

The
& LOTUS
1904

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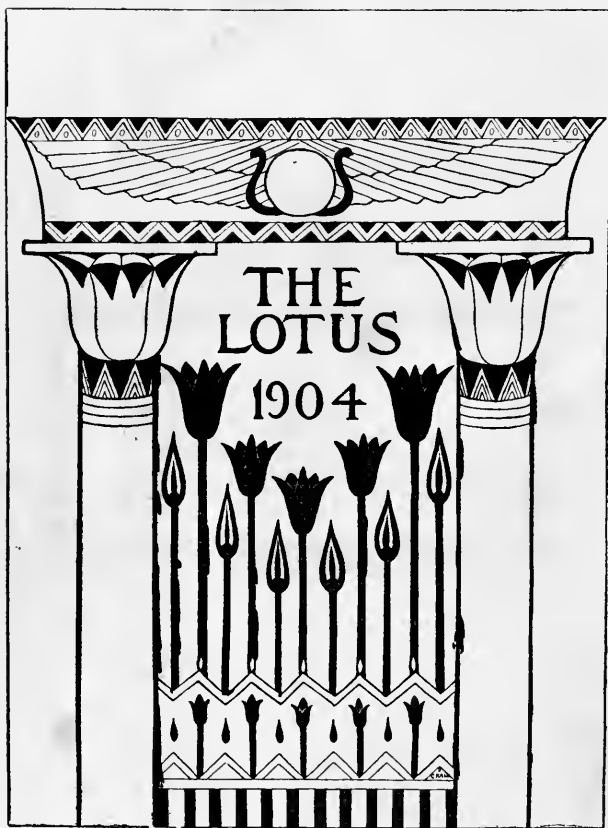


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MAIN BUILDING



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INTRODUCTION

AWARE of its imperfections, the editors present another volume of *The Lotus*, but they believe those who are interested in it will welcome its appearance as that of a friend--and friends are wont to be blind to the faults of friends.

The work has been a work of love; but, needless to say, it has been done at odd moments---here and there---by different hands, with many interruptions. Nevertheless, its sphere is to enshrine the tenderest of memories and the sweetest of associations; if it fills this, its ideal will be completely realized.

◊
Alma Mater.

In the heart of Carolina,
 'Neath its skies of blue,
Stands our noble Alma Mater,
 Glorious to view.
Classic in her broad proportions,
 Looks she proudly down—
Reared against the arch of heaven
 With the stars for crown.

CHORUS :

Lift the chorus, speed it onward ;
 Let it never cease!
Hail to thee, our Alma Mater,
 Hail, all hail to Peace.

Clambering o'er its walls and columns,
 Historic ivies twine,
As pure love and tenderest memory
 In our hearts enshrine
Days of toil and days of pleasure,
 Happiness and joy,
Hardships, struggles without measure,
 Days without alloy.

The Cricket.

*Little brother at my hearth,
Dear to me your simple mirth !
You beguile with cheery stave
Winds through wintry night that rave.*

*You have charmed me back the stars
Just beyond the pasture-bars,
Where in sunset's golden light,
Killdees flash their rapiers bright.*

*Pale the beryl west, and chill ;
Winds the horn upon the hill :
Past the barn, in pine-woods tall,
Makes the owl his spectre-call.*

*Songs and sports of long ago
Ring around the ingle-glow,
Conjured by your wizardry,
Happy, living, back to me.*

*Sorrow slumbers, and Regret,
Clash your tiny castanet ;
Little brother at my hearth,
Dear to me your simple mirth !*

Henry Jerome Stockard.



THE LONG AND SHORT

Faculty Goose Rimes

I.

Miss Lottie Morton, with many a frill,
Walks the halls the girls to still;
And when she says, "Shoo, shoo, shoo,"
What do you reckon the had girls do?

II.

Exams, exams, all day do come,
Mr. Stockard thinks they are fun,
And up they go, for us a "throw"
He thinks that all things we should know.

III.

A sweet little smile,
Lived on her face.
Right to Miss Jones
This smile we trace.

IV.

There was a "Young" lady
And she made us work "Trig,"
She brought us nice candy,
In a box just so big.

V.

Miss Cole had a habit,
Of taking no excuse;
Every favor that was asked
Was declined with thanks profuse.

VI.

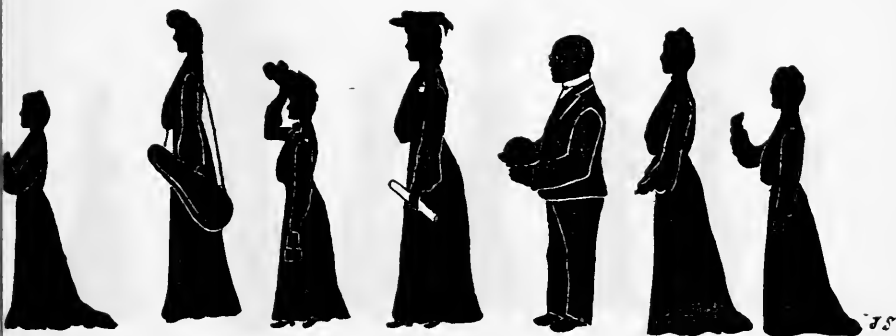
Mr. Dinwiddie, our President,
With us always goes;
Perhaps he thinks 'tis wise
To keep away the beaux.

VII.

Little Miss Sutphen, now what do you think?
She took the measles as quick as a wink;
She took the measles on a Spring day,
Three weeks in the Infirmary she did stay.

VIII.

Do, re, me, fa, dear Mrs. Kean,
She was a regular music fiend;
Ne'er was a sweeter lady seen,
Do, re, me, fa, dear Mrs. Kean.



OF OUR FACULTY

IX.

There was a young woman, as I've heard tell,
Who played the violin remarkably well;
She also sang in a beautiful way,
For she was most musical, so they say.

X.

Miss Searcy had a red hat,
And it was very gay;
She also had a brown skirt,
And she wore it every day.

XI.

Miss Maney had a little case
Down where blue violets grow;
And everywhere Miss Maney went,
Was a pretty violet show.

XII.

There was a little man named Brawley
He taught us music in Raleigh;
He always wore a derby hat,
But I guess you know all about that.

XIII.

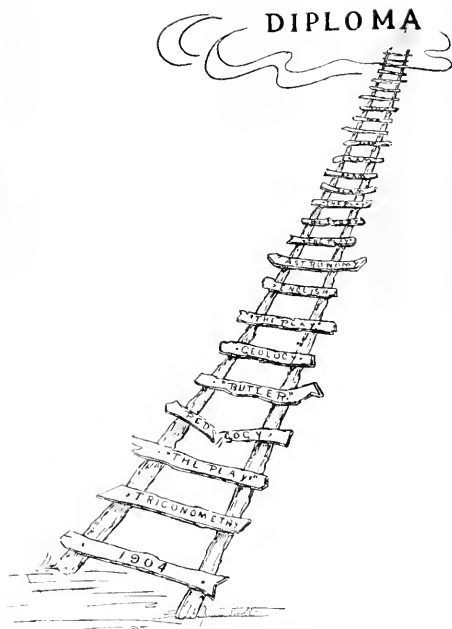
There was a Lady Principal
Who liked to grant requests,
She was always very pleasant
When the girls were neatly dressed

XIV.

Miss Butler elocution taught,
And physical culture too;
And in her classes,
I'll tell you what
The best you can,
You have to do.

XV.

Oh ask the Pedagogy girls
Who to Miss Royster go,
If there's anything beneath the sun
Which she and they don't know?



Our Diploma is not reached by a single bound
But you see this ladder by which we rise
From the Freshman Class to the coveted prize.
So we reach our degree, round by round.



Class 1904.

DAISY DANIEL EGGLESTON . . . Virginia

The wittiest; the most stylish; the Faculty's pest.

President of Class, 1904; Historian of Junior Class, 1903;
Vice-President of Erosophian Literary Society, 1903;
Editor-in-Chief of THE LOTUS, 1903, and Critic of THE
LOTUS, 1904.



KATIE LEE BANKS . . . North Carolina

The handsomest; most sarcastic; biggest talker

Vice-President of Class, 1904; President of Erosophian Lit-
erary Society, 1903-1904



ESTELLE O'BERRY . . . North Carolina

The brightest; most original; most optimistic; Faculty's pet.

Secretary of Class, 1904; Vice-President of Sigma Phi
Kappa Society.



LILA McLEAN . . .

North Carolina

The sweetest.

Treasurer of Class, 1904; Secretary of Erosophian Literary Society, 1903-1904; Treasurer of Sophomore Class, 1902.

ANNIE LAND

North Carolina

The most popular; the best; biggest questioner.

President of Sophomore Class, 1902; Treasurer of Junior Class, 1903; President of Y. W. C. A., 1903-1904; Secretary of Σ. Φ. K. Society, 1902-1903; President of Senior Club, 1902-1903.



LUCY WILLIAMS HAYWOOD . . .

North Carolina

The cutest; most cheerful; most generous.

Historian of Class, 1904; Vice-President of Junior Class, 1903; Prophet of Sophomore Class, 1902.



BULA ROBERTA BROWN Texas

The most independent; greatest giggler; most loyal to the D's;
Senior's pest.

Prophet of Class, 1904; Treasurer of THE LOTUS, 1903-
1904; Treasurer of THE LOTUS, 1902-1903; Captain of
Football Team, 1901-1902.



MARY WHITMELL BOND North Carolina

The prettiest, most mischievous, biggest grumbler.

President of $\Sigma \Phi \chi$ Society, 1904; Vice-President of
Y. W. C. A., 1903-1904; President of Junior Class, 1903;
Secretary of Missionary Society, 1903.



MINNIE LOU KELLY North Carolina

The most unselfish; the most studious.

Editor-in-Chief of THE LOTUS, 1903-1904; President of
Missionary Society, 1903-1904; Corresponding Secretary
Y. W. C. A., 1903-1904; Treasurer Erosophian Literary
Society, 1902-1903; Treasurer, Missionary Society, 1902-
1903; Manager Correspondence of THE LOTUS, 1902-
1903.



BESSIE NORMENT COVINGTON North Carolina
The neatest ; most indifferent.



NORA LILLIAN PUGH North Carolina
The most amiable.



HELEN GORDON BROWN Texas
The most dignified ; the quietest.

Vice-President of Missionary Society, 1903; Secretary of
Y. W. C. A., 1903-1904.

A Chronicle of the Class of 1904.

In the year A. D., one thousand and nine hundred there came unto the land of Peace three tribes from the North, the East, and the West.

And they set themselves in the midst of this land, and delivered it from the barbarians. They overcame "Vira Romae," and many other sore trials.

In the first year they flourished and were fresh and green. And the names of their tribes were Banks, the "Riverite;" Land, the "Littleite," and Haywood, the "Cityite."

In the year one thousand nine hundred and one there were sundry invaders, who looked upon this goodly land and wanted it for their own.

And they said: "We will plant ourselves here, and dwell among them and become one people."

The names of these tribes were: O'Berry, from the Gold Borough; Bond, a barbarious tribe from near the sea, and, added unto these were Kelly, a sweet-tempered tribe, shedding sunlight over the land.

A joint tribe, Covington and McLean, who, wandering in the wilderness, followed the cows even until they arrived upon this land of beef and molasses.

A near-by tribe of Pughites overran the land, and was given a portion of this fair country.

A fierce invasion from Texas of two brotherly tribes—Brown, first and second—introducing strange customs and telling wondrous tales of the verdant country they had left.

These tribes all joined and were known as the "Peacites," and from among their number they chose a chief, Land, the "Littleite," under whose leadership they overcame many difficulties.

Having many festivals as well as engaging in fierce combats with the "Facultites," who provoked them grievously.

And it came to pass that the tribes united, and drove their common enemy from their fair domain.

In the year following, A. D. one thousand nine hundred and three, a pest was sent upon these "Peacites" in the form of a tribe called Eggleston, wandering from the land of Virginia.

And in this year they chose a new chief, Bond, and he was given wisdom and

understanding, so that he was a leader among men in wisdom as well as in strength.

Many plagues happened to this peaceful tribe, even equal to the number of seven. The rats fell upon them and did devastate their country.

And the waters descended upon their heads and the pipes burst and flooded their fair fields, and the tribe was sore afraid. And the spooks and the spirits of the departed came among them and the tribe was sore afraid.

And they communicated with departed spirits by means of a rapping, frequently heard.

And there was a tempter among them, who led them in wayward paths, even unto midnight feasts.

The year following they all assembled and chose Eggleston for to rule over them, and he executed judgment and justice among his people.

They prospered so that there was none like unto them in wisdom, virtue, and understanding.

And what one nation on earth is like unto these people?

They smote and subdued hostile natives, and those inferior clans that remained bowed down and worshiped them.

And it came to pass that before Eggleston had long taken the crown that a plague heretofore unheard of smote the tribe, and it was called Pedagogy, and the tribe subdued it.

And it was commanded that the people should be numbered and they were, even unto the number of ten and two.

And they were known in that land by a badge of wondrous beauty.

And yet again there came upon them divers examinations, and there was weeping and wailing and the tribes waxed wroth.

And they gathered knowledge and learning, and went against these examinations and they overcame them.

But notwithstanding all these chastisements, these people, because they took the counsel which the old men gave them, prospered and reached the highest degree of civilization.

Now there was a prophet among these people who prophesied, saying: "These people can do wondrous things."

And they came together and agreed to play before the old men and the barbarous tribes.

And the old men were pleased, and the applause was sweet to their ears. And they lived in this land in concord and harmony until the land was too narrow to bear them all.

