

The Lotus



1914



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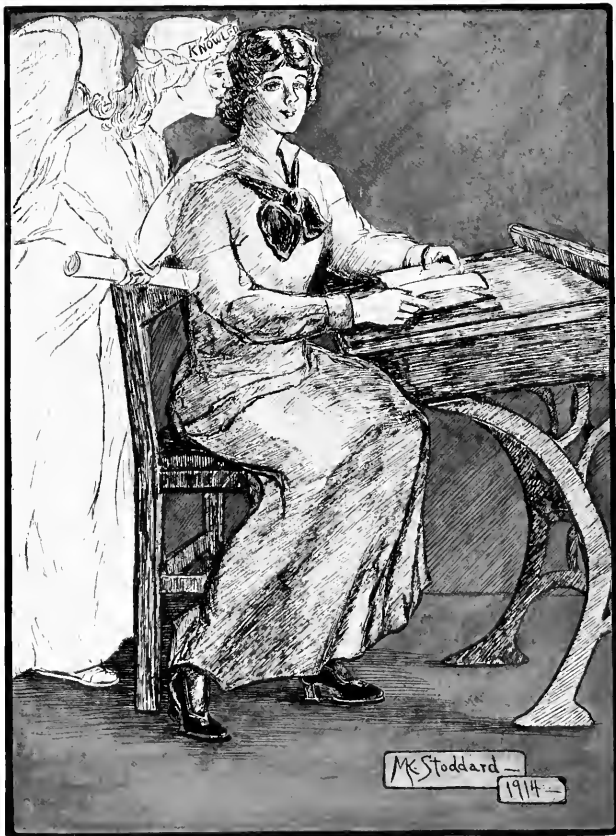
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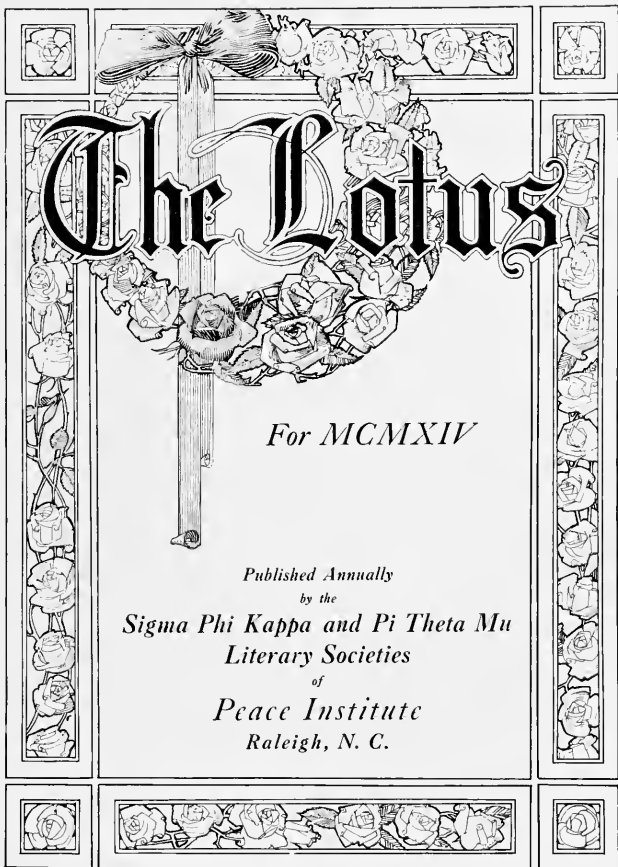
With much love and
attention for you and in the

The Editors.

BURWELL LIBRARY
PEACE



"INCLINE THINE EAR UNTO ME & HEAR MY SPEECH"
(PSALM 17-6)



6416

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□

Greetings

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.

TO
OUR LADY PRINCIPAL
MISS ROSE A. WALLACE
WE LOVINGLY DEDICATE
THIS VOLUME OF
"THE LOTUS"



Editorial Staff

MAUD RANKIN $\Sigma \Phi \kappa$

NANNIE JONES $\Pi \Theta \chi$

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LOIS THOMPSON, *Business Manager*

LOUISE BEESON

LOUISE WORTH

LUCILE BEST

EOLINE MONROE

Advertising Editors

Joke Editors

MARY SPENCER, *Art Editor*

LURA FINLEY

LUCY BERREDS

Assistant Editors



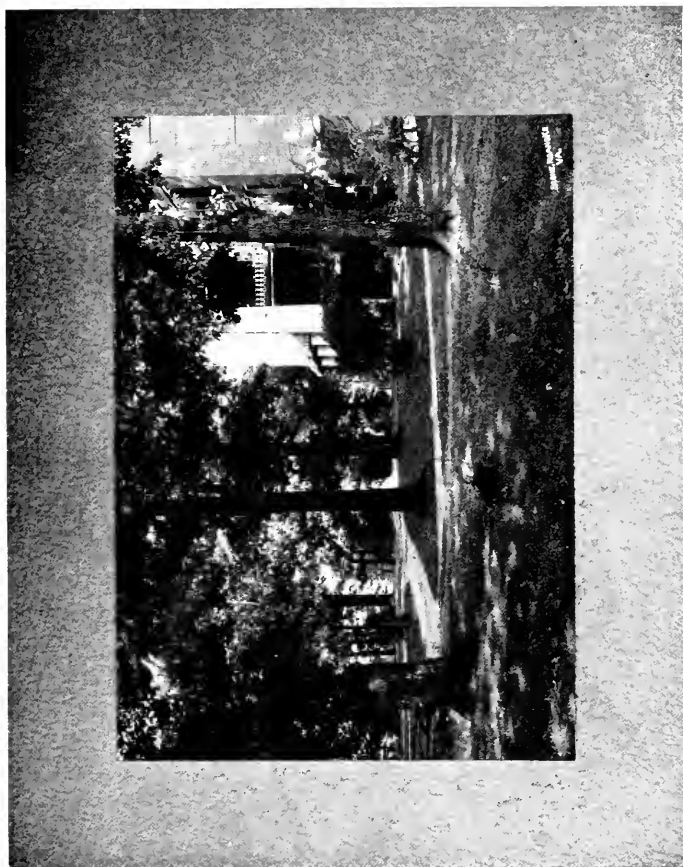


At the Editorial Desk

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 ?





SNOW
SCENES
AT PEACE





Keith Cecil Francis

Faculty

GEORGE JUNKIN RAMSEY, M.A., LL.D., PRESIDENT
Hampden-Sidney College, University of Virginia

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Washington and Lee University, Union Theological Seminary
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Wellesley College
English

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French and German

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Bursar

HANNAH COLEY
Chapman

ANNE L. BOOKER
Ohio State University, Western College for Women, Ohio
Domestic Science



School of Music

JAMES P. BRAWLEY, DIRECTOR
New York, Joseffy, Theodore Lischetzki, Vienna
Piano, Theory, Harmony

ELIZABETH B. WARD
New York Conservatory, Pupil of Prof. Herman Hovemann, Berlin
Voice

LOWIE JONES
New York, Joseffy, Wagner Swayne, Paris
First Assistant Piano

ETHEL V. JAMES
Brevoort School, Brooklyn, New York
Second Assistant Piano

FRAULEIN LOUISE PAULSEN
Honor graduate of Royal Conservatory of Music, Leipsig. Pupil of Carl Haflr, Berlin
Violin

Art

MRS. RUTH HUNTINGTON MOORE
Pupil of Collin Maennonies, Max Bohm, Hubbell, etc.
Drawing and Painting, History of Art

School of Expression and Physical Training

THURSA MAE DERRICK
Graduate of Expression Department in Utica Conservatory of Music, Edith Coburn Noyes
School of Personal Culture in Expression

MABEL PUGH
Peace Institute
Art Assistant

ANNIE SABRA RAMSEY
Graduate of Kentucky College for Women
Presiding Teacher in the Chapel

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(End of the Battle)

SENIOR

Senior Class

MAUD RANKIN, *President*

LURA FINLEY, *Vice-President*

NELLIE HILL, *Secretary*

BESSIE POPE, *Treasurer*

LOUISE BEESON, *Prophet*

DOROTHY RAY, *Historian*

LUCY BEHREND, *Last Will and Testament*

LUCILE BEST, *Poet*

MILDRED STODDARD

THELMA NAYLOR

NELL ALLEN

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 !

E. C. B



MAUD RANKIN, B.L.L.
CERTIFICATES IN TYPEWRITING AND SHORTHAND
Gastonia, N. C.

"Her overpowering presence made you feel
It would not be idolatry to kneel."

Nu Nu, Σ & K. President of Senior Class 1913-'14; President of Student Body 1913-'14; Editor in Chief of *Lorus* 1913-'14; "Most popular girl" 1912-'13; President of Sigma Phi Kappa Society 1912-'13; President of Athletic Association 1912-'13; Chief Commencement Marshal 1912-'13; Vice-President of Missionary Society 1913-'14, May Queen Attendant 1911-'12, Fire-Lieutenant 1911-'12; Secretary Irregular Class 1910-'11; Special Basketball Team 1911-'12; Captain Junior Basketball Team 1912-'13; Treasurer of Sigma Phi Kappa Society 1911-'12; Secretary of Athletic Association 1911-'12, Delegate to Missionary Conference 1911-'12, German Club 1910-'11-'12-'13-'14; Student Body Council 1912-'13; Secretary Missionary Society 1912-'13; Member Student Body Council 1913-'14; Advertising Editor of *Lorus* 1912-'13; Senior Basketball Team 1913-'14; President of Junior Class 1912-'13.



