest thing about it was he called me by my own name. I couldn't imagine what he did mean, but now I think he thought I was some one else whom I suppose I resemble very much. When he at last gave me a chance to speak I said, "Why, sir, I'll do my very best to find her for you, but as for the reward, don't mention it until she is found."

John, I don't know just what impulse made me answer that way. But since I had made the blunder, I decided it would be a real adventure to pretend that I am a detective. Of course, he is going to employ other detectives.

We then parted and I had started back to my hotel when I met two old friends of mine who asked me to accompany them to the seashore tomorrow. Think I shall go, John, for that would be more fun than looking for a stray, little yellow-haired girl.

Write me a long letter soon.

Very sincerely,

ERNEST GRANT.

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San Francisco, Cal., August 5, 1912.

*My Dearest Friend:—*

Your letter has been forwarded to me. Oh! of course you had to fuss about the way I treated that old man. If I had received your letter yesterday I would have been angry with you, because I would have thought you unreasonable, but now I think differently myself.

The very next day after I wrote to you, I, with my friends, had just gotten off the train at Richmond, Va., when whom do you think I saw? The loveliest girl in all the world passed us and boarded a Pullman. She was rather tall and slender, had lovely golden curls done up in some kind of a mass under her hat. My, but her long, dark eyelashes were enough to attract the attention of anyone. Wished she had laughed so I could have seen her dimples. I don't know what color her eyes are—perhaps they are black. Just then I remembered my promise to be a detective, and on looking over my descriptions found to my surprise that the girl whom I had just seen was the very girl my description called for. I hastily assumed the title which Mr. FitzGerald had so unceremoniously given me a few days before.

Then I abruptly left my friends and rushing into the depot bought a ticket for San Francisco, as that was where she was going. When I managed to get through the crowd, I saw the train was leaving. I tried to catch it, but as luck would have it she left me standing there glued to the spot. At first I was undecided what to do, but on second thought decided to take the next Pullman, which was due in half an hour. When it came I lost no time in getting on.

When I reached here last night I learned the hotel that she came to, and so I'm here too, but so far haven't seen her, although she is certainly here. I am still living in hope, for I may see her tomorrow. Write me again and say that I am a crank for acting the way I did if you dare.

Your friend,

ERNEST G.

P. S.—Don't know how long I may stay here.

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San Francisco, Cal., August 11, 1912.

*Dear John:—*

You are a good boy, after all. I knew you wouldn't be angry if I kept up that foolishness of following a flaxon-haired, black-eyed beauty around, although I haven't been able to speak to her yet. John, I haven't time to write much as I have to think out some plan of action to perform soon. Wish I had you here to advise me. This afternoon when I returned from a delightful ride over on orange grove I found that she had gone on a steamer bound for—I don't know where.

Think I shall return home tomorrow, as there is no good luck anywhere for me. I must have been born under an unlucky star. Please don't worry me about her when I return, because I tell you I don't care the snap of my finger about her. I was only following her for the fun of being a detective.

Sincerely yours,

ERNEST.

Hanover, August 15, 1912.

*My Dear Friend.*—

I know you will be surprised to know where I am tonight, when you think me almost home. But, John, that very evening, after I wrote you last, I decided that as I was already that far away from home, instead of returning the same way I came, I would just go to some part of Europe to spend a few weeks. You know for a long time it has been my heart's desire to go there. I'm going to Venice, Italy, and from there to various other places of interest.

I have just been on deck; the sea is fine—it is as smooth as glass; and the weather is real warm, only a slight breeze is stirring, the sky is as clear as can be. I haven't been the least bit sea-sick yet. Am enjoying it splendidly; wish you could be here with me.

Oh, I was about to forget to tell you that our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Graham, and their daughter, Dorothy, are on this ship, bound for Venice also. I know you want to ask me if Miss FitzGerald is on here too; no, she isn't; I don't know where she is and I would be much obliged to you if you would not ask me so much about her, for as I've already said, I am not at all interested in her now.