And the tribes scattered, to give unto barbarous nations the wisdom they had acquired in this land of "Peace."

"CITYITE."

An Entry from the Diary of the Prophet of Class 1904.

DECEMBER 21, 1936.

YESTERDAY, rummaging about in the attic, I came across the little packing trunk I had at Peace thirty odd years ago. In a flash it brought back so many pleasant memories that I could not resist the impulse to lift the lid. My! what confusion! 'T was nearly as bad as our top bureau-drawer at Peace used to be. One of the first things I came across was an old French exercise-book of Daisy's. I laughed as I thought of the many times she had tried to skip dictation. I suppose to keep out of the draught, for she always jumped into the closet when the door was opened. I have seen her only once since then; she moves in a circle of society too high for me—newspapers speak of her as the most brilliant woman that has shone in New York society for many years. But with it all, she carries the simple grace and dignity that characterized our Class president.

Here is a pin-cushion made from a scrap of Katie Lee's old blue silk skirt, with a hole burnt in the corner, reminding me so forcibly of the night she tried to burn us out—to be in style and get a diploma without standing examinations. Contrary to her youthful ambitions, she is a typical old maid, worn out with constant teaching and an effort to keep pace at the same time with the gay whirl of society. If she had only taken Miss Poyster's advice and studied more about Pestalozzi and his method, she might have been a successful teacher. But, just as of old, she thought she knew, and now what is the result? An old maid beyond all hopes.

Why, what is this? The belt to little Lucy's old blouse. I remember the very day she made such a stir about its being lost. How could it have gotten here? 'T is scarcely fifteen inches, how ridiculous! Only yesterday I had a letter from her asking me to suggest some anti-fat. She says that from the day she commenced taking the massage treatment recommended by Mrs. Buckner, for which recommendation, by the way, she has never forgiven her, she has grown so stout that navigation is difficult, which state greatly interferes with her business—shopping for out-of-town friends.

Next I found Helen's old book of notes on Pedagogy, the leaves all disfigured with curious little monkeys, drawn when she should have been practicing vertical writing; and still she was voted the most dignified! 'T is true she was quiet, scarce deigning to open her lips, save in a friendly quarrel with her sister—that poor little sister, who always bore it smilingly, with never a retort.

In those days she had lofty ambitions to be a missionary to the Indians.

She started out bravely, but alas! she deserted her charges and, as her poet friend prophesied, "went a-gliding down the pike with Johnnie." Well, to make a long story short, she is happy, and from what I hear, he is too. They have been married a long time now, therefore dear old Helen's girlhood fear of being an old maid is lost forever.

Here is an old report of Nora's. I'll just see what the lady made: Deportment mark, twenty-three; my! even old Whit could get seventy-five when she tried. Room mark, seventeen; but hurrahl for chemistry, 100; that's not strange—her fondness for Al_2O_3 furnished the inspiration for that. And no girl can be expected to keep her room clean when she has as many letters to read and write as Nora had. But she has been married these many years, and, since the wrinkles and gray hair have come, recalls forcibly the appearance she presented as Old Gobbo in the Senior play.

Opening a Y. W. C. A. pamphlet, I found a slip of paper: "Please announce that Annie Land has lost her trunk key; it has a white string tied to it." Oh! the numerous mornings we had to listen to that same little notice. If she did lose her trunk key, she never lost her heart. Although more than one poor fellow thought he had the prize, yet, when he was most certain, she would playfully tell him she was only joking, then turn and smile at his broken heart. But our gentle Annie found one who would not take her refusal and, though both are advanced in years, he is still playing the devoted; and, from what I can learn, our Annie shows some signs of capitulation.

A letter from Stone Printing Company, addressed to Minnie Lou. Minnie Lou, who was always bearing others' burdens. Through her long years at Peace she was constantly toiling over the Annual, and since that time has given her life to the wayward Bessie. X is still waiting, but our classmate has vowed to remain single until Bessie is married. And, you know, Bessie has no fondness for men. They tell me Minnie Lou grows sweeter and more unselfish; but that, to me, is as incomprehensible as some of the propositions in Butler's Analogy.

A little picture of Lila—dear old Lila—the sweetest among us. From her babyhood she has heard only of her Scotch ancestry; and, having received fresh impulse from Miss Nannie's glorious description of the old world, she went abroad determined to remain until she had located the home of her forefathers. But falling in love with a bonny Scotch lad, she remained. Bessie, her heavenly twin, after much correspondence, finally got her promise to return just as soon as she had found the name and located a seventeenth cousin of her father's great-uncle, the only one now missing from the family tree.

Bessie, in the meantime, has gained an enviable position as a club woman. She has done North Carolina a great good in the work for the "Betterment of Public Schools." I heard her make a fine speech a few years ago, advocating the "Need of Discipline" in our Southern schools. I was surprised, for she

was the one who used to oppose it so hotly. She was a determined little creature, always asserting her rights, which, I think, were scarcely as many as she imagined. I couldn't help smiling at her statement that when she was at school she never had the desire to break or criticise a regulation. Ah! then she did not know that I was there. But she has gained new opinions and experiences since those days, and we are all justly proud of our Bessie.

A lock of Whit's hair! Such beautiful "redundant hair!" 'Tis gray now, I hear, and her once smiling face, the joy of Mr. Stockard's "ninth period," is all wrinkled. She will tell you life is not a Summer's day. And what is responsible for this? Why, Sissy's little boy, of course! She neglected Mr. Dinwiddie's many warnings and Solomon's wise injunction and, consequently, the little dear was so spoiled he made life a burden for the devoted auntie. But now, since he has grown to be a man, Whit, worn out with care and crippled with rheumatism, has gone back to Peace to teach and beg the girls to profit by her mistake, and accept Mr. Dinwiddie's good advice: "When in doubt, follow the cows."

And here, too, is a picture of Stella. I remember the night she left it in the library for me, and how she laughed aloud when she read my note of thanks during roll-call—I suppose she must have been amused at my orthography, for I was not the fine speller in those days that I am now.

It is useless to write of her; she is too well known. Truly, she was the "Star" of our Class, the only one of the whole dozen to win fame. Her books are known and read all over the land; they have been translated into every language. Well did we vote her the brightest among us.

I am not surprised, when I think of that great stack of manuscript of hers on file in THE LOTUS office, for on the top of each one she handed in Mr. Stockard wrote "Pass on to the editors." How proud she has made Buddie, Mamma, and Papa, the family! They were all familiar characters to us, for Stella discoursed upon them at breakfast, dinner, and supper.

Well, well, here last of all is the Class group of 1904. Too sad to look upon, too sweet to lay aside! The years at dear old Peace, what pleasant memories they bring—happiest days of our lives! But I can not think of the Class alone. There comes before me each dear teacher, our President, whose whole life was given to our advancement. Our interests all became his. I love to think of him as ever pointing us to a nobler and more beautiful life. And our gentle adviser; how well I remember the day we elected her! Unanimously, did I say? I think every girl must have nominated her—she who entered with zeal into all our frolics—a sympathetic friend in our schoolgirl trials, and above all, a beautiful example of a pure, noble, unselfish womanhood, ever shedding its sweet influence over our lives. Such was the atmosphere breathed by the Class of 1904.

PROPHET.



THE
QUESTIONING
JUNIORS.



Class of 1905.

Flower:
Violet.

Colors:
Violet and Pearl Gray.

Officers.

JANE SWIFT *President*
BESSIE WOOTEN *Vice-President*
GERTRUDE DILLS *Secretary*

Members.

SADIE ELIAS
PANSY FETNER
NELLIE HINES
CORINNE HARPER
BERTIE MAY
IVY PRIDGEN
LOIS STANLEY
MATILDA STEINMETZ
MINNIE SPARROW
BENNA SPRUILL
ROBERTA THACKSTON
INA WOODALL
AVA YELVINGTON

LOUISE FINLEY
INA GARRISON
PAULINE HILL
MARY LEDBETTER
LILLIE PAIR
SAYDIE RICHARDSON
KATIE SIKES
MARY SHERRILL
MARGIE SCOTT
ELSIE STOCKARD
CLYDE WATSON
ROXANNA WILLIAMS
MARY MOORE

HAZEL YORK



CLASS 1905

History of Class '05.

ON an eventful day in 1902, our Class was ushered into the world; a weakly little Class, striving and struggling for room to breathe in amid the crowd of big and contemptuous classes, who had never had any youthful aspirations; who, also, never had toothache, because all their teeth had been filled with wisdom.

The little Class kept on growing and growing. The big and contemptuous classes smiled and showed their wisdom teeth when the little Class spoke of botanical examinations and of the rigidity of etymological, Trench on Words, Adam's European—and so forth and so on—examinations. But in spite of it all, the Class lived on, working harder and harder, and learning many truths outside the pale of books; truths to influence the lives of the members when, in years after, they separated and went to stand other examinations than botany and etymology.

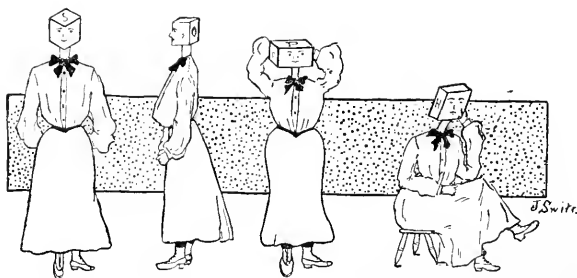
It has grown on and on, until in this year, 1904, it is not only the largest class in school, but bids fair to "stand first" in "dignified Seniors" next year.

It has had its strength tested, though; and the poor members, all small and young for their size and age, have had to go through fire and water in the shape of mental philosophies and Junior Englishes.

Junior English! Ah! surely the angels must have sighed when the weary members wiped their aching brows and stretched their stiffened fingers after one—one—one of those awe-inspiring Junior English examinations!

But the end is drawing near, and the little Class, with honesty for its policy, and a brave face in spite of trials, grows on—and begins to cut *its* belated wisdom teeth.

HISTORIAN.



Class of 1906.

Colors :
White and Gold.

Flower :
Daisy.

Officers.

ANNIE LONG	<i>President</i>
ALICE QUINLAN	<i>Vice-President</i>
JEANETTE MOORE	<i>Secretary</i>
FRANKIE CRALL	<i>Treasurer</i>

Members.

JESSIE BUMPAS	INEZ WYNNE	LAURIE BROWN
MILDRED YOUNG	BESSIE BROWN	MARY BRIGGS
CORINNE DOLES	ADA EDWARDS	LIZZIE FARMER
RUTH FEATHERSTONE	SALLIE LYON	SUSIE MACGEE
JENNIE PROCTOR	BESSIE RANDOLPH	MANA SHORT
FANNIE SIDBURY	LULA SUGGS	



CLASS 1906

History of Sophomore Class.

WE, the Class of Nineteen six, are, as we constantly hear, too young and inexperienced to have a history. But there is one thing we have succeeded in doing well, and that is: Wearing out "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary," after many gentle reminders from Miss Butler as to where the definitions of words were to be found. Miss Young can testify as to our angelic dispositions from experience in history class. We are, as yet, not versed enough in the ways of the world to appreciate such things as classic plays, but we hope to shine next year as sedate (?) Juniors.



Class of 1907.

Motto:
Aude Sapere

Flower:
Lily of the Valley

Yell:
Ra! Ra! Roar!
Ra! Ra! Roar!
We're the Freshmen
Of 1904.

Officers.

MARY KING	<i>President</i>
ETHEL STERNBURG	<i>Vice-President</i>
LOUISE ARRINGTON	<i>Secretary</i>
LEORA JAMES	<i>Treasurer</i>

Members.

ELISABETH BOBBITT
MINNIE DEAN
MARY DUGHI
MARY EVANS
LOIS EDWARDS

MINNIE MORING
MATTIE PICKETT
BLANCHE PENNY
MYRTLE PRIVOTE

SUE BETTYE READE
MARIA ROBBINS
CAROLINE WHITING
LILLIAN YOUNG
PAULINE YOUNG



CLASS 1907

History of the Freshman Class.

THEY elected me historian, so I will now try to write a few lines of history to let you know that we are a large Class. There are more of us than are in the picture, for the night before the man was to take us Mary broke out with chicken-pox and Minnie had a bad spell of the whooping-cough. Carrye said she would have come, but her mamma was too busy to bring her. The rest of them would have come, but something happened to their Sunday dresses or else they were too bashful.

But I don't suppose you would call this history. We came here this year for the first time, and Miss Nannie took us riding on those curious running cars to the Insane Asylum and the Penitentiary, and we got scared and she had to bring us home, for this is the first year we have been here, you know.

Then we all got classified in the Freshman Class, and some of us had been to the high school at home, too. It took us a long time to get used to things here, the bells ringing on the walls, etc. The gas gave us a lot of trouble too, but by Christmas we had learned to turn it out by ourselves.

But would you call this history? In my history book they told about the manners and customs of the people, so I will tell you about our manners and customs. We learned really good manners, for every Monday morning Miss Nannie gets up and tells us about "etaquet." That's something she learned while she was in Paris, or somewhere down there near Rome. As to our customs—we had a custom of getting up every morning at "Moses," but we soon got over that custom and now get up at "Aaron." We love our teachers very much and always know our lessons, except sometimes we don't. We went home Christmas and had a real good time, and didn't ketch anything to bring back. We stayed on here very peacefully till the 1st of April—we were here after that too.

Since we haven't been here but one year I reckon this history is long enough. We will be glad to tell you all we do next year, for we are coming back and be big Sophomores.

Good-bye, Pax vobiscum. Guess that's a good ending, for I saw it in last year's Senior history.

To the Class of 1907.

