

# THE LOTUS

## MCMXI



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VOLUME X

# The Lotus

FOR MCMXI

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY

BY THE

SIGMA PHI KAPPA AND PI THETA MU

LITERARY SOCIETIES

OF

Peace Institute

Raleigh

North Carolina

To Our College Mother

Mrs. Sarah Peck Booker

We lovingly dedicate this

volume of The Lotus









## This Would I Do

*If I were Boss at Peace, this would I do:—  
I'd take the girls to Giersch's, once a week;  
If they should flirt, no vengeance would I wreak,  
If I were Boss at Peace.*

*If I were Boss at Peace, this would I do:—  
I'd let them sleep thro' breakfast, every day,  
And, oh! I'd let them always have their way,  
If I were Boss at Peace.*

*If I were Boss at Peace, this would I do:—  
I'd give a holiday, 'bout twice a week,  
And I'd be good as pie, and awful mcek,  
If I were Boss at Peace.*

## Editorial

*Commencement tolls the knell of closing school,  
The parting girls grow tearful as it ends.  
The Editors complete their simple (?) role,  
And leave with love The Lotus to their friends.*

*Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely rhymes and poetry obscure.  
Nor grandeur read with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annuals of the poor.*

## Editorial Staff

ELIZABETH BELK, Σ Φ Κ

BETSY TAYLOR, Π Θ Μ

*Editors-in-Chief*

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*Business Manager*

ADA JONES

*Corresponding Editor*

AGNES McLEAN

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*Advertising Editors*

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*Assistant Editors*

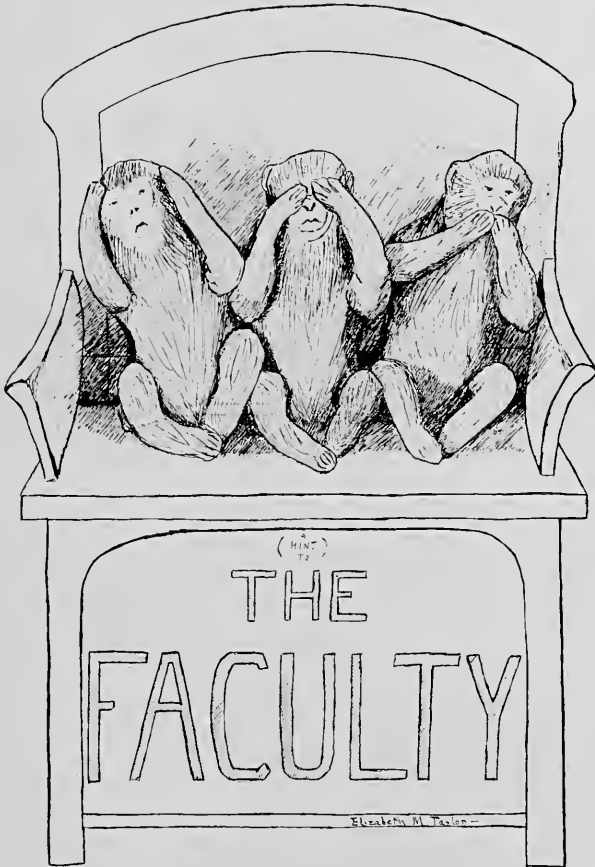


## A Toast to the Faculty

*Here's to the powers that be  
In this dear old Institute,  
May they ever receive the fee  
That their actions to us doth suit.*

*The fee of course is just this—  
Our love and devotion all through,  
Provided we pass on our tests,  
Otherwise—well, we leave that to you!*





(HINT TO)

# THE FACULTY

Elizabeth M. Taylor



## Faculty and Officers

HENRY JEROME STOCKARD, A.M.  
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MRS. SARAH PECK BOOKER  
*Lady Principal*

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ETHEL FIELDING  
*Assistant Professor of Voice*

ANNIE H. BOBBITT  
*Bursar*

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*Librarian*

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*Housekeeper*

MARY T. FOWLER  
*Matron and Intendant of Infirmary*

HANNAH COLEY  
*Assistant Matron*

HUBERT HAYWOOD, M.D.  
*College Physician*

## To A Diploma

*Just a wearying for you!  
Always wondering what I'll do  
If such luck should come my way  
And I'd fail to "pass" in May—  
Simply scared to death, that's true!  
Just a-wearying for you!*

*Test week comes, I stay awake  
All night long, just for your sake.  
But there's sadness in the way,  
I keep flunking day by day,  
Seem to feel despair anew,  
Just a-wearying for you!*

*May draws near, I want you more.  
When I'm all worn out and sore  
Seems to me you ought to be  
Treasured up in store for me;  
Such a vision thrills me thro',  
Just a-wearying for you!*

ELIZABETH C. BELK



SENIOR

E. M. Taylor.

# Senior Class

MOTTO: *Labor conquers all things*

COLORS: *Gold and White*

FLOWER: *Ox-eyed Daisy*

## Officers

ELIZABETH CAMILLA BELK	. . . . .	<i>President</i>
JENNY P. SHAW	. . . . .	<i>Vice-President</i>
FLORA CURRIE	. . . . .	<i>Secretary</i>
MYRTLE KING	. . . . .	<i>Treasurer</i>
MABEL PUGH	. . . . .	<i>Historian</i>
ADA JONES	. . . . .	<i>Poet</i>
MARGARET JONES	. . . . .	<i>Last Will and Testament</i>
LOUISE SLOAN	. . . . .	<i>Prophet</i>

## Members

ELIZABETH BELK	FLORA CURRIE
ADA JONES	MARGARET JONES
MYRTLE KING	JAMES MARY KORNEGAY
RUTH NICHOLSON	MABEL PUGH
JENNIE SHAW	LOUISE SLOAN
ELLEN WILSON	

MISS ADA V. WOMBLE, *Honorary Member*



ELIZABETH CAMILLA BELK, B.L.S.  
WILSON, N. C.

*"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall"*

Q. E.:  $\Sigma \Phi \kappa$ ; President of Senior Class 1910-1911; Editor of LOTUS 1908-1909; Class Poet 1908-1909; Y. W. C. A. Delegate 1908-1909; Editor LOTUS 1909-1910; Class Poet 1909-1910; Junior Basket Ball Team 1909-1910; Y. W. C. A. Delegate 1909-1910; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet Member 1910-1911; Vice-President Missionary Society 1910-1911; Commencement Marshal 1909-1910; Member Disciplinary Committee 1910-1911; Editor-in-Chief of LOTUS 1910-1911.





FLORA CURRIE, B.L.L.  
RAEFORD, N. C.

*"Gentle and tender"*

Π Θ Μ: Secretary and Treasurer of Dramatic Club 1909-1910; Secretary of Junior Class 1909-1910; Secretary of Senior Class Disciplinary Committee 1910-1911.



ADA L. JONES, A.B.  
RALEIGH, N. C.

*"O your sweet eyes, your low replies!"*

Δ Δ; Π Θ Μ; B.L.S. 1910; Expression Diploma 1910; Member Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1907-1908; Secretary Y. W. C. A. 1908-1909; Y. W. C. A. Delegate 1908-1909; Vice-President Y. W. C. A. 1909-1910; Captain Junior Basket Ball Team 1908-1909; President Dramatic Club 1909-1910; President Senior Class 1909-1910; President Student Body 1910-1911; Editor of LOTUS; 1910-1911; Member Disciplinary Committee 1909-1910.



MARGARET COOK JONES, A.B.  
RALEIGH, N. C.

*"O, sweet pale Margaret"*

Π Θ Μ: Historian Sophomore Class 1907-1908; Senior Class Poet 1909-1910; Last Will and Testament Class 1910-1911; B.L.S. 1909-1910.



MYRTLE KING, B.L.S.  
RALEIGH, N. C.

*"Noble by birth, yet nobler by great deeds"*

H O M; Historian Junior Class 1909-1910; Commencement Marshal  
1909-1910; Treasurer Senior Class 1910-1911.



JAMES MARY KORNEGAY, VOICE  
MOUNT OLIVE, N. C.

*"Her voice was faint and sweet"*

Δ Δ; Σ Φ Κ: Treasurer Y. W. C. A. 1908-1909; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet  
1909-1910; Secretary Σ Φ Κ Society 1910-1911; Vice-President Y. W. C. A.  
1910-1911.



LENA RUTH NICHOLSON, VOICE  
LITTLETON, N. C.

*"Sweet is every sound, sweeter thy voice"*

N N;  $\Sigma$   $\Phi$  K; President Athletic Association 1909-1910-1911; Varsity  
Basket Ball Team 1908-1909-1910; Junior Basket Ball Team 1909-1910;  
Freshman Basket Ball Team 1908-1909.



MABEL PUGH, A.B.  
MORRISVILLE, N. C.

*"Her heart was pure, her life serene"*

Π Θ Μ; B.L.L. 1910; Junior Basket Ball Team 1908-1909; Senior Basket Ball Team 1909-1910; Vice-President Senior Class 1909-1910; Treasurer Missionary Society 1909-1910-1911; Captain Class Basket Ball Teams 1910-1911; Secretary Y. W. C. A. 1910-1911; Senior Class Historian 1910-1911; Member Disciplinary Committee 1909-1910-1911.



JENNIE POWERS SHAW, A.B.  
KINSTON, N. C.

*"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance"*

Q. E.; II Ø M; Editor of LOTUS 1908-1909; President Sophomore Class 1908-1909; Member Disciplinary Committee 1908-1909; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1909-1910; Captain Junior Basket Ball Team 1909-1910; Varsity Basket Ball Team 1909-1910; Secretary and Treasurer of Athletic Association 1909-1910; Y. W. C. A. Delegate 1909-1910; Chief Marshal of Commencement 1910; Editor-in-Chief of LOTUS 1909-1910; Vice-President Senior Class 1910-1911; President Y. W. C. A. 1910-1911; Class Basket Ball Team 1910-1911; Member Disciplinary Committee 1910-1911.





ALICE LOUISE SLOAN, A.B.  
DAVIDSON, N. C.

*"Her face is fair, her heart is true"*

Σ Φ Κ; First Honor B.S. Graduate of Last Year's Class; President of Σ Φ Κ Society 1910-1911; Σ Φ Κ Treasurer 1908-1909; Commencement Marshal 1908-1909; Inter-society Debater 1909-1910; Historian 1909-1910; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1908-1909-1910-1911; Y. W. C. A. Delegate 1910-1911; Class Prophet 1910-1911; Editor of *LORUS* 1909-1910; Business Manager of *LORUS* 1910-1911.



ELLEN WILSON, VOICE  
GREENVILLE, S. C.

*"We greet her with applause breath"*

N N; II O M; Secretary II O M Society 1908-1909, 1909-1910; Y. W.  
C. A. Cabinet 1908-1909-1910-1911; Secretary Missionary Society 1909-  
1910; President II O M Society 1910-1911.

## Senior Poem

*As Freshmen in the fall of naughty-seven,  
A mighty journey stretched ahead before us,  
But now the joyful spring of nineteen-'leven,  
Hears the victors chant the Senior chorus.*

*When homesick days were o'er, as Sophs rainglorious,  
We dealt the Freshmen many a hearty blow.  
We reared a reputation quite notorious,  
As Sophomores are wont to do, you know.*

*Then Chemistry and Trig. our time relieved,  
Wisdom on top of wisdom was acquired;  
In fact a mighty idea we'd conceived  
That Juniors really ought to be admired.*

*But such is life—'tis over now forever,  
This upward climb to make ourselves secure;  
This Senior Class has known no vain endeavor,  
' Its glories and its labors will endure.*

*As Freshmen in the fall of naughty-seven,  
A mighty journey stretched ahead before us,  
But now the joyful spring of nineteen-'leven,  
Hears the victors chant the Senior chorus.*

POET

## History of the Class of 1911

The History of the Class of 1911 is a history of twelve of the inhabitants of the Kingdom of Peace. These are divided into three groups, four regular graduates, four post-graduates and four special graduates. The Regulars constitute the Nobility, the "Posts" the Commons, and the Specials the Troubadours. All are nearing Diploma, the port from which we set sail for the large country called the world.

