


The
LOTUS
1903



Fannie Carrington Merrill



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MAIN BUILDING.



"How sweet it were
To muse and brood, and live again, in memory,
With those old faces."

—Trumson.

To
Henry Jerome Stuckard,
poet, educator, and friend, this volume of
"The Lotus" is dedicated as a
mark of our affection
and esteem.

When strangers reading o'er thy lines
Are touched by sentiments akin
To the divine, as when a soul
Is thrilled and deeply stirred within.

They see thy mind is full of thought,
Of beautiful words and similes,
But we who know thee every day
Know more to tell than all of these

We know the life that lies behind
The noble verses thou hast penned,
We know beside the poet's work,
The daily kindness of a friend.



HENRY JEROME STOCKARD.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS is the second volume of THE LOTUS that has appeared as the fruits of many weary hours spent by long-suffering editors. We hope that its merit may increase from year to year, while we realize that no matter what success it may achieve, no group of its editors will deserve so much credit as the faithful few who gave us the little green and white volume of 1902, which was the first to bear the name of LOTUS.

Editors of "The Lotus."

Editors-in-Chief.

DAISY EGGLESTON, E. L. S.

ELIZABETH DINWIDDIE, *Σ φ κ*

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The Class of 1903.

With Their Characteristics as Decided by Vote.

"All's Well That Ends Well."

COLORS:
Dark Green and Old Gold.

FLOWER:
Yellow Jasmine.

MOTTO:
"Not failure, but low aim, is crime!"

- HAZEL DOLES, Elm City, N. C. President
President Erosophian Literary Society, Second Term of Session 1901-02. The most dignified.
"With calm and measured step."
- JENNIE MABEL POWELL, Raleigh, N. C. Vice-President
The prettiest, the cutest, the most stylish.
"Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain."
- KATHERINE BERNARD HILL, Fulton, Kentucky Secretary
President Missionary Society, 1901; President Junior Class, 1902; Captain of Ball Team, 1903. The most popular, the most unselfish.
"None knew thee but to love thee."
- IRLNE LACY, Raleigh, N. C. Treasurer
The most honest.
"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy."
- ANNIE DUDLEY GREEN, New Bern, N. C. Historian
The best talker.
"Smooth in the vowels."
- ETLA FEREBEL PEACE, Oxford, N. C. Prophet
President Erosophian Literary Society, First Term of Session 1901-02. The happiest, the most impulsive.
"Now up, now down, as buckets in a well."
- ELIZABETH Mc MURFEE DIXWIDDELL, Clarksville, Tenn. Poet
President Sigma Phi Kappa, Sessions of 1901-02, 1902-03. The most pessimistic, brightest, most eccentric.
"Go, teach eternal wisdom how to rule."
- FANNY MYATT FORT, Raleigh, N. C.
The worst.
"The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."
- MYRTLE MAUD SERRATT, Raleigh, N. C.
The most studious, the best.
"The student's midnight oil kept burning dim"
- HELEN WILSON EASLEY, South Boston, Va.
President Young Women's Christian Association, 1903. The sweetest.
"Sugar's sweet and so are you."



SENIOR CLASS.

Senior Class History.

THIS is my third and last attempt at a class history for the editors of this Annual that you are now reading, kind friends and relentless. They said a class history must be written, and I am not a writer. I tried something funny, I wanted something elaborate, I hoped for something lofty and I write something commonplace.

We are a class of ten. We have had lots of meetings, but everybody talked together; there was a mighty volume of sound, but nothing more.

We possess rare talent, to put it moderately, and we concluded to entertain the thought of Senior Dramatics, but Shakespeare was the best that the playwright could afford, and Shakespeare was too tame for us.

We have one gentle, docile member in our class, and we elected her president, and she selected a committee, but that rather grasping chairman unwound yards of red tape and got them all so tangled up in it, that they are yet unable to report.

We got us some pretty pins, but we battled so long and so strong and so hard about them that they have never been a proper source of enjoyment.

We study a lot; we've studied Philosophy industriously, Trigonometry perseveringly, Geology lazily, and Senior English with Mr. Stockard to guide us—madly, wildly, desperately, frantically.

Irene Lacy's troubles are the only things that have held us to this alluring world, that helped us on, for we all hoped in our inmost hearts that some day we would have some, too.

I am tired now, and I expect you are too.

PAX VOBISCU.

Senior Prophecy.

THE Class of 1903 had elected me prophet, and I suffered an agony of responsibility. It is true I was not called upon to be President, and had no cause to fear that some conscientious fanatic would feel it his duty to assassinate me, nor had I been chosen to the arduous place of poet; I was also spared the temptation of absconding to Canada with the class funds; but the position in which I was placed is no easy one. As a woman of reputation, I felt that I should be held personally responsible if every destiny foretold did not come true to the letter. And for this reason I resolved not to write my opinion, but to wait until a special revelation should come to me. I sought the revelation; I pursued it. I wandered by waters so inspiring to class prophets of old; I slept, hoping a dream would light up for an instant the silent halls of the future; I obtained permission from the empress of the kitchen to gaze into the glowing coals; and even smuggled in a cigarette, that I might see faces of alumnae floating about in its rings of smoke, as men prophets never fail to do. But all in vain—the water made me take cold. I always dreamed of my best suitor. Aunt Priscilla closed the stove to put in the potatoes, the cigarette gave me—the croup, and the future remained a dim, mysterious vast. But as the last day drew nigh, necessity, that mother of invention, inspiration, and many other laborious children, quickened my susceptibility, and the revelation came. I sat at dinner that day with a strange feeling of connection with the spiritual. And gradually Annie Green's steady buzz of German philosophers and the higher love lulled me into drowsiness and I closed my eyes.

When I opened them I found myself alone in the dining-room with a spirit of light. The beautiful vision stood in a halo of luminous cloud. Her snow-white wings were folded; her hair fell in golden billows about the magnificent shoulders, half disclosing the alabaster throat and splendid arms. In her eyes lay a sea of mystery and calm, and I know she was the Guardian of the Future.

I sat quite still in awed silence for a while, then I asked in trembling tone:

"O Spirit of Truth, Angel of Destiny, unlock for me, I pray, the portals of fate; unroll for me the scroll of the coming years; tell me, I implore thee, the fate of our ten."

She smiled, and the place shone with her smile, and lifting her ivory arm she waved a golden rod over the ten-sided shaking-jelly on the center of the table. The jelly trembled and turned cloudy, but when it cleared again, I beheld a vision of the future.

Ah, shall I ever forget that scene of wild confusion! Down the street rushed a horse, the carriage behind rocking from side to side, and down the street men raced after him. Screams and shouts filled the place, and the thunder of hoofs and wheels. A policeman clutched at the reins of the terrified runaway as the horse dashed past. And in the plunging, swaying vehicle I made out our president, dignified and calmly smiling, and anon murmuring, "Whoa, Bess; this is really quite conspicuous." "Jump! Jump!" a man cried, springing at the maddened animal. She raised her eyebrows, smiling, and bowed to him. Then like a whirlwind the horse dashed against a mail-post and the carriage crashed into a thousand pieces. And Hazel?—she was thrown higher and higher, but when last I saw her she was smiling and waving her handkerchief serenely. The picture faded and the shaking-jelly trembled and revolved on its axis.

"Not changed in all these years," I said, weeping. "Our dignified president, the same to the last."

The next picture reflected in the crystal side was one of melancholy quiet. Our vice-president lay propped up with cushions, her fair, wan face lying back and the transparent lids closed over the tired eyes. Plainly, she was soon to breathe her last. The Angel wrote in letters of light: "Irene Lacey told a joke one day to the A. & M. boys and she lingered on, but never recovered. She died nine days after." Ah, so young to die, and so beautiful!

The shaking-jelly quivered with a sigh and turned slowly to the next.

Only a green grave with a modest stone. I bent closer and read the inscription:



And the bees and butterflies flew by and the sun shone on the grass-covered mound. I wiped away a tear.

When I looked again the jelly was shaking as with convulsion. What is Irene into now? I wondered. A great commotion was going on—an explosion! The center was awlirl, but at the edges I made out flying teeth and hair and a foot. Report after report, as of cannon, caused the startled hair on my head to stand on end.

"What is it? Oh, tell me," I cried. The Angel wrote: "She went to a strange city where there was nobody to tell her grievances to; she stood the silence two weeks, then she exploded."

I looked back with a shudder, but the scene was gone, and the shaking-jelly turned slowly and tremblingly.

Our poet next, I knew, and I waited expectantly for the noble death of a great woman. Deliberately the mould turned, and deliberately it settled and came to a stand, and I beheld the lively Elizabeth in the act of committing suicide by hanging herself. I shrank back, and the Angel wrote: "She thinks it will be such a good practical joke on her mother to find her there."

When I looked again the shaking-jelly had changed color and taken on a rose light, while a delicate perfume of lilies (imported from Cologne) filled the air, and I saw Annie Green reclining on a plush lounge of decided elegance, holding with her last breath a book of German Philosophy. "She died of the most stylish disease known at the time," the Angel wrote, in pink ink, "acute inflammatory apoplexy of the pyloric appendix on the posterior zosophagus." "Ah, I should have guessed it," I gasped; "how like her! An imported disease, I know."

Next the transparent side showed the fate of our sweet and studious little Myrtle. A wild joy-dance of Feejees round a boiling pot in which resided the bones and flesh of their beloved missionary. But their ardor was somewhat dampened when it was found that the flavor of Trigonometry permeated even the marrow.

The shaking-jelly revolved on its pivot and I looked with eager fear to see the fate of Helen, my best-loved friend. She stood alone in the beauty of her womanhood, lovely and lovable, but suddenly the demonic figure of a lunatic rushed out, with a pistol in one hand, a dagger in the other, and a club in another. The fiend rushed at her with shrieking words, but Helen, too polite to turn her back, smiled as if with a smile to turn him from his wild purpose. On he dashed, and I closed my eyes before the awful deed was done.

Ah, how much I wish Shakespeare could have seen the next picture before he wrote his Romeo and Juliet! A scene of moonlight and love. The gentle, romantic Fannie was in the act of eloping with the milkman. Beneath her

vine-clad window he sat in his rustic cart, amid his shining cans. And Fannie, above, descending a rickety rope-ladder, presented a picture of beauty seldom seen. But half-way to the bottom—alas for true love! alack the day!—her foot caught and she tumbled head down, feet up, into a three-gallon can of milk. He drew her up by a foot; he took her out and emptied her; but all was in vain. Love's martyr!

And the last was to be my fate. With what trembling eagerness I watched the revolutions of the shaking-jelly. How with straining eyes I peered into the crystal sides that went by. With what bated breath I waited. At last—at last, it showed signs of settling, but suddenly, to my horror and consternation, the Angel of Destiny reached out her alabaster arm, took the jelly, and ate it before I could gasp out a remonstrance. And I am left to brood longingly over the page in the Book of Fate which I can never turn. I, alone of the ten, know not where my star is to set, nor how the flower of my life is to wither.

And if, O gentle reader, you should ever have the misfortune to consume at supper a ten-sided shaking-jelly, which does not agree with you, may your nightmare never be that you write a Senior Class Prophecy.

THE PROPHET.



SENIOR CLASS POEM.

To you, O vine-clad walls of brick,
That look out through the trembling leaves,
And you, O pillars, strong and white,
Reared high above the tallest trees,
I dedicate my faltering song,
I pray you to inspire my pen
That oftentimes fails in writing down
The thoughts that course throughout my mind,
And give my faulty effort grace
To please the eyes of ten who chose
Me forth from out the rest to speak
In simple words some things of them.