Freshman is a big, big word,
Flows of faces say;
Eternal tug and study,
Sophomores, yet, some day
Honors, then, O glory !
Many and heaping up,
Exams. over, seventy-five the goal,
Now, O now, what a "crazy" set.



SPECIAL STUDENTS

Honorary Seniors.

MADIE ALLEN

MARIE LONG

Special Students.

MARIE ABEL

LOUISE BLUE

KATIE BANNERMAN

IRMA COBB

HAZEL DOLES

LIZZIE FARMER

LESSIE GRAVES

CORRINE HENKEL

EULA HOOD

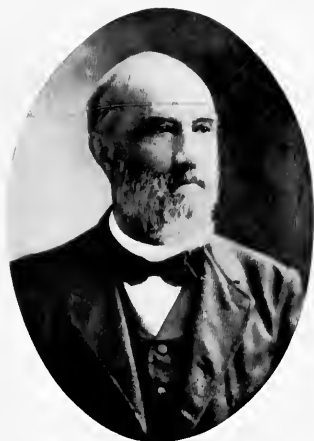
NELL MORGAN

INA MCNAIR

ANNIE MCGUIRE

EDNA RICKARD

KATE SUGG



OUR PRESIDENT



Y. W. C. A. Officers.

ANNIE LAND	<i>President</i>
WHIT BOND	<i>Vice-President</i>
HELEN BROWN	<i>Secretary</i>
LILY PAIR	<i>Treasurer</i>
HAZEL DOLES	<i>Recording Secretary</i>
MINNIE LOU KELLY	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
MRS. LILLIE LOGAN KEAN	<i>Adviser</i>

Missionary Officers.

MINNIE LOU KELLY	<i>President</i>
MARY LEDBETTER	<i>Vice-President</i>
JANE SWIFT	<i>Secretary</i>
CLYDE WATSON	<i>Treasurer</i>

THERE has been a marked growth in the spiritual life of the students, and enthusiasm has been manifested throughout the year.

Mr. Black, in his sojourn of one week, infused new strength and faith into the hearts of all who heard him.

Visits from the State Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. and from missionaries, were both edifying and refreshing.

The programmes for the weekly meetings were practical and spiritualizing, and an attempt has been made to bring every girl into active service.

A Song for Peace.

While we lift our voices in unison to-day,
Yet deep in our hearts there are tears;
We must quit these scenes and wander far away
Into paths that diverge through the years.
But howso distant our steps are called to range,
On native or alien shores,
Ofttimes we'll come from visions that are strange
And mingle here in memory once more

CHORUS.

A song for Peace, God bless her!
All join the deep refrain;
Though we journey on to the bounds of the world,
Our hearts will evermore with her remain.

We fondly have dreamed that in the days which are to be,
New pleasures and friendships abide;
That out o'er the mountains, with spirits glad and free,
We shall linger in expansions green and wide.
But a chill now sweeps, like the shade of an eclipse,
Till we long for the sunlight once more;
And a far voice whispers with monitory lips,
Such joys the future never can restore

*This song was written by
23 Henry Jerome Strickland
for the Peace girls.
Dannie C. Driscoll*

Sigma Phi Kappa Society.

Motto:
Vita sine literis mors est.

Flower:
Carnation.

Colors:
Yale Blue and Old Gold.

Officers.

MARY WHITMELL BOND	<i>President</i>
ESTELLE O'BERRY	<i>Vice-President</i>
GERTRUDE DILLS	<i>Secretary</i>
ALICE QUINLAN	<i>Treasurer</i>

Roll.

MARIE ABELL	SALLIE LYON
LOUISE ARRINGTON	JEANETTE MOORE
AILEEN BARRUS	NELLIE MORGAN
MABEL BARRUS	MYRTLE PRIVOTT
KATIE BANNERMAN	BESSIE RANDOLPH
BLANCHE BEAVANS	LULA SUGGS
IRMA COBB	FANNIE SIDBURY
LOUISE FINLEY	JANE SWIFT
ELIZABETH FARMER	ROXANA WILLIAMS
CORINNE HARPER	MARGARET WALKER
NELLIE HINES	CLYDE WATSON
EULA HOOD	MARY WINTERS
MARY LEDBETTER	BESSIE WOOTEN
ANNIE LONG	LOIS STANLEY
MARIE LONG	MARGIE SCOTT
ANNIE LAND	ANNIE MCGUIRE
RUTH FEATHERSTONE	



SIGMA PHI KAPPA SOCIETY

"Gib Me Dat Water-Million."

Oh, see the lofty Seniors,
Go sauntering through the gate;
How I wish their privileges all were mine.
But we are young and foolish
And we need a heap of sense
Before we can presume to be so fine.

Refrain

Oh the Freshmen are sweet,
And the Sophomores are good,
And the Juniors are very, very fine.
But give me, Oh give me, Oh, how I wish you would,
The joys which only Seniors can divine.

They study Pedagogy,
And the regions of the air;
They ponder questions grave and most profound
But they seem to me light-hearted
And a gay and happy lot,
I'd like to be a Senior, you'll be bound.—Refrain.

They are proud, and they are stuck up,
And they put on lots of airs;
And I sometimes think they need a taking down.
But I don't care what their failings
Or what they call their woes,
I'd like to be a Senior going to town.—Refrain.

Erosophian Literary Society.

Colors:
Purple and Gold.

Motto:
Mere Lichte.

Flower:
Pansy.

Officers.

KATIE LEE BANKS	<i>President</i>
MADIE ALLEN	<i>Vice-President</i>
CORINNE HENKEL	<i>Secretary</i>
EDNA RICKARD	<i>Treasurer</i>

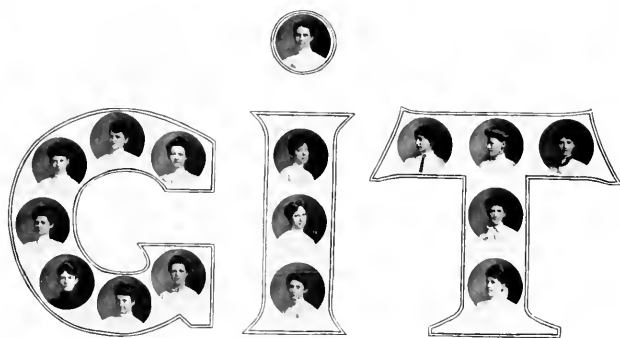
Roll.

LOUISE BLUE	BERTIE MAY
HELEN GORDON BROWN .	LILA MACLEAN
BULA BROWN.	LILY HELEN PAIR
BESSIE COVINGTON	IVY PRIDGEN
FRANKIE CRALL	NORAH PUGH
CLYDE DAUGHTRIDGE	EDNA RICKARD
HAZEL DOLES	KATIE SYKES
LADY CORINNE DOLES	BUENA SPRUILL
ADA EDWARDS	ETHEL STERNBERG
LOIS EDWARDS	HAZEL YORK
DAISY DANIEL EGGLESTON	LILLIAN YOUNG
INA GARRISON	SUE BETTIE READE
LESSIE GRAVES	JOSEPHINE GILMORE
LEORA JAMES	AVA YELVINGTON
MINNIE LOU KELLY	SADIE RICHARDSON
MIRIAM JOHNS	INA MACNAIR
MANA SHORT	INA WOODALL



EROSOPHIAN SOCIETY





Members.

Miss MANEY, President

KATIE LEE BANKS

BULA ROBERTA BROWN

HELEN GORDON BROWN

MARY WHITMELL BOND

BESSIE NORMENT COVINGTON

DAISY DANIEL EGGLESTON

LILA McLEAN

MINNIE LOU KELLY

ANNIE LAND

ESTELLE O'BERRY

NORAH LILLIAN PUGH

MAIDIE ALLEN

MARIE LONG

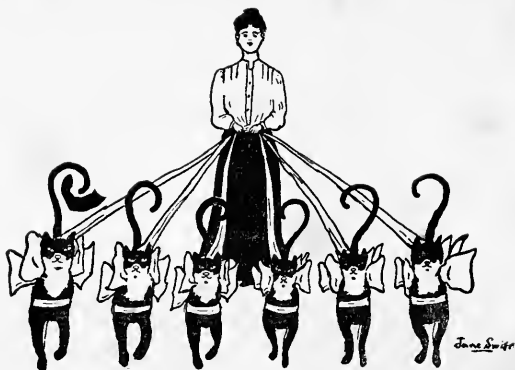
LOUSE BLUE

HAZEL DOLES



As They Say.

- "Just take the regular section."
- "The Busy Bee Band will meet every day at four o'clock."
- "A sugar plum for all those who went to church Sunday."
- "Get to your rooms girls, room bell has rung."
- "You just must stop sitting on my tables and the arms of my chairs.
Don't you know tables were not made to sit on?"
- "Dughi's come!"
- "Lend me a stamp."
- "Have you any alcohol?"
- "Don't get in a draught, and be sure to take grippe capsules."
- "Don't sit on the ground."
- "I wish you all would come down when two taps rings; that's the time to start."
- "How long before third Saturday?"
- "Has anyone seen Prof. Dinwiddie?"
- "Have you heard the latest case in school?"
- "Oh! your head aches worse than mine."
- "Is she crazy about you?"
- "Big trade for you, last go."
- "Has 'Moses' rung?"
- "Girls, please be quiet, this is the only place I have to study."
- "Turn on the gas."
- "Did I get a letter? Did you hear my name called?"
- "Oh law! have we Philosophy to-morrow?"
- "Are you going to the Infirmary for supper?"
- "Did I do right to follow the cows?"
- "Oh! hush your mouth, you know you didn't."
- "Haven't you got up a case?"
- "Oh! I'm starving to death."
- "Do you know the History of Art lesson?"
- "I've got twenty examinations before Easter."
- "I've lost my trunk key."
- "Lend me your broom."
- "Are you engaged? Engage to me."
- "Have you got a joke for the Annual?"
- "Consider the lilies."
- "Sit with me in the Y. W. C. A."
- "Now, girls, let's have quiet."
- "I feel like I'm two hundred and sixteen years old to-day."
- "Was that the last tap?"
- "Who's your case?"
- "Do go for my cases, I have such a headache."



MISS NANNIE'S LITTLE KITTENS.

JOSEPHINE GILMER
LOIS EDWARDS
ETHEL STERNBERG

CLYDE DAUGHTRIDGE
MIRIAM JOHNS
SALLIE LYON



'Tis privilege day, and all are out;
My privilege is, to sit and pout.



His Five.

IRMA COBB

LOIS STANLEY

JANE SWIFT

MARGIE SCOTT

MARY LEDBETTER

Our School Library.

AN IDOL AT HOME—Estelle O'Berry.
AN OLD CURIOSITY SHOP—Fannie May Sidbury.
THE STORY OF AN UNTOLD LOVE—Miss Nannie.
THE WANDERING JEW—Norah Lillian Pugh.
NOT LIKE OTHER GIRLS—Alice Quinlan.
THE LIGHT THAT FAILED—Louise Arrington.
WILD ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN—Flora, Senora, and Vessie.
THE BLUE FLOWER—Louise Blue.
A TRANSPLANTED ROSE—Leora James.
HELL FER SARTIN—If you don't pay your missionary dues.
THE OTHER WISE MAN—Mr. Dinwiddie.
LITTLE WOMEN—Misses Maney, Meek, Morgan and Arrington.
PECK'S BAD BOY—Madie Allen.
PRISONERS OF HOPE—Nell, Marie, Eula, Ina, and Annie.
MOSES FROM AN OLD MANSE—Helen Brown.
THE RIGHT OF WAY—Annie Land.
TO HAVE AND TO HOLD—Sallie and Lula.
ROSE IN BLOOM—Irma Cobb.
JAPANESE NIGHTINGALE—Gertrude Dills.
THE CRISIS—The Senior Class.
TWENTY YEARS AFTER—Lotus Staff.
LITTLE GREAT GRANDMOTHER—Kate Sugg.
HELEN'S BABIES—Starett, Carrington, and John.
MEH LADY—Sue Bettie Reade.
VOICE OF THE PEOPLE—Marie Long.
THE AMERICAN GIRL AHEAD—Carrie King.
IN PARADISE—Bula Brown (at Peace).
A FEARFUL RESPONSIBILITY—Mr. Stockard.
THE HERO—Annie Land and Bessie Wooten.
THE STORY OF A BAD BOY—Mildred Young.
EVERYTHING TO EVERYBODY—Miss Butler.
WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER—Cavaliers of Feb. 22d, 1904.
THE VIRGINIAN—Daisy Eggleston.
THE BATTLE GROUND—Senior Dramatics.
AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE—Katie Lee Banks.
VANITY FAIR—Myrtle Privott.
TEMPEST AND SUNSHINE—Ada and Lois Edwards.
GOOD GRAY—Nellie Hines.
PUCK—Whit Bond.
NEWS AND OBSERVER—Roxana Williams.
THE RALEIGH TIMES—Jane Swift.

