

THE  
GOTUS  
1909



2







# THE LOTUS

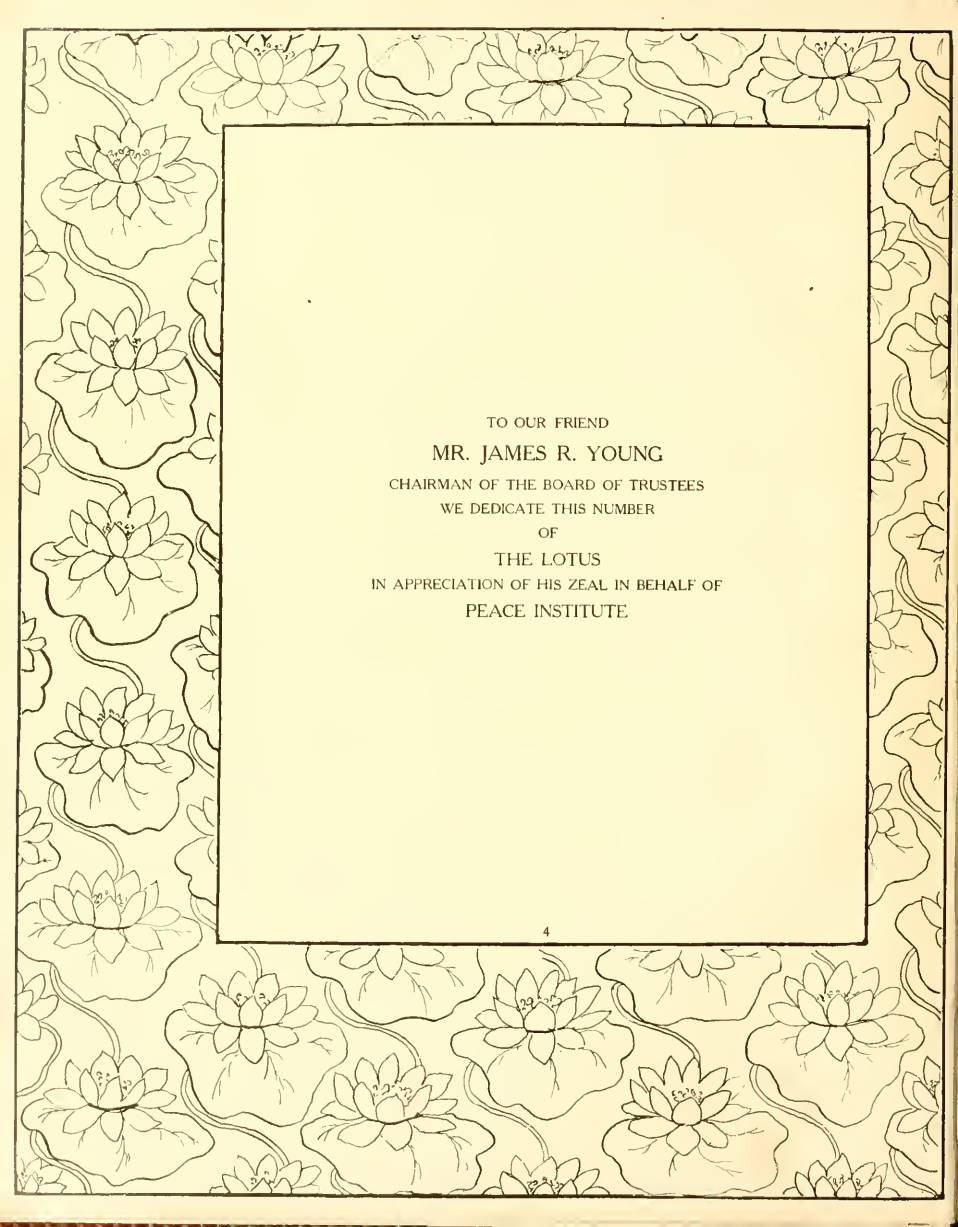
1909



"In my poor mind it is most sweet  
to muse upon the days gone by"

VOL. VIII  
MCMIX

Published Annually by the PI THETA MU and SIGMA PHI KAPPA SOCIETIES  
of PEACE INSTITUTE :: RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

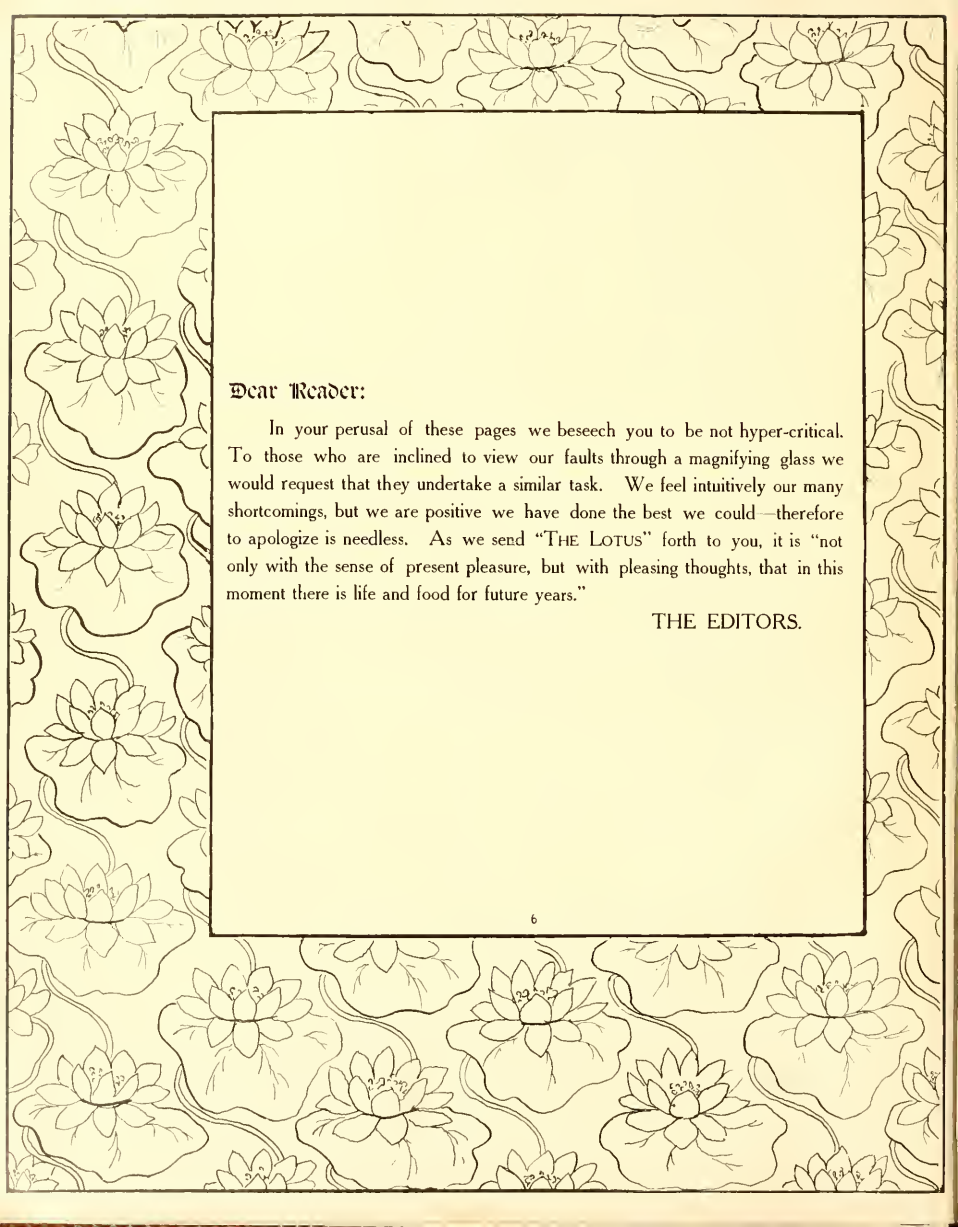


TO OUR FRIEND  
MR. JAMES R. YOUNG  
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES  
WE DEDICATE THIS NUMBER  
OF  
THE LOTUS  
IN APPRECIATION OF HIS ZEAL IN BEHALF OF  
PEACE INSTITUTE





JAMES R. YOUNG



Dear Reader:

In your perusal of these pages we beseech you to be not hyper-critical. To those who are inclined to view our faults through a magnifying glass we would request that they undertake a similar task. We feel intuitively our many shortcomings, but we are positive we have done the best we could—therefore to apologize is needless. As we send “THE LOTUS” forth to you, it is “not only with the sense of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts, that in this moment there is life and food for future years.”

THE EDITORS.



PEACE

*Our broad land embraces  
The East and the West,  
But of all lovely places  
We love Peace the best.  
A charm lingers here  
That will nevermore cease.  
With Peace full of girls,  
And the girls full of Peace.*

*Peace, Peace, sweet, sweet Peace,  
In all this wide world,  
There is no place like Peace.*

*Here angelic fingers  
Attune every heart,  
And loveliness lingers  
Unwilling to part.  
The sad and the lonely  
Alike find surcease,  
For cheerfulness only  
Abideth at Peace.*

*Our teachers seem sure  
That we bright, brainy things  
Need the sobering cure  
Of Pierian Springs.  
And the fountain so clear,  
That brings mental release,  
Flows purest right here  
In the precincts of Peace.*

*Oh! Sweet Alma Mater,  
So worthy of fame,  
May blessings still greater  
Adorn thy fair name.  
Until all things timely  
Forever shall cease,  
And all rest sublimely  
In bright realms of Peace.*

ELIZABETH CAMILLE BELK.

Oh, Mistress Mary, quite contrary,  
What did your mother do?  
When you were small and wanted it all,  
She gave you slaps too few.

Little Elizabeth was a wonderful child,  
Although she was very docile and mild.  
She had poems galore in her mind safely packed,  
And for poetic thought and rhymes never lacked.

When Jessie was a little gal,  
Her brother was her bestest pal;  
She played at marbles and baseball, too,  
And was always jolly when you were blue.

There was once a young lady named Way,  
Who, when but an infant, they say,  
Stood up in the floor  
And said rhymes by the score,  
Oh! that wonderful little Miss Way!

Little Jessie Wilson was her auntie's precious child,  
And when a little baby, music set her wild;  
When she older grew, she was still a dear,  
And made music of her own that was O, so sweet  
to hear.

Where did you come from, Jennie dear?  
Out of the everywhere into the here;  
Your sweet, fair face and eyes of brown  
Will help to dispel full many a frown.

When looking around,  
There never was found  
A child that was equal to Mary;  
She could laugh and could cry,  
And "could not tell a lie,"  
She was gentle, demure, and quite wary.

Miss Marshall Cole  
Was a wilful little soul,  
And she ruled everything that came in view—  
She had ideas of her own,  
And they said when she was grown  
She'd be brilliant—Ah! I wonder if 't was true.



COLE



BROTHERS



SLOAN



WILSON



WAY



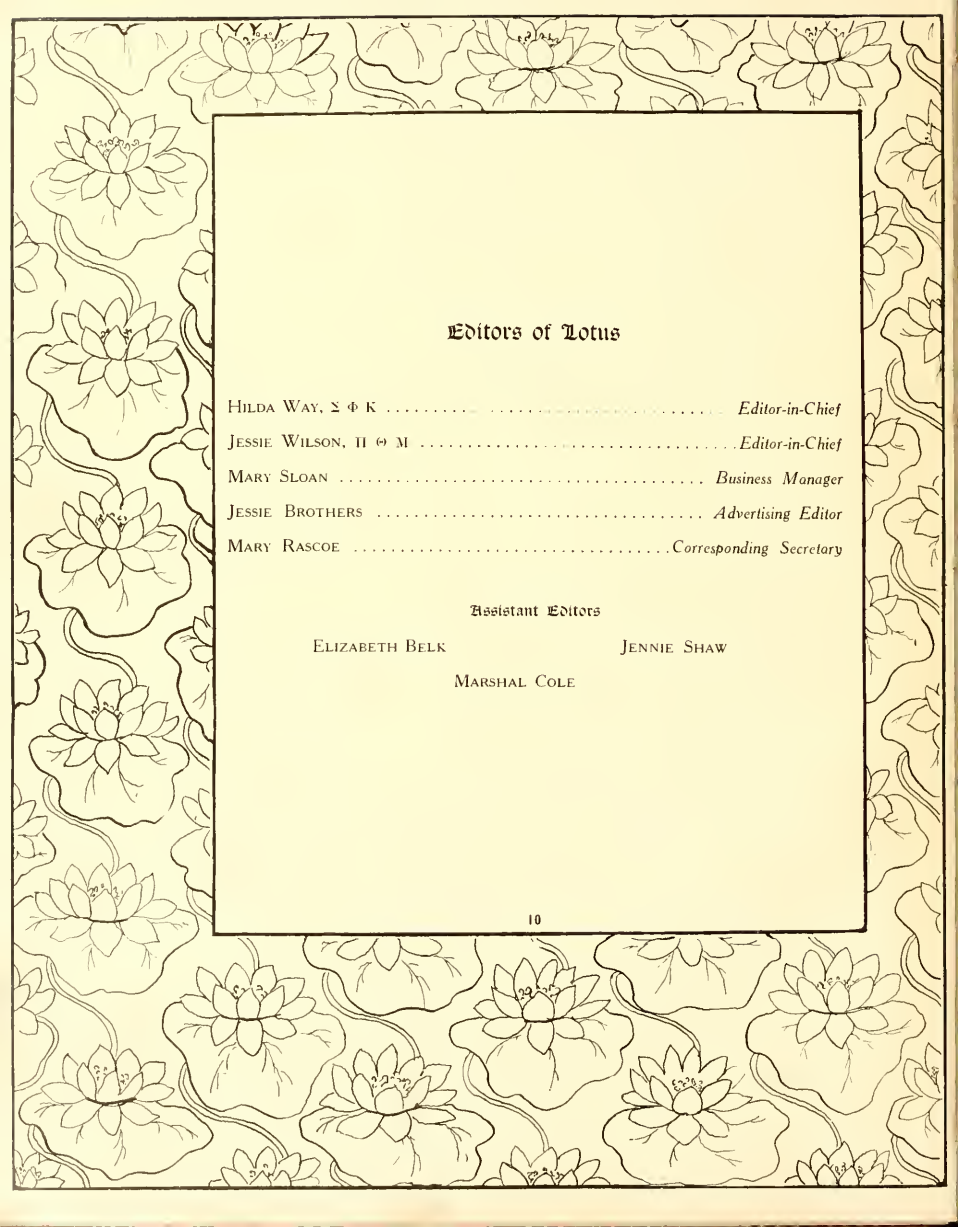
BELK



RASCOE



SHAW



## Editors of Lotus

HILDA WAY, Σ Φ Κ	.....	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
JESSIE WILSON, Π Θ Μ	.....	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
MARY SLOAN	.....	<i>Business Manager</i>
JESSIE BROTHERS	.....	<i>Advertising Editor</i>
MARY RASCOE	.....	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>

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JENNIE SHAW

MARSHAL COLE



COLE



BROTHERS



SLOAN



WILSON



WAY



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RASCOE

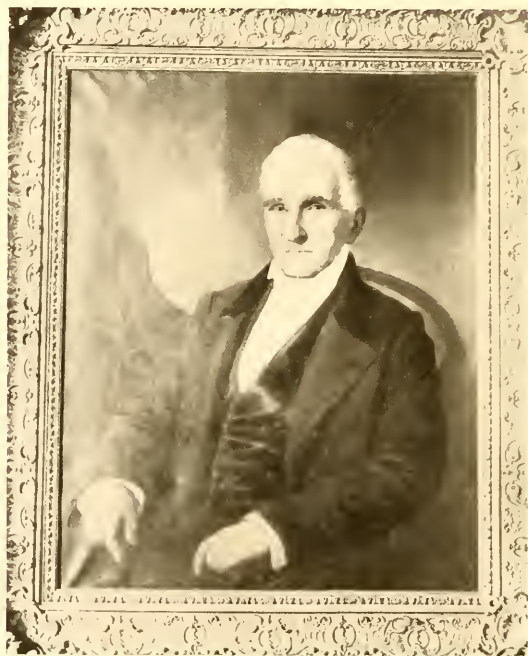
EDITORS

STY. 1914









WILLIAM PEACE

## Peace Institute

THE Presbyterians of ante-bellum days felt the necessity of a school for the education of the young women of North Carolina. After due consideration of this great need by the most prominent men in the North Carolina Synod of the Presbyterian Church steps were taken to establish such a school.

There lived in Raleigh at this time a prosperous old bachelor by the name of Mr. William Peace. He was held in high esteem by the entire community, and for many years he was an elder in the Presbyterian Church. Being a man of deep insight and education he realized what the training of the young women meant to the future of the State and subscribed \$10,000 to this cause. In grateful recognition of his generosity the school was given the name of Peace Institute. Several portraits of Mr. Peace are now in existence. An oil painting by William Carl Brown was owned by the late Governor Halden, who presented it to Peace, where it is now preserved.

The Presbyterians throughout the State contributed liberally, and in 1858 the erection of a building was commenced. This was nearing completion and preparations were being made to begin operations when the war came on and prevented further progress. During the years of hostilities the Confederate Government took charge of the building for hospital purposes. After the fall of the Confederacy the Federal authorities took possession and used it for the Freedmen's Bureau.

Later when the directors again secured control of the property it was in such condition that they almost despaired of putting it in a suitable state for school purposes and were on the point of selling it when some friends came forward and contributed sufficient funds to enable the directors to make repairs necessary for the opening of a school for girls.

In 1872 the property was leased to Rev. R. Burwell, D. D., and his son, John B. Burwell, A. M., at that time principal of the Charlotte Female Institute. It was by these two men that the school was started on its successful and useful career.

A private school in Raleigh, conducted at this time by Mrs. Drewry Lacy, was

consolidated with Peace and, Mrs. Lacy was made lady principal, which position she held until her death in 1880. Another person connected with the school for many years was Prof. Albrecht Baumann, the director of music. He came with Dr. Bur-

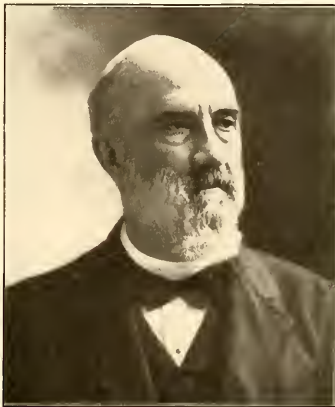


J. B. BURWELL

well from Charlotte and remained until his death in 1892. Peace is glad to once have had the honor of having as a member of the Faculty, the late Dr. McIver, who was President of the State Normal and Industrial College.

In 1890 Dr. James Dinwiddie, a native of Virginia and a graduate of the University of that State, became head of the institution, and successfully conducted it for seventeen years. His daughter, Miss Nannie Carrington Dinwiddie, was lady principal during this time. Under this management the school made many strides both intellectually and spiritually. No girl who attended Peace under the late beloved Dr. Dinwiddie will ever forget that grand old gentleman.

In 1907, feeling the infirmities of health and the feebleness of age, Dr. Dinwiddie decided to retire from the school. Hearing of his desire to sell his interests the First Presbyterian Church of Raleigh, under the leadership of Mr. James R. Young,

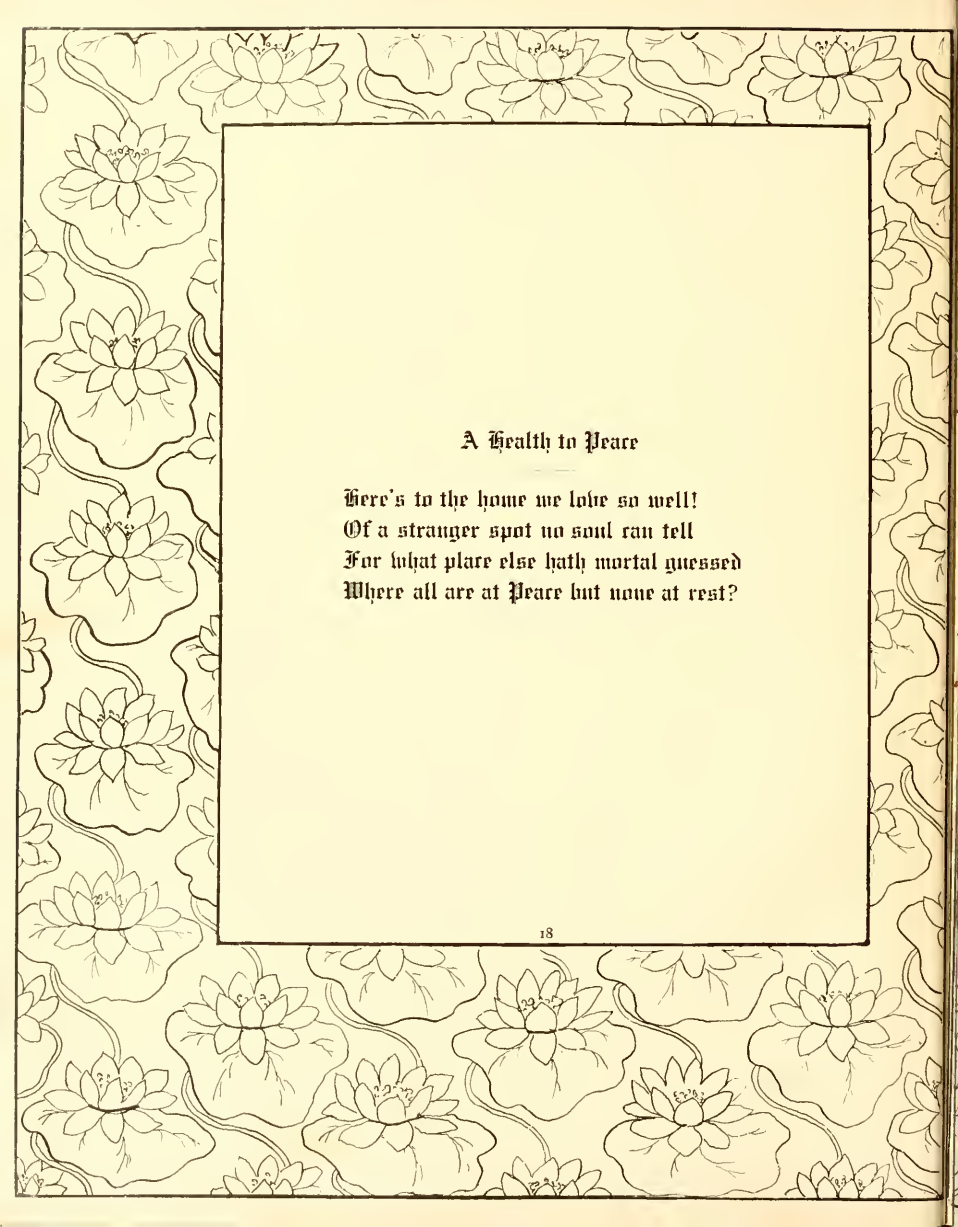


DR JAMES DINWIDDIE

made it possible for the church to assume control. It is ruled by a committee, which consists of the following:

MR. JAMES R. YOUNG, *Chairman*.  
MR. ED. CHAMBERS SMITH,  
EX-GOV. R. B. GLENN,  
MR. HERBERT JACKSON,  
MR. GEORGE ALLEN.

