


The
LOTUS
1905







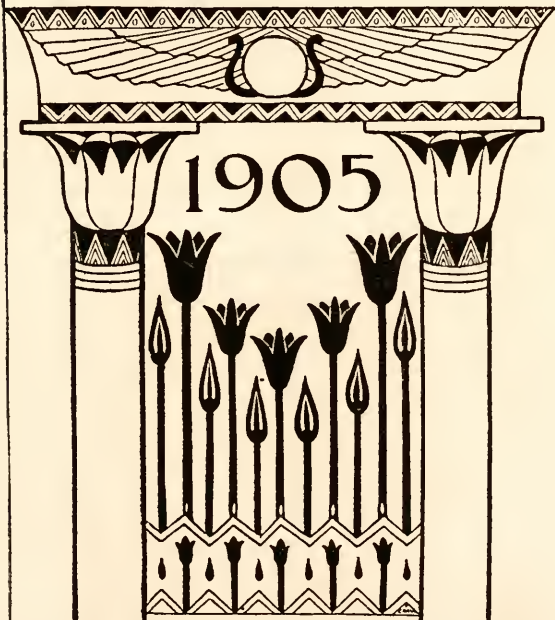
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THE LOTUS



VOL. IV

MCMV

Peace Institute Raleigh, N.C.

TO

James P. Hawley

Our much esteemed Director of Music, who has
won our highest respect by his able instruction
and ready sympathy in all plans
for work and pleasure
this volume is sincerely dedicated



JAMES P. BRAWLEY

Editor's Preface

IN presenting the "LOTUS" of 1905, we, as editors and friends, advise and beseech that you get out, rub clean, and put on your rose-colored spectacles before reading further.

'Tis true, this is a small volume, but it is the *great* result of long, laborious hours spent in giggling, singing, and sewing. If our readers could but know the hostile interruptions, the useless suggestions, the moth-eaten jokes, and the stupidity of our own brains, they would marvel at the outcome.

Our hardest work has been reading old magazines to see if the stories handed us are original.

We thought the load would become much lighter after two of the editors began cutting wisdom teeth, but our hopes had a tumble, because their brighter minds were clouded by grippe capsules.

Therefore we agree with everybody that this work is no good; but our one and only comfort is the old red comfort in room 34, to which we owe our inspiration and in which we have mingled our tears.

However, we hope that this, the freak of our fancies, will in after years keep alive the pleasant memories of our Alma Mater.

Editorial Staff

JANE SWIFT Editor-in-Chief

Σ φ κ

IVY VIRGINIA PRIDGEN Editor-in-Chief

E. L. S.

CLYDE WATSON Business Manager

NELLIE HINES Corresponding Editor

MYRTLE CONRAD Advertising Editor

ASSISTANT EDITORS

EDNA RICKARD ADA EDWARDS



EDITORS

Cyclopedia Facultania.

ABERNATHY, ANNIE, a successful teacher of the three R's (reading, riting and rithmetic). Born in Wake Forest. She shows great strength of both body and mind by her wise management of her unruly charges.

ANDERSON, EMMA V., violinist. Born in an old Dutch settlement in Pennsylvania, January 23, 17—. Her musical talents were early noticed, for at the age of three she sang perfectly the "Erl King" in the original. When she was but a child, she went abroad to study. While in Genoa, Italy, entered a violin contest with Paganini and came off victorious. By the soft strains of her violin she touched the heart of man and made him feel that heaven would be less heavenly should there be no "fiddles" there.

BRAWLEY, JAMES P., a famous American musician. Born April 1, 18—. In early childhood showed great talent for painting and music, but later devoted his entire life to the latter. He, like his companions, Leschetizky and Paderewsky, has immortalized himself. During his last years he suffered much from la grippe, but, with the help of his little gas-stove, bore it with heroic patience and little grumbling.

BUTLER, EDITH KINCAID, born north of the Mason and Dixon line. A playwright, palmist and expressionist. Proved herself a great heroine by conquering Alexander the Great; she ascended the throne February 15, 1905.

DAVIS, NANNIE, one of the greatest pianists the world has ever produced. Was born in Virginia, February 14, 18—. A remarkably precocious child; when only eight years old she wrote a sonata which, it is said, was so difficult that no

one could play it. At seventeen she began her career by playing "The Spinning Song" (Flying Dutchman) before a vast audience in New York. From this time on her fame was secure. She has composed little of real merit; it is as a pianist that she is chiefly known.

DINWIDDIE, JAMES, born in Virginia, 1800. Philosopher, mathematician, and patriot. In early manhood he joined the Confederate army, won distinction and rapid promotion. Killed 10,000 Yankees, remembers every name and recognizes each one of them when he meets them on the street. On January 13, 1820, swam across the Chesapeake Bay when it was frozen over. His one vain effort was to discover some compound to produce "low, soft voices." In his later life, as president of a girls' school, he zealously guarded, by the aid of his gold-headed cane, the reputation of those entrusted to his care.

DINWIDDIE, NANNIE CARRINGTON, born and reared in the Vatican. Her environment and intercourse with the best artists developed her into a well-known connoisseur. From early childhood she was filled with an intense desire to see the world. After traveling over Europe, Asia, and Africa, she came to America with the band of Pilgrims on the Mayflower. In this country she delivered to vast audiences her famous lectures on Greece and Grecian art.

JACKSON, FRANCES, born in Maryland; the exact date of her birth is not known. One of the greatest mathematicians of her day; could recite the table of logarithms from memory. The only woman from her State who was able to stand the Bryn Mawr matriculation examination. A noted teacher of English History. She has proven hot sea-water and cold bread the best diet for mathematicians.

JONES, LOVIE LEE, born February 20, 1812. A great teacher of instrumental music. Strongly advocates the Leschetizky method. Contemporary of Brawley and Davis. She is a graduate of the seven best conservatories of the United States. Her lectures on Harmony are highly esteemed and are used in all high-grade schools. She portrays by her music the beauty and nobility of her soul. On account of the date of her birth, she has had very few birthdays, consequently she is still a young lady.

LEIPOLD, MATILDA FREDRICKA, born July 4, 1776. A celebrated German sculptor and painter and a pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds. She far surpassed her master after a few years of study. Two of her most famous productions, "The Poppies" and "A Dutch Interior," are now in the Louvre at Paris. Her numerous lectures on Art History have recently been published. But her greatest fame rests in that she won the first prize in portrait painting offered by State Fair, Raleigh, N. C.

MANEY, MARTHA MURFREE, noted scientist and linguist. Born in Sunny Tennessee, March 12, 18—. A typical college girl of her time; entered into all its sports and frivolities. This life fitted her later on to become a conscientious and strict disciplinarian in a girls' college. She ranks with Copernicus in that, after repeated experiments, she discovered the effect of the moon upon the untied. In making researches into ancient languages she found casum is never in the objective.

McLAIN, ALYDA D., expressionist. Born 1855, Pittsburg, Pa. She first became known to the public when she so successfully filled the chair of English left vacant by Butler. She waved her magician's wand over vast audiences and swayed them at her will. She took the public by storm by her lively impersonation of Miss Matty in "The Ladies of Cranford."

McEMORE, HELEN, a soloist of rare power and personal charm, possessing dramatic talents not less remarkable than her vocal accomplishments. She

was born in Tennessee, November 18, 1884, of royal descent. She has been called the "Nightingale of America." She has spent most of her life in New York, where she was educated, and, later, taught successfully. After several years' teaching, she began a tour abroad, appearing repeatedly in England, Germany and Holland, showing her versatile powers in oratorios and miscellaneous music. Although still young, she is probably without a rival among living singers.

ROYSTER, EDITH, distinguished philosopher, pedagog and philanthropist. Born 55 B. C., in Egypt. The first words she uttered were the rhymed succession of the Kings of England. At two, she could repeat the whole of Mother Goose's Rhymes; could read Greek at four. She, with Herbart, lays great stress upon apperception and has helped to make known the importance of the correlation of studies. With her deep insight into human nature, she considers gratitude the rarest of all virtues. She has been truly called "One of the Wise Women of the East."

ROYSTER, MABEL, born 1900. Began teaching school at an early age, taught for years and still was a child. This being the case, it was necessary to send for her mother to give medicine during her illness. She is noted for the beauty of her "silver service."

STOCKARD, HENRY JEROME, a beloved Southern Poet. Born in North Carolina, March 22, 18—. His gentle manner and high intellectuality reveal themselves in his immortal verses. He has poured forth his high ideals and rich imagination in his "Fugitive Lines." As a teacher he has stamped upon his pupils the mark of his high thoughts and the low marks of his high examinations.

MOMENT, ALFRED H., a Canadian theologian; spent many years traveling in the old world and has since, by his histories of the Oriental Nations immortalized himself. At Peace Institute, he has the largest and most progressive Bible class in the South.

ON AN OLD PORTRAIT

Song, and the clash of castanets

Across the ages come,—

The silver chime of the tambourine,

And the soft guitar's ting-tum.

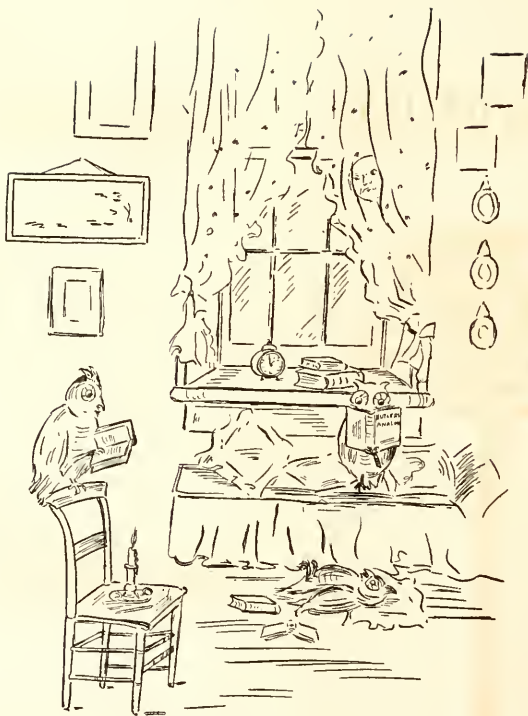
Moonlight, and the breath of roses,—

Castles and fees in Spain,—

Are mine once more, with never a trace

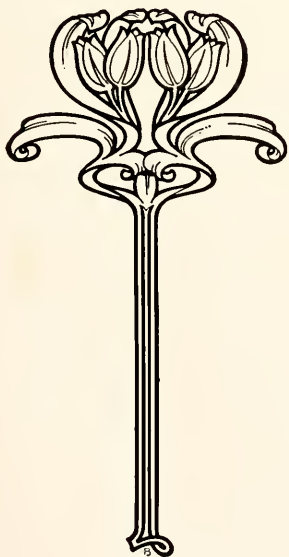
Of care and grief and pain

—Henry Jerome Stockard



Behind the Scenes

Class of '05



.....*President*

trouble is setting an example for
y is not followed. By questioning,
er. Has her own ideas and sticks
in *some* occasions.