A YOUNG GIRLS WOOING—Katie Sykes.
 BARRIERS BURNED AWAY—Bessie Randolph and Susie Graves.
 THE WOMAN WHO TOILS—Blanche Penny.
 THE MERCHANT OF VENICE—Estelle O'Berry.
 TWO LITTLE CONFEDERATES—Bessie Covington and Lila MacLean.
 IN MEMORIAM—Miss Bungardner.
 IDLE THOUGHTS OF AN IDEAL FELLOW—Lessie Graves.
 INNOCENCE ABROAD—Mary Ledbetter.
 HOUSEBOAT ON STICKS—Clyde Daughtridge.
 SAMANTHA AT SARATOGA—Bertie May.
 THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME—Marian Kean.
 MOUSE TRAP—Peace Institute.
 WANTED—A CHAPERONE—Lois Stanley.
 MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING—Miss Morton.
 LAVENDER AND OLD LACE—Miss Sutphen.
 MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—Louise Finley.
 AN OLD FASHIONED GIRL—Minnie Lou Kelly.
 LOVE LETTERS OF A MUSICIAN—Mrs. Kean.
 THE MASTER—Mr. Brawley.
 J. COLE—Miss Cole.
 WHAT IS WORTH WHILE—(To stay in your room when Miss Morton
 is on duty)
 THE HEAVENLY TWINS—Miriam Johns and Lois Edwards.
 THE RULING PASSION—Miss Nannie.
 WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE—Mr. Brawley.
 THE DAY IS DONE—Light Bell!





J. U. G. CLUB.

MOTTO: "Eat, Drink, and be Merry."

MEMBERS:

MADIE ALLEN	LOUISE BLUE	LESSIE GRAVES	SUE BETTYE READE
LILA MacLEAN	BESSIE COVINGTON	INA MAE WEIR	CORINNE HENKEL



The Maid of the Hills.

THE old man, beside the cottage door, shaded his eyes with his hand and impatiently gazed up the path that led around the mountain. No sight of Rachel yet. She was not usually so late. What could be the matter? The sun was beginning to sink, and now only half the great disk glowed red in the cloudless sky. In a moment a slender, graceful figure seemed poised between earth and heaven, every movement clear-cut against the slowly crimsoning sky as she rapidly approached the cottage. The old man rose and walked toward the girl.

"Grandpap, 't is a shame to keep you waiting so, and I won't again. The birds led me farther into the woods than I meant to go." She went into the cottage while he sat without, listening to the snatches of song she sang as she moved busily around. He realized that the high noon of his life was much passed; it would not be long now before his girl, his Rachel, would see his life go out and then, without kinsman, she must battle for herself. If he could only live to see her happily married—but these simple, uncouth mountain lads with their rough ways did not appeal to her, and were not good enough for her if they had.

Such beauty as hers was enough to attract any man. The village wives looked at her with pitying eyes, that any maid who could have the heart of every man among them should care so little and spend her time as she did. They listened curiously to the tales of how she passed whole days in the woods, singing in her high, clear voice, so that the birds would perch on her shoulders: how the squirrels were not afraid of her, and even a mountain cat had been seen playing with her and she was unharmed. They all acknowledged, however, that old Joe Richter would fare ill without her, for with all her shiftless ways she was the old man's very life.

After the frugal supper was over and her grandpap was enjoying his pipe in the door, Rachel came and sat beside him. For a long time there was silence, broken now and then by a question from him, for to-night she was not talkative.

Presently Rachel spoke. "Grandpap, won't you tell me of my father again?"

"Law now honey, seems to me I've told yer that ever' night since yer've

been big enough fer ter listen. 'T was jist sich a night as this, with the moon-light stealing over the mountains, shining mellow and soft against the corn-stalks, and the woods looking black and still 'cause the fields was all lit up. There wasn't a breath of wind a-stirring and the frogs and crickets were singin' so lonesome like. Yer came in a civered wagon, goin' over the hills into a newer land. Yer father was sick and half dead with grief—yer mother had jist gon' to heven, so he said, and he would not stay in his old home. He wanted to stop only for the night and seem'd so fagged out he soon got ter bed. In the night he got sicker and, altho' I did all I could fer him, he was dead 'fore morning. Yer were a curly-headed little thing, and he seemed powerful fond of yer. He called yer Rachel and wouldn't hev yer out of his sight. He didn't seem sorry to die, except ter leave yer. We've kept his grave green under the apple-tree, and that's all I know about yer except yer are my sunshine and I jist dunno what yer ole grandpap would er done all these lone years if God hadn't drapped yer at my door."

Again there was silence. Tears were on the girl's long lashes. The story was always new to her. The old man began to nod and Rachel dreamed on.

"Hello! hello! Can a stranger get a night's rest with you, good friends?"

It was a fresh, strong voice that startled them. Old Joe hastened down to welcome him, and together they came up the walk, a youth of twenty, with a clear, pleasing voice and honest brown eyes. Hearing him, Rachel felt she would like him; seeing him she knew she would. He bowed to her as if she were a great lady, and although she did not know what the action meant, her face flushed and she thought of her short, dingy dress and wished it were better.

He was a college man and his Class, wishing to know more of certain min-crals in the hills, had sent him to find out about them. Could they tell him the direction of the roads and streams? He told many stories of his college, and his gay, bright life at home. He talked of the woods, the flowers, the stones, and Rachel listened. Had she not thought the very things before? But she never realized such thoughts could be put into words. 'T was long after the usual bed-time; she was loath to leave this man from the plains, perchance her father's old home, who had brought so many new thoughts into her life. She pondered over what he had told her until the dawn and next morning offered to guide him among the hills.

At first he was silent. The beauty of the girl, her ignorance of what he considered the essentials of life, her knowledge of nature, her simplicity, her purity, appealed to him. He tried to draw her out, to learn of her life. Together they talked of their love for the mountains, the majesty of the heavens, the glories of the world about them, he talking most, and she with her earnest eyes revealing her sympathy.

He would have lingered next day, he knew not why, and, knowing not why, his reason bade him go.

Rachel watched him ride over the mountain, strained her eyes to catch a last glance before the turn of the road. A lonely, desolate feeling came into her heart; she was restless, irritable, there was something the songs of nature could not soothe. After many weeks she realized that there had grown a wondrous love in her heart for the stranger; she knew also that it must be put away. He had helped her to live nearer God and humanity, she must make the most of her life and live it without him, although she knew that his image would always dwell in her heart. She felt the difference between her life and his as much as before she had felt it between the village folk and hers, but the first was a difference in social station, the last in sympathy. She had never mingled with them, she held herself aloof. Perhaps she lacked sympathy because she came from a far, strange land.

But now there came a common interest. The North and South were at each other's throat. The mountaineer's blood boiled as the war of words raged, and when the call to arms came there was not a man among them who was not eager to go. The mountains of Carolina could give as sturdy sons to defend her rights as the plains!

Rachel was one of the people for the first time. She must have come from a race of heroes. She was everywhere, encouraging the women, helping the men. Her life was not spent in dreaming now—war was in her blood. Through those years of strife she was a God-send to the village folk.

At twenty she had developed as much in mind and character as in beauty. More than one mountain lad had lost his heart, and the old man grew impatient with her steady refusals.

The Winter came on—the last Winter of the war. One day in the valley could be heard the boom of guns, and from the top of the hill thick smoke could be seen rising. All next day straggling soldiers passed. Toward night it began to sleet and snow, and the next morning only the faint outline of a decrepit sun could be seen through the heavy clouds.

Listen! Great guns were thundering and shots were shrieking right in the peaceful valley. All afternoon it kept up and the sun in the late evening came out to see what was going on upon the old earth. The great clouds scurried across the sky, clearing the way for the floods of moonlight that were to come, but still they fought. As the moon rose the guns gradually began to stop and the brisk winds blew away the great banks of smoke.

Rachel, hastily tearing some bandages and taking a flask of wine, set out for the field, although her old grandpap begged her not to go. The moonlight showed the great trees, each twig silvered by the sleet, and gleaming as if

molten diamonds, suddenly congealed, had shaped themselves in fantastic forms.

Rachel was the first to reach the battle-ground. The wounded had been carried away, and only the dead and dying were left. Rapidly she passed from one to another, to see if she could not make the dying more comfortable. But this soldier looks so familiar! She looks closer at the blood-clogged hair and grimy face. Can it be? It is—it is her stranger of four years ago. Her heart stands still! How she had longed to see him again, but like this, never. Hastily she felt for his heart—a faint pulsation. With fingers trembling with eagerness she pours wine down his throat and chafes his almost frozen hands. She raises him up and wraps him in her own poor garments. All the love that through the four years she has been repressing has returned doubly. She staunches the blood flowing from his chest and face. My God! his lids begin to quiver, his eyes open, but—he is again unconscious. There may be a whole army of suffering men, but what cares a woman for suffering humanity when the man she loves needs her. The neighbors carried him to her home, and the few others who were not dead they cared for.

There was only a ghost of a chance for his life, but Rachel battled for it. Patiently for many weeks she fights and then he begins to recuperate. His eyes follow her as she moves about. He can not understand the care the woman has given him, the bravery of her life. Since he was better she was not so much with him; shyly she did the necessary things, and that was all. He could not ask more, yet he wanted more. He waited for her coming as a restless invalid awaits the dawn of day. He began to know he loved her, he couldn't remember when he didn't, for she had drifted into the ideal of his childhood and unconsciously her image had followed him ever since that night he saw her first. But could he—a student, a man of the world of books and men—take her, even if he could ever win her, among his father's proud, haughty people. They expected much of him. And her ignorance . . . For himself he would; but for his ambitious old father it could not be. Rachel could not know of this, her battle was in trying to crush the love in her own heart.

At last he was well, at last he was to go. All the night before she paced her little room, fighting the strongest feeling she had ever known—for she had loved little human. If only those last few weeks he had not kept her with him so much, had not shown her so clearly what life would be. His battle was raging too; he could hardly hope, yet she had not seemed unwilling to be with him. Perhaps with all his love for her, she might at some time—but no, it could not be.

The old man called her early to come get breakfast, for he—the man she loved—was going. She had schooled herself to bear anything. For the first time she felt his eyes following her. They alone were in the little room. He lingered over his breakfast; but the sun was up, shining with all the radiance of

the Springtime. The birds were making the air gay with their songs, and all the world seemed happy with a new life. He came toward her to say good-bye, but their eyes met; faltering he looked again in their violet depths. Then he knew it all. In every glance he told her, "Oh, I have found you, my love, my fair one. Let the world think what it will, we love! Leave the hills and come with me, my only one, 't is you alone I love."

And in hers he read, "I am yours. From you I have learned to love; is not that enough?"

ESTELLE O'BERRY.





ATHLETICS

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1903
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1904

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C
S

J.S.

Baseball Team.

JANE SWIFT	Captain
MARY WINTERS	Pitcher
MARY MOORE	Catcher
ADA EDWARDS	First Baseman
LOIS STANLEY	Second Baseman
ROXANA WILLIAMS	Third Baseman
MARY LEDBETTER	Short-stop
MARGIE SCOTT	Center Fielder
IVY PRIDGEN	Right Fielder

FRANKIE CRALL	Captain
LULA SUGGS	Pitcher
CATHERINE SUGGS	Catcher
LIZZIE FARMER	First Baseman
GERTRUDE DILLS	Second Baseman
IRMA COBE	Third Baseman
EDNA RICKARD	Short-stop
NELLIE HINES	Center Fielder
BESSIE RANDOLPH	Right Fielder

Tennis Club.

JANE SWIFT	<i>President</i>
ANNIE LAND	<i>Business Manager</i>
ESTELLE O'BERRY	<i>Treasurer</i>

FRANKIE CRALL	BESSIE WOOTEN
IRMA COBE	MARGIE SCOTT
LOIS STANLEY	MARY LEDBETTER
ELSIE STOCKARD	ANNIE LONG
CORINNE HENKEL	



TENNIS CLUB



Basket-ball.

Rackety-rall ! Rackety-rall !
Basket-ball ! Basket-ball!
Peace !

BESSIE WOOTEN, *Referee*

First Team: LULA SUGGS, *Captain*
INA GARRISON
FRANKIE CRALL
CLYDE DAUGHTRIDGE
CORINNE DOLES

EDNA RICKARD, *Business Manager*

Second Team: ETHEL STERNBURG, *Captain*
ROXANA WILLIAMS
NELLIE HINES
BESSIE RANDOLPH
LOIS EDWARDS

LOUISE ARRINGTON

Substitutes.

JOSEPHINE GILMER

SALLIE LYON

BLANCHE PENNY

MYRTLE PRIVOTT

Linesmen.

ALICE QUINLAN



Chorus Class.

MISS MEEK	MISS COLE	MISS JONES
LOUISE BLUE	LILA MCLEAN	LESSIE GRAVES
BERTIE MAY	BUENA SPRUILL	MARY SHERRILL
NORA PUGH	ADA EDWARDS	MYRTLE PRIVOTT
LULA SUGGS	CORINNE HENKEL	ESTELLE O'BERRY
MANA SHORT	CARRIE KING	BESSIE RANDOLPH
LILLIE PAIR	SADIE RICHARDSON	JENNIE POWELL
RACHEL BORDEN		ANNIE PIPKIN

Their Life Work.