MARTHA LURA FINLEY, B.L.S.
North Wilkesboro, N. C.

"A girl mixed of such fine elements
That were all virtue and religion dead
She'd make them newly, being what she was."

Nu Nu, ΣΦΚ. Editor-in-Chief of *Lorrus* 1912-'13; President Missionary Society 1912-'13; President Irregular Class 1912-'13; "Most capable" 1912-'13; Tennis Championship 1912-'13; Inter-Society Debater 1912-'13; Fire Lieutenant 1912-'13; Secretary Sigma Phi Kappa Society 1912-'13; Junior Basketball Team 1912-'13; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1912-'13; Delegate to Missionary Convention 1913; Delegate to Greenville Conference 1913; Delegate to Blue Ridge Conference 1913; Inter-Society Debater 1911-'12; Fire Lieutenant 1911-'12; Treasurer Missionary Society 1911-'12; Delegate Missionary Convention 1912; Captain of Irregular Basketball Team 1911-'12; Editor *Lorrus* 1911-'12; Freshman Basketball Team 1910-'11; Fire Lieutenant 1913-'14; Editor *Lorrus* 1913-'14; Vice-President Senior Class 1913-'14; German Club 1911-'12-'13-'14; Member Student Body Council 1913-'14; President Y. W. C. A. 1913-'14; President Athletic Association 1913-'14.



BESSIE POPE, B.L.S.
Raleigh, N. C.

"A woman's rank
Lies in the fullness of her womanhood;
Therein alone she is royal."

Historian Junior Class 1912-'13; Treasurer Senior Class 1913-'14.



DOROTHY RAY, B.L.S.
Raleigh, N. C.

"A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her, she."

Secretary Junior Class 1912-'13; Historian Senior Class 1913-'14; Treasurer Sophomore Class 1911-'12.



NELLIE HILL, B.L.S.
Raleigh, N. C.

"'Tis virtue, that doth oft make women most admired."

Σ Φ Κ. Member Student Body Council 1913-'14; Secretary Senior Class 1913-'14; Treasurer Junior Class 1912-'13.



NANCY LOUISE BEESON, EXPRESSION
ENGLISH CERTIFICATE, STENOGRAPHY AND TYPEWRITING
Lexington, N. C.

"I'll be merry, I'll be free,
I'll be sad for nobody."

N. N., Σ Φ Κ Treasurer Freshman Class 1911-'12; Second Varsity Basketball Team 1911-'12; Freshman Basketball Team 1911-'12; President Sophomore Class 1912-'13; Fire Lieutenant 1912-'13-'14; German Club 1911-'12-'13-'14; May Queen Attendant 1911-'12; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1912-'13-'14; Student Body Council 1912-'13-'14; Vice-President Athletic Association 1912-'13; Sophomore Basketball Team 1912-'13; Commencement Marshal 1911-'12; "Jolliest Girl" 1912-'13; Class Prophet 1913-'14; Advertising Editor *Lotts* 1913-'14; Senior Basketball Team 1913-'14; President Σ Φ Κ Society 1913-'14; Secretary Athletic Association 1913-'14.



LUCY BEHREND, EXPRESSION, ENGLISH CERTIFICATE
Wilmington, N. C.

"Thy deep blue eyes, amid the gloom,
Shine like jewels in a shroud."

H O M. President of Pi Theta Mu Literary Society 1913-'14; Member of Student Body Council 1913-'14; Pi Theta Mu Debater 1912-'13; Assistant Editor of *Lorus* 1913-'14; "Handsomest" in H O M Society; Writer of Last Will and Testament of Class 1914.



LUCILE BEST, EXPRESSION
Warsaw, N. C.

"Her smiles show her happiness, her friends her popularity."

Σ Ψ, Π Θ Μ. Poet of Senior Class 1913-'14; Advertising Editor of *Lorus* 1913-'14; Captain of Senior Basketball Team 1913-'14; Member of Student Body Council 1913-'14; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet Member 1913-'14; Secretary of Π Θ Μ Society 1913-'14; "Most Popular" Π Θ Μ, 1913-'14; Vice-President of Athletic Association 1913-'14; German Club 1911-'12-'13-'14; Sophomore Basketball Team 1912-'13; Varsity Basketball Team 1912-'13; Π Θ Μ Debater in Inter-Society Debate 1912-'13; Freshman Basketball Team in 1911-'12; Joke Editor of *Lorus* 1911-'12.



NELL ALLEN, Voice
Wake Forest, N. C.

"When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

Σ Φ, Η Ο Μ. Treasurer Sophomore Class 1911-'12; Sophomore Basketball Team 1911-'12; President Special Class 1912-'13; German Club 1911-'12-'13-'14; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1912-'13-'14; Secretary Pi Theta Mu Society 1912-'13; Treasurer Athletic Association 1912-'13; "Cutest Girl" 1912-'13; Senior Basketball Team 1913-'14; Member Student Body Council 1913-'14; Vice-President Pi Theta Mu Society 1913-'14; Treasurer Athletic Association 1913-'14; President German Club 1914; Chairman Association News Committee Y. W. C. A. 1912-'13; Chairman Music Committee Y. W. C. A. 1913-'14.



MILDRED STODDARD, Art
Raleigh, N. C.

"A noble type of good
Heroic womanhood."



THELMA NAYLOR, Piano
Raleigh, N. C.

"Some waltz; some draw; some fathom the abyss
Of metaphysics; others are content with music."

Senior Class History

The history of the class of 1914 is not so very different from that of any other Senior Class. We, like every other Class, had to begin our college life as Freshmen and go through practically the same experiences during the first two years at Peace. Every Freshman Class arrives at college possessed by a great fear of the Sophs. and they usually receive their share of hazing. We felt our insignificance without having the Sophomores to impress it upon us on all occasions. I am sure we all remember the night we were initiated into one of the Literary Societies, for we certainly were scared. But we had one consolation—we would soon be Sophomores and we would then have a good time, which we certainly did, with the exception of being called down several times by the Juniors. They informed us that we still had something to learn.

This is the common record of practically every class up to the Junior year. It is then that we begin to accomplish unusual things. At the beginning of the Junior year our number was increased. We now began to enjoy life to the fullest extent and we thought that what the Seniors did not own at Peace, we did.

In the fall of 1913 we all returned with one exception. Although we hated to have her leave us, we are sure that she is making good at Randolph-Macon. We now number eleven; six of these being special Seniors. Literary Seniors—Expression Seniors—Voice Seniors—Music Seniors—and Seniors in Art.

We are proud of the fact that one of our members was chosen as a delegate to the Y. W. C. A. convention which met in Kansas City last January. We chose as our president for this year the same one we had as Juniors. This is a test of her popularity. With her as president and Miss Wallace as our class teacher, we have certainly been under good care and instruction. Although we claim to measure up fully to the standard of any class that has gone before, we are not conceited and do not boast of what we know, for we have just learned enough to realize what there is for us to learn.

As Freshmen we chose for our motto the words, "En avant" and we have advanced with this motto before us until at last we have become Seniors. But we do not intend giving it up, for it is a good motto for us to keep as we go through life, and by so doing we hope to attain the high ideals we have had set before us while at Peace.

HISTORIAN.

Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1914

As the Class of 1914, in passing out of Peace Institute does not pass out of existence, and wishing to reserve some things for ourselves, we will not make our Last Will and Testament, but will leave *legacies* to our noble faculty and student body.

Some things are not ours to give, but will be yours by inheritance.

The Freshmen will fall heir to that great event known by all of us as *Initiation* which will be carried on to the entire satisfaction of the old students and will be conducted with vigor and we hope with judgment. You will have the privilege of participating in all of the pleasures enjoyed by us provided you keep modestly in the background.

The Sophomores, after being salted down by the student body for three years, keeping without spoiling—for Peace has no cold storage—will have the right of eating three meals at the table, holding council for the purpose of discussing wise pranks and follies, the leader of which will be one who makes a specialty of such. We recommend to you that sound and never failing person, Louise Worth.

Now you, the followers in our footsteps, which will lead you to Peace but not to rest, what more could we do but let you inherit our privileges and the places left vacant by us and hope you will fill them with capability and honesty? You will have the right to make the best rank as a Senior Class, but we can not give you the rank we have made. Neither can we part with our dignity and knowledge, especially that knowledge of Psychology, for we want to know when we have a mental fact and know that we are right when we say that Nannie Jones' red dotted dress is black in the dark. We wish you success in all your undertakings for the coming year, at the end of which your love and affection for Peace and from Peace will be as great as ours.

Now by request of the Student Body we bequeath to Mr. Stockard a pony to ride through his next year's Latin, and he shall not have any fear, for it has been well broken by Lura Finley.

To Mildred Parrott we leave that ever projecting psyche which is so peculiar to Lucile Best on calling afternoons. The L.B.'s after a faithful study of readings have chosen for Miss Coley that familiar quotation "Girls, you can not stand on the halls and talk." She may use this any time that she sees fit.

Did I hear some one whisper a name? Oh! Mrs. Fowler. She of course, must not be overlooked. Therefore we give her the privilege of serving as many courses of medical refreshments in the week days as there are persons in the infirmary, but on Sundays she must serve her specialty with which we all are familiar, and we ask that she reserve Tuesday as her calling day.