.....*Vice-President*

believes in her own opinions as she
dvice free of charge. She has the
r up-to-date pronunciation is her

KATHERINE LOUISE BANNERMAN.....*Secretary*

One of these slow-moving creatures; can't even bat her eyes fast. Good-natured and accommodating. Spends her time drinking hot chocolate and going to the Raney Library. Has a good understanding and stands on it. Always found in her own room petting Douglas.

CORINNE MARTIN HARPER.....*Treasurer*

Four feet four, but thinks she is tall. Knows Butler's Analogy, but just can not express it. Teaching Arithmetic is her favorite occupation. Never known to be in a hurry, but leads a life of peaceful repose.



.....*Class Poet*

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l "hate." Manager of the Elm
she never says two words when



.....*Historian*

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IVY VIRGINIA PRIDGEN.....*Class Poet*

Small in appearance, but great in reality. Has the ability to rhyme anything, even the words "love" and "hate." Manager of the Elm City crowd. Quiet and industrious; she never says two words when one will do.

MINNIE SHEPHERD SPARROW.....*Historian*

Is unusually tall for an American sparrow. Animated even to the soles of her new shoes. Thinks little and talks much. Is subject to spontaneous impulses when asked a question; but she is a bright little girl, anyway.

JANE REBEKAH SWIFT.....*Prophet*

A Jane of all trades. Good bluffer; looks most intelligent when she knows the least. A great favorite of the powers that be. For her well-known ability in drawing caricatures, refer to Mr. B—. Always ready with a bigger yarn than the one last told. Cheerful, sarcastic, and altogether lovable.

MARY LOUISE FINLEY.

Appears to be very dignified, but goes wild on third Saturdays. She has managed to grow very wise and tall by consuming baskets of fruit. Always roots to the bottom of things, but still keeps on top. "Expresses herself like a man."



1 on Mellin's Food six months,
3. Having her picture painted
: fond of her. One would have
achine to ruffle her.



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Always roots to the bottom of things,
herself like a man."



MATILDA STEINMETZ.

A fair example of a Titian beauty. Fed on Mellin's Food six months, now she weighs nearly eighty-five pounds. Having her picture painted has demoralized her. Little boys are quite fond of her. One would have to run her through the gatherer on the machine to ruffle her.

MARY LAURA SHERRILL.

Noted for her cases. "Every morning she brings them violets which at daybreak she has culled." Thinks she is too young to graduate. Can be traced by her headaches. Has untiring and never-dying devotion.

KATHERINE MACPHERSON SIKES.

Is in a constant struggle between lessons and Cupid. Gets more love-letters than any girl in school. Goes to see mamma every Sunday. She broke a chair in the parlor one third Saturday. In her work-basket she keeps all necessaries, from a can-opener to a mouse-trap.

INA ALICE GARRISON.

To add to her Senior dignity she put on spectacles. Makes full use of her privileges. She is an entire failure without Katie. It is not her fault that she can't see through Analytics and Astronomy; it is only the fault of her spectacles.



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I Jackson, hence her stability.
by the girls.



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fault that she can't see through
the fault of her spectacles.



PAULINE HILL.

Our sole representative from West Raleigh. Unusually brilliant for one so dark. Closely related to Stonewall Jackson, hence her stability. The situation of her home is much envied by the girls.

BERTIE CHRISTINE MAY.

The only flirt in Senior Class. Chief occupation grumbling about long lessons, and fussing with her roommate. Excels all in cramming. Got her name in the paper by being robbed of her purse.

BUENA VISTA SPRUILL.

A lover of "peace;" a gentle, harmless creature who never gets into a stew. Has her ideal before her daily and tries to live up to the standard. Drives her roommates to desperation by her old-maidish ways. Her singing and her speech afford a contrast between the loud and soft.

ROBERTA C. THACKSTON.

Attends to everybody's business as well as her own; consequently this heavy burden stunted her growth. She is never at a loss for a word, for "things of that kind" tells all she knows. Much talking is her specialty, and it wins good marks for her, too.



Class of 1905

house.
1901.

am that I needn't feast any more on the summer-time sure enough. As a rooming with two little Freshmen. I don't, but I'll tell you why I chose to eat in their rooms; second, the reason. I felt sorry for them this year. They were making funny sounds. They screw up their faces. I heard one of the big girls say, "I don't know what that is, but I don't know what that is, but I'm hungry. If I thought they were I'd—"



freshmen last year, but the other rats are gone. The Freshmen have come again, but they call themselves Sophs. I don't want to stay with them and see what they'll turn into. They seem to feel very sorry for themselves and whine any time. They've got one called Sherrill, but they only had a note saying

they have outgrown their old names. As Seniors, they are *it*. I don't know if anybody say it up here, so I suppose I'll say funny things. They seem to forget such big words—psychological, for lives in a high and mighty Senior's room in the Olivia Raney Library.

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Biography of the Class of 1905

Written by a Mouse.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1901.

THE girls have come back! How glad I am that I needn't feast any more on empty rooms. I take my vacation in the summer-time sure enough. As I said, the girls have come back. I am rooming with two little Freshmen. They aren't fond of me, little Freshmen are not, but I'll tell you why I chose them: First, they have a greater variety of foods in their rooms; second, the higher classes are hard on the little Freshmen. I felt sorry for them this year. Sometimes on my rounds at night I hear them making funny sounds. They screw up their faces and it rains out of their eyes. I heard one of the big girls say, "They're homesick," and just laugh about it. I don't know what that is, but I suppose they are homesick when they are hungry. If I thought they were I wouldn't eat their good things at night. Well—

SEPT. 16, 1902.

I wrote some more about those little Freshmen last year, but the other rats got hungry last summer and ate the papers up. The Freshmen have come again, but the funny part is, they are not Freshmen any more, but call themselves Sophs. I liked them so much last year that I'm going to stay with them and see what they do this year. There's no telling what they will turn into. They seem to feel very important from what I hear, and they don't screw up their faces and whine any more. Did you ever hear of a Class Pres-i-dent? They've got one called Sherrill or something. I looked her up in the dictionary, but they only had a note saying she was too big to go in.

DEC. 1, 1903.

I am still living with the Freshmen, only they have outgrown their old names and are Juniors. Next to those great big Seniors, they are *it*. I don't know whether that's a good word or not, but I heard somebody say it up here, so I suppose it's all right. The Juniors do all sorts of funny things. They seem to forget that they were ever Freshmen. They use such big words—psychological, for instance. I asked a friend rat of mine, who lives in a high and mighty Senior's room, what that meant and he said I'd find it in the Olivia Raney Library.

They have another Pres-i-dent named Swift. I looked that up and it was "moving with high velocity." I looked that up twice to be sure I was right.

MARCH 23, 1905.

You know the old saying, "Stick to your principles." I've stuck to my same little Freshmen for four years. I know what's the matter now, too, because I heard one of them say it, one who studies Pedagogy, so she knows. It may be a secret, but anyway they've got the consummation of hopes. I suppose that's like cases. Some of the girls have cases, you know.

I am a learned mouse—my mother said so. In fact, all Peace mice are; but I don't know what all these things mean, and I've worn the dictionary leaves thin. Butler's Analogy, for example—I think that must be an A. and M. boy from the way they talk about it.

Seniors can go out by themselves, too; I suppose that's because they are old and won't get hurt. I heard them say something about "sadness of parting." I wonder if that means parting at the banquet? I know what that means, and they are going to have one. I shall go after they leave, if the weather and cats permit.

A Dillsboro Dills is Pres-i-dent now. I suppose they won't change again. The dictionary said about her: "From Dillsboro, see below."

My Freshmen have the consummation of hopes, so I'll go to another room and look for some cheese. Squeak——

A PEACE MOUSE.



The Prophet's Soliloquy

WELL I just can not write a prophecy. I have tried and tried. I wonder if I can get somebody to do it for me? Why, I have stayed awake until one o'clock for the last few nights trying to plan some great future for us all. Sixteen of us! It will take me from now until commencement to write it and the Annual material will have to go off to-morrow. What can I say?

Now there is Minnie, with one summer's experience in teaching. Of course she will be the "Jean Mitchell" of our Class. I can see her now in her country school drawing cat-tails on the board to amuse the little ones, while her history class impatiently wait to tell her what they have learned from the seventeen different histories she had given them.

And Louise—what must I say about her? I believe I'll knock on the wall and ask her what she expects to do. But everybody knows that she is going to do some great work by organizing literary clubs and writing love stories for the North Wilkesboro *Hustler*.

Marie is going to Emerson to get another diploma, and then she is sure to turn out a full-fledged society woman, until she meets a man that she intuitively knows is "the one." Then her happy career will end.

Pretty little Matilda has posed so much for artists lately that I wouldn't be surprised to see her turn into a marble statue at any minute.

Oh, law! I do wonder which one of Corinne's capabilities she will choose to develop, but that talent of hers for playing the fiddle is sure to make her famous even before she dies of chronic starvation.

Poor Bertie May! I am afraid she will let some man snatch her fortune away from her, especially if she doesn't keep a better hold on it than she did on her chewing-gum and that five-dollar bill.

No doubt there is a brief but brilliant career in store for Pauline, for within a year she will run away with an A. and M. cadet; but I'll wager she carries Butler's Analogy as well as her prayer-book.

Let's see, there are Katie and Ina. I shall certainly have to write them up together. Katie's lover has gone back on her, and Ina will never marry if Katie can't, so there is nothing left for them to do but to be missionaries to Africa.

Now when Miss Royster gets married there is nobody who can take her Philosophy class except Roberta, and that is a great future for her. To be a member of the Peace Faculty is no small matter.

But do tell me what will become of Katie Bannerman; she has been in love with three different boys since Christmas, and if things go at that rate she will be married next fall, so she says.