IVY PRIDGEN—Loving Edna.
MANA SHORT—Getting advice.
ETHEL STERNBURG—Growing tall.
CLYDE WATSON—Writing to Stone.
LILLIAN YOUNG—Working Algebra.
KATIE BANNERMAN—Soothing her roommate.
FRANKIE CRALL—Looking for Gertrude.
INA GARRISON—Feeding the meek.
CORINNE DOLES—Getting flowers for Whit.
ELIZABETH FARMER—Dreaming in the moonlight.
RUTH FEATHERSTONE—Smiling.
EMMA HALE—Going to Bula's room.
DAISY EGGLESTON—Keeping warm.
CORINNE HARPER—Going to the Infirmary.
CORINNE HENKLE—Going to Pedagogy lectures.
INA MCNAIR—Remembering what she has forgotten.
PEDAGOGY CLASS—Going to the graded schools.
MARIE LONG—Studying after night bell.
LILV PAIR—Collecting for Y. W. C. A.
NORA PUGH—Singing "When the Heart is Young."
HAZEL YORK—Making sofa pillows for ——
IRMA COBB—Longing for excitement.
EDNA RICKARD—Entertaining us by the *Moment*.
MARGIE SCOTT—Drinking Taraxacum.
INA WOODALL—Getting letters from ——
ANNIE LANO—Hunting for her trunk key.
BUENA SPRUILL—Exercising her vocal chords.
CLYDE DAUGHTRIDGE—Loving Annie.
HAZEL DOLES—Teaching Donald 2 x 1.
AVA YELVINGTON—Looking pretty.
MARY LEDBETTER—Looking like the Marble Faun.
JOSEPHINE GILMER—Being amiable.
ANNIE LONG—Asking Irma not to practice.
MATTIE PICKETT—Showing her teeth.
MARY MOORE—Reading Latin.
JEANETTE MOORE—Cake walking.
BESSIE BROWN—Worshipping Miss Maney.
THE SENIOR CLASS—Trying for Diplomas.
JESSIE BUMPAS—Bringing flowers to Marie.
INEZ WYNNE }
BENNIE MCADEN } Adoring Miss Cole.
SUSIE MCGEE }
SADIE ELIAS—Being nice to everybody.
ROBERTA THACKSTON—Reciting all the lesson.
EVERYBODY—Taking examinations.

Gabriola.

WITH a step both elastic and firm a young girl walked along a lonely road in the slanting rays of a setting sun. For more than six months Eleanor had been in this sleepy little Southern village, enjoying life as she alone could enjoy it; for she had never before known what it meant to be happy.

Now she must leave this quiet little town, these lovely roads, these beautiful flowers. She had just received a letter from her father telling her to return to Boston immediately. How she hated Boston! How she hated her father's stately old mansion, with its pomp and routine! With all of its magnificence, it was not home to her. Her mother had died, leaving her an infant, and her father had married, the second time, a very wealthy woman, whom the child had not been taught to love.

This woman had cared for her in her infancy, had given her proper instruction during her childhood, and had taken much pride in chaperoning her as a *débutante*. She had been satisfied when she saw that Boston society was not insensible to Eleanor's wondrous beauty, nor to the fact that Eleanor's father was a wealthy man.

The girl was beautiful, extraordinarily beautiful, but her face lacked something. Her eyes had a weird look, that repelled you strangely. It is true they lacked not color; they were deep, violet blue, and were shaded by long, dark lashes, but they were utterly devoid of expression; there was no more soul in them than there would have been in glass eyes. They were not restless and wandering, but simply blank, blank, blank. They told the whole story; this beautiful creature, this human being, physically perfect, lacked the one great essential to happiness. She had no soul. She had never felt an emotion, either of joy or sorrow. Her body had enjoyed and suffered as other animal bodies do; but that "*ego*," that mind, that heart had never been stirred by a sensation of any kind whatever.

Eleanor's father had been crazed by the belief that an emotion, too great, had killed the mother. Therefore he issued a decree that the child was never to see or hear anything that might awaken in her what had proved fatal to the mother. The woman he married enforced this decree and shielded the girl with untiring care.

One night at a masked ball at which Eleanor was present, Bernardi, a young lieutenant, who had gained some reputation as a violinist, was urged to play while the guests were being unmasked. He did so and, as he played, the gay crowd gathered around him. He gave them one brilliant valse after another, and had just raised his violin for a last sparkling allegro, when his eyes fell on a face that caused him to look again. In so doing he was startled to see Eleanor's soulless eyes fixed on his face. It seemed as if something was compelling him. He began to play and played, not the sparkling allegro, but the softest, saddest, sweetest strain that ever fell upon mortal ears. And while he played those blank eyes stared deeper and deeper into his own, as if they would fathom his very soul and snatch from it some long-lost possession.

He played on; the little violin sighed and sobbed, as if its heart would break, and then burst forth into a "wild of nothing, save of joy." Those eyes! How they sparkled! Brimming over with the joy of living. That face! What a soft, beautiful light suffused it. For the first time Eleanor was moved with an emotion. Bernardi stopped. He knew that he had played as never before, with a skill more than human. He thanked the audience for their enthusiastic applause, and left the room.

For Eleanor everything was changed. She could no longer endure that cold, formal home. The strange influence that her step-mother had over her grew hateful to her. She could stand the restrictions no longer, so she decided to leave Boston and go South, far from the old odious life.

After six months of perfect happiness in the little Southern village, we find her trying to make up her mind to leave this sunny land and go back to her father's home. She read the letter over and over again, and at last determined that if she must go, she would not do so until she had enjoyed this Southern life at the height of its gaiety. She would go to New Orleans, where the Mardi Gras was in full sway.

She arrived in the city late in the evening. It was brilliantly lighted, and the streets were thronged with a happy, laughing crowd. She rushed along with the mass, not that she was in a hurry, but because "rushing" seemed the prevailing style. Suddenly she stopped—the laughing crowd surged on, the hand-fuls of confetti showered on her fell unheeded. Where was that strange, yet familiar, melody that she could just hear above the noise of the street? She listened intently. It was in the Floral Hall that she had just passed. She hastened back and entered the building. Now every note fell upon her ear with perfect distinctness. It was that same strange, minor melody that had followed her since she left Boston. She looked anxiously for the musician, and saw standing, surrounded by an admiring group, Bernardi. He raised his head from his violin and saw her startled gaze fixed on his face. He saw that she recognized

him, so he went over to where she was standing and spoke to her as if they had been old friends.

He had never for one instant forgotten those eyes, which had gone deep into his soul and drawn from him such music as is rarely given to earth-born mortals. He had never forgotten that face, how, as he played, there had come into it everything to make it the most beautiful face in the world to him.

And had she remembered? That sad, sweet, minor strain, with its last wild burst of joy, had been in her heart ever since the night it had awakened there warm, throbbing life.

As they walked through the crowded streets to the place where she was staying, she questioned him about this beautiful composition. He told her its name was "Cavatina." "My mother used to tell me the saddest little story about its composer," he said. They were talking as if they had known each other always. "She knew his wife well. The young couple was extremely poor and the wife, a fragile, nervous little woman, worked for their daily bread, while he composed. He was completely absorbed by his music, and quite unintentionally neglected his delicate little wife, allowing her to work till she was nothing more than a nervous wreck.

"For months and months he worked on this same 'Cavatina,' which he intended to be his masterpiece. After weeks of absolute seclusion, he attained his ideal.

"His joy at being at last able to bring forth from his little violin what he felt in his heart was so great that he could scarcely control himself. He rushed from his studio to his wife's room, where she lay ill, and with a wild cry of 'Hear!' played the piece from beginning to end.

"The shock was too much for the poor little wife. The outraged laws of nature asserted themselves, and, at the end of that brilliant finale, she died. The strangest part of the story," continued Bernardi, "was that the child, though physically perfect, seemed to be entirely devoid of feeling. All sensation was dead."

"And is the child living now?" asked Eleanor, eagerly.

"Yes; she lives with her father and step-mother in Boston. Her father is very wealthy now. He gave up music after his wife's death. If he had not, 'Hoffner' would have been a great name among the famous composers. He married, the second time, a rich woman who made it her duty to keep this child from anything that might arouse her."

As Bernardi finished the story, he saw that Eleanor was several steps behind him. It seemed that the crowd had gotten between them and pushed him forward.

She was standing quite still, her hand up to her eyes, as if she was trying

to collect her thoughts. Wild confusion reigned in her mind. What was it this stranger was telling her? The story of her *own* sad life! Of *her* father, *her* mother, of whom she had never before heard one single word. He had said that the child had no feeling, no heart. Yes; that was her condition. Yes; she realized it now. She had lived nineteen years of her life, a perfectly emotionless human being, until that soul-stirring melody had awakened her and put into her heart joy and life.

How strange that the same strain on which her mother's soul was borne away had brought to that of the child's everything to make it happy!

But to whom did she owe this happiness? Who, alone, had been able to reach down to the depths of her blank soul and stir it into life?

She looked up and saw Bernardi coming to her through the motley crowd, and knew it was *he*.

EGGLESTON.





Fire at Peace.

Horrible Disaster—One Girl Perished in the Flames—Much Property Destroyed.

ABOUT eight o'clock last night the alarm of fire was sent in from Peace Street, and soon Raleigh was horrified to know that the historic walls of Peace were in flames. The firemen, with engines and reels, were soon there, and did all they could to save the building, but the fire was beyond all control.

There are many conjectures as to the cause of the conflagration, but as yet there is nothing satisfactory. The most probable cause is spontaneous combustion, caused by the friction between the Juniors and Seniors. The girls were wonderfully well-trained, and appeared as soon as the alarm was turned in, neatly kimonaed, with school books—except one girl, who, long after the others were out, came running, out-of-breath: "Oh, Daisy, Whit, anybody, have you seen my trunk key? I've lost my trunk key!" and she wept and wailed, although her trunk was burned to a crisp: "Where, oh, where, is the trunk key?"

The girls were huddled in a corner of the yard until each was given a picket of the fence to sit on. A tall gentleman with a cane and a gun kept guard to keep away stray A. and M.'s, while a lady in a blue shirtwaist-suit walked calmly around. "Of course girls, the building is burning down, but you must remember it's study hour and don't make any noise. Get right to work, remember we have school to-morrow as usual. And girls, please don't get water until nine-thirty." In the uneasy silence of many people watching a great catastrophe came a voice, "Well, now; look here Miss Marie Long, I wish you would tell the girls I'll take my Wednesday pupils on Saturday, just in the usual order," and another soft little voice, "Well, dear, you know dear, I can't exactly say yet, dear, but I think, dear, perhaps they may save something, dear," and the sweet little creature went on her way to carry comfort to other hearts.

Looking toward the burning building, I saw a tall lady with a huge pompadour rushing frantically from practice room to practice room (from habit I

guess), with a mighty frown upon her face to find them all "absent from duty."

A big bottle of Scott's Emulsion, accompanied by a little woman, now began to make the rounds. She poured two huge spoonful down each girl, then drank the sherry herself.

"Save it! Save it!" in Room 12, and a brave fireman risked his life to save a bottle of honey-and-almond cream, but he was rewarded by a bright smile from the red-haired one and an "Oh! my complexion would have been ruined without it." The fair-haired girl hugged fondly to her heart a bundle of love letters, tied with ribbon blue and fifteen photos of ———. She wept, and would not be comforted, because the tiniest picture had been lost in the scuffle. Wrapped in a blanket, the flames leaping high from her slender figure, she is seen in a third-story window, a hundred voices cry "jump." Instead, she yells "Pull that window down, there's a draft."

Girls, I'm sorry to hear about the fire, it is a great pity, but misfortune comes to all; you remember Pestalozzi's school was destroyed by fire. If your books are burned you can borrow some; don't you know, girls, people are all ready to lend, so don't fail to write a review of Leonard and Gertrude. Read carefully Spencer's Education, and find out the condition of schools in Adam and Eve's time; also, if there was compulsory education in the garden of Eden.

"Mr. Dinwiddie, will any thing be saved?"

"Hum! Hum! that's not the lesson child, just take the regular section."

Well, my dear young friends, sad isn't it? I wish my Senior English Class would write that up and hand it in early in the morning.

But whence comes that shrill voice? "Frankie? Frankie? Has anybody seen Frankie?"

A perfect Venus moved around with stately head and sang "A Summer Night," with a voice of wondrous beauty, the girls gazed at her with faces full of love and adoration and, if I'm any judge, half the girls were "crazy 'bout her."

One poor girl was badly burned; she stopped to rub Seven Sutherland Sisters' hair tonic on her scalp, so was caught by the flames and almost perished.

We grabbed a girl rushing back "Where are you going?" a teacher demanded, she hung her head and said, "To the infirmary for supper."

Only one life was lost by the fire, although there were several deaths about this time, caused by an overdose of examinations, for which there was no antidote—not even the "play" being able to counteract the terrible poison.

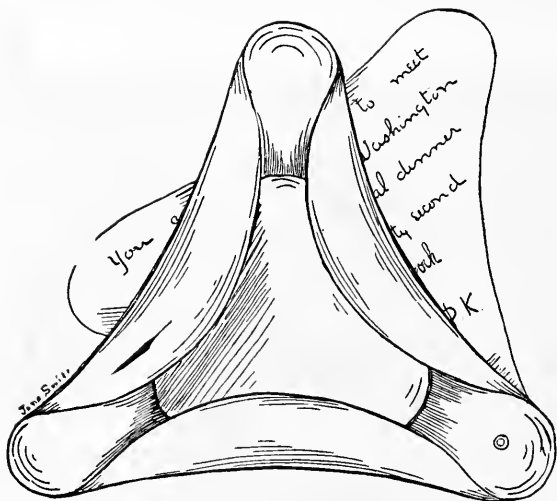
Duty called the poor girl, for, after she had rescued her Senior privileges and the list of the girls who had paid for their Annuals, she thought she heard the 'phone ring and wasn't sure the library door was locked; so perished one of the fairest of Peace's daughters.

But listen—what a crash—the roof is going, 't is falling in. "Good!"

"Good!" cried a red shirtwaist, and her eyes closed up with laughter to see the sparks chase each other into the sky.

The flames are no longer leaping high, only the ashes glow on the ground. The excitement is over, although the girls still talk in excited whispers. "Get to bed girls; don't you know light bell rang quite a while ago? Let's don't have any talking now." And she went her way not realizing two things; first, that they had no beds to go to; and second, that the effect of her hair was spoiled, for, in the hurry, some mischievous girl had put in a back comb.





Colonial Dinner.

Complimentary to the E. L. S.

(Special to the *Washington Gazette*.)

