


The
LOTUS
1906

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PEACE INSTITUTE

The Lotus



1906



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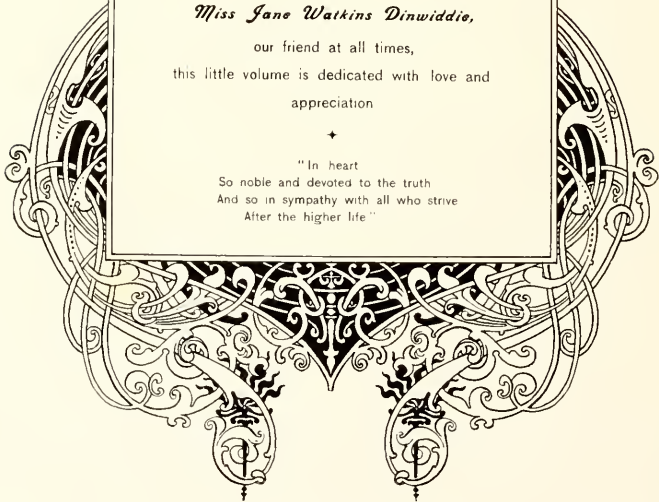
To

Miss Jane Watkins Dinwiddie,

our friend at all times,
this little volume is dedicated with love and
appreciation

+

"In heart
So noble and devoted to the truth
And so in sympathy with all who strive
After the higher life"



370. 723
Lot 10
1920

P r e f a c e

Dear Friends:

Please be real good to me, I am only five years old, and I'll try to do better when I get older. It's the funniest thing, every year I have a new set of nurses—they call themselves some big names, E-D-I-T-O-R-S, I believe—and I certainly must give them a heap of trouble. My! you just ought to hear them scrapping over me. Why you can hear them all over the house. Some of them want me to be one way, some another way, and they call me dreadful names, too. I don't like them much, even if it was all for my good, and I was real glad when they sent me away.

Don't you see I need somebody to be nice to me? Won't you?

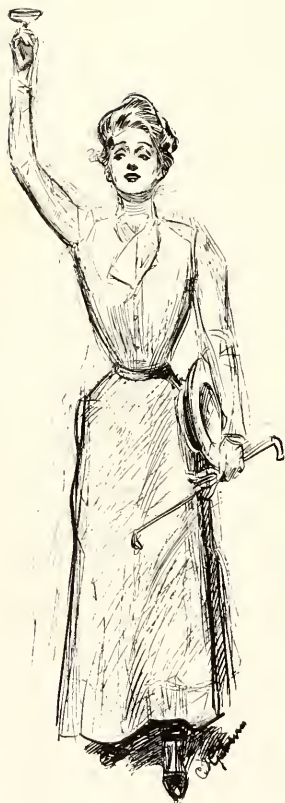
Respectfully yours,

"THE ANNUAL."

P. S.—Oh yes, I must have been mighty sick just before they sent me off, for they sat up with me for two or three nights, *real late*. If I hadn't been awful sick they wouldn't have tip-toed around so, and been afraid to make a noise.

P. S.—Another reason why I know I was sick, is, they gave me two or three great big bottles of jokes that tasted bitter and burnt my throat, some history pills, and other bad medicine.

N. B.—I'll have a new set of nurses next time. I killed every one of them this year; but I couldn't help it. Don't *ever* be an ANN U A L.



Toasts to the Faculty

"This is the time of the year
For good wishes and good cheer,
So fill up
The loving cup,
And toast all those we hold dear."

Here 's to our President, who is in his glory
When telling his girls an old war story.

To our Lady Principal we 'll now give a toast
For in time of dire need, then she 's worth a great host.

Here 's to our English Master and Poet,
He 's trained us in verse, but perhaps we don't show it.

Here 's to the one who can always foretell
When we 'll miss our hard lessons, or say them full well.

Here 's to Dr. Moment, so good and so wise,
Whose eloquence lifts us right up to the skies.

Here 's to one who is found in the laboratory;
Popularity, beauty—that 's an old, old story.

Here 's to Miss Jones, with her winning smile,
And enough good nature to stretch a mile.

Let 's drink to her who teaches Expression;
For she forgives us our every transgression.

And now, my friend, fill up your glass,
And drink to the head of the Chorus Class.

Here 's to our fiddler with golden hair,
Who can make you feel as though treading on air.

Here 's to our darling little Miss Mabel;
Although she is small, you will find she 's quite stable.

Here 's to Miss Sexsmith, with knowledge to burn,
When we want information, 'tis to her that we turn.

Here 's to Miss Abernethy, whom children adore,
May she live long, and prosper, and have trouble no more.

Here 's to Miss Leipold, our artist is she
Who hails from fair Germany, over the sea.

Here 's to Mrs. Dungan, so small and so neat.
The girls all agree that she's lovely and sweet.

Here 's to Dr. Haywood, who makes lots of jokes,
But oh, the concoctions that down us he pokes!

Here 's to the man who presides over all,
When we play the piano, elocute, or just squall.

Then here 's to fair Peace, long, long may she stand
A joy and a blessing throughout all the Southland.

ELSIE GRIFFIN.

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Η Ο Μ

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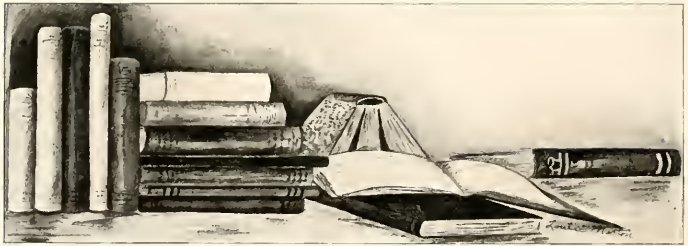
MARGIE G. SCOTT

LILY H. PAIR



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1906



Seniors

MARGARET GRAHAM SCOTT, B. L. S.

"Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy,
Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I"

President of Class of '05-'06; Editor of LOTUS '05-'06;
Vice-President Y. W. C. A. '05-'06; President Sigma
Phi Kappa Society '05-'06; President Junior Class of
'04-'05; Member of Tennis Club '05-'06; Leader of Mis-
sion Study Class '05-'06



JESSIE PAULINE BUMPAS, B. L. S.

"Oh! I know
Thou hast a tongue to charm the wildest tempers
Herds would forget to graze and savage beasts
Stand still and lose their fierceness but to hear thee"

Vice-President of Class of '05-'06; Secretary of Sigma
Phi Kappa Society '05-'06; Graduate in the School of
Expression '06; Secretary of Y. W. C. A. '05-'06; Mem-
ber of Basket-Ball Team of '05-'06

PANSY ELIZABETH FETNER, B. L. S.

"For truth has such a face and such a mien-
As to be loved, needs only to be seen."

Secretary of Class of '05-'06; Treasurer of Pedagogy
Class, Treasurer of Class of '05-'06



MARY LURA SHERRILL, A. B.

"Lord, do not care for her,
She's too wise to die yet."

Poet of Class of '05-'06; President of Pedagogy Class;
President of Sophomore Class of '02-'03

LILY HELEN PAIR, B. L. S.

"As good as she is fair

Historian of the Class of '05-'06; President of Phi Theta Mu Society '05-'06; Editor of LOTUS '05-'06; President of Y W C A '05-'06; Member of Basket-Ball Team '05-'06; Treasurer of Y W C A '04-'05; Treasurer of Y W C A '03-'04; Member of Tennis Club '04-'05; Secretary of Pedagogy Class '05-'06; President of Missionary Society '04-'05.



CLAUDIA BEATRICE McCULLERS, B. L. S.

"She knows what's what and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly."

Prophet of the Class of '05-'06; Editor-in-Chief of the LOTUS '05-'06; Member of Basket-Ball Team '05-'06; Member of Tennis Club '05-'06; Member of Art Club '05-'06; Superintendent of Practice '05-'06

A Bundle of Old Letters

September 8th, 1902

My Dearest, Sweetest Martha:—I have cried a week on a stretch because I must go off to school to-morrow. I feel beastly after all my weeping to no purpose, for *go* I must, if it kills me. I know I shan't like Peace one bit and I hope I shan't.

Last night Will was around to see me and stayed until way after eleven o'clock. Only think, it's the last time I shall see him till next Christmas. I know it will be horrid up there, never to have any boys around. Of course you know I am not crazy about boys, but it *is* nice to have candy and flowers once in a while.

* * * * *

Do please, dearie, write me just as soon as you get this and address it to Peace Institute.

Forever your darling,

PEACE, September 21st, 1902

My Own Dear Mother:—Everything and everybody is so strange that I am positively wild to get one more good look at a familiar face. I am frantic to see *somebody* or *something* I know. I could kiss old Joe, if he is a dog, with heartfelt joy at the sight of a friend.

I have cried so much my head aches like fury and my eyes feel like balls of fire. I have about decided that a diploma isn't worth all the tears and longings I have undergone for the past week. I can't go to my meals without making a crank of myself crying. I get choked and have to leave the table. Oh, it's awful to be home-sick.

This house is so big I got lost the first morning. It's *one hundred and five days* till time to go home. How *shall* I ever live through them! Oh, I know I shall die if some of you don't come to see me!

* * * * *

We have to get up every morning at *seven o'clock*, and I mope around all day, sleepy and cross as a bear. Some of the girls are perfectly happy up here, but *sure thing* I'm not.

Do please, if you love your darling child *one bit*, write every day to your homesick daughter,

PEACE, October 23d, 1902

Dear Old Lizzie:—Sweet child, you must forgive your old friend for waiting so long to write this letter. I am at last at Peace and it's *fine*. I haven't been homesick a minute

since the first three weeks of strangeness, though some of the girls still go moping around like sick kittens. I feel sorry for them and I'm so glad I am satisfied.

Miss Nannie, the Lady Principal, took us out to A & M. to dress parade Friday and we had such a glorious time. I never saw so many boys and my!—not every one of them is a handsome fellow—some were real cute though. I tell you what, we behaved like regular grown-ups (when Miss Nannie was looking). I won't say *what* we did when her eye was in another direction.

Honestly, Lizzie, I have never yet seen *anything* to equal the rats up here—they are as big as cats. Last night after light bell one abominable little thing—big thing, I mean—got on the table to eat some cake I had left there; and such rattling of paper you never heard. I could hardly believe it wasn't somebody. I got up to light a candle, but of course I stumbled over a rocking chair and went down headlong against the washstand. In the meantime two rats ran right over my toes. I gave one awful scream which brought two teachers to the room. They demanded what all that noise meant. "It means," I said, "that these rats have scared the wits out of me, and I can't sleep." Of course we can't say anything to Mr. Dinwiddie about the rats because he'd be sure to say, "If you girls would listen to me and not have so much mess to eat lying around, the rats wouldn't bother you." But I believe I would rather have cake and rats than neither, so, please send me some cake just as soon as you get this letter.

Your fond and faithful friend,

RALEIGH, N. C., September 15th, 1903.

My Sweetest Mary:—School has opened again and you can't imagine how good it seems to have been here before and to know some of the girls.

Do you realize that I am a *Sophomore* this year? It was just great—seeing the old girls again. You never saw so much hugging and kissing in your life.

We girls do have a *grand* time after we get over our homesick stage. I shall never forget how one of the girls in our class last year cried from sunrise till sunset (and even later I heard). She says *now*, homesick is not in her vocabulary.

* * * * *

The old girls gave a reception to the new girls last week and such a time as we had! It really is amusing to watch the new girls—when you are not a new girl yourself.

Say, don't you want to come to Peace? Better come, we are going to have the most brilliant Senior Class in the history of *this* school—won't you join us? We'll take our sheepskins in 1906—A long time off I tell you.

Write soon to

Your loving friend,

PEACE, February 23d, 1904

Dearest Old Mary:—We had such a scrumptious time last night. One of the societies entertained on George Washington's Birthday. Everybody was dressed in colonial style, and if you had happened in you would have recognized all of the great men and ladies of that time. I was Lafayette.

Several of the girls were blacked and they made the dandiest negroes you *ever* saw

You would have died laughing to see them dance the Virginia Reel and cake walk. They were rich specimens of those days I tell you—especially the big head waiter, who comes up from Goldsboro every year to help out.

Say, did you ever have a case on a girl? Its all the rage up here, *everybody* has a case. I'm crazy about the dearest, sweetest, darlingest, girl you ever saw (except *you*). I kiss her good night every night, and lots in between. Its such fun to have a case, don't you think so?

The A & M boys gave us a serenade last night and, at the first yell, the girls all made a dead rush for the front verandas—and *so did Mr Dinwiddie*. Of course you can't blame the girls for wanting to hear a serenade, and I suppose we ought not to blame Mr Dinwiddie for not enjoying them, for he loves to go to bed at half past nine o'clock, and they do not always respect his hours. But its loads of fun to *us* to be serenaded.

Sat up till one o'clock night before last studying for that horrid physics examination. Don't reckon I'll go to bed at all to-night. I hate exams. Don't you?

Your old chum,

RALEIGH, N. C., October 31st, 1904

My Darling Girl:—At last I am a Junior and I am having the time of my life—or I had it last week. Even if we do have to study hard, we have grand old times up here.

Last week was fair week. Well, you know Uncle Frank was chief marshal, so that made it swell for me. On Wednesday I rode in great state to the fair grounds in the carriage heading the parade and I tell you I felt like *somebody*.

Thursday, four or five of us girls went out together and we had a dandy time bumming around. Our chaperone was *perfectly* grand.

But listen! child. Thursday night I *went to the marshal's ball*. Oh, I shall never forget the time I had—stunning, no name for it. I got some regalias, too.

* * * * *

School girls *do* have good times, I don't care what some of them say. We are a happy crowd up here. Don't you believe it? Suppose you come and see.

Affectionately yours,

PEACE, February 10th, 1905

My Darling Lois:—We miss you terribly this year, but you may thank your lucky stars you are missing these Junior examinations. Honestly, they are the *very bane* of my existence. I fear I shall be grey-headed and wrinkled when next you see me, if I have to stand many more like that on Junior English to-day. It was the toughest I've *ever* stood, just miserable! I sat up till three o'clock night before last studying for it, crouched down at my closet under chairs and blankets to hide the candle.

I skipped to Jane's room one night last week during study hour and was barely seated before some one knocked—If you remember how we used to kick over chairs and tables

trying to get in the closet, under the bed or behind the screen many a time last year, you'll know what happened next. In a few seconds Jane called, "Come," as if nothing had happened, and *in walkout*—the "duty teacher." She seated herself in the rocker, and settled down for a long chat. Same old story of prolonged misery from suffocation and cramp—then the final surrender, for which I had to report "Absent from duty."