If Ivy lives through the writing of the Class poem my opinion is she will be ready to retire from public life. She has begged me to call her the old maid of our Class, and I guess she will be one all right. What a blessing it is that she is resigned to her fate.

I wonder who can tell me what there is in the future for Buena? I know she will never be a trained nurse, nor a school teacher, nor a bride, and what is there left? Oh, I know; she'll be a "screamer donna." That is a lucky thought.

What a relief there are only two more left—Mary and Gertrude.

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
What can I say of you?
A woman you'll be of high degree,
A lover you will have
From across the sea
And that's what I'll say of you."

And Gertrude, bless her bones, I wonder what she will do! I know she is going to Cornell, for she is so ambitious. But she will surely marry a Yankee or somebody to get out of taking her final examinations.

Oh, dear! there is the bell. I must hurry to the studio and finish that picture or I will never be anything.



LAST WORD

*When the roses bloom again,
And the birds so sweetly sing
In the halcyon days of spring,
We say good bye.*

*Then life's lesson will begin
And we'll feel a child again
Learning by experience dear
Our life duties.*

*But we must not look with fear
To a future hard and drear,
But with light and joyous heart
To a glad reunion.*

*Now our eyes are filled with tears
As we look our last good-bye
To the columns white and high
Of dear old Peace.*

*Let loving words be spoken
And some sweet memory's token
Give unto the dear sixteen
Before we part.*

*May each life be bright and glad,
May some blessing around each head,
May our eyes be ever turning,
To the sunset shore.*

CLASS POET.

Class of 1906

COLORS
Gold and White

FLOWER
Daisy

MOTTO
Fideli certa merces

MARGIE SCOTT *President*
ALICE QUINLAN *Vice-President*
ADA EDWARDS *Secretary*
ETHEL WARREN *Treasurer*
METTA GULLEY *Historian*

ELIZABETH O'KELLY

ELSIE GRIFFIN BEULAH DILLS

JESSIE BUMPAS MYRTLE CONRAD

BESSIE GORDAN

CORINNE DOLES SALLIE LYON

JEANNETTE MOORE JENNIE PROCTOR

FANNIE MAY SIDBURY



The Junior Class bloomed like a rose in September
To be shattered alas by the storms of November.
Staunch, steadfast, and true, three petals remained,
And by these faithful ones the prize will be gained.



JUNIOR CLASS

History of the Class of 1906

SOPHS no more, but dignified Juniors; we have worked hard, and have risen step by step until we are now almost Seniors. We have almost reached the summit of our ambition, and stand upon the high pedestal of Juniorship, looked upon by the whole school; by the Seniors with disgust, by the Sophs with respect, and by the Fresh with envy.

By our deeds we shall be remembered, but they are so great and many that they can not be mentioned, and will be appreciated only when we are gone.

At the head of our Class stands our President, Margie Scott, the shining light in all things. Next our Vice-President, Alice Quinlan, will always be remembered in Junior English as the "fierce fighter of the North," for in all arguments she displays her true Yankee blood. Neither will Ada Edwards be forgotten as Secretary.

We must not fail to mention our "blushing set" in English, consisting of Jessie Bumpas, Fannie May Sidbury, Annie Montague and Lady Doles. We are justly proud of Bessie Gordon, who can master the whole of Junior English in one day's lesson. When asked by Mr. Stockard to tell her *thoughts* on the subject, Bessie clears her throat and begins: "Well-er, Mr. Stockard, I don't believe I can." Alas for Ina Weill! Her book can never be found, and she has to seek knowledge elsewhere.

We are not without our talkers and gigglers, the leaders of this craft being Elizabeth O'Kelly, Beulah Dills, Sallie Lyon and Metta Gulley, who are generous enough to let the better-prepared ones of the Class answer their questions, with the exception of Sallie Lyon, who can always find a word to say about Irving's "Evangeline."

Our quiet and energetic ones, Ethel Warren, Elsie Griffin, Myrtle Conrad, Jennie Proctor, and Jeannette Moore, will help sustain our reputation.

So ends the history of the Junior Class. May a long and prosperous life be yours, and may you redound much credit unto yourselves and to your Alma Mater.

HISTORIAN.



Class of 1907

FLOWER

Lily of the Valley

COLORS

Light Blue and White

MOTTO

Semper Fidelis

CLAUDE CALDWELL	<i>President</i>
MARY CLARK	<i>Vice-President</i>
EMMIE HAYWOOD	<i>Secretary</i>
SUE BETTIE READE	<i>Treasurer</i>
MODDIE ELLINGTON	<i>Historian</i>

GLADYS WELLS

KATE TATE

BLANCHE PENNY

LILLIAN FIELDS

DORETHA FARMER

LOUISE ARRINGTON

ANNIE MONTAGUE

LOIS EDWARDS

HELEN FLIPPEN

ANNIE FARMER

JESSIE THOMPSON

DOUGLAS HAND

KATHLEEN WALKER

ANNIE YOUNG

STELLA ARTHUR

MARY KING

PEARL LEWIS

ALICE GORDON

MARY MCLEAN

MATIE WARREN

EMMA KELLY



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore History

I SHALL only try to give you a faint idea of the Class of '07, for no one less than a Macaulay can do it justice. It is about the largest and most "heterogeneous" class in school, as all sizes, ages, nationalities of the "fairer sex" are represented. For instance, there are our "Texan cowboy" and "Florida peaches."

Not unlike former Soph Classes at Peace, we thoroughly enjoyed Adam's European history, to say nothing of "Mr. Trench," to whom we were joyfully introduced, after having become thoroughly acquainted with lovely (?) little "Etymology," for the introducer of which Mary is still pining. We have borne our parts well so far, however, and have come out with the determination, as our yell shows, "to 'bust' this bubble in two more years."

We must not forget that during the year we have had our trials as well as the above-named pleasures, for several months before the close of the session those awful children's diseases—chicken-pox, measles, and mumps—raged in our Class. They were dreadful, however; more for those weary three weeks in the infirmary rather than their fatality. Nevertheless, a good example was set by our diligent student, Louise, who during her imprisonment was not too sick to study her parallel histories of King (?) Arthur and Pope (?) Gregory.

Let me remind you before I forget it that our only "case" was Ruth and Stella, and that Miss Jackson's only "pet" was Pearl, who never failed to work her Math.

Now Gladys received a package so neat
(It must be the cause of her looking so sweet.)
'Twas a box of candy not less than a seven pound,
I think it was kind of her for she passed it around,

I would like to tell you about the other members of our Class, but I am afraid I will make this history too long, for we are only entitled to a "sketch."

HISTORIAN.



Class of 1908

COLORS

Pink and White

FLOWER

La France Rose

MOTTO

"Do Little, Know Little"

LUCILE DRAUGHN	<i>President</i>
MARY FOSTER	<i>Vice-President</i>
FRANCES SHARP	<i>Secretary</i>
LOUISE WRIGHT	<i>Treasurer</i>
ELISE AMIS	<i>Historian</i>

MEMBERS

EUGENIA CLARK	EMILY HAUKINS
MARY ROBINSON	GLADYS McLEMORE
AMELIA STOCKARD	BESSIE MUSE
BENNIE McADEN	SALLIE ^W PITT
EDITH POU	CLYDE DAUGHTRIDGE
CLYDE MOORE	SUE LONG
PATTI LEE	MAUDE WEEKS
FLOSSIE FITZGERALD	ANNIE DUCKETT
LUCILE MOORE	MIRIAM JOHNS
MARY HARDISON	MARTHA PEARL HOLLOMAN
LEILA ALVAREZ	



FRESHMAN CLASS

The History of the Freshman Class

WE were enjoying the finest summer imaginable when suddenly one evening we found ourselves at Peace. We spent a very quiet night until about daybreak when we thought we heard something that sounded like the fire-bell. We went tumbling down the stairs, but were informed that it was only "Moses" ringing for us to get up.

The first week Miss Nannie took us all around the city and showed us what *she* called the public buildings. When we came to a big red house we were told that it was the Governor's mansion. Of course we did not know what it meant, so when we came home we looked in a book that said a "mansion" was a large house. We were very much discouraged, for we had already seen that it was a big house.

One Saturday we were told that we would be initiated into the societies that night. We did not know what that big word meant either, but we can certainly tell you now.

All went on very well until we went home Christmas and brought our trunks back full of good things to eat.

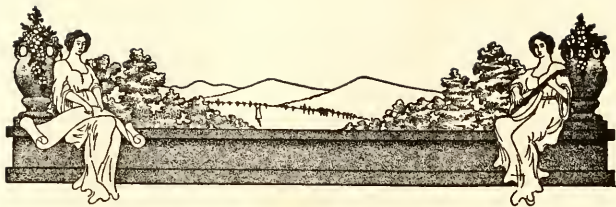
After we had been here a long time we went to see the famous Thomas Jefferson play "Rip Van Winkle," and with all of our knowledge of grammar we were very much shocked when he said to one man, "How you was?"

We also went to see the Governor inaugurated—another big word—and were happy to see the man who lived in the "big red house."

We have made "fudge" and done everything that schoolgirls know how to do, and feel quite educated, as we have been to the Legislature and seen the Governor and his "big red house."

Good-bye for this time. We are Freshmen no more, for next year our Class will be known as Sophomore.

M. W. F.



These are the girls
Who strum, strum, strum,
They deafen all ears,
With their drum, drum, drum.

But with all their
Drum, drum, drumming,
And hour to hour
Strum, strum, strumming.

With heavy sighs
As they drum, drum, drummed
They won the prize
Of the strum, strum, strummed.



SADIE ELIAS



NELLIE HINES



IRMA COBB



ANNIE LONG



CORINNE HENKEL



Special Students

ATTIE FIELDS

EULA K. HOOD

CLYDE WATSON

MARY LEDBETTER

EDNA RICKARD

PASSY FETNER

JEAN JACKSON

MARY MERCER

LILY HELEN PAIR



THE PEDAGOGUES

*The Pedagogues by their deep learning
Have tried to turn the world around,
By inductive reasoning prove old Plato
To know no more than any clown.
Within their brains the theories turning,
They plan to teach the future school;
To give the child for knowledge yearning,
Pestalozzi's method and his rule.*

*No more he'll learn his A, B, C, D,
But versed in all the classic lore,
Will be too wise to think Columbus
Discovered us when he sailed o'er.
Will those of you who've been to college
Pray tell us now what we must do
When this sage class of all our knowledge
Has made a great big Brunswick stew?*

ONE ROSE, ONE WORD, ONE LOOK

One rose—

The poorest you would lay upon my breast
If I were gone,—
Give it me now, O friend!