"General and Mrs. Washington request the honor of your presence at a Colonial Dinner on the evening of February twenty-second." So reads the invitations which all the gentry of our county received a few days ago.

"T was truly a goodly assembly, I am told. The fairest ladies in the most beautiful gowns, long, flowing robes, with much powdered hair, and such jewels! Virginia's sons are always gallant, courtly, gracious, but these seemed to be the most gallant, the most courtly, and the most gracious.

The Right Honorable Patrick Henry told me yesterday that never had he seen such handsome gentlemen, such fair women, such gorgeous costumes, and, withal, such heartfelt merriment. There were about a hundred guests, and the

great dining hall was hung in a profusion of flags—the flag we all fought for. They were everywhere, even the table, which was shaped as a Maltese cross, was decorated with them.

General and Mrs. Washington presided at the head, while Governor Dinwiddie and his fair lady sat at the opposite end. The table was brilliant with myriad candles, some in tall silver sticks, others seen twinkling from masses of green around the great birthday cake.

A substantial supper of three courses was served, then a welcome address was made by their host; next, they drank to "France; Our Nation's Friend and Helper," responded to by the brilliant LaFayette. A toast was drunk to our dear State, Virginia, and amid much confusion, Thomas Jefferson arose to respond. Almost overcome with the magnitude of his undertaking—to express our love to this glorious State—he hesitated, then, 'midst the burst of applause, he began . . . and such eloquence! Truly he is one of our greatest. Patrick Henry responded to "Liberty," and Colonel Fielding Lewis to "Our Wives and Sweet-hearts," letting the stern soldier be forgotten and the gallant, courtly gentleman stand forth with admiration for Virginia's beautiful daughters, to be seen in every glance.

Last, the great Henry Clay responded when they drank to our Union, and at the close the enthusiasts arose and sang "America."

From the dining-room they went to the great hall, where there was dancing, and punch was served to the guests throughout the evening.

The report that General Washington has the best slaves in Virginia was verified on this occasion. The service was excellent and the head butler could not be matched. Before the dance was over the darkies serenaded in the distance, and the music fell so sweetly on their ears that the dancers stopped to listen. They called them in and for many minutes had them sing and dance reels and jigs; "Zeke," I believe, is the best clog dancer in the county. They were truly grotesque with their black skins and red lips, in their quaint bandanas and white aprons; the men in their master's old cast-offs. They were one of the features of the evening.

Let us hope that our excellent General may see many more happy birthdays, and many another such merry assembly.

H. W.



"An
Old Sweetheart
of mine"

February fourteenth
Written for

E. L. S.

An Old Sweetheart of Mine.

ON the night of February 14th, the Erosophian Literary Society entertained the Sigma Phi Kappa. The evening was dedicated to St. Valentine, a favorite day at Peace, when "secret love" makes itself known in various little tokens.

At eight o'clock the Society and its guests assembled in the Chapel, where Riley's dainty poem: "An Old Sweetheart of Mine" was charmingly portrayed in a series of beautiful and effective tableaux.

The lights were lowered and the curtain raised, revealing Helen Brown as the dreaming lover, half enveloped in a cloud of smoke curling upwards from his pipe, in which filing vapors he saw again the vision of his girl-wife, beautifully suggested by Katie Lee Banks. And the warm, rich glow of the fire light lent an added charm to a picture we were loath to see fade.

Then as a vision of the girlish sweetheart, long ago, Sue Bettie Read made a beautiful picture in the old-fashioned rose garden.

The pictures of "The Kiss," "Giving the Apple," and "Planning the Future," each brought forth a burst of applause and ringing laughter, no doubt recalling memories of childhood days to all. In the moonlit-garden scene, Frankie Crall, as the youthful lover, handsome and debonair, who captivated every maiden heart, and the tender possibilities suggested by the courtship scene lighted every face with interest, and smiles dimpled every cheek.

It was hard to recognize Lily Pair in the dreaming, patient, white-haired woman, gently reminding us of "Life in the Yellow Leaf."

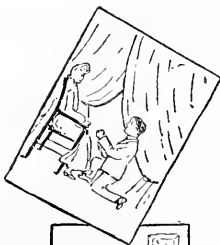
The effect of the tableaux was enhanced by the excellent reading of verses from the poem, by Miss Edith Butler, and from behind the scenes Miss Maury, in a sweet, rich voice, sang appropriate love songs, while we seemed transplanted into a land of beauty, of love, and of melody.

Then adjourning to the Central Hall, where St. Valentine had his post-office, mysterious mail with Cupid's postmark, was distributed.

"Tinselled Cupids aiming darts,
Passionate poems half concealed."

In the reception room and hall, the color scheme was beautifully carried out in red and white carnations, darling little Cupids, and hearts; and dainty refreshments were served.

Cupid, after having played "hide and seek" to his heart's content, promptly departed at twelve, and St. Valentine, too, bade us farewell, wishing us much happiness in our love making.



I.

'Twas a night in September, the first we were here,
The boys of old Peace for once did appear;
They were handsome and fair, both gallant and gay
As they knelt at our feet, in a brave, manly way.



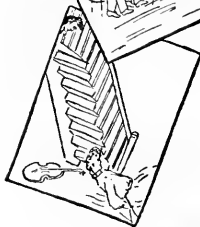
II.

The next night was Friday, and King came up here,
With his fountain of good things our lone hearts to
cheer:
We ate and we drank to our hearts full content,
And the very next day to the Infirmary some went.



III.

The longed-for third Saturday dark and rainy did
dawn,
The girls were all dressed to gaze on the lawn,
But alas! It kept pouring and sad to relate
Only three A. and M.'s emerged through the gate.



IV.

'Twas sudden one night when we heard such a clatter,
I sprang from my room to see what was the matter,
At the foot of the stair, too frightened to speak,
I beheld a cracked fiddle and poor Miss Meek.

V.

At last Halloween, the joyful night came,
The spooks and the ghosts in sheets dressed the same,
They told us our fortunes and scared us to death
At twelve they all vanished and almost took our breath.



VI.

With the Twenty-second came forth the old slaves
And songs of Dixie that rose in mighty waves;
Zeke, Tom, Chloe, Abram, in "nigger" fashion true,
All danced to the fiddle and cake-walked some too.



VII.

On March the twelfth, the Seniors so grand
Gave their dramatic, the best in this land—
In throngs and crowds the people came,
And so these fair girls won their fame.



VIII.

Alas! I fear 'tis too exciting to tell
How the girls got stuck when they heard the bell.
In the chapel that night, against all rule,
The junior dramatic played—"the fool."



The Doctor's Dreadful Mistake.

THE one great desire of Mrs. Ross's heart was to visit the Insane Asylum in the neighboring town of Milton. She had begged and teased, and teased and begged General Ross for years to take her. She was an extremely nervous little woman, and he dreaded the time when he knew he should have to give in—he always did. By trying to convince her that there was nothing interesting to be seen, also, by pleading business and a consequent lack of time, he had put her off for two long years. Now the obstinate little woman was tired of excuses, and had reached that point where she positively refused to be put off any longer; and once, to her husband's great inward amusement but pretended distress, had threatened to consult her lawyer. So on Monday morning, after a three and a-half hours' interview with the General, she came out clapping her little hands in gleeful triumph, announcing that on the coming Thursday she was going to the Insane Asylum.

After three days of wild impatience on her part, Thursday dragged itself in; but, with it, the General received orders to visit a near-by town on some very important business. Of course it was a put up job; Mrs. Ross just knew it was; she had not been living with that cruel man all these years for nothing. She was not going to stand it, and with a determined stamp of her dainty foot, she declared her intention of going alone. But, finally, after puzzling his brain, her husband found that by leaving at an earlier hour he could finish his business in C. and reach Milton soon after Mrs. Ross. The ticket having been bought and the carriage ordered three or four days ahead of time, it was decided that she should go at the appointed hour and wait at the Asylum until he arrived, then they would go through the building together.

Mrs. Ross arrived in due time, and, having been shown into the sitting-room, she dismissed the servant and sat down to wait for the General. In a few minutes she heard an unearthly scream, which made her feel just a trifle uncomfortable. Then groans and hysterical laughs emanated from all parts of the building. She felt her hair stand on end, while her frame trembled from head to foot. For once, she wished she had never heard of the old place. As the noise increased she began pacing the floor and wringing her hands in despair, all the time crying aloud: "General, will you never, never come? Oh, what shall I do?"

As she was on her fifteenth round, the physician entered.

"Good morning, Mrs. Jones," he said, "we have been expecting you some

hours; your train must have been late. Just step this way, please, and I will show you your apartments. You must be tired."

Mrs. Ross raised her eyes and looked at him with a puzzled stare.

"Sir, you must be mistaken; I am Mrs. Ross."

"That's all right, madam; we old folks will make mistakes, especially when it comes to names. Just come this way, and let me show you some of the building."

Mrs. Ross drew back and said she preferred to wait for her husband; then they would go over the Asylum together.

"Yes, yes, I know; he will be here directly, but come and we will see something before he arrives. I am Dr. Moore, the superintendent."

Mrs. Ross reluctantly went and was shown down a ward or so where the milder patients were kept. The Doctor, keeping up a very lively conversation, got the little woman very much interested until some one yelled; then she was completely upset again. By this time they had reached a sweet little room, into which Doctor Moore led the way; then, very gracefully bowing himself out, he closed and locked the iron door, whereupon Mrs. Ross uttered a scream of indignation and terror. The Doctor, speaking very gently, but firmly, said,

"Now, Mrs. Jones"—

"I tell you I am not Mrs. Jones," interrupted the prisoner, fairly shrieking, "I am Mrs. Ross!"

"Very well, very well, Mrs. Ross, then; this is to be your home"—

"My home! My home!" she cried, in a perfect storm of passion.

"Yes, your home, provided you be real good; but if you are too noisy we shall have to put you in another part of the building."

By this time it had dawned upon her that there was a mistake. How could she ever make the Doctor understand? She tried so hard to explain, but it was of no use.

"Doctor," she said, "I can't stand this; I am a lady. I am the wife of General Ross, and I command you to let me out this instant."

"That's all right, madam; this is Mrs. General Grant on this side of you, and Mrs. Stonewall Jackson on the other side," said the good Doctor, hoping to pacify his patient, and not knowing with which side she sympathized. "I hope you will be very comfortable," he continued, "and not give any trouble. I am going to town now, and will bring you some medicine."

"I don't want any old medicine; I want my husband; I want General Ross; I want to get out of this old place," sobbed the prisoner.

The Doctor left. All the way down town the pretty, intelligent face was before him. "Such a pity! Such a pity!" he thought, "for her to be kept so close; but it may be only temporary."

At the Asylum Mrs. Ross was almost wild; it was long since train time and the General did not appear. Could he have forgotten her, she asked herself? She felt her hair turning gray. If her parlor experience was fright, this was nothing short of agony. She was trembling and crying when she heard a familiar voice in the hall.

"Do you mean to tell me Mrs. Ross has not been here?"

"No;" came the reply, "there have been no visitors this morning."

"I am here! I am here!" shrieked the imprisoned wife.

General Ross recognized the voice and in a moment was at the cell door, but there was no way of getting it open. The poor, frightened little woman tried to tell her troubles, but every effort terminated in a cry; and the only coherent sound that fell on her husband's ear was, "Let's go home."

In the meantime the Doctor returned. Coming upon the scene, he was dumb-founded; but, finally, all made each understand the other's mistake.

The Doctor had received a telegram that morning stating that a Mrs. Jones would arrive on the same train that Mrs. Ross had taken. The carriage had been sent to meet this expected inmate. The stupid coachman had gotten things mixed, and told the inexperienced little lady that Doctor Moore had sent the carriage for her. So the prisoner was liberated, but nothing the General or Doctor could do would prevail upon her to go through the Asylum.

The poor Doctor looked for a moment appealingly at General Ross; but only for a moment—the twinkle of merriment in his eye, and his ill-concealed efforts to control his laughter were wholly reassuring.

BULA ROBERTA BROWN.





Sketch Class.

FRANKIE CRALL *President*
 JANE SWIFT *Treasurer*

EDNA RICKARD
 LOUIS MILLER
 ELSIE STOCKARD
 LIZZIE FARMER

JENNIE PROCTOR
 FANNIE MAY SIDBURY
 NANNIE HAY
 ALICE QUINLAN

Reminiscences of Class of 1903.

AS I write the magic number nineteen-three, there comes with it a tide of memory flooding heart and brain with its tears and smiles. You will have patience if I recall Class Day as the fairest day in the college calendar. On this day sweet, classic grace marks college, campus, and students.

It was a pretty picture that greeted the large crowd which thronged the college grounds on Monday afternoon in May, as the long line of girls, joined by a continuous white ribbon, marched down the long winding walk, singing college songs to old familiar airs, as "Maryland, My Maryland," "Carolina," etc.

Then the Seniors, in sweet simplicity, gathered around Class Tree, hidden amid a bevy of palms and golden-rod, with the colors draped gracefully among them, and there our Class exercises were held.

After a brief address of welcome by the President of the Class, charges to the undergraduate classes were delivered in very effective and beautiful words. Charge to the Juniors, by Katherine Hill; Sophomores, by Jennie Powell; Freshman, by Helen Easley; Kindergarten, by Annie Greene; Alumnae, by Irene Lacy, to which Miss Edith Butler responded very eloquently.

Our Prophet, Etta Peace, prophesied with such wit as to bring forth peals of laughter.

Of the most interesting features were the tokens presented to the Seniors by their sponsors, each token presented showing some well-known characteristic of the receiver, and causing much fun and merriment.