It's a mess the way somebody catches you every time you try to have any fun.

There's the light bell so I must stop.

Your best and dearest friend,

PEACE, October 10th, 1905

My Dear Gertrude:—Can you believe that I am at last a grave and reverend Senior. Lots of the old girls are back and lots of them are missing, but it's the same old story—study and stand examinations. There are just half a dozen girls in the Senior Class this year, but we are doing our best to uphold the Class dignity.

I tell you what, we don't fail to enjoy our privileges. It's *worth* four years to be allowed to go like we do.

Don't you remember what an exquisite feeling of importance you had when Miss Nannie called *your* Senior Class in and gave you your privileges? I must confess we felt like the "chosen race" that day. For there is a joy untold in being able to have your teeth pulled or your pictures taken without a teacher looking on.

There is just as much casing as ever in school—possibly more, the Senior Class looks on *that* as the failing of the Freshs and Sophs. *Of course*, we don't indulge in such foolishness any more.

We had all manner of fun initiating the new girls this year. They were scared green—pretty green to begin with, however.

* * * * *

We are learning *all about* Rousseau, Pestalozzi, Spencer and others—many others—in Pedagogy. We are the wisdom of the school I can assure you.

With much love and many kisses,

Your fond friend,

PEACE, March 2d, 1906

Dearest Katie Lee:—I am almost dead from working on the Annual. We are going to get out a *dandy* this year. Our brains have been so much mixed in the confusion of work, I dare say we shall have difficulty in extricating ourselves.

Being a Senior isn't so much fun, after all, is it? Fresh work is hard, Soph, still harder. Junior, tough, but Senior, no name for it. It's a rush from "Moses" till light bell (often *before* and *after*, but the teachers don't know it).

I can assure you we make good use of our privileges. We are not *wholly unknown* at the drug store (as to that, you'll recall your own experience I suspect). Heretofore we could occasionally smuggle pickle, but a-lack-a-day. Seniors must not soil their palates with the unwholesomeness of sour things. So we drown our woes in drinks—at the soda fountain.

In a few short weeks we shall have passed the last of Mr. Stockard's beastly examinations, but we shall also have passed our golden opportunity of getting wisdom at his doors. Have you some advice to this young Senior Class?

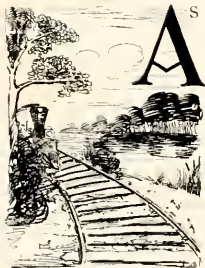
Come up, by all means, and see us take our diplomas (*if we do*).

Yours in love and devotion,

LILY HELEN PAIR, *Historian*.



A Little Journey into the World



AS the northbound train pulled into Mebane, North Carolina, on the twelfth day of September, nineteen hundred and nine, the passengers on board heard a great clamor, and, on looking out the windows, saw such an excited crowd of people that they immediately began to scramble for the door of the car, thinking there surely must have been a wreck, or some awful calamity; but on reaching the platform they discovered, from the showers of rice and the promiscuous throwing of old shoes, that it was only a bridal party bidding farewell to Margie and Mr. Blanks, who were off to Chicago on their bridal tour.

As the lovely bride and handsome groom stepped upon the platform, Mrs. Scott could be heard above all others: "Now you must be good to Margie, for you know she has always been my idol. And, Margie, dear child, write me to-night." "Yes, manma, I will: goodbye—goodbye, Sissie, and grandma." With these words she passed into the car, although the good-byes and waving of handkerchiefs did not cease until the train was lost to view.

Having settled themselves comfortably and purchased *The Washington Post*, they looked over the columns relating to theatre news, trying to decide at which place of amusement they would spend the evening. "Oh, Jack! let's go to the Academy. I have wanted to see *The Merchant of Venice* played by real actors ever since the Senior Class of 1904 gave it at Peace." So it was agreed that they should go to the Academy of Music.

At last the train reaches Greensboro where they change cars for Washington. As they enter the car of the northbound train, Mr. Blank is startled by a little scream from Margie, who rushes up to a young lady in the other end of the car, and, greeting her after the fashion of Peace girls, exclaims: "Why, Pansy Fetner, where on earth did you come from and where are you going?" "Well, Margie Scott, who expected to see you?" Then Pansy explained that she had been elected head of the primary department of the public schools at Danville, Va. "And, oh, Margie!" she cried, "I am so distressed; one of

my trunks is lost, and of course it is the one in which I had my most important things. In it are my cards with the alphabet on them, my box of scissors, my tooth-picks and blocks for use in number work, my manilla paper, and my black board stencils. Oh! what on earth will Miss Royster say, when she hears of it." "But let me get Mr. Blank to help you find it," suggests Margie. "Well, but who is he?" asks Pansy. Whereupon Margie, blushing profusely, explains the situation. Upon reaching Danville the missing trunk is found to Pansy's great relief.

Without further adventures the happy couple arrive at Washington at six-thirty p. m., and after supper are driven to the Academy.

As the curtain rises upon the second scene, Margie is filled with amazement to see Jessie in the role of Portia. After unsuccessful attempts to speak with the star of the play, our friends learn from the manager that Miss Bumpas, after completing her course at Emerson in nineteen hundred and eight, decided that her life work should be the study and portrayal of the women of Shakespeare. "Yes," said Margie, "I always knew that Jessie had it in her power to become something great."

After a few days' stay in Washington they leave for Philadelphia, where they visit friends for a day or so. On their arrival they find several letters which have been forwarded them. Among these Margie finds one from Mary Sherrill, who, she told Mr. Blank, would never be satisfied until she had completed the courses in all the colleges in America, and then with the help of Miss Royster, establish one of her own to meet her demands.

Mary wrote of the delightful time she was having at Cornell, and the vast difference between that university and Randolph-Macon College, at which place she had been graduated the year before.

On the last day of their sojourn in the Quaker City, Margie receives a post card from Claudia McCullers, telling her that she will pass through Mebane on her way to New York, where on the twentieth, she expects to sail for Europe to study the great works of art. Margie is at once seized with a desire to see Claudia and find out why she has given up the plans made at school and gone back to her work.

They board the train for New York where they are just in time to exchange such sentences as these: "Yes, Claudia, you know I could never argue, especially when the case was one of the heart." "But, Margie, don't embarrass me by asking how, when, or where; I can only remind you of my motto: 'Seek and ye shall find.'" "No, I don't think Mr. Blank is the only man, for I am leaving some who are just as attractive and perhaps one who is more so—but let's change the subject." "When did you hear from Lily?" "Why, we are on our way now to Chicago to make her a visit. You know, Lily" but just here the

whistle blew and Claudia hurried on board, and Margie, after yelling to her to be sure to visit the Pyramids, returned with Mr. Blank to the hotel.

The next day Mr. and Mrs. Blank leave for Chicago. As Lily does not appear on the scene when the train pulls into the city, Mr. Blank asks the lady in waiting if a Miss Pair had been inquiring for that train. "Well, I don't know, sir, as that was her name, but a tall, stately, young lady left a message with me for a Mr. and Mrs. Blank. Are you the gentleman?" "Yes," said Mr. Blank. "Well, sir, the lady said, tell her friends to drive immediately to the office of the chairman of the American Committee of the Young Women's Christian Association." "Well, now, if that isn't just like Lily," said Margie. "It was always duty before pleasure with her. I dare say we shall not see her till her meeting is over." "Well, dear, we will make the wait pleasant by talking of all the friends you have seen and heard from on our trip." "O, that will be grand," said Margie. "Let me see if I can remember the little quotations we found for each of them when they were written up in the Annual."

CLAUDIA B. McCULLERS,

Class Prophet.



Remsen Revised

I.

Listen, my sisters,
And I shall tell
How this poem came
To be written so well.
I've studied long weeks
Tho' this does n't show it.
I've made futile efforts,—
Alas! I'm no poet.
But friends to the rescue
So gallantly came,
I'm sure the result
Will bring me great fame

II.

Just what view to take
Of this glorious Class,
To best show our value
Alone or in mass,
We've searched thro' our books
We've looked all around.
In chemistry lastly,
A compound is found
Of unknown concoctions
Both acid and base;
Results of our efforts
Before you we place

III.

In dear old Margie
We certainly find
Properties of carbon,
Most well defined
Dazzlingly brilliant
At times she appears
As rich as the jewels
In Ethiop's ears
Life spent without her
Would be incomplete
She casts rays of sunlight
On all she may meet.

IV.

Firm, lasting, refining,
Pure calcium we find,
With this we place Jesse
Foremost in our mind
One thing 's certain
We can not deny
Their influence and sweetness
Do all purify,
Above all things else
In arts they excel.
The extent of their value
'T would take long to tell.

V.

Sodium sometimes
We find won't agree,
And chlorine, 'tis true,
Oxypowring may be
Now bring them together
They both will act well,
That stablest of compounds
Just NaCl.
Now, really, dear people,
There's no cause for mirth
For Lily is truly
The salt of the earth

VI.

K is most vigorous
Of all I must say,
It acts with great force
On all in its way.
If friction we place
Upon its nitrate
There'll be an explosion
Exceedingly great.
But Claudia, too,
Like potassium, is found
To shine with bright lustre
On all those around

VII.

Most lasting and useful
We turn now to see
The emblem of which
We'll express by Fe
With iron as with Pansy
Let's not be deceived,
At first their full value
Can not be perceived,
For each one possesses
That wonderful power
Of magnetic force
Which they use every hour.

VIII.

Just what all these form,
I can not explain,
It might cause some gladness,
I might cause some pain
There's one thing I know,
'T will never bring shame.
Let us trustfully hope
That it may bring us fame
Decide now, dear friends,
I really don't know,
Am I H N O 2,
Or just plain H₂O?³

MARY LURA SHERRILL.

Last Will and Testament

WE, the **Senior Class of 1906 of Peace Institute**, of the City of Raleigh, of the State of North Carolina, being of sound mind, do make and declare this to be our last will and testament:

I

We do bequeath to the Freshman Class our knowledge of Physiology, provided they agree to have their milk teeth extracted immediately after entering College. They must also promise not to cut their wisdom teeth before leaving the Fresh. year. They must train the muscles of their eyes to overlook the pickles and cakes in the bottom of an express package (this is not *necessary* but it is certainly *wise*). They must not feed the brain on too many sardines or the convolutions will outmeasure those of Mr. Dinwiddie and everything they buy will double in price. To gain the heavenly throne of "Peace," they must train their nerves to work in accordance with our Lady Principal's. Above all they must not let a single A. & M. boy see the work of Cupid in their hearts. Lastly, to these Fresh. young minds we do also magnanimously bequeath the salt of our sapient intellectual powers.

II

To the Sophomore Class we do resign with profound regret (?) the fascinating pursuit of the French Kings over the soil of western Europe. We sincerely hope that you may have the wisdom to settle them more quickly in your receptive minds than they had the strength to settle themselves on the unwelcome territory of their conquered foes. Before you can successfully pass this examination we advise you to be able to recognize every hallowed spot whereon the mighty foot of Charlemagne did rest. Know well what this great man did eat, and do you, if you wish to rule *men*, eat likewise. To these sophistical Sophomores, in addition, we leave our Socratic reasoning faculty and a quart bottle of condensed exercises to be taken sparingly and only on days when the elements make it imprudent to risk your bodies in the open air. Listen to the advice of your Seniors in years as well as in knowledge, and however bitter the dose may be, swallow it bravely: for we have learned by experience that the reasoning faculty must be oiled daily, else the machine rusts and requires double force to move it on the morrow.

III

With a feeling akin to pain we resign to you, gentle Juniors, our art of inducing the Muses to attend us in our poetical and musical flights. We can advise you no more wisely than to suggest that you rapturously drink in the words of wisdom as they fall from the lips of our beloved poet, Mr. Stockard.

We leave with you also, the cherished possession, our motto, "When in doubt, abstain," provided you make the application at opportune times.

We hand down our soft, low voices, which we cultivated for Mr. Dinwiddie's special benefit, with the proviso that you do not crack them.

Lastly, we leave you a bottle of HCl and H₂SO₄, for performing experiments in the laboratory, and also a dozen or two of canned symbols, which are as good as fresh ones and especially necessary in the study of chemistry.

IV

We do bequeath to the senior mathematicians of next year, our little pamphlet entitled, "The best method of solving puzzles relative to the working of trig., with explanatory notes on the 'cranning process,'" so often used by students, on condition that the aforesaid mathematicians will use cautiously and not publish during our life-time.

V

To the entire Senior Class, with spasms, moans, and sighs, we leave our favorite "Butler's Analogy," on condition that they prove not a more brilliant Class than we. To add to our munificence we will also throw in a grain or two of gray matter, several ounces of perseverance, and a large bottle of brain stimulant to be used when the cortex of the cerebrum becomes inactive, and to be applied vigorously in the perusal of said Butler.

We transmit our "Inferential Method for deducing Psychological facts," with many apologies for its battered condition. It is considerably worn and bags at the knees, but a more effectual or safer method, we could not guarantee. When too old for use, patch with Miss Royster's method.

Our senior privileges you will find in a neat little package on Miss Nannie's desk, labelled "Handle with care." Please do not grab the box or let it fall. We had to be very careful with these privileges and can not bear to see them abused by others. In the left hand corner of the little box, you will find a roll of advice, which you had better heed. These privileges are left to you with the injunction to follow our rule and never frequent (?) King's or the "New Drug Store."

We hand down our example, with full permission for it to be transmitted to succeeding generations without reference to male or female.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, We have hereunto set our hands and seals, this twenty-third day of May, one thousand nine hundred and six, A. D.

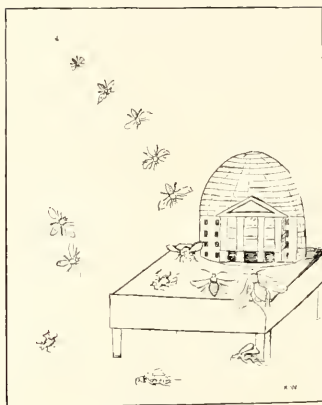
This is to certify that the foregoing instrument, consisting of 4 pages, was at the date thereof, signed to be and declared by the said testators (as and for) their last will and testament in the presence of us, who in their presence and at their request and in the presence of each other have subscribed our names as witnesses.