I'm too sleepy to write more to you now. Write to me soon.

Cordially yours,

ERNEST GRANT.

---

Hanover, August 17, 1912.

*Dear Friend.*—

I received your letter yesterday; it was real interesting; just came in time to cheer me up. You thought you could make me write and tell you that I'm just coming over here for the purpose of meeting that girl, but I tell you again I am not.

This morning I woke up and found that our ship was rapidly sailing towards London. I soon learned that we were going to the rescue of a ship that was in distress. We reached there about six o'clock, just in time to save all the passengers; then, when we were about a half mile away the ship went down, carrying to a watery grave the captain, who had refused to leave it. The last thing we saw of him he was standing on deck, holding to the railing with one hand and waving to us with the other. Our ship is going to take the rescued passengers on to London; then we are going back to Venice. I'm going back, too.

Sincerely yours,

E. GRANT.

Hanover, August 19, 1912.

*Dear John:—*

I know you have written to me, but the letter hasn't reached me yet. I have so many things to tell you that I can't wait until your letter comes. You may send your next letter to London, as I have decided to stay there.

This morning while Mr. Graham and I were sitting on deck enjoying the fine weather and talking of different subjects of interest, Mrs. Graham, Dorothy, and another lady joined us. Mrs. Graham introduced the other lady as Miss FitzGerald. John, imagine my surprise; why I almost fell down when I saw her, and just recovered in time to be polite to her and to keep anyone from noticing my confusion. I suppose you have already guessed that this is the same Miss FitzGerald whom I attempted to find. I'll tell you she is charming. We stayed out there until noon and she told us all about the wreck; what terrible suspense they lived in during those two hours we were coming to their rescue. And that if we hadn't come and she had been drowned, it would have almost killed her aunt.

Then I ventured to ask: "It would have almost killed your father and mother, too, wouldn't it?" She turned her face toward me and looked so sweet and sad out of her large blue eyes (I forgot to tell you her eyes are blue, instead of black), that I immediately repented every word I said.

"I haven't either father or mother," she said, as her beautiful eyes began to swim in tears. "They both died before I was fifteen." I hastily apologized for the pain I had caused her. But secretly I thought she was telling a falsehood, and yet I couldn't see how such an innocent looking piece of humanity could tell a falsehood. That afternoon, Mrs. Graham told me that all she had said was true. That after her father died she and her mother lived with her mother's sister in London until her mother died five years ago. A year later her aunt, Mrs. Jones, sent her back to America to be educated. She graduated last June, and then spent some time at her old home among her old friends, and was now on her way back to her aunt's.

Then it suddenly dawned upon me that I had made a mistake, and had been chasing the wrong girl around. But John, I'm glad she isn't the daughter of that Mr. FitzGerald, who started me on this adventure, because I like to know that she is a better girl.

Your friend,

E. G.

London, England, January 20, 1913.

*My Dear John:—*

You must forgive me for not writing to you sooner. Yes, John, I received all four of your letters. They were real interesting, but I didn't have time to answer them. I'll try now to make up for lost time.

We arrived here safely. The ship we came on went back to Venice; the Grahams went, too.

Miss FitzGerald and I have spent many happy hours together. I found her aunt to be a charming old lady.

Now you must not think that I am spending all this time in London, for I'm not. Since we arrived I have been almost over England and actually went to Venice, spent five weeks there and other parts of Italy. Then I came through Switzerland, visiting the Alps, and through France. I just returned from there last week. Of course in all my wanderings I've made London my headquarters.

John, I had made up my mind that I wouldn't tell you, but I will, because you'll soon find it out any way. Miss FitzGerald and I are engaged.

I'm going to start for home tomorrow.