To Miss Wallace we leave Mrs. Moore's orchestra of combs to play during meals so that she may not be annoyed by the noise at dinner.

Now—Dr. Ramsey—oh! Oh! Oh! What can we leave to him? He is already burdened with so many privileges—sometimes we think he has too many. The only privilege which I think would be of any value to us, would be to leave him as guardian of Peace Institute. As we all remember he saved our lives this year by his heroic deeds such as killing snakes in the dining room and sampling domestic science results.

To you, dear old Peace Institute, we leave the records of Mary Nooe's conversation to be taken by Miss Bonnie on Mr. Brawley's phonograph and used as an example of the velocity reached in human speech.

As individuals we leave the following legacies taken from our most valued possessions.

To the Freshmen, we leave our sympathy and encouragement with assurance that by perseverance they may reach the dazzling height that we have attained.

To the Sophomore Class—the care of the Freshmen.

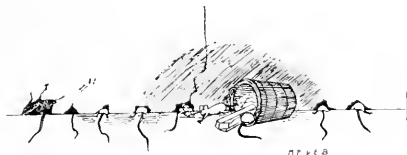
To the Juniors—our shining example and our duty as preceptresses of the whole establishment.

To the Faculty we leave our appreciation for the pleasures and punishments that they dealt out to us and our sincerest affection.

For ourselves we reserve as a fund for future use any love they may have for us and our especial niche in their hearts.

Signed 19th May, 1914.

L. B.



Class Prophecy

The Class of 1914, Peace Institute, State of North Carolina, and City of Raleigh.

"The Fates, the dread and powerful sisters three,
Herein inscribe each graduate's destiny."
Thus read the class orator Jove, with scroll in hand,
The fateful words he uttered slow and grand,
While round him rapt and silent Pallas stood,
Apollo—all Olympia's host, resplendent in girlhood.

The fates decree this class
Shall give the world a suffragette,
Maud Rankin, not dangerous or militant,
But, oh, so firm and set.

And by her side, with club and gun,
A lady "cop" so queenly :
To swat rebellious kicking men—
Majestic Lura Finley.

A famous book will soon appear
With clamor and great noise,
'Tis written by the world's great "Pope"
On "How to Entice the Boys."

A second Mrs. Belmont will arise from out this class
And organize some "Farmerettes"
To plow and cut the grass,
And milk the cows, and drive the carts,
And cry, "Baek," "Gee," and "Whoa."
This leader is Nellie Hill,
Baek to the farm she'll go.

A bureau where the boys and girls
Can learn upon a card,
How to circumvent the teachers
When tyrannous and hard,
Will be started by a schemer,
Whose recipes are true and tried;
Why of course it is Dorothy Ray,
Surely who beside?

Farewell, Oh Lucile, Heathen call;
To China she will go;
Ye weep for one so lone and lovely?
She'll marry, so don't worry.

Now does it not surprise you
That this very class affords,
As good terpsichorean art
As ever graced the boards?
And the one to catch and bridle
This idea big and grand
Is none other than our genius
Miss Mildred Stoddard.

For star in melodrama
To rend the human heart,
There will be Miss Lucy Behrends,
In school she's practiced well the part.

As reward of great ambition
And in answer to her prayer,
Thelma Naylor will attain her wish
And wed a millionaire.

And my next revelation is,
That a "Doctor" known of yore,
Will build a sanatorium
And get patients by the score.
But what 's a sanatorium
Without the charming nurse?
To fill this place Nell Allen goes,
Not to increase her purse.

The fate of her who yet remains,
No one can ever say;
For when Jove came to Louise B.,
I simply ran away.

With apologies to A. S.

To Peace

Senior Class Poem 1914

To thee, Our Alma Mater
As we backward turn our thought
We offer thanks and honor
For the many lessons taught.

Thy tall, majestic columns
Stately oaks and flowers bright
Gave us strength for nobler action,
Courage to live aright.

We thank thee for the friendships
Formed amid joy and strife,
For the memories of these friendships
Will enrich our future life.

Then, Farewell to thee, O Peace!
In our years of toil for fame
Never shall ambition cause us
To forget thy name.

POET 1914.



SOME SENIORS OFF DIGNITY

Certificate Class

FANNIE NOOE	Book-keeping and Stenography
MARY NOOE	Book-keeping and Stenography
MARY CLARKSON	Book-keeping and Stenography
NETTE ANDERSON	Book-keeping and Stenography
MAUD RANKIN	Stenography
LOUISE BEESON	Stenography
RUBY GRIFFIN	Stenography
FLORENCE MOORE	Shorthand
PANSY GATLEY	Science



JUNIORS-

(Their First Day of Privilege-)



F. H. ...
119

Colors Garnet and Cream
Flower Jerusalem Rose
Motto Non sibi sed uni

L. Thompson Pres
May Wilton Vice Pres
Glad. Wallace Sec.

Pattie Cross Treas.
Louise Horton Port.
Florence Moore

Faculty Member
Miss Emma C. Bonney



F. J. LOORE
'15

Junior Class Poem

I

'Tis a sad and simple story,
How the Juniors came to grief;
We had hoped for fame and glory
And rewards beyond belief.

II

Our minds have altered since we know
A quality each lacks;
And tho' we would not have it so
We've got to face the facts.

III

There is May who ne'er can be
The type so much desired,
For she lacks Senior dignity,
The first thing that's required.

IV

As for Pattie, I am sure
She'll never graduate,
For arrogance she can't endure
And fears to dominate.

V

Poor Gladys never will grow up
As properly as she should,
To pose and primp and curl her hair,
Oh! dear, she never could.

VI

And Lois is a hopeless case
Because she will not flirt (?)
But turns away to hide her face
As if a smile would hurt.

VII

There's only one of whom I'm proud
And that is Florence Moore.
That girl can sing as if endowed
With sweetness to the core.

VIII

Alas! my fate is even worse.
I must take up my pen,
For there is still another verse
Before I hand this in.

IX

Here's to the Class of Nineteen Fifteen,
Here's to the health of Miss Bonney,
Here's to the Class that *has been* green,
Here's to our mascot Johnny!

LOUISE HORTON





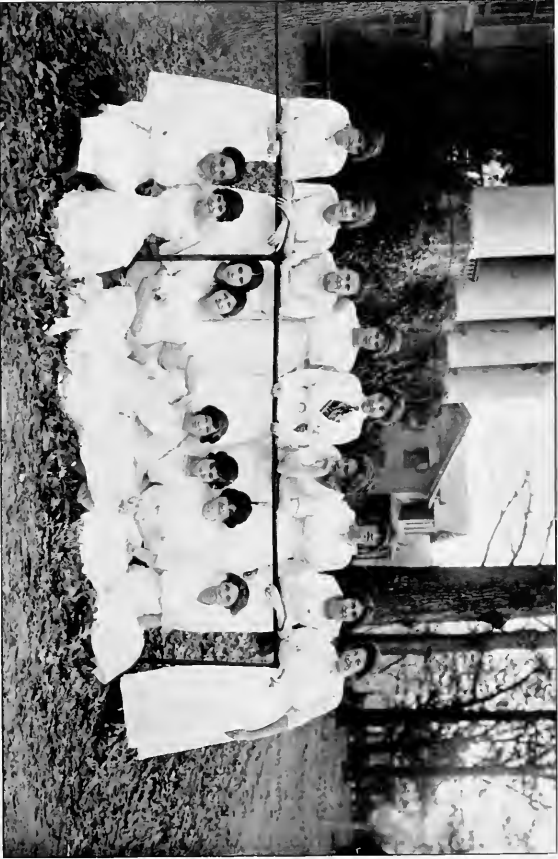
Nannie C Jones—

Colors: Dark Blue + Old Gold

Flower: Daffodil

Motto: Non Inis Sed Initiatu

Mary Noble Burkhead	Pres.	Sallie Webb	- Vice Pres.
	Office Ward		Sec. + Treas.
Elizabeth Bearden		Mary Gaskill	
Annie L. Barnette	Fannie Nicholson	Louise Dowlin	
Marian Clayton	Mary Lou Powell	Bonnie Hasty	
Mary Alice Cobb	Mittie Pickard	Mary Brink Hayes	
Annie Giff	Jannie Thomas	Eoline Monroe	
	Faculty member		
	Miss Helen H. Wilson		



Sophomore Poem

Here we are, the Sophomores,
All ready for the fray,
With blacking brushes near at hand
To take the "Fresh" away.

The Freshmen all look up to us,
And us they try to follow,
But if they ever should catch up,
We'll take 'em by the collar.

This does not scare us very much,
For they can never do
The things that we accomplish,
Try all their lifetime through.

At night when of a spread we hear,
We quickly gather there,
But all is quiet as a mouse
As we ascend the stair.

The feasters, though, are scattered,
At the duty-teacher's tread;
Some into corners and closets rush,
Or roll beneath the bed.

It is like this in everything,
We always have the floor;
So anything you wish to know,
Just ask a Sophomore.

Mary Monroe



FRESHMAN CLASS.

- | | | | |
|-------|----------------------|-----------|-----------------|
| Pres. | Beth Easley | Vice Pres | Annice McDade |
| Sect. | Florrie Horton | Treas | Maude Johnston |
| | Laura Cromartie | | Ruby Mitchell |
| | Mary Stevens | | Helen Nicholson |
| | Faculty Member | | |
| | Miss Thursa M Deruck | | |



Freshman Class History

The Freshman Class was born Friday, September 13, 1913, when each infant was given a classification card and instructed as to its uses. Of course, it was rather scary hunting for teachers all down those gloomy, unknown corridors—but we found them and got our cards fixed, too.