MARGIE SCOTT (SEAL),
JESSIE BUMPAS (SEAL),
PANSY FETNER (SEAL),
MARY SHERRILL (SEAL),
LILY PAIR (SEAL),
CLAUDIA McCULLERS (SEAL).

Witnesses:

FACULTY,

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.



Class of 1907

Flower

Lily of the Valley

Colors

Light Blue and White

Motto

Semper Fidelis

CLAUDE B. CALDWELL	President
MARY KING	Vice-President
KATHLEEN U. WALKER	Secretary
LADY C. DOLES	Treasurer
IDA G. BLOUNT	Historian

ANNIE MONTAGUE

EMMIE HAYWOOD

DORETHA W. FARMER

MILLIE S. BEARD

LILLIAN FIELDS

EMMA KELLEY

JEAN JACKSON

BESSIE BROWN

BEULAH ROBERTSON

MADDIE B. ELLINGTON

SUSIE MCGEE

MARY CLARKE

ANNIE YOUNG

GLADYS WELLS

BLANCHE PENNY

SALLIE COLE

LOIS EDWARDS



CLASS OF '07

Class History

IN the memorable year of nineteen hundred and three, a medley of damsels, portly maidens and bony ones, green-eyed and sandy-haired ones—met in the capital of the old "North State" under the time-honored roof of "Peace," with the one common interest in view—the search for common sense in an uncommon degree.

Classes have come and classes have gone, but never was there such a Class as that of '07. Its members were particularly wise even as "Freshies," and showed what "stuff" they were made of in refraining from skipping and buying pickles and chewing gum when the teacher's back was not turned.

In beginning, the historian is reminded of the fact that the public expects a brief mention of at least some of the various members of this illustrious Class. The majority are "Tar Heels," reflecting honor upon their State, and proving a source of pride to their Alma Mater. There are some from other States, who are, in their own eyes, well worthy of mention.

A Texas pony, becoming unruly, kicked, and he kicked so hard that the object of his vengeance was landed at Peace Institute. The slight scar which remains on the benign countenance of our beloved President as a result is cherished by us all as a memoir of the pony episode in which we consider ourselves entirely the gainers.

From down off the old rice plantation of the "Palmetto State," and from the balmy "Land of Flowers" two of the members have strolled.

Far surpassing any of her contemporaries in brilliancy of intellect—as well as *quickness* of intellect—Kathleen stands. This wonderful member devoured the whole of "American Literature" at a glance and she is never known to gaze into any book till the twenty minute bell. In sharp contrast to Kathleen is Blanche, whose candle may always be seen brightly burning at the midnight hour. Patience and perseverance accomplish all things, so that we predict for her a future of renown. As for "rushing," but, oh, my, I am truly uneasy about Lady, her love cases might be counted by the score, and so I will not attempt the enumeration here.

In the year '04, the echo of our glad yell resounded once again on the dear old "camp," and this time we numbered twenty-six strong. In this third year we have dwindled down considerably, yet we few remaining ones stick to the old motto "*Semper fidelis*." The first two years like heavy ranks trooped

by to martial music: the past year, however, has hurried and scurried along so rapidly that a great dizziness overcame us which, of course, the wise "Sophs." pronounced "swell-headedness." Yet can you not forgive a little haughtiness when you are reminded that the Rubicon is all but crossed.

From the very beginning, by our good behavior and "spunk," we gained favor in the eyes of our upper classmen and the "Chief Executor." Our success in becoming dignified Juniors reached a culminating point when we were summoned to appear before our "Chief," and we were then and there granted certain privileges, never before heard of in the long history of "Peace." But in the timely talk which was administered to us, our delight was in a measure restrained, and we realized fully the responsibility from thenceforward resting on our young shoulders. There were a few of us—sad to relate—who did, indeed, need this admonition, but now I am glad to announce that for them the old "skipping" days are a thing of the past. They know what a privilege is "privileges."

Numerous idle hours have been spent by all, but on a whole the year has been a progressive and successful one. The experiences of the past have taught us that work must precede success. And this is well, too, for in a short time we shall have to prepare to meet that "Final Hurricane," which fills all with an indescribable horror, and in its merciless sweep carries away *all* knowledge. The only thing that is apt to remain undisturbed by this cyclone is that old, familiar maxim: "Look it up."

The historian realizes her inability to do justice to so distinguished a body. She delegates the task to another, rich in experience and knowledge of wordly things, who, will, at the end of the most resplendent of all the years, hand down to posterity a fitting memorial.

IDA G. BLOUNT, *Historian.*



To the Junior

O dear old Junior year,
How happily hast thou flitted past
On golden wings of Father Time
And left behind deeds ne'er surpass-
ed.

O dear old Junior Class,
Of toil and trouble, woe and fear,
As well of wholesome fun and sport,
Thou hast always had thy share.

O dear old Junior Class,
How brightly gleams the open door
That leads to joyous Seniorhood,
So, brave and true we'll upward soar.

IDA G. BLOUNT



Class of 1908

Flower
Carnation

Colors
Pink and White

Motto

Nulla palma sine pulvere

FRANCES SHARP
CLYDE DAUGHTRIDGE
CORA CARTER
AMELIA STOCKARD
MARIE GRIFFIN

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Historian

BERNICE WILLIAMS

ELLEN STRONACH

GLADYS CHAPMAN

MARY S. JONES

CARRIE McQUEEN

PATTIE LEE

LEORA JAMES

LUCILE MOORE

MARY EVANS

HELEN FORBES

MARY ROBINSON

LIZZIE ROBERTS



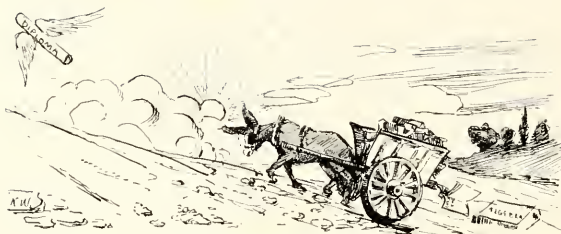
CLASS OF '08

*Since I've only one page in which to tell
Oj all the things we've done so well,
Pray, how shall I begin?
How tell of our march on the road to fame
On the rugged paths by which we came?
Many a duty we've skipped, of course;
Oh, the hymns we've learned perforce!
Really a dreadful task it was
Every Monday morning,*

*Caring no more for a Freshman's jolly,
Learning great things by our stay in Raleigh,
All are surprised by what we know.
Seniors and Juniors seem terribly green
Since we wise Sophs. have appeared on the scene.*

*Holmes, we thought, wrote "The Lady of the Lake,"
In this we find we've made a mistake,
Science has set our minds in a whirl,
Teaching us wonders of this great world.
Only two more years are before us now—
Really, I can not tell just how
You'll find us in the end.*

—MARIE L. GRIFFIN, *Historian.*



Class of 1909

Flower	Colors
American Beauty	Light Blue and Gold
MARTHA LAIRD ROBERTSONPresident
ELIZABETH EDWARDSVice-President
KATIE WALKERSecretary
SUE LONGTreasurer
MARY CORBETTHistorian
MILDRED KENNON TAYLOR	
EMMA CLYDE RICHARDSON	
FLOSSIE FITZGERALD	
LUCILE KIRKMAN	
GLADYS McLENORE	MINNIE STEINMETZ
ANNIE DUGGETT	CELESTIA PENNY
GLADYS McLENORE	MAGGIE LUKE
GLADYS McLENORE	SALLIE PITT
GLADYS McLENORE	EDITH POU
GLADYS McLENORE	RUBY FOY
GLADYS McLENORE	EUGENIA CLARK
GLADYS McLENORE	BESSIE MUSE
GLADYS McLENORE	EPHIE KELLEY
GLADYS McLENORE	ELIZABETH FOY



CLASS OF '09

Freshman History

WELL, one day about the middle of September, fifteen forlorn and homesick girls arrived at Raleigh from all parts of the country. Mr. Dinwiddie met us at the station and we were driven to a big brick building with white pillars, called Peace. Although we thought we were very grown up and experienced, we saw and heard some of the strangest things imaginable. "Moses" and "Aaron," for instance, caused great excitement the first morning. We tried to appear very wise, however, and kept our mistakes to ourselves (so we thought, but the Sophomores found out).

When we lost our way to the practice or recitation rooms, all we could do was to wait in the wide and numerous corridors until some sympathetic (?) Sophomore came along to befriend us.

One Monday evening Miss Nannie had a man with a thing that they called a "Tally-ho," come up and take us out for a ride. Several of the girls blew the horn.

Those important Sophomores and Juniors talked so much about "A. & M." and "dress parade," that we asked Miss Nannie to let us go and see it. We saw a great many boys all dressed in grey suits, with guns, and some had swords. We were very much afraid some one would get killed. They walked all over the grounds in crowds, while one man stood off and "hollered" things at them.

The girls here borrow a great deal. They run in and borrow matches, a drink of water, alcohol, and many other things, and never think to return them. We haven't gotten used to that yet, because the rules say "Do not borrow."

We have learned much more than we thought we could and don't think we need to come back next year. If we do come, though, we'll be Sophomores.

MARY CORBETT.



The Tally-ho

Peace had some little Freshmen
Who were as green as grass,
And every where Miss Nannie went,
You'd see that Freshman Class.

She took them on a ride one day,
Something *entirely* new,
Which made the Soph'mores angry
Who had wanted to go too.

They surely did enjoy that ride,
And now they linger here,
Wand'ring impatiently about,
For the tally-ho to appear.

LIZZIE ROBERTS AND MARTHA LAIRD ROBERTSON

HELEN M. FORBES
MARY BRIGGS

SUE BETTIE READE

ELIZABETH BLACK

ESTELLE PARKER

MARY E. RUFFIN

CLARICE ELIAS

MARY L. BARNES

MARY W. FOSTER

MISS HOOK

IRREGULARS

K. WOODALL

BEULAH DILLS

ELSIE GRIFFIN

SADIE ELIAS

LUCY DOWELL

STELLA ARTHUR

ALLSTON DARGAN

LILLIAN DUNCAN

MISS BRYANT

MARY HARDISON

NELLIE FORT



IRREGULARS

Jack's Practicing

FOUR o'clock! Where on earth is that boy? Jack! Jack! Oh, Jack! Oh, you heard me perfectly the first time I called. A minute more, and you'd have been out the gate. You know what I want as well as I do. I want you to practice. No, you can't go over to Ben's for a minute; I don't care if you did promise to take the bat back. Well, let him wait. It won't hurt him. What? Well, if they can't play without it, let them do something else. You come right into the house this minute and begin practicing! It does n't make a bit of difference if you did say you'd bring it. No, I say! No! Jack Macey, if you don't stop muttering and march right into the house, I'll speak to your father. No, you can't whistle to Ben. You come in this moment, or I'll know the reason why.

What did you say? You didn't practice all afternoon yesterday—anything of the kind. You practiced just fifteen minutes, and you promised to practice an hour this afternoon if I'd let you go. You know you've got to play that "Cradle Song" at the recital. I don't care a bit whether you want to or not; you're going to play it. Well, let the boys laugh if they want to. You're not the only boy that's going to play—Harold is n't a sissy. He's a lovely boy, and I wish you'd try to be like him. What? Don't stand there arguing with me, Jack. Go right in and begin to practice. (A pause.)

Jack! Oh, Jack! Haven't you begun yet? Well, be quick about it and mind you use plenty of soap and don't just dab at them with the towel. The soap is right there in the dish. Never mind if there is n't any hot water. What did you say? Well, they'll be clean enough. I suppose it's on the rack where it belongs. If it is n't, take a clean one from the drawer. The top drawer, of course, where they always are. Take any one you find. What is it? Well, it was n't too sore for you to play ball this morning. It is n't a particle swollen. No, I won't put a glove-finger on it—you don't need it. There is n't a thing the matter with it. You go into the parlor this instant and begin to practice. For goodness sake, stop twisting that piano-stool! What? Get the dictionary, then, or a sofa pillow. I suppose it's in the cabinet where you put it; it has n't walked off. Look for it—take all the time you want, your hour won't begin till you are ready to practice. I said an hour! Why, Harold practices two. No! No! I say! Well, if you'll work really hard, I'll let you off in half an

hour. It's a quarter past four now. No, the clock is exactly with my watch. No, you can't take the watch. Stop winding it! You'll break the main spring. Don't lean out of the window that way. I don't care what the town-clock says, my watch is right. No, you can't open a window. It is n't at all too hot. You can see perfectly well with the shades as they are. Let them alone, I say. Let the pedal squeak if it wants to—you can't oil it. The keys did n't stick this morning. No, I dusted it myself. Don't bang so, Jack, and play evenly. Well, where's the clean one I gave you this morning? Don't stop to look for it. They're in the right-hand corner of the second drawer. The second from the top, of course. (A pause.)

Well, get a drink, then; but be quick about it. No, you can't get any ice. What is it? Well, let it run, Jack! Well, it's as cold as it's going to be. It does just as well as ice-water. You don't need another book. I don't care if the dictionary is too high. Well, take it off, then. There are two pillows on the sofa. I don't care which. No, it is n't half-past four yet. What is it? You could n't possibly sprain your thumb turning it under. I don't want to see it; I know. Well, count up and find out. Well, play C then. No, you can't play "Bedelia;" play that "Cradle Song" over till I tell you to stop. Well, if she said play it that way, play it. You've just this minute had a drink. I don't care if it is hot. No, the half-hour is n't up yet. You can't go to the window if it is Will. You can take the bat home when you finish. Well, you can leave it, can't you? Now don't let me hear another word from you. Practice, and I'll hear about that afterward.

Oh, Jack, I thought I told you to practice! Now practice, and be a good boy—stop talking! Let him bark. I don't want him in the house. No, the cat is n't chasing him. There's nothing in the world the matter with him. What are you playing? Well, it does n't matter if it does limber up your fingers; it is n't your lesson. If you'd play it right you would n't be sick of it. Well, what is it? Yes, if you'll play it all over without making a mistake, I'll let you go, but you'll have to practice a whole hour to-morrow. There! That's it; I can't for the life of me understand why you fuss so about practicing when you can play like that. I mean to ask your teacher to give you a new piece immediately. It's getting to be a real pleasure to hear you practice.

EMMIE HAYWOOD.

The Laughter In Your Eyes

I love you, dear, for many things,
Some few you may surmise,
But most of all I love you for
The laughter in your eyes

And you are serious too, I know,
And sometimes very wise,
But through it all I love to see
The laughter in your eyes

It speaks to me of hidden joy,
A soul where beauty lies;
I love to see and ponder o'er
The laughter in your eyes.