The burial services were solemnly sweet and somewhat funny as well, for we consigned to the dust the many woes that harass, remembering only the happy hours. After planting the ivy, Elizabeth Dinwiddie, Class poet, in clear, sweet tones read the poem, "Dedication to the Ivy." Then sadly sweet did the last song, "Alma Mater," sung to the tune of "My Old Kentucky Home," fall upon our ears:

While we lift our voices in unison to-day,
Yet deep in our hearts there are tears;
We must quit these scenes and wander far away,
Into paths that diverge through the years,
But however distant our steps are called to range,
On native or alien shores,
Ofttimes we'll come from visions that are strange,
And mingle here in memory once more.

REFRAIN.

A song for Peace, God bless her,
All join the glad refrain,
Though we journey on to the bounds of the world,
Our hearts will evermore with her remain, etc.



THE DRAMATIC CLUB

SHAKESPEARIAN RECITAL AT PEACE INSTITUTE

BY

MEMBERS OF THE GRADUATING CLASS,

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 12TH, 1904,

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

DUKE OF VENICE	Helen Brown
ANTONIO, The Merchant of Venice	Estelle O'Berry
BASSANIO, his friend	Mary Whitmell Bond
GRATIANO } friends to Antonio {	Marie Long
SALANIO } and to Bassanio {	Hazel Doles
SALERINO }	Minnie Lou Kelly
LORENZO, in love with Jessica	Gertrude Dills
SHYLOCK, a Jew, a money-lender	Daisy Eggleston
TUBAL, a Jew	Bula Brown
LAUNCELOT GOBBO, a servant	Maidie Allen
OLD GOBBO, father to Launcelot	Nora Pugh
SALERIO, a messenger	Bessie Covington
BALTHAZAR, a servant to Portia	Louise Blue
PORTIA, a rich heiress of Belmont	Katie Lee Banks
NERISSA, her lady in attendance	Annie Land
JESSICA, daughter to Shylock	Lucy Haywood

NOTE.—No attempt has been made at realistic staging or costuming.

The scenery is used merely to give a setting; and the costumes, to suggest the period.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—Venice; a street. SCENE 2.—Belmont; a room in Portia's house.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—Venice; a street. SCENE 2.—Venice; a street. Before Shylock's house.

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—Venice; a street. SCENE 2.—Belmont; a room in Portia's house.

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—Venice; a court of justice

ACT V.

SCENE 1.—Belmont; avenue to Portia's house.



SENIOR DRAMATIC CLUB

Newspaper Clippings.

Merchant of Venice at Peace Institute

The Raleigh public has learned to expect the best at Peace Institute, for when its doors are opened to the public the audience is never disappointed. The plays given at this famous old institution of learning have always been of a high order. The production of Saturday night was a more ambitious attempt than any before undertaken by the dramatic club, and we must say that for brilliance of costume and stage setting, for the beauty, gallantry, grace and dignity of the young actors, no amateur performance ever given in Raleigh has surpassed it, and few professional. The young actors showed not only remarkable dramatic instinct, but magnificent training.

For the latter they are indebted to Miss Edith Butler, the teacher of elocution in Peace Institute.

The event was an immense financial success, and the audience was most enthusiastic in praise of every detail.—*Raleigh Times.*

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Brilliantly Presented by Senior Dramatic
Club at Peace Institute.

"The Merchant of Venice," as presented by the Senior Dramatic Club of

Peace Institute, last night, was a brilliant success. It was received with enthusiastic applause by the large number of people who filled the auditorium.

The play was very effectively staged and unusual ability was displayed by the young ladies in their different roles.

The manner in which the brilliant costumes of the period were suggested was in exceeding good taste and it was without effort of the imagination that the spectators were transported to the scenes of the old time story.

The entire production was so good and each part so well sustained that it was difficult to decide who were the star actors. Miss Daisy Eggleston's interpretation of "Shylock" was remarkable—a role difficult to masculine interpretation.

Here, as in the character of Antonio, Bassanio, Gratiano and Lorenzo, the dramatic instinct displayed by the young ladies proved them actors of no mean merit.

As for the feminine roles they were characterized by all the grace, brilliancy and beauty possessed by the women of the times in which they lived.

Miss Madie Allen as Launcelot Gobbo was simply captivating, and led her poor old father a dance.

The success of the entire production is for the most part due to the very able training of Miss Edith Butler, who has charge of the Department of Elocution at Peace Institute. The audience was captivated by the production and their praise is enthusiastic.—*Raleigh News and Observer.*

The Dramatic.

Did you see that man kiss Annie?
Did you see him hold her hand?
Did you hear him swear he truly loved her
By the ring—with lifted hand?

REFRAIN.

'Twas all in the Dramatic,
The Dramatic—at—
'Twas all in the Dramatic—at;
There's *just* where it was *at*.

Did you see our lovely Lucy
In the garnish of a boy?
She it was forsook her father for him—
Filled Loreuza's heart with joy.—REF.

'Twas Estelle that played the hero.
She it was that risked her life
To satisfy the incarnate villain—
Bared her bosom to his knife.—REF.

Madie Allen used such language
That she took our breath away.
Talked of devils, and their daring deeds so,
That we shuddered—"Lack a day."—REF.

Did you see our Kate transfigured
To a lady grand and fair,
Robed in richest state—"lord o' her mansion,
Queen o' herself," and jewels rare?—REF.

Did you see Bassanio's passion?
Did you see her test him there?
See him choose at last, the leaden casket
Holding Portia's image fair?—REF.

Did you witness their embraces,
Hear his sighs and vows of love;
See her wiles and pretty winning graces?
Would you such soft arts reprove?—REF.

Did you hear the oaths they uttered;
Count the times they swore and swore;
'Twas for love, for friendship and for honor?
And 'twas in Shakspearean love.—REF.

Edith.

THE fair valley of the Shenandoah had been the scene of a fierce conflict; here the contending armies had met, fought, and passed on. The smoke of battle had lifted, revealing desolation and misery. Limbs had been torn from the trees and lay scattered about in mute testimony of the rage that filled men's hearts. Groans and piteous cries for "water" arose from all parts of the field, from lips that had uttered their last words, perhaps; eyes that perhaps would never see again the light of day, were turned longingly to the sun, setting in a maze of red and gold.

Soon the surgeons came, accompanied by many women from the near-by homes, who went about to comfort the wounded and receive the last words of the dying.

Several Union soldiers had fallen, only one was now living. From his uniform one would judge his rank to be that of a captain. He seemed to be suffering terribly; and, faint from the loss of blood, he lost consciousness. When he regained it, he saw bending over him a beautiful, dark-haired girl. The man smiled dreamily, probably thinking that this was a visitant from another world come to bear his spirit from his suffering body.

Edith Grisham soon proved herself of flesh and blood; ordering this Northern soldier to be carried with the Southern to her own home, the only place they could receive proper attention in that thinly-settled community. Although she knew her father would object to the stranger, she thought she could overrule his objections, as she usually did.

Capt. Hugh Leland, the Yankee officer, was not insensible to this great kindness, and thanked Edith profusely, to which she carelessly answered, "Oh, I can't leave a dog suffering; besides, we'll take good care that hereafter the South will have one less to fight." In this spirit, half of earnestness, half of pleasure in a new experience, Edith comfortably installed Captain Leland in her home.

Days passed; the Confederates improved daily, but for a long time Captain Leland lingered between life and death. He was a man of strong constitution, else the struggle would have ended fatally. When the fever was at its fiercest, he was dimly conscious of a comforting presence, and a cool, soft hand bathing his hot temples. And another vision came to him more elusive and vanishing

than the first, that of the curly head and brown eyes of one who said, "How is Captain Leland to-day, mother?"

All these pleasant dreams disappeared when he was at last pronounced convalescent; now the turbaned head of the negro waitress was very unlike his former impressions. He suddenly thought that his presence must be unwelcome, and resolved to leave as soon as possible.

In the meantime he could not shut his eyes nor lock his heart to the soft influences at work there. Edith's song and laughter rang through the old house like some half-forgotten music, recalling in echoes the voices of the high-born dames of the Revolution. Such a cheerful, twinkling laugh he remembered his mother to have had; and unconsciously he began to listen for her footstep, and miss it sadly when silent.

When Captain Leland was able to do so, Mr. Grisham invited him to join the family at their meals, for he had noticed the anxious look on the soldier's down-cast face.

These days spent in the society of one free from all social restrictions and as yet unconscious of her power, revealed his heart to him. Edith openly professed herself a staunch rebel and often worsted Captain Leland in an argument concerning the strife between the North and South, not by reason and logic, but by a trick of speech and manner that left him speechless.

It was such a new experience to this much sought-after society man. But at last he was able to travel, and the bright dream of those happy Summer days was broken.

He sadly said good-bye and turned to mount, when Edith, breaking a rose, impulsively said while handing it to him: "The South is like the rose, but remember there are thorns beneath the flower." He gallantly raised it to his lips and galloped away.

* * * * *

The war was ended. The once smiling valley of the Shenandoah was now a waste. Fences were gone, fields were uncultivated. The twang of the fiddle and the hum of the dancing feet were heard no longer from the negro cabins that had previously comprised a part of the Grisham estate. The servants were all gone except Edith's faithful nurse. Many and sadder changes had come over the once happy household. Father and mother both were gone. Edith was now the only representative of her family. The sad-eyed woman was quite different from the merry Edith of old; no more songs rang through the house, no smiles played around the mobile lips.

Again the sun is setting. A black-robed figure slowly wanders over the

once beautiful flower garden; she hears the swift beat of horses' feet, then the horseman turns in at the gate. At first she scarcely recognized in the handsome bearded stranger our friend, Captain Leland. After mutual enquiries and answers, he draws from his pocket a crumpled rose: "Edith, I have carried this little rose with me, and I have often felt the sting of the thorns on many battle-fields. Will you forgive me my share in causing the streams of blood that flow between us, and the graves of our dear ones; will you give me another rose without a thorn?" She looked up quickly, then dropped her eyes, saying nothing. "Let us join the North and South in a bond of peace and happiness," Captain Leland again pleaded. Shlyly she gathered a white rose and gave it to him. Then the moon shone from behind the clouds and flashed on the new-made graves and white monuments of her father and mother: "See, Hugh; they know and approve."

IVY VIRGINIA PRIDGEN.



True Love Letters of a Peace Girl.

DEAR MISS: You are as pretty as a peach, and as sweet as sugar. Your hair is beautiful.

Respectfully,

LOUISE.

BELoved: Three months more and our bliss will be complete. The weary days of Winter will soon be o'er, and the Springtime of our life will begin. Sweet-heart this indeed will be a Commencement, a commencement of all that is worth while in life. To-day as I walked through the meadow and saw the little violets nestling in the leaves, I straightway thought that even they would hide their heads could they see the violet of your eyes. Three months seem an eternity before I can look into them and read there, "I love you." Darling, no words can express my love for you, no tongue can tell how I adore you. I would turn back with "thee" even from the gates of Paradise; sweetheart, my heart is too full to say more, so sweet dreams and a loving good-night to you.

JOE NATHAN.

MY ESTEEMED FRIEND: Are you tired of blessed singleness? Why can't we wed? You have a good education and I make a dollar a day, and it looks to me like we might live mighty stylish and happy on that. I don't see why you can't love me—my last wife did, and they say I am better lookin' now than I was then.

My departed dear wife's fixens are all here and you can just step right in her shoes. Consider this well, and may I call third Saturday for my answer?

H. J. P.

Do not think me impudent, Miss, if I take the liberty to address you. For months I've hung around the corners and watched for you, hoping to catch a glimpse of your fair face. The year is almost over and I could not bear the thought of your going away, where I may never see you again, without letting you know of my love. Won't you be my "little sweetheart?" I love you.

AN A. & M'ER.

Found on the leaf of a hymn book:

To B. B.

"When I look into the skies,
Think I then of your blue eyes.
When I see the sun shine fair,
Think I then of your golden hair.
When I see the stars so bright,
Think I then of that first night.
When I lay me down to sleep,
Think I then of you, my sweet."

R., M., N. C., October 11th, 1903.

Miss B: Thinking about you and wishing to see you, I will now write a short letter, hoping it may be a pleasure to you to read it, if you can read my bad scribbling.

Sister is not at home now. We do not hear directly from you; we are always glad to hear from you.

I do not go as often to sing now as I did in the Summer. I went to O. L. to-day to Sunday school, spent the evening with Mr. T. I would not like to spend my life as lonely as he does. I think to have a nice partner would be so much better, don't you?

I often think of the box party at Mr. J.'s; I enjoyed it very much, but would have enjoyed much better but for J. L.

I had a nice time everywhere I went—if you were there. I wonder if you ever think of me; I hope so, at least. I will close, hoping to hear from you soon. I am, your true friend,
E. M. C.

PRECIOUS LOVE: I am sitting in an old walk thinking of you, and trying to imagine that you are by my side; but I can not. I never can feel as I did when you were here. Oh! if you were only here. I have taken walk after walk with other girls, but none of them were as pleasant as those I took with you. In other words, you are the most pleasant girl I have ever known. It seems years since you left; I don't think I can stand it much longer. I did not know what a sweet little girl you were until you left. You said you would give me something to remember you by; I would give anything if you would make it your photograph. I promise no being shall know I have it. I wish all the girls were like you, then this world would rival heaven. I mean that, so believe it is true.

Your lonely friend,

OH! DEAR ONE: If you were only with me to-night, and I could only have a nice little chat with you and tell you once more how dear you are to me. Many have been the changes since you were here, but through them all my heart remains true to you. Let us kindle again the flame of love upon the altar of sweet confidence, and, when the mists have cleared away, we will find the link in the chain of love has been strengthened. Since our separation I have never ceased to think of the many happy hours I have spent with you, and daily, yes, almost hourly, have the longings and feelings of my heart been wafted on unseen wings of love to you. Although we have been separated several years, and lately have been silent, my love for you has not waned in the least. I am still your ardent admirer and am just as much your lover to-day as yesterday. My heart pines for you.