The King of Peace is the last of a long line of Kings, famed for their ability to travel to Diploma so rapidly and their power to overcome obstacles on the way. "Myrt," as this King is commonly called, came to the throne last year.

Closely associated with the King are Lady Flora, Countess Jennie P., and the Poet Laureate—the President of the class—Elizabeth Belk. All of these personages came to the Kingdom of Peace from regions unknown three years ago. Their lack of culture and refinement can only be imagined by the ones who were here at the time of their arrival.

Next to the Nobility come the Common People, the two Joneses, Pugh and Sloan. The first two came to Peace some time in the dark ages, and the last two four years ago. All four arrived at Diploma last year, but were so ambitious or so scared that they did not set sail for the world but returned to the Kingdom of Peace.

The Troubadours are famed all over our little Kingdom for their sweet voices. Kornegay came to Peace four years ago. Wilson and Nicholson have been here three years, and Mrs. Hackett came this year.

In Peace there are two parties or societies—Pi Theta Mu and the Sigma Phi Kappa, about equal in power. Wilson and Sloan are at the head of these two parties. So far in the Kingdom of Peace there is only one magazine, THE LORUS, which is published annually. The Editor-in-Chief is the Poet Laureate, and on the staff are two Common People, Sloan and O. Jones. There are two religious organizations, the Missionary Society and the Y. W. C. A. The Vice-President of the Missionary Society is one of the Nobility, and the Treasurer is from the Commons. The President of the Y. W. C. A. and one of the Cabinet are from the Nobles, the Vice-President and a Cabinet Member are from the Troubadours, and the Secre-

tary and one member of the Cabinet from the Commons. The Prime Minister (in school language, the President of the Student Body) is one of the Common People.

Athletics is very prominent in the Kingdom. Nicholson, of the Troubadours, is at the head of the Athletic Association and some others of the travelers to Diploma have made themselves famous in that line.

In our farewell, as we set sail from the Kingdom of Peace, we wish for the ones who are following us to the port of Diploma all the pleasure and success with none of the sorrow and failures we have had, and let us add the hope that this History may find its way into the Library of Peace as a reference book for the instruction of Miss Womble's future classes.

HISTORIAN.



## Prophecy of the Senior Class

Light bell had long since sounded, and the tallow candle that I had substituted for the extinguished gas was burning low in its stand on the little table, by which I sat, my thoughts buried in the history of Ancient Europe, as narrated in the book that lay open before me.

Outside, the night was lovely, with the waning moon casting its pale light over the campus, while the perfume from the new-born spring flowers filled the balmy air. The stillness was broken now and then by the chirp of a night-bird.

Weary of study, I turned from the book over which I had been bending, and looked out upon the beauties of the spring night. In front of my open windows hung loose branches of an ivy vine that had been planted by hands that were now doing other duties than turning the lifeless pages of literary productions.

As I gazed out upon the beautiful moonlit campus and its stately oaks, my mind was set adrift out over the months and years to follow, for I was reminded of the fact that within a week's time it would be "Class Day," when the girls of '11 would plant their sprig of ivy, and leaving it to embrace the dear old walls of Peace, would go forth into a world of practical activity. This prompted me to wonder what would be the future of the members of my Class, for many times, as we sat together in the twilight hour, had I heard each girl give expression to the lofty ideals which she cherished and toward the realization of which she looked forward in keen anticipation.

Having feasted on the beauties of the night, I turned again to the open book on the table, but, tired of reading how vicious Vandals and greedy Goths carried on their invasions and swooped down upon the homes of those whom they sought to destroy, I closed the history and buried my chin in my hands.

The little tallow candle had about run its course, and as I gazed at the dying flame, it flared up in a desperate effort to regain its former brilliancy, then fell in defeat. From the stand there arose a thin blue line of smoke which broadened with every pulse beat and increased in volume with each passing second, catching the moonbeams that flooded the room and holding them in friendly embrace. A strange drowsiness crept over me—a delicious spell of stupidity—as I centered my eyes on the vision before me. Was it a face I saw taking shape in the mass of smoke? Yes, and one more beautiful than that of Helen or of Cleopatra. A form unmatched by all the sculptors of the ages appeared.

She stood before me, clothed in matchless raiment, in which were intermingled the colors of the rainbow, while there appeared across her fair brow in figures of gold "1916." In her right hand she held aloft a wand, exquisite in design, which she waved gently to and fro.

"What would you ask of me, my child?" came from her rose-tinted lips. "Oh! I can read your thoughts; it is in your heart to ask concerning the welfare of

your classmates, to whom you said good-bye five years ago at the gates of Peace. They are happy, and each is engaged in living out the ideals dreamed of in days gone by."

"Aye, aye, my lady, speak on."

"Even now, my child, a mighty plague rages in North China, but do not be alarmed when I tell you that one of your classmates is in the midst of the sufferers. She fears not, nor has she any need to fear, for the little Presbyterian Mission, in which Elizabeth Belk works and takes care of those brought there for attention, is untouched by the plague.

"Shall I tell you more?"

"Speak on, my lady, I listen with interest."

She smiled as if amused.

"Mabel Pugh, another classmate, has met with a queer yet amusing experience. You know she was always fond of country life. The other day—February 29th it was—she proposed to a rich farmer living in the neighborhood of Morrisville. He has the matter under consideration and will soon render his decision. He has an ideal country place, surrounded with all the luxuries that any heart could desire. On his farm are cows to milk, chickens to feed, and alas! pigs to root up the flowers that Mabel will plant.

"Myrtle King is now a member of the faculty down at dear old Peace. When Miss Womble went into 'Original research work' Myrtle took her place as head of the Department of History.

"Ruth Nicholson is now America's foremost prima donna, with a worldwide reputation for her technique and sweetness of tone.

"Alas! Jim Kornegay followed the road that her solitaire led, and now wears with it a plain gold band ring.

"Ada Jones has given up comedy, and gone in for Shakespeare. Next week she makes her first appearance in Raleigh, taking the leading place in *Macbeth*.

"Jennie Shaw has opened a school—by the way, 'a new thing under the sun'—in which she teaches 'easing on a scientific method.' It promises to be a big success in the near future when its merits are fully known.

"Margaret Jones is engaged to a man who insists that she stop writing poetry. He has told the minister that he must add just after the clause: 'forsaking all others,' the words: 'and my poetry.' This is a compromise, though, as the minister is going to leave out of the ceremony the words: 'and obey him.'

"Upon leaving Peace, Ellen Wilson went to New England Conservatory, where she graduated in voice. She made her formal debut in the summer of 1914 and has become a leader in social circles. She spends her summers at Atlantic City, her winters at Palm Beach and Lent in Greenville, South Carolina. She is now at the latter place and only last week gave a social function that furnished half a column for the society sheets in several South Carolina dailies, while there was an account of it in the space in the *New York Herald* in which 'Social Events in Dixie' are recorded.

"Flora Currie spent two years, after her graduation from Peace, at Vassar,

taking special work, and is going to Europe next year to engage in historical research.

"Louise Sloan has received a long desired Ph.D. degree from Columbia University, and is now engaged in teaching.

"Mrs. Hackett is a member of the Presbyterian choir in her home town, and——"

"My Lady! Lady!" But she was gone!

"Are you going to sit there and dream all night; it is almost daybreak now!"

It was the voice of my room-mate that aroused me.

"All right," I replied, "I hear you." But my thoughts were far off, as I prepared for sleep.





# Will of the Class of 1911

PEACE INSTITUTE, RALEIGH,  
WAKE COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA:

We, the members of the Class of 1911, of Peace Institute, of the aforesaid county and State, do realize the near termination of our college life, and being in possession of certain property and effects, of which we wish to dispose before departing, do draw up this document.

Therefore, know ye that we, the aforesaid Class, being of minds for the most part sound, and of reasonably liberal dispositions, do hereby make known our last will and testament; and do also declare any former or future one null and void. It is in manner and form as follows:

We do hereby constitute and appoint the Junior Class as our lawful executor, without bond, to all intents and purposes, to execute this, our last will and testament, according to the true intent and meaning of the same and every part and clause thereof.

In token of our appreciation of their loving kindness and tender mercies, we do hereby bequeath to the members of the faculty these several small legacies:

To Mr. Stockard we do bequeath all our poems and original stories to be used as models.

To Mrs. Booker we do bequeath our tin cans, pickle bottles, frying pans, and chafing dishes. It is our will and purpose that the aforesaid effects be used in the interest of domestic science at Peace Institute.

To Miss Womble we do thankfully and respectfully bequeath our history note books and pedagogy papers, same to be used in establishing a Library of Universal Knowledge at the aforesaid Institute.

To Miss Wallace, this volume of Dr. White's sermons with commentaries thereon to be used as a model.

Whereas, we deem the science of astronomy to be a very important and useful subject, we do bequeath this "microscope" to Miss Lyon, on condition that the members of the incoming Senior Class be required to spend two hours daily in making observations of the "sons" and moon.

We do instruct our executor to erect outside the studio door of a certain J. P. Brawley, a monument, said monument to commemorate the prayers offered outside the aforesaid door.

To the undergraduates we will the following property and effects:

1.—To the Juniors we will our dignity, our virtues, and all our titles of respect, together with exemption from all tests and exams.

2. To the Sophs we will our basket ball championship and our reputation in athletics, same to be used respectfully and handled with care.

3. To the Freshmen we will this volume on the art of casing. Said volume

contains valuable information as to the etiquette of presenting candy, flowers and chewing gum, also as to the best time and place of kissing.

To the day pupils we bequeath the clock in central hall; to be wound once a year and set back ten minutes every day.

For the elevation and inspiration of posterity, we bequeath the portraits of the Senior Class of 1911, to be hung in the chapel of the aforesaid Institute.

In witness whereof the said Class of 1911 do hereunto set our hand and seal, this the 22nd day of May 1911.

[SEAL] CLASS OF 1911,

(Pro) MARGARET C. JONES.

Signed, sealed and declared by said Senior Class to be its last will and testament in the presence of us, we, the witnesses do subscribe our names hereunto.

Witnesses,

JENNY SHAW  
MYRTLE KING  
MABEL PUGH  
ELIZABETH BELK





JUNIOR

E.M. Taylor

## Junior Class

COLOR: *Blue and Old Gold*

FLOWER: *Daffodil*

MOTTO: "*Well begun is half done*"

### Officers

SUSIE WARD BROWN	. . . . .	<i>President</i>
ELIZABETH BROWNE SPARROW	. . . . .	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARY MOORE ALLEN	. . . . .	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
MARGIE KING	. . . . .	<i>Historian</i>
HELEN JULIAN	. . . . .	<i>Poet</i>

### Members

ELIZABETH SPARROW	EDWINA UZZELL
CORA LEE MONTGOMERY	MARY AYCOCK
MARGIE KING	HELEN JULIAN
ALICE WOOLLCOTT	MARY MOORE ALLEN
KATHARINE ROGERS	NANNIE PETTEWAY
SUSIE BROWN	

### Faculty Adviser

MISS ROSE WALLACE

JUNIOR CLASS



## Junior Poem

*Upholding her head in a dignified poise  
Miss Susie declared in her high, shrill voice  
"This room to order must instantly come!"  
And therewith she rapped for all to be dumb.*

*"Madame President," began the scribe, Mary Moore,  
Rising and looking right straight at the door,  
"If you please, ere we take up the business today—"  
But no one can tell what else she did say .*

*For whispers from Katharine's corner were heard  
And Mary rushed over to catch every word.  
We knew of her suitors she was eager to tell,  
Which day after day she related quite well.*

*Marjie jumping up with arms both outflung  
Implored all to hold their gossiping tongue,  
'Twas maddening indeed for them not to care  
For the things dear Mary was anxious to share.*

*A thundering noise from the President's hammer  
Admonished the girls that the terrible clamor  
Must that moment hasten to an end,  
For all to business must now attend.*

*Over in the corner, fondly embraced,  
Cora Lee and Nannie had arms interlaced  
And muttered to Katharine such words of scorn  
That I warrant she wished she'd never been born.*

*Looking the girls over with scarching eyes  
Elizabeth uttered the most bewailing cries,  
For Mary Moore Allen had skipped to ease  
With Mary Aycock in a nice cosy place.*

*Edwina and Alice, right before Susie's eyes,  
Begged of Helen (to her glad surprise)  
To make a move for them all to adjourn  
So they their English then might learn.*

*Leaping for joy the motion Helen made  
But not the least attention to Susie was paid,  
And seconded it was; oh, shameless grace,  
To think that it was done in the President's face.*

*Poor Susie, enraged, and white with despair  
Sank to her seat, commenced pulling out her hair  
For the girls, not listening to her beseeching call,  
Were rushing out headlong into the hall.*

## Junior Class History

Last year we laid aside the timid looks and such of Freshman days and lived in the bliss of the Know-All. This year we have sported around with the full realization of our importance and are looking forward with great hopes and expectations to the glories soon to come.