When time and change shall lay their hands
Upon you mystic—wise,
God grant their influence may not dim
The laughter in your eyes!

ELIZABETH M. DINWIDDIE, '03



Villanelle

Let others sing the starry night
Or golden day of warm July,
I'm off to where the fishes bite

I go where shallows sparkle white,
And the cool sweet spray is dashing high,
Let others sing the starry night

To where the wild ducks rest from flight
And on the waters' bosom lie,
I'm off to where the fishes bite

Bare-headed in the scorching light,
Sunburned or freckled, what care I?
Let others sing the starry night

The sun long past his midday height,
Forgotten dinner hour gone by,
No matter, so the fishes bite

All other things neglected quite
For fishing 'neath the open sky—
Let others sing the starry night,
I'm off to where the fishes bite.

ELIZABETH M. DINWIDDIE, '03

The Peddler

It was a beautiful day in June, and all the world seemed happy and bright. The grass, trees and flowers on the road-side looked as if they were dressed for a holiday, so bright and fresh was their foliage.

Forming a striking contrast to all the beautiful and bright surroundings, was a man trudging along the road, under the full rays of the warm sun, with a heavy pack on his back. As we approach the traveler, we notice that he is very shabbily dressed, and that his hair and whiskers appear to have been untouched for several weeks; still we can not help feeling sorry for the man, for, from his sad, tired expression, we feel that he has seen better days and has not always lived as now.

If we follow this solitary traveler, we notice that he occasionally lowers his heavy pack, mops his face with a large bandana handkerchief, and before resuming his slow, tiresome journey, draws from his pocket a picture of a small dark-haired girl and presses it affectionately to his lips. This little girl had been stolen from her home when she was about six years old, by a band of gypsies, who were camping nearby.

The heart-broken father spared neither time nor money in his efforts to get her back. After ten long years of advertising and offering enormous rewards, he decided to go himself in search of her, hence we can now understand why he was so disguised and why he appeared so worried. For twelve long months the man had been living as we now see him, disguised as a peddler, and visiting all the gypsy camps that he could hear of; for he was fully convinced that his precious child was concealed in one of their camps, and that if his strength and courage would hold out, he would one day find her. And now, as the peddler, for so we had better call him, approached the little village to which he had been making his way, we notice that at times, in his anxiety to reach the place, he quickens his pace until becoming so exhausted he is compelled to stop a few minutes to catch his breath before journeying on. When we realize that in this little town all his hopes are centered, that it holds the only camp in that part of the country that he had not already visited, we then see why he is so excited.

Imagine, if you can, his disappointment and sorrow when, on reaching the small camp, he saw only several old women and men. After staying around

the camp for about an hour, he began to gather together his trinkets, and would have left immediately if the old women had not insisted on his having his fortune read. Following one of these women into a tent, he seated himself before a small table, and buried his face in his hands, while the old woman went to call the fortune-teller. The girl called appeared to be about eighteen years old, and was very tall and beautiful, with long, glossy black hair and black eyes. At first the peddler did not notice her, other than thinking her very beautiful and wondering if his little girl would look so when she was grown, for he could not think of her as being already grown, but always thought of her as still being the same child that she was when she left him. He was so busy thinking thus that he did not know the young girl had finished speaking, until she gently touched his arm, and asked for his money. The peddler drew forth from his pocket the required amount of money and then, probably from force of habit, took the picture, that we have before spoken of, from his pocket and began to look at it intently. Prompted by curiosity to know why the man was so affected, the girl asked if she might not see the picture. After admiring the pretty little face that she saw, she carelessly turned the picture over, and saw on the back, written in a bold masculine hand, her own name. After turning deathly pale, and uttering a slight scream, she fainted away in the peddler's arms. The father then knew that his search had ended, that he had found his daughter.

The gypsies were too terrified to trouble him, and he was able to leave the camp with his daughter, without the least resistance on their part.

JEAN JACKSON.





AS SEEN FROM THE PUMP

The School of Expression

HELEN M. POLLARD, Teacher

JESSIE BUMPAS LILIAN FIELDS

CAROLINE WHITING LUCILE MOORE

BEULAH DILLS CLYDE DAUGHTRIDGE

GLADYS McLEMORE MARY W. FOSTER

GERTRUDE BROWN CLYDE RICHARDSON ALLSTON DARGAN

Graduating Recital

MISS HOOD		<i>Pianist</i>
MISS BUMPAS		<i>Reader</i>
	ASSISTED BY	
MISS MANEY	<i>Mezzo-Soprano</i>

SATURDAY, MAY 10TH, 1906

PROGRAM

The Heart of Old Hickory		<i>Will Allen Drumgoole</i>
	MISS BUMPAS	
Sonata, op. 2, No. 1	<i>.....Bethoven</i>
Allegro		
Adagio		
Menuetto (Allegretto)		
Prestissimo		
	MISS HOOD	
Origin of the Banjo	<i>Irvin Russell</i>
The Bear Story		<i>James Whitcombe Riley</i>
	MISS BUMPAS	
Liebstraum		<i>.....Franz Liszt</i>
En Automne		<i>.....Maurice Moszkowski</i>
Valse Mignonne		<i>.....E. Schutt</i>
	MISS HOOD	
Adieux de Marie Stuart		<i>.....L. Niedermeyer</i>
	MISS MANEY	
Lygia (adapted from Quo Vadis)		<i>.....Henry Sienkiewicz</i>
	MISS BUMPAS	
Fantasia	<i>.....Franz Liszt</i>
Andante Mesto		
Allegro eroico		
Adagio, quasi Fantasia		
Allegrette alla Zingereze		
Vivace assai		

(Orchestral accompaniment arranged for second piano.)

MISS HOOD

Studio Helps

By the Workers of the "Peace" Art Club.

Class Motto

"I have done all I can."

- I. Never say good morning when you enter the room, as it will appear rude to interrupt the girls at their work.
- II. It is entirely out of date to clean your palette and brushes—a clean palette is not artistic.
- III. Before beginning your day's work be sure to inspect the drawings of your co-workers and criticise freely. The less you know about it the more severe your criticism should be.
- IV. Always walk between the model and the person sketching.
 - V. Never use your own material while that of your fellow-student is just as convenient—yours will go further.
- VI. Rags are the common property of all—first come, first served.
- VII. Never discuss the happenings of the day until you get to the studio. There you can find at least three of your co-workers who will be glad to give their opinion on any subject. A call-down or two doesn't amount to anything.
- VIII. It is bad form to get to work without being told.
 - IX. When a beginner enters the class, make it a point to greet her by telling her how disagreeable she will find charcoal drawing.
 - X. When Painting in oil, always leave your palette on the chairs so when the girls sit upon them they will become so stuck on painting they will immediately become artists.

Another Gouse Rhyme

Sing a song of illustrators
Studio's in a whirl,
Drawing comic pictures
To take off every girl;
So that when the Annual's opened
Laughter loud will ring
To see the frogs and donkeys
And every other thing —

Look so much like the illustrators
That any one could see
'Twere better they'd been named for them
Than either you or me—
The donkey for the Artist-in-Chief,
For an Assistant we'll take a frog,
So that really there is not much use
For them to play incog.

MARY W. FOSTER.



Graduating Recital

MISS ATTIE MAIE FIELDS

ASSISTED BY

MISS RACHAEL BORDEN, *Mezzo-Soprano*, AND MISS LILLIAN FIELDS, *Reader*

PROGRAM

Prelude and Fugue No. 5, Well-tempered Clavichord <i>Bach</i>
Gavotte, No. 4, B Minor	<i>Bach-Saint-Saens</i>
Sonata, G Major, No. 2, op. 14 <i>Beethoven</i>
Allegro	
Andante	
The Shadow of a Song	<i>Campbell Rae Brown</i>
Etude Mignon, No. 4, op. 16 <i>Schuett</i>
The Rivulet - Impromptu, op. 3 <i>Kroeger</i>
La Cascade	<i>Leschetizky</i>
As the Dawn	<i>Olto Cantor</i>
Concert D Minor	
Allegro appassionato	
Adagio	
Finale	

Orchestral accompaniment arranged for second piano



EULA HOOD



ATTIE FIELDS

A Saturday Night Recital

MR. BRAWLEY (rushing upstairs in a great flurry)—“Where is Mrs. McLemore? Has she come back from Giersch’s yet?”

An obliging girl—“I think not, Mr. Brawley.”

Mr. Brawley—“Well, we can’t wait. I’ll ring the bell anyway.”

7:30—Bell rings—Girls all hurry to Chapel and proceed to appropriate the best seats to themselves.

Mildred is seen with music in her hand. Several girls (excitingly)—“*Law*, Mildred, are you going to play to-night?”

Mildred—“*Of course*, what else do you suppose I’ve got my music in here for?”

Attie and Eula are over on one side near the front holding each other’s hands for mutual comfort and reassurance.

Eula—“Attie, I am scared to death.”

Attie “So am I, Eula, I’m shaking all over, (sighing deeply). Oh, me! I do wish they’d hurry and begin.”

Sadie (joining the group of “holding hands”)—“Girls, I just *know* I’m going to make a mess of my piece.”

There is loud whispering all over the room, but as Mr. Brawley rises everything becomes suddenly still.

Mr. B.—“The first number to-night is a Piano Solo, ‘The Palms,’ Leybach, played by Miss Lucile Moore. (Clearing his throat and smiling broadly.) Now, Miss Lucile Moore knows this piece without the notes, and she can play it just as well without them, but she insists on having them.” He looks at Lucile as she passes on her way to stage, and shakes violently with laughter. The truth is this young lady had been trying for *two weeks* to get out of playing.

At last Lucile strikes the final note and almost rolls off the stool in her haste to get to her seat.

Then follows “Etude Mignon” of Schutt, by Attie Fields. On the wings of such music our thoughts are wafted away, and are kept afloat by the sublime harmony that comes from the touch of Sadie and Eula as they gracefully render Leschetizky’s “Sky Larks,” and Schutt’s “Valse Mignon.”

All this time *Mr. Brawley* has been distracted with anxiety because Mrs. McLemore and some of the performers have not returned from Giersch’s. At

last the culprits appear sneaking in with as little noise as possible. Then follow readings, vocal solos, and piano selections, received with loud applause from the girls.

At last *Mildred's* time comes. She ascends the steps with a determined air and proceeds to the piano, sets her music up, and seats herself on the stool. Much snickering among the girls. Finding that it does not suit her *size*, she bounces up and crosses to the other side of stage, snatches up another stool, and starts back to the piano. But, alas! the stool comes apart and while Mildred holds tight to the *top*, the *legs* drop with a loud thud to the floor. *Very calmly*, Mildred decides to try the first stool again, so she drops hastily upon it and proceeds to play. At the first attempt to turn her music, it slides to the floor, at which Mildred whirls around, snatches it up, faces the audience a minute, then slams it back against the rack, and goes at the piano in a perfect fury wreaking vengeance on the poor innocent keys.

At the end she tramps off with a defiant air, while the girls all clap vigorously.

The programme ends with a beautiful rendering of Wagner's "Spinning Song," by Mary Briggs. Mr. Brawley rises and, smiling all over his face, says, "You know, Miss Mary Briggs hasn't had a chance to practice much lately. Seeing how well she plays under these circumstances, we naturally ask 'What *would* she do with a proper amount of practice?'"

The crowd breaks up and the girls crowd around the performers with profuse congratulations.

Thus it is we tread the thorny path to fame. Accident, applause, criticism, embarrassment, failure, success,—we try them all by turns. To those who persevere, the reward atones for all the trials, difficulties, and disappointments. And there is not a sweeter moment in the life of a pupil than that in which she at last realizes she has not disappointed *Mr. Brawley*.

LILY HELEN PAIR.



Chorus Class.

First Soprano	Second Soprano	Third Soprano
CLYDE DAUGHTRIDGE	MARY BARNES	MILLIE BEARD
MARY FOSTER	ELSIE GRIFFIN	GLADYS CHAPMAN
LOUISE MASSEY	ATTIE FIELDS	HELEN FORBES
LILY PAIR	LEORA JAMES	EULA HOOD
MARJORIE SNELL	MARY RUFFIN	MARTHA LAIRD ROBERTSON
KATHARINE WARD	MILDRED TAYLOR	
MARY WOOTEN		
KATIE WOODALL		

THEM'S MY SENTIMENTS

ATTIE FIELDS. "Of Thee I'm Thinking."
 MARY FOSTER. "Oh, Promise Me."
 HELEN FORBES. "The Daily Question."
 ELSIE GRIFFIN. "For Propriety's Sake."
 GLADYS WELLS. "A Queer Story."
 CLYDE DAUGHTRIDGE. "Just a Wearying for You."
 LILY PAIR. "Come to Me, Sweetheart."
 MARY BARNES. "Oh, Dry Those Tears."
 LEORA JAMES. "My Curly-Headed Baby."
 STELLA ARTHUR. "It Was a Dream."
 MARY WOOTEN. "Because I Love You."
 SUE BETTIE READE. "My Love is Like the Red, Red, Rose."
 ADA EDWARDS. "Nightingale."
 LOUISE MASSEY. "I Want You to Remember."
 KATE WOODALL. "When Love is Gone."
 MARGUERITE McCLINTIC. "Answer."
 RACHEL BORDEN. "Thine Eyes so Blue and Tender."
 LILY FERRALL. "Leave Me Not."
 ROSA MAGLENN. "He Was a Prince."
 MARY RUFFIN. "Forget Me Not."
 MILDRED TAYLOR. "Mighty Lak a Rose."

A Dress Rehearsal

An Operetta Given by the

PUPILS OF THE VOCAL DEPARTMENT

Under the Direction of Mrs. Helen McLemore

PEACE INSTITUTE

Monday Evening, December 11th, 1905, Eight-thirty

ARGUMENT

The scene is laid in a room of Grove House Academy, of which Miss Jones is the Lady Principal.

It is proposed to close the term by giving a charade of Shakespeare; but in the hands of the merry pupils it becomes a burlesque imitation of "Cinderella." Mrs. Jarvey, a retired actress, is called in to train the pupils in their parts.

While Miss Fibbs, arrayed as Cinderella, is rehearsing her part, she is overheard by Miss Prudence Pinchbeck, a visitor, who takes her for a "poor pupil" who is starved and ill treated. She hurries away to obtain assistance—perhaps from the police.