Your lonely friend,



THE day was almost ended. In one of our large cities, Margaret Mourland, the great singer, sat in the soft glow of the twilight, dreaming. Only a few days before she had completed a successful tour abroad, and to-night she was to make her first appearance in America. For a time the concert was forgotten; she was thinking of the days of her early childhood. She could see the old farmhouse, the wide-spreading elms, and herself a happy child, running wild among the forests and the waving cornfields. But there was a touch of sadness in the picture, for mother was gone now, and the old home broken up. There was another who was connected with the old life. Had she forgotten the days when together they roamed through the meadows or gathered forget-me-nots, down by the brook? Had she forgotten the days when she lived the life of a simple, loving, country girl? She remembered well when she was first told that she had a wonderful voice—one that would move thousands. Then came the great longing to go out into the world; the ambition to become a great singer. He had begged her not to go; but her ambition led her on, and she chose fame instead of his love.

The succeeding years had held great things for her. Her fondest hopes were realized. Everywhere she had been received with the wildest enthusiasm. But was she satisfied?

It is the night of the concert. The Hall is crowded. The curtain is raised, and instantly everyone is hushed as the noted singer steps to the front of the stage. She sings again and again, and each time receives the wildest applause.

As she sings, suddenly her attention is attracted by a man, leaning forward, with every nerve strained, listening eagerly. Involuntarily she pauses in the midst of her song; her heart seems to stop beating. Every feature of the well-known face is imprinted on her memory. It is the same lad she told good-bye on the well-remembered day when she went out into the world to seek fame. Surely the

world is at her feet now. But again comes the question: Is she satisfied? She looked into his eyes and saw that he remembered; the old love-look was in his face, she knew that he had been true.

For a moment she paused; then she advanced a step, and still looking into his eyes, began the refrain of an old melody they had often sung in the Springtime, when all nature seemed in harmony with their love:

"A passionate longing fills me,
For the daisies, the dusk, and the dew,
For the beautiful Summer evenings,
For the moonlit talks—and you."

As she sang, the audience was swayed with every passionate rise and fall of her voice; never had it been sweeter.

It was over, the curtain fell; the lights were out. The people thronged from the building. But with one of the audience, life had just begun.

NELLIE HINES.



Punch and Judy.

Punch and Judy had been making a tour of America during the Winter months and now they were spending their Summer vacation in the mountains of North Carolina.

On this special occasion, Punch was stretched out, full length, in the hammock, and Judy had taken off her collar and was raising a regular *simoon* with her fan.

"Judy," said Punch, putting down his paper, "do you know anything about those Peace girls?"

"Yes," answered Judy, "I was there last year. You know I made my debut in their Senior play, and that was what put it into my head to travel and play *leading lady* with you, dear Punch," she added, with an affectionate twinkle in her eye.

"Of course! Of course!" assented Punch, in a pleased voice. "But tell me, who was the *prettiest* one up there?"

"O-h-h-h," said Judy, "I know all the girls, but the prettiest— Let me see."

"Well, Judy, of course I think you are the prettiest girl in the world; but who was considered the prettiest in school?"

"Now Punch, you old flatterer," and Judy fairly beamed upon him. "Well, I reckon Whit Bond was the prettiest."

"And who did you say was the sweetest?"

"Er-er-er, I don't like to say, Punch."

"You sweet angel, I know you were, but who did the others think?"

"Everybody thought Annie Land was the sweetest."

"When I used to go to the A. and M.," and Punch smiled at the recollection, "I used to have the greatest curiosity to know all about those pretty girls. Go get your Annual and tell me all about them."

Now this pleased Judy, for ever since she left Peace she had kept THE LOTUS of 1904 among her dearest treasures.

In a few minutes she came puffing back, with the book under her arm. She

seated herself comfortably and began to turn the leaves with lingering fingers. Punch watched her face with an amused smile as she began:

"Now, here is Mañie Allen. She was the cutest girl in school; and Louise Arrington! Ha! ha! ha!"—

Judy laughed until Punch commenced to fear that his greater half was ailing."

"What on earth is the matter?"

"Say, Punch—ha! ha! Didn't I ever . . . Ha! ha! show you . . . Ha! ha! ha!"—

"Show me *what?*" asked Punch, impatiently.

"That picture of Louise Arrington in her basket-ball suit," finally gasped out Judy.

"No, you never," said Punch.

"Well, I reckon I had better not show it to you," said the considerate wife, and she turned the page.

"The smartest girl was Estelle O'Berry. And here is dear little Minnie Lou Kelly! All the girls will tell you that she was the *best* girl in school. Miss Bettie Penick was making her a pair of very stylish wings. I don't know whether she ever finished them or not. Every time I see this picture I feel like putting my fingers in my ears," said Judy, getting real nervous at the recollection.

"Whose picture is it?" said Punch, anxiously.

"It's Gertrude Dills'. She was the noisiest girl you ever saw, but she was very witty with it all. Katie Lee Banks could make a racket, too. She was considered the handsomest girl in school."

"Judy, show me Irma Cobb's picture. When I was at A. and M."—

"Oh, Punch, did you ever dance with her? She was the grandest dancer at Peace Institute."

"Do you remember that day you all came over to dress parade?" asked Punch, with a sly wink. He knew she remembered it only too well. "The boys were talking about you all afterwards, and they thought Frankie Crall was the most stylish, also the neatest. You know, dear Judy, you are a little plump, but I always did like plump people," Punch added, judiciously. "The *most dignified* girl you all had was Hazel Doles. And the *baddest* was Annie MacGuire, but I didn't find that out. Some of the other boys guessed it, I reckon. But, Judy, you tell me something more."

"Oh, me, I am tired; but if you want particulars. I could tell you that Janette Moore had the biggest foot; and Roxana Williams was the greatest grumbler. Punch, you just ought to see Roxana! She could tell you more about yourself than you knew. She was the biggest gossip that ever napped ginger."

"Well, Judy, I'll bet you liked her."

"Punch"— And Judy looked at her partner in a hurt way.

"Judy, dear, I didn't mean any harm. I couldn't get along without you; you are the prettiest, sweetest, smartest, most original"—

"No; Daisy Eggleston was the most original girl at school. They never did appreciate my wit."

"Well, nobody could help *loving* you. I know you were the most *popular*."

"No; I had up some right severe *cases*, but Madie Allen was decidedly the most popular girl at Peace."

"Cases! What do you mean by cases?"

"Oh, don't you know? Well, you are behind the times. Alice Quinlan had up more cases than anybody I ever saw. But don't get me started on cases. I had one, and the candy, flowers, moonlight, and clean"— And Judy fell into a reverie from which Punch was loath to wake her.



Thoughts of An Alumna.

It's funny how we always know
What ought to have been,
When the opportunity is past,
The chance is come and gone.

If I were back at dear, old Peace
I know just what I'd do,
I 'd study all of study-hour
And some of day-time, too.

I 'd always be on time to meals,
And when those meals were through,
I would not steal the biscuits,
For that is wrong to do.

I 'd sweetly sing, on April Fool's
Hymn, fourteen-twenty-nine ;
And when we marched along to church,
I 'd always "keep in line!"

I 'd never sit upon the grass;
Classic music I'd adore.
I would not go to midnight feasts,
Eating peanuts by the score.

I would not chew my chewing-gum,
When teachers looked that way,
And when a question came to me,
I 'd guess just what to say.

I'd laugh at philosophic jokes
Till laughing brought a pain—
And then I 'd rest a little while
And chuckle once again.

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LOTUS STAFF



IDLE JESTS

Mary Allen

Yes
Yes

Idle Jest.

Mary Ledbetter (quoting from Shakespeare): "I am Sir Oracle, when I ope my lips let no other dog bark."

Estelle O'Berry is trying to find Tennyson's "Immemoriam."

Gertrude Dills (while studying the Constitution): "I wish old Joe Jefferson had never written the Constitution of the United States."

Minnie Sparrow (to clerk): "How much does a dime can of condensed milk cost?"

Miss Maney (in Astronomy class): "What time is it six hours after noon?"

Bessie Covington: "Why it's time for 'Moses,' about dark."

Nora Pugh: "You know, I never can remember what happened on the twenty-second of February."

Blanche Penny: "Doesn't predestination mean the baptism of little babies?"

Alice Quinlan says a practical joker is one who jokes all the while.

Clyde Daughtridge: "Girls, did you know I am going to the St. Louis Expedition?"

Miss Searcy: "He reminds me of Uriah Heap."

Frankie C.: "I don't think so. I see Uriah Heap in the Capitol Square every time I go out."

Teacher in Physics: "What property do all conductors have?"

Ada Edwards: "All conductors have big feet."

The Peace Faculty seems very much interested in the A. and M. ball team. Wonder why?

Bertie May tells us that at one time the Pope issued a Bull of Disposition.

Ask Jane Swift's friends if they enjoyed Mrs. Aycock's punch on the night of the Art reception.

Alice Quinlan insists on giving her roommate "aromatic pneumonia."

A little bird said to his mate, "I'll declare; if wireless telegraphy comes into vogue we'll have to sit on the air."

Miss Searcy: "Tell me what you know of Michael Angelo's life."

Jr.: "Why, he died on the dome of St. Peter."

Teacher: "How did those discoveries effect commerce?"

Bessie R.: "No, Ma'am."

Susie McGee: "Who founded the Baptist Church?"

Laurie Brown: "John the Baptist."

Why does Annie Long think all pretty little boys should be named William?

Whit. Bond: "I'd like to know where all my hair tonic has gone, for I have'nt used it but once."

Daisy Eggleston: "Why I've been putting it on my tooth brush to keep the hairs from coming out."

Miss Maney: "Which way does the earth move?"

Nora Pugh: "Why, it is turning from East to West here, but at the bottom of the earth it goes from West to East."

Teacher: "Tell me about the Niagara Falls."

Bessie C.: "Why, they are between Europe and New York."

Bertie May: "What is Thanksgiving for?"

Bessie R.: "Why, don't you know Christ rose on Thanksgiving Day?"

Frequently heard in room thirty-nine—not your George, but mine.

Miss Cole will not tell you who sent her carnations.

One of the art students, on being asked how many pictures she recognized at the art exhibit, answered, "Only one, my grandfather."

Teacher: "What effect did Cæsar's invasion have on history?"

Pupil: "Gracious only knows."

Miss Jones, on April 1st, patting the dummy at the spigot, "Dear, you must not get water after light bell."

Miss Nannie, passing by later, says to the figure: "Who are you?" No answer. Louder, "Who are you, I say?" Then getting very angry, she gives the figure a violent shake—and down comes the broomstick.





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216 FAYETTEVILLE STREET
RALEIGH :: :: NORTH CAROLINA

T. W. BLAKE

Jeweler



Repairing done in best manner and with dispatch

117 FAYETTEVILLE STREET

J. R. Ferrall & Company

Grocers



For Fine Goods in our Line

222 FAYETTEVILLE STREET

The name

Royster

on a box of candy corresponds with
the "Sterling" mark on silver

GO TO

BRETCH'S Ice-Cream Parlor and Bakery

For the best Ice-Cream and
everything in the Bakery Line

*Washington Bread
a Specialty*

FAYETTEVILLE ST., :: RALEIGH, N. C.



I eat at Dughi's



Oh, I don't

Dughi's Restaurant

Maker of all kinds of Plain and Fancy

Ice-Cream and Ices

CATERER FOR WEDDINGS, PARTIES, ETC.

Furnish China, Silverware, Linen, Etc.

All 'Phones, 123

RALEIGH, N. C.

Upchurch & Holder

LIVERY, BOARD

AND EXCHANGE

Stables



Carriages, Buggies, and Horses For Hire

At All Hours of Day or Night.

ALL 'PHONES, NO. 81

Terms Cash

SALISBURY STREET, REAR POST-OFFICE

RALEIGH, N. C.

Thomas H. Briggs & Sons

RALEIGH :: NORTH CAROLINA

HARDWARE

COOK STOVES AND RANGES

ALCOHOL STOVES

SCISSORS

POCKET KNIVES

S. W. P. THE GREAT HOUSE PAINT

JOHNSON'S FLOOR WAX

Paints of all kinds for decorating purposes

S H O E S

¶ Will make our store the leading house for all the latest and finest lines of shoes carried in Raleigh, and hope the young ladies will keep this fact in mind

POOL & ALLEN

RALEIGH :: NORTH CAROLINA

FRATERNITY PINS

¶ For nearly fifty years we have been manufacturing Fraternity Emblems of all descriptions, and the medals and pins worn by your fathers and grandfathers are as good to-day as when they left our establishment. ¶ Designs and estimates are furnished on application, and work is executed by the most skillful artisans.

GOLD AND SILVER

¶ Our stock of Jewelry and Silverware is the largest in the State with prices to suit every purse.

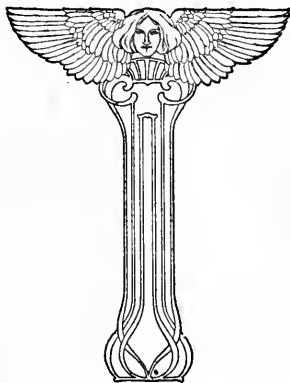
H. MAHLER'S SONS

ESTABLISHED 1858

Makers and Sellers of JEWELRY

RALEIGH :: :: NORTH CAROLINA

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