HAZEL DOLES.

Two happy years our chief has spent
Among the halls and shaded groves
Where squirrels leap from bough to bough :
And we in naming o'er the ten,
Have chosen her as best of all,
That she should lead us through one year,
Our last, to hoped-for victory.
Our Hazel, may she never lose
The memory of these happy days,
And as she goes forth into life
The best wish we can send with her
Is may she never meet with love
Less true than that we freely give.

KATHERINE BERNARD HILL.

And one there is for several years
Has been our comrade and our friend,
Who last year held the place of chief,
And is beloved by us all.
Fair Kate, did our fame as a class
Depend upon thy work alone,
We were the best class here for years :
'T would make the walls surprised to see
What laurels would adorn our brows.

JENNIE MABEL POWELL.

Second of rank, of thee I sing
The sweetness of thy gentle ways,
Nor less the zeal that thou hast shown
In laboring through the toilsome years to reach
the goal.

MYRTLE MAUD SURREATT.

Sweet myrtle, flower of rose's hue,
Thou art no sweeter than our flower
That bears thy name. Our flower is sweet
With joy and love.

IRENE LACY.

Next she who dwells without our walls
Is not less near because so far,
And not less trusted, since she holds
What some less learned than ourselves
Would prize the most, our worldly store.
Our hoard ranks not with Cæsus's wealth,
Nor any modern millionaire's,
But what we have we trust to her,
Our Irene, our fair treasurer.

ETTA FEREBEE PEACE.

Sweet one, whose praises next I sing,
Thy liquid brown eyes speak to mine,
Thy soul responds to my soul's need,
And with strong love I cling to thee.
Thy name expresses rest and calm,
Thy nature lies too deep for strife,
And in the storm of after-life
May thy soul safely breast the waves.

HELEN WILSON EASLEY.

Loved one from Old Dominion's clime,
With cheeks of apple-blossom's tint,
Thy ringlets each enfold a heart,
And nine soft curls enwrap our own,
Forever to be held as thine.

ANNIE DUDLEY GREEN.

Fair writer of our history,
Whose hair shines with a hidden gold,
May thy pen write complete success,
No blots upon our record's page,
But victory won, the goal attained,
And ten girl graduates made at last.

FANNIE MYATT FORT.

Frances, last but never least,
Thy third name expresses strength.
Be our stronghold through the year
And bear our memories through thy life.

* * * *

My class is dear unto my heart,
And in the years that are to be
The magic numbers, 1903,
Will ne'er from out my mind depart.

In future years of life's fierce storm
A breath from any jasmine vine
Will stir sweet memories that are mine,
And lull my spirit into calm.

A flash of gold, a hint of green,
Will cheer my soul and make it strong
To do the right and shun the wrong
'Mid this life's ever-changing scene.

And in some far-off future time,
When golden hairs no longer show,
And once black locks are white as snow,
May we all come together here :

Each others' faces once more see,
And when we all our lives relate,
Whatever may have been our fate,
May we have honored 1903.

CLASS POET.

Class of 1904.

"As You Like It."

COLORS:
Purple and White.

FLOWER:
Violet.

MOTTO:
"Cras ingens iterabimus aequor."

Officers.

MARY WHITMELL BOND	PRESIDENT
LUCY W. HAYWOOD	VICE-PRESIDENT
LILA MACLEAN	SECRETARY
ANNIE LAND	TREASURER
DAISY D. EGGLESTON	HISTORIAN

Members.

KATE BANNERMAN	BELA BROWN	HELEN BROWN
GRACE BROWN	ANNIE CLARK	
SAIDE SLOAN	LUCY HAYWOOD	PANSY FETNER
ANNIE LAND	DAISY GREY	ESTELLE O'BERRY
	RUTH PILSON	
ADDIE LOFF	LILA MACLEAN	NORA PUGH
		KATHLEEN SMITH

Senior-Junior Students.

BESSIE COVINGTON	MINNIE LOU KELLY	DOUGLASS MORTON
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Irregular Students.

JULIA ETHERIDGE	ANNIE SALZMAN	MATTIE LOVE
MYRA MOORE	LIZZIE STEELE	
ALICE LANGBORNE	ELISABETH HOUSTON	WILLIE PEMBERTON
ANNIE KERNER	EDNA MCFACHERN	

Special Students.

LOIS LONG	MAY FULFORD	ELIZABETH JOYNER BURTON	ALMA MARSH
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CLASS OF 1904 AND SPECIAL STUDENTS.

History of Class 1904.



A CLASS we are exceptionally interesting. In the first place, there are so many of us. Now, right here, we want to warn our President to have a good supply of "sheepskin" on hand, for we all confidently expect to be graduated. Then, we are so varied in nature. There is our logical member, Maidie Allen. Her reasoning is deep and convincing, for I have seen her prove satisfactorily, in the short space of two minutes, that two apples can be made equal to one.

Of the president of our class we are justly proud. She is our silent member, our dreamer. Oft in the balmy spring she can be seen sitting off in a lonely corner thinking, planning, darkly plotting. Yes, it is a school proverb that "Whit Bond's voice is ever silent."

I have said we are varied, so you needn't think we are lacking in talkers. Lila MacLean, Bessie Covington, and Ina McNair are good proofs to the contrary.

The musical members of our class have formed a glee club and the melodious voices of Pansy Fetner, Lucy Haywood, Katie Bannerman make sweeter our lonely hours, for their sopranos harmonize well with the rich altos of Minnie Lou Kelly, Elisabeth Houston, and Annie Clark.

We are proud to speak of our sanctified member, Susie Morton, who has justly been named George Washington. The case of the cherry tree is not the only one she has to show her love of the truth. With the sanctified member we mention the "wee, modest little flowers" of our class, Marie Long, Madelene White, and Katie Lee Banks. Their voices are rarely heard in any discussion whatever.

We are sorry to say that among us there are two who make us fear for our Senior privileges. There are very few boys who escape the coquettish looks and winning wiles of these two. We feel some hesitancy in disclosing the names of our young members, but we are sure that every one has heard of the wild escapades of Brown, first and second.

Our dressy member is Ruth Pilson. The poor benighted mailman has long ago had to go on crutches, for he was crippled by bringing such heavy loads of samples for her selection.

Although our class as a whole is very studious, we admit that there is one of us whose books are still covered with last year's dust. While we are sitting, trying to solve the problems of life, she is out enjoying the delightful feeling of "nothing to do." Notwithstanding her carelessness and childish ways, Annie Land is truly "The Flower of the Flock."

Class of 1905.

"Much Ado About Nothing."

MOTTO:

"Strive, and hold cheap the strain."

COLORS:

Garnet and Gold.

FLOWER:

Jacqueminot Rose.

Officers.

MARY SHERRILL	PRESIDENT
IRENE COUCH	VICE-PRESIDENT
BLANCHE HEYWOOD	SECRETARY
EDITH GREER	TREASURER
MATILDA STEINMETZ	HISTORIAN

Members.

MADIE ALLEN	MINNIE SPARROW
BESSIE BARNES	IRENE COUCH
MARY BIGGS	MATILDA STEINMETZ
IRMA COBB	BUFNA SPRULL
MARY DUGHI	ROBERTA THACKSTON
WINNERED FOWLE	MARY WINTERS
LOUISE FINLEY	ROXANA WILLIAMS
EDITH GREER	GERTRUDE DILLS
MARY HIGGS	SADIE ELLAS
MATTIE HOLT	LILLIE PAIR
BLANCHE HEYWOOD	MARIE LONG
MARY MOORE	CAMMIE SHORT
MARY SHERRILL	KATIE SIKES
LESSIE GRAVES	JANE SWIFT
	HAZEL YORK



CLASS OF 1905.

History of Class 1905.

THIS year has been a very uneventful one in the records of the Class of 1905, but nevertheless, the current of our spirit hasn't gone out of existence, but is stronger than ever. Only two call meetings have been held, in the first of which our president was unanimously elected. We furnish a large per cent. of the smartest, and I daresay, "best looking," girls in the school. We intend to make this nothing less than an "age of progress," and to keep right on progressing, not in the old beaten tracks of our predecessors, but rise in such glory and fame that will put them to shame. It will make the coming "Sophes" hail us with such joy that they will, in their insanity of pleasure, even call us blessed (perhaps a God-send). So far there has been no such word as "fail," but our past has been adorned with only honor. Now as we are about to bid farewell to 1903, we catch such gleams of our future hope and glory as nearly blind us.

HISTORIAN.

Class of 1906.

"Comedy of Errors."

COLORS:

Innocent White and Homesick Blue.

MOTTO:

"Live and Learn."

FLOWER:

Cat-Tails

Officers.

EVELYN VROOM	PRESIDENT
FRANKIE CRALL	VICE-PRESIDENT
DONNIE ROYAL	SECRETARY
LENA REDMOND	TREASURER

Members.

BESSIE BROWN	LURIE BROWN
FRANKIE CRALL	MARY EVANS
INA GARRISON	LILLIE HIELIG
MAY LAURENS	NONA LEONARD
SUSIE MCGEE	JANIE MCPHERSON
LOUIE MILLER	JENNIE PROCTOR
LENA REDMOND	SAVIE RICHARDSON
MINOR RICHARDSON	DONNIE ROYAL
SAIDE SMITH	ELSIE STOCKARD
	EVELYN VROOM

Croom-Dinwiddie.

(News and Observer, December 31, 1902.)

MANY friends were present yesterday morning at the home of Dr. Dinwiddie to hear the marriage vows which were taken by Miss Maude Thompson Dinwiddie and Dr. Arthur Bascom Croom, of Maxton. The ceremony was performed in the central hall of the home, which was handsomely decorated with palms and lighted with candles. The marriage vows were given by Dr. William S. Black, of Davidson College, the soft glow of the tapers and the surroundings of stately palms and beautiful flowers making beautiful the scene.

While the guests were assembling a delightful selection for violin and piano, *Andante Religioso*, by Thomé, was rendered by Mrs. Benjamin Kilgore and Miss Marguerite Ruggles, this being greatly enjoyed.

As the wedding march, by Mendelssohn, began, the groom entered from the right door, accompanied by his best man, Mr. James Dallas Croom, Jr., and Misses Agnes Lacy and Marion Kean moved from the altar to the west door, carrying white ribbons.

Through this aisle came the ushers, Mr. John Thompson, Dr. Harry Utey, Mr. Augustus McNair, Dr. Diuguid. Following these came the lovely maids of honor, Misses Marjie Jordan, of Durham, and Lucy Cole, of Wilmington. These wore exquisite gowns of white crepe with bodice and skirt yokes of Point de Venice lace, black picture-hats, and carried shower bouquets of La France roses and maidenhair terns.

Then came the bride leaning on the arm of her father, Dr. Dinwiddie, who gave her away. After the beautiful and impressive ring ceremony, the happy couple turned to receive congratulations and good wishes from the many friends who had come to witness the marriage.

The bride wore a handsome tailor suit of royal blue zibeline, trimmed with black panne velvet with a blue velvet hat to match, and carried a large shower bouquet of bride's roses. She is the youngest daughter of Dr. Dinwiddie and is one of Raleigh's handsomest and most attractive young women. As a talented musician she has won much praise and has many friends. The groom is a prominent young physician of Maxton, and belongs to one of the oldest families of

the Upper Cape Fear. There were a great number of handsome gifts displayed, which showed the high esteem in which the young couple are held. Besides these there are many now awaiting them in Maxton.