The night of September 28 marked an epoch in our history. To begin at the beginning, this epoch-marking event had been anticipated for many days before its occurrence. On the morning of that memorable day we were 'wakened before dawn by gentle strains that sounded "like a Nabisco box being scraped across a marble table"—"ba-a—ba-a." At first we tried to smuggle the sound (which we thought was one of the Voice Seniors practicing) under the covers. But Bill's cries were not to be unnoticed, and we soon found him to be a horned reality. Comforting and sustaining one another, however, we lived through that night—and many of us now claim ourselves to be warm friends of "Bill."

Another memory stirring event was the night of Hallowe'en! How the chills chase each other down our spinal columns as we think of it!

Suffice it to say that owing to this glad night we are now in no danger of spoiling—if Raleigh's salt is genuine salt.

And then came Valentine's Day—and Cupid—bringing with him invitations to The Banquet! Words fail us when we need them most! We would tell how the ruddy glow of many hearts and candles cast the memory of those first sad days from us! We would tell how the music of that night removed from us forever the pangs of former woes!

Ah, well, we are Freshmen—we have time to learn! Perhaps in other days we will gain the words we lack. Thus far we have fought bravely (considering our youth and innocence) and "Well begun is half done"—so who says we are not half done?

HISTORIAN.



SPECIALS



Special Class

Motto: *Per laborem ad sidera*

Flower: Orchid

Colors: Lavender and gold

Officers

LOUISE WORTH, *President*

MARIE MOSELEY, *Vice-President*

RACHEL KORNEGAY, *Secretary*

RACHEL PEARSALL, *Treasurer*

Members

LYDIA CRAWLEY

MARY MONROE

REBECCA SCOTT

RUTH MERCER

NITA WOODWARD

MILDRED BELL

RACHEL KORNEGAY

MARY SPENCER

MARIE MOSELEY

EMILY THOMSON

ESTHER CARITHERS

ARAH GATLIN

ESSIE MORETZ

GERTRUDE FERREE

ANNA GROOME

LUCY FOWLKES

MARGARET WILLIAMS

MARIE BROOKS

NANNIE JONES

LOUISE WORTH

ELEANOR CRABTREE

ELEANOR WEBB

MAUD CLARK

EMILY JONES

MARIE COVINGTON

MARY GORDON

IVA FARMER

LULA THORNE

STELLA MCGOWAN

MAUD UPCHURCH

HELEN RICHARDSON

GLADYS WHITLEY

RUBY GRIFFIN

MARGARET SMITH

HATTIE TAYLOR

ELEANOR JOHNSON





—MARIE COVINGTON—

Irregular Class

Colors: Green and white

Motto: We strive to overcome

Officers

GERTRUDE FLEMING, *President*

ISLA MITCHELL, *Vice-President*

VIVIAN SWINDELL, *Secretary*

CORA CLARK, *Treasurer*

Members

FRANCES JONES

OLGA SMITH

VERA MILLS

EVELYN MORRIS



The Masquerade Party

"Jane! Jane, oh I say, Jane, open the door!"

Hastily putting her work in the basket and kicking it under the bed, Jane opened the door to admit her room-mate, Nancy.

"Well, Jane Grey, of all the little 'Prissies' I've ever seen you're the limit! What in the world did you lock the door for? Surely you didn't think that any one would walk over that enormous 'Busy' perched out there?"

"Now, Nancy, I don't know about that, if every one is like you I'm afraid that it wouldn't have much effect. Goodness, girl, don't make such a fuss! If Louise hears you I know she'll come flying, and I have something important to tell you."

Nancy, having slammed an armful of books on the table, then hearing her room-mate's reproof tiptoed with exaggerated caution to the door and closed it softly.

"Tell it, Jane! I knew something was up when I found the door locked and it Saturday afternoon—whew! What is that you're pulling from under the bed?"

"Nancy, I'm going to try you just one more time with a secret, and for Heaven's sake don't tell it to Louise!"

Jane, ignoring Nancy's shrug, seated herself comfortably on the bed, pulled Nancy down beside her and proceeded to take out the contents of the basket.

"I've just decided to-day what to wear to that old Masquerade Party to-night, and I've nearly finished it and —"

"Oh! so that's what you're doing, is it? Well, I think it's time!" interrupted Nancy.

"Now, if you'll be still long enough, I'll tell you about it, and you'd better not tell it. Why it's all over school that you and Louise are going as twins. But look, don't you think I'll just be stunning in this?"

And she held up a clown's costume, improvised out of an old white and red striped dress, for Nancy's inspection.

"Why, of course you will, dear. I think I would myself if I just didn't have red hair! Anything I can help you do about it? Oh! That reminds me that I'd nearly forgotten to ask how you came out on that English test. Was it very 'stiff'?"

"'Stiff,'" sniffed Jane. "Did you ever know of Miss Smith giving anything that wasn't stiff? Honest, she's about the—well, the 'punkiest' woman I ever saw, and I don't see how anybody can like her!"

"But Jane, she's awfully sweet after you know her. Yes, I think she's about the nicest one of these teachers. H'm, there's Louise calling me! Well, if I can't help you any, I'll run and see what she wants. I s'pose it's to help her run the ribbons in her dress. Thank goodness mine's finished!"

With a laugh and a nod she left Jane to her own thoughts, which were flying as fast as her fingers.

"Like Miss Smith, ugh, the idea!"

* * * * *

That night the gymnasium was a brilliant affair. Gay colored lights and a mixture of costumes with masks everywhere made it appear rather weird. Above it all there floated silvery

laughter, for hardly any one recognized any one else; and who wouldn't laugh and be happy with so many pretty girls about and with such heavenly music? All the girls were inclined to think it heavenly since the men in the orchestra were the only ones present! Over in one corner a clown, masked, painted and powdered was saying to a bewitchingly pretty shepherdess:

"May I—er—have this dance?" And in her soul Jane was wondering who the dickens this good-looking girl was.

"Can't seem to place her," she muttered.

"I beg your pardon?" inquired the shepherdess.

"Oh, nothing at all, I assure you. It's awfully pretty down here to-night, isn't it?" Jane hastened to say.

"Yes, indeed. I love it!"

So after that dance, and Jane had discovered that she was an exceptionally good dancer they danced many more together. Jane inquired of every one she recognized who the little dark haired shepherdess, so effectively masked, could possibly be, but it seemed that every one else was quite as ignorant as she. Seeing the twins, she hastened over to them and whispered to the red-haired one:

"Nance, for my sake, tell me who that shepherdess is over yonder. See her? Well, my curiosity is just about to run away with me. Do you recognize her?"

"Sure, I know her. She's a peach isn't she? But I'm not going to tell you who she is, it serves you right for having so much curiosity!"

The shepherdess, herself, was also taking particular notice of the clown who was so charming and who had such an amusing little way of getting her English all tangled up.

By much maneuvering and with the help of the little "God of Luck," Jane was with the shepherdess when the big clock tolled eleven, the time for unmasking. Immediately after the eleventh stroke, there rang out the voice of the "Queen of the Occasion" (otherwise known as the Lady Principal)—

"Everybody unmask!"

Jane untied her own, took it off and bowed low over the hand of the shepherdess. When she looked up——!

"Good Heavens, you're not Miss Smith?" she managed to gasp, with such a blank, astonished look on her face that Miss Smith laughed; such a dear, little laugh it was.

Could this pink-checked, starry eyed vision be the cold, indifferent teacher Jane had known? Why she was positively human and laughing!

"Why I do believe you're Jane Grey!"

It was the shepherdess's turn to be astonished. She had always thought of Jane as being rather a fresh, impudent young creature. But now, why she had found that this young girl could be very charming.

"My dear, I'm quite as surprised as you seem to be," she laughed, and then added rather wistfully—"but I hope that we may know each other better. I'm afraid that we haven't really understood each other. Don't you think that we might be friends?"

"Yes'm, I—I certainly do!" stammered Jane, who hadn't fully recovered from her intense astonishment. So, they shook hands on it.

The next afternoon during meditation, while Jane and Nancy and about six other girls who had skipped were making candy, there was a knock at the door, which sent all the visitors scurrying to every available hiding place, and a maid poked her head inside the door.

"Here's a note what Mis' Smith asked me to give Mis' Grey. Is you her?"

"Yes," said Jane, "and thank you for bringing it to me."

Hastily breaking the seal and glancing over the contents, Jane brought all the girls running to her by exclaiming:

"Good gracious, just listen! Now isn't this too cute?"

DEAR JANE:

Won't you come and have a cup of tea with me, at five o'clock?

Sincerely, your friend,

LILLIAN SMITH.

After many exclamations of astonishment and much teasing, Nancy murmured:

"Jane, surely you wouldn't be caught accepting an invitation of 'that old punky teacher'! You're not really going?"

"H'm, I should smile I am!"