Sincerely yours,

ERNEST GRANT.  
*—Annie Wilson.*





# Tennis Club

Colors—White and Black

## Officers

ETHEL WHITENER .....	<i>President</i>
INEZ LEGETTE .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARGARET TABOR .....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

## Members

MISS SHAW	ANNIE BESS PALMER
BESS HOFFMAN	MARGRET TABOR
BEULAH WILLIAMSON	EUENDA BEDENBOUGH
OLLIE HEGE	WILLIE MAE BABER
OLIVE ABERNATHY	PEARL GIBBS
RUTH WAGG	JANIE TUTTLE
INEZ LEGETTE	MARY PARKS
JENNIE CARPENTER	CHARITY NIPPER
JULIA MILTON	ETHEL WHITENER
GLADYS LOWRANCE	ETHEL BROWN
NELL WEST	SARA COLE
ESSIE LOVEN	LUCY HARRRELSON
IDA DORTON	JOHNSIE NEWLIN
MAMIE PALMER	



TENNIS CLUB

# Menu

## Thanksgiving

NOVEMBER 28TH, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWELVE

DAVENPORT COLLEGE

SIX O'CLOCK, THE EVENING

---

---

Oyster Soup

Roast Turkey, with Oyster Dressing

Cranberry Sauce      Celery

Sweet Mixed Pickles

Queen Olives      Stuffed Olives

Scalloped Oysters      Macaroni

Potato Balls      Saratoga Flakes

Rice

Pies—Pumpkin with Jelly, Mince, Apple, Lemon

Cakes—Plain, Coconut, Chocolate, Tutti Fruit

Dessert—Gelatine

Fruits—Tokay Grapes, Malaga Grapes, Oranges

Bananas, Apples, Raisins, Figs

Wafers      Cheese Straws

Coffee



## Thanksgiving Day

Thanksgiving day is here again  
With its joy, its feast and its rest;  
And God makes glad the hearts of men  
For the harvest, so full and blest;  
And we, within our college walls,  
Are happy and blithe and gay—  
For we dine tonight in the banquet hall,  
All dressed in our bright array;  
A splendid dinner, with its courses ten,  
Its music, its flowers and light;  
And our rippling laugh, like the warbling wren,  
And our hearts, so free and bright,  
All echo the words of thanks we sing  
To our gracious God above,  
And we make the walls of Davenport ring—  
For His goodness, mercy and love.

## Their Lesson

It was a bright day in April. Mrs. Burton and her daughter were sitting on the porch, sewing, when they heard the merry whistle of the post-man. He brought several letters, but Mrs. Burton only noticed one, and she eagerly tore open the letter with the post-mark Morrowville on it. After reading the letter she turned to her daughter and with tears in her eyes, she said: "Helen, I have a letter from the dearest friend I ever had. We were playmates when we were only four years old, and were school-mates, but since our marriages we have only seen each other once. It has always been understood between the two families that you and her son would marry when you were old enough, and in this letter she says: 'I've never been fortunate enough to have a daughter of my own, and I want my son to marry, though I will not be satisfied unless he marries your daughter. He does not want to marry, and will not listen to me when I try to talk to him about it. I try to tell him about Helen's beauty and accomplishments, but it does no good. Now, I want you to come to see me and of course bring Helen.'"

"Well! I will not go, and I will not marry her old son, either." And with that Helen was gone.

Her mother knew that it would be useless to try to talk with Helen about marrying, because she was only eighteen and had always had her own way in everything.

A few days later Helen received a photograph of the supposed David Morrow. He was a common looking boy, with his hair on his forehead so low that it looked as if it would affect his eyesight. She destroyed it, and didn't mention to her mother having received a picture of David. She decided to send him a picture of her maid, which looked worse than the one he had sent her. Every day David's mother would talk to him about marrying Helen, and every day Helen's mother talked to her about marrying David. Both were disgusted with their mothers, and with each other, and each imagined the worst possible things about the other.

One evening after supper, Helen's mother told her they would have company in a few days, and she hoped Helen would do her best to make Mrs. Morrow's visit a pleasant one. Helen started to say something, as she usually did, but checked herself and said: "All right, mother dear, I'll help you all I can." Then she kissed her mother good-night and went to her room. She packed a traveling-bag, dressed herself in a black coat-suit and slipped quietly out the back door. Her maid was waiting for her in a buggy. They drove rapidly to the station about six miles from her home. And got there just in time to get on the train going to Atlanta.