One word—

The least approving you would speak of me
Were I no more,—
Give it me now, O friend!

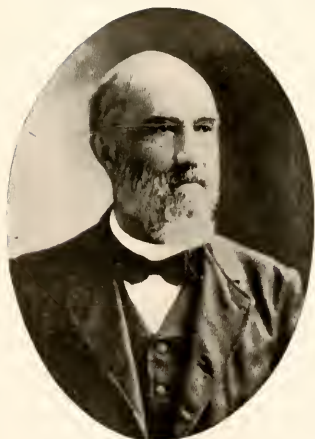
One look—

Of all the coldest you would bend on me
If I were dead,—
Give it me now, O friend!

One rose,—

One word, one look, for me now striving here,—
If none at last!
Give it me now, O friend!

—HENRY JEROME STOCKARD



OUR PRESIDENT



MISS ELLANEOUS

Erosophian Literary Society

COLORS

Purple and Gold

MOTTO

Mere Licht

FLOWER

Pansy

CORINNE HENKEL *President*
 MARY MERCER *Vice-President*
 JEAN JACKSON *Secretary*
 SAYDIE RICHARDSON *Treasurer*

LEILA ALVAREZ DORETHA FARMER
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 CLAUDE CALDWELL FLOSSIE FITZGERALD
 CLYDE DAUGHTRIDGE INA GARRISON
 CORINNE DOLES ELSIE GRIFFIN
 LUCILE DRAUGHN EMILY HANKINS
 ADA EDWARDS MIRIAM JOHNS
 LOIS EDWARDS BERTIE MAY
 GLADYS McLEMORE
 MARY MERCER MAUDE WEEKS
 LUCY NORVILLE EDNA RICKARD
 LILY PAIR FRANCES SHARP
 BLANCHE PENNY KATE SIKES
 SALLIE PITT BUENA SPRUILL
 IVY PRIDGEN AMY STOCKARD
 SUE BETTIE READE KATE TATE
 JESSIE THOMPSON



EROSOPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY



If I could love and you could love,
And we could love each other,
We would, by far, much happier be
Than she who loves another.

But I do love and you do love
And we don't love each other.
How wretched and unfortunate they
Who always love another.

Sigma Phi Kappa Society

MOTTO

Vita sine literis mors est

COLORS

Yale Blue and Old Gold

FLOWER

Carnation

LOUISE FINLEY	<i>President</i>
CORINNE HARPER	<i>Vice-President</i>
GERTRUDE DILLS	<i>Secretary</i>
ALICE QUINLAN	<i>Treasurer</i>
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LOUISE WRIGHT	MARTHA PEARL HOLLOMAN
BEULAH DILLS	MARIE LONG
NELLIE HINES	FANNIE MAY SIDBURY
ANNIE FARMER	RUTH FEATHERSTONE
KATHERINE BANNERMAN	ELSIE STOCKARD
ALICE GORDON	MARY HARDISON
DOUGLAS HAND	ETHEL WARREN
ELIZABETH O'KELLY	MATIE WARREN
EULA WOOD	MARY FOSTER
CLYDE WATSON	HELEN FLIPPEN
IRMA COBB	CLYDE MOORE
MARY LEDBETTER	GLADYS WELLS
JANE SWIFT	BESSIE GORDON
MARGIE SCOTT	SALLIE LYON
SUE LONG	STELLA ARTHUR
MARY ROBINSON	LOUISE ARRINGTON
JEANNETTE MOORE	PEARL LEWIS
ANNIE LONG	LILLIAN FIELDS
MARY McLEAN	MYRTLE CONRAD



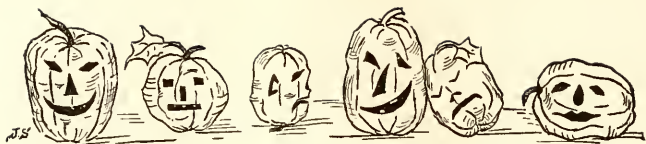
SIGMA PHI KAPPA SOCIETY

Y. W. C. A.

CLYDE WATSON	President
IVY PRIDGEN	Vice-President
NELLIE HINES	Secretary
LILY PAIR	Treasurer
LOUISE FINLEY	Cor. Sec'y

MISSIONARY SOCIETY

LILY PAIR	President
ELISE AMIS	Vice-President
LOUISE FINLEY	Secretary
MARIE LONG	Treasurer



A Set of Mary "Punkin" Heads

MARY ROBINSON

MARY HARDISON

MARY MCLEAN

MARY LEDBETTER

MARY MERCER

MARY FOSTER



One-Half Dozen

IVY PRIDGEN

LUCILE MOORE

DOROTHY FARMER

ELISE GRIFFIN

CORINNE DOLES

LUCILE DRAUGHN

Peace Gas Company

Hot air served at all times

President MARY FOSTER

Vice-President MARTHA PEARL HOLLOMAN

Secretary . . . CLAUDE CALDWELL

Treasurer . . . LILLIAN FIELDS

STOCKHOLDERS

ELISE AMIS

MYRTLE CONRAD

ADA EDWARDS

MARY McLEAN

KATE TATE

ELIZABETH O'KELLY

LEILA ALVAREZ

GLADYS WELLS

EULA HOOD

MARY LEDBETTER

NELLIE HINES



Chorus Class

GERTRUDE DILLS	CLYDE WATSON
MARIE LONG	STELLA ARTHUR
LILY PAIR	ADA EDWARDS
SADIE RICHARDSON	MARTHA PEARL HOLLOMAN
MARY MERCER	ELIZABETH O'KELLY
KATE TATE	SUE BETTIE READE
CORINNE HENKEL	MAUDE WEEKS
MARY FOSTER	LEILA ALVARZ
ATTIE FIELDS	LOUISE ARRINGTON
ELIZABETH FARMER	'INA WEILL
MARTHA APPLEWHITE	

Quarterly Report

NAME.	DEPT.	REMARKS.
SALLIE PITT	99¼+	" Better late than never."
CLYDE WATSON	50	" Change that discontented look."
GERTRUDE DILLS	33½	" She speaks with understanding."
JESSIE THOMPSON	10	" The wrath of Achilles."
INA WEILL	0+0	" Rivalry of two brothers."
CORINNE HARPER	—0	" My mind to me a kingdom is."
ROBERTA THACKSTON	100+	" I know too much already."
PATTI LEE	30	" She moves a goddess and she looks a queen."
DOUGLAS HAND	3	" The rock of Gibraltar."
ADA EDWARDS	100	" Vile and full of sin, she is."
KATIE SYKES	66¼	" ' My face is my fortune, sir,' she said."
MATTIE WARREN	22	" If her hair and brain should change, bald-headed she would be."
KATIE BANNERMAN	5	" Like Brer Terrapin, slow but sure."
MARY MERCER	10	" Little but loud."
LUCY NORVILLE	99 9-10	" No rest for the weary."
IVY PRIDGEN	0+	" Whose little body lodged a mighty mind."
CLAUDE CALDWELL	—50	" Sing on, sweet bird."
MARIE LONG	77	" Wise in her own conceit."
EDNA RICKARD	15	" Come day, go day, God bring Sunday."
MARGIE SCOTT	100	" A rag, a bone, and a hank of hair."
BESS GORDON	—18	" To one thing constant <i>never</i> ."
JANE SWIFT	13	" Not to the swift is the race for breakfast."



*THE KING AND QUEEN OF HEARTS
AT HOME
FEBRUARY THE FOURTEENTH
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIVE.
SEVEN-THIRTY O'CLOCK.
ESCORT WILL CALL.*

E. L. S.

AT the hour appointed, masked cavaliers called for the guests and conducted them to the parlors, where under crimson canopies, arrayed in royal robes glittering with jewels, the King and Queen of Hearts sat to receive their loyal subjects.

Accompanying the King and Queen were ladies in waiting and a court clown, who added to the merriment of the evening. A program of diversions suitable to the occasion gave ample opportunity for love-making—the occupation of the evening—and the King and Queen bestowed upon each fair lady a crimson heart for each proposal with which she had been honored.

Dainty ices in heart shapes were served during the evening.

Come to My Party



*Master George Washington
Wants all his little friends with him
Monday Evening
At Half-Past Seven
To Celebrate his Twelfth Birthday,
February the Twenty-Second,
Seventeen Forty-Four.*

Σ Φ Κ



By a slight trick of the imagination and a bit of the costumer's art, George Washington was only twelve years old this year to the girls at Peace Institute. Mrs. Washington and a few of her friends spared no pains to make the evening one never to be forgotten. Of course, for such young folks, as many of the guests were, some of the faithful "mammies" had to be present to keep them in proper trim and "minded of their manners." Games of long ago and a real old-time party of candies, cakes, sugar and spice and all things nice were enjoyed until a reasonable hour.

Before the children dispersed, the "mammies" and the men servants deigned to make themselves merry for the entertainment of "the quality"; so that these children of a later generation saw with their own eyes a reproduction of the days "befo' de war," now, alas, found only in song and story.

A Joke

IT had been a warm July day, and as the afternoon waned and the sun disappeared behind the western hills, the change was gladly welcomed by the young man and woman driving slowly along the pleasant country road. The buggy-top was thrown back, and the soft summer breeze was gently fanning their faces, causing Alice's black, wavy hair to flutter from beneath her wide-brimmed straw hat. The young man was, for the fiftieth time since they had left the picnic grounds, mentally taking note of the beauty of the girl beside him. Her dark blue eyes held an irresistible charm, while the bewitching dimples in her rosy cheeks and the beautifully-curved mouth made a picture altogether too lovely for this love-sick young man; yet his courage failed him when he attempted to tell her of his love.

This was Edward Gordon's last day at home; his short month's vacation over, he must leave to-morrow to take up again the dull routine of work.

As the two rode along his heart sank deeper and deeper every moment, for what chance had he of winning this fair girl, when every other man for miles around was her devoted admirer? She had shown him very plainly, he thought, that she did not care for him, and why, he bitterly asked himself, make their last hour together unpleasant?

Ah! if he had only known what his companion was thinking of also. To-morrow—how she dreaded to see it come! Alice realized for the first time that the short time she had known Edward Gordon was long enough for her to know she could love no other. It is true she had treated him rather distantly, but it was due to her maidenly reserve and her consciousness of having given her love as yet unasked.