Since 1907 Mr. Henry Jerome Stockard has been President. Under his rule many improvements have been made, and from present indications a great future is predicted for the institution.



A Health to Peace

Here's to the home we love so well!  
Of a stranger spot no soul can tell  
For what place else hath mortal guessed  
Where all are at Peace but none at rest?



## Senior Class

MOTTO  
"Ne cede malis"

FLOWER  
Pink Rose

COLORS  
Pink and Green

AMY STOCKARD .....	President
HILDA WAY .....	Vice-President
LUCILE MOORE .....	Secretary and Treasurer
CELESTIA PENNY .....	Historian
MARY SLOAN .....	Poet
KATIE WALKER .....	Prophet
MISS AUNSPAUGH .....	Faculty Advisor



*Amelia Jate Stockard*

B. L. L.

*President*

*"Good nature and good sense must ever join."*

A Peaceful girl  
In a Peaceful world,  
A Senior winsome and fair,  
With sentiment amazing,  
And fond of star-gazing,  
Is Amy so debonair.  
A President bold,  
Tho' she's not very old,  
Is this brilliant maiden I sing,  
Ere many years pass  
May the hopes of this lass  
Be a realized wedding ring.



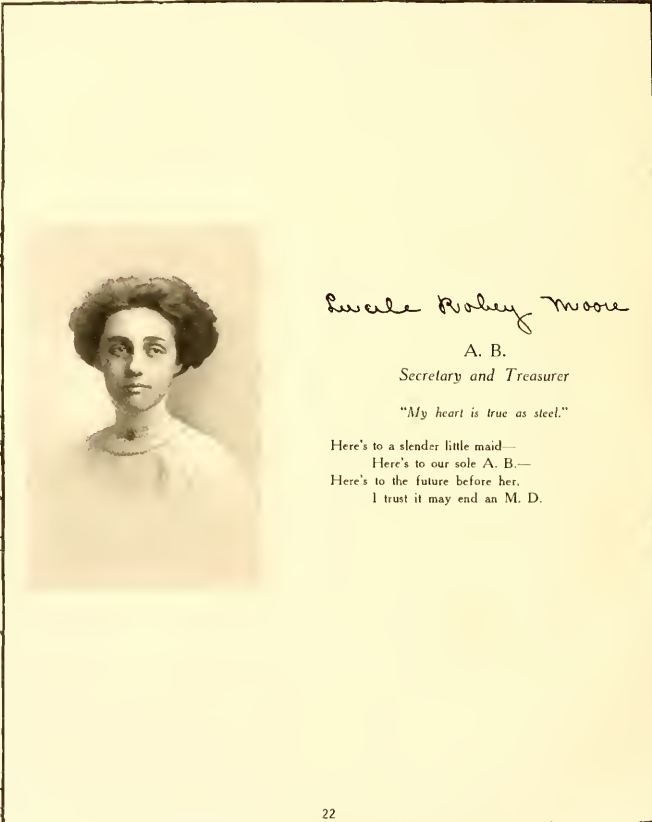


Hilda Way

B. L. S.  
*Vice-President*

*"Woman's at best a contradiction still."*

Oh! Muse, I have a dreadful task!  
Attend me now, I fondly ask,  
For I must in these rhymes portray  
The maiden of my verse, Miss Way.  
Would that I had the poet's pen  
That I could all her virtues blend,  
In words appropriate and true,  
And then 'twere very hard to do!



*Suzela Robey Moore*

A. B.  
*Secretary and Treasurer*

*"My heart is true as steel."*

Here's to a slender little maid—  
Here's to our sole A. B.—  
Here's to the future before her.  
I trust it may end an M. D.

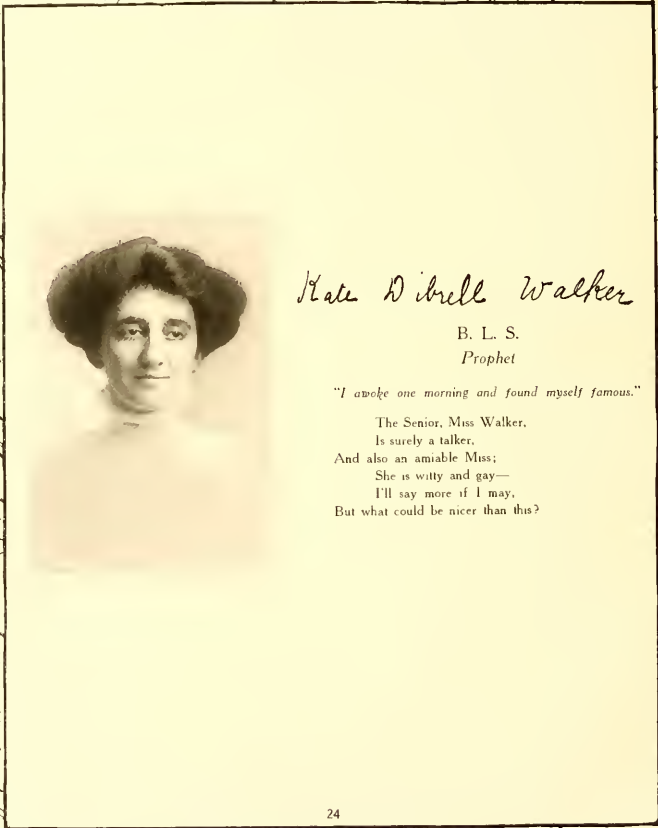


*Celestia Lane Penny*

B. L. S.  
*Historian*

*"The sun himself has scarcely been more diligent  
than I."*

Celestia Penny was an ideal student.  
And besides that she was very prudent.  
The teachers implored us to be like Celeste.  
But we couldn't do that, tho' we try our best.



*Kate Dibrell Walker*

B. L. S.  
Prophet

*"I awoke one morning and found myself famous."*

The Senior, Miss Walker,  
Is surely a talker,  
And also an amiable Miss;  
She is witty and gay—  
I'll say more if I may,  
But what could be nicer than this?



*Mary Moore Sloan*

B. L. S.  
Poet

*"For even tho' vanquished, she could argue still."*

A dignified maid,  
Both settled and staid,  
And somewhat set in her views;  
A debater of fame,  
I declare it's a shame,  
She e'en disagrees with her muse.



TO '09

*Old Naughty-Nine has come at last,  
With all her joys and sorrows;  
These we hope will soon be past,  
And those fill all our morrows.*

*Soon will our college days be o'er,  
The long-fought fight be done;  
We take our leave with heartache sore,  
Now that the vict'ry's won.*

*And as we to life's walk depart,  
Each with a Senior's wealth,  
We pause a moment e'er we start  
To drink a lasting health.*

*Here's to the Class we love the best,  
Here's to the classmates mine,  
Here's to the six that stood the test—  
The Class of Nineteen-Nine!*

M. M. S.

## The History of the Class of 1909

FOR four years we have experienced together the hardships, struggles, hopes, and of "homesick Freshmen," "elated Sophs," and "envious Juniors," and having pleasures of school-life, and now, having passed through the successive stages reached the position of "dignified Seniors," we are nearing the goal of our ambition. Our feet are all but on the threshold and our hands are stretched forth to grasp the prize for which we have striven so long.

One of our members comes a-Way from the mountains; then there is Katie, our choir representative; Mary, "spokesman" for the class on all occasions, and Amy, daughter of our beloved president. There are only six of us—all loyal North Carolinians—and we have learned to love and know each other better than would have been possible in a large class. Though only Lucile has attained the dignity of an A. B., we are all proficient in a, b, c's. We have outstripped all previous records in the history of Peace owing to the fact that every one of our number is a member of the Pedagogy Class. Not one has been so disinterested in child training as to sacrifice Pedagogy for Analytics. For further information concerning our scholastic virtues we refer you to the President.

Though few in number we have the honor of claiming the President of the Student Body, the President of the Y. W. C. A., the president of one of the literary societies, one editor-in-chief of THE LOTUS, and one assistant editor.

To be frank, our record has not been a continuous succession of victories, yet we have conquered the enemy many times. We have struggled through Virgil, through physics with its difficult problems, and have discussed with Mr. James many psychological theories. We have battled with "Trench" and Lounsbury, and have delved into the profound depths of Browning. We have fought our way through algebra and geometry, and are now mounting on the "logs" of "old trig."

There have been noteworthy epochs in the history of the Class. Certain days stand out vividly. As Juniors how delighted we were to receive our Monday privileges during the last term! But how shall I express that exalted state of mind in which, on a memorable autumn day, we marched forth to the President's office to receive our Senior privileges! Words can not portray our feelings, as with trembling hands we

took the pen, and in our excitement signed, we knew not what. We only knew that this meant the obtaining of those long-talked-of privileges. That was what we wanted and that was what we got. But how great was the disappointment we suffered, days afterward, when upon beholding the situation from a calmer point of view, we realized that there were no more midnight feasts for us, no more pleasant visits during study-hour, when the duty teacher's back was turned, no more friendly chats on the recitation halls. All these we had given up, merely for the sake of being allowed to go down town without a teacher!

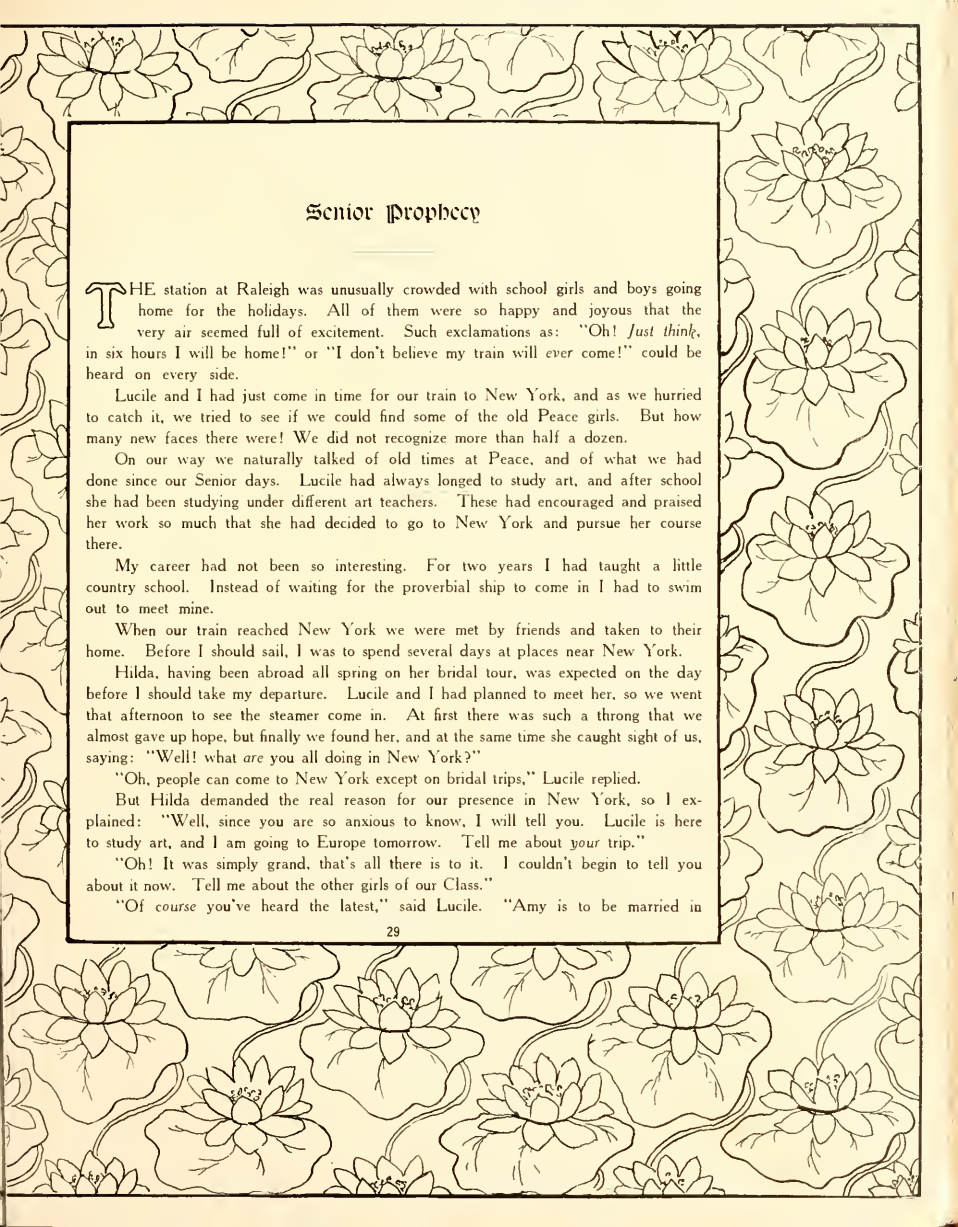
Momentous was the occasion of our initiation into the societies. And never to be forgotten was the reception given at the Agricultural and Mechanical College in our Sophomore year, which the few who had escaped the previous tests were privileged to attend; and the banquet at Giersch's, given by the Juniors to the Class of 1908. We thoroughly enjoyed this, but we are looking forward with still greater pleasure to the one soon to be given to the Class of 1909.

As Freshmen, Sophomores, and Juniors, we have met with many difficulties in our work, and as Seniors we find the trials only more difficult to overcome. However we have succeeded thus far, and are now nearing the close of this career. Soon this six will part. Though we have longed for the day when final rewards will be given, a feeling of sadness comes to us at the thought of leaving "dear old Peace" forevermore, and we can all join in saying, "Though we journey on to the boundaries of the world our hearts will evermore with her remain." As we go out into the world, finding our vocations and avocations in life, may we never forget each other, and may we ever be faithful to our Alma Mater and to our motto, which has so encouraged us for three years. "*Ne cede malis.*"

CLASS HISTORIAN.







## Senior Prophecy

THE station at Raleigh was unusually crowded with school girls and boys going home for the holidays. All of them were so happy and joyous that the very air seemed full of excitement. Such exclamations as: "Oh! *Just think*, in six hours I will be home!" or "I don't believe my train will ever come!" could be heard on every side.

Lucile and I had just come in time for our train to New York, and as we hurried to catch it, we tried to see if we could find some of the old Peace girls. But how many new faces there were! We did not recognize more than half a dozen.

On our way we naturally talked of old times at Peace, and of what we had done since our Senior days. Lucile had always longed to study art, and after school she had been studying under different art teachers. These had encouraged and praised her work so much that she had decided to go to New York and pursue her course there.

My career had not been so interesting. For two years I had taught a little country school. Instead of waiting for the proverbial ship to come in I had to swim out to meet mine.

When our train reached New York we were met by friends and taken to their home. Before I should sail, I was to spend several days at places near New York.

Hilda, having been abroad all spring on her bridal tour, was expected on the day before I should take my departure. Lucile and I had planned to meet her, so we went that afternoon to see the steamer come in. At first there was such a throng that we almost gave up hope, but finally we found her, and at the same time she caught sight of us, saying: "Well! what *are* you all doing in New York?"

"Oh, people can come to New York except on bridal trips," Lucile replied.

But Hilda demanded the real reason for our presence in New York, so I explained: "Well, since you are so anxious to know, I will tell you. Lucile is here to study art, and I am going to Europe tomorrow. Tell me about *your* trip."

"Oh! It was simply grand, that's all there is to it. I couldn't begin to tell you about it now. Tell me about the other girls of our Class."

"Of course you've heard the latest," said Lucile. "Amy is to be married in

August to the professor of math at Cornell. You know she graduated there with many honors last year. Do you remember her explanations in the pedagogy class of how to teach the 'multiplication table experimentally?' I guess she can assist him in teaching math."

"Just think, Lucile, of Amy's marrying a *professor!* But she always could assume a lot of dignity when the occasion demanded," Hilda said.

"While you are up here, Hilda, you ought to go see Celestia. She is *still* studying, and I suppose always will be. I never could see why those Pennys weren't called Cents (sense) anyway."

"I agree with you there. But I am afraid I shall never reach that Celestia (I) state,—aren't you?"

"No, indeed," I said, "I have given up all hope, but there is one of our class who is aiming for it, and that is Mary Sloan. I wish you could have been with us, the other night at Emerson College to hear the debaters. Mary was simply great!"

"Oh, I knew Mary could debate. She was famous for it at Peace!" replied Hilda.

"Her subject was 'The Disqualifications of Old Age at Seventeen,' and although the judges did not agree with her opinion her arguments were so strong that she won the medal," I said.

"Isn't it great to think how much these girls are doing. Peace ought to become famous sure enough, some of these days, with such Alumnae. By the way, what *do* you think of the \$100,000 endowment that has been left to Peace! But here comes somebody who I know will say that there never was a school that produced such girls as Peace. I won't wait to hear him say so, but will let him have the pleasure of telling it to you, with reference to one in particular, of the noble Class of '09."

PROPHET.

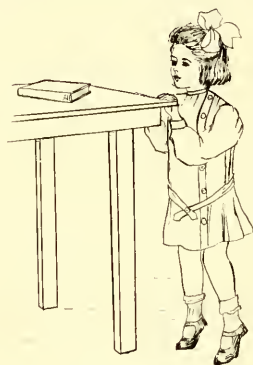




LULLABY

The moon is sinking low, my love,  
The stars have gone to sleep;  
But dream, love, my own love,  
And let thy dreams be deep.  
For morn shall find me here, my love,  
Whenever morn shall break,  
Close by thy side I'll be, my love,  
Whenever thou shalt wake.

E. M. C.



## Junior Class

### MOTTO

"By Conquering grow Strong"

### COLORS

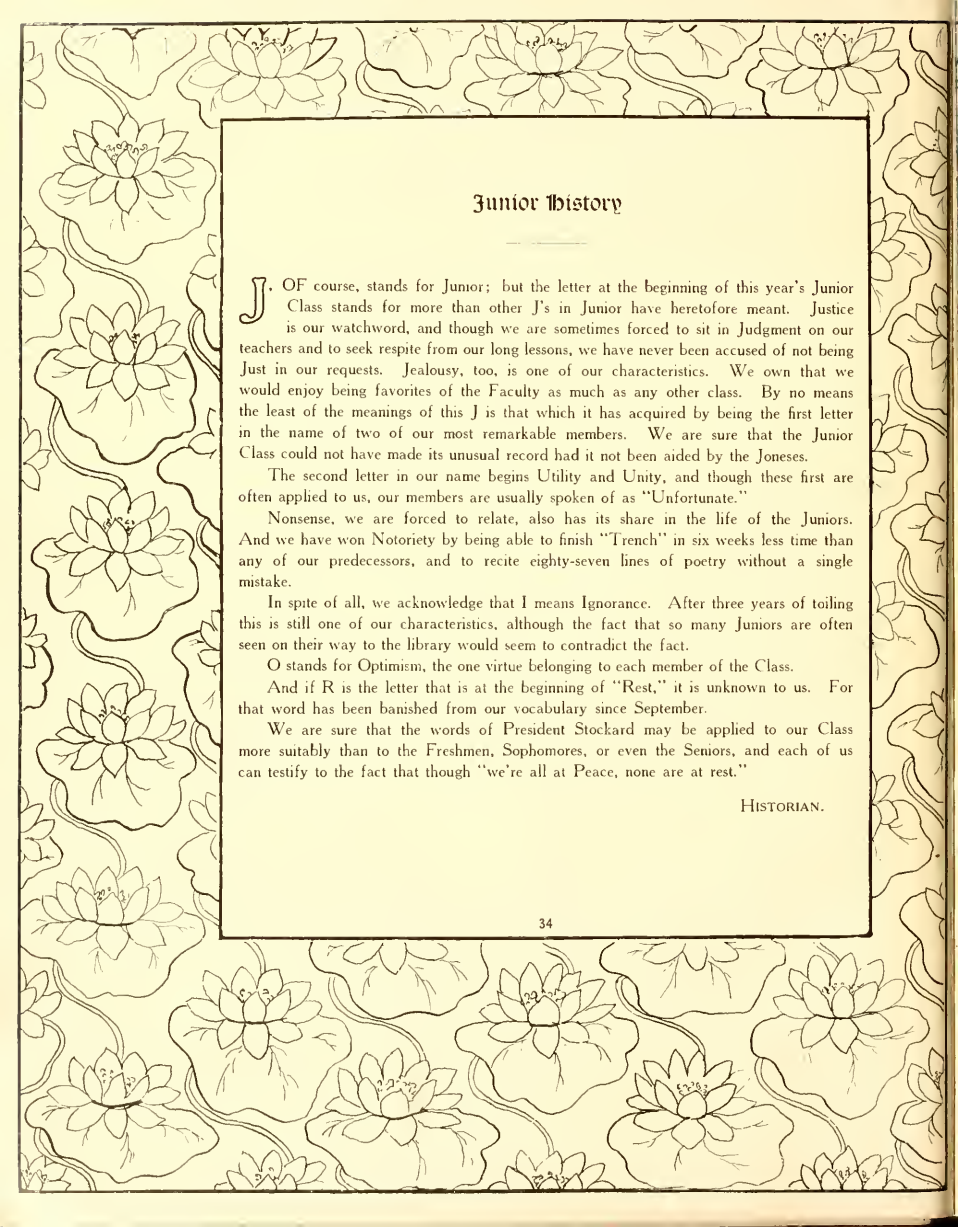
Pink and White

### FLOWER

Sweet Pea

MARY RASCOE .....	.....	<i>President</i>
MINNIE BOND .....	.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
FRANCES ROBINSON .....	.....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
BESSIE KING .....	.....	<i>Historian</i>
EDITH ROYSTER .....	.....	<i>Faculty Advisor</i>
MARSHALL COLE		CLARICE ELIAS
	ADA JONES	
MARGARET C. JONES		ELIZA LINDSAY
	ELIZABETH MCNAIR	
MARJORIE MONTAGUE		MABEL PUGH
	MARY RENNIE	
RUTH SANDERS		LOUISE SLOAN





## Junior History

**J**. OF course, stands for Junior; but the letter at the beginning of this year's Junior Class stands for more than other J's in Junior have heretofore meant. Justice is our watchword, and though we are sometimes forced to sit in Judgment on our teachers and to seek respite from our long lessons, we have never been accused of not being Just in our requests. Jealousy, too, is one of our characteristics. We own that we would enjoy being favorites of the Faculty as much as any other class. By no means the least of the meanings of this J is that which it has acquired by being the first letter in the name of two of our most remarkable members. We are sure that the Junior Class could not have made its unusual record had it not been aided by the Joneses.

The second letter in our name begins Utility and Unity, and though these first are often applied to us, our members are usually spoken of as "Unfortunate."

Nonsense, we are forced to relate, also has its share in the life of the Juniors. And we have won Notoriety by being able to finish "Trench" in six weeks less time than any of our predecessors, and to recite eighty-seven lines of poetry without a single mistake.

In spite of all, we acknowledge that I means Ignorance. After three years of toiling this is still one of our characteristics, although the fact that so many Juniors are often seen on their way to the library would seem to contradict the fact.

O stands for Optimism, the one virtue belonging to each member of the Class.

And if R is the letter that is at the beginning of "Rest," it is unknown to us. For that word has been banished from our vocabulary since September.

We are sure that the words of President Stockard may be applied to our Class more suitably than to the Freshmen, Sophomores, or even the Seniors, and each of us can testify to the fact that though "we're all at Peace, none are at rest."

HISTORIAN.