This same night David's mother told him she was going to see her old friend in a few days, and while she was there she wanted him to come down and stay a day or two. David promised he would, thinking all the time of some way to get out of going. At last he made up his mind to run away. He had always wanted to go to Texas. He left a note telling his mother he was gone and that she would never see him again. It was two o'clock in the morning when he walked into the station at Atlanta. There were several people standing at the agent's window, asking for information or buying tickets. All at once he was attracted by a voice. He had never before heard one just like it. There seemed to be pleasure and pain mingled in every word the girl spoke. She talked a little as if she were frightened. David listened to what she was saying, and he heard her say: "Do I make connection at Danville with the train for Norfolk?" The agent said "Yes." And at that moment a thought came into David's mind. "Suppose I follow this little girl whose voice attracted my attention. I have plenty of money, and nothing in view but to escape marrying Helen Burton, a girl whom I don't know, and I don't want to know her, either. It's nothing but a family affair, and I don't believe in such marriages. So he bought his ticket to Danville.

On the train he tried to get a seat so he could look at her, but she would not see him. He decided he would offer her a magazine or newspaper; so he did, but she discreetly refused it. Next he handed her one of his school-mate's cards, as he didn't want to tell her his own name. Her curiosity prompted her to look at it, but he of course did not know this as she did not appear to notice it. So at last he gave up his cherished hope of meeting her and returned to his own seat to sleep, if possible, in order that the trip might seem short.

Having seen his card, Helen remembered that she had no cards with her, so she took from her purse a blank card and wrote Mary Swain upon it. Scarcely had she put it in her purse again, when she was conscious of a loud noise and then—

When she regained consciousness the young man was bending anxiously over her. He spoke to her and said: "Miss Swain, we have been in a wreck, but I do hope you are not badly hurt." She wondered how he could have learned her name, and then she remembered about the card. Then, without thinking, she said: "No, thank you, Mr. Denning, I am all right, I believe." He kept his seat near her and in ten minutes he felt as if he had known her all his life. And she felt the same way about him. Before she realized what she was doing she was telling him something of her life. She said: "I'm on my way to New York; I intend to teach music in a little town a few miles from New York City." David said: "Did you say your mother and father were dead?" "No," and she seemed embarrassed; "but I'm going to stay a while with my cousin."

When they reached Norfolk they found that Mary's boat did not sail for two hours, so she decided to go to a hotel and rest for an hour. He told her he would call for her half an hour before time to go.

When he called for her the clerk told him Miss Swain was taken suddenly ill, and the doctor was in her room then. For a week she got no better. They had a trained nurse with her, and David stayed in Norfolk. He wrote her notes and sent her flowers and books, and inquired about her every day. Finally he spoke to the doctor about her. The doctor said: "I don't know exactly what's the trouble, but it's mostly a nervous breakdown. She seems to have something on her mind that's worrying her, and she refuses to let me wire her people that she is sick."

The next thing that David did was to speak to the nurse, asking her to persuade Miss Swain to go on the sunny balcony the next morning. The nurse was successful, and Helen looked very beautiful with her hair braided loosely around her head. The nurse went inside the house, and David walked around the porch to Helen. As she saw him coming her face lighted up. He took her hands in his and said: "Mary, I want to tell you something. I have been deceiving you all this time. Denning is not my name; it is Morrow, but David is what I want you to say. I ran away from home to keep from marrying Helen Burton, a girl whom my mother wanted me to marry, though I'd never seen her. I sent her a picture of my driver, and she sent me one of herself; that ended matters with me. Now, I've followed you here, and I love you." He saw tears in her eyes, and he started to put his arms around her, but she stopped him.

"Don't," she cried; "I am Helen Burton, and I ran away from my home to keep from marrying you."