Dr. and Mrs. Croom left at 10:30 for the South, followed by the good wishes of hosts of friends.

Among the out-of-town guests who were here to attend the marriage were Mr. Wm. S. Dinwiddie, of Chicago, and Mr. James Dinwiddie, of Washington, D. C., brothers of the bride; Mrs. Lily Logan Kean, of Kentucky; Miss Lucy Cole, of Wilmington; Miss Marjie Jordan, of Durham; and Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Croom, Miss Croom and Mr. J. D. Croom, Dr. J. A. Diuguid, Mr. McNair, all of Maxton.

The marriage and the brilliant reception of the previous evening were both most happy social events, and were attended by large numbers of the friends of the young couple, who begin their married life under so favorable and happy auspices.





JAMES DINWIDDIE.
OUR PRESIDENT.

Clubs and
Organizations



Organizations.

A GREAT many organizations now flourish within our old brick walls. We have two large and prosperous literary societies, and a good deal of friendly rivalry exists between them. Then there is the Missionary Society, which meets on every second Sunday night, and the Young Women's Christian Association, which assembles in a student prayer-meeting every Friday night.

From dark to supper on wintry evenings the cheery sound of the ping-pong ball is heard in the girls' sitting-room. Out on the lawn, when the weather permits, the baseball diamond is trampled by flying feet and a certain pair of brown tennis shoes number —(?). Basket-ball, also, does not lack for enthusiastic followers, and tennis is sometimes resorted to for pleasant exercise.

A certain number of the girls have formed a track team in which they hope one day to become expert runners.

There are other things, however, besides religious societies, literary gatherings, and athletics. Numerous bands of girls exist who are bound together for one purpose or another. Some are to ensure good fellowship; others to have a good time along the eating line. So, in one way or another, we are bound to each other by countless ties, some of which shall last forever.

Y. W. C. A.

HELEN EASLEY President
SUSIE MORTON Secretary and Treasurer

Missionary Society.

KATE HILL President
HELEN BROWN Vice-President
WHIT BOND Secretary
MINNIE LOU KELLY Treasurer

DURING the past year the Y. W. C. A. and the Missionary Society, which is a branch of the Y. W. C. A., have had visits from several of the traveling secretaries, which have been very helpful to us. At different times during the year we have been fortunate enough to have with us returned missionaries, who have added greatly to the interest taken in the work.

Miss Bettie Penick has been a great helper, a friend to the Missionary Society, who is ever ready to help with her ideas or her presence. To her and to Miss Murray the Missionary Society and the Y. W. C. A. owe the success of the year's meetings.

Both societies have done good work, and we hope to send two delegates to the Asheville Convention, and to contribute both to the State work and to the cause of missions.

Erosophian Literary Society.

MOTTO:
"Mere Licht."

COLORS:
Purple and Gold.

FLOWER:
Pansy.

Officers.

First Term.

GRACE BROWN . .
DAISY EGGLESTON
EVELYN VROOM . .
MINNIE LOU KELLY

. President .
. Vice-President
. Secretary .
. Treasurer .

Second Term.

. K. L. BANKS
DAISY EGGLESTON
. LILA MACLEAN
MINNIE LOU KELLY

Roll.

MADIE ALLEN
HELEN GORDON BROWN
BESSIE BARNES

IRENE COUCH
HAZEL DOLES
LOUISE FRANK

DAISY GREY
LESSIE GRAVES
MINNIE LOU KELLY

PEARL PARTIN
LILA MACLEAN
ETTA PEACH

DONNIE ROYAL
KATHLEEN SMITH
BUENA SPRUILL

MARIAN KEAN
EVELYN VROOM

BULA ROBERTA BROWN
GRACE BROWN
BESSIE COVINGTON

FRANKIE CRALL
DAISY EGGLESTON
ATTIE FIELDS

INA GARRISON
ELISABETH HOUSTON
MATTIE LOVE

WILLIE PEMBERTON
LILLIE PAIR
NORA PUGH

BYRD SEEGAR
NELLIE SMITH
AMELIA STOCKARD

KATHIE SIKES

HAZEL YORK

LOUISE BLUE



EROSOPHIAN SOCIETY.

Phule Club.

MOTTO:

"All fun—no work."

OCCUPATION:

Practising dreamy eyes.

PASSWORD:

"Flinch!"

WHIT BOND	President
SUSIE MORTON	Vice-President
ELIZABETH DINWIDDIE	Secretary and Treasurer

Members.

SUSIE MORTON	ELIZABETH DINWIDDIE	WHIT BOND
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Honorary Members.

SUSIE MORTON	ELIZABETH DINWIDDIE	WHIT BOND
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Advisers to Club.

SUSIE MORTON	ELIZABETH DINWIDDIE	WHIT BOND
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Chaperon.

DAISY D. EGGLESTON.

Sigma Phi Kappa Society.

"Vita sine literis mors est."

COLORS:
Yale Blue and Old Gold.

FLOWER:
Carnation.

Officers.

ELIZABETH DINWIDDIE President
JANE SWIFT Vice-President
ANNIE LAND Secretary
MADELENE WHITE Treasurer

Roll.

KATH BANNERMAN	MARY W. BOND	IRMA COBB
GERTRUDE DILLS	MINNIE DILLS	E. M. DINWIDDIE
HELEN EASLEY	JULIA ETHERIDGE	ELMA FEATHERSTONE
LOUISE FINLEY	WINNIFRED FOWLE	MAY FULFORD
ANNIE GREY	EDITH GREER	MARY HIGGS
KATE HILL	MAFIE HOLT	ANNIE LAND
ALICE LANGHORNE	ANNIE KERNER	SAIDE SMITH
IRENE SMITH	MARGIE SCOTT	ELSIE STOCKARD
CORINNE HARPER	ANNIE LONG	LOIS LONG
MARIE LONG	ADDIE LORE	EDNA McEACHERN
SUSIE DOUGLASS MORTON	ESTELLY O'BERRY	RUTH PILSON
ANNIE SALZMAN	LOIS STANLEY	BYRD LAWRENCE
LIZZIE STEELE	JANE SWIFT	MADELENE WHITE
ROXANA WILLIAMS	JANIE McPHERSON	BESSIE WOOTEN
MYRA MOORE	MARGARET WALKER	CAMMIT SHORT



SIGMA PHI KAPPA SOCIETY.

Baby Club.

MOTTO:

Bawl !!

COLORS:

Baby Blue and Sky Pink.

Members.

ELISABETH HOUSTON	Chocolate Baby
MARY D. HIGGTH	Lisping Baby
HELEN EASLEY	Mellin's Food Baby
EDNA McEACHERN	Chief Yeller for Condensed Milk
ANNIE SALZMAN	Jim's Baby
MATTIE HOLT	Baby in Long Dresses

Grumblers' Club.

COLOR:

Jealous Yellow.

OBJECT:

To Grumble Forever.

Roll.

MYRA MOORE	Grumbling for Letters
BYRD SEEGAR	Grumbling at the World
ETTA PEACE	Chief Butter Grumbler
EVELYN VROOM	Assistant Butter Grumbler
JANE SWIFT	Grumbling at the Editors
PEARL PARTIN	Universal Grumbler
IRENE LACY	Grumbling at the Sorry Scheme of the Universe

Virginia Club.

MOTTO:
Brag.

COLORS:
Orange and Blue.

MADH ALLEN, Straight out from Chatham.

DAISY EGGLESTON, Charlotte Court-House.

HELEN EASLEY, South Boston.

ELIZABETH DINWIDDIE, Charlottesville.

KATE HILL, Assistant Bragger.

RUTH PILSON, near Staunton.

S. DOUGLASS MORTON, Chase City.

FRANKIE LOUISE CRALL, Norfolk.

ALICE LANGHORNE, Chief Bragger.

ANNIE SALZMAN, Danville.

Florida Club.

"To Thy Own State be True."

FLOWER:
Orange Blossoms.

Officers.

EDNA McEACHERN
EDNA McEACHERN
BYRD SEEGAR
BYRD SEEGAR

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer

Members.

EDNA McEACHERN

BYRD SEEGAR



WEST DRIVE.



THE DRAMATIC CLUB

"Act well thy part," and don't try Hamlet.

Officers.

LOIS LONG	President
JAMES P. BRAWLEY	Director
EDNA EARLE McEACHERN	Secretary
MAY FULFORD, MATTIE LOVE	Stage Managers

Members.

LOIS LONG	DAISY EGGLESTON
JAMES P. BRAWLEY	ELIZABETH DINWIDDIE
EDNA EARLE McEACHERN	IRMA COBB
MARGIE SCOTT	LIZZIE STEELE
MATTIE HOLT	KATE HILL
KATIL LEE BANKS	HELEN EASLEY
ANNIE GREEN	JANE SWIFT



FLINCH CLUB.

ELIZABETH HOUSTON
KATHERINE HILL
ELIZABETH STEELE

MARGIE SCOTT
EDNA EARLE McEACHERN
MARY HIGGS

JANE SWIFT
LOIS STANLEY
EDITH GREER

MATTIE HOLT
IRMA COBB

"Eight in flinch piles for your partners,
Twelve in flinch piles for your opponents."



A. G. T. CLUB.

"Where hearts are at stake."

FRANKIE LOUISE CRALL
JANE SWIFT

SUSIE DOUGLASS MORTON
LOUISE FRANK
EVELYN VROOM

DAISY D. EGGLESTON
MATTIE LOVE

COLORS: Red and Black.



NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

DOUGLASS MORTON
McMURTRIE DINWIDDIE
WHITMELL BOND

SCARLET

WILSON EASLEY
BERNARD HILL
FEREBEE PEACE

Baseball.

LOIS LONG, Captain

LOIS LONG, Pitcher

MATTIE HOLT, Catcher

FRANKIE CRALL, First Baseman

IRMA COBB, Second Baseman

MARIE LONG, Third Baseman

RUTH PILSON, Short-Stop

ELIZABETH DINWIDDIE, Center Field

MADELENE WHITE, Right Field

LENA REDMOND, Left Field

KATE HILL, Captain

MATTIE LOVE, Pitcher

KATE HILL, Catcher

SUSIE MORTON, First Baseman

ALICE LANGHORNE, Second Baseman

EDNA MCEACHERN, Third Baseman

JANE SWIFT, Short-Stop

EDITH GREER, Center Field

WHIT BOND, Right Field

DAISY EGLESTON, Left Field



TENNIS CLUB.

JANE SWIFT	ANNIE LAND, President	MATTIE LOVE, Business Manager	IRENE LACY
ELSIE STOCKARD	ESTELLE O'BERRY	ELIZABETH DINWIDDIE	LOIS LONG
		IRMA COBB	
		SUSIE MORTON, Umpire	

Tongue-Wagging Association.

ALICE LANGHORNE Wagger-in-Chief
FANNIE FORT Medalist
ROBERTA THACKSTON Time-Killer

Just Wagging.

Annie Green
Josephine Gilmore
Mary Sherrill
Matilda Steinmetz
Bessie Barnes
Myrtle Surratt
Annie Clark
Annie Kerner
Corinne Harper

Edith Greer
Bessie Wooten
Marie Long
Annie Salzman
Minnie Sparrow
Pansy Fetner
Hazel York
Katie Sikes
Nora Pugh

Ping-Pong Players.