M. STEPHENSON.





EXPRESSION

Esther Carithers

Expression Pupils

NELL ALLEN
LOUISE BEESON
LUCY BEHREND
LUCILE BEST
BESSIE CLARK
IVA FARMER

ETHEL HOBBY
VERA MILLS
LOUISE WORTH
CAROLYN MITCHELL
FLORENCE MOORE
FANNIE NOGE

RACHEL PEARSALL
MARY LOU POWELL
MAUD RANKIN
GLADYS WALLACE
SALLIE WEBB

Miss Fearless & Company

Characters

MISS MARGARET HENLEY, an heiress . . .	LOUISE WORTH
MISS EUPHEMIA ADDISON, her chaperon	LOUISE BEENON
MISS SARAH JANE LOVEJOY, from the Lost Nation	MAUD RANKIN
KATIE O'CONNOR, Miss Henley's servant . . .	NELL ALLEN
MISS BARBARA LIVINGSTONE)	{ GLADYS WALLACE
MISS BETTIE CAMERON) Miss Henley's guests	{ BESSIE CLARK
MISS MAIRION REYNOLDS)	{ SALLIE WEBB
JUST "LIZZIE," the ghost . . .	RACHEL PEARSALL
MISS ALIAS) the "Silent Sisters," supposed to be Jack Egglestone	{ LUCILE BEST
MISS ALIBI) and James Reading, characters played by girls . . .	{ LUCY BEHRENS





(*Their first breakfast.*)

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

Domestic Science Class

LURA FINLEY
MAY WILLSON
SALLIE WEBB

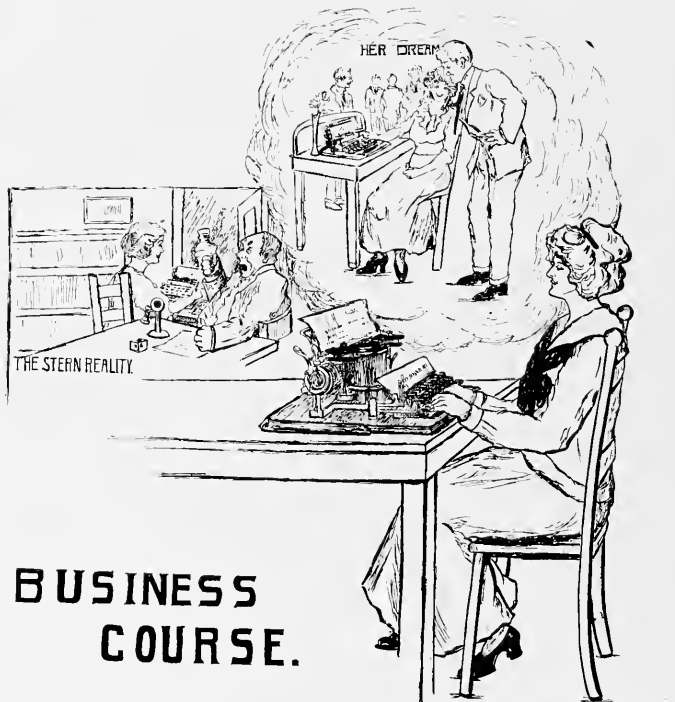
ALICE WARD
RACHEL KORNEGAY
EUGENIA BISHOP

BETH EASLEY
MARY WHITE
HELEN HAND

MARY SPENCER
LUCY BEHREND
ANNIE GILL

TEACHER... .. MRS. BOOKER





Mildred H. Stoddard

BUSINESS COURSE.

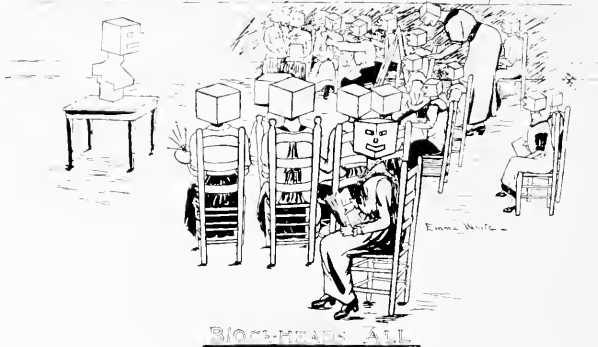
Stenography Class

RUBY GRIFFIN
LUCY FOWLKES
FLORENCE MOORE
MAUD RANKIN
MITTIE PICKARD

MILDRED BELL
GERTHIDE FLEMING
FANNIE NOOE
MARY NOOE
NETTIE ANDERSON

LOUISE BEESON
MINNIE RHEW
ANNIE L. BARNETT
CONNIE B. AUMAN
MARY CLARKSON



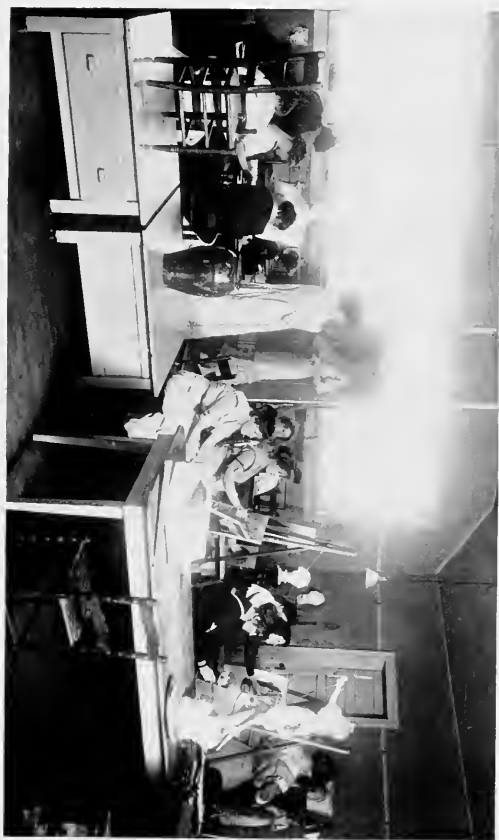


Art Class

ELIZABETH BEARDEN
 RUTH BULLOCK
 ESTHER CARITHERS
 MAUD CLARKE
 MARIE COVINGTON
 MARGARET DOUGLAS
 MARY GORDON
 MARY H. HINTON

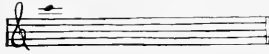
MRS. ISMAN
 NANNIE JONES
 MARY MONROE
 ANNIE L. MONTAGUE
 FLORENCE MOORE
 ESSIE MORETZ
 MISS PUGH
 MAUD RANKIN

EDITH CECIL RENNIE
 ELLEN SEAWELL
 MARGARET SMITH
 MARY SPENCER
 MILDRED STODDARD
 MAUD UPCHURCH
 EMMA WHITE





"Office Hours"



Reaching High

MUSIC

MARGUERITE DOUGLASS.

Piano Pupils

MILDRED BELL	HATTIE TAYLOR	MILDRED PARROTT	ELEANOR CRABTREE
ELIZABETH BEARDEN	EMILY THOMPSON	EDITH CECIL RENNIE	LUCY FOWLKES
LENA BOOKER	GLADYS WALLACE	COLUMBIA SMITH	ANNIE GILL
MARIE BROOKS	ALICE WARD	LOIS THOMPSON	RUBY GRIFFIN
LOUISE DOWTIN	ELEANOR WEBB	EVA WALTERS	MAUD JOHNSON
BETH EASLEY	MARGARET WILLIAMS	MARYE WEST	FRANCES JONES
IVA FARMER	MAY WILSON	GLADYS WHITLEY	ANNIE McDADE
BESS FRANKLIN	ANNA BURTON	NITA WOODARD	RUBY MITCHELL
ARAH GATLIN	LAURA CROMARTIE	LOUISE AYCOCK	MARY LOU POWELL
HILDA GOSNEY	GERTRUDE FERREE	LUCILE BEST	LOULA STOCKARD
ANNA GROOM	GERTRUDE FLEMING	ELVA BISHOP	FANNY THOMAS
LOUISE HORTON	MARY BELLE HAYES	MARIE BROOKS	MRS. HOWARD
ELEANOR JOHNSON	EMILY JONES	EUGENIA BISHOP	MAUD UPCHURCH
ROUTH MERCER	RACHEL KORNEGAY	ETHEL BUFFALO	BLANCHE WHITE
EVELYN MORRIS	MISS LOVE	ERWIN CARTER	CORA WYATT
THELMA NAYLOR	STELLA MCGOWAN	CORA CLARK	MR. KEMP
ANNIE RAMSEY	MARIE MOSELEY	MARION CLAYTON	HELEN HAND
REBECCA SCOTT	VIRGINIA MORRISON	MARY ALICE COBB	RUTH BULLOCK
MAY STEPHENSON	HELEN NICHOLSON	MARIE COYINGTON	SUSIE DAVIS

Voice Pupils

NELL ALLEN	LURA FINLEY	MARIE MOSELEY	JEAN THACKSTON
MISS BEARD	LUCY FOWLKES	EVELYN MORRIS	MARGARET WILLIAMS
LENA BOOKER	GERTRUDE FERREE	MARY NOOE	LUCILE BEST
MARIE BROOKS	MRS. GRAYSON	EDITH RENNIE	ANNIE McBRYDE
ANN BURTON	PAULINE HOLT	HELEN RICHARDSON	FLORENCE MOORE
MARY ALICE COBB	ELEANOR JOHNSON	REBECCA SCOTT	MARY BORDEN
ELEANOR CRABTREE	RACHEL KORNEGAY	MAY STEPHENSON	MARION CLAYTON
ERWIN CARTER	ESSIE MORETZ	LULA THORNE	

Violin Pupils

HAZEL BLACK	HERMAN STEPHENSON
PEARL FOUNTAIN	MILDRED STODDARD
IDA MAE JORDAN	EMMA WHITE
VERA MILLS	SARAH SANDERS

HOOPER'S CLASS



The Refinement of Ab.

or

If it Don't Concern You Just Let it Alone!