He was dumfounded, but managed to say: "Helen, we were meant for each other, as our mothers seemed to know, and if you did run away from me, I found you. Now are you going on to New York and teach music, or will you be a good little girl, mind your mother and marry David Morrow?" he ended laughingly.

She smiled through her tears, and said: "I wish now I had done as mother wished." That was enough. He took her in his arms and said: "Won't they be happy?" In a few minutes two telegrams were sent, Helen's saying:

"David and I are married; will be home tomorrow. H."

David told his mother to go to Mrs. Morrow's, as he was going there with Helen.

Just as the train left, Helen looked at David and said: "I'm so happy I can't believe it is true. But the look he gave her was enough to convince her that it was true. He leaned towards her and said: "But, dear, the picture!"

"Oh!" she laughed; "that was Molly, my maid."

—Alice Ingold.





B.C.H.



**Members**

HALLIE GIBBS

PEARL GIBBS

JOHNSIE NEWLIN

EMILY FULLER

OLLIE HEGE



## The Good Roads Club of Gaston County

### Members

ETTA ARMSTRONG  
RUTH FINCHER  
CHARITY NIPPER

NELL MAUNEY  
VERA HOWELL  
LUCYE HARRELSON



## “The Gang Club”

### Members

“TAB MICHAUX”

INEZ LEGETTE

JOHNSIE NEWLIN

SARAH COLE

WILLIE MAE BABER

ALICE INGOLD

ESSIE LOVEN

EUENDA BEDENBOUGH

LELYER FERREE



## Lincoln County Club

### Club Song

Oft at the midnight hour,  
 When all teachers are dreaming  
 We, ourselves, are screaming:  
 In some secret bower, etc.

### Officers

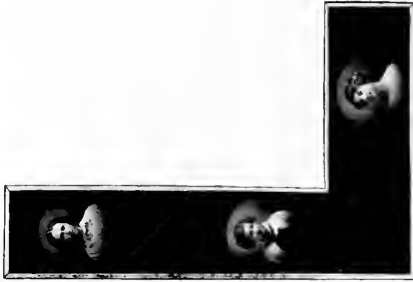
BESS HOFFMAN .....	<i>President</i>
LUCY CAMP .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
ETHEL CLINE .....	<i>Secretary</i>
ANNIE HEAFNER .....	<i>Treasurer</i>

### Members

MAE CLINE  
 BESS HEAFNER

PANSY ABERNATHY  
 MINNIE RUDISILL

KNOXIE KISER



## "The Town Club"

### Members

MARY NEWLAND .....	JOHNSIE HARSHAW .....	<i>Prophet</i>
BLANCHIE MANN .....	FAYE JOHNSON .....	<i>Poet</i>
MARY PARKS SHELL .....	BESS MANN .....	<i>Sport</i>
OLIVE KENT .....	BETH MILLER .....	<i>Musician</i>
ETHEL CURTIS .....	MYRELE SUDBRETTH .....	<i>Joker</i>
JOYCE LENOR .....		<i>Artist</i>



## Randolph Club

*Place of Meeting—Anywhere in Randolph County*

### Officers

MISS BULLA ..... *Register of Deeds*  
 SARAH COLE ..... *Banqueter*  
 ALICE INGOLD ..... *Banker*

### Members

JOHNSIE NEWLAND  
 LELYER FERREE  
 LILLIE RICHARDSON  
 MARY PARKS

MOTHER CRAVEN  
 MISS BULLA  
 SARAH COLE  
 ALICE INGOLD



GRADUATES IN TEACHERS' TRAINING CLASS







BASKET-BALL SQUAD



## “Varsity”

INEZ LEGETTE .....	RUTH FINCHER .....	MARY PARKS .....	Ethel Whitener .....
..... Right Forward	..... Captain	..... Left Guard	..... Substitute
RUTH FINCHER .....	..... Left Forward	“TAB” MICHAUX .....	..... Center
ETHEL CLINE .....	..... Right Guard		