When the Fall of 1910 came around, there were only eleven Juniors, but we are quite confident that when it comes to Class spirit, our Class is not found wanting; always enthusiastic over distinctions and honors, and having strong intentions of enduring to the last. We have had Susie Brown as our President; Elizabeth Sparrow as Vice-President, and Mary Moore Allen as Secretary and Treasurer. We take great pride and feel very fortunate in having Miss Wallace as our Faculty Member.

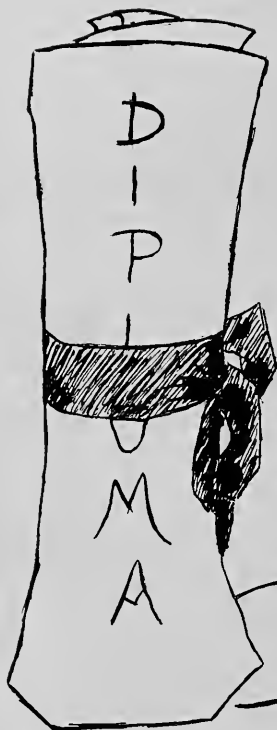
One of the most delightful events during our Junior year was our victory over the Seniors in a series of games between the four classes. Then, too, we are proud in having our Vice-President chosen the "smartest" in our school and in her being one of the delegates to the Y. W. C. A. Convention.

We boast of the fact that several of the members of our Class are well on the road toward becoming prima donnas, artists, musicians and readers, while others have wonderful talent and unbounded ambition to be contributors to the literary world.

Thus, in spite of the frequent scoldings and reproving words of the Faculty, we have kept a brave front and are sincerely hoping that at some early day our "history outlines" and "originality in theme-writing" will be appreciated.

We are also desirous that our knowledge of science, "Trig," and Latin will not be considered as limited as they are often thought to be now.

Profiting by our past mistakes and always bearing in our minds our motto, "Well begun is half done," and with "forward" as our watchword, we catch a glimpse of the goal to which all honest endeavors, however minute, must lead.



# SOPHOMORE

E. M. Taylor



## Sophomore Class

COLORS: *Baby Blue and White*

FLOWER: *Forget-me-not*

MOTTO: "*Palma non sine pulvere*"

### Officers

ELIZABETH HOWARD . . . . .	<i>President</i>
BLANCHE SCOTT . . . . .	<i>Vice-President</i>
ELIZABETH BAKER . . . . .	<i>Secretary</i>
NELLIE GRAVES . . . . .	<i>Treasurer</i>

### Members

VELMA MORROW	BESSIE JACKSON
ALICE T. PENDER	MARGERY McKEY
MAGGIE COOPER	IRVING ROYSTER

### Faculty Member

MISS HASKIN



SOPHOMORE CLASS

## Midnight Raid

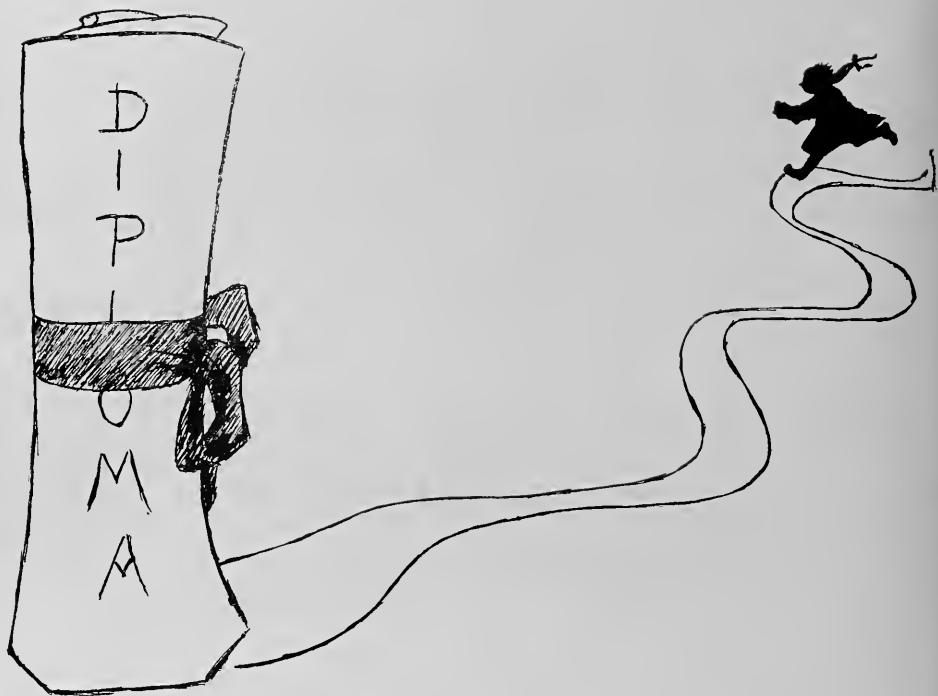
*Not a sound was heard, not a squeal nor squeak,  
As our way to the gym. we hurried,  
Not a skipper discharged a frightened shriek  
As the mice down the hallway scurried.*

*We feasted grandly, at dead of night,  
No duty-teacher discerning  
By the flickering rays from the far arc light  
And our candle dimly burning.*

*No useless plates held the salad course  
Each girl knew no etiquette bound her,  
But each ate on, with surprising force—  
With a thin kimono around her.*

*Few and short were the words we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;  
But we silently finished our midnight raid  
And bitterly thought of the morrow.*

E. C. B.



FRESHMAN

E. M. Taylor

# Freshman Class

COLORS: *Light Blue and Dark Blue*

FLOWER: *Lily of the Valley*

MOTTO: *"Learn and Grow Wise"*

## Officers

EVA GRADY	<i>President</i>
RUTH MITCHELL	<i>Vice-President</i>
PANSY GAITLEY	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

## Members

ALLIE MAY BURNS	AGNES WILSON
ANNIE MORTON	LURA FINLEY
PANSY GAITLEY	EVA GRADY
RUTH MITCHELL	

## Faculty Adviser

MISS MABEL ROYSTER



FRESHMAN CLASS

## Certificate Class

JULIA BORDEN WILLIAMS . . . . . Ridgeway, N. C.

*Latin, French*

EVA NEAL KELLY . . . . . Clarkton, N. C.

*Art*

EVELYN HOPE DANIELS . . . . . Wilson, N. C.

*Art (Special)*

DELL CAPELL . . . . . Raleigh, N. C.

*Business Course, French*

LAURA ALLEN IVES . . . . . New Bern, N. C.

*Science, English, Philosophy*

MARY PICKETT WARD . . . . . New Bern, N. C.

*French, English, Philosophy, History, Pedagogy*







### Irregular Class

COLORS: *Chocolate and Sherry*

FLOWER: *Prunus Japonica*

#### Officers

ELIZABETH TAYLOR	.	.	.	.	.	<i>President</i>
CLARA ARMSTRONG	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Vice-President</i>
MAUD RANKIN	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Secretary</i>
ELOISE JACKSON	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Treasurer</i>

#### Members

ELLEN VAUGHAN	RACHEL KORNEGAY
MARGARET JENNINGS	EUNICE BORDEN
JEAN WARD	LOUISE HACKNEY
IDA WILLIAMS	MARY CLEAVES DANIELS
GENE HARRIS	RUTH TATE
NELLIE PRUDEN	LAURA CARTER
GRACE LUMSDEN	MADELINE CUTCHIN
EMMA DARNELL	GLADYS MITCHELL

ALLIE GRAVES

## “Casey Jones” in Selma

*Come all ye loafers if you want to hear  
A story that will make it clear  
How the Tarboro gang and the Wilson brigade  
Got mixed up in their escapade.  
The train left Wilson at a quarter past two,  
Hit it to Selma with a rakish crew,  
Skilly and Little One, Ikey and Squiz,  
Jeannie and Flapjack, Bib and the Friz.*

*Little One laughed when Ikey cried,  
“One more train that I want to ride.”  
Skilly nodded and yelled “That’s mine”—  
The Raleigh train number 89.  
Three miles this side of that Selma town  
That blamed old engine blew out and down,  
Then pulled in the station as all ftung a fit,  
For that Raleigh local had hit the grit.*

*Eight frenzied college girls stormed that place,  
Shook suit cases in the agent’s face,  
Demanded a hand car, freight or express  
To take ’em to Raleigh in an hour or less.  
The poor agent, threatened with awful death,  
Gasped aloud in his last drawn breath  
(Catching glimpses of the gates of Heaven),  
“The next Raleigh train leaves ’leven twenty-seven!”*

*All that evening they stormed that town,  
Didn’t get quiet till the sun went down,  
Then went joy-riding in the drizzling rain  
And came near missing that midnight train.  
They dashed round the corner with little heed,  
Swung that Pullman at breakneck speed,  
But when they reached Raleigh—what did they find?  
Hearts and suit-cases all left behind!*

E. C. B.



Eva Kelly  
1911

ELIZABETH BAKER  
FLORA CURRIE  
LILLIAN FOUNTAIN  
BEULAH MAJETTE  
MARGERY MCKEY  
JENNIE SHAW

SOPHIE BOOKER  
SARA EXUM  
ADA JONES  
SARA MCGEE  
MARY MCLEOD  
LENA SHAW  
ETHEL WOODARD

ALLIE MAY BURNS  
ELIZABETH FOUNTAIN  
ANNIE READE LEWIS  
KATHRYN MCKEY  
NANNIE PETERWAY  
LIZZIE WINSTON

# MUSIC



# DEPARTMENT

## Choral Class

EVA ALFORD  
CLARA ARMSTRONG  
ELIZABETH BAKER  
MILIE S. BEARD  
ELIZABETH BELK  
SOPHIE BOOKER  
EUNICE BORDEN  
MARY BORDEN  
SUSIE BROWN  
ALLIE MAY BURNS  
MABEL CLARK  
FLORA CURRIE  
MARY CLEAVES DANIELS  
GEORGIA DAVIS  
EMMA DARNELL  
LILLIAN DUNCAN  
ETHEL FIELDING  
LURA FINLEY  
PANSY GAITLEY  
ALLIE GRAVES  
LOIS LONG HACKETT  
LOUISE HACKNEY  
ELIZABETH HOWARD  
LAURA IVES  
ALICE JOHNSON  
BETTIE JORDAN  
HELEN JULIAN  
ELIZA KNOX  
JAMES MARY KORNEGAY