The last beams of the setting sun, with its golden glow on field and forest, had given way to the first soft shades of twilight. Both occupants of the buggy, lost in meditation, had allowed the horses to take their own way, until suddenly brought to a stand by their stopping to take a mouthful of tempting leaves on a bough near-by. The lines were hastily gathered up, and as the two realized that the rest of the party had left them far behind, the horses were started at a brisk gait. As if ashamed of their long silence, they began discussing the events of the day, and Alice was telling in an animated manner of a practical joke she had

played on her brother, and how she daily expected him to repay it, when they neared the toll-gate.

Uncle Ned, the old negro gate-keeper, had known Edward Gordon ever since he had been a tiny boy, and always took a great interest in him, especially now since he was going "a-courting," as the old man termed it.

On this particular evening Uncle Ned was standing at the gate, evidently expecting the young couple, and as they drove up he threw open the gate with a flourish, and without noticing the proffered toll, said:

"Mars' Ed, I sho' do want to 'gratulate you on catching such a pretty young gal for your lady. She is de bery one I sot my eye on fo' you. And you, Missy, you oughter be proud to claim dis boy, fo' I 'se knowed him all his life, and he 's jest as good as pure gold. De young gent tole me about it that jest passed, and said I oughter 'gratulate you."

"Thank you, Uncle Ned," said Edward, in a strange voice, and the horses started off at a surprisingly quick gait.

It is needless to say that Uncle Ned's mistake served to make the way much easier for his young "marster," and that Alice's brother was rather surprised at the result of his joke.

LOUISE FINLEY.



THE LADIES OF CRANFORD

PRESENTED

MONDAY, MARCH 6, 1905,

AT 8 O'CLOCK

IN

THE AUDITORIUM OF PEACE INSTITUTE.

PROGRAMME

PLACE—A VILLAGE IN ENGLAND. TIME—ABOUT 1840.

CHARACTERS

MISS MATILDA JENKYNs, Miss Matty Mrs. MacLain
MISS MARY SMITH, her visitor Lillian Fields
MISS JESSIE BROWN, a new resident Myrtle Conrad
MISS POLE, a friend to Miss Jenkyns Alice Quinlan
MRS. FORESTER, born a Tyrrell Beulah Dills
THE HONORABLE MRS. JAMISON, a leader in society Sadie Richardson
MISS BARKER, a retired milliner Gertrude Dills
MARTHA, Miss Matty's servant Marie Long
PEGGY, Miss Baker's servant Lucile Draughan
LITTLE SUSAN, a customer Elizabeth Duncan
JENNIE, a customer Annie Lee Wynne

SCENES.

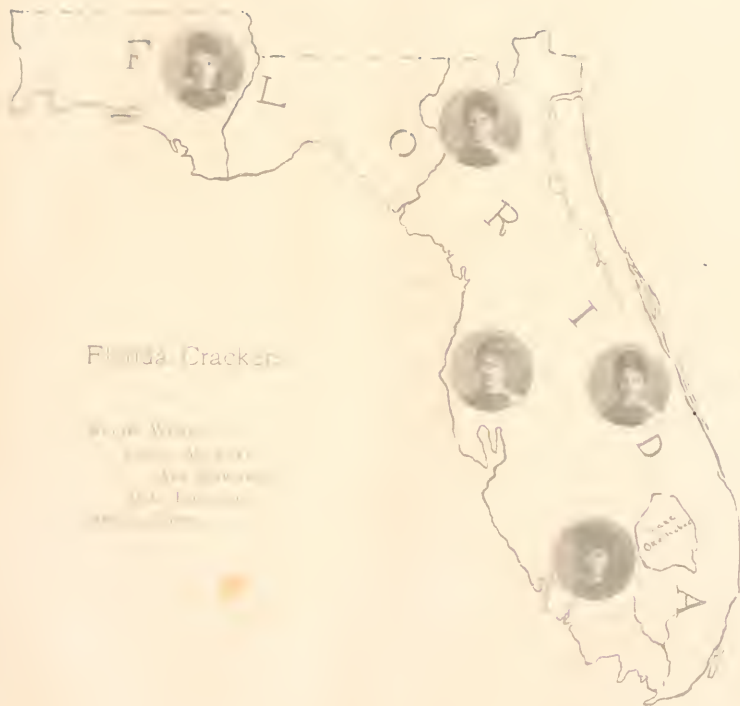
SCENE 1.—Miss Matty's Parlor—Afternoon Tea.

SCENE 2.—The Same—"Miss Matilda Jenkyns licensed to sell tea."

SCENE 3.—Miss Barker's Parlor—A Card Party.



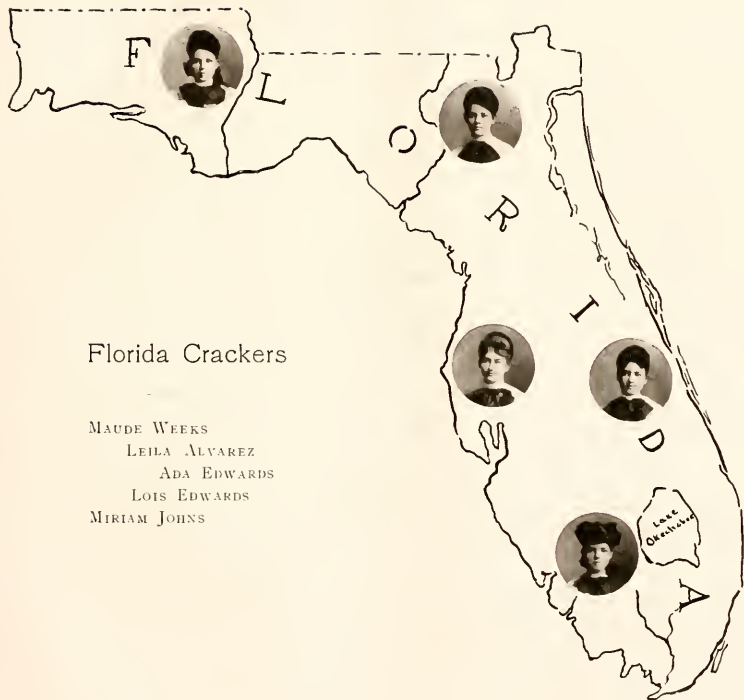
LADIES OF CRANFORD



Florida Crackers

Wm. W. W. W.
 J. J. J. J.
 A. A. A. A.
 G. G. G. G.
 H. H. H. H.





Florida Crackers

MAUDE WEEKS

LEILA ALVAREZ

ADA EDWARDS

LOIS EDWARDS

MIRIAM JOHNS

My Little Love

I HAD been traveling ever since four o'clock and it was ten, and, as yet, I had not seen anything of the town of A—, which the landlord of the inn where I spent the night told me was only four miles away. I must have taken the wrong road. It was growing colder fast and it looked very much as if we might have a snow-storm soon.

Just as I had given up all hope of finding a shelter there loomed before me a large house of colonial design. Neglected and forsaken describes it mildly. I had never seen anything before that had thrown such a spirit of depression over me. The house was of gray stone, and was apparently of great age. The walls were overgrown with vines, whose luxuriance covered even the broken, decayed windows. The grounds must have once been beautiful, but now they were neglected.

As there was no other place in sight, I saw nothing to do but to seek shelter here from the rapidly-approaching storm. So, calling my man, William, we rode up and, after a little effort, succeeded in getting one of the old windows open, through which we gained entrance.

The interior exhibited even greater loneliness. The occupants had evidently left in a great hurry, as the room in which we stepped looked as if it might belong to the palace of the "sleeping beauty."

William went out for some wood and we soon had a roaring blaze in the old fireplace, which did more towards cheering me up than anything else could have done.

Upon glancing around I recognized the place as one the landlord had described to me the night before. It belonged to a very eccentric old man. He had brought his bride to this house, and they had had six months of exquisite happiness, when she was suddenly taken ill and died. He soon went abroad and had never returned, although he had given strict orders that nothing should be changed.

I had just settled myself in one of the old brocaded chairs in front of the fire, and was making ready to adapt myself to circumstances when there was a loud knock at the door. William opened it and ushered in the most bewitching creature I had ever seen—half girl (she could not have been over sixteen), half woman. She was not pretty, but gave promise of future beauty. Her features were not

regular, and her brown eyes seemed almost too large for the small, oval face. She was not very tall, slender and undeveloped, but I fell down before her, in spirit, and worshiped.

She hesitated an instant when she saw me, and then entered with a fine show of bravado. I made my grandest bow, which she answered with a half-mocking but wholly graceful curtesy.

I tried to make her welcome and drew up another chair beside mine for her. She explained, with a charming little accent, that she also had been overtaken by the storm, which was now raging in all its fury, and that her uncle and aunt, with whom she was traveling, had left A—two or three hours before and were probably at the inn, where they intended spending a few days, and where I had spent the previous night.

That day was one of the happiest yet most humiliating I ever passed—happy, because I was with her, who a few hours before I did not know existed and for whom I now would give my life; humiliating, because she was continually making me a mark for her wit, which I was too clumsy to parry.

Well, all things must end, and about six o'clock the storm cleared and I had no excuse for detaining her or staying myself. So we parted, since we were going in opposite directions. As we were saying good-bye I asked her if she would wear a souvenir of the day—a little ring I wore on my watch-fob. It had been my mother's, and was a small but exquisite ruby set very plainly—a simple little ring, but one I prized highly. I begged her for one of her gloves, which she gave me, and so we parted.

Many years passed and I was a man of thirty; but "my little love," as I called her to myself, still held my heart. I had never seen or heard of her since. About this time my uncle was appointed ambassador to France and I accompanied him, little knowing that my love-story would be finished there.

An unusually brilliant season in society was nearly ended, and was to have as a grand finale a court ball, at which the most brilliant marriage of the season—that of Marie, Duchess of S—, a favorite of the queen, to a foreign prince—was to be announced.

The Duchess was said to be the most beautiful woman in Europe. Her fame had spread far and wide. The prince was madly in love with her, but reports differed as to the state of her affections. I had a very natural curiosity to see and meet this woman whose name was a by-word on two continents.