## Winners

KNOX BESS .....	<i>Captain</i>
ETHEL CLINE .....	<i>Guard</i>
CHARITY NIPPER .....	<i>Guard</i>
VEAR HOWELL .....	<i>Forward</i>
RILLA BYRUM .....	<i>Forward</i>
MINNIE RUDISILL .....	<i>Substitute</i>
JOHNSIE HARSHAW .....	<i>Substitute</i>



## “Lickers”

INEZ LECETTE .....	<i>Captain and Right Forward</i>
LELYER FERREE .....	<i>Left Forward</i>
MARY PARKS .....	<i>Right Guard</i>
FAYE JOHNSON .....	<i>Left Guard</i>
JECOLIA MEDLIN .....	<i>Center</i>
ETHEL WHITENER .....	<i>Substitute</i>
JOHNSIE NEWLIN .....	<i>Substitute</i>



## "Bixie"

RUTH FISCHER .....	"TAE" MICHAUX .....	MARY PARKS SHELL .....	Captain
LULLIE RICHARDSON .....	"TAE" MICHAUX .....	MARY PARKS SHELL .....	Left Guard
BESS HEAFNER .....	"TAE" MICHAUX .....	"TAE" MICHAUX .....	Center
	"TAE" MICHAUX .....	ALICE INGOLD .....	Substitute

# JOKES



PM

## Jokes

Ethel B. (talking to Miss Shaw): You can get some milk for our chocolate from the library; no—diary.

Teacher: Sarah, are you related to Rev. Cole of the Baptist University?

Sarah: I don't know, but I think he may be the one who married Uncle Will and Aunt Alice.

Student: Miss Radford, in what State is Milwaukee?

Miss Radford: Why—Milwaukee, Chicago.

Miss Bulla (in Ethel's and Beulah's room): Girls, are your feet small enough to stretch my gloves?

Mae: Jecolia, what are you reading?

Jecolia: It is Shakespeare.

Annie Pess: Is it "As You Like It"?

Jecolia: Why, I haven't read enough to know whether I like it or not.

Ethel B. to Lucy C.: Lucy, who is the author of Adam Bede?

Lucy C.: Why, Silas Marner.

Miss Baber: Does that man work in the shoe bakery?

Daisy M., who had neglected to write to Cal, and was trying to say her prayers; she began: Dear Cal,

Ethel B. to Bess Hoffman: I am just crazy about Political Economy.

Bess: Sometimes I wish I had taken that, but how do you like Economics?

Ethel: Why, crazy, that is the same study.

New girl: Lucille, have you any one-cent postal cards in the book-room?

Ollie Hege (going to the library): Oh! girls, can anyone in here tell me where to find the "Vision of Sir Longfellow"?

Ethel M.: Joyce, what have you lost?

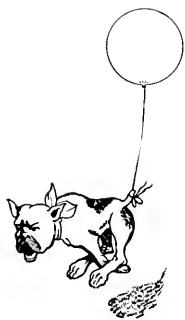
Joyce: That crazy plumb line, of course.





## Members of Negro Minstrel

MAE CLINE .....	"Tildy"	LUCY HARRELSON .....	"Sad"
CLARA HORN .....	"Molly"	RUTH FINCHER .....	"Jim"
"TAB" MICHAUX .....	"Pete"	MABEL CHERRY .....	"Rorie"
INEZ LÉGETTE .....	"Ike"	ETHEL WHITNER .....	"Dick"
	ETHEL BROWN .....		"Lindy"