The rehearsal progresses until Miss Pinchbeck returns, intending to arrest Miss Jones and free the poor girl. The whole thing is explained and all ends well.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MISS JONES, <i>Principal of School</i>	LILY PAIR
AMY FIBBS, <i>afterwards Cinderella</i>	ADA EDWARDS
CLARA WILKINS, <i>afterwards the Prince</i>	MARY FOSTER
SARAH ANN, <i>the Greedy Girl</i>	LOUISE MASSEY
SOPHONISBA SPIVINS, <i>the Romantic Girl</i>	SUF BETTIE READE
MARTHA HIGGINS	ATTIE FIELDS
CARRY JACKSON	STELLA ARTHUR
ROSE JENNINGS, <i>afterwards Fairy Godmother</i>	ELSIE GRIFFIN
MRS. JARVEY, <i>Elocution Teacher</i>	MRS. McLEMORE
MISS PRUDENCE PINCHBECK, <i>a visitor</i>	CLYDE DAUGHTRIDGE
Other Pupils.—MISSSES BARNES, WELLS, LUKE, McCLINTIC, DARGAN, ROBERTSON, WOOTEN, BUMPAS, WOODALL, JAMES, FERRALL	
At the Piano:—MRS. EVA E. DUNCAN	

Julie's Cowboy

"GOOD-MORNING, have I the pleasure of meeting Miss Anderson?" inquired a tall and handsome man of a sprightly young girl as she jumped off the train at Corpus Christi, Texas.

"This is she; and I presume this is my cousin, Mr. Lasater, is it not?"

After conversing a short time and looking after her trunks, Mr. Lasater came for Miss Anderson and told her the carriage was waiting to take them to the ranch. Miss Anderson (whom from now on we shall call Julie), radiant with the thought of seeing at last a sure enough ranch and real, live cowboys, told all her plans to the cousin, already very much interested in her through her letters.

It seems that Julie was very enthusiastic over stories of western life. She lived in Nashville and had been invited many times to visit the ranch of her cousin, Mr. Lasater, a very wealthy ranchman. He had written her of the many experiences of the cowboys and how rough and wild they were. Dropping a hint that if she could only come out to his ranch, Santa Gertrudes, she might be able to make them more civilized.

After extensive preparations and several days of travel from sunny Tennessee to Texas, Julie had at last started on her trip through the country. For miles and miles she saw nothing save rolling prairies and an occasional mesquite tree or cactus plant. After travelling in silence for several miles, she suddenly asked her cousin what on earth were those brown looking men with ropes in their hands and what were they chasing. He was very much amused and told her the men were "bronco busters," and they were using the ropes to lasso the broncos. She saw many sights which were characteristic of a Texas cowboy, and which made her long for the time when she could exert a good influence over them.

The ride of twenty-five miles at last being ended, a very pretty house came into view which, much to her surprise, contained all the modern conveniences and was furnished with much taste. Her elderly cousin, Miss Helen Lasater, met her at the door and made her feel at home immediately.

Julie could hardly wait until morning for the promised sight of cowboys branding cattle. Breakfast over, Mr. Lasater, whom she called Cousin Ed, escorted her out in front of the house where stood a beautiful little black pony

that had been broken especially for her. They rode slowly over to the pens, because Julie knew very little of the art of horsemanship. When they reached their destination, Cousin Ed called to him, a man very handsome in face but dressed just like other cowboys. He said, "Julie, this is Rob Grey and he will take care of you while I ride around a little."

Poor Rob! This was for him truly love at first sight. Julie, while a very sweet girl had that great fault of thinking herself better than most people and, not at all understanding, treated him as a common servant. While he explained to her the process of branding, she noticed that he spoke in the manner worthy of a college bred man. She compared him to the other cowboys and found he seemed their superior. Further than this, she paid him no attention.

Time passed rapidly and Rob was becoming more desperately in love with Julie, while she would give him no opportunity to speak to her on any subject but business. Many afternoons, Julie, clothed in a perfectly fitting habit of dark green, went on long rides over the prairies, and at some distance behind her a cowboy followed, watching eagerly.

It was lucky for Julie that Rob had taken such an interest in her. For, late one beautiful August afternoon, soon after she had started out on her accustomed ride, the pony, in which she had so much faith, became suddenly frightened and with one plunge threw her to the ground. Rob had seen this and with all possible speed was soon bending over her. His heart almost ceased beating when he thought that she was dead. What should he do? There was no one near. He soon remembered a stream about a quarter of a mile distant and, hoping that she had only lost consciousness, throwing the bridle of his horse over his arm, he lifted Julie up and carried her to the bank of the stream.

How delightful it was to have her in his arms, and how happy he would be to feel her breath upon his face and to know that she was living. The stream reached, he bathed her brow with cold water and soon the beautiful brown eyes opened and looked into his. He saw that she was suffering, and as soon as possible placed her in his saddle, supporting her in his arms.

After weeks of suffering, when Julie was able to sit up, she requested to see Rob Grey, who during her illness had not allowed a day to pass without inquiring about her. She could hardly wait for his coming, but when at the appointed time she saw a very up-to-date gentleman riding up the drive, her astonishment knew no bounds to find in him none other than Robert Grey. When recovered from her surprise, she said, "I have wished for a long time to thank you for saving my life, and if it is ever in my power to do you a kindness it will give me pleasure." When he left, she asked him to call again. How could she help it? He was so nice and she—why she really believed she could love him.

After this they met often, and when Rob had at length gained courage to

ask the most important of all questions, Julie requested two weeks to think it over.

She did not know what to do. She felt fully convinced that she loved Rob, but what would her parents say to her marrying a cowboy of whom she knew nothing. In her desperation she wrote to a life-long friend asking him to advise her, mentioning Rob's full name. This is the letter which reached her on the very day she was to give Rob his answer.

NASHVILLE, TENN., September 25th, 190—

Dear Julie:—Nothing could make me feel better than to know you are loving Rob Grey. He is a fine old chap and was my room-mate at Harvard. Has he never mentioned my name? But I suppose not; for he once told me the girl he married had to love him for what he was and not for his family name or what he had. Of course he knew, if he had spoken of me, you would ask me about him. Julie, if you love him and he loves you, by all means marry him. He is all right and his family is one of the most aristocratic and wealthy in Richmond. Did he ever tell you why he is a cowboy? He read "The Virginian" and other such stories and, in a spirit of adventure, decided to spend a year on a ranch. This is his history. Give the old chap my regards and write all the particulars to

Your old confidant,

JOHN COX.

That night, Julie, wreathed in smiles, told Rob of the letter from John and granted to him the one favor he asked. She said, "I will become your bride when the roses bloom again."

CLAUDE B. CALDWELL.



In June

In time of yellowing wheat
There is a merry sprite,
Blows on his spring sweet—
Old=Bob=White!

Amid the tangled brake
In morning's rose to light,
His liquid notes awake,—
Old=Bob=White!

When scythes of mowers ring
At noontide's silent height,
The pipes by the mossy spring,—
Old=Bob=White!

And still, white slowly fall
Shades of the summer night,
From the orchard comes his call
Old=Bob=White!

Trade's roar for me is mute!—
The reapers' blades flash bright,
Far sounds that silver flute.—
Old=Bob=White!

HENRY JEROME STOCKARD

The Grand Ball of Prince Hora

PRINCE HORA sent out a proclamation inviting all the nobility of the land to a grand ball to be held at his palace.

The Prince was the ruler of the Island of Alva. He had been sovereign only a short time as his father, the late king, had been dead but a few months. In contrast to his father, he was a very over-bearing ruler, he taxed and oppressed the people almost beyond bounds. Many poor peasants died of hunger every day as he would not help them or allow anybody else to help them.

The afternoon before the night of the grand ball, Prince Hora went walking through his garden, which during his father's life had been full of beautiful flowers, but now was nothing but grass and weeds.

He walked up and down the unkept walk thinking how he could further tax and oppress the people to pay for the grand ball, which he wished to outstrip in richness and splendor any that had been held in the land.

As he passed by the court-yard gate the guard called to him and said: "Milord, there is a poor woman at the gate with her little child and she begs that you give her just a scrap of bread to eat for she is starving."

"Tell her that I have nothing to give and tell her not to come again and bother me."

"But, milord, she says that she will not move from the gate until she gets something to eat."

"Go and thrust her away from the gate instantly! I will not have those poor dogs hanging around my palace! Go!"

"But, milord——"

"Go instantly, or you will be thrust out of the court yourself."

The man, through fear, went slowly to do his sovereign's bidding.

The Prince walked on. He was very angry and muttered to himself.

As he passed the ancient vault of his forefathers, at the further end of the garden, his foot struck something hard that resounded with a hollow sound.

Still angry the Prince looked quickly down to see what this was. He started violently, for to his surprise he saw a death's-head.

Just then he fancied he heard a stifled moan, and he said, "I wonder who has had the audacity to take this skull out of the vault?"

Then a hollow voice which seemed to come from the skull, said: "Prince

Hora, why do you oppress and tax the poor as you do? You know that your good father, the late ruler, would turn over in his grave if he knew of your cruelty."

"Cruelty!" sneered that dignitary, when he was sufficiently recovered from his surprise to answer. "Why, what do you know about it? What are the poor in the land for but to work and slave for the king? Cruelty, I say!"

"And," continued the skull, "you are going to have a grand ball to-night for the nobility of the land; why, instead, don't you send a proclamation through the land inviting all the poor to come into your court, and then distribute bread among them; they would bless your name forever if you did."

"I care not for their blessing. I wish to be feared. But," as a sudden thought struck him, "Sir Death's-head, come to my ball to-night and mingle with the nobility. I will give you the seat of honor!" he added scornfully.

"Aye, I will come as you have asked me, but when I do come I will take you away with me to the grand ball of the skeletons. Aye, I will come!"

This enraged the Prince greatly so he kicked the skull as far as he could. He was now seized with fear for as he walked quickly out of the garden in to the court he heard the stifled moan proceeding from the skull.

He tried hard to shake off the fear that seized him but he could not. He ordered the guard to bar every gate and allow no one to enter who was not known.

At the appointed time all the guests came. Not one staid away, for they feared the anger of the haughty sovereign.

When the last came into the hall, Prince Hora ordered the doors to be bolted and barred.

The rooms were lighted brilliantly and every one was as merry as could be. The merriment of the people increased as the wine flowed more freely.

Every time the old clock on the stairs sounded the hour the Prince became deathly pale and shook with fear. The people looked at him in wonder, but dared ask no questions.

He tried to drown his fear in wine and as the hours moved quickly on and the ghostly visitor did not appear he regained his mirth and became gayer than the gayest. He was just raising a cup of red wine to his lips to drink to the health of the whole company, when the old clock on the stairs began to strike the hour of twelve. Every stroke seemed like a knell to the Prince, who had stopped the cup of wine half-way to his lips.

Just as the last stroke of the clock died away, there came a loud knock at the door that made it shake on its hinges.

The Prince called out loudly for the guard to allow no one to come in.

Every one present seemed to be struck with sudden fear, and they crowded around their frightened sovereign.

The knock sounded again louder than the first. The next instant the door was pushed open and a figure all draped in black entered and stalked up to the Prince, its bones rattling as it walked.

The frightened Prince cried out, "Stop, you creature, unmask yourself! Who are you that you dare intrude into the Prince's palace?"

"I am he whom you invited to come; have you no welcome for me?"

Then he laid bare the black hood he wore and revealed a ghastly death's-head. The women shrieked and fainted. Some of the men boldly attempted to take the creature out, but they were repelled by the fiery gleam of its eyes.

The creature then walked up to the Prince and took him by the arm saying: "Come, Prince, let us go to the ball of the skeletons; come, or we shall be late."

The Prince shrieked out: "Will no one save me from this horrible creature? Oh! kill him, kill him!"

But no one dared move and the creature literally dragged the half-fainting Prince into the hall, through the door, out into the night and disappeared. No one dared interfere. When they again regained their courage they all quickly fled. Not one man, woman or child, was left in the palace. All the servants fled and no one ever entered the palace again.

The wicked Prince was never seen again, but the people never grieved for him.

MARY CLARK.





Just ready for the



Basket-Ball

First Team

CLAUDE B. CALDWELL
Captain

LILY PAIR . . .
CLYDE DAUGHTRIDGE .
CLAUDIA McCULLERS
CLAUDE B. CALDWELL
IDA G. BLOUNT . . .
KATHLEEN U. WALKER
LOIS EDWARDS . . .
MARY N. FOSTER
Chief Rooter

LINE UP

Positions

Right Forward . . .
Left Forward . . .
. . . Center
Center Guard . . .
Right Guard . . .
. Left Guard
Substitutes

KATHLEEN U. WALKER
Business Manager

Second Team

MAGGIE LUKE
Captain

MAGGIE LUKE
PATTIE LEE
MARY FOSTER
CORA CARTER
LIZZIE B. ROBERTS
MILLIE BEARD
KATIE MODALL
MILDRED TAYLOR
Assistant Rooter

SONGS

To tune of "Heidelberg."

Here's to the team of 1906,
Here's to the girls who play;
Here's to the coach so brave and strong,
Here's to the match game day,
Here's to the ball we'll raise on high,
E'en to the stars above—
Here's to the team, the best on earth,
Here's to the girls we love.
—M W F

To tune of "Every body works but Father."

Nobody plays on Wednesday, Friday, Saturday, too.
Every body plays on Tuesday and Thursday sure-we-do;
Now just guess the reason
For really we can't tell,
But just get up your courage
And join us in the yell,
Sis-rah sis-rah
Boom-rah-ray
Play girls—play girls
Everyday.
—M. W. F.