JAMES P. BRAWLEY, *Champion Racket-twirler.*

MISS NANNIE DINWIDDIE		LOUISE FRANK
ELISABETH HOUSTON		EVELYN VROOM
	K. B. HILL	
	IRMA COBB	
MISS SUEPHEN		EDNA McEACHERN
MRS. KLAN		LESSIE GRAVES
	MISS COWAN	
	IRLEN COUCH	
FRANKIE CRAVE		SUSIE MORTON
	JANE SWIFT	

Track Team.

MATTIE LOVI, *Manager.*

KATE HILL	MADIE ALLEN	JANE SWIFT
	ALICE LANGHORN	IRMA COBB
	HAZEL DOLES	
ELIZABETH DINWIDDIE		MADLENE WHITE
LOIS LONG		MATTIE HOLT



HOKE ANNEX.

At Peace.

We 're all at Peace within these gates,
No matter what may be our hates!
 In this round world such can be said
 Of no class else, save of the dead,—
And these may war in future states.

But here while seasons mark their dates,
And we are busy cramming pates
 Against the times that lie ahead,
 We 're all at Peace!

What though her teeth some teacher grates,
Or maid comes down with crashing plates,
 Or Joe comes up with wobbling tread;
 Why, from the rats out in the shed
Up to the power that holds our fates,
 We 're all at Peace!

The Tiger Eye.

AFTER I had laid off my hat and wraps I had time to notice the room assigned me. A pleasant room it was, with its old-fashioned furniture and spotless curtains. The tall four-poster bed, hung with Swiss drapery, the quaint high dresser, the mahogany chairs and spacious lounges gave an air of comfort and dignity and the bowl of June roses on the spindle-leg table filled the air with fragrance.

Strange, I thought, that I should be a guest where I knew neither the host nor the hostess, and yet it seemed the most natural event in the world. My mother had been the closest friend of Laura Tourline when they were girls, and later, when her chum was married, mother had been the maid of honor. Then in those days of anxiety when the young wife gave birth to a little girl and died, my mother was with her to the last. And now that Agatha was to have a wedding of her own, I was asked to come and be the chief bridesmaid. I had heard much of the beauty of this child of my mother's friend, and I wondered as I looked about me if the refinement shown was of her taste. The maid interrupted my thought.

"Mr. Tourline asks if you will come down right away? He says he wants to see you."

"I am ready now," I answered, "if you will show me the way."

My host greeted me in the library. He was standing by the open window when I entered. He was tall and grey-headed, with pleasant features and a quiet dignity that made me like him at once.

"And this is Miss Panline," he said, taking my hand warmly. "How like your mother you are, my dear! Ah, she was a fine woman. And you do well to be like her. My wife and she were great friends. She was with us when Laura was taken from me. I can hardly believe it was twenty years ago. Would you like to see my wife's picture?"

I followed him to the end of the room, where the painting hung. My resemblance to my mother had evidently carried him back into the days of the past, and it seemed to relieve him to talk of his loss.

"Is she not lovely?" he asked, as I looked up at the half-smiling mouth and dark hair and into the eyes that seemed to shed a gentle sweetness over the chamber.

"That was painted after we were married, before those last days when she lost her mind. Did your mother ever tell you about that year? Her mind

wandered, you remember. She used to slip around the house like a little shadow of herself. Strange, what ideas she had. There was a jewel in the family called 'The Tiger Eye' that no one had worn for two hundred years because John Tourline was said to have come by it in no fair way. There was talk of murder, and at any rate it had lain unused for all those years. But she took a fancy to it; she had it put on a little gold chain and wore it about her neck always."

"I see it," I said, looking at the yellow stone which hung from a tiny pendant. "It has an interesting look."

But the old man went on, unheeding.

"Your mother had on a grey dress much like yours the night Laura died. How it all comes back to me. Laura had been out of her mind three months. She had fantastic notions about the stone. That day she fancied she saw a storm light in it. And when night came a storm did rise as she expected. It was an awful night. It makes me shiver even now to think of it. The thunder frightened her terribly. The rain almost roared. About three o'clock a zigzag streak of lightning struck the west wing of the building near her room. She did not cry out, but trembled and clasped her hands. We did all we could for her, but it was no use. The baby came that night and she fastened the jewel round its neck. She died half an hour after. Even now Agatha acts strangely whenever a storm comes up. She seems almost wild at those times. It is probably a birth-mark she will outgrow when she is older. I had hoped Laura's mind would come back once if only for a minute, but—well I sometimes think—"

He stopped abruptly, and turned to the window. I looked at the sweet face again. It seemed to smile as if it knew, and knowing, understood. When he spoke it was in a different voice.

"I will call for my daughter. She will be so glad to see you. She has been looking forward to your coming."

And a few minutes later he introduced us—"My daughter, Miss Pauline; Agatha, welcome Miss Harmon to our home."

I knew I stood before the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. I felt her beauty even before I looked up. I felt her stateliness, her grace, her magnificent poise. A subtle refinement filled the atmosphere about her. She stood a Greek statue turned into buoyant flesh. But with the first flash of admiration a singular chill struck me to the core. A peculiar shiver ran over my body; intuitively I shrank a step back, then recovering myself I managed to reply to her cordial greeting. If I had expected her hands to be cold I was mistaken. I found myself wrong also in supposing her voice would have a metallic quality. It was as sweet and faultless as herself. But I was relieved nevertheless when my host said, kindly: "I see Miss Pauline is faint after her travel. Carry her to her room to rest a while."

That night when Agatha came into my chamber to ask if I needed anything before retiring, her pretty negligee fell back a moment, disclosing the yellow jewel—changing, glowing, fiery! I started at the sight. There was something akin in her eyes and the pendant. There was something in their depths peculiarly connected with the light of the stone. Of this I felt sure. I fell asleep and dreamed her eyes were changed to scintillating stones and that her shawl fell back to show a pendant of a *human eye*.

The days flew by in a whirl of pleasure. Agatha and I grew to be firm friends, I forgot my first impression and learned to love her for her unselfishness and girlish simplicity. Captain Stanley had come from a distance with many friends and the whole house was given over to their entertainment. Mr. Tourline was a royal host. The great house resounded with gaiety. I found myself transformed into a butterfly.

Shall I ever forget the night before the wedding? Agatha came into my chamber after the reception and, slipping on our wrappers, we lay across the bed by the open window and talked far into the night. The moon shone in on her and lighted up her face with a soft radiance. Her arms were round and white as ivory. Her hair fell about her shoulders. Surely, I thought, no more beautiful bride ever blessed mortal man. And when she left me she bent suddenly and kissed me. "I do not know why you have crept into my heart so," she said; "I must have inherited my love for you. Good-night."

"I hope a storm is not coming up. It would spoil the wedding day," I thought, anxiously, as I looked out at the black cloud beginning to rise and noted the sultry stillness.

It may have been a low growl of thunder, it may have been the foreboding calm, or the heat, or some other cause; but whatever the reason, I opened my eyes some hours later, suddenly, and with the uncanny feeling that some one was in the room. The moon no longer shone in the window, but a black pall of storm enshrouded me. With beating heart, I tried to pierce the darkness. The little clock ticked slowly—five, ten, fifteen minutes passed while I lay with every nerve strained, staring into the blackness. Then the faintest rustle, scarcely perceptible, sent a shiver through me, and I sat up.

"Who is there?" I asked. The blackness grew blacker, the clock ticked on.

"Speak!" I said, again. "Who are you?" A little breeze, the first whisper of the coming storm, blew against my cheek. The ticking of the clock sounded like a heart-beat.

Then a shimmer of lightning illuminated for an instant the tall figure of a woman in grey near the door.

"Agatha, is it you?" I called, softly; then louder, "Agatha! Agatha!"

Why I rose and went toward the form I do not know; I think now I must

have felt compelled, though I was not conscious at the time of being so. Strangely enough, I hardly wondered when she moved away and I followed her as one in a dream. I can not say I was not afraid, yet I followed without resistance. As one in a dream, I rose and walked down the corridor; still dreamily I turned at the landing and kept close to the woman in grey. Mechanically, I followed her across the servants' hall, down the unused passage of the wing once struck by lightning, and beyond to a part of the house I had never been in before. A low rumble of thunder made the woman quicken her steps, and I hastened on behind. At the third door she stopped and held it back for me to enter. I went in. A deathly silence brooded over the place. I stood quite still, waiting, for what I did not know, the darkness wrapped about me with smothering closeness.

A flash of lightning, sudden and quick and terrible, showed me that I was in Captain Stanley's room. He lay with his head thrown back, his throat bare, and bending over him—oh, it sickens me, it terrifies me to tell it—bending low was Agatha with one hand on his mouth and one pressing his nostrils, lightly, gently, so that she did not wake the sleeper, but with a horrible firmness that meant death. Her shawl lay back, showing the muscles of her neck strained and taut. For a moment she stood, a black figure in the red glare. Then the light went out.

A blind terror was leaping through my veins. I could not move nor speak. Was it God, or the grey woman, that touched my arm? With the touch came strength and courage. I called out: "Agatha! Agatha!"

She turned, and in the dark her eyes shone and scintillated with a thousand lights. Blue and red and yellow and fiery they gleamed, sparks in the blackness, tiger eyes, wild with hate.

The first crash of thunder shook the house to the foundations.

Gathering herself together, she sprang upon me. And we fought—oh! how can I tell how we fought! How can I describe with human pen what was not human, but demoniac? Up and down, around and across the room we struggled, she clutching at my throat. Now we were in a mad embrace, now on the floor, up in an instant, panting aloud or breathless, her eyes ever circling about me, I ever on desperate guard, she crouching for a leap, I springing aside. And through it all, crash after crash, roll after roll of thunder made the house rock from roof to sill. And blinding darts of light revealed the fiend face and streaming hair. The elements too had gone mad. The rain dashed itself in fury against the house. The floor heaved, the whole earth heaved. The roar of the storm was in full blast.

An hour later I carried her, panting and unresisting, to her room and laid her on her bed, overcome, but not conquered. Then for the first time I noticed the grey figure in the door. It came forward and, motioning me aside, hovered over the girl. The woman took Agatha's face in her hands and looked down into

her eyes. The grey lady shivered. At first I did not know what was passing, but suddenly I became aware that something strange and awful was taking place. I drew nearer and watched with an overpowering fascination. The grey figure was trembling. Then she threw her mantle off and I saw—the face of the picture in the library. But what was she doing? What did it mean? The girl's eyes were glazing. The color was fading, slowly the lips turned blue about the corners. Gradually the hue of death overspread her whole face. Little by little her eyes became duller and duller, dimmer and still more dim, her form limp, then rigid. She was dying before me.

The woman in grey shook as with convulsion, but bent closer yet over the face of her daughter, staring, straining into the girl's eyes until I thought she would pour out her very soul through her own. Then like a flash it came to me—she was pouring out her soul! She was giving away her priceless boon to her child!

Still lower she bent, and I saw one spark, one flash, pass from her eyes to her daughter's. Then the mother rose, turned, and was gone. Whether she walked out or disappeared, I know not. It may be that she remained a moment or she might have vanished immediately. I do not remember. I never knew. But she was gone. Her spirit no longer buoyed me up, and left alone, I sank in horror into a corner and stared at the girl.

The blessed life was coming back. A faint dawn of color tinged first her lips and then her cheeks. Her eyes closed and opened and a dim light of life was in them. A little sigh came from her lips. And I crept from the room and stumbled into my own bed.

* * * * *

"It is long past breakfast-time, Miss Pauline," the maid was saying when I awoke; "it is ten o'clock. I thought I had better call you."