## Calendar

1912

- Sept. 9. Back at Davenport.  
" 10. Y. W. C. A. entertains the new girls.  
" 11. School opens.  
" 14. Children's party.  
" 15. First Y. W. C. A. meeting.  
" 16. Lenoir Drug Store "sets up" D. C. girls.  
" 26. Henry Timrod Society entertains new girls.
- Oct. 3. Sidney Lanier Society entertains new girls.  
" 6. First Missionary Society meeting.  
" 12. A Negro Minstrel Show by D. C. girls.  
" 26. Senior Specials entertain the Seniors and Faculty.  
" 27. Seniors wear robes first time.  
" 31. Hallowe'en party.
- Nov. 4. Chorus Class gives first concert.  
" 11. Dr. McNairy gives a lecture on health.  
" 23. President of Senior Class celebrates her birthday.  
" 28. Thanksgiving: a six-course dinner; moving pictures by Rev. Fullbright in the college society hall; a "set up" at the moving picture show.
- Dec. 6. Another "set up" at the moving picture show.  
" 9. Annual bazaar of Y. W. C. A.  
" 10. Mr. Craven gives a candy pulling.  
" 13. Again "set up" at moving picture show.  
" 14. Basket-ball game between D. C. and Lenoir graded school; 35 to 4, in favor of D. C. girls.  
" 14. Examinations begin.  
" 18. Dinner in honor of Miss Holtzclaw.  
" 19. Examinations end.  
" 20. Holidays begin; go home.

1913

- Jan. 6. Back at D. C. again.  
" 10 to Feb. 10. LaGrippe.  
" 18. Lecture by Prof. Goforth, from the Philippines.  
" 23. Henry Timrod Society entertains Sidney Lanier Society.  
" 28. Lecture by Dr. Boyer.  
" 29. Lecture by Dr. Rollins.

- Feb. 4. A. M., glad girls; P. M., reception given in honor of the U. N. C. boys  
 " 7 to 11. Students' council of Y. W. C. A.  
 " 12. First spring term recital.  
 " 14. Plenty of mail (valentines).  
 " 14. Teachers' Bible training examinations.  
 " 15. Teachers' Bible training examinations.  
 " 18. More mumps.  
 " 22. Washington's birthday.  
 " 22. Prof. Birmingham entertains his Sunday School class and the faculty.  
 " 24. Arrival of Rev. J. F. Kirk.  
 " 24 to 28. Revival services.
- March 9. Graduation of Sunday School teachers' training class.  
 " 10. Graduation recital of Nell Mauney and Clara Horn.  
 " 15. Happy Seniors: Annual off to the press.  
 " 17. Junior reception.  
 " 21 to 26. Easter holidays.  
 " 31. Japanese bazaar.  
 " 31. Graduation recital of Mary Newland, Faye Johnson, and Bess Hoffman.
- April 1. All-fools' day.  
 " 7. Preliminary musical contest.  
 " 7. Graduation recital of Bess Heafner, and Miss Tommie Brooks Baber.  
 " 21. Graduating recital of Hallie Gibbs and Emily Fuller.
- May 10. Final musical contest.  
 " 20. Final grand concert.  
 " 21. At home.

## Consolation

There, little girl, don't cry !  
The Annual's finished, you know ,  
And your uniform blue,  
And your robes and cap, too,  
Are the things of long ago ;  
But girlish troubles will soon pass by—  
There, little girl, don't cry !

There, little girl, don't cry !  
Your mirrors are forgotten, I know ;  
And the glad Senior ways  
Of your college days  
Are soon to be things of the long ago ;  
Even Physic's and Trig will soon pass by—  
There, little girl, don't cry !

There, little girl, don't cry !  
Though it break your heart to go ;  
And the rainbow gleams  
Of your Davenport dreams  
Are soon to be dreams of the long ago ;  
But Davenport holds much for which you will sigh—  
There, little girl, don't cry !



# Advertisements





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*For Girls and Young Women*

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---

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The Summer Girl  
The June Bride*

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**H. M. TEAGUE**  
**PHOTOGRAPHER**

LENOIR, NORTH CAROLINA

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the Cold Cash*

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Goods at Auction,  
Samples, Jobs, etc., we  
buy a lot of High-Class  
Merchandise at Fifty  
Cents on the Dollar and  
“When I buy a Bargain,  
I sell One.”

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W.C. Newland

Attorney at Law

Lenor, North Carolina

G. W. Cloer  
& Son

MEATS and  
GROCERIES

PHONE 139

SQUIRES &  
WHISTNANT

LAWYERS

Lenor, N. C.

C. B. McNairy,  
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