BASKET-BALL TEAM



The Tennis Club

MRS. McLEMORE

President

MEMBERS

STELLA ARTHUR	MARY BARNES
IDA BLOUNT	CORA CARTER
CLAUDE CALDWELL	CLYDE DAUGHTRIDGE
ADA EDWARDS	HELEN FORBES
DORETHA FARMER	CORINNE DOLES
ELSIE GRIFFIN	GLADYS McLEMORE
CLAUDIA McCULLERS	
MISS MANEY	MARY WOOTEN
LOUISE MASSEY	MARY HARDISON
ATTIE FIELDS	LILLIAN FIELDS
MARGIE SCOTT	KATHLEEN WALKER
LUCILE MOORE	MISS POLLARD
GLADYS WELLS	MILDRED TAYLOR

Baseball

Vesuvius
MARY W. FOSTER
Captain

Pompeii
KATHLEEN U. WALKER
Captain

Positions

CLAUDIA McCULLERS	<i>Pitcher</i>	MARTHA LAIRD ROBERTSON
MARGIE SCOTT	<i>Catcher</i>	LIZZIE ROBERTS
CLAUDE CALDWELL	<i>First Baseman</i>	CORA CARTER
MARY FOSTER	<i>Short Stop</i>	IDA BLOUNT
MAGGIE LUKE	<i>Second Baseman</i>	MARIE GRIFFIN
MILDRED TAYLOR	<i>Third Baseman</i>	LILY PAIR
MARY HARDISON	<i>Centre Field</i>	KATHLEEN WALKER
LOUISE MASSEY	<i>Right Field</i>	MARY WOOTEN
LOIS EDWARDS	<i>Left Field</i>	CLYDE DAUGHTRIDGE
CLAUDE CALDWELL	<i>Business Manager</i>	IDA BLOUNT

The Editorial Football Team

LIZZIE ROBERTS	<i>R. Talker</i>	LILY PAIR	<i>R. Grumbler</i>
M. SCOTT	<i>C. Rush</i>	K. WALKER	<i>Q. Blabber</i>
I. BLOUNT	<i>L. Grumbler</i>	C. McCULLERS	<i>L. Bosser</i>
MARY W. FOSTER	<i>L. Embracer</i>	C CALDWELL	<i>L. Talker</i>
M. L. ROBERTSON	<i>R. Embracer</i>		

THE GAME

We, Editors are the players,
The Annual is the ball—
And when we line up for a game,
There's no one else that's in it at all

Our goal is the printing press,
Our opponent is the 'dough'—
And after all our efforts,
You'll not read more than half we should know

We fight and struggle hard,
And scrap and tackle oft—
But hope when the ball to goal is thrown,
Some one may raise it aloft ! !

M W F

April Fool

1

Pattie Lee is on a tear.
April Fool!
Gladys Wells is cross as a bear.
April Fool!
Susie McGee is stricken dumb,
Clande's under Blanche's thumb.
Mr Brawley's drinking rum
April Fool!

2

May McMillans' daft on art.
April Fool!
Sallie Pitt is getting smart.
April Fool!
Myrtle Wade is full of snap,
Mary Corbett wants a chap,
Miss Nannie doesn't care a rap.
April Fool!

3

Celestia Penny's broke a rule
April Fool!
Pansy's acting like a fool
April Fool!
Elsie Griffin has skipped church,
Martha Land's left in the lurch,
Mary Robinson needs the birch.
April Fool!

4

Miss Maney has no candy
April Fool!
Lucile Kirkman is a dandy.
April Fool!
Kathleen Walker has no "case,"
Lucile Moore's been in her place,
Frances Sharp's not in the race
April Fool!

5

Clyde never wants to know the fun.
April Fool!
But Lily tells till setting sun
April Fool!
Gladys Chapman loves a rat,
Lizzie Roberts grows too fat,
Mary Hardison needs a hat
April Fool!

6

Put Louise on the Honor Roll.
April Fool!
Jessie always love to stroll.
April Fool!
Sue's longing to grow tall,
Knox's exile pleases all,
Everybody now plays ball
April Fool!

7

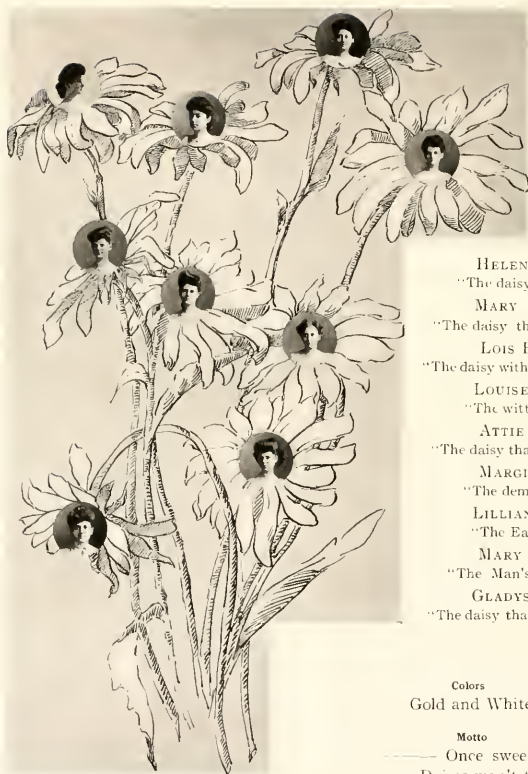
William looks like Sunny Jim
April Fool!
Mildred Taylor's getting slim,
April Fool!
Ida Blount has learned to mend,
Lillian Fields does hate to spend,
Pedagogy has an end
April Fool!

8

Mollie Ruffin's got a letter
April Fool!
Mrs. Fowler's getting better,
April Fool!
Mary Foster knows no news,
And Miss A. has got the blues,
Everybody's paid their dues.
April Fool!

MARY LURA SHERRILL

CLUES



A Sweet Bunch of Daisies

- HELEN FORBES
"The daisy that flirts"
MARY WOOTEN
"The daisy that wins hearts"
LOIS EDWARDS
"The daisy with the golden heart"
LOUISE MASSEY
"The wittiest daisy"
ATTIE FIELDS
"The daisy that loves Florida"
MARGIE SCOTT
"The demure daisy"
LILLIAN FIELDS
"The Earl's daisy"
MARY BARNES
"The Man's field daisy"
GLADYS WELLS
"The daisy that breaks hearts"

Colors

Gold and White

Motto

Once sweetheart
Daisies won't tell.



The "W. D. F."

Aim in Life

To take in everything
that comes

Colors

Latest out

Flower

Johnny-jump-ups and
Sweet Williams

Mottoes

Good occupation is recreation, we ain't going to work no more
We're going to live till we die

Chief Occupation

Bumming

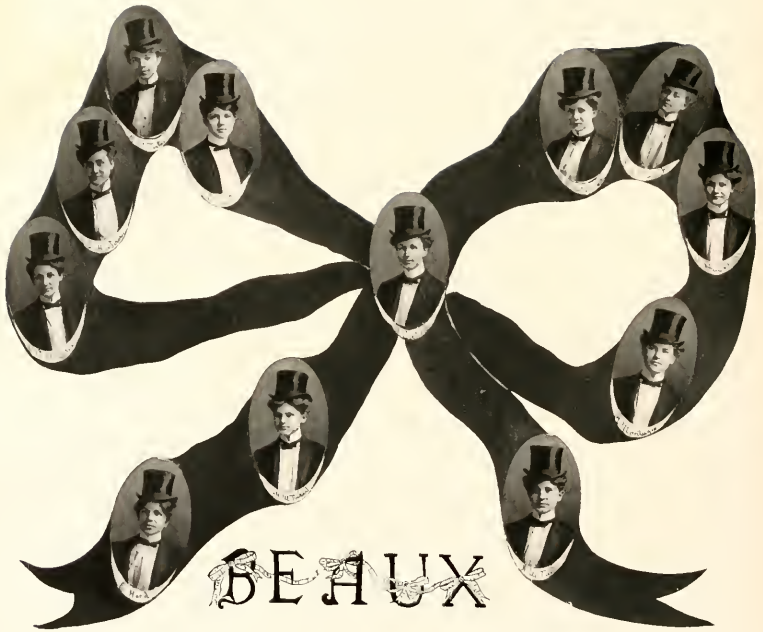
MEMBERS

MARTHA L. ROBERTSON, *Chief Giggler*
CORA G. CARTER . . . *Chief Letter-getter*
MARY W. FOSTER . . . *Chief Bummer*

CLAUDE B. CALDWELL . . . *Chief Talker*
KATHLEEN U. WALKER . . . *Chief Eater*
LIZZIE B. ROBERTS . . . *Chief Caser*

"Aunts" of "W. D. F."

"AUNT" HELEN POLLARD *Giersch Aunt*
"AUNT" EMMA ANDERSON *Theatre Aunt*
"AUNT" EVA DUNGAN *Ball game Aunt*
"AUNT" MARTHA MANEY *All-round Aunt*



BEAUX

AND

BELLES





The Chafing Dish Club

Motto

"We may live without poetry, music and art,
 We may live without conscience and live without heart,
 We may live without friends, we may live without books,
 But civilized man can not live without cooks"

Password

"Such an appy-tight"

MARGIE SCOTT	... <i>Chief Cook</i>	MARY BARNES	... <i>Timekeeper</i>
ATTIE FIELDS.	<i>Busy Sampler</i>	LILLIAN FIELDS	... <i>Little Busybody</i>
HELEN FORBES	... <i>General Mix</i>	MARY WOOTEN...	<i>Crumb Scraper</i>
GLADYS WELLS	<i>Bottle Washer</i>

Thursday Afternoon Tea Party

Motto

"Wisdom Is Better Than Rubies"

Object

To Become Pedagogues

Flower

Wisdom Plant

Our Inspiration

MISS EDITH ROYSTER

MARY "ROUSSEAU" SHERRILL *President*

LILY "SPENCER" PAIR *Secretary*

MEMBERS

CLAUDIA "PESTALOZZI" McCULLERS

MARGIE "FROEBEL" SCOTT

JEAN "HERBART" JACKSON

PANSY "MANN" FETNER

ELSIE "FENELON" GRIFFIN

"Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."



Bachelor Maids

Motto

'Don't wear your heart on your sleeve
Think well before you believe

Flower

Hearts-case

CLYDE DAUGHTRIDGE "Those three little words, I love you"
 LOUISE MASSEY "Chief mourner of our deplorable Fate"
 LOIS EDWARDS "Trying so hard to forget"
 LILLIAN FIELDS "Come back to me Sweetheart"
 SUE LONG "Good-bye, my Lover, Good-bye"



The Giggers

MARJORIE SNELL IDA BLOUNT MYRTLE WADE KATHERINE WARD



"S. N. R."

CLYDE RICHARDSON LIZZIE ROBERTS
MARIE GRIFFIN KATHLEEN WALKER FRANCES SHARP

"Now did n't we ramble, did n't we ramble,
Ramble spring and fall,
Up and down the hall,
Now did n't we ramble, did n't we ramble,
Rambled till the teachers caught us ah."



1.

There's a little pig named Jessie,
Who's in love with a certain tall one,
We really feel sorry for Bessie
When she feels she is being out done.

2

The next little pig is Mary,
What do you think of her size?
Now, I-oy, we bid you, be wary,
For many are seeking this prize.

3

The third little-pig is Margaret,
Her vocabulary is wide;
She can talk—and say more in a minute
Than anyone—that is her pride.

4

The fourth little pig is Mildred,
She is always having a case,
You never can tell who is the last one
Who holds in her heart the first place.

5

The last little pig is Myrtle
Who sighs for a lad far away,
In schemes and in fanciness's fertile,
She thinks of naught else—lek-a-day!

6

And all of these pigs go to market,
Whenever they see a safe way,
For pickles, and spice, and for everything new
That is offered on privilege day.



The Bummers

Motto

For men may come and men may go,
But the "bum" on forever

Colors

Red and White

Chief Object

Will tell you later

Place for Bumming

Everywhere

Time for Bumming

All the time

MEMBERS

CORA G. CARTER	"Bright Eyes, Good-bye"
MARY E. HARDISON	"Come Take a Trip in My Air-ship"
MARTHA LAIRD ROBERTSON	"All for You"
MARY W. FOSTER	"Teasing"

And this is a very good sign
That there is always something 'hid'ling'
In the good old "bumming" time.



'THE FIVE WISE VIRGINS.'

Virginia Club

Colors	Dance	Flower
Orange and Blue	Old Virginia Reel.	Virginia Creeper

Motto
"Carry Me Back to Old Virginia."

Song
"Mid the Green Fields of Virginia."

KATHERINE WARD <i>President</i>	
MILLIE BEARD <i>Vice-President</i>	MARGUERITE McCLINTIC <i>Treasurer</i>
LIZZIE ROBERTS <i>Secretary</i>	MARY JONES <i>Chairman</i>

MEMBERS

KATHERINE WARD	MILLIE BEARD	LIZZIE ROBERTS
MARGUERITE McCLINTIC	MARY JONES	



The Modern Priscillas

MARY BARNES

HELEN FORBES

ATTIE FIELDS

CLAUDIA McCULLERS

LIZZIE ROBERTS

KATHLEEN WALKER

JESSIE BUMPAS

LILLIAN FIELDS

MARY FOSTER

CLAUDE CALDWELL

MARGIE SCOTT

GLADYS WELLS

MARTHA LAIRD ROBERTSON

CORA CARTER

MARY HARDISON

ANNIE MONTAGUE

LILY PAIR

MARY WOOTEN

A FAIRY'S DREAM

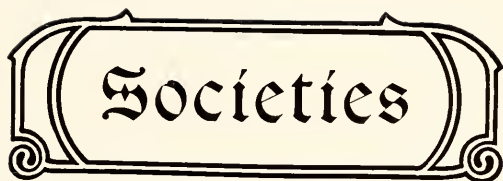
A little fairy dreamed one day
As he slept in a jessamine flower,
And the soft wind blew, and blew, and blew,
As it sang around the bower.

Ah! the dream was a fairy-land dream
Of flowers that bloom in June,
And birds that trilled, and trilled, and trilled
With the very winds in tune.

And all the grasses were fragrant,
And the daises had hearts of gold
Made from bits of sun-beams
That snowy petals stoled.

But, alas! the bright dream is broken,
The garden has passed away
With the tender jessamine flower,
In the gloom of a darker day.