RACHEL KORNEGAY  
AGNES MCLEAN  
MARY MCLEOD  
EDNA MACMILLAN  
MARJORIE MONTAGUE  
VELMA MORROW  
MRS. C. L. NEWMAN  
RUTH NICHOLSON  
ALICE THURSTON PENDER  
NELLIE PRUDEN  
MABEL PUGH  
MAUD RANKIN  
IRVING ROYSTER  
RUTH SAULS  
BLANCHE SCOTT  
JENNIE SHAW  
LOUISE SLOAN  
ELIZABETH SPARROW  
RUTH TATE  
ELIZABETH TAYLOR  
ROBERTA THACKSTON  
ELLEN VAUGHAN  
HELEN WALLACE  
PAT WALSER  
EDNA WHITE  
MARY WHITE  
SARA WILLIAMS  
ELLEN WILSON  
SALLIE WILSON

## Music Pupils

SUSIE BROWN  
EMMA DARNELL  
MR. B. DIXON  
MR. W. DIXON  
SARA EXUM  
PANSY GAITLEY  
MARY HASSELL  
ELOISE JACKSON  
JULIA JERMAN  
HILDA LOFTIN  
MARY McDOWELL  
MARY McKIMMON  
RUTH MITCHELL

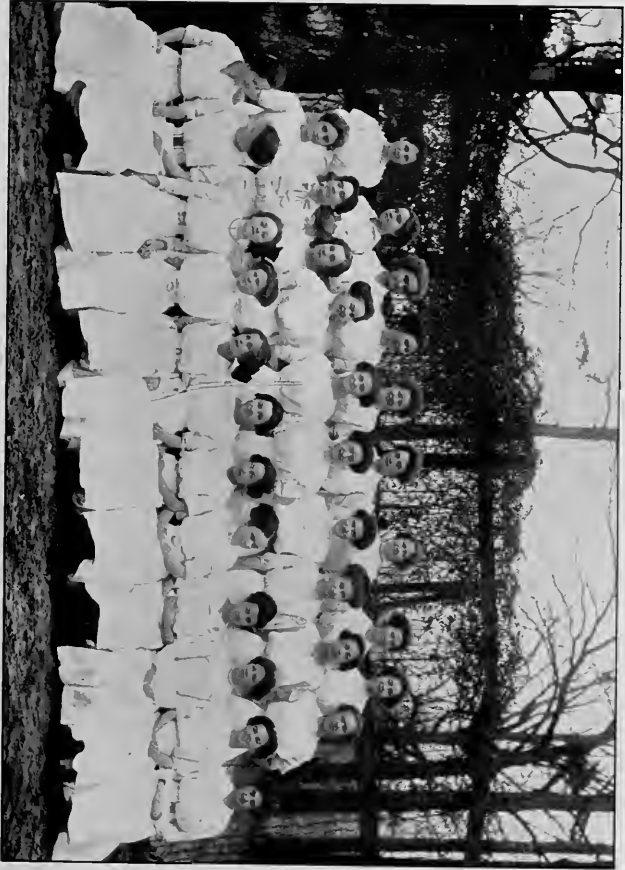
SUSAN JONES  
ELIZABETH KILGORE  
ANNIE McDADE  
BEULAH MAJETTE  
GLADYS MITCHELL  
VELMA MORROW  
ANNIE MORTON  
THELMA NAYLOR  
ETHELYN PENNY  
NELLIE PRUDEN  
MAUD RANKIN  
LENA SHAW  
PHEBE SMITH

## Music Pupils—Continued

MARY PRUDEN	LENA SWINDELL
LOUISE SLOAN	MINNIE WALSTON
ELIZABETH TAYLOR	BLANCHE WHITE
MARY WHITE	EMMA WHITE
LIZZIE WINSTON	AGNES WILSON
GERTRUDE STEPHENSON	COLUMBIA SMITH
LENA MAY STEPHENSON	MARY MOORE ALLEN
ZULA BURT	CLARA ARMSTRONG
MARY BURT EXUM	MARY AYCOCK
BESSIE JACKSON	MARY BORDEN
MAUD JOHNSON	HELEN WALLACE
MARY LEE CAPEHART	PAT WALSER
MABEL CLARK	JEAN WARD
LAURA CARTER	JEANETTE WARREN
ALICE COLE	IDA WILLIAMS
MAGGIE COOPER	ELLEN WILSON
MARY CLEAVES DANIELS	RUTH SAULS
GEORGIA DAVIS	FANNIE BONNER
LURA FINLEY	MAY THACKER
NELLIE GRAVES	LILLIAN FOUNTAIN
M. HOLDING	KATHRYN MCKEY
ELIZABETH HOWARD	MARTHA LUFTIN
LAURA IVES	SADIE LOFTIN
ALICE JOHNSON	GRACE LUMSDEN
ADA JONES	SALLIE WILSON
T. KEMP	J. BLALOCK
JIM KORNEGAY	ELIZABETH HOWARD
ELIZA LINDSAY	MINNIE SPARROW
ELIZABETH MCGEE	HERMES STEPHENSON
AGNES MCLEAN	LULA STOCKARD
MARY MCLEOD	EMMA WHITE
ALICE PENDER	EVA ALFORD
MABEL PUGH	ELIZABETH BAKER
AMY STOCKARD	MARY BORDEN
SUE THACKSTON	LILLIAN DUNCAN
ETHEL FIELDING	BETTIE JORDAN
HELEN JULIAN	RUTH NICHOLSON
IRVING ROYSTER	MRS. NEWMAN
EDNA WHITE	ROBERTA THACKSTON
MARY WHITE	SARA WILLIAMS
ELIZABETH SPARROW	SALLIE WILSON

MRS. HACKETT

CHORAL CLASS





## Art Class.

Class Motto: "Ego non Possum," -non Possum!"

EVELYN HOPE DANIELS  
MABEL PUGH  
EVA KELLY  
BETSY TAYLOR  
ELLEN VAUGHAN  
MARY RAY  
EVA YELVINGTON  
MARY BURT EXUM  
IRENE SMITH

MARY WARD  
RUTH ADAMS  
MARGARET JONES  
ANNIE MONTAGUE  
EMMA DARNELL  
EMMA WHITE  
ALLIE MAY BURNS  
EVA ALFORD  
MADELINE LINDSEY

MARGERY McKEY



## Fiske's Account of "The Starving Time"

There was no use trying to get thro' the summer. The provisions in store would not last a month. "Gee! I'm as hungry as a bear. All of that fruit cake I brought back is gone. Yonder go some girls to North Side. I wish I had an ice-cream soda. Yesterday I had a grand one, up street. And Helen and I saw the grandest looking man in the Fruit Store, with a grey overcoat on. He certainly could flirt. And those eyes! They aren't as good looking as Jack's, tho'. Two weeks ago I went automobiling with him. Yonder goes a swell big machine now. I wonder whose it is. There comes Miss L. That's a good looking new hat she has on. My black hat got wet coming from the theater last night. I'm glad I went, tho'. That man in the play was worth it all. And I saw three people from home, too. I'm going home in two weeks. I do hope Jack will be there. He didn't say in his letter last night. I hope I'll get some mail at dinner. This is ice cream night. Evelyn Hope promised me her cream. I'm going to chapel with Mary tonight. She's gone down town this afternoon. I think that's Mary coming up the walk, now,—— oh! why goodness! it's Miss Womble and I haven't read but one sentence in 'Fiske!'

E. C. B.



ART CLASS



# Literary Societies



**Officers of Pi Theta Mu Literary Society**

ELEN WILSON	. . . . .	<i>President</i>
MARY WARD	. . . . .	<i>Vice-President</i>
HELEN WALLACE	. . . . .	<i>Secretary</i>
MARGERY MCKEY	. . . . .	<i>Treasurer</i>



## Members of Pi Theta Mu Literary Society

EVA ALFORD	KATHERINE MCKEY
ALLIE MAY BURNS	GLADYS MITCHELL
ZULA BURT	MARY PRUDEN
FLORA CURRIE	MABEL PUGH
ALLIE GRAVES	IRVING ROYSTER
NELLIE GRAVES	IRENE SMITH
PANSY GAITLEY	JENNIE P. SHAW
MARY HASSELL	AMY STOCKARD
ADA JONES	ELIZABETH TAYLOR
MARGARET JONES	RUTE TATE
ALICE JOHNSON	SUE THACKSTON
BESSIE JACKSON	ELLEN VAUGHAN
CATTIE MAY JACKSON	HELEN WALLACE
HELEN JULIAN	JEAN WARD
MYRTLE KING	JENNETTE WARREN
ANNIE READ LEWIS	MARY WARD
ANNIE MORTON	ELLEN WILSON
AGNES MCLEAN	IDA WILLIAMS
MARY MCLEOD	LIZZIE WINSTON
MARGERY MCKEY	AGNES WILSON
BEULAH MAJETTE	SALLIE WILSON
CORA LEE MONTGOMERY	EVA YELVINGTON



# Inter-Society Debate -

## Debaters

BETSEY TAYLOR, II O M  
CORA LEE MONTGOMERY

ELIZABETH BELK, Σ Φ Κ  
MARY BORDEN

RESOLVED:—*That Chinese immigration should be prohibited.*



Officers of Sigma Phi Kappa Literary Society

LOUISE SLOAN . . . . .	President
NANNIE PETTEWAY . . . . .	Vice-President
JAMES MARY KORNEGAY . . . . .	Secretary
BLANCHE SCOTT . . . . .	Treasurer





二 中 天

## Members of The Sigma Phi Kappa Literary Society

MARY MOORE ALLEN  
MARY ATCOCK  
ELIZABETH BELK  
EUNICE BORDEN  
MARY LEE CAPEHART  
MABEL CLARK  
MADELINE CUTCHIN  
EVELYN HOPE DANIEL  
MARY EXUM  
LURA FINLEY  
LOUISE HACKNEY  
EUGENIA HARRIS  
LAURA IVES  
MARGARET JENNINGS  
JAMES KORNEGAY  
GRACE LUMSDEN  
EDNA McMILLAN  
MARJORIE MONTAGUE  
RUTH NICHOLSON  
NANNIE PETTEWAY  
MAUD RANKIN  
BESSIE REAVES  
BLANCHE SCOTT  
ELIZABETH SPARROW  
MINNIE WALSTON

CLARA ARMSTRONG  
ELIZABETH BAKER  
MARY BORDEN  
SUSIE BROWN  
LAURA CARTER  
MAGGIE COOPER  
MARY CLEAVES DANIELS  
EMMA DARNELL  
SARA EXUM  
EVA GRADY  
LOIS LONG HACKETT, MRS.  
ELIZABETH HOWARD  
ELOISE JACKSON  
EVA KELLY  
RACHEL KORNEGAY  
ELIZABETH MCGEE  
RUTH MITCHELL  
VELMA MORROW  
ALICE PENDER  
NELLIE PRUDEN  
MATTIE REAVES  
RUTH SAULS  
LOUISE SLOAN  
PATTIE WALSER  
JULIA WILLIAMS

SARA WILLIAMS



# FANCY DRESS BANQUET

FEBRUARY 10<sup>th</sup> - 1911 -

## Banquet

Π Θ Μ—Σ Φ Κ

On the night of February 10th, 1911, a banquet was given by the Π Θ Μ and Σ Φ Κ Societies to the faculty and students of Pease. Little Bo-Peep was there, and so was Cream of Wheat. The "White Sister" came with "Polly of the Circus," and among the elite were cowboys, negro mummies, butterflies, nuns, rag dolls, babies, Columbia and the Quaker sisters. A two-course banquet was served, following which was a big german in the auditorium. Punch was served from an artistically arranged corner of the room in the intermissions. One of the most attractive features of the evening was an old-fashioned square dance led by Uncle Remus and a Sunflower.

It was a late hour when farewells were said.