That night the Duchess was late, and I was about to leave when word came that she had arrived. I happened to be near the door when she entered. I was astounded. I had expected her to be beautiful, but she passed my wildest dreams. Her beauty was not in any regularity of features, but rather in a piquancy of expression. Still, I was puzzled—there was something tantalizingly familiar about

her face and the poise of her perfect figure. Suddenly she smiled and I recognized her—she was “my little love”—oh, the irony of fate! Then, as if drawn by the intensity of my gaze, she turned and our eyes met. She grew pale and half started towards me, and then recalling herself she continued her triumphant march.

I watched her until she was out of sight, then turned and was blindly trying to find the door when some one touched me on the arm. Turning, I saw the Duke of G—.

“The Duchess of S— wishes to meet you,” he said.

Taking me by the arm he conducted me to her. She greeted me cordially and then complaining of the heat, asked me to take her to the conservatory.

Among other things, she explained that she, with her uncle and aunt, had been making a tour of the States incognito when we met. I then understood why I had never heard of her again. We parted that night forever, as we both thought it wiser not to meet again. I noticed on the same finger with her engagement ring was the little ruby I had given her.

I left France that night and have never returned. I am an old man now. I have never married, but have remained true to “my little love.” My most precious possessions are two little gray gloves and the house in which I now live—the very house where I spent that one happy day. I bought the place soon after my return from France, and in the room where I spent that eventful day I have my den, which no one but myself and William can enter. I have not changed it in the least.

The reason I am writing this now is that to-day I heard that she was dead. In the same mail that brought the news of her death came a little package containing a gray glove—the mate to the one she had given me—and with it was a letter, the last she ever wrote, telling me her love was true.

ALICE CROSBY QUINLAN.





HALLOWE'EN NIGHT

'Twas Hallowe'en night and bogy,
The moon shone green and red
The witches came from far and wide
To set the studio spread.

Some rode upon their broomsticks,
Some brought along their cats,
But each and every one had on
Black robes and high peaked hats.

From out their fateful caldrons,
Strange fortunes oft arose,
Bestowing joy and happiness
When they promised handsome beaux.

Grinning faces mocked us
From out the darkness grim;
While reddish eyes shone wickedly
Off in the distance dim.

The monkey, too, just happened in,
And merrily did he dance.
The devil sat amidst the throng,
While imps around did prance.

We parted from them sadly,
They'd grabbed our every cent,
Here's to their health and happiness,
Until the next event!



"Omswee"

MOTTO

Do nothing to-day that can be done tomorrow

COLORS

Old Rose and Olive Green

CLAUDE B. CALDWELL

LOIS M. EDWARDS

KATHLEEN W. WALKER

FLOWER

Pink Carnation

LOUISE B. WRIGHT

MARY W. FOSTER

GLADYS WELLS

LUCILE DRAUGHN

HELEN O. FLIPPEN

Murdered

Horrible Death of Father Time

Great mystery surrounds this crime. Those suspected of the murder are the following:

CLYDE MOORE

ALICE QUINLAN

NELL MORGAN

RUTH FEATHERSTONE

INA WEILL

STELLA ARTHUR

MARTHA APPLEWHITE

SUE LONG

SUE BETTIE READE

The Judge's Story

AFTER the long, hard day's work in the court-room, Judge Benson's library appeared especially inviting to the tired men assembled there. The inner man having been satisfied at the Judge's generous board, they wished nothing better than to smoke and chat quietly.

Nearly every one had told some story of his past career; the host, with twinkling eyes and interested face, remained silent. Mr. Selby, the young man of the company, and a most promising lawyer, noticing this, asked: "Haven't you something interesting to tell us?" It was immediately taken up by Mr. Glenn, an old friend of the Judge, who strongly suspected that he did have a story to tell—one which the public had long ago forgotten. The others promptly seconded the request.

Thus urged, the dignified old man began: "Well, if you insist upon having one, I will tell you how I won my first case. Some of you," nodding at the older men of the party, "remember that as a boy I was wild, and when I graduated and hung out my shingle in my native town, my fellow-townsmen would have none of me. They were afraid to trust their business in such careless hands. You ask me why not go elsewhere? No! I was determined to have other than bad marks upon the record of my life spent there. As the months went by no change for the better came. One day, feeling blue and despondent, I boarded a train bound for—I didn't care where.

"Throwing myself into the first vacant seat, and pulling my hat over my eyes, I settled myself to brood over my hard luck. My ears were deaf to all noises, and it was only the sound of my own name, pronounced by an unfamiliar voice, which at last aroused me. Unconsciously I waited to hear more, and learned that it was of another man they were talking, and that he, too, was a lawyer. The roar of the wheels drowned the speakers' voices but such scraps of the conversation as 'famous lawyer,' 'celebrated case,' 'lost jewels,' 'defendant's lawyer's sick,' could be heard.

"It all came to me then. This lawyer, another George Benson, was employed by the defendant on the case of the mysterious disappearance of the Sheridan jewels. The case interested me very much, and I often found pleasure in making plans how I would conduct it. 'Tis needless to say that I had a theory of the

affair. I could not place the lawyer at first, but at last remembered that he lived in Virginia, sometimes practicing in other States. He was, then, a stranger to most of them.

"Wild ideas followed each other in swift succession through my disordered mind. My ill fortune had made me reckless. So when the train pulled in the station I was ready to meet anything. Like an adventurer of the dime novel style, I tried to assume a prosperous and important air, and jumped off.

As I stepped upon the platform a man, seemingly waiting for some one, asked: 'Are you Mr. Benson?' 'I am, sir, and you?' 'My name is Andrews; will you stop a minute?' I assented and he drew me aside and whispered some startling news—something that made my very ears tingle. I was right; the accused was not guilty.

"Telling the man to be on hand, if needed, I went briskly to the court-yard. I had found out the desired information—the lawyer was not there; then I would take his place. You see I was utterly reckless.

"Well, after talking to some of the defendant's witnesses, I coolly took my place in the crowded court-room. My supposed client stared at me, but I smiled cheerfully at him. Just then the presiding judge's call for order came and he could make no remonstrance.

"You all are familiar with the routine of the court-room, so it is needless to tell you of the questions and cross-questions fired at the witnesses. Considering my inexperience and ignorance of the case, I did very well.

"When my man came on the stand I recognized him by the description given by Andrews. He was a big, blustering fellow, and he swore to all kinds of lies. When I cross-examined him he contradicted himself flatly.

"Thinking my time had come, I commanded him, 'Look at the prisoner, the timid, shrinking victim of your deviltry. Could such a man plot and carry out successfully such a diabolical scheme? Now, sir, look me in the eye.' For a long moment my eye held his; he stared as if fascinated. Then I saw him grow pale. 'You hold a life in your hands; you have perjured yourself; your soul is black with crime. Will you send a man to death to save your worthless neck? Go to the prisoner's dock!' The man obeyed without a word, his shoulders stooping and feet dragging. Still holding his eye, I flung my gauntlet to Fate and thundered at him, 'Guilty or not guilty?'

"Silence reigned in the court-room; then this image of a man, with gasping voice, almost whispered 'Guilty.'

"The low-spoken word was distinctly heard, causing a stir of excitement throughout the room. Intuitively I felt that the sympathy had been for the accused. I was on fire; I spoke words that stung the guilty man's soul, for he cowered and trembled like a beaten cur. I don't know what I said—"

"No, Judge," broke in Mr. Glenn, "let me finish your story for you. Friends, he made a speech which every paper was glad to publish. That court-room was his Waterloo. He is too modest to tell you that the right lawyer thanked him for winning the case for him and offered him half pay, which he felt he couldn't accept. By sheer force of determination he won a place for himself; a place no one has presumed to question."

IVY VIRGINIA PRIDGEN.





P. C. C.

COLORS

Red and Green

MYRTLE ST. CLAIR CONRAD

LILIAN EARCE FIELDS

MARY ELIZABETH HARDISON

EDNA HORTENSE RICKARD

MOTTO

Have a good time, it don't cost nothing

MARY CATHERINE McLEAN

LEILA GIDEON ALVAREZ

MATIE LOUISA WARREN

FLOWER

American Beauty Rose

MAUDE MARIA WEEKS

ATTIL MAE FIELDS

ETHEL ALICE WARREN

ALICE CROSBY QUINLAN

Things That are Impossible

For: Elizabeth Farmer.....	To get gay
Kathleen Walker.....	To do enough for Margie
Fannie Sidbury.....	To be teased
Gladys Wells	To be anything but "crazy"
Maude Weeks.....	To pay her drug bill
Jeannette Moore.....	To stop Geometry
Mary Mercer.....	To carry her diamond ring
Helen Flippen.....	To be loud
Mary Sherrill.....	To have a headache
Corinne Henkel.....	To sew
Bertie May.....	To work Analytics
Ada Edwards.....	To get rid of her beaux
Pauline Hill.....	To be smart
Matilda Steinmetz.....	To get mad
Attie Fields.....	To get a beau
Sadie Elias.....	To write Harmony
Flossie Fitzgerald.....	To decide
Estelle O'Berry.....	To stay away from Peace
Bessie Brown.....	To have more than one case
Ina Garrison.....	To take the Grippe
Miss Leipold.....	To get hungry at 9th period
Mary King.....	To talk to her cases
Lily Pair.....	To study History
Jessie Bumpas.....	To be spoiled
Jean Jackson.....	So much business
Pansy Fetner.....	To get to Eng. Class on time
Frances Sharp.....	To go through Jane's busy sign
Minnie Sparrow.....	To be still
Stella Arthur.....	For 3d Saturday to come often enough
Jennie Proctor.....	To keep any flowers at home
Emma Kelly.....	To talk too much

A Comedy--Westward Ho!

CHARACTERS.

Six Peace girls.

One Horner boy.

Time—Near midnight.

Scene 1—On a day-coach.

SPENCER! Next stop Salisbury!" Six drowsy heads are raised as the porter passes through. After much shuffling, each one secures her hat, coat, gloves, furs, suit-case, umbrella, handbox, etc. The one poor boy in the grey uniform tries in vain to attend to the wants of each. Finally the hubbub ceases and they range themselves on the arms of seats and suit-cases to await the stop.

After fifteen minutes the conductor appears and six complaining voices are raised in unison, "How long till we get to Salisbury?" "Salisbury!" exclaimed the fat conductor, "we are three miles beyond Salisbury now." "Passed Salisbury! Oh, he's just fooling you."

"Well, I call it a mighty poor joke." One girl rises and with a stern voice announces: "I won't go another step; you'll just have to stop the train and we will get off and walk."