Into the select neighborhood of Challam street had moved a new family and all the ladies had been busy "getting acquainted." On this particular day Mrs. Jacobus, the new resident, was making an informal morning call on Mrs. Penfield, her next door neighbor, and both ladies were busily engaged in embroidering while they chatted.

"What an ideal day," remarked Mrs. Jacobus, "so quiet and peaceful."

"What is so rare as a day in June?" quoted Mrs. Penfield. "In fact," she continued, "it is so extraordinarily quiet that I am uneasy about Kirk, for peace and Kirk do not go together."

Kirk was Mrs. Penfield's only child, a well developed boy of twelve years, who always kept things humming in the whole neighborhood.

At this moment a howl of pain came from the direction of the back yard. Both ladies jumped as if they had been shot, dropped their sewing and with one accord ran toward the direction from which the shrieks came.

Kirk and the two Jacobus children, a boy about Kirk's age only a little larger in build, and a girl, were shrieking names at each other and all were crying.

"What does this mean, Kirk?" questioned Mrs. Penfield.

Before he could answer the little girl interrupted.

"Kirk hit Willie in the abdomen and —"

"I didn't," exclaimed Kirk indignantly, "I hit him in the stomik!"

"Children," cried Mrs. Jacobus, "come home immediately and don't let me ever hear of you associating with that boy again."

Mrs. Penfield could not bear to have her boy snubbed like that, but she did not reply, merely continued her questioning.

"How did it happen, Kirk? I'm sure Willie must have given you some cause to make you hit him, and anyway he is larger than you and able to defend himself."

"We was boxing and he hit me fust and I hits him back in the stomik—"

"Abdomen," corrected the girl.

"Come, children, I will not have your ears polluted further."

Beaming with pride, that her children showed such refinement, Mrs. Jacobus led them from the scene of combat.

Nothing further was said on the subject to Kirk, but Mrs. Penfield waited until her husband came home to lunch and then talked the matter over with him.

"I don't see why we should bother about it, and in a day or two it will be forgotten," he remarked wisely. "You know, 'Boys will be boys!'"

But the affair did not blow over, as Mr. Penfield had predicted, instead it grew worse. Willie was no longer seen playing with the boys, but was kept at home. Kirk and the others seemed to be having the time of their lives and their latest hobby was singing. They would march up and down the street singing something at the top of their voices.

When about a week, of the cold silence on the part of Mrs. Jacobus and of the tiresome singing of the boys, had passed, the monotony was broken by a call from Mrs. Jacobus.

"Come in and have a seat, Mrs. Jacobus," said Mrs. Penfield cordially, as she met her at the front door.

"No, thank you," was the cool rejoinder. "I just came to ask you if you would stop Kirk and those boys from singing rude songs about poor Willie. Their cruelty has made him ill, and he hasn't been able to attend school for the last two or three days."

"What in the world could singing have to do with making anybody sick?" asked Mrs. Penfield curiously.

"Willie has such a refined nature that he is hurt by the rude jokes of the boys, and Kirk seems to be the leader."

"I'm sure Kirk wouldn't do it if he knew he was making Willie really sick, and I'll speak to him about it."

"It is not only an insult to Willie but to his parents also," remarked Mrs. Jacobus as she turned away.

In the distance could be heard the monotonous chant of the boys on one of their return trips from the end of the street. The chant increased in tone until they were in front of the Jacobus home, where it became louder and shriller.

At the window Mrs. Penfield could hear every word plainly—

"Mr. and Mrs. Domen—
And Ab. Domen—
Mr. and Mrs. Domen and
Ab. Domen."

Over and over they sang it, laughing jeeringly during each pause for breath. This performance continued until lunch.

That afternoon Mrs. Penfield saw Kirk sneak in the direction of the back yard after pretending to depart by way of the front door. This looked suspicious, and all at once Mrs. Penfield remembered that Kirk had been doing this same thing for the past week, but she hadn't noticed it. Now she determined to find out what new mischief he was up to, so she followed him. She was sure

it was mischief, for whenever her son wore that look of perfect innocence it had but one meaning.

Behind the wood-shed she came upon him. After peering in every direction to see if he had been discovered, he gave a low whistle. As if in answer to this signal there appeared, through a small hole in the hedge, which separated the property of Jacobus from that of Penfield, first the head, then the shoulders and finally the entire body of Willie.

Mrs. Penfield could keep silent no longer. Grasping Kirk's collar she shook him soundly. "What does this mean?" Receiving no answer she shook him again.

"Wait a minute please, ma, and lemme get a brea' o' air!" he gasped.

Hearing sounds of a struggle Mrs. Jacobus had hurried from her kitchen and was now at the hedge, and this is what she heard.

"After making poor Willie sick by all that singing, and now I find you playing with him!" Her scorn was great!

Willie interrupted eagerly. "It wasn't the singing what made me sick, but because I ate too much cake and it gave me a pain in me stomik."

"I thought your mother didn't allow you to use such words," said Mrs. Penfield, unaware of Mrs. Jacobus' presence.

"It's only ma and sis who's refined, not me," was the answer given with much pride.

Mrs. Jacobus discreetly withdrew before she had been discovered, but after a lapse of about half an hour she appeared at the hedge again.

"O, Mrs. Penfield! Mrs. Penfield!"

"Yes! What is it?"

"I have a new receipt for making pies, I'd like for you to try, for I'm sure you'd like it."

"Thank you so much! and I have something for you too! I heard you wishing for a rose bush to go at the north end of your porch, and I have a cutting that I want you to have. Wait a minute and let me get it!"

Which proves that Kirk Penfield, Sr., knew what he was talking about when he said "Boys will be boys!"

M. GASKILL, '16.





Commencement Marshals 1913

MAUD RANKIN, 1914, CHIEF.

ETHEL MILLER, 1915

SALLIE WEBB, 1916

RUTH MERCER, Special Class

SELMA THORNTON, Irregular Class

Student Council

MAUD RASKIN, 1914, President

Senior Class

LURA FINLEY	NELLIE HILL
LOUISE BEESON	LUCILE BEST
NELL ALLEN	LUCY BEHREND

LOIS THOMPSON, President Junior Class

MARY N. BURKHEAD, President Sophomore Class

BETH EASLEY, President Freshman Class



Midnight Raid

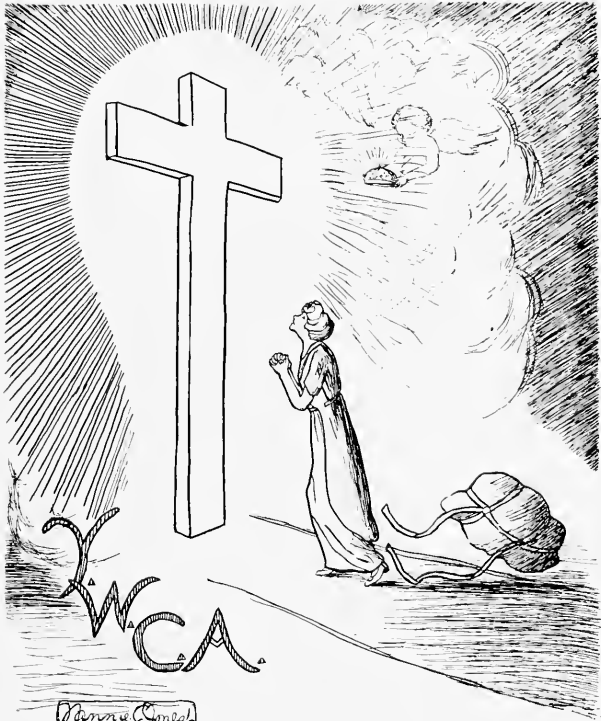
Not a sound was heard, nor a squeal nor squeak,
As our way to the gym, we hurried,
Not a skipper discharged a frightened shriek
As the mice down the hallway scurried

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



Henri Goussier

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet

LURA FINLEY PRESIDENT
LOIS THOMPSON VICE-PRESIDENT
NANNIE JONES SECRETARY
RACHEL KORNEGAY TREASURER

EOLINE MONROE Chairman Missionary Committee
RACHEL PEARSALL Chairman Devotional Committee
LOUISE BEESON Chairman Social Committee
NELL ALLEN Chairman Music Committee
MARY SPENCER Chairman Poster Committee
LOUISE HORTON Chairman Association News Committee
LUCILE BEST Chairman Room Committee
MISS BONNEY Faculty Adviser



Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. is a part of our Institute which this book represents. It is not a separated part, but it is a related part that contributes to the whole. The meetings are held in the new Y. W. C. A. room on Sunday evenings and are usually conducted by the girls. Every second Sunday the Missionary committee takes charge of the services, different members of the Association giving reports from foreign fields. The Y. W. C. A. appeals in the first place to the social instinct. Our new Y. W. C. A. room serves as a reading room and also as a gathering place for all social events of the girls. The religious classes give the opportunity for that social interchange of selves that comes in no other way. The general social receptions give a chance for the whole student body to meet together over a glass of lemonade or a freezer of cream.

The Association has sent three delegates to the Blue Ridge Conference, two to the Student Volunteer Movement in Raleigh and two to the Kansas City Convention.

Since Christmas we have been having a morning prayer for a few minutes after breakfast, which has proven very helpful and beneficial to the girls.