## Wedding at Peace

Σ Φ Κ—H O M

On the night of Saturday, February 4, 1911, the Cathedral at Peace was the scene of a brilliant wedding. The handsome and gallant Sir Harry Belk was united in wedlock to the Lady Elizabeth, the beautiful daughter of the Earl of Richmond. The ceremony was performed by his Lordship, Archbishop Booker, of Brooklyn. The order of ceremony was as follows:

Groomsmen, E. H. and M. C. Borden, Cleaves Daniels, S. W. Brown, M. C. McLeod and A. L. Jones.

Then the bridesmaids, each carrying candles, as follows: Misses Helen Julian, Nellie Graves, Cora Montgomery, Maud Rankin, Irving Royster and Elizabeth Sparrow.

Next came the two little flower girls, Elizabeth Baker and Jean Ward. The maid of honor, Miss Alice Pender preceded the bride, who entered on the arm of her father. At the altar they were met by the groom and his best man, Mr. E. Henry Alford.

While the bride and groom were still kneeling at the altar, Mlle. Nicholson, the famous prima donna, rendered the beautiful marriage hymn, in her most glorious voice.

After the ceremony, the wedding ball took place. Dancing and merry-making continued until daybreak. This was pronounced the most brilliant affair of the season.



## "The Kid"

(A CHRISTMAS STORY)

It was Christmas Eve night. Outside the wind was blowing the snow into great drifts and rattling the window panes with a fierceness that made one glad to be indoors out of the gale.

"I wis' they would'nt wattle so," and Harry, Jr., left off flattening his little button of a nose against the pane and turned from his survey of the street back into the cheerful room.

"Don' yuh mind they rattlin', chile, jes yuh come to mammy and she'll tell yuh 'bout Santy Clause."

The child came slowly towards her and sat down on the hearthrug with his head against her knee. The firelight shone on his bright little face and tangled yellow curls, but tonight there was a new and serious expression in his big blue eyes, and once or twice he wrinkled his little brow into a baby frown. Mammy looking down suddenly saw his expression.

"What's de matter wid ma chile tonight? Is de firelight too strong for ma baby's eyes?"

"I was jus' finking. Mammy, do all little boys have muvvers?"

"Yes, honey."

"And daddies, mammy?"

"Yes, yes, chile."

Mammy sighed heavily; if this was the "finking" that her baby was doing, she foresaw trouble getting him to sleep, and tonight was Christmas eve, too.

"Mammy," suddenly, "do uvver little boys' muvvers come to see them on Christmas eve?"

"Lor', now, chile, don' yuh worry 'bout dat! Jes' yuh look at dis beautiful picture," taking a book from the table, "while mammy tells yuh a story."

Suddenly a whistle sounded outside the door. "Daddy!" and Harry, Jr., was up and across the room with a bound just as the door was flung open and a big light-haired man caught him up in his arms.

"Well, how's the kid to-night? Fine and dandy, eh, mammy?"

"Yes, Marse Harry. 'Cep I spec' he's a little sleepy and old Santy will be comin' soon."

"None of your hints, mammy, I won't have it. The kid and I are going to make a night of it."

He strode across the floor with the child in his arms. Harry, Jr., laughed and clapped his fat little hands together; he seemingly had completely forgotten his worry of a moment before.

"Well, old man, what shall it be? Shall we give mammy a holiday for an hour or so and go to Daddy's den for a lark?"

The child wiggled with delight. "Oh, yes! and sit in the big chair and make pitty music wif the funny drum wif the handle and no inside."



"Bless your little heart, that we will!" and Mr. Burress hugged the little warm body close to him.

"Good bye, mammy, I'll bring him back when he gets sleepy."

"Dood bye, mammy, dood bye!"

Mammy waved her old black hand cheerfully, but there were tears in her eyes. "Dem's jes' 'bout de lonesomest two, dey is! Why some folks is so stubborn is mo' den des ol' eyes kin see. Ef Miss Mary wa'n't so pizen proud and Marse Harry jes' like her, dis might be a happy Christmas fur us all. Lor', Lor', what is we all eomin' to ennyhow?"

Mammy's words were only too true. Out in the dim hallway, in spite of his smile and gay manner, a change came over Mr. Burress' face and into his eyes crept a look of longing.

"Daddy, whistle!" the baby voice woke him from his reverie.

"Wait 'till we get to the other side of the house, kiddie, then Daddy'll whistle all you want."

"Don't muvver like whistling, Daddy?" His father started, how well the kid had read his thoughts.

"Don't know, old man, guess we had better not try it, anyhow."

When they reached his rooms Mr. Burress put the child down in his den and went into his dressing room, to take off his coat. Not a minute did Harry, Jr., wait. Only on such rare occasions as this was he allowed the freedom of this room, and being an inquisitive little soul he began immediately to investigate all the queer looking things that caught his eye. He trotted around the room, pausing to examine some and passing over others. Suddenly he came upon a large framed picture, setting down on the floor, of a gloriously beautiful woman in evening dress. The firelight playing over it made it look almost alive. The boy stood still. "My muvver!" came in a whisper from his baby lips. For a moment he stood quietly, his little lips trembling, then his face lit up with a sudden thought, and he turned and started towards the hall door just as his father entered by the other.

"Leaving daddy this soon, son; are you tired?"

"No, daddy, I was just finking—"

"Your thoughts lead you into queer places sometimes, Harry, Jr., you shouldn't follow them up so closely."

The child looked at him curiously. The man stooped and gathered him up in his arms. "Come on," he said with a laugh, "let's start the music."

He pulled a big green leather chair up in front of the fire and caught up his banjo from a corner. The kid cuddled down against his father's soft green dressing-gown and smiled a little contented smile up in his face, and the evening's program began. Such a mixture of songs, everything from college yells to hymns, but all sung in a half whisper which could not be heard beyond the room and which usually lulled Harry, Jr., into semiconsciousness, but tonight they had been singing nearly an hour and the blue eyes were as wide awake as ever.

"Daddy, don't you know a Christmas song?"

"Why, yes, boy—I had almost forgotten that it is Christmas eve—"

"Daddy, what do you most wan' Santy to bring you?"

"I don't know—I had'nt thought. What do you want more than anything else, kiddie, or is there anything?"

"I want," and Harry, Jr.'s, big blue eyes looked straight into his, "I want—my muvver!"

His father groaned. "So do I! My God, how I do want her!"

Out in the hallway there was a slight noise. A beautiful woman, dressed for the opera, leaned heavily against the opposite wall, her eyes filled with an unutterable longing as she looked through the half open door at the two before the fire.

Mr. Burress buried his face in his hands, and the kid unheeded slipped to the floor. He walked over and stood in front of the picture of his mother and held out his little arms. A half-smothered cry broke from the white lips of the woman in the hall. The child turned quickly at the sound and there before him stood his real, live mother, the tears streaming down her cheeks, holding out her arms. With a sob he ran to her and was caught and held to her aching mother heart. Harry, Sr., raised his head. Was he dreaming? Could that be Mary in his den? Mary, whom he had hardly seen for two months, except to pass going in or out of the house without a sign of recognition; Mary, his wife whom he loved better than life itself? He stumbled to his feet—"Mary!" he cried hoarsely. She raised her tearwet face from the child's curls and held out one hand. The next instant, mother and child were crushed in his hungry arms and the aching of three lonely hearts was dissolved in a flood of love.

"Harry," she whispered, "forgive me. I was wrong and I was too proud to tell you."

"My darling, it is I who needs forgiveness. I, too, was proud——"

"Muvver," broke in the baby voice, "did Santy Clause send you?"

"I think it was God, darling. He knew."

ELIZABETH M. TAYLOR.

## The Old Story

*As one who feels an impulse to do something very rash,  
Yet hesitates a moment, lest it seems too bold a dash,  
So I feel an inspiration that to write a note to you  
Would be just the way to tell you that I love you as I do.*

*So I build my hopes on nothing, tho' I hope you'll understand  
That the secret I shall tell you is the oldest in the land,  
But it's what I've tried to tell you, every day, this whole long year,  
It's just this simple sentiment:—"I love you, dearest dear!"*

*If I wrote a hundred pages, and rewrote a hundred more,  
And exposed my wondrous (?) knowledge, and my store of modern lore,  
Even then I could not better this one sentence written here:—  
"I love you—yes, I love you—oh! I love you, dearest dear!"*

ELIZABETH BELK.

## The Bet

Hearing his name spoken, Jack Brooks looked up from his books with a start. At the same time, he realized that he was overhearing a conversation that was not intended for his ears, but before he could leave the room he unavoidably overheard the following: "Jack Brooks! Well, I guess I will. I take your bet for the candy and will have him believing I love him before another day." He recognized the speaker as Mildred Telfair, with whom he had fallen very much in love. Quickly arising, he made his way out of the room to the porch.

Here he paused with the realization that all of his dreams had been shattered by a few words. He loved Mildred and had hoped that sometime she might return it, but to hear her in this cold-blooded way talking to another fellow about fooling him into thinking she loved him, threw another light on the subject. The rest of the afternoon he spent in miserable thought. Was this the girl he had loved, a heartless flirt? His mind went back to the happy hours they had spent together. He must talk to her about it. Perhaps his ears had deceived him or perhaps she was talking about some one else; but no, she had said Jack Brooks. Still, he could not give her up without a word of explanation. When his mind again reverted to the words she had said, "I will have him believing I love him before another day," of course, what a fool he was! If he saw her, she might even now try to fool him into thinking she loved him, but in spite of it all he determined to see her that night, whatever happened.

When at last he saw her alone, he opened the subject with, "Mildred, I could not avoid overhearing your conversation with John Marshall this afternoon. I had hoped and you had led me to believe, that some day I might make you love me, but now I know that that is impossible. Your being able to fake, and even bet on it, has made it clear to me that you have only been flirting all along. Well, I suppose it is not in you to love, or is it that the right fellow hasn't come yet?" Seeing that she was about to answer, he stopped her with, "Either way, it counts me out, so there is nothing for me to do but say good bye."

Here she interrupted, "Jack, don't take it so. Can't you see that that is only my way? We were simply joking, both of us. Come, say you will forget and be friends again." She raised her beautiful brown eyes appealingly to his.

Looking into them, he found it hard to resist their pleading, but remembering her words of the afternoon, answered, "If it were only to be a friend I might, Mildred, but it is so much more than a friend that I wanted to be to you, good bye." As he started out the door, Mildred, realizing for the first time that he was really serious about leaving, called in a tremulous voice, "Jack!" No answer. "Jack!" Still no answer. "Jack, come here just a minute."

"Well, what is it, Mildred?"

"I have something to tell you if you come here."

"I am waiting."

"Can't you see—that—"

"What, what, Mildred?"

"—I love you!"

"Mildred do you mean it? No, you can't after what you said."

Here she began softly to cry, and unable to stand it longer, he was at her side in one step. All that he said was, "You darling."

And the next morning, Mildred received a five pound box of chocolates.

EVELYN HOPE DANIELS.

## To Her

(DEDICATED TO MISS ETHEL HASKIN)

*Dear Heart, as the days go slowly on  
One by one,  
Each fresh new day doth dawn  
More brightly, and each hour I spend,  
If lost or won,  
Doth sweeter seem because you are my friend.*

*No matter if the trouble be  
Great or small  
Your ever ready sympathy,  
Your kind and cheery smile,  
Your loving call  
Will always help me on the dreary mile.*

*To you with all my joy and grief  
I freely come  
Knowing that there I'll find relief,  
And loving understanding shall not miss.  
If tongue seems dumb  
With my whole soul I thank you in a kiss.*

ELIZABETH TAYLOR.

## When I Went Abroad

Of course in going abroad my mother and the conventionalities of decent society thought it necessary for me to be supplied with a "Moral Shepherd Dog," in other words, a chaperone. I was exceedingly lucky in the choice of one, else I could never have had this adventure. Miss Smith was a maiden lady of forty-five, but still too young to give up struggling. She had not yet reached the age when it is a real comfort to be an "old maid"—that is, when all hope has departed.