## Parody on "The Conqueror Worm"

With apologies to E. A. Poe

Lol 'tis a gala night  
Within the happy college days—  
A merry throng, half clad, heidight  
In gay kimonoas, full of fears,  
Sit in the freeziog "gym" to eat  
A feast of gorgeous fudge and cake,  
While the doorkeeper breathes fitfully  
A precautioo lest "THEY" awake.

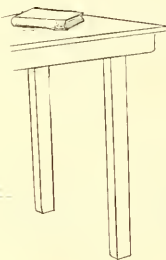
Girls in the forms of ghosts on high  
Giggle and whisper low,  
Aoo d hither aoo d thither fly—  
Mere servaoots, they, who come and go  
At bidding of seniors, conceited things,  
That boss the feast, and take the floor,  
Bidding the others make their ready wings  
In case of woe.

That lovely feast! Oh! to be sure  
It shall oot be forgot!  
With its fudge and pickles, homsieck cure  
Crammed by a hungry lot.  
Sitting in a circle, every one  
Scrambling fo, the selfsame spot,  
And much of giggling, and more of fun  
And eating, the soul of the plot.

But see amid the feasting oot  
A hurrying shape iotruoe!  
A maddenoo creature that comes from oot  
The darkeeooed solitoooe.  
It comes—it comes, with quickened pace;  
The girls its victims fall,  
And horrifed they see its face  
Hurrying down the hall.

Oot! out are the lights! oot all!  
Aoo d over each quivering form  
An "absent from duty," a funeroal pall  
Comes forth like the rush of a storm.  
While the skippers, biggest and leas',  
Perceive—oh! miserable creature!  
That the fun is oot! a mid-night feast,  
But its hero the "duty teacher."

ELIZABETH CAMILLE BELK



## Sophomore Class

FLOWER  
Lily-of-the-Valley

COLORS  
Gold and White

MOTTO  
"Labor conquers all things"

MISS JULIA MOMENT ..... *Faculty Advisor*

### Officers

JENNIE P. SHAW .....	<i>President</i>
LAURA A. IVES .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
JESSIE BROTHERS .....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
MARY WARD .....	<i>Historian</i>
ELIZABETH C. BELK .....	<i>Poet</i>

LAURA A. IVES  
 JESSIE BROTHERS  
 JENNIE SHAW  
 SARA KORNEGAY  
 GERTRUDE SMITH  
 ETHEL WOODARD

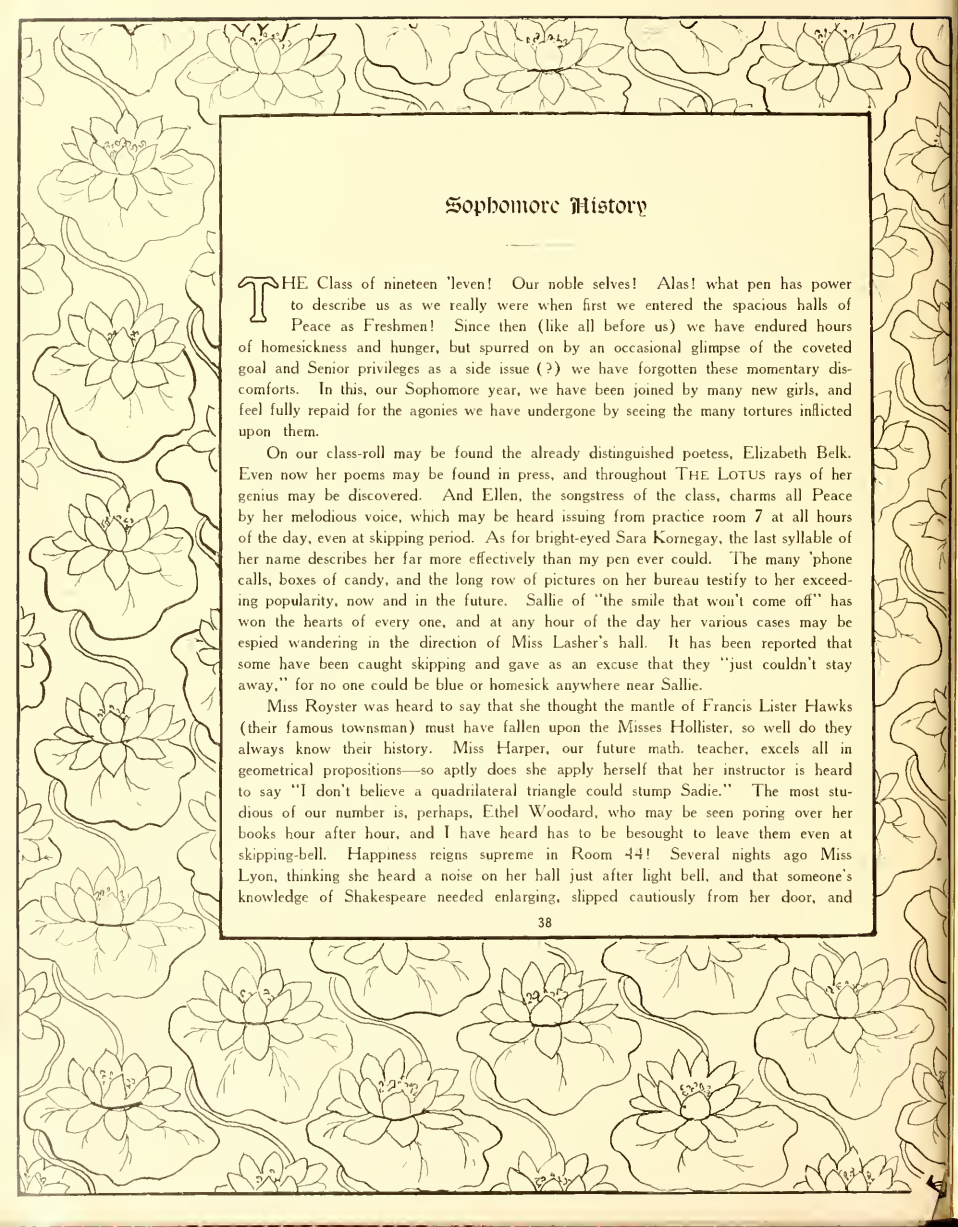
MARY WARD  
 ELIZABETH BELK  
 SADIE HARPER  
 SALLIE PEIRCE  
 LOSSIE VINSON  
 CARRIE LEWIS

ELLEN WILSON





SOPHOMORE CLASS

The page is framed by a decorative border of stylized lotus flowers and leaves. The flowers are arranged in a repeating pattern, with some fully open and others as buds. The leaves are large and pointed, with prominent veins. The entire border is rendered in a simple line-art style.

## Sophomore History

THE Class of nineteen 'leven! Our noble selves! Alas! what pen has power to describe us as we really were when first we entered the spacious halls of Peace as Freshmen! Since then (like all before us) we have endured hours of homesickness and hunger, but spurred on by an occasional glimpse of the coveted goal and Senior privileges as a side issue (?) we have forgotten these momentary discomforts. In this, our Sophomore year, we have been joined by many new girls, and feel fully repaid for the agonies we have undergone by seeing the many tortures inflicted upon them.

On our class-roll may be found the already distinguished poetess, Elizabeth Belk. Even now her poems may be found in press, and throughout THE LOTUS rays of her genius may be discovered. And Ellen, the songstress of the class, charms all Peace by her melodious voice, which may be heard issuing from practice room 7 at all hours of the day, even at skipping period. As for bright-eyed Sara Kornegay, the last syllable of her name describes her far more effectively than my pen ever could. The many 'phone calls, boxes of candy, and the long row of pictures on her bureau testify to her exceeding popularity, now and in the future. Sallie of "the smile that won't come off" has won the hearts of every one, and at any hour of the day her various cases may be espied wandering in the direction of Miss Lasher's hall. It has been reported that some have been caught skipping and gave as an excuse that they "just couldn't stay away," for no one could be blue or homesick anywhere near Sallie.

Miss Royster was heard to say that she thought the mantle of Francis Lister Hawks (their famous townsman) must have fallen upon the Misses Hollister, so well do they always know their history. Miss Harper, our future math. teacher, excels all in geometrical propositions—so aptly does she apply herself that her instructor is heard to say "I don't believe a quadrilateral triangle could stump Sadie." The most studious of our number is, perhaps, Ethel Woodard, who may be seen poring over her books hour after hour, and I have heard has to be besought to leave them even at skipping-bell. Happiness reigns supreme in Room 44! Several nights ago Miss Lyon, thinking she heard a noise on her hall just after light bell, and that someone's knowledge of Shakespeare needed enlarging, slipped cautiously from her door, and

listened. The sound of whispering came from Lottie Vinson and Carrie Lewis's room—but Miss Lyon allowed them to report "absent from duty, excused" in view of the deep and unfathomable Bogs through which Lottie had to pass to reach her happiness. Our tennis fiend is Gertrude Smith, and between her tennis and *Blue Ridge Daily Breeze* she is so much occupied that we have not had the pleasure of her presence at many meetings thus far.

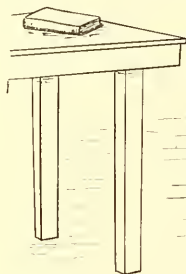
Of our officers, we are justly proud. Our president reflects much honor on her native city, Kinston, and is almost as good a president as she is a basket-ball player, which is saying a good deal. Beside her other honors she has been elected an editor of *THE LOTUS*, in which position she stands as the shining star of the Sophomore Class. As vice-president we have Laura Ives, a modern Napoleon, for her insatiable ambition would do credit to him of earlier time. Like him she also sees no Alps between her and her wishes, and if there were any, her determination would surmount them. Jessie Brothers, our secretary and treasurer, has won many an advertisement for *THE LOTUS* by her ready wit and winning smile. As a "Brother" she has made many a trip down town, and every one in school envies her name, for truly it serves her in good stead.

So I am sure that if our members carry out their present plans to "increase their talents" that the dear old Class of naughty 'leven will still bring praise and honor to their Alma Mater.

MARY P. WARD,

CLASS HISTORIAN.





## Freshman Class

MOTTO  
"Well begun is half done"

FLOWER  
Jimson Weed

COLOR  
Green

### Officers

MARY BORDEN	.....	<i>President</i>
MADGE SMITH	.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
ELVAH JONES	.....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
NANNIE PETTIWAY	.....	<i>Historian</i>
MISS WALLACE	.....	<i>Faculty Member</i>

### Class Roll

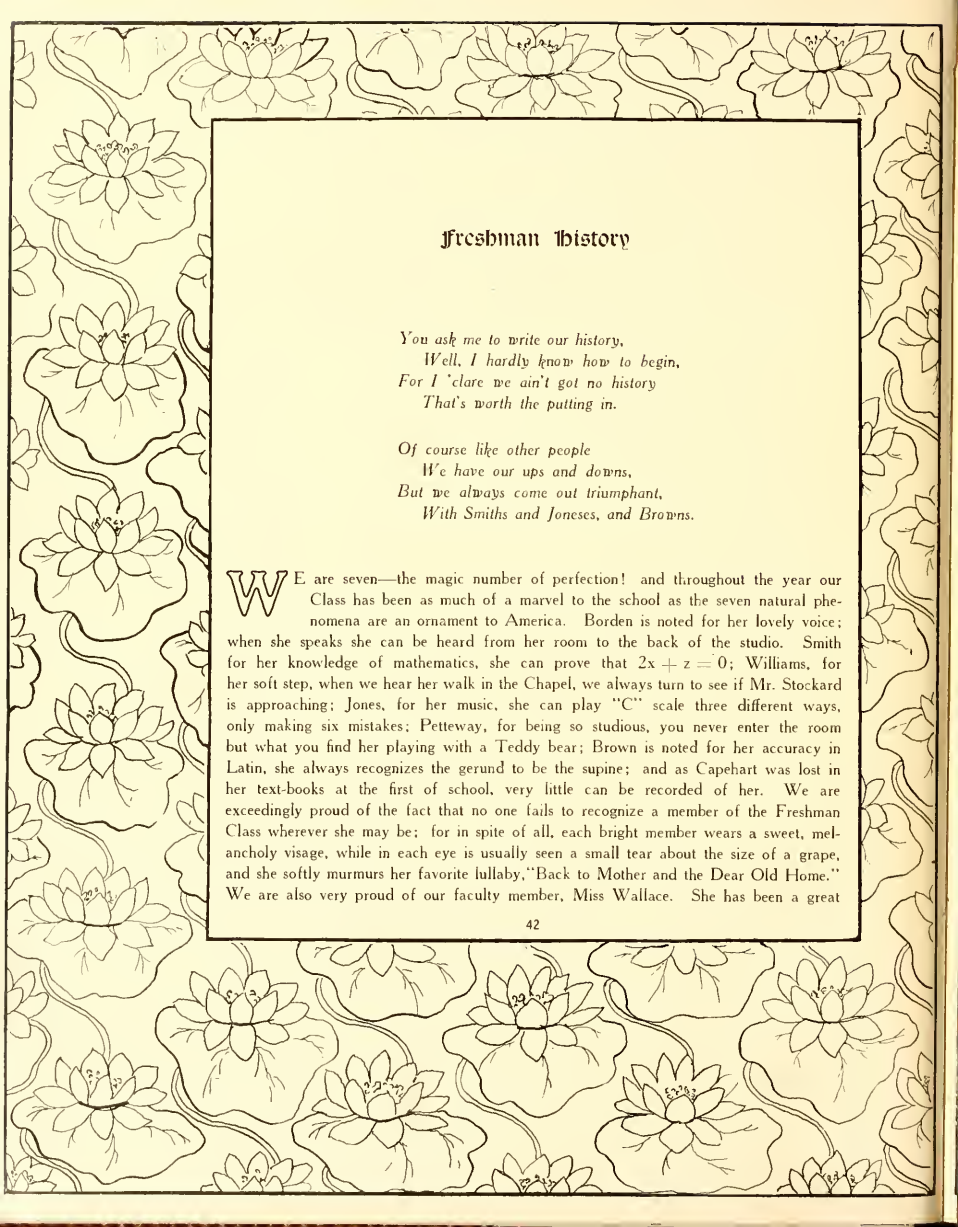
MADGE SMITH  
ELVAH JONES  
JULIA WILLIAMS

SUSIE BROWN  
NANNIE PETTIWAY  
MARY BORDEN

MARY LEE CAPEHART



FRESHMAN CLASS



## Freshman History

*You ask me to write our history,  
Well, I hardly know how to begin,  
For I 'clare we ain't got no history  
That's worth the putting in.*

*Of course like other people  
We have our ups and downs,  
But we always come out triumphant,  
With Smiths and Joneses, and Browns.*

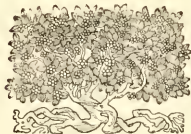
**W**E are seven—the magic number of perfection! and throughout the year our Class has been as much of a marvel to the school as the seven natural phenomena are an ornament to America. Borden is noted for her lovely voice; when she speaks she can be heard from her room to the back of the studio. Smith for her knowledge of mathematics, she can prove that  $2x + z = 0$ ; Williams, for her soft step, when we hear her walk in the Chapel, we always turn to see if Mr. Stockard is approaching; Jones, for her music, she can play "C" scale three different ways, only making six mistakes; Petteway, for being so studious, you never enter the room but what you find her playing with a Teddy bear; Brown is noted for her accuracy in Latin, she always recognizes the gerund to be the supine; and as Capehart was lost in her text-books at the first of school, very little can be recorded of her. We are exceedingly proud of the fact that no one fails to recognize a member of the Freshman Class wherever she may be; for in spite of all, each bright member wears a sweet, melancholy visage, while in each eye is usually seen a small tear about the size of a grape, and she softly murmurs her favorite lullaby, "Back to Mother and the Dear Old Home." We are also very proud of our faculty member, Miss Wallace. She has been a great

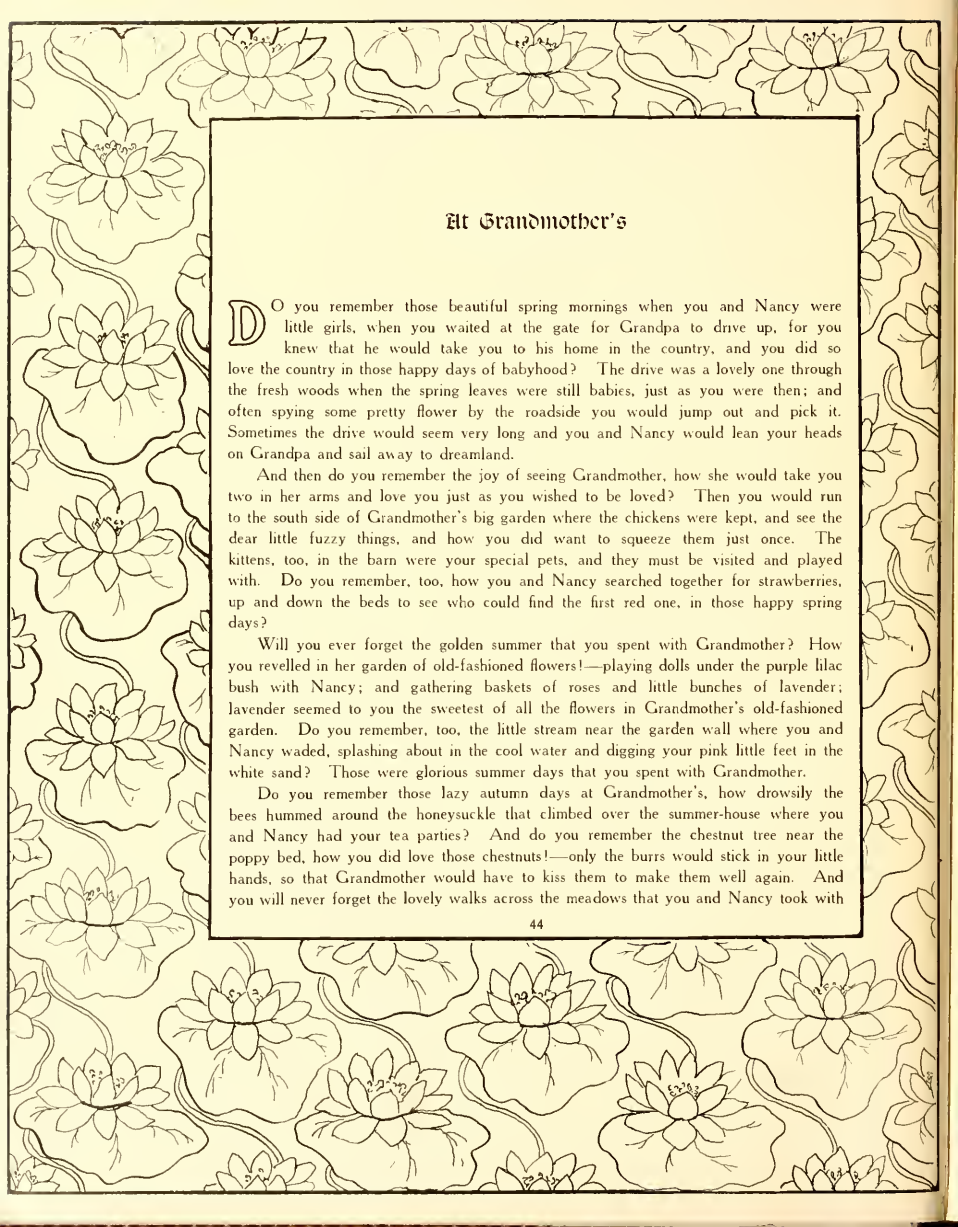
strength to the Class, and gives us each a daily dose of stimulant with "How much time have you put upon this lesson?" or "Have you faithfully tried each problem?"

The upper classmen treat us,—  
We quite frequently get "stung."  
But in terms that are more familiar,  
Well, its not like being hung,—

Will the Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors  
Please come to my room for tea?  
Is announced by the lady principal  
And nothing 't all said to "We."

The Fresh that came before us,  
Who, now, as Sophs, holds sway  
Are beginning to ignore us,  
But we're not more Fresh than they.





## At Grandmother's

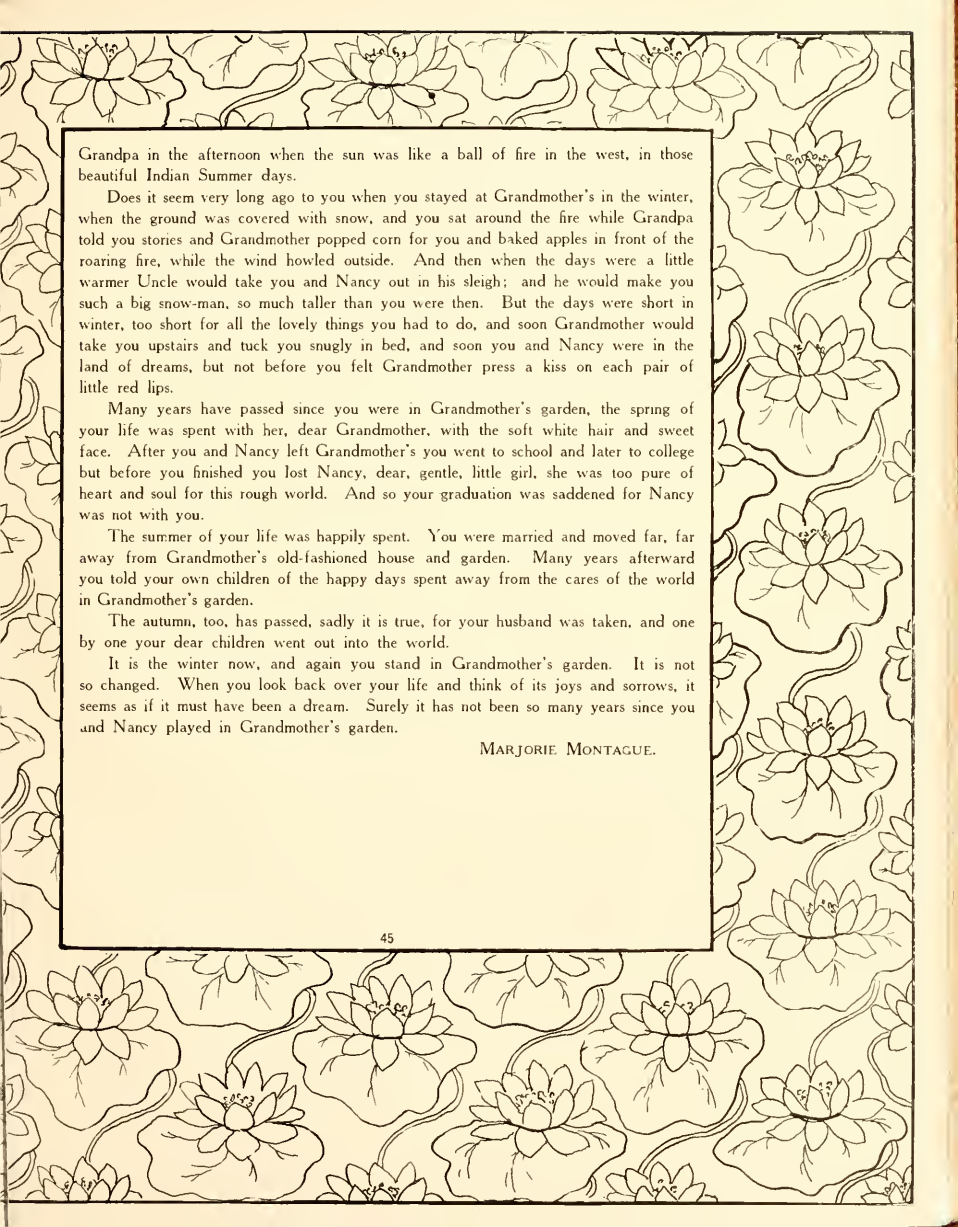
DO you remember those beautiful spring mornings when you and Nancy were little girls, when you waited at the gate for Grandpa to drive up, for you knew that he would take you to his home in the country, and you did so love the country in those happy days of babyhood? The drive was a lovely one through the fresh woods when the spring leaves were still babies, just as you were then; and often spying some pretty flower by the roadside you would jump out and pick it. Sometimes the drive would seem very long and you and Nancy would lean your heads on Grandpa and sail away to dreamland.