A chorus: "Yes, we'll walk back, and you might as well stop the train now." With extreme disgust the conductor pushes his way through toward the other end of the car, muttering something about "silly schoolgirls." With flashing eyes a tall, slim girl rushes after him and catches him by his coat-tails before he can escape. She calls loudly for the boy, who comes hurriedly, the other girls at his heels.

"I'd just like to know where you're taking us," demanded one. "I will not go another step," cries another. "Girls, do hush, we will get home some way;" and there were only two who were too frightened to speak.

In five minutes, which seemed an hour, the train stopped at China Grove. They rushed for the door. It was locked. Quickly they turn and run giggling through the car to the other door. There they are stopped by the conductor, who is bristling with rage. "Go and sit down till I call you," he commands. Trembling with fear they fall into seats, regardless of those occupying them. A young drummer, thinking to relieve the embarrassment, offers his card to the fair one on his knee. A climax is avoided by the conductor, who shoves them into a passing

train, giving them no chance to express their opinion, and soon they are on their way back to Salisbury.

Scene II.

Place—Salisbury.

The bystanders in the dreary little station open their eyes in wonder as the six Peace girls and Horner boy enter with exclamations, questions and ejaculations. They have missed their train and must spend the night in Salisbury, so with determination they start for the hotel. The two quiet girls, spying a cab, jump into it, but are out like a flash on hearing, "Ten cents to go to the hotel." Needless to say, financial difficulties were confronting them. They plod wearily up-town and at the stroke of midnight enter the quiet office of the hotel. A whispered conference ensues: "How much money have you?"

"I only have thirty cents."

"Goodness! what will we do? I haven't but sixty cents."

"Do shut up; those men will hear you."

"We have enough money—we can all stay in one room."

Finally they get up courage to register, and are shown to their rooms. It is a small matter that a girl's suit-case is put in the boy's room; but everybody has one of some sort. After the girls have gotten into their dreaming-ropes and long coats, they huddle together in the cold room to eat an orange. Not forgetting their Peace training they one by one say their prayers in spite of the chatter that is going on. After several calls to "shut up" from adjoining rooms, they blow out the electric light and tumble into bed, but not to go to sleep, for all are kept awake by the hysterical giggling of the tall girl over the episode of the card. Five times the porter is called to find out how long it is until six o'clock, and when six o'clock does come it takes five loud calls from the porter to get them up.

Bringing their boxes and grips with them, they file into the dining-room, where one girl sees her father, and with a shriek runs and throws her arms around his neck, only to find that he is a stranger. The struggle over who is to give the order for breakfast is not ended when the call is given: "Train leaves for the west in ten minutes." Such scrambling and screams as follow! One rushes with six pocket-books to pay the bill; another flies upstairs for the rubbers, while a third swallows two buckwheat cakes whole. They are in the bus and half-way to the station before they discover that one girl is missing. They look out and see her running down the middle of the street, with a suit-case under one arm and a rubber in each hand. They stop, she is pulled in, and are off once more.

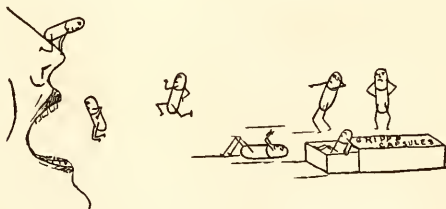
Scene III—Again in a day-coach.

With flying hair and red faces they rush into the car; each appropriates a seat and there wait for fifty long minutes before the train starts. All goes

smoothly until the conductor comes around. A wild scramble for tickets then takes place, and one girl fairly screams, "Oh, I've lost my ticket! I know some of you all have it!" In the chatter and excitement that follow the conductor quickly leaves the car, and when he returns he finds every suit-case emptied on the floor and each little girl searching the contents to find the lost ticket. "Have you found your ticket?" he asks, not unkindly.

"No, sir," she sobs, "but I know I had one." After several such inquiries for the ticket, she hands him her trunk-check and says in a relieved voice: "Can't I go on that?" With difficulty the conductor suppresses a smile, and the ticket is not mentioned again, and they all rejoice that she is not put off.

Quiet reigns until Statesville is called out. There the Horner boy and two girls must get off, and such kissing as takes place! More than one old man looks at them disgustedly. There is no more excitement until they reach Asheville. They are too tired and worn out to make much disturbance until they spy a friend, and each one forgets her fatigue in trying to tell her part of the story. The chatter continues until they reach Waynesville, where another kissing takes place and two more get off. Only two are left; they are sisters, and all the way to Dillsboro they argue over which one is to tell the story when they reach there.



KNIGHTS OF THE GRIPPE



The Runabouts

IMRA COBB
MARY LEDBETTER

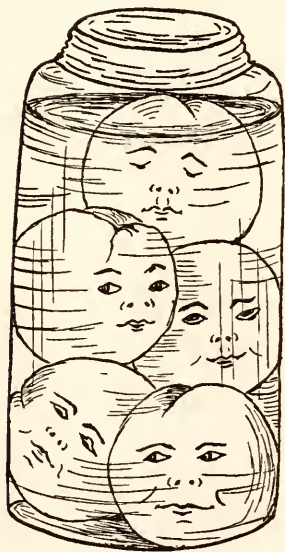
CORINNE HENKEL

MARGIE SCOTT
JANE SWIFT

The Five Canned Peaches

MOTTO

Peace, Peace, and yet there is no Peace



EDNA RICKARD

IVY PRIDGEN

SADIE RICHARDSON

ELIZABETH FARMER

ALICE QUINLAN

That Reminds Me

(Apologies to *Ladies' Home Journal*.)

"Go to the writing-room."

GLADYS McLEMORE tells us that she doesn't live anywhere, but that she was originally born in Tennessee.

MARY HARDISON: "Ethel Barrymore is so pretty."

CLYDE MOORE: "Who is she, anyway? Does she go to St. Mary's?"

FORTUNE-TELLER: "You will never go abroad."

BESSIE GORDON: "Oh, I am so glad! for it always makes me sick to ride on the train."

PEARL LEWIS says that she is "getting tired of being chief bottle and cook-washer."

MARY turns to IVY after vain efforts to post a letter in the fire-alarm box: "Oh, you crazy, don't you know I can't mail letters in a fire-escape?"

FLOSSIE FITZGERALD insists that her grandfather was very electric.

SUE LONG: "I'm going to sue that man for a brooch of promise."

STELLA ARTHUR, on being asked by a stranger the best way to see the city replied, "Why, take a car and go out to A. and M."

CLYDE: "Look at Venus, isn't he bright?"

ANNIE LAND: "Is my face blank?"

MARY MERCER: "No, Annie, it is very emancipated."

The household was startled one morning to find Mt. Arrington in eruption.

"Go to the writing-room."

BESSIE GORDON : " How much does the paper cost ? "

MR. WILLIAMS : " Sixty cents a quire. "

BESSIE : " I can't buy but half a squire. "

MISS ROYSTER : " I want you to read Franklin's Autobiography. "

MINNIE SPARROW : " Who wrote it ? "

DR. HAYWOOD says Jane Swift's complexion shows too much casing flavored with ice-cream and fruit cake.

LOUISE FINLEY : " Miss Royster, are Jews Christians ? "

CORINNE HARPER says, " I don't care if I do have a ten-cent collar from the ten-cent store, no way. "

MISS MANEY says, " My curtains are such a protuction from the cold. "

EXAMINATION QUESTION : " What is characteristic of all Teutonic tongues ? "

SENIORS : " They are all coated. "

Heard in thundering tones, " I want you all to put on those low, soft voices to-night. "

Can any one tell us how many courses Attie Fields served at her feast ?

MITTIE, the maid, has moved to Washington where she will attend the Inaugural Ball. We are glad Peace was so well represented.

NELLIE HINES : " I don't write a pretty hand, but it is very intelligible. "

Ask Mr. Brawley to pass the chicken salad.

MISS MANEY : " Of what nationality was Calvin ? "

ROBURTA : " Why he was a Presbyterian and things of that kind. "

" Go to the writing-room. "

LADY DOLES to Sallie Lyon : " Is the Lion of Lucerne one of your ancestors ? "

Why does Elsie call Lucile M. a combination of the mule, bear, terrapin and kissing-bug ?

EMILY HANKINS: "Mr. Dante from Wake Forest is going to lecture on Potat here to-night.

FRANCES SHARP (quoting Gladys): "Myrtle's deliver is very good."

MISS BUTLER: "Clyde Moore, name the modes in grammar."

CLYDE: "Well the superlative is one."

EMILY HAYWOOD: "Girls, Miss Butler told us to write an autobiography and please tell me some one to write it of."

EULA HOOD: "Oh, I just love to play Caramels."

LOUISE FINLEY: "Oh, yes, I remember, collards are something like potatoes, and sometimes they are made into pickles."

SALLIE LYON: "Washington Irving is my favorite Southern poet. His greatest poem is Evangeline."

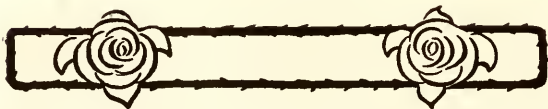
SUE LONG (returning from a car ride): "It always did make me seasick to ride on the street car."

MRS. McLAIN: "What does sophia mean, Miss Brown?"

LAURA BROWN (Soph.): "It comes from a Greek work meaning wisdom, for instance Sophomore."

MRS. McLAIN: "No, those who think they are wise."

"Go to the writing-room."