As we were making our way out of the crowded New York depot, we passed a book stand, and my chaperone paused, with thoughts, I suppose, of lonely hours on the steamer while she will sit wrapped in heavy blankets to keep the dampness from her dear old romantic bones—to select a book. Her eye fell on a little volume, "Story of an Untold Love." It reached her heart at once.

We were intending to spend the night with a relative of mine, who had promised to send her car to meet us. While I stood in the doorway watching the crowds of people and awaiting Miss Smith, a beautiful automobile drove up, the footman flung open the door, and in I stepped, all thoughts of the dear old lady vanishing entirely from my mind. The next thing I knew I was being whirled rapidly to the residential part of the city. When the car was brought to a standstill I looked up and saw a handsome brownstone front, and instead of being welcomed by my dear old auntie with her soft caress and her sweet face in its frame of silver hair, I was taken clear off my feet by the embrace of a good looking young fellow, who did not even allow me a moment of protest, and the hearty greeting, "We are so glad to have you come." He was followed by a handsome, dignified lady, richly attired, and the dearest girl of about sixteen, who gave me quite as hearty if a quieter greeting, asking, a note of disappointment in her voice, "But where is James?"

Thereupon, since I had no James to offer, I began to explain, and in turn they explained. James was the oldest son, who was expected home with his bride. My new relations, however, insisted upon my taking lunch with them before starting out in search of Miss Smith, and I, hungry, as usual, of course consented, after which we—meaning my new brother (whose name, by the way, is Steve)—started on what proved to be a fruitless search, as I had given Miss Smith my aunt's address and did not know it. So I went back to my friend's home to spend the night.

Well, all's well that ends well, and I will only add that I am now really and truly a sister-in-law to the pretty sixteen-year-old girl, and Steve and I just adore old ladies with intellectual tastes.

LIZZIE WINSTON.

## Rosa Dolorosa

Her face was always turned toward him; the sun looked through his green branches, into her white heart, and reflected her smiles and artifices. The butterflies kissed her dainty petals and carried the kisses to his glossy leaves. The winds heard her faint whispers of love and echoed them. The moon aided her with his alluring beams, and the rain clothed her in sparkling raiment—but all to no avail. The stately oak still ignored the delicate, pure white rose.

In vain her artifices, in vain her endeavors, and wholly futile her charms. The oak saw but the sylph-like birch, nearby, and his low murmurings and caresses of endearment were but for her.

Poor little white rose!

Side by side the oak, the birch, and the rose grew. One spring's greening and one summer's blooming had they stood so and the little pale flower had grown to love her neighbor very dearly.

One day, the oak whispered an impassioned love message to the birch, and a jolly breeze, in pity for the rose, carried it to her and told her of the oak's lifelong devotion to the birch.

She faded quickly, and fell from her stem. The winds and rain compassionately bore her to the nearby stream, where she floated on far away.

All winter she lay in a niche of the stream's bank, and the friendly pine needles covered her warmly. When the snow was gone, a graceful, delicate sapling came forth from the rose's sleeping-place, and when drooping green branches began to grow, the pines and cedars looked askance at it. The wind happening that way, one summer morning, kissed the dainty sapling and paused on its leaves for a moment, then flew to the pines and cedars to tell them the secret it had whispered to him:—

"I am the soul of the rose, a weeping willow forever mourning my vain love."

SIAMUD.



*In Memoriam*

MARY JORDAN RASCOE

DEC. 17, 1891

JULY 31, 1910

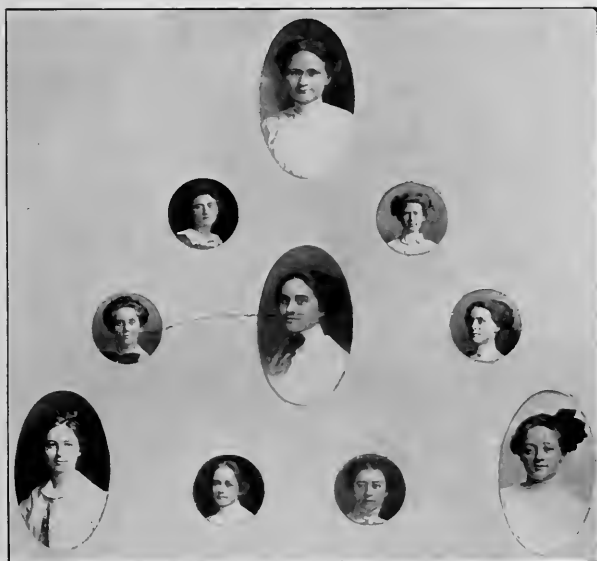
MACE ELIZABETH PARKS

OCT. 2, 1892

MAY 11, 1910







### D. W. C. A.

JENNIE SHAW . . . . .	President
JAMES MARY KORNEGAY . . . . .	Vice-President
ELIZABETH SPARROW . . . . .	Secretary
MABEL PUGH . . . . .	Treasurer
ELIZABETH BELK . . . . .	Chairman of Devotional Committee
ELIZABETH BAKER . . . . .	Chairman of Social Committee
ELLEN WILSON . . . . .	Chairman of Intercollegiate Committee
MARY MCLEOD . . . . .	Chairman of Missionary Committee
LOUISE SLOAN . . . . .	Chairman of Poster Committee
AGNES MCLEAN . . . . .	Chairman of Music Committee



**Officers Missionary Society**

MARY MCLEOD	. . . . .	<i>President</i>
ELIZABETH BELK	. . . . .	<i>Vice-President</i>
SALLIE WILSON	. . . . .	<i>Secretary</i>
MABEL PUGH	. . . . .	<i>Treasurer</i>

## Conundrums

If the Cooking Class girls have to pay \$5 a month for the things they cook, how much does it cost Mr. Brawley?

\* \* \* \*

If the earth were to swell to the size of the sun, and people were to increase in the same ratio, how large would Pat be?

\* \* \* \*

If there are nine solitaires in school, and seventeen frat pins, how many old maids will Peace turn out?

\* \* \* \*

If everybody was as brilliant as Skilly, and had a headlight like Eva's, how much gas money could be spent on the fare?

\* \* \* \*

If Betsey went to Hampden-Sidney, where would Bush Scott go?

\* \* \* \*

If out of a girl's allowance, 93-100 is spent at the Fruit Store, 63-79 at Brantley's, 14-19 at Steinmetz's, and 86-91 at the Little Store, how much is spent on annual sandwiches?

\* \* \* \*

If Pepsi-Cola is to Mary Ward as Ice Cream Soda is to Ellen, find the ratio of a Cherry Smash to Elizabeth.

\* \* \* \*

If all electric currents are as slow as that from Buffalo to Peace, how long would it take to electrocute the Editors?

\* \* \* \*

Laura : Alice :: Velma : ?



**ATHLETICS**



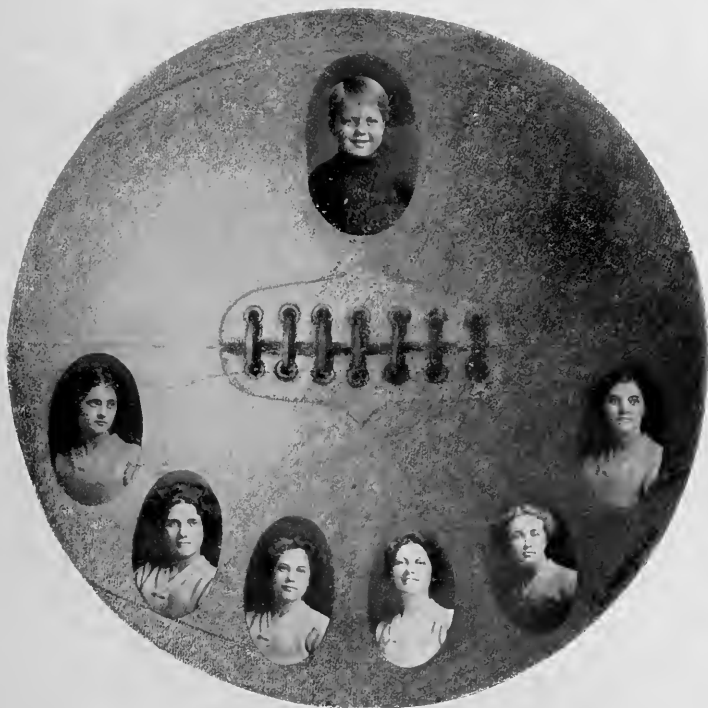
### **Athletic Association**

RUTH NICHOLSON . . . . .	<i>President</i>
SOPHIE BOOKER . . . . .	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
SUSIE BROWN . . . . .	<i>Tennis Manager</i>
VELMA MORROW . . . . .	<i>Basket Ball Manager</i>

MISS HASKINS, *Coach*



OFFICERS OF ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION



**'Varsity Basket Ball Team**

VELMA MORROW	.	.	.	.	ELIZABETH HOWARD
MARGERY MCKEY	.	.	Goals	.	VELMA MORROW
MAGGIE COOPER	.	.	Guards	.	ELIZABETH BAKER
			Center	.	

MISS HASKIN, *Coach*  
 ARMSTRONG STOCKARD, *Mascot*



Senior Basketball Ball Team

MABEL PUGH . . . . .  
LAURA IVES . . . . .  
SOPHIE BOOKER . . . . .

*Goals*  
*Guards*  
*Center*

*Captain*  
RUTH NICHOLSON . . . . .  
JENNIE SHAW . . . . .  
MABEL PUGH . . . . .





### Junior Basket Ball Team

SUSIE BROWN	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Captain
PAT WALSER	.	.	.	Goals	.	.	.	.	SUSIE BROWN
ELIZABETH SPARROW	.	.	.	Guard	.	.	.	.	ELIZABETH TAYLOR
			Center	.	.	.	.		NELLIE PRUDEN



### Sophomore Basket Ball Team

VELMA MORROW	. . . . .	Goals	. . . . .	ELIZABETH HOWARD	<i>Captain</i>
MARGERY McKEY	. . . . .	Guards	. . . . .	VELMA MORROW	
MAGGIE COOPER	. . . . .	Center	. . . . .	LIZZIE BAKER	

*Sophomore! Sophomore!*  
*They're the team that makes the score,*  
*When they begin they're sure to win*  
*And make the others sore.*  
*Sophomore! Sophomore!*  
*Have you seen them play?*  
*Put it in, put it in, —sure!*  
*Brave Sophomore!*



### Freshman Team

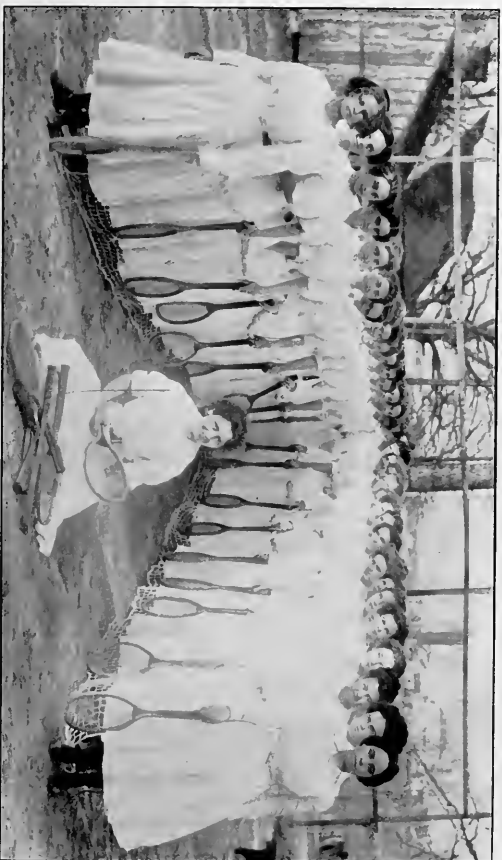
ALLIE MAY BURNS	. . . . .	Goals	. . . . .	Captain
AGNES MCLEAN	. . . . .	Guards	. . . . .	LURA FINLEY
LOUISE HACKNEY	. . . . .	Center	. . . . .	ALLIE MAY BURNS
				RUTH MITCHELL