And then do you remember the joy of seeing Grandmother, how she would take you two in her arms and love you just as you wished to be loved? Then you would run to the south side of Grandmother's big garden where the chickens were kept, and see the dear little fuzzy things, and how you did want to squeeze them just once. The kittens, too, in the barn were your special pets, and they must be visited and played with. Do you remember, too, how you and Nancy searched together for strawberries, up and down the beds to see who could find the first red one, in those happy spring days?

Will you ever forget the golden summer that you spent with Grandmother? How you revelled in her garden of old-fashioned flowers!—playing dolls under the purple lilac bush with Nancy; and gathering baskets of roses and little bunches of lavender; lavender seemed to you the sweetest of all the flowers in Grandmother's old-fashioned garden. Do you remember, too, the little stream near the garden wall where you and Nancy waded, splashing about in the cool water and digging your pink little feet in the white sand? Those were glorious summer days that you spent with Grandmother.

Do you remember those lazy autumn days at Grandmother's, how drowsily the bees hummed around the honeysuckle that climbed over the summer-house where you and Nancy had your tea parties? And do you remember the chestnut tree near the poppy bed, how you did love those chestnuts!—only the burrs would stick in your little hands, so that Grandmother would have to kiss them to make them well again. And you will never forget the lovely walks across the meadows that you and Nancy took with





Grandpa in the afternoon when the sun was like a ball of fire in the west, in those beautiful Indian Summer days.

Does it seem very long ago to you when you stayed at Grandmother's in the winter, when the ground was covered with snow, and you sat around the fire while Grandpa told you stories and Grandmother popped corn for you and baked apples in front of the roaring fire, while the wind howled outside. And then when the days were a little warmer Uncle would take you and Nancy out in his sleigh; and he would make you such a big snow-man, so much taller than you were then. But the days were short in winter, too short for all the lovely things you had to do, and soon Grandmother would take you upstairs and tuck you snugly in bed, and soon you and Nancy were in the land of dreams, but not before you felt Grandmother press a kiss on each pair of little red lips.

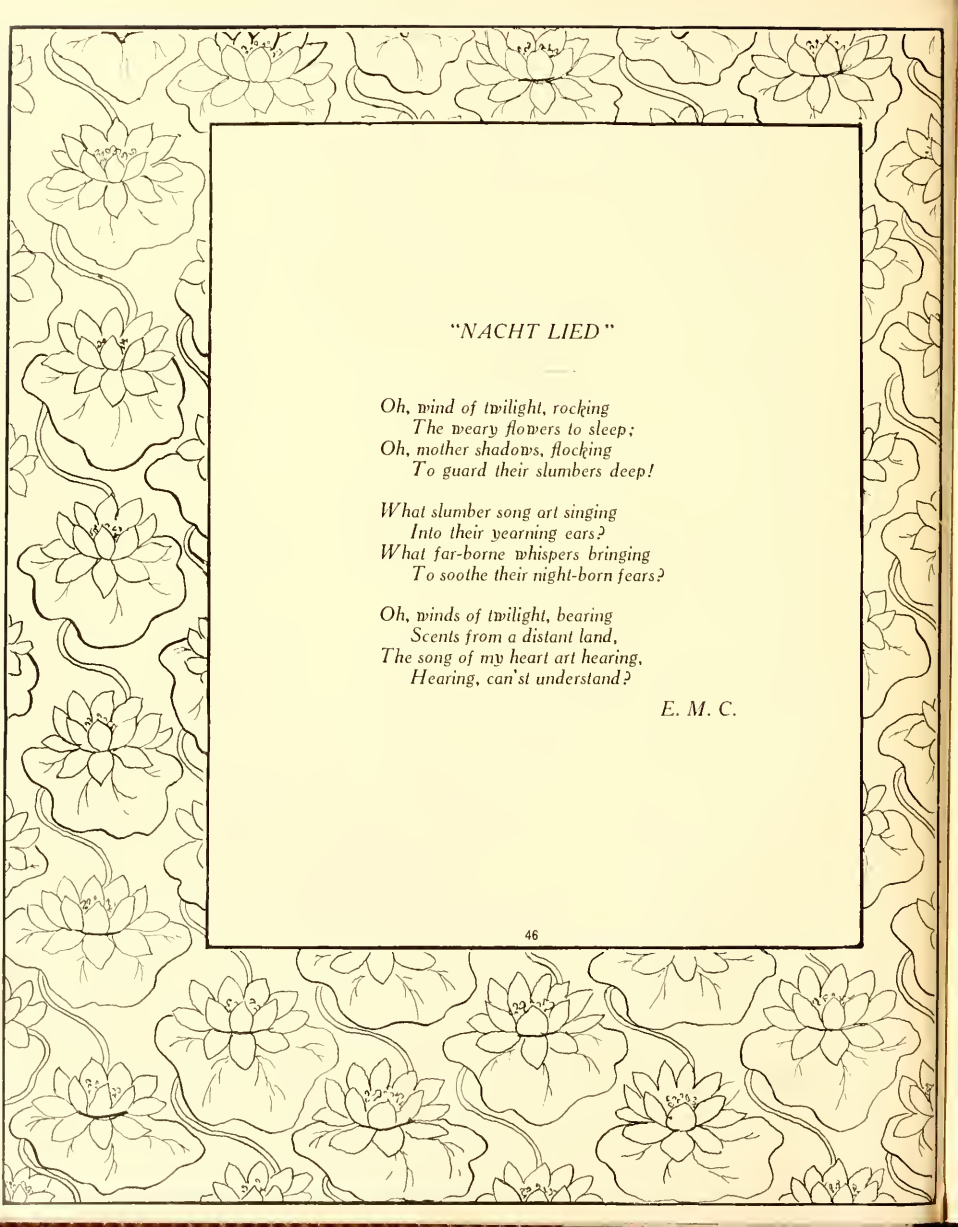
Many years have passed since you were in Grandmother's garden, the spring of your life was spent with her, dear Grandmother, with the soft white hair and sweet face. After you and Nancy left Grandmother's you went to school and later to college but before you finished you lost Nancy, dear, gentle, little girl, she was too pure of heart and soul for this rough world. And so your graduation was saddened for Nancy was not with you.

The summer of your life was happily spent. You were married and moved far, far away from Grandmother's old-fashioned house and garden. Many years afterward you told your own children of the happy days spent away from the cares of the world in Grandmother's garden.

The autumn, too, has passed, sadly it is true, for your husband was taken, and one by one your dear children went out into the world.

It is the winter now, and again you stand in Grandmother's garden. It is not so changed. When you look back over your life and think of its joys and sorrows, it seems as if it must have been a dream. Surely it has not been so many years since you and Nancy played in Grandmother's garden.

MARJORIE MONTAGUE.



"NACHT LIED"

*Oh, wind of twilight, rocking  
The weary flowers to sleep;  
Oh, mother shadows, flocking  
To guard their slumbers deep!*

*What slumber song art singing  
Into their yearning ears?  
What far-borne whispers bringing  
To soothe their night-born fears?*

*Oh, winds of twilight, bearing  
Scents from a distant land,  
The song of my heart art hearing,  
Hearing, can'st understand?*

E. M. C.



# Foolish Dictionary

**A** AARON.—That means hurry.

*Absent from Duty*.—Skipping, playing basket-ball in the library, cussin' on halls, singing in practice-rooms, and the participation in any pleasure, whatsoever.

*Aunspough*.—Eternal smiles—till the back is turned; renowned lecture on "girls"—those creatures so worthy of praise.

*A. and M.*—Utopia.

**B** *Barnyard*, members of.—Fowle, Sparrow, Wren and Peacock.

*Belk*.—The human phonograph, stopped only once in the course of time. (Why?)

*Boggs*.—Florida cracker; see skipper.

*Buuch*.—Midnight whistler.

*Brawley*.—Grandson of Ananias.

*Basket-ball*.—Chief diversion of Peace.

*Boys*.—Animals peculiar to this district.

*Billikin*.—Mascot of Peace.

*Bobbitt*.—Who guards our all and all.

*Beard*.—A conglomerated mass of flesh and music.

**C** *Casing*.—The most contagious disease, results in insanity.

*Callers*.—A. and M. boys.

*Clark*.—A fish out of water.

*Coley*.—A reminiscence of an old love story.

*Cooking*.—See Absent from duty.

*Cooper*.—Chief character in Professor Bond's "Xmas Conquests."

*Cute*.—Not exactly straight.

**D** *Davenport*.—A piece of old furniture in possession of M. Rascoe.

*Darn*.—the stockings.

*Diploma*.—The reward of time wasted on immaterial things.

*Don't*.—Do "nothing."

*Doctor*.—"Curer" of heart trouble; see Moore's encyclopedia.

- E** *Editors.*—Martyrs of a noble cause.  
*Eidson*—Source of life and “a very present help in time of trouble.”  
*Examinations.*—From them, O, Lord deliver us.  
*Exercise.*—Time wasted—ask Miss Clark.
- F** *Fowler.*—Guardian angel of Peace.  
*Freshie.*—See “green.”  
*Flunk.*—To be and not to seem—Failed.  
*Frat pins.*—The reapers reward.  
*Fudge.*—Support of missionaries.  
*Future.*—Not just now, but our only hope.
- G** *Gas.*—Save it !!!!!!!!  
*Green.*—See Freshie.  
*Gum.*—Daily nourishment.  
*Gym.*—Peace circus.
- H** *Happiness.*—Always in the dictionary.  
*Hashins.*—“Her eyes like gypsy camp-fires shone.”  
*Home.*—Oh bliss, Oh joy,  
     A home, a boy!!  
*Honk, Honk.*—A Park for Peace, and a Pair for the Park.
- I** *I*—That’s me.  
*Ice-cream.*—Our weekly blessing.  
*Idiots.*—Animals molded at Peace foundry during test week.  
*Infirmary.*—Satan’s paradise.
- J** *Jones.*—“A trembling maid, of her own gentle voice afraid.  
*Joy.*—A fancy, only to be dreamed of.  
*Junior.*—So near and yet so far.
- K** *Kimball.*—Saturday night exhibit.  
*Knocks.*—See sour lemons.  
*Kids*—Boggs, Alford and Rennalds.
- L** *Laboratory.*—Certain death to all participants: poisons and explosions.

*Late*.—Ten lines of "Billy" Shakespeare.

*Lemons*.—Faculty wholesale dealers.

*Lasher*—if she isn't prepared.

*Love*—all varieties from puppy to man.

*Lyon*—A particu-lar-ly civilized animal.

**M** *M* me (guess who?)

*Moment*.—"Very single."

*Moments*—few of wisdom, many of "foolishments."

*Moses*.—Disturber of "Peaceful" slumber.

**N** *N*—nothing

*Nonsense*—in abundance.

*Northside*.—"Paradise Lost"—money saved.

**O** *Oklahoma*—very interesting to some of our number.

*Old maids*.—"Maidens withering on the stalk; girls that are forty."

*O'possum*.—"A fish growing only in the South"; for further reference apply to Clark's Standard.

*Orndorj*.—"Feed me and I'll sing."

**P** *Pair*—see Honk, honk.

*Peace*—anywhere except here.

*Permission*.—"J. G. A."

*Priscilla*.—Queen of the Kitchen.

*Privileges*.—Rewards for the "unetched"

**Q** *Q. E. D.*—Any one explaining apply to office at once.

*Quarrels*.—Fusses.

**R** *Rats*—alive and dead.

*Royster, M.*—Manufacturer of lemon supplies.

*Royster, E.*—Creator of Bureau of Knowledge.

**S** *Sandwiches*—only hope for "THE LOTUS."

*Senior*.—What I aspired.

*Skipper*.—See Boggs, and Borden.

*Sloan's*—Liniment. For before and after effects, see Louise and Mary, respectively.

*Soph.*—"Wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see ourselves as ithers see us."

*Stockard.*—"Supreme Court of Poesy in the South."

*Stung.*—The pleasant sensation felt when "sat upon."

**T** *Tardy*—never experienced but one kind—see late.

*Tears*—means of lawn-sprinkling.

*Tennis*—wanted—a racket and "bawls"

**U** *U*—will be in for it.

*Understand?*—no!!

*Ugly*—a word strange to our vocabulary.

**V** *Valedictory.*—"Beyond the Alps lies Italy."

*Victory*—unknown to Peace.

*Voice.*—What Belk lost ! ! ! ! !

**W** *West Raleigh.*—"Keep off the grass." ? ? ? ! ! !

*Whistle*—for the time is coming when we can whistle no more.

*Wallace*—solver of problems—all kinds + mathematical.

**X** *Xmas*—indescribable to a college girl.

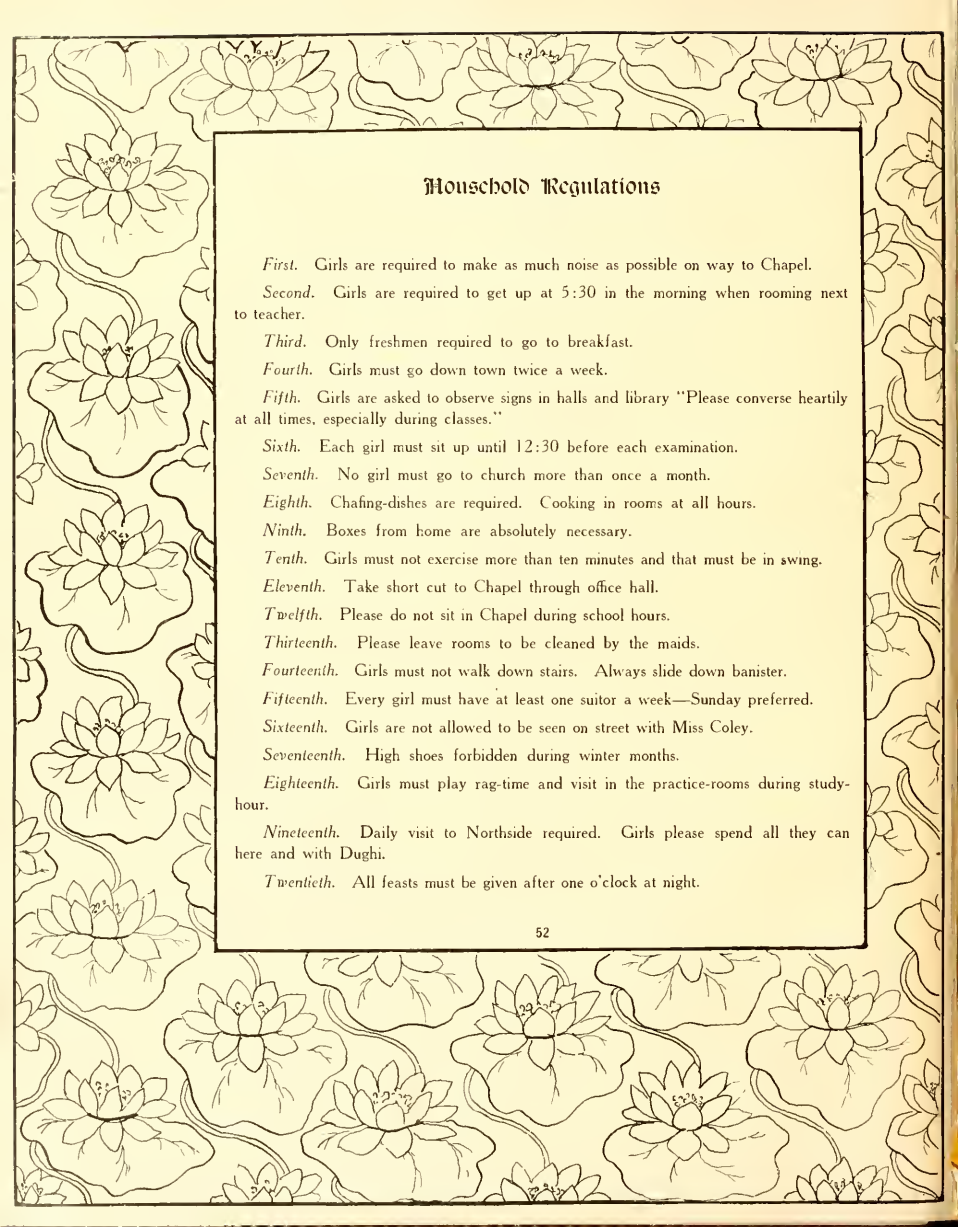
"*Xcused*"—from school.

**Y** *Yellow Mixture.*—How dear to our hearts are the scenes of "sore throat."

*Young*—what the teachers "ain't."

**Z** *Zip*—





## Household Regulations

- First.* Girls are required to make as much noise as possible on way to Chapel.
- Second.* Girls are required to get up at 5:30 in the morning when rooming next to teacher.
- Third.* Only freshmen required to go to breakfast.
- Fourth.* Girls must go down town twice a week.
- Fifth.* Girls are asked to observe signs in halls and library "Please converse heartily at all times, especially during classes."
- Sixth.* Each girl must sit up until 12:30 before each examination.
- Seventh.* No girl must go to church more than once a month.
- Eighth.* Chafing-dishes are required. Cooking in rooms at all hours.
- Ninth.* Boxes from home are absolutely necessary.
- Tenth.* Girls must not exercise more than ten minutes and that must be in swing.
- Eleventh.* Take short cut to Chapel through office hall.
- Twelfth.* Please do not sit in Chapel during school hours.
- Thirteenth.* Please leave rooms to be cleaned by the maids.
- Fourteenth.* Girls must not walk down stairs. Always slide down banister.
- Fifteenth.* Every girl must have at least one suitor a week—Sunday preferred.
- Sixteenth.* Girls are not allowed to be seen on street with Miss Coley.
- Seventeenth.* High shoes forbidden during winter months.
- Eighteenth.* Girls must play rag-time and visit in the practice-rooms during study-hour.
- Nineteenth.* Daily visit to Northside required. Girls please spend all they can here and with Dughie.
- Twentieth.* All feasts must be given after one o'clock at night.



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**DESCRIPTIVE and HISTORICAL**

**CATALOGUE**

of

**PICTURES and SCULPTURES**

in

**PEACE ART GALLERY**

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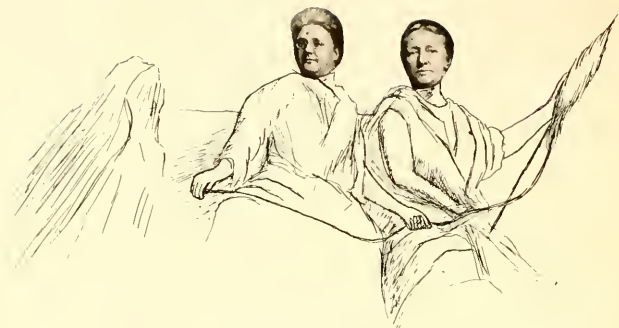
This gallery, containing seventeen pictures, was presented to Peace by THE LOTUS for the encouragement and development of the artistic sense.



I-PROPHET—Sargent



II-ANGEL—Fra Angelico



III—THE FATES—By E. E. Simmons



XIV—AURORA—By Buren Jones



X—AUTOMOBILE GIRL—By Modern Artist



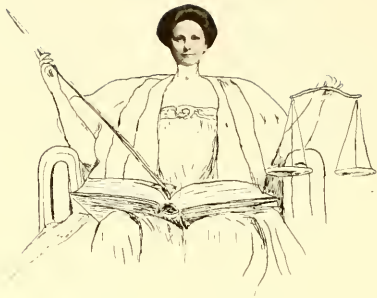
IV—STUART CHILDREN—By Van Dyke



XIII—INFANTA MARGARITA—By Velasquez



XI—THE TRAGIC MUSE—Sir Joshua Reynolds



VI--JUSTICE --By Robert Reid



IX ST. CECILIA By Rubens



XII SIBYL --By Michael Angelo



V EGYPTIAN SPHINX—Miss Edith Royster



VII—EUTERPE—By Ancient Sculptor



XVII—VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE



VIII - HOPE - By Burne Jones



XVI - PORTRAIT OF GENTLEMAN -  
By Modern Artist



XV - MONA LISA By Leonardo de Vinci



I—A PROPHET—*by Sargent.*

Although this famous portrait has been in the Peace collection only one year, it has become a model for Raleigh people, and the Peace girls sit down before it to study its spiritual expression with loving care.

II—ANGEL—*by Fra Angelico.*

This occupies a very important place in the above named gallery. The uplifting and noble expression of the face is an inspiration to all who behold it.

III—THE FATES—*by E. E. Simmons.*

This is our most valuable picture. We are all familiar with the story of the Fates, the one giving us life thrice daily, the other nursing us when we are ill-disposed.

IV—THE STUART CHILDREN—*Van Dyke.*

The unfortunate children of Charles I of England. No one passes carelessly by this famous picture—it arrests the attention of all. The sweet, innocent expressions of their faces make a lasting impression.

V—THE EGYPTIAN SPHINX—*Miss Edith Royster.*

Among our collection of pictures one of the most famous is the picture of the great Sphinx. Mortals have never been able to solve this great riddle and it has puzzled students of history and psychology for hundreds of years. Its stern and inscrutable expression fills us with awe and fear and its silence makes this the more impressive.

VI—JUSTICE—*Robert Reid.*

One of the most noted pictures in the Peace collection—Justice is represented as holding the sceptre in one hand and the scales in the other—This painting is admired by every one who sees it.

VII—EUTERPE—*by an ancient sculptor.*

A much valued bit of sculpture is this statue of Euterpe, the muse of lyric poetry. The facial expression seems to tell of sweetest song.

VIII—HOPE—*by Burne-Jones.*

This famous picture is the first you behold on entering Peace. The wonderful revelations of Hope revealed by a study of its character affords consolation to every girl.

IX—ST. CECILIA—*Rubens.*

A masterpiece which has been hanging in the Peace collection for two years. The expression of the face is that of one listening to the heavenly music of the angels.

## X—AUTOMOBILE GIRL—

One of the most beautiful and valuable of the Peace collection—a picture which though quite modern, possesses all the rare traits of the masterpieces of the old masters. This work is the wide-famed "Automobile Girl," renowned alike for its beauty and richness in tone and color.

## XI—THE TRAGIC MUSE—by Sir J. Reynolds.

A recent addition to the gallery and one prized very highly. The wild glare out of the eyes particularly noticeable, and impresses the spectator at first sight.

## XII—SIBYL—Michael Angelo.

This, our latest addition to the Peace Gallery. "The Sibyl" is the rarest and most esteemed of all, having been rescued from the Temple of the Muses, in the ruins of Pompeii, where it was dedicated to Urania. It is truly a masterpiece.