"Thank you," I replied. "Tell Mr. Tourline I will be down in a few minutes."

The rain was over, the sky clear and the cheery sunshine poured into my window.

At breakfast that morning of the wedding-day Mr. Tourline noticed with a pleased smile that Agatha's face was happier than ever before. So sweet and gentle it was, so filled with calm content. I alone understood. I stole into the library to see the picture once more. The sweet smiling mouth was the same; the gentle chin, the round outlines were unchanged. But the eyes, something had come over them. The peculiar restless glint that Agatha's had worn before lay hidden in their depths. And the painted "tiger eye" glowed with a new

lustre. For a long time I stood gazing up at the portrait. No human artist had put that vague unrest in the eyes. An angel, or a devil, I know not which, had touched the picture.

A murmur of excited voices from the other room interrupted my wondering. Agatha's startled tone, "The tiger eye—my talisman—oh, look!"

The stone had lost its brilliancy. It hung on her chain dull and colorless, a brown pebble.

"A bad omen," she said, anxiously: "I can not understand it."

"The electricity of last night's storm has changed its molecular condition," her lover told her. "It often affects stones that way. It is quite natural."

"But I should have felt the shock, and I slept all the night, except for a bad dream," she persisted, still unassured.

"Probably a slight knock has chipped it," Mr. Tourline said.

But she was not satisfied. "I can not help but feel anxious. I had an awful dream, too. I thought I saw a murder and the murdered man's face was turned, and it was Stanley's. Do you think the jewel can be connected with that?"

"What a child you are, Agatha," her father frowned. "Are you so superstitious? The noise of the thunder was enough to disturb your dreams. The jewel was chipped in some way. You must not allow such a little thing to disturb you."

She was not entirely reassured, but changed the subject and forgot in time the pebble stone in a whirl of dress and gayety.

The splendid drawing-rooms, with their palms and roses, lighted by the soft glow of candles and pervaded with slow, majestic music, filled the guests with a sense of solemnity. Before the rector, Agatha and Captain Stanley stood together. Ah, she was a queen! How regal, how stately, how beautiful! And her face, how changed! A world of sweetness beamed in her eyes, a radiance of joy.

"So beautiful! And her expression too is changed. See what love has done for her!" a bridesmaid whispered.

"Yes," I said, in my heart, "see what love has done: not the love of lover for his dearest heart, nor of husband for wife, nor of friend for friend, but the love that is deeper and broader and higher and closer—the love that is all-sacrificing and everlasting—the love of a mother for her child.

ETTA F. PEACE.

Scraps of Conversation.

E. D.—“When did Roosevelt organize the Rough Riders?”

E. P.—“I didn't know he was in the war.”

Miss M.—“Who founded New Orleans?”

Fannie Fort.—“Montcalm. Oh, no, he didn't either; he fought in the French Revolution.”

New Girl.—“What two literary societies are here?”

Lizzie S.—“Sigma Phi Kappa and Ethiopian.”

Mr. S.—“What does transpire mean?”

Susie M. and Irene L.—“To die.”

Mr. S.—“Where was the battle of Stamford Bridge?”

Jr.—“At the Bridge of Stamford.”

Mr. S.—“Please explain ‘Habit of Observation’ as applied to Literature.”

E. W.—“Why, you should look square into the eyes of men and read them.”

Daisy E. (at table).—“This steak is so full of bristle.”

Mr. S.—“Where is Rummymede?”

Etta Peace.—“At the bottom of the page.”

Teacher.—“Who was our modern American philosopher?”

Pupil.—“Shakespeare.”

Mr. S.—“In what way was Mary's succession a new departure for England?”

Junior.—“She was the first female king.”

Acrostic.


Far within the blue of heaven,
Radiant Stars, I see you shine,
All surrounding pale Diana,
Numberless, and how divine!
Key to all my spirit's longing,
I know well where brighter are,
Even outshining in their beauty

Light of moon or light of star.
O! those eyes, divinely smiling,
Underneath the locks of brown,—
I can see them now in fancy,
Sweetly, shyly looking down.
Every morning I think of them.

Can I e'er forget her face?
Rolling years, ye can not lessen
Any memory of her grace.
Love that never fades nor wearies,
Love like this, I bear that face.

E. M. D.

Sigma Phi Kappa.

 ON FEBRUARY the twenty-eighth, George Washington, a young man of great promise, led to the marriage altar Madame Custis, a beautiful and popular young widow of this community. Elizabeth Washington, sister to the groom, was maid of honor, and Colonel Fielding Lewis served as best man. When the curtains were gradually drawn back the stately figure of the officiating clergyman advanced directly in front of the cathedral organ, where wax tapers shed a "dim, religious light."

To the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March the bridal party appeared from the rear door. Two girls in white carried lighted tapers at the head of the procession, after whom came the eight bridesmaids and eight groomsmen. Each couple separated before the high altar, the man ascending the right-hand stairs, and the lady, the left; then both crossed in front of the minister and took their places in a semi-circle. Among these eight couples we find the well-known names of the Duc de Parquet, Dolly Madison, le Marquis de LaFayette, Nelly Custis, Benjamin Franklin, Aaron Burr, Alexander Hamilton, and the Honorable Peter Stirling.

Next came another couple in white, bearing lighted tapers and followed by the beautiful form of the maid of honor. After her came the bride, a vision of loveliness leaning on the arm of her father. She was clad in a pure white gown and wore a long veil. A diamond necklace adorned her neck and a crescent of the same stones sparkled in her hair. She carried a large bouquet of lilies of the valley.

The groom was dressed in the latest style from Paris, his clothes having been made to order by his Parisian tailor. His suit was blue with white hose and a profusion of rich lace falling over his wrists and around his throat.

The group around the altar presented a beautiful effect, each bridesmaid in blue being between two in pink and *vice versa*.

After the ceremony a health was drunk to the newly married couple and then a minuet was led by the bride and groom and the Duc de Parquet with the bride's mother, a remarkably well-preserved woman for her years.

Among the guests were the following distinguished persons: Thomas Jefferson, Janice Meredith, Francois LaFayette, Betsy Ross, and Miss Franklin.

Refreshments of cream and cake were served and after the dance the party left, wishing the young people a happy married life.

MARIE JEAN PAUL ROCH YVES GILBERT MOTIER, MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE.

Wanted.

- By Daisy Eggleston—A female king of France.
By Etta Peace—A dozen new "frat" pins.
By Daisy Grey—J. K. F.
By Edna McEachern—Not to sit on people.
By Elisabeth Houston—A Lambe.
By Saide Sloan—Something to eat.
By Elisabeth Steele—Dreamy eyes.
By Elizabeth Dinwiddie—Starr Hogue.
By Bennie McAden—Annie Green.
By everybody—A holiday.
By Miss Page—Some toast.
By Miss Duncan—An appetite.
By Buena Spruill—A trip to "Norrrfolk."
By Irene Lacy—A cause for complaint.
By Roxana Williams—A chin.
By Miss Nannie—Welsh rabbits.
By Mr. Stockard—More order in chapel.
By Miss Sutphen—An explanation.
By Frankie Crall—Less poetry and more peace.
By Alice Langhorne—Twenty pounds less.
By Mattie Holt—Coca-cola.
By Susie Morton—The money to replace the camera.
By Madie Allen—To be a Junior.
By Ina Garrison—An easy grace of manner.
By Katie Sikes—A graceful walk.
By Evelyn Vroom—Dorothy Manners.
By both societies—To beat the other one.
By Peter—To take a ten-cent drink off of somebody else.
By Katie Bannerman—To see Graham.
By Annie Land—A few more studies.
By Estelle O'Berry—Permission to go home.

By Addie Lore—To play baseball.
By Lila MacLean—To wear Lessie's hat.
By Bessie Covington—Typhoid fever.
By Julia Etheridge—To make Christmas presents.
By Mary Sherrill—To have a finger in the pie.
By Irene Couch—To play tennis.
By Blanche Heywood—A longer pigtail.
By Matilda Steinmetz—Somebody to give flowers to.
By Mary Briggs—To be a musician.
By Mary Dugbi—To skip English.
By Winnifred—To be a society girl.
By Louise Finley—To distribute samples.
By Minnie Sparrow—To look amiable.
By Mary Winters—To shorten her skirts.
By Sadie Elias—To play like Mr. Brawley.
By Marie Long—Alterations in the Annual.
By Hazel York—To overcome her boisterous disposition.
By Lucy Haywood—To find out where the Philosophy lesson is.

The Editors' Trials.

AFTER four months of editorial work and repeated discouragements, we have come to the conclusion that we are the most persecuted and abused body of girls in the world. Let whoever holds a different opinion likewise hold their peace. One of our number has just left the room after banging the door, which latter act caused a shower of plastering to descend upon the unoffending craniums of the very same, and now amidst the choking dust and blinding molecules of plaster we seat ourselves, pens in hand, to write "The Editors' Trials." It claims no merit from a literary point of view, but it comes straight from six exasperated hearts.

After a hard morning's work and many haggings, we come to a decision and, bravely smiling, close our books and summon our failing strength to carry us up the stairs. When we reach the top we usually find several girls waiting to lynch us for something we have put in, or something we have left out (as a rule, they are not particular what sort of an excuse they scrape up). Surely, the way of an editor beats that of the proverbial transgressor "all hollow."

We have learned one lesson by sad experience: that when a contributor promises to hand in her work in a couple of weeks, you may possibly see it after a time equal to five times the square of the cube of the date mentioned. For noticeable examples, see Etta Peace—promised in October, fulfilled towards the last of March.

Another trial is the collection of photographs. Once in a while some Senior thinks her picture is not so beautiful as her own peerless countenance and says of course it wouldn't hurt just to leave her's out. To crown this, one of the editors breaks the camera and charges it to the Annual.

We are in hopes the railroads will give us ads, and pay in mileage tickets, so we may leave the country before the teachers and girls read the slams we have put in the book.

Gentle reader, pardon our having for the moment parted from our editorial dignity and high soundings, but under the circumstances we feel that there is some excuse.

E. D. AND D. E.

As It Seems.

"Wee crimson-tipped flower."	IRMA COBB
"Has done with keeping birthdays."	MATTHE HOLT
"I love love."	SAIDE SMITH
"Oh, voice that speaks and overcomes."	ANNIE GREEN
"I must fret, forsooth."	KATHLEEN SMITH
"Words, words! nothing but words!"	MARIE LONG
"It is difficult to grow old gracefully."	HELEN BROWN
"Here too dwells simple truth, plain innocence."	BYRD SEEGAR
"In form and moving, how express and admirable."	NORA PUGH
"Thou cherub, but of earth."	MISS MURRAY
"I can always leave off talking."	GRACE BROWN
"You know physics, something of geology: mathematics is your pastime."	MYRTLE SURRETT
"So now I will try to sleep."	JUST AFTER MOSES
"None knew thee but to love thee."	HELEN EASLEY
"Man delights not me."	ESTELLE O'BERRY
"Set thy house in order."	MISS NANNIE
"Do I carry the moon in my pocket?"	MR. D.
(When every one is clamoring to have a check cashed.)	
"Are you still so fair?"	EITTA PEACE
"I will be quiet and talk with you and reason why you are wrong."	ANNIE GREEN
"Art thou dumb?"	MADE ALLEN
"Tender and true I am, but savage I was."	BESSIE WOOTEN
"The muse forever wedded to her lyre."	MISS RUGGLES
"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"	SENIOR LATIN
"She can both false and friendly be."	EDNA MCEACHERN
"I am nothing if not critical."	ANNIE SALZMAN
"She speaks an infinite deal of nothing."	CAMMIE SHORT
"A noble type of good, heroic womanhood."	HAZEL DOLES
"Ay, too gentle."	GRACE BROWN
"Her eyes were clear and wild."	PEARL PARTIN

Watawqua.