ALLSTON V. DARGAN

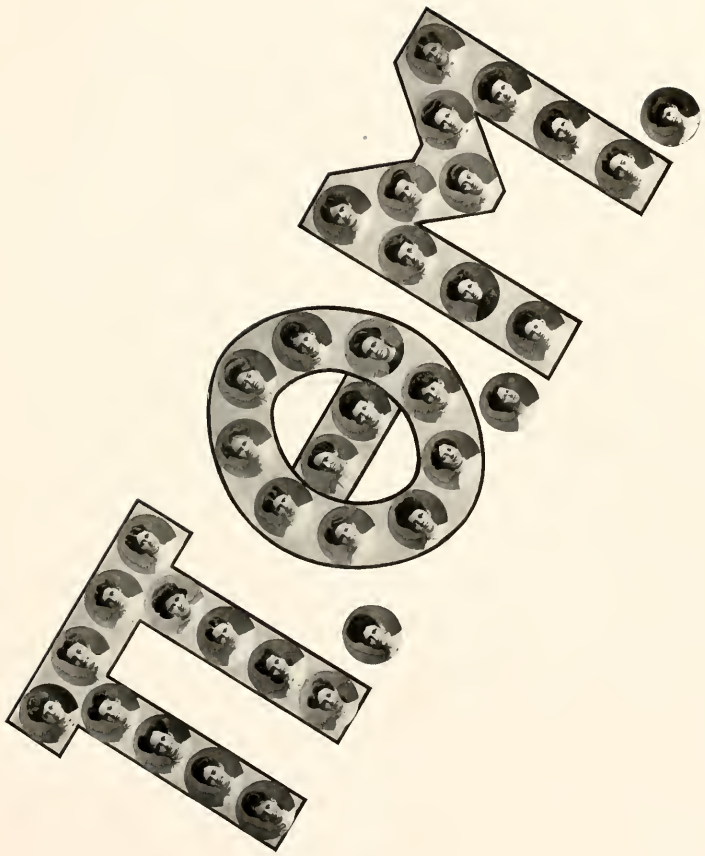
A decorative rectangular frame with ornate, curved corners and a double-line border. The word "Societies" is centered within the frame in a black, Gothic-style font.

Societies



Pi Theta Mu Society

Flower	Colors	Motto
Pansy	Purple and Old Gold	Mere Light
LILY HELEN PAIR		<i>President</i>
LOUISE MASSEY		<i>Vice-President</i>
MARY SAUNDERS JONES		<i>Secretary</i>
ATTIE FIELDS		<i>Treasurer</i>
IDA G. BLOUNT		SALLIE COLE
MARY CORBETT		CLAUDE B. CALDWELL
CORINNE DOLES		LOIS EDWARDS
ADA EDWARDS		DORETHA FARMER
ELSIE GRIFFIN		MARIE GRIFFIN
JEAN JACKSON		LEORA JAMES
PATTIE LEE		MAGGIE LUKE
MAE McMILLAN		GLADYS McLEMORE
CARRIE McQUEEN		ESTELLE NEAL
BLANCHE PENNY		CELESTIA PENNY
SALLIE PITT		CLYDE RICHARDSON
FRANCES SHARP		MARJORIE SNELL
KATHERINE WARD		MYRTLE WADE
KATIE WOODALL		MARY THOMPSON
LUCILE KIRKMAN		RUBY FOY
ELIZABETH FOY		CLYDE DAUGHTRIDGE
FLOSSIE FITZGERALD		AMELIA STOCKARD
ELIZABETH EDWARDS		CLAUDIA McCULLERS



VALENTINE PARTY AT PEACE.

A Most Delightful Event With Love Scenes from Shakespeare.

It is the custom at Peace for the Erosophian, or Pi Theta Mu Society to celebrate Valentine day. This year the members entertained as their guests the Sigma Phi Kappa Society, the faculty, and a few invited friends, presenting before them a group of "Love Scenes from Shakespeare."

The clear enunciation and the good acting of the performers added to the artistic and realistic stage settings and excellent costumes, won hearty praise from the guests. Again and again were the actors recalled. Particularly clever were the scenes from *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *The Parting of Antony and Cleopatra*.

Having shown how Shakespeare made his characters disport themselves when under the influence of Cupid, the final number of a program represented in tableau Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway in their roseate days of love.

The excellent introduction to each scene, given with grace by Miss Lillie Pair, the president of the society, added much to the pleasure of the audience.

The following is the program:

1. As You Like It—Orlando, Attie Fields; Rosalind, Louise Massey; Celia, Mary Thompson.
2. Othello—Othello, Carrie McQueen; Desdemona, Marie Griffin; Barantio, Maggie Luke.
3. Midsummer Night's Dream—Pyramus, Clyde Daughtridge; Thisbe, Estelle Neal; Prologue, Majorie Snell; Moonshine, Lucile Moore; Lion, Elizabeth Foy.
4. A Midsummer Night's Dream—Bottom, Pattie Lee; Titania, Clyde Richardson; Fairies, M. E. Edwards, Blanche and Celestia Penny.
5. Romeo and Juliet—Romeo, Claude Caldwell; Juliet, Gladys McLemore.
6. The Taming of the Shrew—Petruchio, Claudia McCullers; Katharine, Majorie Snell.
7. The Tempest—Ferdinand, Ida Blount; Miranda, Katharine Ward.
8. Winter's Tale—Leantes, Lois Edwards; Hermoine, Flossie Fitzgerald; Paulina, Frances Sharp.
9. Antony and Cleopatra—Antony, Mary Saunders Jones; Cleopatra, Sallie Cole.
10. Tableau—Shakespeare, Myrtle Wade; Anne Hathaway, Mary Corbett.

(From Raleigh News and Observer.)



TITANIA AND BOTTOM



KATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO



ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA



Sigma Phi Kappa Society

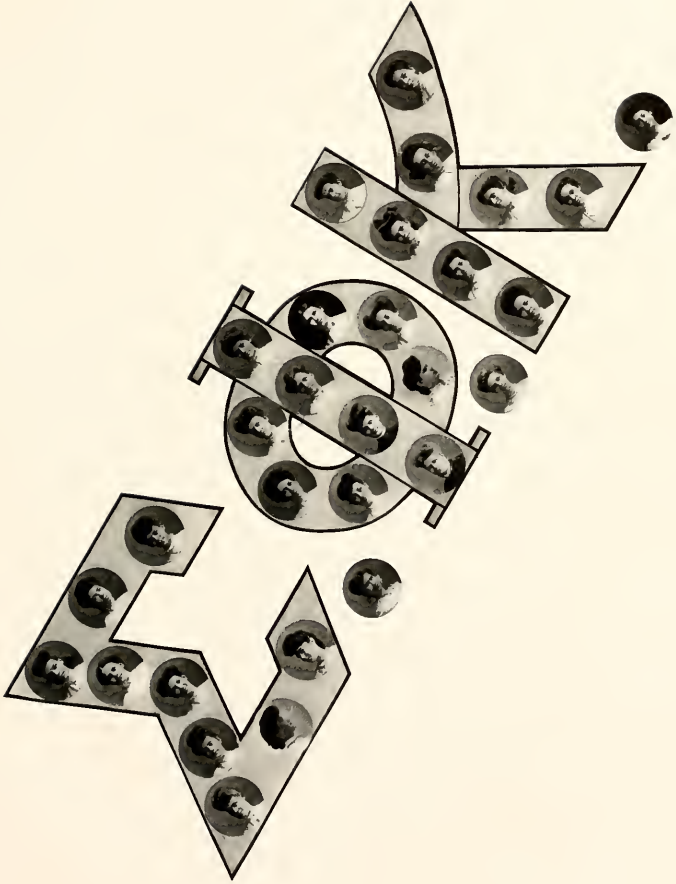
Flower
Carnation

Colors
Yale Blue and Old Gold

Motto

Vita sine literis mors est

MARGIE SCOTT	President
HELEN FORBES	Vice-President
JESSIE BUMPAS	Secretary
GLADYS WELLS	Treasurer
ALLSTON DARGAN		BERNICE WILLIAMS
MARY HARDISON		MILDRED TAYLOR
ANNIE MONTAGUE		MILLIE BEARD
LIZZIE ROBERTS		MARY WOOTEN
GLADYS CHAPMAN		LILLIAN FIELDS
MARY W. FOSTER		MARY RUFFIN
SUE LONG		EMMA KELLY
CORA CARTER		EULA HOOD
MARY BARNES		MARY ROBINSON
KATHLEEN WALKER		EMMIE HAYWOOD
MARGUERITE McCLINTIC		ANNIE YOUNG
BEULAH DILLS		SUSIE MCGEE
BESSIE BROWN		MARY SHERRILL
STELLA ARTHUR		MARTHA LAIRD ROBERTSON



EVENING OF PLEASURE.

Sigma Phi Kappa Society Exercises at Peace Institute.

Truly unique and delightful was the evening of February 22d at Peace Institute. The Sigma Phi Kappa Society had charge of the exercises and had as their guests, the faculty, the members of the Phi Theta Mu Society, and a number of ladies. The day being Washington's birthday it was natural and fitting that the young ladies should turn to earlier times for inspiration. While they did not reach the eighteenth century they cleverly presented "Scenes on the Old Plantation." The charming little story of "Diddle, Dumps and Tot," had been dramatized for them and they did the rest. From the moment that the rolling melody of "Swing low, Sweet Chariot," announced the approach of the "quarter" negroes, until the stirring "Dixie," the audience witnessed true pictures of the old life before the war. The stately Mr. and Mrs. Waldon, the lively children, the dignified mammy, the mischievous pickaninnies, the hordes of negroes of all ages and conditions made the story perfect. Uncle Snake-bit Bob, the exhorter, and Brer Daniel, the preacher, were excellent, and kept the audience convulsed with laughter.

The climax was reached in "The Day of Disobedience," on which the children run away from mammy to play near the gin house. There the black sheep Billy appears and butts all in sight, being monarch of all he surveys. Mammy comes only to be extended upon the ground and the party is resened at last by Brer Daniel and Uncle Bob, who drive Billy off the place.

The scenes were as follows:

1. Christmas Morning.
2. Mammy's Story.
3. Diddle's Bonk
4. Struction ob de Chillens.
5. Brer Daniel.
6. The Glorious Fourth.
7. Day of Disobedience.
8. Jim's Wedding.

Fortunate indeed were those privileged to witness the performance.

(From Raleigh News and Observer.)



A DAY OF DISOBEDIENCE



CHRISTMAS ON THE OLD PLANTATION

1906

U. W. C. A.

OFFICERS

LILY PAIR, *President* MARGIE SCOTT, *Vice-President*
JESSIE BUMPAS, *Secretary* ADA EDWARDS, *Treasurer*
ELSIE GRIFFIN, *Corresponding Secretary*

BIBLE CLASSES

Members

CLAUDE B. CALDWELL, *Leader*

MARY BARNES IDA BLOUNT CORINNE DOLES DORETHA FARMER
MARIE GRIFFIN CORA CARTER KATHLEEN WALKER
LIZZIE ROBERTS GLADYS WELLS
CLYDE RICHARDSON JESSE BUMPAS
MARGIE SCOTT LOIS EDWARDS
ADA EDWARDS ATTIE FIELDS
LILIAN FIELDS MARY WOOTEN CLYDE DAUGHTRIDGE
MYRTLE WADE CLAUDIA McCULLERS HELEN FORBES JEAN JACKSON
MARY W. FOSTER, *Leader*
MARY CORBETT ELIZABETH EDWARDS
FRANCES SHARP LILY PAIR SUE LONG
MARTHA LAIRD ROBERTSON SUE BETTIE READE ELIZABETH FOY
MILLIE BEARD RUBY FOY
MILDRED TAYLOR ESTELLE NEAL
MAGGIE LUKE
MISS SEXSMITH, *Leader*
MARY JONES BLANCHE PENNY
LUCILE MOORE CELESTIA PENNY
CARRIE McQUEEN MARY ROBINSON
PATTIE LEE

OFFICERS OF MISSIONARY SOCIETY

SALLIE COLE *President*
HELEN FORBES *Vice-President*
CLAUDE B. CALDWELL *Secretary*
MARY FOSTER *Treasurer*



A Schoolgirl's Psalm of Life

1
 Tell me not in mournful numbers
 A feast is but an empty dream.
 The teacher is not dead that slumbers,
 The girls are not where they seem.

2
 Skipping's real, skipping's earnest
 And the office is not the goal,
 "Twenty verses then thou learnest
 And no privilege thou shalt hold "

3
 Not to practice, says the "preacher"
 Is the highest aim of all,
 But to skip so that each teacher,
 Find us farther down the hall.

4
 Halls are long and planks are creaking,
 Still we skippers brave and stout
 Are with muffled feet so seeking
 Not to bring that teacher out.

5
 You must now while in these meshes,
 In the eyes of dear Miss Nan
 Be not like dumb driven Freshies
 Be a Soph'more if you can.

6
 Trust no teacher, howe'er pleasant,
 Leave old maids to their pet mice,
 Skip, skip, in the living present,
 Eat, eat, but don't eat rice.

7
 Lives of great men all remind us
 We could make our lives compare
 And by skipping leave behind us
 Records here at Peace so fair.

8
 Records that perhaps another
 Hopeless o'er a bad report,
 Far from home and far from mother
 Seeing will her heart support.

9
 Let us then be up and skipping
 After all is still and dark,
 Still untiring, still so ripping
 That we make in life our mark

IDA BLOUNT AND KATHLEEN WALKER.

“And Sam Jes Roared”

Quotations

- "Yes, dear, but the weather is too disagreeable. Next Monday, perhaps."
- "Well—er, what do you know this morning, Miss Mary Foster?"
- "II Timothy 2-15."
- "Well, isn't that perfectly lovely?"
- "No; the *rule* is, you can not sleep out of your room."
- "Wall, where 's Claudjer this period?"
- "My English Classes will please bring paper and pencil."
- "I 'd just as soon you would steal \$10 out of my pocket."
- "Now, do you get my thought?"
- "Hurry up, girls, it is three minutes till room-bell."
- "You get out of this Infirmary and clean up your room."
- "When I was young, I had more beaux than I could shake a stick at."
- "Oh! go 'long, chilluns, and write your lessons."
- "You go right up stairs and put on high shoes."
- "Look it up! Look it up!"
- "Ham sandwiches on this side; preserves on that."
- "Miss Nannie, as I shall be absent on Thursday, will Friday evening do?"
- "Salts before breakfast and Grippe capsules every two hours."
- "Now, Mr. Brawley."
- "Have all the fun you can, but don't get funny."
- "Oh! yes, that will be perfectly dandy."



A Pedagogy Lesson

TIME.—0:10 o'clock a. m.

PLACE.—Room 13.

Miss Royster (seated at her desk and looking around with a smile): "Where's my Class? You seem to be gathering rather slowly."