## XIII—INFANTA MARGARITA—by Valasquez.

This wonderful piece of art, the very personification of innocence, has been in our possession but three years, though painted back in the ages. Now realizing its value we are proud to claim it as a gem of the Art Gallery at Peace.

## XIV—AURORA—Burne-Jones.

This famous work of art is characterized by the brightness of the expression that fills all who pass her with good cheer.

## XV—MONA LISA—Leonardo de Vinci.

This remarkable picture has been hanging in our gallery for two years. During this time many of the students have puzzled their brains at all hours to discover what its unfathomable expression means, especially between 2:30 and 3:00 o'clock p. m.

## XVI—PORTRAIT—By Modern Artist.

This portrait hung at the topmost—"The Portrait of a Gentleman," by a modern artist, is worthy of study, and is highly valued by the owners.

## XVII—VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE.

Our art gallery contains a piece of splendid statuary presented by the Chattanooga Association to Peace Institute for excavating rare and valuable sculpture. Unfortunately in transportation to this State the head was lost. The perfect preservation of this statue, made of an unknown substance, has greatly aided scientists in their researches.

## Snatches from the Diary of Our President

(Without Permission.)

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16TH, 1908—As school begins tomorrow, I have only one more day of freedom. Then I must go up and play father to all those numerous girls.

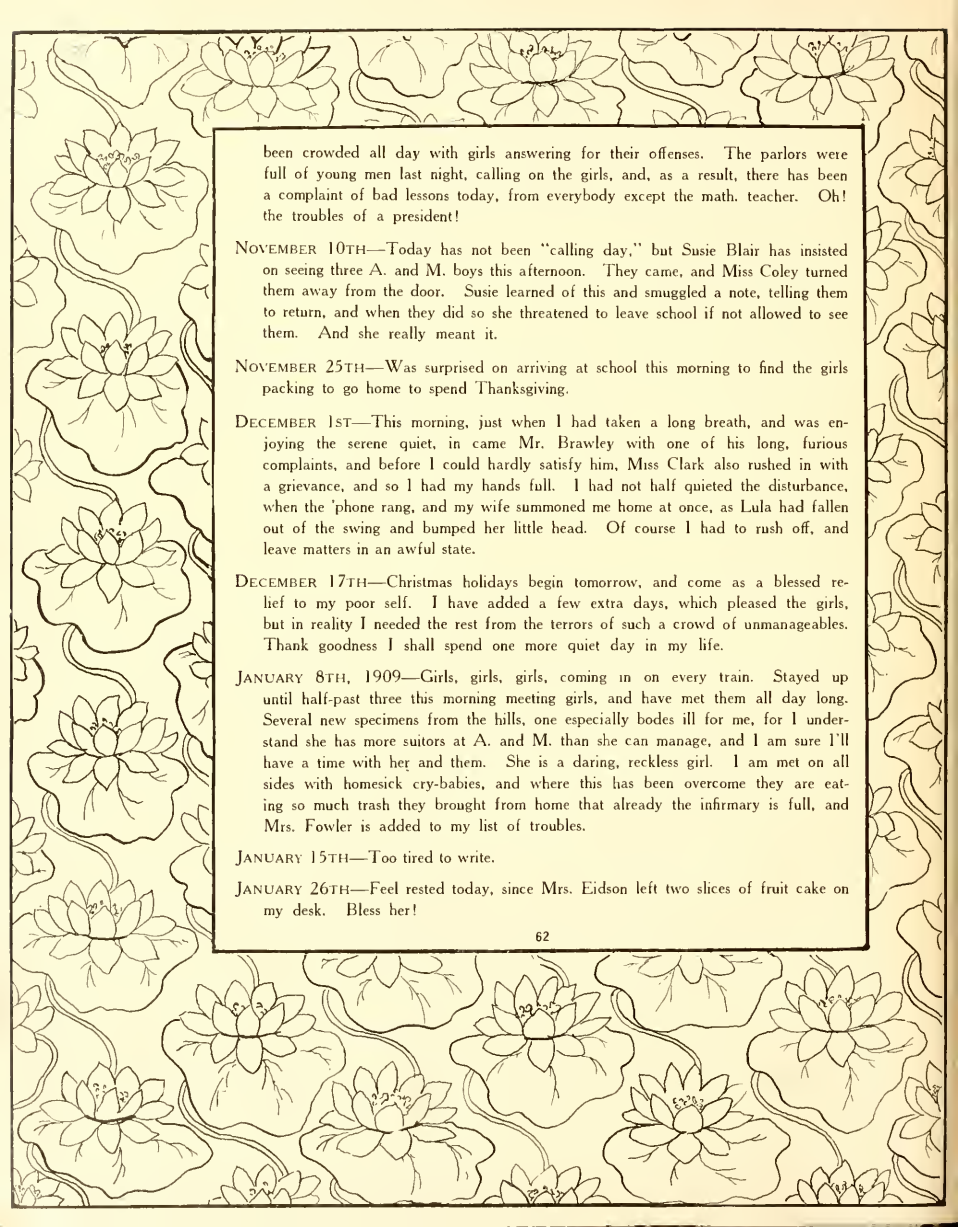
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17TH—How tired I am! Have spent almost the entire day at the station. Most of the girls have arrived. Mrs. Jenkins, wife of our late millionaire, came up, and brought her daughter—quite a young girl. Expects to graduate. I understand there are two younger daughters—of course I was exceedingly nice to Mrs. Jenkins. Received a letter from Mr. Brinkley. He has an only daughter whom he would like to send to Peace. Perhaps if there is a vacant room I can manage, but I don't believe there is any money in it. An old Peace girl arrived today, bringing two younger sisters to see how they like Peace, and to see if they can get a suitable room. Of course I gave them a choice room, and was exceedingly cordial. Expect some Western girls. Haven't had time to read a magazine today.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23D—School moving along smoothly. Girls all settled and classes arranged. Most of the rooms are filled, but have just received a letter from a Virginia gentleman. Don't know him, but he used a very influential letter head, so must run up and see him at once.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15TH—Mr. and Mrs. Blair arrived in Raleigh today, with the intention of placing their daughter, Susie Blair, in our school. She is very reckless, and I am afraid we shall have trouble with her. She is very much opposed to staying, and gave her parents the understanding that she did not intend to study, but have a good time. Susie will take four expensive specials.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 20TH—Was called home this morning before lunch, as the baby had a new tooth.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 28TH—The fair is over, and I nearly saw my finish. Have had numerous trials. A Senior eloped with her suitor, and I have just received a wire to send her trunk at once. Of course this caused a great deal of excitement. The teachers report great trouble in keeping the girls together, and the office has



been crowded all day with girls answering for their offenses. The parlors were full of young men last night, calling on the girls, and, as a result, there has been a complaint of bad lessons today, from everybody except the math. teacher. Oh! the troubles of a president!

NOVEMBER 10TH—Today has not been "calling day," but Susie Blair has insisted on seeing three A. and M. boys this afternoon. They came, and Miss Coley turned them away from the door. Susie learned of this and smuggled a note, telling them to return, and when they did so she threatened to leave school if not allowed to see them. And she really meant it.

NOVEMBER 25TH—Was surprised on arriving at school this morning to find the girls packing to go home to spend Thanksgiving.

DECEMBER 1ST—This morning, just when I had taken a long breath, and was enjoying the serene quiet, in came Mr. Brawley with one of his long, furious complaints, and before I could hardly satisfy him, Miss Clark also rushed in with a grievance, and so I had my hands full. I had not half quieted the disturbance, when the 'phone rang, and my wife summoned me home at once, as Lula had fallen out of the swing and bumped her little head. Of course I had to rush off, and leave matters in an awful state.

DECEMBER 17TH—Christmas holidays begin tomorrow, and come as a blessed relief to my poor self. I have added a few extra days, which pleased the girls, but in reality I needed the rest from the terrors of such a crowd of unmanageables. Thank goodness I shall spend one more quiet day in my life.

JANUARY 8TH, 1909—Girls, girls, girls, coming in on every train. Stayed up until half-past three this morning meeting girls, and have met them all day long. Several new specimens from the hills, one especially bodes ill for me, for I understand she has more suitors at A. and M. than she can manage, and I am sure I'll have a time with her and them. She is a daring, reckless girl. I am met on all sides with homesick cry-babies, and where this has been overcome they are eating so much trash they brought from home that already the infirmary is full, and Mrs. Fowler is added to my list of troubles.

JANUARY 15TH—Too tired to write.

JANUARY 26TH—Feel rested today, since Mrs. Eidson left two slices of fruit cake on my desk. Bless her!

FEBRUARY 8TH—A Faculty meeting tonight has nearly finished me! My wife has spent two hours counting the gray hairs fast appearing on my poor head. The baby is cutting another tooth tonight, and my wife is tired out, so I shall have to spend the rest of the night walking the floor with baby.

FEBRUARY 14TH—Only one more week before I'll have the pleasure of making a speech at a banquet! 'T is strange how I love such publicity!

FEBRUARY 22D—Made the speech of my life! Oh, diary! I wish I could preserve every word of its eloquence here with you.

FEBRUARY 24TH—I had planned to play hobby-horse with little James tonight, but the Peace girls want me to go with them to the theater to see "Brown of Harvard." I can never refuse to go out with these dear girls— and I do so enjoy the theater!

MARCH 20TH—Big midnight feast last night has caused me great trouble and anxiety today. I really wouldn't mind their spread so much, but all this red tape about punishing gets on my nerves. Worst of all is that my little daughter was ring leader—"Evil communications." School girls will most assuredly be the death of me, and destruction of my family yet! It were far better for me if I could live the simple life, and give my valuable time up to my literary pursuits.

MARCH 21ST—A bunch of violets from the midnight revellers has cheered my tired head today.

APRIL 1ST, 1909—6 P. M.—This awful day is over. Its horrors are beyond description! This has broken into the continuity of my thoughts for my commencement speech, which I must make an hour long to impress my audience.

APRIL 5TH—MSS. copy of the Annual came today. They surely used a rubber string to measure those poetic feet. And three of those editors are studying Gummere's Poetics with me, too! Poor children; I hope they'll live and learn.

APRIL 15TH—This awful night as I was at home rocking the baby to sleep, and formulating a little sonnet in my fertile brain, I was astonished to hear the 'phone ringing violently, and dropping the baby in the midst of Lula's playhouse. I rushed to the 'phone, only to be informed that my daughter and the Seniors had gone to the dance at A. and M. The lady principal was furious, and kept demanding what on earth we should do. I was so filled with emotion that I

became as one inspired, and wrote three odes on the A. and M. boys, which will, I think, hold them up with scorn to Peace girls hereafter. Punishment enough!

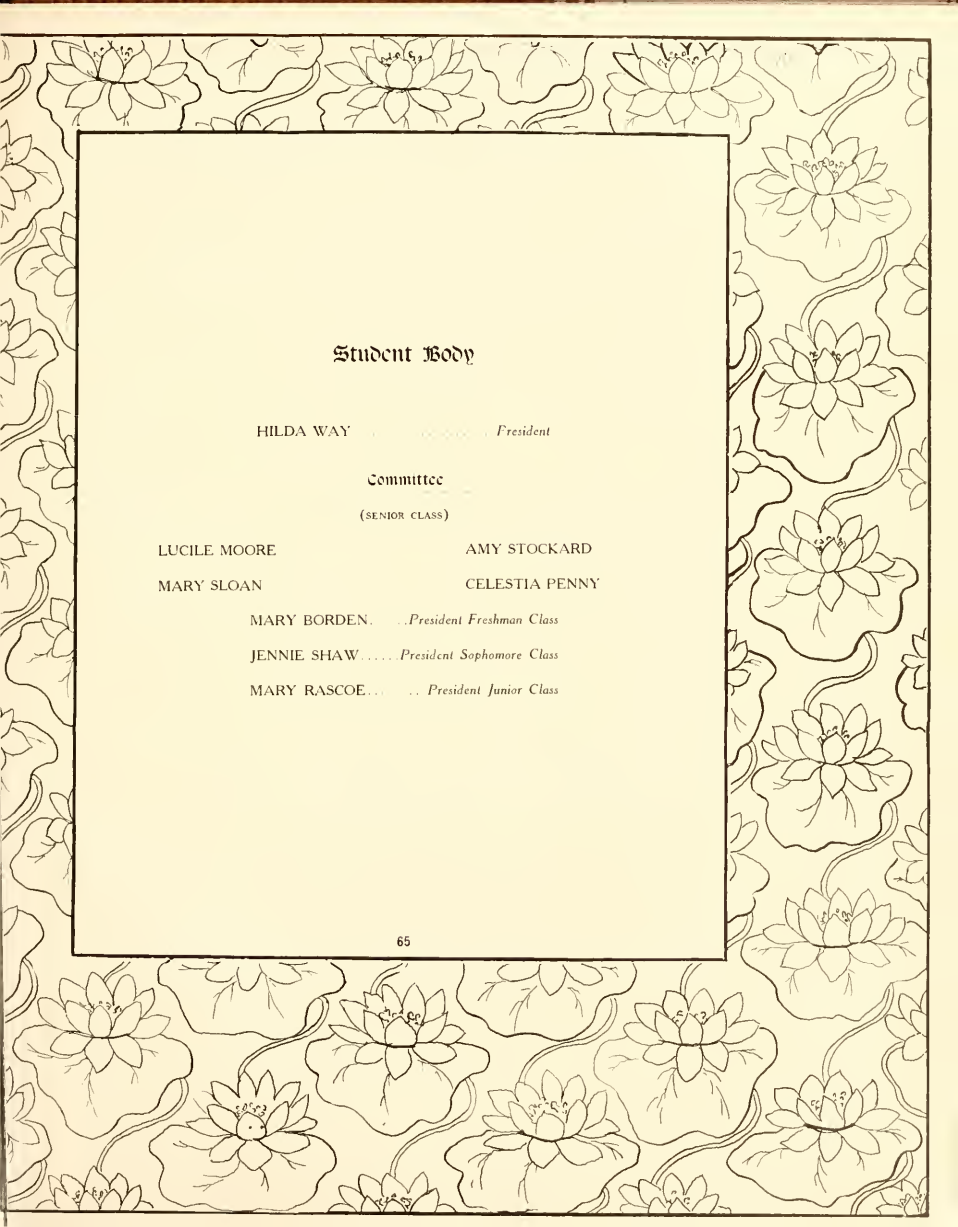
MAY 1ST—If the Lord will give me the patience to endure this twenty-nine more days I shall be satisfied!

MAY 29TH, 1909—Last day of bondage!!! Tomorrow I am free! Spent the morning entertaining my numerous guests. Have the girls sleeping in the studios, to provide accommodations for my patrons. This has been an exceedingly prosperous year, but after all I welcome a rest.

Mr. Brawley, Miss Aunspaugh, and Miss Clark have chosen the noisy, bustling world abroad for their holiday, but I shall choose the simple life.

My wife and I will take to the country, and select a community *that lacks girls*. We won't take even our daughters, and I shall forget college life, and pursue my cramped literary life and write poetry that shall rival even Milton and Shakespeare!





## Student Body

HILDA WAY ..... *President*

### Committee

(SENIOR CLASS)

LUCILE MOORE

AMY STOCKARD

MARY SLOAN

CELESTIA PENNY

MARY BORDEN..... *President Freshman Class*

JENNIE SHAW..... *President Sophomore Class*

MARY RASCOE..... *President Junior Class*

D. W. C. A.

Cabinet '08-'09



MARY SLOAN  
*President*



JESSIE WILSON  
*Vice-President*

Chairmen of Committees

MINNIE BOND  
JESSIE WILSON  
HILDA WAY  
BLANCHE WILLIAMS  
ELLEN WILSON  
MAMIE RENNIE  
MATTIE MCINCH  
CELESTIA PENNY



ADA JONES  
*Secretary*



MAMIE RENNIE  
*Treasurer*



Missionary  
Society

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MATTIE MCNINCH  
*President*



LUCILE MOORE  
*Vice-President*



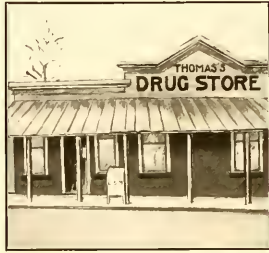
"AUNT BETTY"



MINNIE BOND  
*Treasurer*



MARY SLOAN  
*Secretary*



THE MECCA OF PEACE GIRLS



"AUNT" PRISCILLA



Literary  
Societies.

## Pi Theta Mu Society

LUCILE MOORE ..... *President*  
RUTH SANDERS ..... *Vice-President*  
ELLEN WILSON ..... *Secretary*  
CELESTIA PENNY ..... *Treasurer*

### Roll

NAOMI ALFORD  
BELLE BRASWELL  
EUGENIA CLARK

MARSHALL COLE  
HALLIE COVINGTON  
BESSIE CUNNINGHAM

FLORA CURRIE  
ETHEL GAITLEY  
MITTIE HILL

NELLIE HILL  
MARY INGRAM  
MARTHA JAMES  
ADA JONES  
ELVA JONES  
MARGARET JONES  
EFFIE KELLY  
ANNIE IHRIE POU  
MAY RAY  
RUBY RICHARDSON  
RUTH SANDERS  
JENNIE SHAW  
MARY SLOAN  
AMY STOCKARD  
NANNIE THOMPSON

BESSIE KING  
ELIZA LINDSAY  
ELIZABETH McNAIR  
MABEL PUGH  
CELESTIA PENNY  
LUCILE MOORE  
Cammie McNeill  
EDWINA UZZELL  
LOSSIE VINSON  
MARY WARD  
LIZZIE WATKINS  
ELLEN WILSON  
JESSIE WILSON  
BESSIE PRINCE  
FRANCES ROBINSON



PI THETA MU SOCIETY

## Sigma Phi Kappa Society

BLANCHE WILLIAMS ..... *President*      MAMIE RENNIE ..... *Secretary*  
MINNIE BOND ..... *Vice-President*      LOUISE SLOAN ..... *Treasurer*

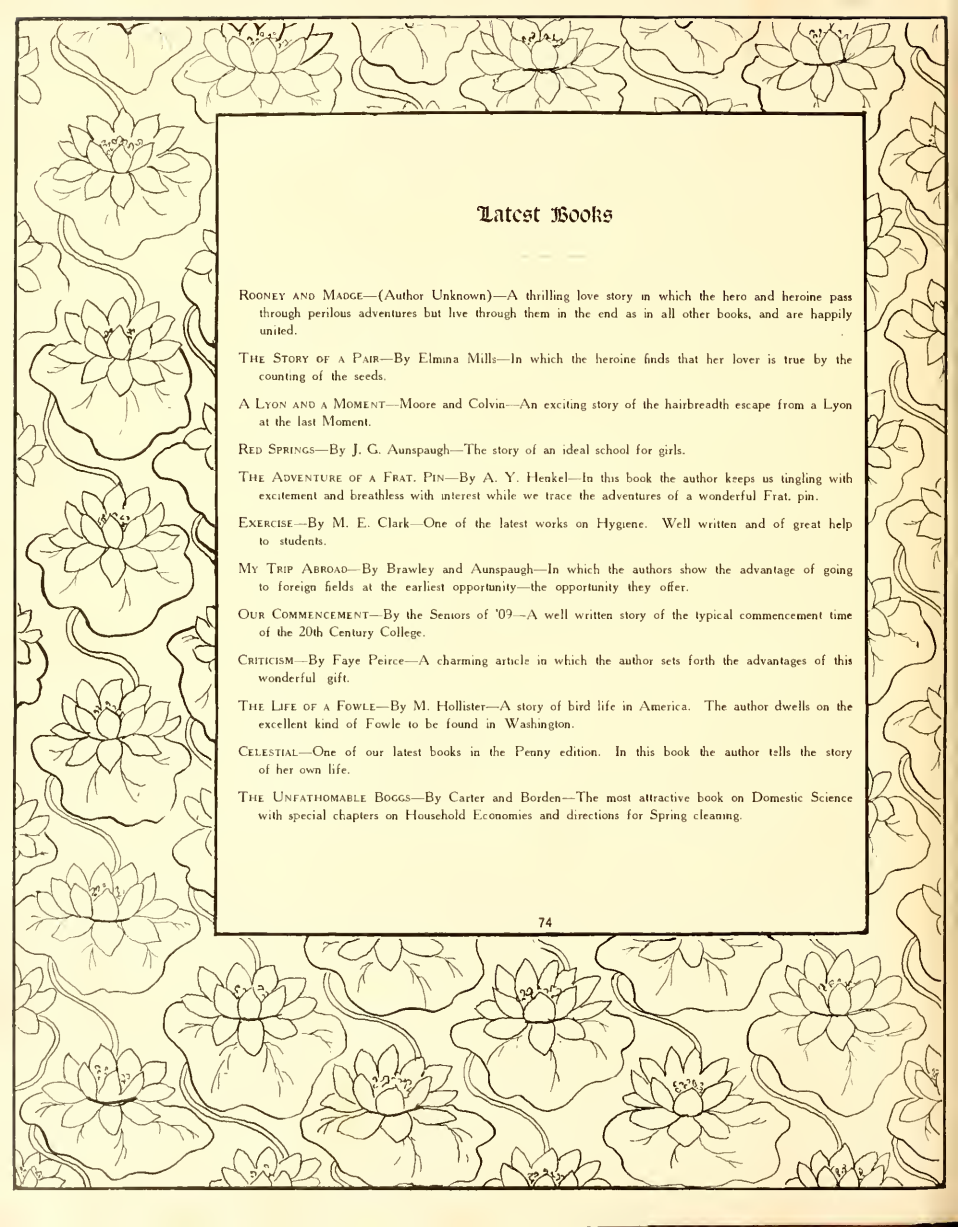
### Roll

VIRGINIA ADDINGTON  
ELIZABETH BELK  
MINNIE BOND  
EUNICE BORDEN  
MARY BORDEN  
JESSIE BROTHERS  
SUSIE BROWN  
MARY LEE CAPEHART  
LAURA CARTER  
ILA CARTLAND  
HELEN CHAPMAN  
RUTH CHAPMAN  
LUCILLE COBB  
ANNIE COLVIN  
CORNELIA DARNELL  
EMMA DARNELL  
LILLIAN FOUNTAIN  
PEARL EVANS  
ETHYL FOWLE  
SADIE HARPER  
MARY HENKEL  
ALICE HENKEL  
BESSIE HOLLISTER  
MARY HOLLISTER  
LAURA IVES  
MATTIE MAYE KING  
JIM KORNEGAY  
SARA KORNEGAY  
CARRIE LEWIS  
JULIA McNINCH  
MATTIE McNINCH  
ALICE MEGGS  
ELMINA MILLS

CLYDE NEWSOME  
SALLIE PALMER  
MABEL PEACOCK  
FAYE PEIRCE  
SALLIE PEIRCE  
ANNIE ROONEY PEMBERTON  
NANNIE PETTEWAY  
KATHARINE RENNALDS  
MAMIE RENNIE  
MARY RASCOE  
KATHARINE SINGLETARY  
LOUISE SLOAN  
GERTRUDE SMITH  
MADGE SMITH  
ELIZABETH SPARROW  
MAGGIE VASSAR  
HILDA WAY  
BLANCHE WILLIAMS  
JULIA WILLIAMS  
ETHEL WOODWARD  
MARGUERITE MORSE  
FRANCES STOCKTON  
RUTH NICHOLSON  
CLARICE ELIAS  
DAISY HAYWOOD  
MARJORIE MONTAGUE  
KATE WALKER  
EMMA LOUIS CLARKSON  
MARY KING  
SUSIE MCGEE  
BESSIE BROWNE  
EVA KELLY  
ALEXANDRA BOGGS



SIGMA PHI KAPPA SOCIETY



## Latest Books

**ROONEY AND MADGE**—(Author Unknown)—A thrilling love story in which the hero and heroine pass through perilous adventures but live through them in the end as in all other books, and are happily united.