ON THE bleak cliff stood Watawqua, grim and stern, looking down at the gorges and valleys below. The red glow of the sunset cast into bold relief the agile figure of the young Indian. From his fierce, proud face and brilliant, flashing eyes one might have thought that the whole thirty-five years of his life held nothing but triumphs for him. But not so; as he stood there now, a solitary figure among the rocks, he was thinking of the great sorrows of his life.

Oberia had told him that the decision was made and that she and her aunt were going East. He remembered how her eyes had sparkled when she was telling him that she was going chiefly to study music—the great theme of her existence. Little did she think that when she took those eyes away the world would be dark for him. Little did she know that he thought of and watched over her night and day, and that he had risked his life for her more than once—how that night, just fifteen years ago, when the hostile tribes burnt the homes of the settlers, he had stolen to the newly-built home of Robert Dare, had warned him and carried his wife and child in his arms to a place of shelter; how he had given them his own wigwam to live in till they could build again.

Ah, it all came back to him now! And with it, the old, gnawing pain. He loved Oberia now, but he had loved her mother with an unspeakable love. She, Rowena, had no white blood in her veins; she was of his people, his clan. He loved her when she was just the age Oberia was now, even when she, not knowing his pain, had shown her fascination for the handsome young Englishman, who had played with her heart and then cast it aside, as a child tired of its toy. He had loved her madly on the fateful night when he had gone to the Englishman's home and commanded him to say that he loved Rowena, or that if he did not he would trifle with her no longer. His heart began to beat more hopefully when the Englishman told him that the next week he was going to New York, where his future bride awaited him; but how soon afterward did all hope leave him when the beautiful Rowena married Robert Dare, the Englishman's friend and companion!

Those days were dark indeed for him, but darker still was the time when first the young mother and then the father had died, leaving little Oberia alone in the world. Then the father's sister hearing that she and her fortune were under no better care than an Indian's, came to the little town, Wenatchee, and took the child under her protection. Watawqua had been happy even to watch

the bright young life; but now that joy was to be taken away from him. Mrs. Blake had decided that a little Indian town, away off in the mountains, was no place to educate an heiress, so she was taking her to New York.

Oberia, knowing nothing of Watawqua's brave struggle, was happy, feeling that the ambition of her life was now to be gratified. The journey, the city, the new home, and the new acquaintances, all seemed a dream of joy to the unsophisticated girl. She was eager to begin her study of music, so she went immediately to the celebrated Volstein. He recognized in her the coming artist, and sought to arouse her interest as much as possible. He talked to her of the great musicians, he told her of their private lives.

"Ah, Miss Dare," he said, in his enthusiasm, "music is a grand theme, and with your voice—why you must give up everything for it if you would be a success; that would be hard, 'Nicht wahr'?"

"No," said Oberia, "I love music, and it is easy to give up any and everything for what one loves."

"Ach! but I have kept you a long time; there 's Roger now coming for me. Say, old fellow, how long have you been waiting for me?"

The young man who was approaching them, seeing Oberia, stopped and stared blankly at her for a few minutes, then seeming to recollect himself, he bowed politely and answered his friend's question.

Her teacher having found the piece of music he was searching for, she took it and left the studio.

"Say, Helfen, who *is* the new pupil?" said Stuart to his friend as soon as the girl was out of hearing.

"Miss Dare is her name. She is from Wenatchee, California. She said her father was an Englishman, but her mother was an Indian, daughter of some chief with a wild-sounding name. Ach! but she has a voice!"

"She is per-fect-ly beau-ti-ful!" said the younger man, with conviction.

"Come now, Roger, don't trouble your head about the pretty Indian girl. She can take care of herself. Let's have some dinner; I am dreadfully hungry."

Roger Stuart's father, John Stuart, had come to America when the gold mines in California were first opened, to make his fortune, and as is not generally the fact in such cases, he had made it. So it is not strange that his son, a young man, wealthy, high-born and handsome, was much thought of in society. But Stuart was generally to be found wherever his great friend Volstein was, therefore, not infrequently we find him in the new pupil's pretty drawing-room.

* * * * *

But Oberia was the "new pupil" no longer. She had been studying zealously for over a year, and wonderful progress she had made! Volstein himself

could have wished no better results. "Madame Rumor" said that he would have liked to put her on the stage, but that she had objected—which was *partly* true. "Madame Rumor" also said that Volstein's bosom companion, Roger Stuart, was deeply in love with the beautiful young Indian—which was *entirely* true. Was that so strange? She was beautiful, dazzlingly beautiful; she was talented and she was original—so entirely different from the conventional young ladies Roger met at the dances and parties that he attended.

When he told her of his love, she was surprised. She had liked him from the first, but she had been so engrossed with her music that she had thought of him very little. Now, however, she realized that he was charming and that he added more to her happiness than she had ever suspected.

But why at this time did Watawqua's face come before her so often? And why did she always seem to see his sad eyes in her dreams? "Dear old Watawqua," she said to herself. "I will write him all about it. He will know what is best for me." And she did—she told him all.

Watawqua stood dazed, her letter in his hand. Slowly the truth was dawning upon him; his little Oberia was in love. He looked again at the words: "Roger Stuart, son of an Englishman, John Stuart."

"Yes," he muttered through clenched teeth, "Stuart, that was the name. The wretch! He broke the mother's heart, Rowena's trusting heart, and now the son—. He shall not!—I say, he shall not! I will go to Oberia and tell her the story. She must know that a Stuart can not be noble, can not be honorable."

He determined to go to New York and tell Oberia how her mother's love had been cast aside by the heartless young Englishman; and, knowing her unbounded pride and her adoration for her mother, he was confident that she would give up all thought of Roger Stuart.

Notwithstanding the fact that it was night when he arrived in the city, he went immediately to Oberia's home, but only to meet disappointment. He learned from the footman that Mrs. Blake and her niece had just left for the music hall, "where," the footman proudly added, "the young mistress makes her *début* to-night."

Watawqua was directed to the hall. When he reached the place he found it crowded; but he succeeded in securing a back seat in the gallery. He had not waited long before the curtain was raised, and there stood—was that the little Indian girl? That dazzling vision of beauty? Hardly believing his eyes, he leaned forward and gazed at the sparkling apparition of loveliness. How she had changed, and yet the same sweet, girlish Oberia! The opening chords are struck and she begins to sing. There is breathless silence till she finishes. Then the people applaud madly. He watches her every movement; he sees her turn to the row of boxes on her left and gaze earnestly into one. He leans over the

railing, eagerly endeavoring to see the occupant of that box. He sees Roger Stuart. Ah! the fierce jealousy! He looks closer, and in the noble bearing, the open face, the clear eyes, he could find no trace of deceit. Watawqua was a good judge of character, and now he saw how utterly unlike Roger was to his father, and also how Oberia loved him. He was sure of that now. Did he not feel that she was singing from her very heart, and did not her glances betray that she was singing solely for one, and caring only for his applause?

"Ah," he thought, "what am I, a poor Indian, to this brilliant, gifted woman?" He felt that he could never make her happy; and, above all else, he desired that she should be happy. He sat perfectly still through the rest of the concert, but meanwhile a mighty battle was raging within him. Jealousy and hatred and love, all struggled for mastery. Many a wild plot surged through his troubled brain, but in the end love triumphed, and he surrendered everything. Yes, he would leave her; she should never hear her mother's story; he would keep locked in his own heart his fierce, hopeless love; he would go back to the mountains, back to the little town, Wenatchee, back to the bleak cliffs, and there among the rocks, high up where the eagles build their nests, he would struggle against his sad loneliness. Oberia must be happy.

DAISY D. EGGLESTON.



Valentine Party.

Erosophian Literary Society to the Sigma Phi Kappa.

ON FEBRUARY the fourteenth the Erosophian Literary Society invited the Sigma Phi Kappas to be its guests. Cupid, an honorary member of our society, and one who has ever taken a special interest in our affairs, had promised to bring a number of his favorite subjects to pose for the entertainment of our guests, though Valentine's evening is an unusually busy time with him.

The invitations went out on pink and white hearts with little pink pencils tied on them:

ON THE EVE OF ST. VALENTINE,
WHEN CUPID WIELDS HIS BOW,
AND HEARTS ARE PRONE IN PATHS OF LOVE
AND SENTIMENT TO GO,
WE ASK YOU ALL TO COME AND BE
WITH US, YOUR FRIENDS, THAT NIGHT
BE SURE TO BRING THIS CARD WITH YOU,
NOR LET IT LEAVE YOUR SIGHT

A series of tableaux was shown of the following order:

Romeo and Juliet	DAISY EGGLESTON AND FRANKIE CRALL
Punch and Judy	LESSIE GRAVES AND MATTIE LOVE
Ellen Douglas and Malcolm Graeme	MAIDIE ALLEN AND LILA MACLEAN
David Copperfield and Dora	KATIE LEE BANKS AND DONNIE ROYAL
King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid	HELEN BROWN AND ELISABETH HOUSTON
Joe and Professor Baer	SAYDIE RICHARDSON AND ETTA PEACE
Lancelot and Elaine	HAZEL DOLES AND KATIE LEE BANKS
Gabriel and Evangeline	SAIDE SLOAN AND LOUISE BLUE
Elisabeth Houston and A. and M. Boy	DAISY EGGLESTON AND WILLIE PEMBERTON
Hiawatha and Minnehaha	ETTA PEACE AND LENA REDMOND
John Alden and Priscilla	LOUISE FRANK AND ADTIE FIELDS
Pyramus and Thisbe	BENA SPRUILL AND KATIE SIKES
Cleopatra and Antony	EVELYN VROOM AND LILLIE PAIR

Guesses as to the characters represented were written and signed by the guests on the cards and Miss Annie Green, as the most successful in her answers,

received a beautiful prize of a handsomely-bound book, "That Old Sweetheart of Mine."

Queen Cleopatra then presided over the post-office, where valentines had been slipped in for many friends, and dispensed flowers, notes, cards, boxes of candy, and many delightful little gifts to those so fortunate as to have lovers in school.

Refreshments of fruit punch and heart cakes, decorated with our monogram, were served by the caterer, Dughi.

Then the room-bell "scattered into flight," and we dreamed all night of hearts and fruit punch and Dughi and Juliet. E. F. P.



Senior Class Dinner.

TOAST: "To Our Guests!"

Response, by Rev. H. TUCKER GRAHAM, of Fayetteville, N. C.

YOUR genial president evidently has not discovered what a diffident young man I am, or she would not have imposed upon me so embarrassing a task as attempting to speak before this charming gathering at such a time as this. Besides, I am not accustomed to addressing ladies—not, at least, in such large numbers. I did not even address my wife. When the critical moment came I simply said a little something and she said a little something, and that was all.

"And now when that sweet wife of mine finds that I have taken advantage of her absence and am addressing myself to all of these pretty girls at once, I am afraid there will be no more 'Peace' for me.

"But perhaps your president has some method in her madness. A little while ago I showed her a very suggestive picture in the Art Room, an affectionate young couple caught in the rain, the ardor of their mutual admiration unchilled by the falling showers, and so she wishes to get even with me and punishes my excess of knowledge, then, by exposing my ignorance, now.