However indifferent a student may be to many of the activities of such an organization, it becomes her responsibility in the name of the school to support an organization which in its incidental life has interwoven itself so intimately into her everyday social existence. The best part of our organization's life, as the best part of a woman's life, is "the little unremembered acts of kindness and of love." The Y. W. C. A. serves as an outlet for these little, unremembered acts, as an outlet for unselfish social service. It is the Christ life, after all, that the Y. W. C. A. is trying to bring before the students of this school.



Officers of Missionary Society

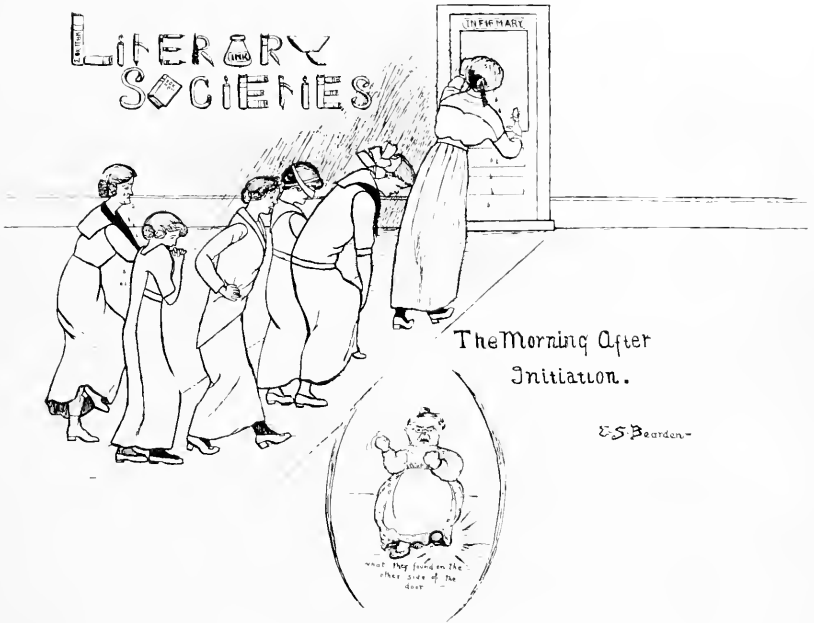
EOLINE MONROE
MAUD RANKIN . . .
ELIZABETH BEARDEN
ANNIE GILL. . . .
FANNIE NICHOLSON

. . . PRESIDENT
VICE-PRESIDENT
. . . SECRETARY
----- TREASURER
SECRETARY OF LITERATURE



NATIONAL AFFAIRS

LITERARY SOCIETIES



The Morning After
Initiation.

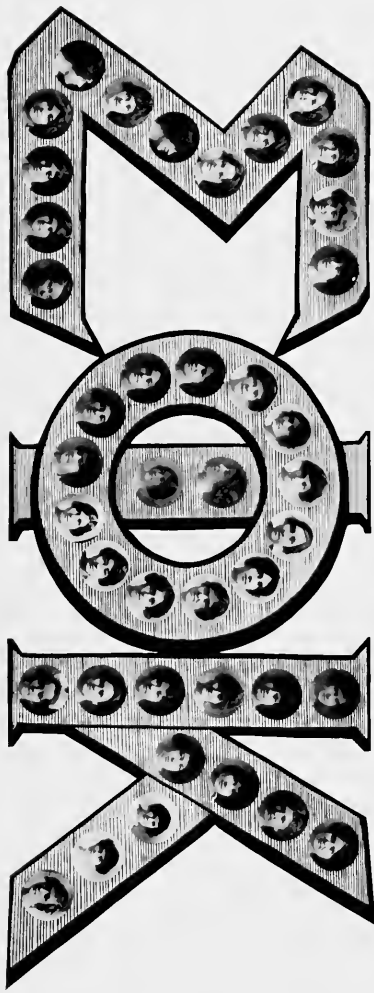
ES Beardon-



*Officers of Sigma Phi Kappa
Literary Society*

LOUISE BEESON
RACHEL KORNEGAY
LOUISE WORTH
MAY WILSON

PRESIDENT
VICE-PRESIDENT
SECRETARY
TREASURER



Members of Sigma Phi Kappa

LOUISE BEESON	ELIZABETH BEARDEN
ERWIN CARTER	ANNIE L. BARNETT
BESSIE CLARK	ELEANOR CHARTREE
MARION CLAYTON	MARIE COVINGTON
BETH EASLEY	LURA FINLEY
GERTRUDE FLEMING	MARY GORDON
IONE GIBSON	LOUISE HORTON
EMILY JONES	FRANCES JONES
MARIE MOSELEY	RACHEL KORNEGAY
RUBY MITCHELL	ISLA MITCHELL
RUTH MERCER	EVELYN MORRIS
FLORENCE MOORE	HELEN NICHOLSON
FANNIE NOOE	MARY NOOE
FANNIE NICHOLSON	MAUD RANKIN
MARY SPENCER	REBECCA SCOTT
LULA THORNE	SALLIE WEBB
MAY WILLSON	LOUISE WORTH
NITA WOODWARD	CECIL RENNIE
RACHEL PEARSALL	MITTIE PICKARD
MINNIE RHEW	MARY CLARKSON
NELLIE HILL	



Bill ?

The above is a picture of one of the finest specimens of his kind. He is the "exclusive property" of this society, and were he ever allowed to roam away from these sacred borders, we feel sure that the secrets he guards so carefully would be as safe in his hands as in those of the most loyal member. He is the most important character in the scene on the night of initiation unless we except the new girls. Of course they feel their importance! On initiation morning he makes his appearance bright and early and is much in evidence all during the day. The new girls "eye" him from a distance and think it a good bluff, but when night comes they find the bluff changed into a stern reality. As soon as Bill has performed his duties, he makes his way into the hearts of all the new girls; he already has a firmly established place among the old ones, and they associate him with one of the pleasantest occasions of their lives.



Officers of Pi Theta Mu Literary Society

LUCY BEHRENS
NELL ALLEN
LUCILLE BEST
PANSY GAITLEY

PRESIDENT
VICE-PRESIDENT
SECRETARY
TREASURER



Members of Pi Theta Mu Society

Motto: LOVERS OF ART

CONNIE BELL AUMAN	MARY GASKILL
NELL ALLEN	ANNIE GILL
NETTIE ANDERSON	PANSY GAITLEY
LEOLE BEST	HILDA GOSNEY
LUCY BEHRENS	ANNA GROOME
MILDRED BELL	RUBY GRIFFIN
MARIE BROOKS	ELIZABETH GIBSON
EVA BISHOP	ARAB GATLIN
EUGENIA BISHOP	MARY B. HAYES
MARY N. BURKHEAD	ETHEL HOLDING
MARY A. COBB	HELEN HAND
ESTHER CARITHERS	BONNIE HASTY
CORA CLARK	ETHEL HOBBS
MAUD CLARK	ELEANOR JOHNSON
PATTY CROSS	NANNIE JONES
LAURA CROMARTIE	CAROLYN MITCHELL
LYDIA CRAWLEY	LOUISE DOWTIN
LUCY FOWLKES	SUSIE DAVIS
GERTRUDE FERREE	ILA FARMER
EOLINE MONROE	MARY MONROE
ESSIE MORETZ	VERA MILLS
STELLA MCGOWAN	WINNIE ORR
MABEL PUGH	MILDRED PARROTT
MARY L. POWELL	HELEN RICHARDSON
VIVIAN SWINDELL	OLGA SMITH
MARGARET SMITH	MAY STEPHENSON
MARY STEVENS	LOIS THOMPSON
HATTIE TAYLOR	FANNIE THOMAS
MADELINE PERRY	ANNIE M. BRYDE
MAUD UCHURCH	GLADYS WALLACE
ALICE WARD	ELEANOR WEBB
MARGARET WILLIAMS	MARY WEST
EMMA WHITE	GLADYS WHITLEY



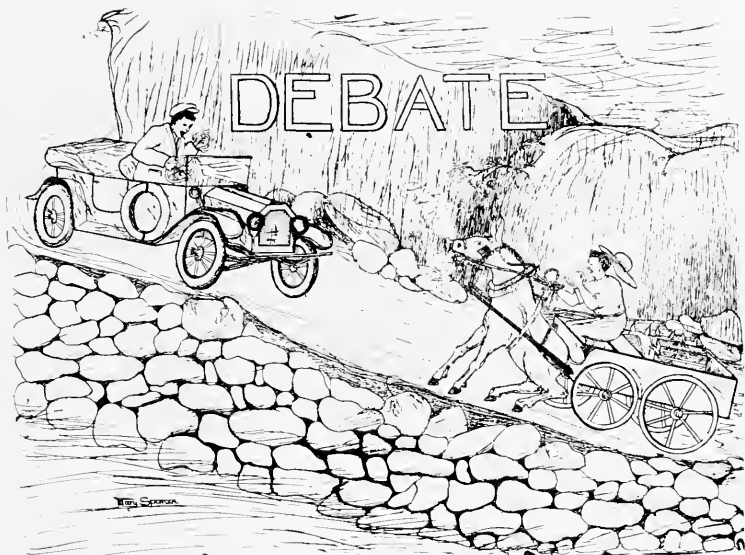
Pi Theta Mu Statistics

Handsomest	-	-	-	-	LUCY BEHREND	-	-	-	-	"NICK"
Most Popular	-	-	-	-	LUCILE BEST	-	-	-	-	"PEGGY"
Most Attractive	-	-	-	-	MARY GASKILL	-	-	-	-	"CAPT. JOE"
Most Original	-	-	-	-	BONNIE HASTY	-	-	-	-	"SPUNK"
Cutest	-	-	-	-	ALICE WARD	-	-	-	-	"LITTLE ONE"
Most Mischievous	-	-	-	-	MARGARET WILLIAMS	-	-	-	-	"MAG"
Most Sincere	-	-	-	-	LOIS THOMPSON	-	-	-	-	"TOI"
Most Athletic	-	-	-	-	MARY NOBLE BURKHEAD	-	-	-	-	"BILLIE BURK"
Most Enthusiastic	-	-	-	-	ELEANOR JOHNSON	-	-	-	-	"NELLE"
Best All-round Good Fellow	-	-	-	-	EOLINE MONROE	-	-	-	-	"JIM"
Prettiest	-	-	-	-	EUGENIA BISHOP	-	-	-	-	"GENE"