**THE STORY OF A PAIR**—By Elmina Mills—In which the heroine finds that her lover is true by the counting of the seeds.

**A LYON AND A MOMENT**—Moore and Colvin—An exciting story of the hairbreadth escape from a Lyon at the last Moment.

**RED SPRINGS**—By J. C. Aunspaugh—The story of an ideal school for girls.

**THE ADVENTURE OF A FRAT. PIN**—By A. Y. Henkel—In this book the author keeps us tingling with excitement and breathless with interest while we trace the adventures of a wonderful Frat. pin.

**EXERCISE**—By M. E. Clark—One of the latest works on Hygiene. Well written and of great help to students.

**MY TRIP ABROAD**—By Brawley and Aunspaugh—In which the authors show the advantage of going to foreign fields at the earliest opportunity—the opportunity they offer.

**OUR COMMENCEMENT**—By the Seniors of '09—A well written story of the typical commencement time of the 20th Century College.

**CRITICISM**—By Faye Peirce—A charming article in which the author sets forth the advantages of this wonderful gift.

**THE LIFE OF A FOWLE**—By M. Hollister—A story of bird life in America. The author dwells on the excellent kind of Fowle to be found in Washington.

**CELESTIAL**—One of our latest books in the Penny edition. In this book the author tells the story of her own life.

**THE UNFATHOMABLE BOGGS**—By Carter and Borden—The most attractive book on Domestic Science with special chapters on Household Economics and directions for Spring cleaning.





Washington's Birthday

## WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

One of the most brilliant affairs ever held at Peace Institute was the banquet tendered the Pi Theta Mu's by the Sigma Phi Kappa Literary Society, on Monday evening, February 22d, 1909, in honor of the birthday of George Washington. Costumes, music and decorations were carried out in the most effective manner, and one imagined that the times had been moved back, possibly two centuries and that he had wandered into a regular "Old Tyme" gathering.

The decorations up stairs consisted chiefly of huge flags, and H O M and Σ Φ K pennants, while the dining-room was a perfect bewilderment of flags, red white and blue decorations, and brilliant candelabra with shades of the National colors.

A delicious menu was served and the following brilliant toasts were drunk, Miss Hilda Way acting as toastmistress:

To the Red, White and Blue.

To the Old North State

To Peace

To the Joys of Skipping.

To the H O M.

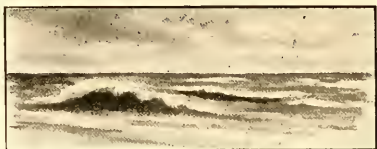
Music was furnished throughout the evening by a string quartette, and one of the most charming features of the evening was the "Virginia Reel," participated in by all the quaintly dressed maidens.

An interesting contest puzzled the minds of all and every one was proud to admit that the prize was captured by the H O M president.

Never has been a more fascinating array of colonial costumes than those displayed on this occasion with bewitching flowered polonaises, dainty bodices and powdered Janice Meredith curls. The scene was most attractive and picturesque.



GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY



BY THE SEA

'T was in the month of June,  
And I'm sure it was just noon,  
That we met!—  
He had laughing eyes of brown,  
And though years and years go round,  
I'll not forget.

'T was by the sea-side next,  
And I was rather vexed—  
Bad for me!  
For he teased me very much,  
And I never could stand such,  
Don't you see?

A year or so has gone,  
And now I'm left alone—  
By myself;  
He's in love with other girls,  
And in spite of all my curls—  
I'm "on the shelf."

J. R. M.



St. Valentine's Day

## ST. VALENTINE AT PEACE.

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### School Girls Enjoy Themselves in Unique Banquet.

One of the most enjoyable social affairs in college circles this season, took place on Monday evening at Peace Institute, the occasion being the annual reception given by the Pi Theta Mu Literary Society to the Sigma Phi Kappa Society.

Every student of Peace, as well as a number of graduates, members of the Faculty and invited guests of the city, were present, and from eight o'clock until eleven friendship and congeniality held full sway.

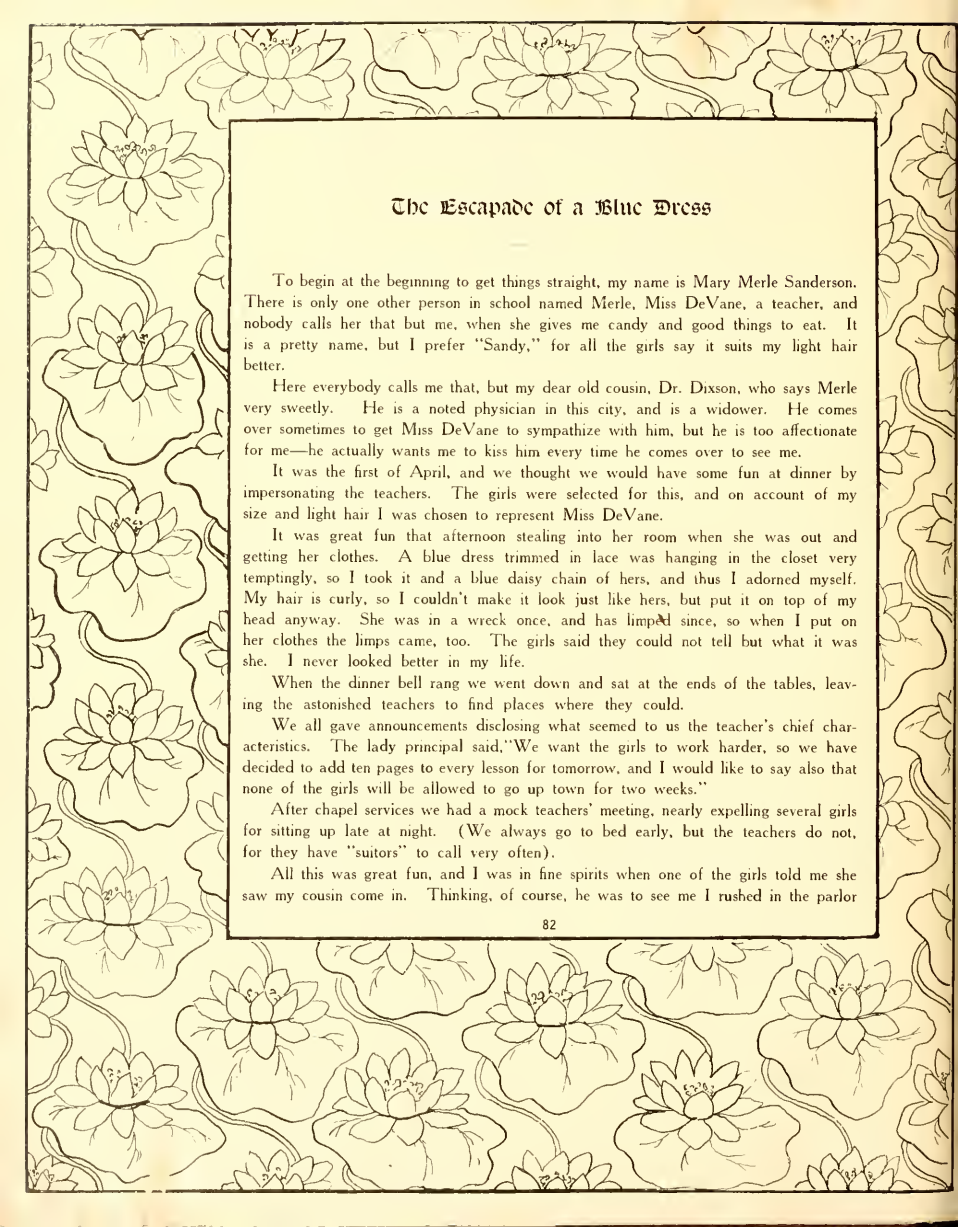
The event was in honor of St. Valentine. The unique decorations were in keeping with the day and very appropriately carried out the spirit of the occasion. The color scheme was red and white, the spacious dining-room of the school being arranged in gala attire from end to end. There were hearts galore—paper hearts, candy hearts—hearts of flowers and real, sure-enough hearts in abundance. Festoons of smilax were hung from the central chandelier to the four corners of the hall, while the various tables were ornamented with silver candelabra and diminutive candles of various colors. Palms, ferns and potted plants, as well as cut flowers, also added to the attractiveness of the dining hall. A superb orchestra rendered charming selections during the festivities.

A sumptuous banquet in several courses was served to the many guests after which a question contest was entered into with enthusiasm. The prize in the contest was won by Miss Mabel Pugh, who very gracefully presented it to Miss Blanche Williams, President of the Sigma Phi Kappa Society.

After the distribution of souvenirs to every one present, an enjoyable dance took place at the conclusion of which the delighted merry-makers reluctantly said good-night.



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY



## The Escapade of a Blue Dress

To begin at the beginning to get things straight, my name is Mary Merle Sanderson. There is only one other person in school named Merle, Miss DeVane, a teacher, and nobody calls her that but me, when she gives me candy and good things to eat. It is a pretty name, but I prefer "Sandy," for all the girls say it suits my light hair better.

Here everybody calls me that, but my dear old cousin, Dr. Dixon, who says Merle very sweetly. He is a noted physician in this city, and is a widower. He comes over sometimes to get Miss DeVane to sympathize with him, but he is too affectionate for me—he actually wants me to kiss him every time he comes over to see me.

It was the first of April, and we thought we would have some fun at dinner by impersonating the teachers. The girls were selected for this, and on account of my size and light hair I was chosen to represent Miss DeVane.

It was great fun that afternoon stealing into her room when she was out and getting her clothes. A blue dress trimmed in lace was hanging in the closet very temptingly, so I took it and a blue daisy chain of hers, and thus I adorned myself. My hair is curly, so I couldn't make it look just like hers, but put it on top of my head anyway. She was in a wreck once, and has limped since, so when I put on her clothes the limps came, too. The girls said they could not tell but what it was she. I never looked better in my life.

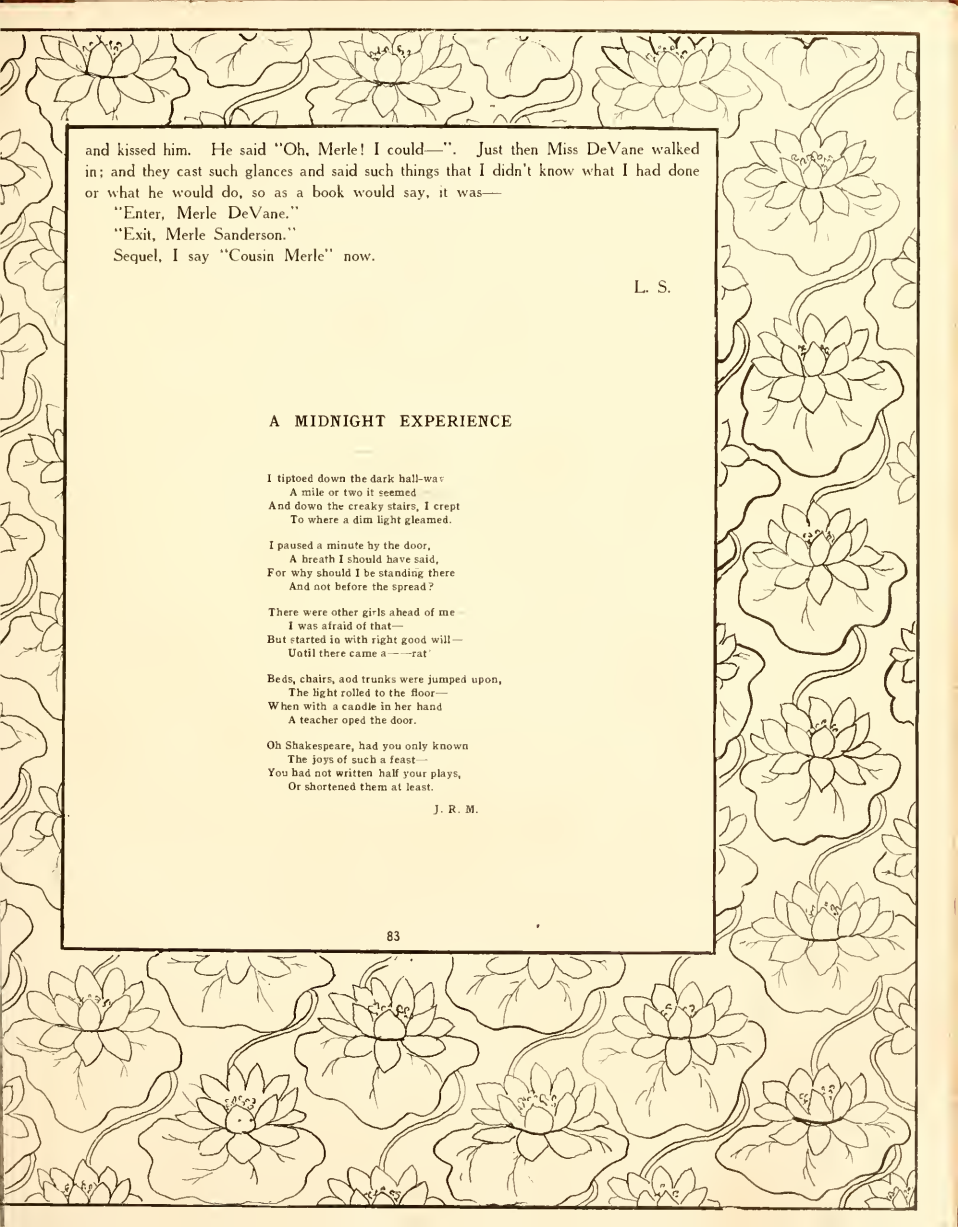
When the dinner bell rang we went down and sat at the ends of the tables, leaving the astonished teachers to find places where they could.

We all gave announcements disclosing what seemed to us the teacher's chief characteristics. The lady principal said, "We want the girls to work harder, so we have decided to add ten pages to every lesson for tomorrow, and I would like to say also that none of the girls will be allowed to go up town for two weeks."

After chapel services we had a mock teachers' meeting, nearly expelling several girls for sitting up late at night. (We always go to bed early, but the teachers do not, for they have "suitors" to call very often).

All this was great fun, and I was in fine spirits when one of the girls told me she saw my cousin come in. Thinking, of course, he was to see me I rushed in the parlor





and kissed him. He said "Oh, Merle! I could—". Just then Miss DeVane walked in; and they cast such glances and said such things that I didn't know what I had done or what he would do, so as a book would say, it was—

"Enter, Merle DeVane."

"Exit, Merle Sanderson."

Sequel, I say "Cousin Merle" now.

L. S.

### A MIDNIGHT EXPERIENCE

I tiptoed down the dark hall-way  
A mile or two it seemed  
And down the creaky stairs, I crept  
To where a dim light gleamed.

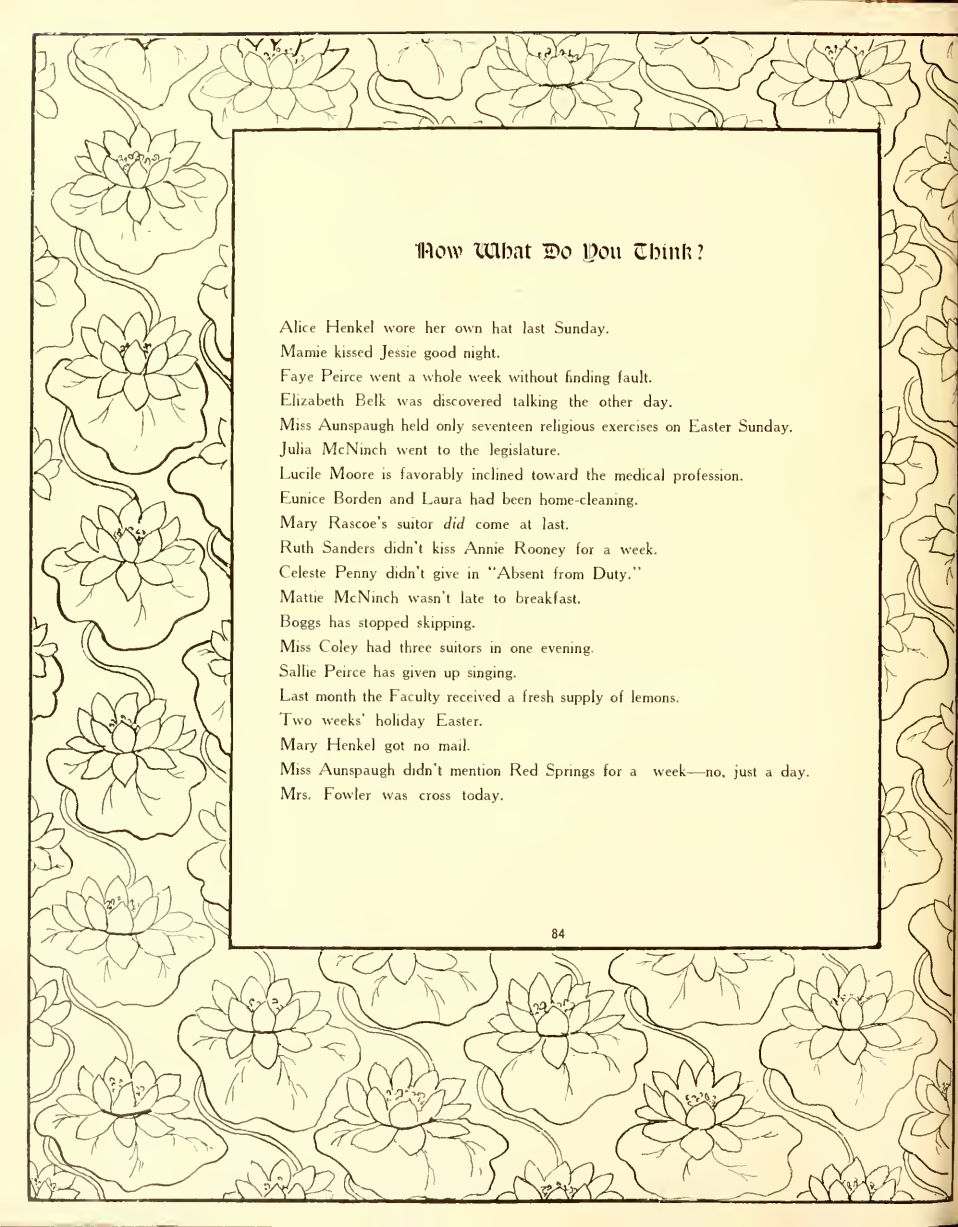
I paused a minute by the door,  
A breath I should have said,  
For why should I be standing there  
And not before the spread?

There were other girls ahead of me—  
I was afraid of that—  
But started in with right good will—  
Uotil there came a—rat

Beds, chairs, and trunks were jumped upon,  
The light rolled to the floor—  
When with a candle in her hand  
A teacher oped the door.

Oh Shakespeare, had you only known  
The joys of such a feast—  
You had not written half your plays,  
Or shortened them at least.

J. R. M.



## How What Do You Think?

Alice Henkel wore her own hat last Sunday.  
Mamie kissed Jessie good night.  
Faye Peirce went a whole week without finding fault.  
Elizabeth Belk was discovered talking the other day.  
Miss Aunspaugh held only seventeen religious exercises on Easter Sunday.  
Julia McNinch went to the legislature.  
Lucile Moore is favorably inclined toward the medical profession.  
Eunice Borden and Laura had been home-cleaning.  
Mary Rascoe's suitor *did* come at last.  
Ruth Sanders didn't kiss Annie Rooney for a week.  
Celeste Penny didn't give in "Absent from Duty."  
Mattie McNinch wasn't late to breakfast.  
Boggs has stopped skipping.  
Miss Coley had three suitors in one evening.  
Sallie Peirce has given up singing.  
Last month the Faculty received a fresh supply of lemons.  
Two weeks' holiday Easter.  
Mary Henkel got no mail.  
Miss Aunspaugh didn't mention Red Springs for a week—no, just a day.  
Mrs. Fowler was cross today.



## Music and Expression Graduates

## Graduating Recital

MARY HENKEL ..... Voice  
ALICE HENKEL ..... Expression

### PROGRAM

- a. The First Primrose ..... Grieg  
b. Hark, Hark, the Lark ..... Schubert  
c. Elegy ..... Masseur  
d. A Maid Sings Light ..... MacDowell

MARY HENKEL

How the La Rue Stakes were Lost ..... Hood  
ALICE HENKEL

Aria—I say that Naught Shall Deter Me ..... Bizet  
MARY HENKEL

Inja ..... (from Harper's)  
ALICE HENKEL

- a. The Rose Complained ..... Schubert  
b. Dedication ..... Schubert  
c. Murmuring Zephrs ..... Jensen  
MARY HENKEL

The Birth of the Opal ..... Ella Wheeler Wilcox

My Prompter ..... Selected

Love's Young Dream ..... Helen M. White

I Can't do this Sum ..... MacDonogh

ALICE HENKEL



## Alice Heukel.

*"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."*

A Senior both slender and tall  
Who in studies excels them all.  
The specialties of this maid  
Are too numerous to be said;  
Of reaping in frat pins  
And College seal hat pins,  
And pennants, and pillows galore.  
But—this is no use—  
She desires no abuse—  
So how can I write any more?

## Mary Yonck Heukel

*"Hark, hark, the lark at Heaven's gate sings."*

Of a rival of Venus de Milo I write—  
'Tis clear the old master had ne'er had a sight  
Of this beautiful, classical maiden so fair,  
With those deep dreamy eyes and the auburn hair.  
So lovely, so charming, 'tis clear that today  
No words can express all the things I would say;  
And her voice far surpasses the rare Jenny Lind.  
'Tis sweeter than whispers of soft summer wind.



## Graduating Recital

JESSIE WILSON ..... Piano  
LOTTIE YOUNG ..... Voice

### Program

Moonlight Sonata, Op. 27 ..... Beethoven  
JESSIE WILSON

a. Love Song ..... Brahms  
b. Secrets ..... Brahms  
c. Death and the Maiden ..... Schubert  
d. My Peace thou Art ..... Schubert  
LOTTIE YOUNG

a. WARUM ..... Schumann  
b. Grillen ..... Schumann  
c. Pizzicati ..... Joseffy  
d. Mazurka in E flat Major ..... Leschetizky  
JESSIE WILSON

Farewell Ye Mountains ..... Tschaiikowsky  
LOTTIE YOUNG

Concerstueck ..... Weber  
JESSIE WILSON

Retreat ..... La Forge  
Serenade ..... Gounod  
O, Say Have You Seen Her? ..... Caracciolo



Jessie Wilson

*"Happy am I; from care I'm free!  
Why aren't they all contented like me?"*

Here's to a girl with golden hair,  
And eyes of divinest blue,  
Who wakes the chords to raptures rare,  
And whose heart for all beats true.

Lottie Shirley Young



*"I only sing because I must."*

She is so fair and slender,  
With hair so wavy and blond;  
Her singing is so tender,  
And of her all are fond!