"Your graduating class has interested and charmed me greatly. Of course, in beauty of feature and loveliness of character, in native talent and acquired learning, they are but types of what all the fair daughters of Peace are and are to be. But this Senior Class impresses me as being singularly complete in all respects, ready for any emergency, and equipped for any situation in which fate or fortune may place them. If for example, like Mr. Dinwiddie's friend and contemporary, Mr. Robinson Crusoe, you should be cast together upon some desert isle, you would never be in danger of falling a prey to anarchy, because you have a Law unto yourselves. Moreover, your desert sojourn would be not only relieved by the tender memories of your Alma Mater, but illumined also by the sweet and gentle presence of your Alma Marsh.

"If you feel that you are threatened by that pervasive and perverting spirit

of commercialism of which the orator spoke so earnestly this morning, you have one who will guard you against this Mercetr)-nary tendency, and pointing you to better things, will nobly lead the way.

" If with that love for the beautiful in nature and in art, which is so marked a trait of your sex, you find yourselves longing for some means of outward advancement, your desire can readily be gratified, for you have within reach one of the rarest and loveliest Lacys that the eye of man has ever beheld.

" Although these delicious viands with which the tables of Peace are so amply spread will be no longer accessible to you, although ' Mr. William ' and his able corps of assistants are lost to sight, though still, we trust, ' to memory dear,' yet you need not be disquieted with the fear that starvation will overtake you, for you have among your members one who, from her youth up, has been a Baker of acknowledged cleverness and skill.

" Moreover, even though the royal order of ' Banister Sliders ' has vanished from the earth, and the ' Gym ' is too far away for ghostly midnight feasts, if the heart still clamors for association and amusement as of old, you can just ' Joyner Burton ' Mathematics Club, and make that charming leadership be happy evermore.

" But I can not close without giving earnest expression to my appreciation of the kindness and courtesy which have been extended me by the faculty and students of Peace. It has been a pleasure and a privilege to be here. These days have passed sweetly and swiftly away, but the memory of them will long abide in my heart.

" I have been gratified to see the spirit of unity and loyalty among the students, and to know of the high religious tone that pervades the school. The work is broad and thorough, yet the standard of scholarship high.

" As I mark these things, and rejoice in them, I can read with new meaning, the words of the wisest of the ancients:

" ' Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her *paths are peace.*' "

Class-Day Resolutions of Class of 1902.

Resolved—

1. That Mr. Dinwiddie present his cane as a souvenir to the graduate with the highest honors.

2. That no one be allowed to outdo the Seniors in dignity—not even the Freshmen.

3. That no pupil be allowed to receive a grade of 100 on more than three studies.

4. That Miss Murray be sentenced to work her own originals.

5. That no Peace girl skip more than two recitations a day.

6. That Mr. Stockard's hat be requested to give its memoirs every year.

7. That no student scream when she sees a Mouse.

8. That no Peace girl wear a train before she is seventeen.

9. That Mr. Stockard be requested to give harder English exams.

10. That no Peace girl eat more than five pounds of candy a day.

11. That no Peace girl exceed her monthly allowance more than a quarter.

12. That Miss Page never be allowed to speak English.

13. That no Peace girl slide down one of the large columns in the front of the building.

14. That no Peace girl write to an A. & M. boy more than once a day.

15. That Mr. Dinwiddie tell no more jokes in Philosophy.

16. That no girl be allowed to take more than ten studies in addition to Instrumental and Vocal music, Elocution, Art, and Stenography. We mean this as no reflection on your capacity, but the time is too limited.

17. That Mr. Dinwiddie be requested to give holiday—

In September for the Equinox.

In October for the entire Fair Week.

In November for Thanksgiving Day.

In December, two weeks for Christmas.

In January for New Year's Day.

In February for Washington's Birthday.

In March for inauguration, or another Equinox.

In April for Easter.

In May for Memorial Day.

Besides these, holidays on an average of once a day will be appreciated.

Research Questions.

1. Where does Gertrude Dills live?
2. What does Mattie Holt spend weekly on Dughi?
3. What does Lillie Heilig like to eat?
4. How much does Edna McEachern study?
5. Where does Mary Moore get so many flowers?
6. For whom does Myra Moore wear mourning?
7. How does Irene Lacy like Elizabeth Burton as Geology teacher?
8. Why did Annie Green wear her arm in a sling the day Irene Lacy wore her foot in one.
9. How many silk dresses has Lessie Graves?
10. How many Chapel Hill boys came to see us November 8th?
11. Whom does Byrd Seegar hate?
12. Does Miss Nannie prefer Belgian hares to Welsh "rabbits"?
13. How many fraternity pins does Etta Peace wear at the same time?
14. Why don't people drown lobsters?
15. Who does "Sally Anne Johnsing" like best?
16. Why does Aunt Adelaide feel sorry for Whit Bond?
17. Why is Nellie Smith so fond of traveling?
18. When is Elizabeth Dinwiddie most given to singing "Bill Bailey"?
19. Why does Bula Brown like to keep library?
20. How many people can Miss Cole report in the space of one minute?
21. Why did Bessie Wooten pray so long the night of January 26?
22. Why did Margie Scott run up the *back* stairs after being initiated?
23. Why did the plaster fall in the "Senior Room"?

“Cupid and Kodak.”

AS THE north-bound train side-tracked at the little station of X——, to allow the east-going vestibule to pass, a young man with a kodak in his hand, stepped out upon the platform of the rear car. Jack Howard, for such was the man's name, was a wealthy New Yorker who for the past two or three years had been one of the leaders in the social life of that city, but who prided himself upon his utter indifference to all girls, and who, tiring of all forms of society, had for a month or two been out on a kodaking expedition, in the Western part of America.

Now on his return trip, he had only one film left, and was undecided which of the views to take, when he caught sight of the east-bound train coming on from the rear; instantly, he decided that his last picture should be this train, as it sped through the narrow mountain passes and wound around the curve.

When Jack looked down to focus the scene, his eyes met those of a beautiful girl, who, on the platform of the last car of the retreating train, was also bending over a camera. Snap went two kodaks, and in a second two heads were raised to get a parting glance at the other; but too late, for just as the last car of the eastern train swept around the curve, the northern train shifted to the main track, and was soon far on its way to New York.

The first thing Jack did on reaching home was to develop his pictures, for the vision of the fair young face, smiling through the lens of the camera, had set his heart on fire, and for days and nights he had been unable to rest for thinking of his “Kodak Girl,” as he called her. Of the many pictures he took, only a few were good, but among these few was one of a tall, slender girl bending over a camera. The longer he gazed at this picture, the surer he was that the heart of the indifferent, fickle Mr. Howard, of New York, was won, and by this unknown girl.

To find her was the one aim of his life now; but how and where was the problem to be solved, and to be solved without the aid of a single clue? For months and months he haunted dances, teas, and receptions, hoping to find her, but all in vain, and now he had given up all hope.

One day in the fall Stephen Blair, one of his chums, came to his rooms, and on seeing a girl's face framed in silver, sitting on his desk, exclaimed: “I did not know you knew Dorothy; when did she send you this?”

Jack's heart beat wildly as Stephen uttered these words. Now at least he knew her name!

"Why, haven't you seen that before? I got it during the summer," he replied, while he longed, but dared not, to ask more about this mysterious Dorothy.

Soon after this he was invited to a reception to meet a Miss Dorothy Evans, and again his dead hopes were revived, and he waited impatiently for the day, nay, for the hour to come when he should see her; but again he was to be disappointed, for instead of the laughing brown eyes, which he so longed to see, he met the cold greys of a lady of about thirty, who regarded him with utter disdain. When he left that night, his heart was sore and heavy from this last disappointment, and he mentally resolved to give up all society life, for it no longer held any charm for him, until he could find his "Kodak Girl." On reaching home he found a dainty little note awaiting him, directed in his cousin's handwriting. Picking it up, he read the following:

"DEAR JACK:—I write to know if my popular cousin can spare me a few hours this evening? I have one of my Southern schoolmates visiting me, and I am counting on you to help me give her a pleasant time. Won't you? So come around this evening if possible, for I am so anxious for you to meet her.

YOURS,
MAUDE HOWARD."

Of course he must go, as Maude had asked him to; but he sighed when he thought of another weary evening to be spent in idle talk and laughter, while his heart was far away with Dorothy.

Not stopping to ring or send in a card, Jack entered the parlor of his aunt's residence the next evening, expecting to find Maude and her guest there, but seeing that the room was empty, he turned to ring for a servant, when the sound of voices in the back parlor attracted his attention, and stopping to listen, he heard a clear, sweet voice say:

"Yes, girls, this is the only one of my kodak pictures which was any good, and I have worn it in my locket ever since I developed it; see, isn't he handsome?"

"Why, Dorothy Blair, you don't mean to say you have worn the picture of a man in your locket whom you have never seen, and whose name you do not know?" exclaimed two or three voices at once.

"Yes, I do," replied the first voice, "and I intend to wear it until I find him, for he is the only man in this world for me!"

Thinking he had eavesdropped too long, Jack parted the portières and quietly entered the room, and there in the center of a group of girls stood the girl whose face had become so dear to him during the last few months, and whom he had given up all hopes of ever seeing.

Then Maude, seeing her cousin, exclaimed: "Oh! Jack, I am so glad you could come. Dorothy, this is Jack, of whom you have heard me speak so often; you two must be the best of friends, for I am so fond of you both!" Then their hands and eyes met, and the work which was begun by a kodak was finished by Cupid.

S. D. MORROW.



ACROSS THE LAWN.



"Wanted—A Chaperon"

Given by THE DRAMATIC CLUB at PEACE INSTITUTE
Friday Evening, March 20, 1903

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MRS. TRAVERS	Miss Annie Green
MISS LYDIA TRAVERS GREENOUGH (her niece)	Miss Lois Long
ANNETTE (the maid)	Miss Daisy Eggleston
MR. ALLEN MURCHISON	Mr. James P. Brawley
MONICA { RICHARDS } Mr. Murchison's domestics	{ } Miss Elizabeth Dinwiddie
MISS SHARP	Miss Edna McEachern
MR. TRAVERS AND GUESTS NOT BEFORE MENTIONED	Misses Swift, Banks, Hill, Scott, Steele, Holt, Cobb, and Easley

TIME—The present. PLACE—New York City.

ACT I

SCENE I.—Dressing-room in Mrs. Travers's residence (Christmas eve).

SCENE II.—Sitting-room in the home of Mr. Murchison.

ACT II

SCENE I.—The Travers breakfast-room.

SCENE II.—Drawing-room in the same house (four months later).

STAGE MANAGERS, MISES FULFORD AND LOVE

For Rent.

Peace Calendars.
Alice Langhorne's black silk skirt.
Susie Morton's "Busy" sign.
Miss Ruggles's trunk.
Lessie Graves's green hat.
Monday's soup.
Miss Nannie's advice.
Mary Ann's "Ham-biler."
Annie Kerner's groans.
Saide Sloan's toothache.
Bula Brown's nose.
Lillie Pair's long skirt.
Ruth Pilson's condensed milk.
Janie McPherson's plate.
Miss Page's clothes.
Katie Lee Banks's tender voice.
Mimie Dills's opinion.
Byrd Seegar's likes and dislikes.
War stories.
Saydie Richardson's diaphragm.
Elizabeth Dinwiddie's Sunday-school words.
Edna McEachern's sarcasm.
Etta Peace's Synol Soap.
Mattie Love's red skirt.
Bula Brown's tunes.
Church collection.
Lois Stanley's minuet step.
Your friends' stamps.
Madelene White's self-possession.
Discords at prayers.
May Fulford's permission to go out.
Margie Scott's Raglan.
Mr. Dinwiddie's hymn-book.
April fools' brains.
Miss Sutphen's extra foot of height.