COOPER, *Guard*  
McKEY, *Goal*

PENNANT TEAM  
MORROW, *Guard and Captain*

BAKER, *Center*  
HOWARD, *Goal*



### Tennis Club

ROYSTER	STOAN	IVES	SPARROW	TATE	HARRIS	WALLACE	RANKIN
M. C. DANIELS	BURNS	N. PRUDEN	WASLER	McLEOD	A. WILSON	J. KOREGAY	SHAW
DARBELL	SCOTT	LEWIS	McMILLAN	TAYLOR	E. JACKSON	FURLEY	WINSTON
PETTERWAY	KEANE	J. JONES	VACCHAN	MONTGOMERY	G. MITCHELL	PEOH	HOWARD
N. GRAVES	NICHOLSON	J. WARREN	Miss HASKIN				



BAKER  
 ROYSTER  
 TAYLOR  
 E. BORDEN  
 COOPER  
 HOWARD  
 MONTAGUE

MONTGOMERY  
 FINLEY  
 N. PRUDEN  
 SHAW  
 BURNS  
 IVER  
 PENDER

G. MITCHELL  
 WILLIAMS  
 HARRIS  
 NICHOLSON  
 SHARROW  
 N. GRAVES  
 VAUGHAN

JULIAN  
 A. JONES  
 CARTER  
 J. KORNEGAY  
 McMILLAN  
 R. KORNEGAY  
 HACKNEY

T. SLOAN  
 MCKEY  
 A. GRAVES  
 MORROW  
 BOOKER  
 SCOTT

### Physical Culture

## Popular Songs Sung at Peace

Jean, My Jean . . . . .	MITCHELL
My Hero . . . . .	BETSEY JOHN
Put Your Arms Around Me . . . . .	BUSH AND SKILLY
Kiss Me . . . . .	RUTH AND LOUISE
Sadie Salome . . . . .	PRUDIE
Over in Brooklyn . . . . .	SOPHIE
Mama, Where's Mama . . . . .	CUTCHIN
Spearmint Kiddo . . . . .	SQUIZ
Any Little Girl . . . . .	BIB
Hang Out the Front Door Key . . . . .	BELK
Call me Up Some Rainy Afternoon . . . . .	PAT AND BETSY
Captain Willie Brown . . . . .	PHYSICAL CULTURE
All That I Ask is Love . . . . .	EVE
The Fight is On . . . . .	SOPH BASKET BALL
Me Too . . . . .	MISS FIELDING
Every Little Movement . . . . .	LITTLE ONE
Oh You Joy-Ride . . . . .	IKE, SQUIZ, SKILLY
Please Go 'Way and Let me Sleep . . . . .	EUNICE
Take Plenty of Shoes . . . . .	LIZZIE WINSTON
This is No Place for a Minister's Daughter . . . . .	PEACE
Gee, Ain't I Glad I'm Single . . . . .	VELMA
I'm a Member of the Midnight Crew . . . . .	KATHRYN
Yankee Girl . . . . .	MARGERY
Cuddle up a Little Closer . . . . .	MARY AND BOO
Come With me and Paint Patee . . . . .	MISS ROYSTER
What is the World Without You . . . . .	MRS. BOOKER
Dear Pig . . . . .	MR. BRAWLEY
Way Down Yonder in the Corn Field . . . . .	E. BORDEN

## Statistics



BETSY TAYLOR  
Prettiest

*"She's beautiful, and therefore to be wooed  
She is a woman; therefore to be won."*

SOPHIE BOOKER  
Handsomest



*"Eyes that could see her on this summer's day  
Might find it hard to turn another way."*



MAY THACKER  
Most Attractive

*"For nature made her what she is  
And never made another."*



LAURA IVES  
Best Dancer

*"When her delicate feet in the dance twinkle 'round,  
Her steps are of light, her home is the air."*



EUNICE BORDEN  
Most Popular

*"I live not in myself, but I become  
Portion of that around me."*

EVA ALFORD  
Most Sincere

*"To God, thy country and thy friend be true."*





MARY McLEOD  
Most accomplished

*"What other woman could there be like you?"*

ELIZABETH BELK  
Most Original



*"There is none like her, none."*



ALLIE GRAVES  
Best Dressed

*"And her style is of great elegance."*

ELIZABETH SPARROW  
Smartest

*"From her cradle she was a scholar, and a ripe and good one.  
Exceeding wise."*



VELMA MORROW  
Most Athletic

*"Here rose an athlete, strong to break or bind."*

ALLIE MAY BURNS  
Wittiest

*"Look! She's winding up the watch of her wit—  
Bye and bye it will strike."*





LAURA CARTER  
Neatest

*"Here's to the neatest one  
Here's to you!"*

MARGERY McKEY    LIZZIE BAKER  
Cutest

*"So innocent—arch,  
So cunning—simple."*



## Jokes

Will somebody please tell Bessie Reaves, Georgia Davis' maiden name?

Alice Pender said her father was going to get a new Case machine. Miss Haskin wanted to know if it was a better machine than the Wheeler and Wilson, but Ruth Nicholson said she knew that "Cases" were the best of all.

Elizabeth Howard wants to borrow some *individual* hair pins.

Miss Womble told Laura Carter to make a special report on Cromwell for Tuesday. Laura answered: "You had better give it to somebody else, Miss Womble, I am going to Chapel Hill, and might not come back."

Some of Miss Lyon's bright sayings:

"Don't you say anything, girls, unless you are talking."

"The best way to see a thing is to look at it."

Miss Womble, on II Sub. History, happened to mention Oxford University—Majette: "Why I have a brother there. He goes to Horner Military School."

Allie Graves: "I think the whole Faculty needs epitaphs." (Meaning ipecac.)

Margaret: "You don't mean epitaphs—Epitaph is a poem by Shakespeare. I saw it down at the Rancy Library yesterday."

During a basket ball game, Miss Haskin told Mabel Pugh to get off the damp ground.

"I'm not sitting on the ground, I'm sitting on a leaf—I'll show it to you," said Mabel indignantly.

Stranger, to Mary Ward: "Madam, haven't you a daughter out at Peace Institute?"

Rachel Kornegay at Giersch's: "Waiter, please bring me a bill of lading—  
I wish to order my dinner."

Mary Exum asked Betsy John if she knew her brother out at A. & M.

Betsy: "Is he a *Frat man*?"

Mary: "No, he is *unusually thin*."

Pat: "Was Joan of Arc Noah's sister?"



## Limericks

*There once was a lady named Cattie  
Whom no one could really call "Fatty—"  
Of cases she'd many—  
The worst was on Jennie  
This remarkable creature named Cattie.*

*There once lived a easer named Ruth  
About whom we'll all speak the truth,  
She'd so many cases  
That the girls all ran races  
To dodge 'round the corner from Ruth.*

*There was a young lady named Eva  
Who wore ten willow plumes on her beaver,  
She had one diamond ring  
Big enough for a king  
And a beau who we hope won't deceive her.*

*There was a young lady named Laura  
Who lost all her cash, to her sorrow,  
She'd spent it on Hershey's  
And dinners at Gierseh's,  
This extravagant lady named Laura.*

*There once was a young English teacher  
Whose teaching at Peace was a feature  
Unknown there before,  
Her themes made them sore  
Gee! She was a peach of a creature!*

*Have you heard of the Staff on the Lotus?  
With their moaning and groaning they smote us;  
They'd work all night long,  
Composing one song  
They're insane now—that staff on the Lotus.*



Local Sororities.



### Local Sororities

Σ Ψ

Ν Ν

Z Ξ

Q. E.

Δ Δ

Α Δ Γ







# Sigma Psi

COLORS: *Red and Green*

FOUNDED 1904

FLOWER: *Tulip*

## Members

ELIZABETH HOWARD . . . . .	Tarboro, N. C.
ALICE THURSTON PENDER . . . . .	Tarboro, N. C.
ELIZABETH BAKER . . . . .	Tarboro, N. C.
SOPHIE BOOKER . . . . .	Lexington, Va.
MAY THACKER . . . . .	Norfolk, Va.
BLANCHE SCOTT . . . . .	Graham, N. C.
BETSY TAYLOR . . . . .	Richmond, Va.

## Faculty Member

MISS ETHEL HASKIN . . . . .	Missouri
-----------------------------	----------

## Qu Qu

MARGARET JENNINGS	. . .	Fayetteville, N. C.
EUGENIA HARRIS	. . .	Wilmington, N. C.
ELLEN WILSON	. . .	Greenville, S. C.
NELLIE GRAVES	. . .	Carthage, N. C.
MAUD RANKIN	. . .	Gastonia, N. C.
MARJORIE MONTAGUE	. . .	Raleigh, N. C.
RUTH NICHOLSON	. . .	Littleton, N. C.
CLARA ARMSTRONG	. . .	Gastonia, N. C.
ALLIE GRAVES	. . .	Carthage, N. C.

NU NU









SORORITY ROOM

## Zeta Xi

### Soror in Facultate

MABEL TANDY ROYSTER

### Sorores in Collegio

EUNICE HEMPHILL BORDEN

MARY CARROW BORDEN

LAURA GREY CARTER

GEORGIA LAVINIA DAVIS

MARY CLEAVES DANIELS

HARRIET LOUISE HACKNEY

LAURA ALLEN IVES

MARY PICKETT WARD

### Soror in Urbe

MARY LILY AYCOCK









TERAQ  
TPA TITAP A  
TILEVE Poh TYLEV  
EETI LEDATI YREQP  
AMHTEB AZILEP YRH  
TAKETIPI EJEI  
ZZIL.