## Graduating Recital

BESSIE PRINCE ..... *Piano*  
MATTIE MCNINCH ..... *Voice*

### Program

PRESTO ..... *Scarlatti*  
GAVOTTE ..... *Bach*  
Gipsy Rondo ..... *Haydn*

BESSIE PRINCE

a. Angels Ever Bright and Fair ..... *Handel*  
b. Morning Hymn ..... *Henschel*  
c. Bluish Eyes ..... *Henschel*

MATTIE MCNINCH

Second Concerto ..... *Beethoven*  
(Orchestral Accompaniment—Second Piano.)

BESSIE PRINCE

My Heart at thy Sweet Voice ..... *Saint Saens*

MATTIE MCNINCH

Whispering Wind ..... *Wollenhaupt*  
Impromptu—B flat Major ..... *Schubert*  
Tarentelle ..... *Moszkowski*





## Bessie A. Prince

*"The secret of success is constancy to purpose."*

A Royal member of this class  
Is one whom no one can surpass,  
Her skill in music's tone and touch  
Can't be compared—where is there such?  
She dresses up so very fine—  
Of hats she has just twenty-nine.  
She is a Prince, who, I can say,  
Wears a new Princess, every day.

## Mattie M. McIninch

*"The pink of perfection."*

When one beholds this winsome maid,  
This dear LITTLE maid—'ts always said  
That a fatter, cuter, more charming girl  
Can ne'er be found in this wide, wide world.  
And her voice—'ts the nightingale's I know  
No other being could warble so.  
She's a charming, jolly good fellow.  
Admit this is true—for I won't tell her.



## Graduating Recital

HILDA WAY ..... *Expression*  
BLANCHE HILLIARD WILLIAMS ..... *Piano*

### Program

Sonata, C Minor ..... *Beethoven*

BLANCHE H. WILLIAMS

Ole Mistis ..... *John Trotwood Moore*

HILDA WAY

Feu Ruolant ..... *Duvernoy*

Evening Star ..... *Tannhauser, Wagner, Liszt*

BLANCHE H. WILLIAMS

The Lost Word ..... *Henry Van Dyke*

HILDA WAY

Capriccio Brilliant ..... *Mendelssohn*

(Accompaniment on Second Piano)

BLANCHE H. WILLIAMS

The Bells ..... *Edgar Allen Poe*

a. Papa and the Boy ..... *Puck*

b. Candle Light Time ..... *Dunbar*

c. I Dunno ..... *Nesbit*

HILDA WAY

Novelette, E Major ..... *Schumann*

Valse de Concert ..... *Wieniawski*

BLANCHE H. WILLIAMS

MONOLOGUE

HILDA WAY

Blanche Hillard Williams

"If to her lot some female errors fall  
Look to her face and you'll forget them all."

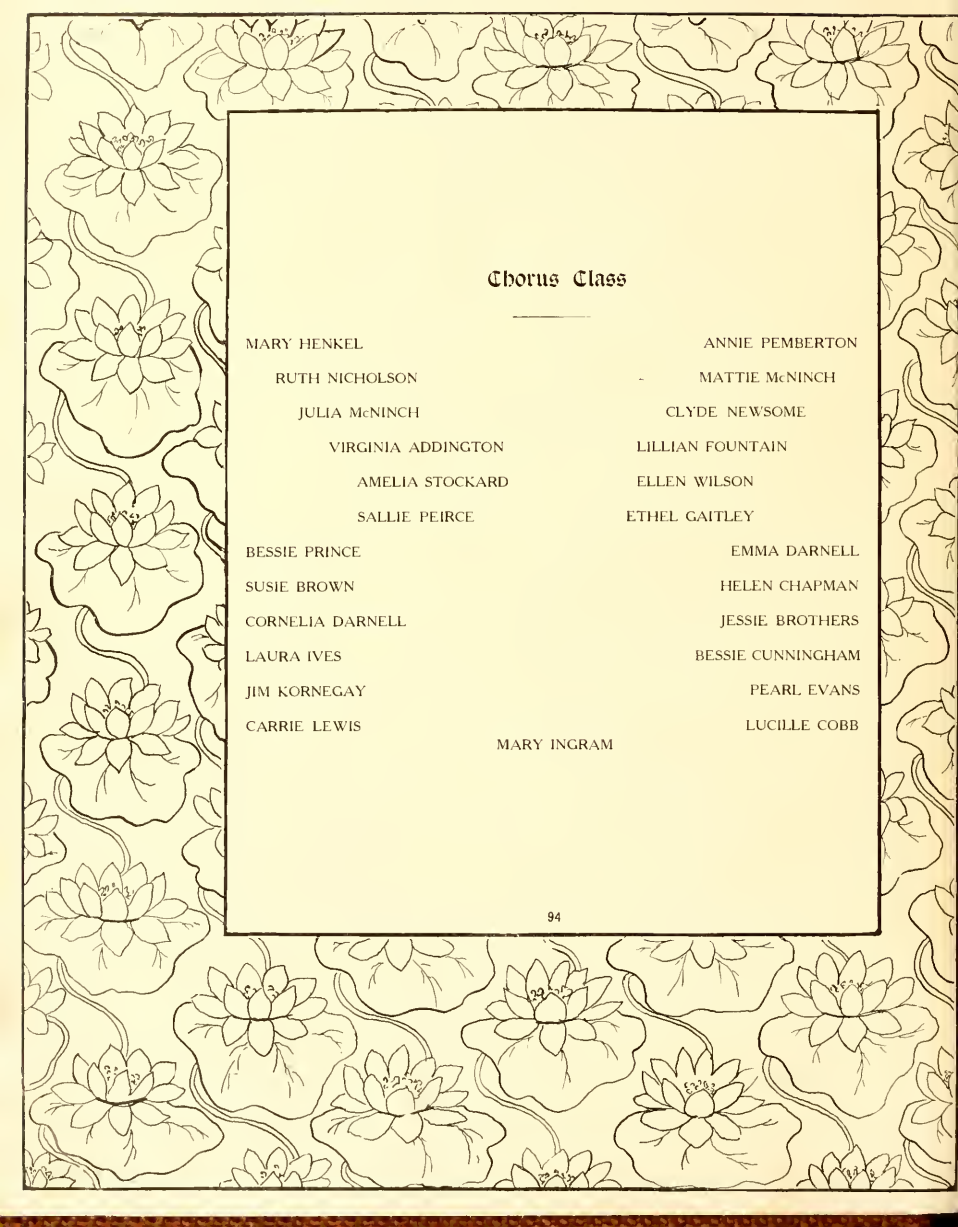
Is there in words of rhyme or prose  
That from the writer's pencil flows  
Words that can ever half describe  
This maiden? Can I steal or bribe  
Them from the fairy's magic lore,  
Or from some famous bard of yore,  
I tell you—if you heard her play,  
Or made love to her some June day,  
You'd understand how words now fail;  
And how 'tis all of no avail  
When one attempts with toil and care  
To here portray her virtues rare.



Hilda Way.

Oh! Muse, I have a dreadful task!  
Attend me now, I fondly ask.  
For I must in these rhymes portray  
The maiden of my verse, Miss Way.  
Would that I had the poet's pen,  
That I could all her virtues blend  
In words appropriate and true—  
And then 'twere very hard to do.





## Chorus Class

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MARY HENKEL

RUTH NICHOLSON

JULIA McNINCH

VIRGINIA ADDINGTON

AMELIA STOCKARD

SALLIE PEIRCE

BESSIE PRINCE

SUSIE BROWN

CORNELIA DARNELL

LAURA IVES

JIM KORNEGAY

CARRIE LEWIS

ANNIE PEMBERTON

MATTIE McNINCH

CLYDE NEWSOME

LILLIAN FOUNTAIN

ELLEN WILSON

ETHEL GAITLEY

EMMA DARNELL

HELEN CHAPMAN

JESSIE BROTHERS

BESSIE CUNNINGHAM

PEARL EVANS

LUCILLE COBB

MARY INGRAM



CHORUS CLASS



### Art Class

ANNIE MONTAGUE

MAE RAY

FRANCES STOCKTON

FAYE PEIRCE

KATHERINE RODGERS

GRIZELLE HINTON

EVA KELLY

## Graduate in Art



*Faye Purcell*

*"For I am nothing, if not critical."*

"A Senior fair we have in art,  
And whom we all think very smart;  
Quite skilled in use of paints and oils,  
And over these she daily toils.  
The maid is, too, of matchless style;  
She wears also a heavenly smile  
When pleased—but ah—when she is mad  
Breathless we wait—till she is glad."

## Steps in Expression

Thought

Indifference

Contrarity

Sincerity

Joy

Sarcasm

Bashfulness



MISS HASKINS

{ HILDA WAY  
{ LILLIAN FOUNTAIN

{ ALICE HENKEL  
{ ELIZABETH BELK

{ CELESTIA PENNY  
{ FLORRIE CURRY

{ ADA JONES  
{ MATTIE MAYE KING

{ RUBY RICHARDSON  
{ GERTRUDE SMITH

CARRIE LEWIS

MISS HASKINS  
ALICE HENKEL  
LILLIAN FOUNTAIN  
CARRIE LEWIS  
MATTIE MAYE KING

HILDA WAY  
EUGENIA CLARKE  
SUSIE Mc-GEE  
CELESTIA PENNY  
RUBY RICHARDSON

GERTRUDE SMITH  
ADA JONES  
FLORRIE CURRY  
DAISY HAYWOOD  
MABEL PEACOCK

ELIZABETH BELK

FRANCES STOCKTON



## Athletic Association

JESSIE WILSON  
MARY SLOAN

.....President  
.....Secretary and Treasurer

### Executive Committee

ADA JONES  
RUTH NICHOLSON

MAMIE RENNIE  
ANNIE ROONEY PEMBERTON



JESSIE WILSON, President



MARY SLOAN Sec'y-Treas.

### Varsity Team of '09

JESSIE WILSON	.....Right Guard
RUTH NICHOLSON	.....Left Guard
ROONEY PEMBERTON	.....Center
SARA KORNEGAY	.....Center
MAMIE RENNIE	.....Right Forward
ADA JONES	.....Left Forward
JENNIE SHAW	.....Substitute



### Senior Basket-Ball Team

	JESSIE WILSON	<i>Captain</i>	
MATTIE MCINCH	MARY SLOAN	MARY HENKEL	
CELESTIA PENNY		FAYE PEIRCE	



### Sophomore Basket-Ball Team

	SARA KORNEGAY	<i>Captain</i>	
JENNIE SHAW	LAURA IVES	EVA KELLY	ETHEL WOODARD
	ELLEN WILSON		



### Junior Basket-Ball Team

ADA JONES

. Captain

MABEL PUGH

ELIZABETH McNAIR

MARY RASCOE

MINNIE BOND

MAMIE RENNIE



### Freshman Basket-Ball Team

ANNIE ROONEY PEMBERTON.

Captain

RUTH NICHOLSON

SUSIE BROWN

LAURA CARTER

EUNICE BORDEN

ELVAH JONES



## Tennis Club

BESSIE PRINCE  
JIM KORNEGAY  
MARY RASCOE  
MARY SLOAN  
ETHEL GAITLEY  
ADA JONES  
ELIZABETH McNAIR  
LILLIAN FOUNTAIN  
ALICE HENKEL  
GERTRUDE SMITH  
ELIZABETH BELK  
ELMINA MILLS  
MARY HENKEL  
SALLIE PEIRCE  
RUTH NICHOLSON

VIRGINIA ADDINGTON  
ALEXANDRA BOGGS  
SARA KORNEGAY  
MINNIE BOND  
SUSIE BROWN  
FRANCES ROBINSON  
ETHEL WOODARD  
JULIA McNINCH  
EMMA CLARKSON  
CORNELIA DARNELL  
RUTH SANDERS  
ANNIE PEMBERTON  
LAURA IVES  
JESSIE BROTHERS  
JESSIE WILSON



## Special Physical Culture

MISS HASKINS

---

ANNIE ROONEY PEMBERTON

LILLIAN FOUNTAIN

CELESTIA PENNY

MARY MOORE SLOAN

HILDA WAY

ELIZABETH BELK

JENNIE SHAW

ETHEL WOODARD

SUSIE BROWN

MARY JANE RASCOE

ALICE HENKEL

RUTH NICHOLSON

RUTH SANDERS

RUBY RICHARDSON

## An Editors Meeting

Scene—Back Parlor.

Time—Half-Past Ten.

Characters—Hilda Way, Jessie Wilson, Jessie Brothers, Mary Sloan, Elizabeth Belk, Jennie Shaw, Mary Rascoe, and Marshall Cole.

Hilda Way:—"Well, Mary, how did you come out with the sandwiches this afternoon?"

Mary Rascoe:—"Sold all but thirteen."

Mary Sloan:—"Run and get them, Mary. Let's treat the crowd."

(Exit Mary in haste.)

Hilda:—"Girls, you all have no idea how much work there is to be done, yet, on this Annual."

Jennie Shaw:—"Quick—somebody give me a word that begins with 'F.'"

Elizabeth Belk:—"Physics!"

Jessie Wilson:—"Time to laugh!"

(Enter Mary.)

Ten minutes intermission for lunch.

Marshall Cole:—"I am now describing my last teacher on the list, and I want a real classical quotation."

Elizabeth:—"Tiy 'Maidens withering on the stalk!' I'm sure Wordsworth had her in view when he became thus inspired."

Mary Sloan:—"Didn't we have a good time at A. and M. yesterday afternoon? I love to go to dress parades."

Jessie Brothers:—"Well, I don't think there is nearly so much attraction out there this year as there was last year."

Jennie:—"I think we'd better be working on the Annual, don't you, Hilda?"

Hilda:—"Yes, you girls must get busy."

Jessie B.:—"Certainly, now, sis, that is just my idea exactly."

Elizabeth:—"But, girls—have you seen Mary Henkel's new frat. pin? It's perfectly beautiful!"

Jessie W.:—"Somebody said he sent her a frat. bracelet, too."

Marshall:—"Isn't it nice to have a suitor? Why, Miss Royster said—"

Jessie B.:—"O! Cut it out!"

Elizabeth:—"Pardon me, but I just must run upstairs and tell my darling Miss Pair 'good-night.'"

*(Exit Elizabeth.)*

Jessie W. (chewing away on a pimento sandwich):—"O, gee! I'm glad I'm an editor, tonight."

*(Miss Royster rushes in excitedly, followed by Miss Clark.)*

Miss R.:—"I've got a good joke on Miss Clark, for the Annual."

Miss C.:—"I didn't say it! I didn't say it!"

Miss R.:—"Miss Clark wants to know if a 'possum is a fish that grows in the South."

Miss C.:—"I didn't say it! Of course I knew there wasn't really any such a thing as a 'possum!"

*(Exit both.)*

*(Enter Elizabeth, in a broad grin.)*

Elizabeth:—"Jessie, Naomi said for you to meet her at the foot of the back stairs for a moment."

Hilda:—"Jessie, will you ever get through telling your cases 'good-night'? We'll never get any work done."

Jessie B.:—"Indeed we won't, sis."

*(In a moment Jessie Wilson appears, also very radiant.)*

Jessie W.:—"Well, I'm through, at last, Hilda."

Mary R.:—"Jessie, wasn't that a good-looking fellow that gave us that ad. for the Annual, this afternoon?"

Marshall:—"O! Hush about those fellows, and finish what you've started."

Jennie:—"Isn't there another sandwich?"

Elizabeth:—"Jennie, honey, I'm afraid for you to eat any more sandwiches tonight. Kindly pass that one over to me, Mary."

Mary S.:—"Marshall, you aren't busy, so do come over here and help me get this straight."

Hilda:—"For gracious sake! Haven't you finished that yet, Mary?"

*(Miss Aunspaugh passes the door.)*

Mary S.:—"Miss Aunspaugh! O, Miss Aunspaugh! Please come in. I want you to give me a quotation to describe yourself."

Miss Aunspaugh (indulgently):—"How will this do: 'A thing of beauty and a joy forever?'"

*(The girls remain silent a minute, and then murmur that that is just the thing.)*

*(Exit Miss A.)*

Mary R.:—"Girls, I'm not one bit satisfied with my 'Editor' picture. Mr. Tyree promised faithfully not to make it look like me, and now he has made it just exactly like me."

Elizabeth:—"Jessie, when will he have our club picture finished? Don't you think they're going to be cute?"

Jessie B.:—"They're going to be darling. He said—"

Jessie W.:—"Girls, girls, less talking and more work!"

Hilda:—"That's so, Jessie. But Mary Rascoe, you know that good-looking fellow you introduced to me down at the Legislature the other—"

Marshall:—"O! I know him! Isn't he cute?"

Elizabeth:—"He isn't half as good-looking as —"

Jennie:—"O! Yes he is!"

Mary R.:—"O! He's married, Hilda! Didn't I tell you that before I introduced him?"

Hilda:—"Mary! You horrid old thing!"

Jessie W.:—"That's a good joke on you, Hilda!"

Hilda:—"You needn't be laughing so, Jessie. Of course I knew! But, Mary, I think you were mean not to tell me!"

Mary Sloan (from over in the corner):—"I'm sure none of you work as hard as I do, Marshall, please tell me how to spell that awful name of Miss Lyon's latest specimen."

Hilda:—"That's right, Mary. We've got no end of work to do. Why, the week we get the Annual off, we don't even have to go to classes!"

Elizabeth:—"O! I'll be so glad when that week comes! Please pass the sandwiches."

Jennie:—"There isn't another one."

Elizabeth:—"Well, that lets me out. I can't work without something to eat."

Jessie W. (yawning):—"Neither can I. I think we've done enough tonight, anyway. I'm sleepy."

Hilda (also yawning):—"Well, let's stop. Besides, I've just got to go up and write to Jack before I go to bed. Let's go."

Jessie B.:—"That's what I say."

(Front door bell rings violently.)

Chorus:—"O! Maybe it's a man!"

(Girls pose artistically about parlor door, and wait, breathlessly, as Miss Coley hastens to the door. The next minute the door is opened, and in walks—the night watchman, who has accidentally been locked out. The dignified Editors sigh, and turn to one another for the good-night kiss.)





# Cracks.

Elmina Mills to Annie Rooney Pemberton (playing tennis):—"What is the score?"

A. R. P.:—"Fifteen all."

E. M.:—"In whose favor?"

Frances Stockton (looking at Chapel Hill pennant):—"I declare, the Chapel Hill colors and the University of North Carolina colors are very nearly the same!"

Miss Pair (on Physical Geography):—"What is the difference between a star and a planet?"

Boggs:—"A star grows in the sky, and a planet grows in the earth."

Alice Henkel:—"Are you going to hear Calvé?"

Bessie Hollister:—"Is he really coming to Raleigh?"

Blanche Williams wants to know who wrote Gray's "Elegy."

Lucille Cobb to Elizabeth Belk:—"Say, weren't Tyre and Sidon two old Greek gods?"

Jessie Brothers:—"Our Bible lesson tomorrow is that chapter that has in it, 'Mene, mene, tekell, upharsin.'"

Mary Hollister:—"O! yes! That means 'I came; I saw; I conquered,' doesn't it?"

Miss Haskin:—"Frances, are you going to take Expression this year?"  
Frances Stockton:—"Why, no; mama prefers my taking Elocution."

Miss Royster (on History Class):—"What was 'Simony'?"  
Eunice Borden:—"Oh! didn't he live in the seventeenth century?"

Clerk at shoe store, to Freshman:—"Would you like shoes with spring heels?"  
Mary Lee Capehart:—"Er—er—why, no, I would rather have winter heels, as it is cold weather."

Emma Louis Clarkson:—"Are these postals ten cents a dozen?"  
Cornelia Darnell:—"Why, no, they are six for a nickel."

Miss Clark wants some one to look up the sixth chapter of Josiah, in the Bible.

Get Laura Carter to give a demonstration on the science of extinguishing the gas light.  
Elmina Mills wanted to know if "man" was masculine or feminine in French.

Three girls, at A. and M. Thanksgiving Day, in one of the laboratories, were being shown blood under a microscope, and Laura Ives exclaimed:—"O, yes! We used to look at blood, so often, through the microscope last year, in Botany."

Lucille Cobb (on Bible Class):—"Miss Aunspaugh, what kind of disease is divers disease, any way?"

Miss Lasher (on French):—"Be sure to carry your 't.'"  
Alice Meggs (reading):—"Un souhait est accordee." (Translates it):—"Be sure to carry your 't.'"

The A. and M. dairyman was showing some Peace girls the machinery and explaining its use. When they came to the churn, and were told its use, Mary Henkel said:—"Elmina just said that was the place where they made butter, and he called it a churn."

Lucille Cobb says she knows she is good-looking.

Mary Lee Capehart borrowed Mamie Rennie's calendar, the other day, to see what time it was.

Jessie Brothers:—"Sprechen sie Deutsch?"  
Madge Smith:—"Who is he, anyway? You are always talking about him."

Elmina Mills (after mail-call):—"If I don't hear from Arthur by Monday, I'm going to telegraph by return mail, and put a 'special delivery' stamp on it, and I guess that will hurry him up."

Alice Meggs said that her mother didn't like for her to go with boys; they are so *frickle*.

Ask Mary Henkel, Elmina Mills, or Jessie Brothers what to wear to organ recitals in the chapel at St. Mary's. They know!

The gas was escaping in Room 16 one night, and Mattie Maye King exclaimed:—"Girls, I'm afraid to sleep in here tonight. We might wake up dead in the morning."

Hallie Covington:—"Who was Chaucer's contemporary?"  
Lillian Fountain:—"Shakespeare."

Ruth Nicholson:—"Somebody said the clock in chapel ran eight days without winding."  
Eunice Borden:—"Well, how long do you suppose the thing would run if they wound it?"

Miss Aunspough:—"What event in Christ's life took place on that mountain?"  
Elizabeth Belk:—"His inauguration" (Meaning transfiguration.)

New Girl:—"How can I get my trunk to my room?"  
All-wise Old Girl:—"Why, get William to bring it up on the radiator, of course!"

Matie McNinch (the day after Bispham's concert):—"You just ought to have heard Bismuth sing last night!"

Madge Smith:—"Allie, is —— good-looking?"

Alice Henkel:—"O, he's right good-looking, but he is so extinguished looking."

Virginia Addington (at Σ Φ Κ banquet):—"Aren't these *chandelabra* just beautiful?"

Elizabeth Belk was looking over some Shakespeare quotations in the library one night, and seeing Miss Pair passing, called her in:—"Miss Pair, what does 'Ibid.' mean, after these quotations?"

Miss Pair:—"From the play 'Ibid,' of course!"

Miss Lasher:—"Who were the three Fates?"

Amy Stockard:—"Faith, Hope, and Charity!"

Alice Meggs:—"My new Easter dress is going to be one of the new *Repertoire* styles!"

Elizabeth McNair:—"That man over there has asthma on his face!" (Meaning eczema.)

Drug Clerk:—"What can I do for you?"

Gertrude Smith:—"I want to get some witch hazel. Do you suppose I can get any in liquid form?"

Miss Moment:—"What figure of speech is this: 'My love is like a red, red rose'?"

Flora MacDonald:—"Sentimental."

Mary Borden:—"Laura, I just can't find the Latin word for 'went.'"

Laura Ives:—"Why, here it is—'eo, to go.'"