A Leaf From the Wayside.

"FINISHED! Finished!" fell from the lips of the artist as he traced with his brush the last graceful curve on the canvas before him, then relapsing into a deep and profound reverie, studies his work with mingled pleasure and pain. For a long time he remains motionless—like a statue cut in marble—contemplating the pictured face that had grown daily under his skilled hand, and is at last complete. A radiant joy at first lighted up the pale countenance of the young artist as he gazed, for the time oblivious to all things else; but soon a convulsive twitching of the muscles, a compression of the stern lips, tell of deep emotions that are stirring the greatest depths of his soul.

What on the canvas before him has the power to move him so? We look over his shoulder and read the secret of his life. 'T is the face of a beautiful woman, perfect in every detail, that looks forth ready to speak to you. Beautiful with a divine light of heavenly joy lingering there, with a world of tenderness and love trembling on the sweet lips. One short year ago and those same lips smiled away dull care for him; one short year ago a paradise was his, and now all is changed. She, whose face smiled at him from the canvas now, thought he, lay sleeping in the cold green arms of the silent deep. With the poet he could cry—

"Ah, what is life?

'T is but a passing touch upon the world:
A print upon the beaches of the earth
Next flowing wave will wash away, a mark
That something passed; a shadow on a wall,
While looking for the substance, shade departs:
A drop from the vast spirit-cloud of God,
That rounds upon a stock, a stone, a leaf,
A moment, then exhales again to God."

The shades of evening steal on and the purple twilight fills the studio with lurking shadows ere the young man is roused from his reverie. Then rising to his feet, he gives one long, lingering glance about the little room, stumbles out into the street, caring little whither his footsteps may lead him. He wanders aimlessly on, heedless of footsteps behind him, coming nearer and nearer every moment, until almost overtaken. He finds himself in a lovely spot now deserted

by all save nature's worshipers, for indeed it is a place where poets might dream. Surrounded by all the beautiful in nature, he feels that at least he can rest here. The fading lights of the dying day tinge every nook with a tender sadness soothing to the tumult raging within his breast, and he falls down upon the grass under the clear, smiling heavens. A footfall near, a light touch upon his shoulder, again rouses him, and rising, he finds himself face to face with a woman—a stranger, yes—but how familiar! What chord does it strike? He looks curiously at her, and looking, behold! a strange light comes into his eyes, the warm blood tingles in his veins, and a feeling of one about to find something long lost thrills his very being. Then recovering himself, he is about to ask her mission, when his own name falls from her lips in a strange, hoarse voice—"George!" At this he starts back aghast. What familiar tone is this that falls on his strained ear? A thought, like an electric spark, flashes through his mind—he staggers, reels—alas, it can not be! But again the sweet voice, heard so oft before, calls—and this time there is no hesitation, no doubt; and two whom Fate had strangely sundered are as strangely reunited.

HAZEL DOLES.



Tickled!!

Mr. S.—“Who was King of France in this period?”

D. E.—“St. Bartholomew's day.”

Edna McEachern.—“Who wrote Lounsbury's History of the English Language?”

Teacher (calling roll).—“Bula Brown.”

Bula.—“X Y + Z.”

Teacher (calling roll).—“Etta Peace.”

Etta.—“Oxidized.”

Girl (ordering picture frame).—“I want it perfectly square, nine by eleven inches.”

Helen Brown.—“Isn't he smart to be able to teach voice and vocal too?”

Jr.—“ $H_2O + CO_2$ —”

Fresh.—“What are you studying—chemistry or science?”

Etymology Pupil.—“What is Trigonutery?”

New Girl.—“Do you always have to go to the confirmatory when you're sick?”

Girl (riding on street car).—“What is the fare?”

Conductor.—“Five cents.”

Girl.—“Is that all? Why, then I'll come again.”

Byrd S.—“Don't they make a lot of noise bringing up trunks on the refrigerator?”

Fads.

Getting homesick. The Joking Family. Fall hats. Ping-pong.
Talking about the fair. Baseball. Table Walking.
Scrapping with the Editors Going home Christmas.
Falling in love. Backbiting.
Fussing at Editors. Flinch. Sitting for pictures.
Scrapping with Editors.
Long skirts (refer to Saide Smith). Getting on the privilege.
Skipping. Flirting. Buying out Dughi.
Bill Bailey. Grumbling. Courting for Washington's birthday.
Scrapping with Editors. Sending Valentines. Guessing who sent them.
Making candy. Standing English Examinations. Tennis.
Shirtwaist-suits. Trains for Commencement.
Scrapping with Editors. Scrapping with Editors.

The Children's Page.

(With apologies to the Christian Observer.)

Dear Editors:

I am a little girl nineteen years old. I have a pet. Its name is Jane Swift. It likes candy. I feed it on candy. It is real pretty.

Please publish this, as I want to surprise my mama.

Your little friend,

EVELYN VROOM.

Dear Editors:

I go to school and take care of my little friend, who is not very old. Her name is Bessie. I read your paper and like the Children's Page so much. My mama looks forward to the time when the paper comes. I write letters to the Stone Printing Company, and mama says I can write real good. She doesn't know I am writing this and please don't throw it in the waste-basket.

Your little friend,

MINNIE LOU KELLY.

Dear Editors:

I go to school. I love my teachers very much, especially the president. I wrote a poem to him and it was published in two papers, the *Harvester* and the *Light*. I am sure I shall be famous some day if I keep on trying.

I always try to do my duty, but I don't like coca-cola. I love to talk over the telephone, and I keep library. I am real proud of it. The other night I slept between two of my roommates and I dreamt I was smothered between two bales of hay.

Sincerely yours,

BULA ROBERTA BROWN.

Dear Miss Editor:

I am a little girl from Dillsboro, fifty miles the other side of Asheville. I go to school and love to sing. One night I played a piece and I took up the piano stool and it came to pieces and I was scared and I giggled right out loud. It scared me because I am so timid. Mama calls me her angel-child and I help her wipe the dishes.

Your interested reader,

GERTRUDE DILLS.

Dear Miss Editor:

I am a little boy. My name is Peter. I go to school. I study hard. Ma says maybe when I'm a man I'll be President. I love my ma and my sister Sally Ann, but my pa don't give me many things. I put on my first pair of pants last month. Ma said I was too big to wear dresses any more. I can fish and eat potatoes. I had a pet named Louise Frank, but it ran away. I cried. I want this to surprise my little playmate.

Your little reader,

PETER STIRLING.

Dear Editor:

I go to school and I write poetry. Here is a piece that I wrote. I hope you will print it as I want to surprise my teacher:

"Spring has come, and don't you guess
Mosquito-net can be our dress?
Go up-stairs, your jacket get.
Don't you know 'tain't summer yet?"

Your earnest reader,

KATIE HILL.

Little Nannie's Mission.

LITTLE NANNIE lived in a place with a lot of big girls. They were all very sweet to little Nannie and loved her because she was little: but the big girls didn't know as much as little Nannie did, because she had been living with grown-up people all her life. So every Monday when the big girls came to see her she would tell them what was right and how they should act and what they should wear.

This little girl had very good ideas about dress and she was particularly anxious that all the big girls should wear tasty shirtwaist suits. So the big girls went home and told their mothers all that their wise little friend had said and their mothers collected the shirtwaists and skirts and twisted and turned till they got for each girl a skirt and waist to match.

Easter morning dawned bright and clear. Nannie was very happy, for that day she walked at the head of a long line of girls, all their faces and hands spotlessly clean, and every one of them arrayed in a brand-new, made-over shirtwaist suit.

And now, children, perhaps there is a mission for you as well as for little Nannie. Even children can do a lot to make the world brighter and better.

Just for Fun.

B. V. S.—“ I can't put any money in collection to-day because I haven't any change less than a penny.”

Senior.—“ Let 's have our class night in the evening.”

Student.—“ How many sea-pupil daniors are there? ”

Elizabeth D.—“ What a cute little contraption! ”

Cigar Cutter.—“ Click! ”

Elizabeth D.—“ Gee! It isn't as cute as I thought it was.”

Girl.—“ May I go down town? ”

Miss Nannie.—“ No, indeed.”

Girl.—“ I don't believe I want to go after all.”

Easter Excuse.—“ I can't go to church; I haven't a shirtwaist suit.”

Ask Irene Lacy when she will understand certain points in Philosophy.

Mr. S.—“ Now observe this magnificent apostrophe! ”

Pupil.—“ There 's only a comma in my book.”

M. W.—“ Isn't England a very foggy town? ”

Irna Cobb.—“ I can't play tennis because there 's a tack in my tennis shoe.”

“ Show me the way to go home.”—Alice Langhorne.

When in the chapel Mr. Brawley
Each morning doth intone
Our little organ till all Raleigh
Vibrates in unison.

When quick the thunder is suspended
To the far wail of a cat,
And we are left with mouths distended—
Oh, girls, where are we at?

Girl.—“ Here is the grandest poem by Burns! ”

Her Friend.—“ Did Mr. Stockard write it? ”

Teacher.—“ Mention a famous American poet. ”

Ruth Pilson.—“ Milton. ”

The heater pipes burst with a roar.

Girl.—“ Bring the mucilage quick and I'll stop them up. ”

M. L. K.—“ Isn't this a pretty picture of Mater Dolorosa? ”

D. Royal.—“ Is that the name of the man who wrote it? ”

A. D. G. (looking at Erosophian invitations).—“ Oh, the dear little valentines! ”

Teacher.—“ What is man? ”

Pupil.—“ A two-legged quadruped. ”

Why do Katie Hill, Elizabeth Dinwiddie, Evelyn Vroom, and Byrd Secgar feel for each other so?

Peter, do not waste your smooches on the desert air.



Answers to Correspondents.

(With apologies to Ladies' Home Journal, etc.)

Mary Winters.—It is not necessary to shorten your skirts.

Helen Brown.—Try hot water as an antidote for the missionary spirit.

Evelyn Vroom.—Whatever you do, don't let her know you are in love.

Bula.—Persevere with your poetry, my dear.

Bessie C.—Perhaps if you used a feather-bed instead of a rat you might get your pompadour higher.

Inquirer.—Have your Easter clothes made up in shirtwaist suits.

Lois Long.—White is to be predominating color for winter wear.

Annie Green.—Try to conquer your rude manners. Don't always preach to people of their faults, and they will love you better. Wear your skirts a little longer; it is almost time you wore them touching.

Miss Cole.—Yes, by all means report them.

Buena Spruill.—Write and inquire about the calendar. Perhaps your friend never received it.

The High and Mighty Pantomime Association of Peace Institute, Raleigh, North Carolina, Wake County, United States of America, Western Hemisphere.

April 11th, 1903.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Mr. Dinwiddie	ELIZABETH DINWIDDIE
Miss N. C. Dinwiddie	ETTA PEACE
Mr. Stockard	KATE HILL
Miss Ruggles	ELISABETH HOUSTON
Miss Page	MINNIE LOU KELLY
Miss Sutphen	ANNIE LAND
Miss Murray	KATIE LEE BANKS
Miss Cowan	DAISY EGGLESTON
Miss Duncan	JANE SWIFT
Miss Cole	WHIT BOND
Miss Jones	GERTRUDE DILLS



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