**Q. E.**

**Soror in Facultate**

MARGARET PERRY

**Sorores in Collegio**

ELIZABETH CAMILLA BELK

MADLINE GARDNER CUTCHIN

EVELYN HOPE DANIELS

VELMA WHITFIELD MORROW

MARGERY MCKEY

KATHRYN MCKEY

VIRGINIA POWERS SHAW

PAT WALSER

LIZZIE ADA WINSTON

**Soror in Urbe**

GRISELLE MCKEE HINTON







Bessie Thompson

Ada Jones  
Helen Wallace  
Jim Komegay

Ethel Woodard  
Rachel Komegay  
Agnes McLean



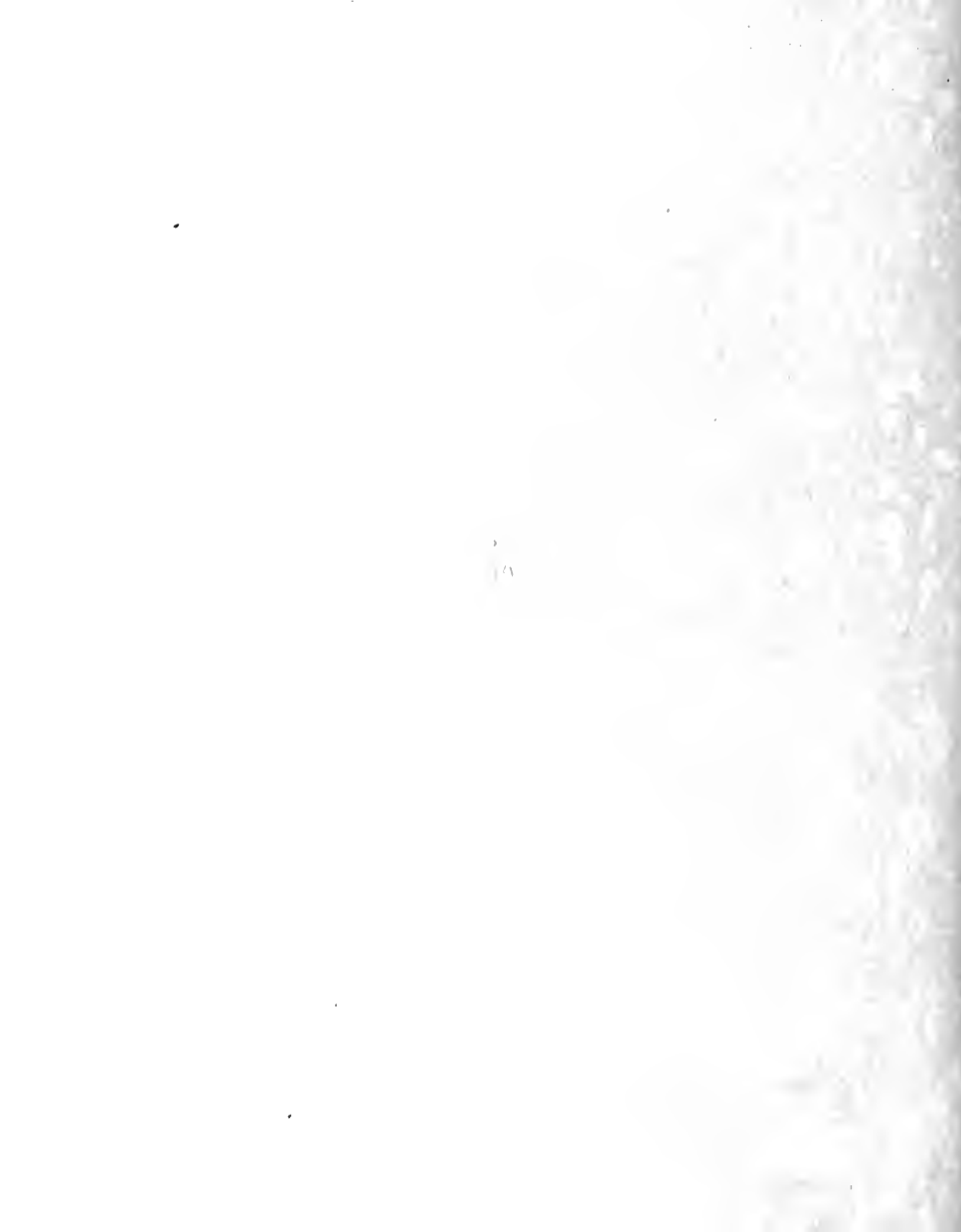




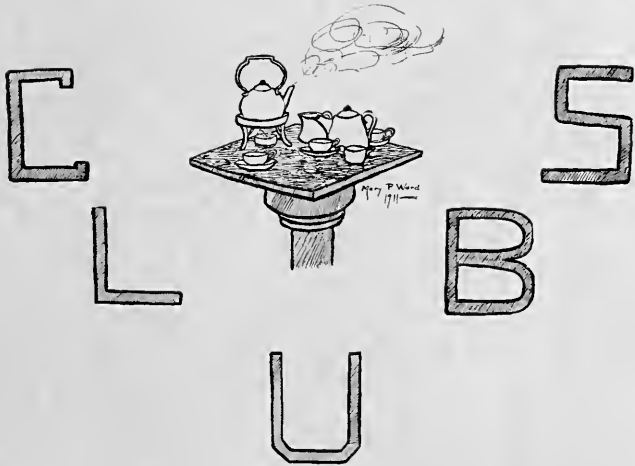
## Alpha Delta Gamma

EVA HENRY ALFORD	.	.	.	.	Chipley, Fla.
ANNIE HILL BOBBITT	.	.	.	.	Henderson, N. C.
BESSIE FAYE JACKSON	.	.	.	.	Whitakers, N. C.
ELOISE JACKSON	.	.	.	.	Wilmington, N. C.
MARY CATHRYN MCLEOD	.	.	.	.	Marianna, Fla.
JEAN GALES WARD	.	.	.	.	Franklinton, N. C.
MARY JEANETTE WARREN	.	.	.	.	Conetoe, N. C.
IDA MAY WILLIAMS	.	.	.	.	Elm City, N. C.
SALLIE ROBERTS WILSON	.	.	.	.	Keysville, Va.











### **Rollicking Room Mates**

<i>Name</i>	<i>Nick Name</i>	<i>Favorite Expression</i>	<i>Chief Ambition</i>	<i>Realization</i>
MISS HASKIN	"Bud"	Look here, children	To get a man	An old maid
VELMA MORROW	"Squel"	Do tell!	To get a ease	Stranded
LIZZIE BAKER	"Squizz"	Oh, My!	To finish school	Never
ALICE T. PENDER	"Thurs."	Don't say a word	To be a prima donna	A school teacher
ELIZABETH HOWARD	"Bib"	I'm so hungry!	To be thin	"Fatty"
AGNES MCLEAN	"Boo"	May I come in?	To be pretty	"Freckles"
JENNIE SHAW	"Bangs"	Well, I never!	To be dignified	A cry-baby



### The Sewing Club

ELLEN WILSON

MARJORIE MONTAGUE

BLANCHE SCOTT

Laura CARTER

BETSY TAYLOR

PAT WALSER

ALICE THURSTON PENDER

ELIZABETH HOWARD

LIZZIE BAKER

EUNICE BORDEN

MARY BORDEN

Laura IVES

MARY WARD

MARY CLEAVES DANIELS

GEORGIA DAVIS



### Virginia Club

*"Sic semper tyrannīs."*

*"Carry me back to old Virginia."*

#### Members

SOPHIE BOOKER	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Lexington, Va.
MAY THACKER	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Norfolk, Va.
EMMA DARNELL	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Milbrook, Va.
SALLIE WILSON	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Keysville, Va.
BETSY TAYLOR	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Richmond, Va.

MRS. BOOKER, *Honorary Member*



L. I. E.



**Comic Supplement**

GLOOMY GUS MONTGOMERY

HAPPY HOOLIGAN BELK

MRS. KATZENJAMMER TAYLOR

LITTLE JIMMIE (what left the baby) BORDEN

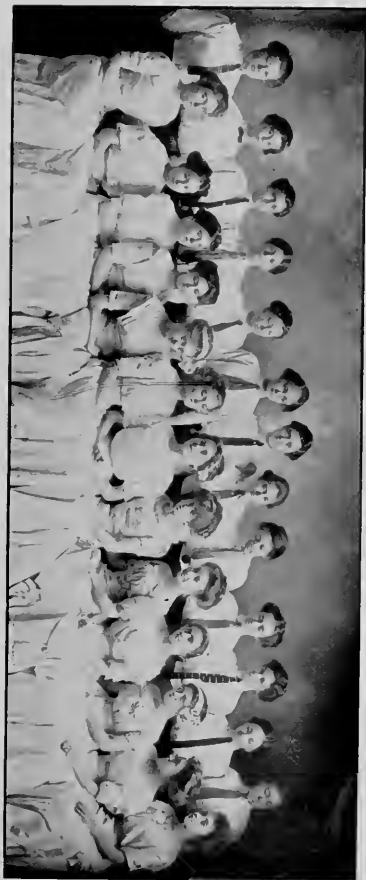
## German Club

E. S. HOWARD

*President*

### *Members*

MR. P. A. WALSER with MISS ELIZABETH TAYLOR  
MR. A. M. BURNS with MISS NELLIE PRUDEN  
MR. I. M. WILLIAMS with MISS ELOISE JACKSON  
MR. L. R. NICHOLSON with MISS LOUISE HACKNEY  
MR. R. H. MITCHELL with MISS ELIZABETH SPARROW  
MR. A. T. McLEAN with MISS NELLIE GRAVES  
MR. L. S. FINLEY with MISS MARY McLEOD  
MR. H. A. JULIAN with MISS MAY THACKER  
MR. L. A. IVES with MISS ALICE PENDER  
MR. M. J. WARREN with MISS JEAN WARD  
MR. V. W. MORROW with MISS LIZZIE BAKER  
MR. G. F. HARRIS with MISS MARGARET JENNINGS  
MR. E. S. HOWARD with MISS ALLIE GRAVES



THE GERMAN CLUB

## My Old Case

*When someone plays "Forgotten" in the room across the hall  
My fondest fancy ponders on the "case" I had last Fall,  
And my heart returns the echo of the song we used to sing  
In the days when we were "casing," on the campus in the Spring.*

*Did I love her?—On my honor I have never seen a face  
That was dearer, fairer, sweeter than the visage of my "case,"  
And I long again to see her as her virtues I recall,  
When someone plays "Forgotten" in the room across the hall.*

*And I'm wondering if she ever recollects her faithful "beau"  
And the promises and loving vows we made a year ago,  
And the more my thoughts are with her, I renew them one and all,  
When someone plays "Forgotten" in the room across the hall.*

E. C. B.



## Peace-ful Proverbs

Seest thou a Freshman wise in her own conceit (?), there is more hope of a fool than of her.

She that being often reprov'd hardeneth her neck shall suddenly be restricted and that without remedy.

The skippers flee when no teacher pursueth, but the Seniors are bold as the Lyon.

As snow in summer and rain in harvest, so wisdom is not likely in a Sophomore.

Love not sleep lest thou miss thy breakfast; open thine eyes and thou shalt be filled with oatmeal.

Boast not thyself of passing, for thou knowest not what a test may bring forth.

The hope of the studious is 90, but the expectation of the loafer is 2 weeks in chapel.

She that saveth her allowance shall have plenty for the Y. W. C. A., but she that followeth the path to the Little Store, shall have poverty enough.

Confidence in a proverbial skipper, in the hour of casing, is like a broken tooth and a foot out of joint.

### An Elegy

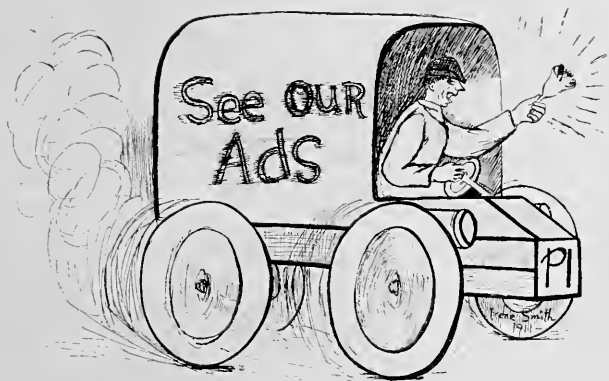
*There once was a blank Annual page*

*That threw all the staff in a rage*

*It just wouldn't fill,*

*But here it is still!*

*That — xx!x?—?x—!—??Annual page!*



# Peace Institute

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and gives the finest possible re-  
sult. High standard, liberal  
curriculum, capable faculty.  
Limits its number to a hundred  
boarders, and gives individual  
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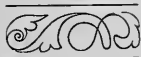
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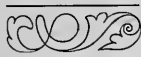
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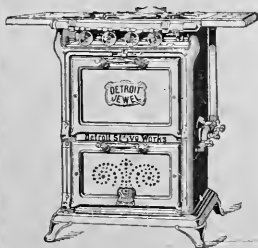
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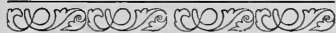
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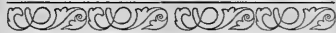


USE GAS—Gas is the nearest approach to daylight—therefore the best light. Use a Welsbach “It Never Flickers.” ❧ ❧ ❧

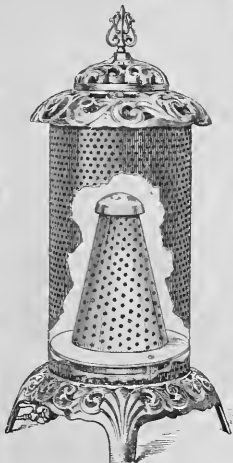
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