1904

1905



Tennis Club

IRMA COBB *President*
JANE SWIFT *Treasurer*
CORINNE HENKEL *Business Manager*

ATTIE FIELDS	LILY HELEN PAIR
GERTRUDE DILLS	LOUISE FINLEY
LOUISE ARRINGTON	IVY PRIDGEN
ANNIE LONG	EULA HOOD
BESSIE GORDON	LILLIAN FIELDS
BUENA SPRUILL	MARY LEDBETTER
JEAN JACKSON	MARGIE SCOTT
MARY McLEAN	ADA EDWARDS
ELIZABETH FARMER	



TENNIS CLUB



Basket-Ball

Alice Quinlan, Referee

First Team—Edna Rickard, Captain

Ina Garrison

Eddie Haywood

Alice Gordon

Claude Caldwell

Louise Wright

Jean Jackson

Helen Flippin

Pearl Lewis

Nellie Hines

Kathleen Walker

Abelia Stockard

Mary Foster, Business Manager

Second Team—Lois Edwards, Captain

Stella Arthur

Clyde Moore

Lucile Draughn

Maude Weeks

Gladys Wells

Caroline Whiting

Annie Montague

Sue Bettie Reade

Sallie Pitt

Metta Gulley

Matie Warren

Caroline Whiting

Baseball Teams

BUENA SPRUILL	Captain	MATIE WARREN
BUENA SPRUILL	Pitcher	MATIE WARREN
EDNA RICKARD	Catcher	ELIZABETH FARMER
ETHEL WARREN	First Baseman	CLAUDE CALDWELL
LOIS EDWARDS	Second Baseman	SALLIE PITT
JEAN JACKSON	Third Baseman	NELLIE HINES
BESSIE GORDON	Short-Stop	ANNIE FARMER
ALICE GORDON	Center-Fielder	SUE BETTIE READE
GLADYS WELLS	Right-Fielder	ALICE QUINLAN
PEARL LEWIS	Left-Fielder	CLYDE MOORE

Skippers

One Night's Record

Martha Applewhite, Champion

Having made two halls, twenty rooms, and one flight of steps in two minutes and fifty-eight seconds; suspected of having used the banisters

Miriam Johns, a Close Second

Having run through twenty-one rooms, two novels and a midnight feast in thirteen minutes. Three minutes out for dodging teachers

Beulah Dills, Two Hours and Three Minutes

Low record excused by her being unavoidably detained behind a curtain for two hours

Sallie Lyon, Long Distance

Record, from Lyon to Dillsboro and back again in one night

Long Sisters, Short Record

Freedom of movement impeded by too much company

ALSO SKIPPERS

ALICE GORDON

EULA HOOD

PEARL LEWIS

LOIS EDWARDS

JESSIE THOMPSON

LUCILE DRAUGHN

SALLIE PITT

Tom

THE hazy atmosphere of Indian summer spread a dull grey veil over the parched sand and the low house-tops of the settlement. The old barkeeper, wiping the perspiration from his round red face, came to his door to get the benefit of the first breeze that had swept over the village that day. As he sat down on the grimy doorstep, he could see two men on horses coming across the plain. By their easy sway in the saddles and the steady lope of the ponies, old Jerry recognized Bart Jones and Tom West, the two boys from the ranches. He knew Bart well but his companion had not been in the settlement many times and was so "nice mannered," as the old man termed it, that he hardly felt like gossiping in his usual manner around him.

The two men dismounted lightly from their horses, threw the reins over a post and walked lazily toward the old man's shanty, with their spurs clinking and their sombreros pushed far back from their sun-browned foreheads.

Uncle Jerry, as the boys called him had not had time to ask many of his usual questions before he jumped up with an oath, stretched his short fat neck in order to see a horse and buggy that was coming rapidly down the only street that Cactus Town afforded. By the time the boys had turned to see what could have interrupted him, the buggy was passing them. The driver, a girl of about nineteen, dressed in a white suit with her light fluffy hair slightly disarranged by the wind, held the spirited horse well under her control. She was gone, even before the barkeeper could find breath to voice the question. "Where in the deuce did she fly from?" while Bart, with one long stride stepped into the middle of the cloud of dust that she had left far behind, took off his big hat with a low bow saying "By Jove! I'd take off my hat to that girl." "I say, who is she, where'd she come from Bart?"

"Tom can tell you, she belongs at his ranch."

"All I know," said Tom slowly, "is that she is the overseer's niece from the East, who came yesterday. She thinks she can manage a horse and I hope she can, for I'll be blest, if I spend my time teaching that kid to ride. And Mr. Sheldon has asked me to while he's busy." After Tom had told as he said all he knew, he threw himself gracefully into his saddle, then his horse instinctively turned his head homeward to the Sheldon ranch.

It was supper-time at the ranch, and as Lois Gibson went into the dining-

room with her uncle she asked "Uncle Ed., who is that haughty looking fellow, you know, the one who rides the pretty bay pony."

"Why that's Tom West, he's the best man I have, and you say you like him, do you?" answered Mr. Sheldon teasingly.

"Oh! no-o I don't, I think he looks conceited, I hope he isn't the one who has to show *me* how to ride a horse."

A week of Lois' visit was over and her horseback rides had not taken her outside the barnyard, but it was all because she had a will of her own. Lois insisted that she could go unattended. Her uncle, knowing the surroundings, would not give his consent. He promised her when she would let Tom go with her that she could ride as far out as the hills.

It was Monday morning, Tom was standing at the big gate that opened into the road. He was wondering why he had not given one of those riding-lessons, that Bart had teased him about. It wouldn't be bad, he thought, and I wouldn't care if I did have to go with that girl, she's not afraid of a horse.

Just then Lois came galloping down the lane on "Sambo," went through the gate, and out into the road. As she passed Tom the slight smile that lit up her already radiant face made him wish that he were her footman.

Dinner was over, Mr. Sheldon had not come from the settlement and Tom began to feel uneasy for he remembered that Miss Gibson had come toward the hills and he believed that she had slipped off. She would not thank him for following her either. What must I do? he thought. I will do my duty even if she hates me for it.

In ten minutes Tom was off on his long, hard, anxious ride. The further he went the more he urged his little animal forward, and the later it grew the more he realized the importance of haste in his search. If she had not gone out of the trail, there was not so much danger, he said to himself. He whistled, he called, but no answer came. He went miles further and still there was no sign of the girl. It would be dark in twenty minutes, and that meant an all-night search. The young man stopped his horse, called long and loud, but still no answer. He went slowly onward, often stopping to listen. At last he heard the faint nicker of Sambo and then it was not long before he found him pawing the ground around the stake to which his bridle was tied. Poor Tom, his hopes fell for *she* was not there. On examining the pony he was not surprised to find one of his ankles badly sprained. He knew how it happened for it was almost impossible to keep out of the gopher holes at night. The saddle was gone, but not far away he found the tired little girl with her head pillowed it.

He had found her; she was alive. Tom's heart gave a leap and he called her gently, so as not to startle her. The girl arose quickly, half-frightened and asked "Who's that?" When Tom answered she said in a relieved tone. "Oh!

I am so glad that it 's you, for Uncle Ed. would scold me so." Did she mean that? Tom wondered.

" Mr. Sheldon will not be back until to-morrow, so we must get back to the ranch pretty quick."

" How can we? my horse is too lame, or I would have been there long ago?"

" You are to ride mine," and without further delay he put her saddle on Key, lifted her lightly into it, then much to Lois' surprise, jumped up behind her.

" I beg your pardon, Miss Gibson, but I must get you home as soon as possible."

" What will become of Sambo?" she asked.

" I will come back for him," and they started off as fast as was possible under the circumstances.

Lois did not say much during this first riding-lesson, but on the next one and the many others that followed talked incessantly to the tall dark-eyed man that always rode beside her.

The rest of Lois' visit passed only too quickly for the people on the ranch. Mrs. Gibson had written that Lois must come home immediately so Tom took her to the little station, but not until the train had pulled out from Cactus Town did he fully realize what had gone out of his life.

She had promised to write as soon as she reached home, and all the way back Tom was figuring out how long it would be until he could hear from her. He drove slowly up to Uncle Jerry's door and was welcomed by a hearty laugh, " Now where 's your heart at?" from that rotund personality.

A month passed. Tom has received four dainty letters from Lois, to say nothing of the number he had written her. He was only waiting for the fifth which took him to the East and to her.

JANE SWIFT.



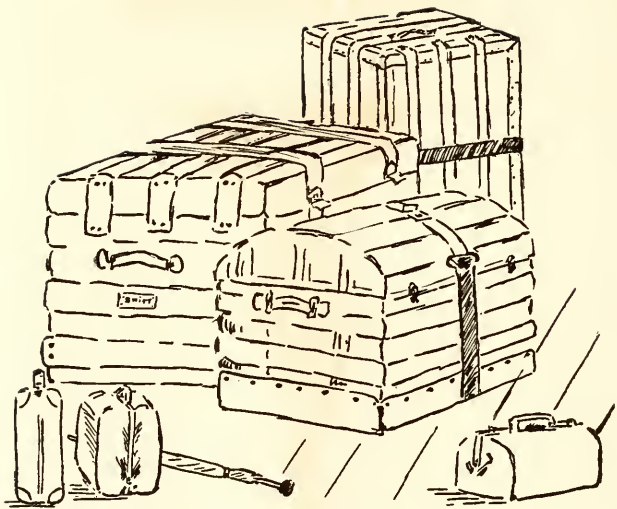


AUNT PRISCILLA

A MOTHER GOOSE RHYME

(MODERN VERSION.)

There was a tall woman
Who lived in a school,
She governed her children
With an iron-bound rule.
She put them in shirt-waists
She dosed them for coughs,
She always insisted
On their taking long walks.
There was one trifling fault
That she greatly did hate,¹
'Twas for her children
Always to be late.
She strictly forbade them
All pickle and cake,
For fear it might give them
Some terrible ache.
So straight to the pantry
Such dainties must go,
With tears from the children,
Who wanted them so.
On privilege day
Which she promised would come,
The girls all went out
And brought home some gum.
When stern "Moses" rings
With a clattering sound,
The poor children must leap
From their beds with a bound,
Or else without breakfast
To school they must go,
Then learn some sweet verses
To add to their woe.
A sandwich apiece
At recess each girl gets.
When some one stands by
No grabbing, you bet.
As still as a mouse
These children must be
When the light-bell is rung
Or to them she'll see.



*Happy day! O, happy day
When William takes
Our trunks away*

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SATISFACTION BY A PERSONAL VISIT TO OUR STORE

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Latest Novelties

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CHAS. H. BELVIN, PRESIDENT
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OF RALEIGH

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<i>Surplus</i>	-	-	-	-	100,000.00

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BURGLAR-PROOF VAULT

JOSEPH G. BROWN, *President.*

HENRY E. LITCHFORD, *Cashier*

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RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

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SURPLUS, \$100,000

NET PROFITS, \$15,000

DEPOSITS, \$924,000

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POCKET KNIVES

S. W. P. The Great House Paint
Johnson's Floor Wax

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DECORATIVE PURPOSES



I eat at Doughi's.



Oh, I don't.

Doughi's Restaurant

Maker of all kinds of plain and fancy

ICE CREAM AND ICES

Caterer for Weddings, Parties, etc. Furnish china,
silverware, linen, etc.

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ALL 'PHONES 123

BUY YOUR

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AND LATHS**

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CHASING AND
INSPECT
SAME

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