Mary Borden:—"Oh! I know *that*, but I want the word 'went,' not 'go.'"

Ruth Sanders says the only way she can make Annie Rooney mind her, is to threaten not to kiss her for a week.

Miss Royster (on History Class):—"Jennie, what great man was most instrumental in formulating the Presbyterian Church?"

Jennie Shaw:—"Calvé." (Meaning Calvin.)

Mary Sloan:—"I've always wanted to go to Switzerland, to see the midnight sun."

Celeste Penny:—"Oh, you mean Spain!"

Miss Clark (at lunch):—"Please pass the hot water bottle."

He:—"I've money to burn."

She:—"Well, I'm your match."

## Alumnæ Meeting

At the home-coming of the old Peace girls February eleventh, nearly every class since 1872 was represented and a happy time they had together, talking of their joyful school days.

After an informal reception in the parlors, the following program was given in Central Hall:

PIANO .....	Miss Beard
WELCOME .....	President H. J. Stockard
VOICE .....	Miss Ada V. Womble, President Alumnæ
PAPER—"Peace: a Retrospect" .....	Miss Mary Henkel
VIOLIN .....	Mrs. J. W. Thackston
SONG .....	Miss Annie Aunsbaugh Alumnæ

### TOASTS

TOASTMISTRESS .....	Mrs. W. S. Primrose
1. "To the College Girl—Her Faults and Her Virtues" .....	Miss Mary Sherrill
2. "To Our Ideas and Our Ideals" .....	Mrs. Barney Jones
3. "To the Girls of '08" .....	Miss Lizzie Roberts
4. "To Our Absent Ones" .....	Miss Kate Morrison
5. "To the Friends of Peace" .....	Mr. Jas. R. Young
6. "To the Husbands of Peace Girls" .....	Mr. Joseph Daniels
7. "To the Granddaughters of Peace" .....	Miss Faye Peice
8. "To the Peace Girls Who Have Become Teachers" .....	Mr. Z. V. Judd
9. "To the Peace of the Future" .....	Miss Edith Royster
SONG—"Alma Mater."	

Refreshments were served by twelve of the present boarders—daughters of Peace graduates.

"Moses" then sounded, and true to their school training, many of the number repaired to Chapel, where the accompanying picture was taken.

Come back to your Alma Mater often, old girls, even to old age, come back to Mother Peace and rest under the shade of the trees.

### A TOAST—TO OUR GUESTS

We're glad indeed to meet you;  
With all our hearts we greet you!  
Now while you tarry here,  
We bid you each good cheer;  
And every soul of you  
Should find our wish come true,  
Since care must surely cease,  
For those who bide in Peace.



ALUMNAE MEETING



### Pedagogy Class

LUCILE SPENCER MOORE  
CELESTIA PESTALOZZI PENNY  
MARY FROEBEL SLOAN

HILDA ROUSSEAU WAY  
KATE COMENIUS WALKER  
AMY FENELON STOCKARD

AMBITIONS:—

"To teach the multiplication table experimentally."

"To be as smart as Miss Edith."

"To help the *History* of Education."

"To carry a message to Garcia."

"To know the life of every single (and married) man connected in any way with Education."

"To be a 'Library of Universal Knowledge.'"





### Naughty Nine Touring Party

HONK, HONK!

LILY PAIR  
AMY STOCKARD  
LILLIAN FOUNTAIN  
MATTIE MAYE KING

ELLEN WILSON  
LUCILE MOORE  
MAMIE RENNIE  
MADGE SMITH

JESSIE WILSON





### "Us Four"

Place of Meeting:—"Astor Hall," room 63 and 64.

Favorite Sayings:

JESSIE T. BROTHERS:—"Here's where I make a good play."  
 MARY B. HOLLISTER:—"Oh, I can't play."  
 ELMINA P. MILLS:—"Just wait a minute."  
 BESSIE S. HOLLISTER:—"Our game Jessie."



### The Rollicking Ten

MARY RASCOE    M'NIE BOND    MARY SLOAN    ELVAH JONES    FRANCES ROBINSON  
 SARA KORNEGAY    SUSIE BROWN    ADA JONES    ETHEL WOODARD    JAMES KORNEGAY

Most Often Seen :- Out of Place.

Song :- Tune "Polly-woll" doodle all day)

"The Rollicking Ten is a merry old club,  
 For merry old girls are we;  
 We call for a permit, we call for a check,  
 And then for a jolly spree."



## Feasters

- MATTIE and ILA ..... Kisses?
- ELLEN ..... Ice-Cream
- JULIA ..... Olives, Pickles and Huyler's
- LILLIAN ..... You Need a Biscuit!
- VIRGINIA ..... Salad and Candy!
- MISS JONES ..... Chocolate Peppermint!

## German Club

### Officers

NICHOLSON	.....	.....	<i>President</i>
L. FOUNTAIN	.....	.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
IVES	.....	.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
G. SMITH	.....	.....	<i>Secretary</i>

### Managers

RASCOE  
BROTHERS  
CARTER

### Leaders

PEMBERTON  
F. PEIRCE

### Partners

MISS WAY with MR. L. FOUNTAIN  
MISS SANDERS with MR. F. PEIRCE  
MISS B. HOLLISTER with MR. PEMBERTON  
MISS KING with MR. NICHOLSON  
MISS SALLIE PEIRCE with MR. CARTER  
MISS ADDINGTON with MR. IVES  
MISS SARA KORNEGAY with MR. RASCOE  
MISS ELLEN WILSON with MR. G. SMITH

STAGS—BROTHERS, V. FOUNTAIN, M. HOLLISTER, E. FOWLE and M. SMITH

Music by the BORDEN-WILSON Orchestra

"Supper served by DUGHL"





### Ranch No. 32

DICK JONES. . . . . "I'll bird-dog"  
 HUB BOND. . . . . "Ain't it so, boys"  
 BO WOODARD. . . . . "Kids, that's tacky"  
 NICK KORNEGAY. . . "Dickens and Shakespeare"  
 TONY ROBINSON. . . "Great Guns and Little  
 Pistols"

KID RASCOE. . . . . "Gee Whiz"  
 BILL JONES. . . . . "Aw, Cuss it all"  
 PAL SLOAN. . . . . "I'm goin' live anyhow till I die"  
 JABBO BROWN. . . . "Aw, shoot girls—(boys)"  
 SANDY KORNEGAY. . . "Oh, Horrors!!!!"

YELL—Whoop la, whoop la, whoop la, whoop!  
 Cow girls, cow girls, troop, troop, troop!!  
 What's the matter with Ranch 32!!!  
 Gave us three cheers, her's to you!!!!  
 Round-up! Trunk Camp, Hall No. 3



### The Candy Kids

SONG: "O Gee! Be Sweet to Me Kid."

MOTTO: "Sweets to the Sweet."

MEETING PLACE: Candy Kitchen.

SAYING: "I'm sweet on her!"

OBJECT: Just Fudge.



### Sleeping Beauties

SONG: "Please go 'way and let me sleep."      PLAYS: Shakespeare's (on Monday).

ELLEN WILSON ..... "Moses" (7 a. m.)

MATTIE McNINCH ..... 7:25

ILA CARTLAND ..... 7:27

JULIA McNINCH ..... Taps!!



### "The Right Hawks"

Pass Word: "Sh-a rat!"

ONE AMBITION: To "Beard" the "Lion" in his den

LUCILLE COBB  
MARY BORDEN  
LAURA CARTER  
EUNICE BORDEN  
MARY HOLLISTER  
MARY WARD

VIRGINIA ADDINGTON  
MARY HENKEL  
BESSIE HOLLISTER  
JESSIE BROTHERS  
LAURA IVES  
ELMINA MILLS


## Naughty Nine Club

LILY PAIR

AMY STOCKARD

LILLIAN FOUNTAIN

MATTIE M. KING



ELLEN WILSON

LUCILE MOORE

MAMIE RENNIE

MADGE SMITH

JESSIE WILSON



## The Sigma Psi Club

MRS. ORNDORFF

BLANCHE WILLIAMS

ANNIE THIRIE POU

ANNIE M. PEMBERTON

RUTH SANDERS

ALICE MEGGS

ETHEL FOWLE

FAYE PEIRCE

HILDA WAY







**"G. T. S. C."**

Colors  
Nile Green and Old Gold

LUCILLE COBB  
ELMINA MILLS

Motto  
"What's Worth Doing at all  
Is Worth Doing Well."

HALLIE COVINGTON  
MATTIE MAYE KING

Flower  
Four Leaf Clover

JESSIE BROTHERS  
VIRGINIA ADDINGTON



**So and So's**

JULIA McNINCH, "I just can't make my eyes behave."

SUSIE BROWN, "There was I waitin' at the church."

VIRGINIA ADDINGTON, "Everybody loves me but the one I love"

ELLEN WILSON, "Sing, Smile, Slumber."

MATTIE McNINCH, "Are you sincere."

LILLIAN FOUNTAIN, "Two blue eyes."

ILA CARTLAND, "Just a wearying for you"



## The dead - Sheglad

MRS. ROONEY BEGOODANDYOUILLBELONESOME      MRS. BERTHA IWOULDIFICOULDBUTICAN  
 MRS. FAYE LAUGHANDYOUILLGROWFAT  
 MRS. EVERYBODYWORKSBUTHILDA      MRS. ETHEL WEEPNO MOREMYLADY  
 MRS. RUTH IDONT CARE

## Banqueting Hamskulls



BOND	Sly Skipper
JONES	Night Watchman
RASCOE	Candle Bearer
SLOAN	Crammer-in-Chief
KORNEGAY	"My Name's Jimmie"
ROBINSON	Grand Taster
JONES	Pickle Devourer
WOODARD	Night Owl
BROWN	Johnny-on-the-spot
KORNEGAY	Chief Skipper

### MOTTO

Cram listen, and keep silent, lest on Monday come—*Billy Shakespeare.*

### SONG

*Tune* — I Stood on the Bridge at Midnight.)

We sit on the floor at midnight,  
 Crammin' to beat the hand;  
 When the teacher creeps over the threshold  
 And under the bed we land.

### YELL

Rats' Rats' Rats'

## "The Skippers"



EUNICE BORDEN  
LAURA IVES  
LAURA CARTER  
BESSIE HOLLISTER

MARY HOLLISTER  
VIRGINIA ADDINGTON  
ELMINA MILLS  
MARY HENKEL  
ALICE HENKEL  
JESSIE BROTHERS  
MARY WARD  
MARY BORDEN

"Here's to the school where the Sailor girls pine  
For the deep blue sea and the toamy brine;  
Where the weak grow strong and the strong  
grow gay.  
As all thought of books fly far away."

## Chemistry Class



CLARICE ELIAS  
MINNIE BOND  
MARJORIE MONTAGUE  
ELIZA LINDSEY  
MARSHALL COLE  
ADA JONES  
LUCILE MOORE  
RUTH SANDERS  
LOUISE SLOAN  
MARGARET JONES  
EFFIE KELLY  
ELIZABETH McNAIR  
MABEL PUGH  
MISS LYON ..... Teacher

### $H_2SO_4$

#### Directions

You take a few pieces of zinc,  
And put in your generator,  
Add water, then plug in the cork,  
And pour in  $H_2SO_4$ ,  
And pour in  $H_2SO_4$ ,  
And pour in  $H_2SO_4$ ,  
Add water, then plug in the cork,  
And pour in  $H_2SO_4$ .



#### Observation

The action was not very brisk,  
When I put in the  $H_2SO_4$ ,  
So I tried nitric acid to see  
If the thing wouldn't bubble up more,  
If the thing wouldn't bubble up more,  
If the thing wouldn't bubble up more,  
So I tried nitric acid to see  
If the thing wouldn't bubble up more.

#### Conclusion

As I wiped up the acid and zinc,  
And swept up the glass from the floor,  
I concluded I'd stick to directions,  
And try my own methods no more,  
And try my own methods no more,  
And try my own methods no more,  
I concluded I'd stick to directions,  
And try my own methods no more.

—Selected.



MAIDS OF YE OLDEN TIMES

### Chafing Dish Club

"We can live without books,  
But civilized man can not live  
without cooks."

CHIEF DISHES:

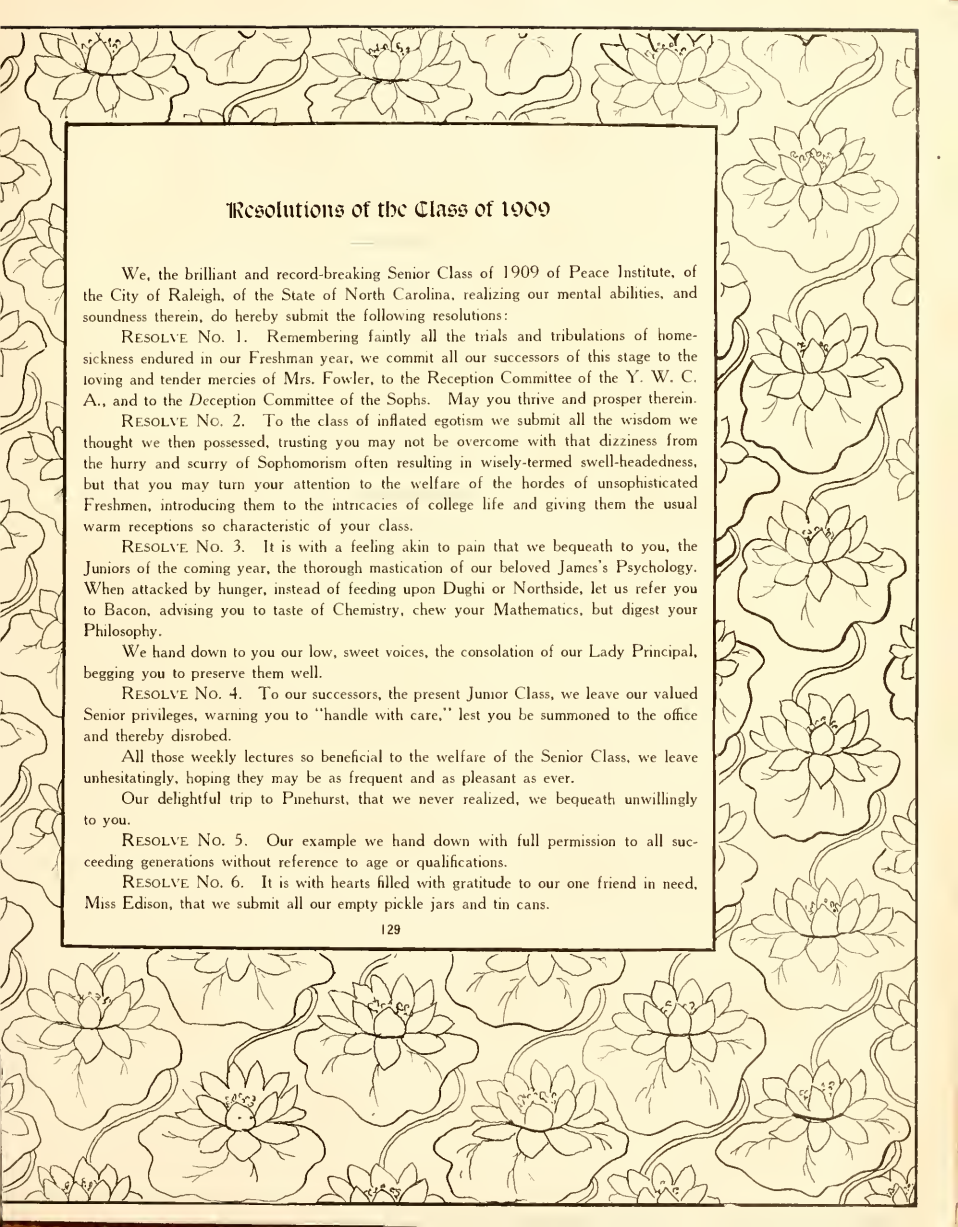
Fudge, Cocoa, Welsh Rarebit.



PLACE: Behind a "Busy" Sign.

ELMINA MILLS	.....	Chief Cooks
ELIZABETH BELK	.....	Chief Bottle Washer
JESSIE BROTHERS	.....	Chief Taster
ANNIE ROONEY PEMBERTON	.....	Chief Drinker
LUCILE MOORE	.....	Chief Fudge Beater
RUTH SANDERS	.....	Chief Loafers
MARY BORDEN	.....	Chief Eaters
LILLIAN FOUNTAIN	.....	
ALL	.....	

TIME: Any old time.



## Resolutions of the Class of 1909

We, the brilliant and record-breaking Senior Class of 1909 of Peace Institute, of the City of Raleigh, of the State of North Carolina, realizing our mental abilities, and soundness therein, do hereby submit the following resolutions:

RESOLVE NO. 1. Remembering faintly all the trials and tribulations of homesickness endured in our Freshman year, we commit all our successors of this stage to the loving and tender mercies of Mrs. Fowler, to the Reception Committee of the Y. W. C. A., and to the Deception Committee of the Sophs. May you thrive and prosper therein.

RESOLVE NO. 2. To the class of inflated egotism we submit all the wisdom we thought we then possessed, trusting you may not be overcome with that dizziness from the hurry and scurry of Sophomorphism often resulting in wisely-termed swell-headedness, but that you may turn your attention to the welfare of the hordes of unsophisticated Freshmen, introducing them to the intricacies of college life and giving them the usual warm receptions so characteristic of your class.

RESOLVE NO. 3. It is with a feeling akin to pain that we bequeath to you, the Juniors of the coming year, the thorough mastication of our beloved James's Psychology. When attacked by hunger, instead of feeding upon Dughii or Northside, let us refer you to Bacon, advising you to taste of Chemistry, chew your Mathematics, but digest your Philosophy.

We hand down to you our low, sweet voices, the consolation of our Lady Principal, begging you to preserve them well.

RESOLVE NO. 4. To our successors, the present Junior Class, we leave our valued Senior privileges, warning you to "handle with care," lest you be summoned to the office and thereby disrobed.

All those weekly lectures so beneficial to the welfare of the Senior Class, we leave unhesitatingly, hoping they may be as frequent and as pleasant as ever.

Our delightful trip to Pnehurst, that we never realized, we bequeath unwillingly to you.

RESOLVE NO. 5. Our example we hand down with full permission to all succeeding generations without reference to age or qualifications.

RESOLVE NO. 6. It is with hearts filled with gratitude to our one friend in need, Miss Edison, that we submit all our empty pickle jars and tin cans.

RESOLVE NO. 7. To our esteemed Miss Clark, in recognition of her valuable lectures on Exercise, we give freely all time wasted therein.

RESOLVE NO. 8. To our friends, Misses Borden, Carter, and Boggs, we lovingly leave all dusters and brooms.

RESOLVE NO. 9. To all crammers for examination we leave our alarm clocks, bidding you wind them daily.

RESOLVE NO. 10. We bequeath all our products of verse, as a model, to our poet, Mr. Stockard.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, We have hereunto set our hands and seals, this, the twenty-sixth day of May, nineteen hundred and nine A. D.

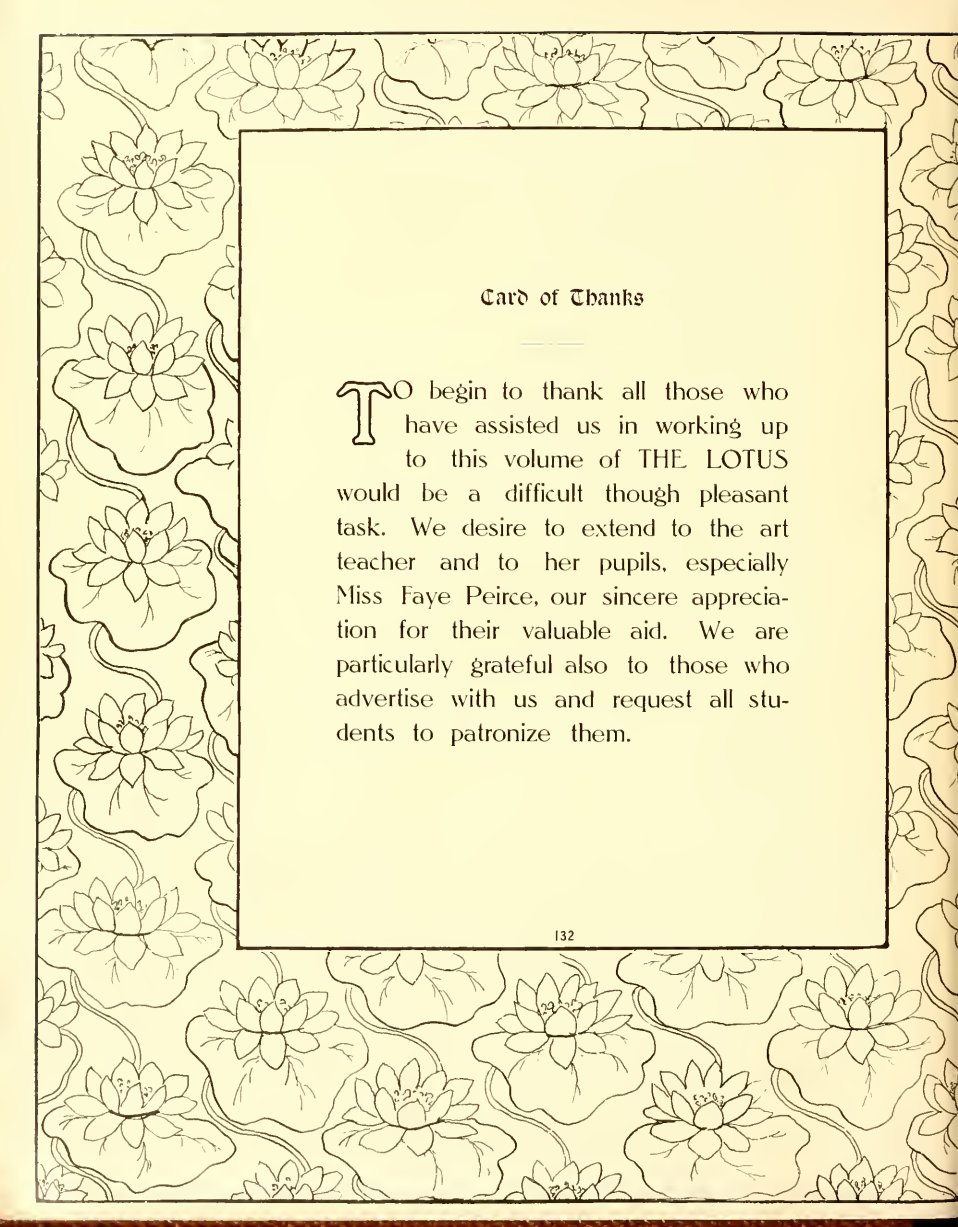
MARY SLOAN (*Seal*),  
HILDA WAY (*Seal*),  
AMY STOCKARD (*Seal*),  
CELESTIA PENNY (*Seal*),  
KATE WALKER (*Seal*),  
LUCILE MOORE (*Seal*).







"We have finished it, and it has finished us."—The Editors



### Card of Thanks

**T**O begin to thank all those who have assisted us in working up to this volume of THE LOTUS would be a difficult though pleasant task. We desire to extend to the art teacher and to her pupils, especially Miss Faye Peirce, our sincere appreciation for their valuable aid. We are particularly grateful also to those who advertise with us and request all students to patronize them.



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