Pansy (coming in hurriedly): "Oh! Miss Royster, I—I—please—I tried to get here on time but—but—"

Miss R.: "I'll excuse you this time, Pansy, but do not let this happen again." (Miss R. calls the roll and finds that Lillian is very ill (?) in the Infirmary.) "Girls, I have a very serious problem to bring before you to-day." (She takes her watch out, glances at it, after winding slightly, lays it gently on the desk, closes both desk doors, takes roll book in hand, and settles back in the chair—the Class meantime settling down with looks of interest.) "Elsie, dear, it's a little close in here; will you be so kind as to lower the window before we begin?" (Elsie jumps up with alacrity, and all eyes follow her, for this is a momentous occasion, getting the window down just far enough and not too far; but Elsie knows how, and at last all is ready.)

Miss R.: "A-hem! Jack very excitedly announced to me this morning that on his way to school a bear ate him up. Now, I wish you to give me the

psychological explanation for the basis of this statement." (Miss R. scans each face.) "Claudia, you may tell me."

Claudia (looking so wise): "It is a necessary belief, according to Rousseau and accepted by other psychologists, that, since boys eat apples and bears eat apples, therefore bears eat boys." (Approving smiles and nods from Class instantly quelled by Miss R.'s voice). "Claudia, dear, you are feeling badly this morning, aren't you?"

Lily (after succeeding in getting her new glasses to stick on, breaks in at this moment): "Miss Royster, did John Locke write Rousseau's Emile?"

Miss R.: "Look that up, dear. It's like pouring water on a duck's back to tell you girls anything. Now, to get to the lesson. Margaret, what is the second division Spencer gives to the state of the mind?"

Margie (who has been feeling in her prophetic soul that her time was coming next): "The disagreement of the unanimous." (At this all of her friends seem to have trouble with their facial control, but Margie can't see any joke.) However, all are sobered by Jean, who is asking where her Medulla Obligata is.

Miss R., in despair then turns to Mary Sherrill and asks for an outline of the lesson; whereupon Mary begins and recites the whole thing from "cover to cover," pausing just long enough to breathe occasionally.

Miss R. stops her a few minutes before the bell rings to see Elsie work an example on the board, which Elsie does, but alas and alack! those slanting figures are still there. Oh! the tragedy in Miss Royster's voice as she says: "Elsie, you are too nice a girl to make slanting figures."

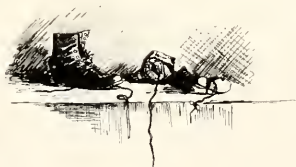
Just then Lily utters a piercing scream, turns over the desk, her glasses tumbling to the floor, and rushes madly to the door. When we are sufficiently recovered from the shock we hear Lily saying over her shoulder: "I have let the bell run over five whole minutes."

Miss Royster and the rest of the Class in a fainting condition, disperse, as the belated bell peals forth.

A Little Board of Maxims

- I. For Miss Nannie so loved the Freshmen that she gave them a tally-ho-ride.
- II. So teach us to love our sweethearts that they may send us boxes of Huylers.
- III. Be not overcome with rats, but overcome rats with shoes.
- IV. Thou shalt not borrow, neither shalt thou wear thin waists in November.
- V. It is too late to hide the sugar-bowl after the sugar is stolen.
- VI. A waxen candle is an abomination in the sight of a teacher, but a very present help in the time of exams.
- VII. With thine own eyes thou canst perceive that love cases in Peace are as numerous as the sands of the sea.
- VIII. It is good to hide thy accomplishments under a bushel—to disguise the fact that they could be hidden under a thimble.
- IX. 'Tis a wise teacher who knows her own pupil.
- X. The sweet girl graduate is like unto the Phar-i-see. But the new comer is like unto the Sad-du-cee.
- XI. The pupil useth entreaties, but the teacher answereth roughly.
- XII. Whosoever catcheth an A. & M. boy catcheth a good thing and obtaineth the respect of her friends.

CLAUDIA B. McCULLERS AND LIZZIE ROBERTS



Quasts

"I am weary; yea, my memory is tired."—LILY PAIR.

"Better late than never (to breakfast)."—MARGIE SCOTT.

"Saying and doing are two things."—MARY E. HARDISON.

"I do not love thee, Doctor Fell;
The reason why I can not tell
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell."—GLADYS WELLS.

"Be to her virtues very kind,
Be to her faults a little blind."—SUE LONG.

"Bread is the staff of life."—CARRIE McQUEEN.

"'Tis as cheap sitting as standing."—MARY ROBINSON.

"There are none so blind as they that won't see it."—MISS SEXSMITH.

"I hate nobody! I am in charity with the world."—PATTIE LEE.

"As well be out of the world as out of the fashion."—MARY FOSTER.

"For Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."
—MARJORIE SNELL.

"Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high."—ELIZABETH FOY.

"'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I hear him complain"—GLADYS McLEMORE.

"You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again."—MARY HARDISON.

"The balance of power."—MISS NANNIE.

"Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer."—LOUISE MASSEY.

"Wishing, of all employments is the worst."—RUBY FOY.

"Be wise with speed."—MISS MABEL ROYSTER.

- "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."—KATIE WOODALL.
- "At every word a reputation dies."—MARGUERITE MCCLINTIC.
- "Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread and *liberty*."—MARY BARNES.
- "As shallow streams run dimpling all the way."—SUE LONG.
- "Content to follow when we lead the way."—FRESHMAN CLASS.
- "Whose little body lodged a mighty mind."—BLANCHE PENNY.
- "The big round tear stands trembling in her eye."—CLYDE RICHARDSON.
- "Life is a jest and all things show it,
I thought so once but now I know it."—MARTHA L. ROBERTSON.
- "He that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing."—THE SENIORS.
- "It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright."—THE FRESHMEN.
- "We must eat to live and live to eat."—KATHLEEN WALKER.
- "Where law ends tyranny begins."—MISS ROYSTER.
- "Was ever poet so trusted before?"—MR. STOCKARD.
- "I am sick as a horse."—SALLIE PITT.
- "Plain as the nose on a man's face."—EMMA KELLY.
- "He has an oar in every man's boat and a finger in every pie."
—LOUISE MASSEY.
- "Too fair to worship, too divine to love."—MISS ANDERSON.
- "My appetite comes to me while eating."—MARY FOSTER.
- "I talk much, yet I say nothing."—LOUISE MASSEY.
- "I know too much already."—JESSIE BUMPAS.
- "All we ask is to be let alone."—HELEN FORBES AND MARY WOOTEN.
- "Love me, love my case."—LUCILE MOORE.

"I 'll not budge an inch."—CLAUDIA McCULLERS.

"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant to think on."—MISS POLLARD.

"Thus we play the fools with the time."—MARTHA LAIRD AND MARY F.

"I know a trick worth two of that."—MARIE GRIFFIN.

"Life is as tedious as a twice told tale,
I wish 'twere bedtime and all were well."—MILDRED TAYLOR.

"Penny wise, pound foolish."—CELESTIA PENNY.

"Of all sad things of tongue or pen
The saddest of these, it ought to have been,
But sadder far than others are,
It was, but it had n't ought to have been."—MISS NANNIE.

"His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen."—DR. MOMENT.

"Enough is as good as a feast."—BEULAH DILLS.

"A child of our grandmother Eve."—JESSIE BLACK.

"Deeper than e'er plummet sounded."—CORINNE DOLES.

"All's well that ends well."—DORETHA FARMER.

"In at the one ear, and out at the other."—RUBY FOY.

"Every man for himself and God for us all."—LEORA JAMES.

"Thus let me live, unseen, unknown."—MARY SAUNDERS JONES.

"Better to give than to take."—MAGGIE LUKE.

"Love me little, love me long."—MARY McMILLAN.

"Is she not passing fair?"—ANNIE MONTAGUE.

"Look ere ye leap."—MOLLIE RUFFIN.

"The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new."—MARY THOMPSON.

"Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes."—DR. HAYWOOD.



THE HEAD OF THE CLASS



Requests as Seen on the Bulletin Board

- I. The members of the Faculty wish to know why the Chemistry Class, during the absence of Miss Maney, was the best behaved class at Peace.
- II. The Harmony Class requests that hereafter Mr. Brawley add at least fifteen pages to their lesson.



- III. The students request that the Faculty keep more regular hours, especially at breakfast, and that they either stay in their own rooms or leave the building during study-hour and meditation; for when strolling idly around, they cause said students to knock down every thing in their closets.
- IV. The basket-ball team requests that hereafter no teachers come to the grounds on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and set their cap for the coach.



- V. The student request that "busy signs" be observed by both students and teachers.

- VI. The Faculty requests that the girls always make candy on the gas in the laboratory during the afternoon study-hour, as it saves alcohol and skipping.
- VII. The English Classes request more parallel work.
- VIII. The Faculty request that the girls who play on the basket-ball team shorten the skirts of their suits as they consider them entirely too long.



- IX. The students request that Mary Foster does not try to catch all the A. & M. boys, as they would like a few themselves.
- X. The girls request that they be required to exercise two hours instead of one, especially in cold weather and that a teacher be stationed at every gate to see that they flirt with all boys who pass.

"Our Alphabet"

A is for A. & M.,
B is for boys,
C is for candy
Which each girl enjoys.

D is for Dress Parade.
E is for enough.
F is for 'Frat pins'
And all such stuff.

G is for gymnasium,
H is for Home,
I is for Indian Summer,
When all like to roam.

J is for Jay,
K is for kiss,
L is for love
And oh, such bliss.

M is for Marry,
N is for naughty,
O is for Old Maids,
Girls who are forty.

P is for Peace,
Q is for Q. E. D.
R is for rats,
What more need be said?

S is for Sexsmith,
T is for tardy,
U will be in for it,
It's well you are hardy.

V is for violets,
W is for West Raleigh,
X is for Xmas
With mistletoe and holly.

Y is for the Yell
At the ball games we raise,
And as for the **Z**
May it go up in a blaze.

Y ? Y ? ? Y ? ? ?

- Why is Lizzie Roberts so cute?
Why is Miss Maney like fly-paper?
Why is Sallie Pitt like an evergreen?
Why is Mr. Knox like a basket-ball?
Why is Miss Pollard like a sugar bowl?
Why is Miss Jones like a baby's cradle?
Why is Miss Sexsmith like a tarantula?
Why is Elizabeth Foy like a billy-goat?
Why is Dr. Moment like the rising sun?
Why hasn't Helen Forbes any curiosity?
Why is Claude's room like a menagerie?
Why is Lucile Kirkman like a centipede?
Why is Kathleen Walker like a good lawyer?
Why is Miss Abernethy like a one-legged man?
Why can't the point be found to these riddles?
Why is Lillian Fields like a three year old kid?
Why is Marguerite McClintic like a glass cutter?
Why is an A. & M. pennant like a trig. problem?
Why is Lillian Duncan like "The Red and White?"
Why is Miss Nannie like "The Review of Reviews?"
Why is Miss Edith Royster like The Century Magazine?
Why is Margie like the boy who stood on the burning deck?
Why does Mary Hardison enjoy basket-ball practice so much?
Why is Martha Laird and Mary Foster's bed like a dress suit case?
Why does Claudia McCullers like "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch?"
Why does Mr. Brawley insist upon taking dancing lessons in the dining-room?

To the one guessing *all* of these Y's will be given a book entitled: "The Other Wise Man."



"I'LL JUST PUT THAT DOWN IN MY LITTLE BOOK."

K. Ward: I'm going to have some of those little pictures, twelve for a quarter, taken.

L. Roberts: Oh! I thought they were a dozen for twenty-five cents.

Miss Pollard: Flossie, what does incarnation mean?

Flossie: Well—er—not a carnation.

Miss Royster: Margie, what were Horace Mann's annual reports?

Margie: They were reports issued every month.

Katie Woodall wants to know why the girls dresses are so much longer when they have on tennis shoes.

Ask Maggie Luke why she washes her face so often.

Miss Sexsmith (on history class): How many of you have read "Cicero's Relations?"

Marie's complaint when Miss Maney was ill:

"She have went, she have gone,
She have left I all alone,
Us can not go to she
Her's in the back infirmary."

Miss Maney (in Chemistry Class): Bula, tell me the common uses of salt.

Bula: Well, it's used for man, for animals and—er—for woman.

Miss Maney (with a very wise look): Well, man embraces woman.

Frances Sharp wants to know if the Music Faculty means all the girls who take music.

Freshman: Miss Sexsmith, what month of the year was named after Cæsar?

Miss Sexsmith: Why, June, of course, you know his name was "Junius Cæsar."

Miss Royster: I want you all to read Pepys' Diary.

Junior: Well, Miss Royster, who wrote it?

One day Sunday came on Saturday and Mr. Dinwiddie slept until eight o'clock, then got up and put on his Sunday clothes, ready to go to church.

Mrs. Dungan (giving K. Ward a Music lesson): What does "Poco rit" mean?

Katherine: Just poke along.

Mr. Brawley thinks his table is the wealthiest in the dining-room because "Tuppence and Ha' Penny" sit there.

Miss Royster: When we have finished this Gordy Psychology, we will take up something more difficult.

Kathleen Walker: I don't see anything "gaudy" about this psychology.

Sallie Cole says she is not going to send her ancestors to Peace to school.

A PEACE GIRL'S LATIN.

"Boyibus kissibus sweet girliorum
Girlibus likibus, wanti somorum,
Fatheribus hearibus kissibus morum,
Beatibus, kickibus out of doorum,
Nightibus darkibus, no lightiorum
Climibus gotibus breechibus torum."

The above was taken from a second-hand History of the English Language, used formerly by a Peace Institute girl, and published in the *Wake Forest Weekly*.

Claude Caldwell (on the train): Is my dress suit case on this seat?

Country woman (peering under the seat)—Naw, thar ain't nothing under here but a trunk.

(The "trunk" proved to be the missing suit-case.)

Miss Royster: "Well, girls, I think Sir Walter is just too interesting for us to leave him to-day. What do you think? Well, report on him in Class to-morrow. You may look Sir Walter Raleigh up in Green, Lancaster, Montgomery, West, Gardner, Guest, Andrews, and the Source Book, and you may go down to the Raney Library, and look him up in everything you can find there. Then, too, you might get permission to visit the State Library at the same time and look up all references. But as this is a *very* short lesson, I think that you had better report also on Nelson, Pitt, Burke, Fox, Cromwell, Pym, and Duke of Marlborough.

Hey-diddle-diddle, Miss A. played the fiddle,
Miss Maney jumped over the moon,
Miss Royster laughed to see such sport,
And Miss Sexsmith went off to "spoon" (with Mrs. Neal).



Seen Outside of the dining room while Mr. Dinwiddie asks the blessing.





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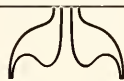
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