Pi Theta Mu Meeting

Roll Call	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Answered with latest rag
Piano Solo, "Shookie Ookums"	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	MARY GASKILL
Reading, "Sausage"	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	ALICE WARD
Dance, "The Jig"	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	LUCY FOWLKES
Pantomime, "Scratch"	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	MARYE WEST

Adjourned 12 p. m. to enjoy
 A Pi Theta Mu feast given in Central Hall
 Music furnished by rats



RESOLVED: That this road belongs to the automobile.

Affirmative

MTURE SINTRO Σ Φ Κ
 ZATKMA FTQEN Σ Φ Κ

Negative

REYI X q y b z
 OGNAT R f a x g



Society Wedding

BEHREDS—BEESON

Last Wednesday evening at eight o'clock one of the largest crowds ever assembled came to witness the marriage ceremony of two of our most popular young people, when Miss Nancy Louise Beeson became the bride of Mr. Lucius Preston Behreds. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Wilson, a lifelong friend and adviser of the young couple. The cathedral was beautifully and tastefully decorated with palms and evergreens, the decorations being carried out in the colors of the rainbow.

The ceremony began promptly at eight o'clock. A hush fell upon the audience as the dainty little ribbon girls, Misses Alice Ward, Mildred Parrott, Marion Clayton and Marie Covington, attired in white lingerie dresses with colored sashes and ribbons, made their entrance. They were followed by the ushers, Mr. L. Worth and Mr. M. Moseley, Miss Taylor and Mr. Mitchell, Miss Cross and Mr. Gaskill, Miss Bishop and Mr. Hasty, Miss Carter and Mr. Moore, Miss Mercer and Mr. Scott, Miss Emily Jones and Mr. Webb.

Next came the lovely flower girls, little Misses Nell Allen and Eleanor Crabtree. Next came the dame of honor, Mrs. E. Monroe, attired in black point lace, carrying a huge bouquet of many colored chrysanthemums, and behind her followed the maid of honor, Miss Nannie Jones, wearing green crepe meteor trimmed with Duchess lace, carrying pink roses. Then the charming little ring bearer, little Miss Eleanor Johnson, and last, came the bride leaning on the arm of her father. She was gowned in a marvelous creation, it being the wedding gown of her great-grandmother, and her only ornament being a rope of pearls, the gift of the groom.

The groom entered from the side door on the arm of his best man, Mr. M. Rankin, meeting the bride at the altar, where the sacred vows were taken.

After the wedding a brilliant reception was given at the home of the bride's parents, where many called to extend their congratulations to the happy couple.

Wedding Ceremony

Dear! beloved, cheese-eaters and soap-drinkers, we are gathered together in these walks of Peace to witness an illustration of that immortal phrase—"What fools these mortals be!" For a proof of this statement, I will refer any who are of an inquiring disposition to the 13th chapter of 1st Aristotle, where he saith, "A fool rusheth in where angels fear to tread." No angel has ever been known to commit matrimony, hence all who enter upon that estate are fools.

It is therefore my duty to warn you, my young friends, that the matrimonial path is not strewn with rose-leaves, neither is it bordered with hanks of roast beef, not yet paved with pumpkin pies. There will be no more billing and cooing for you, Henry Jake Nebuchadnezzar. And as for you, Matilda Jane Aramantha, the florist and confectioner may as well go out of business as far as you are concerned. Have you both duly considered these phases and aspects of bliss? Have you them so considered? I charge you both that if you know any reason why you should not take this fatal step to say so immediately, or forever after keep your mouth shut. If any man or woman in this brilliant and delectable audience knows any reason why this misguided youth and maiden should not be tied up in this delusive snare, let him keep his mouth shut now and forever after raise bedlam.

If there are no objections or amendments we'll proceed to the business of the evening.

Henry Jake Nebuchadnezzar, wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife? Wilt thou carry her banner in the suffragette parade, vote as she tells you to, and mind the children while she is stumping the state? Wilt thou?

Matilda Jane Aramantha, wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband? Wilt thou see that he does not flirt with the housemaid, that he wears overshoes when it rains, that he goes to prayer meeting every Wednesday, besides church twice every Sunday, and testifies in revival meetings? Wilt thou do his children's arithmetic for them, wash their faces when they are dirty, give them medicine when they are sick, and spank them when they are naughty except when Henry Jake Nebuchadnezzar is attending to these little services of love? Wilt thou?

Join your right hands.

Henry Jake Nebuchadnezzar, dost thou promise to perform all the duties which thou hast solemnly undertaken, to eat the corn bread she cooks and not to scold her more than three times a day? Dost thou so promise?

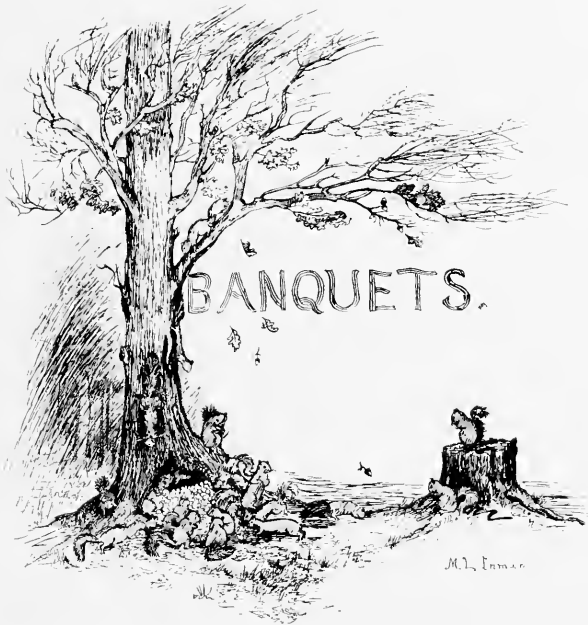
Matilda Jane Aramantha, dost thou promise to perform all the duties which thou hast undertaken—to cook the corn bread which he shall eat, not to scold when he scolds, but to wait until he has finished, to deal forth your wrath upon his head? Dost thou so promise?

(The ring)

The ring is a symbol of eternity. In token of your undying affection, repeat, Henry Jake Nebuchadnezzar, after me the following: "My love for you will ever flow, as 'lassos down the 'tater row."

Repeat after me, Matilda Jane Aramantha, "My love for you will ever shine, as a lightning bug on a pumpkin vine."

Inasmuch as Henry and Matilda have committed matrimony and are entering on the threshold of blessedness, it is my duty and privilege to pronounce them safely tied, boxed, and labeled O. K. In the name of Hymen, Eros and Aphrodite, I now pronounce you man and wife.

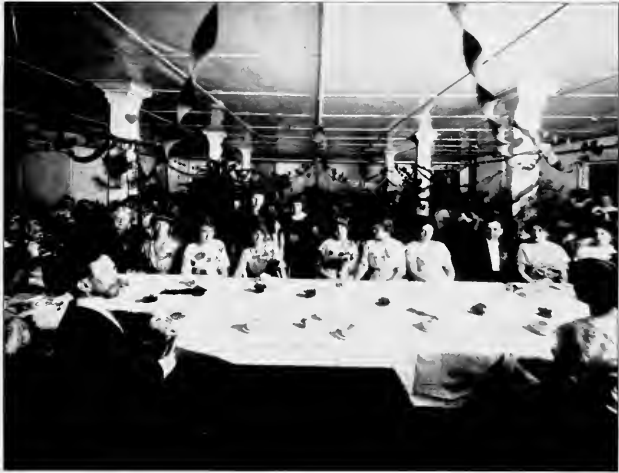


M. J. Enman

Valentine Banquet

The Valentine Banquet given by the two literary societies, on the night of February the sixteenth, nineteen hundred and fourteen, was the most beautiful event of the year. The banquet hall was beautifully decorated with festoons of hearts, trailing cedar, and long-leaf pine. The tables were arranged in a square and in the center was placed a large pine tree with two great big hearts with the Greek letters of the societies in gold. Here was stationed Levin's orchestra which delighted every one throughout the supper. At each place was a red cupid and to it were attached red ribbons which ran to the center of the table where were all kinds of beautiful potted plants. The menu cards were large red hearts which told of the six courses arranged beginning with grape-fruit and ending with coffee. The girls were all artistically dressed in Valentine costumes. After the serving of the coffee came the presentation of the gifts by the presidents to each other and a toast to Miss Wallace by Miss Louise Beeson, President of the Sigma Phi Kappa Society, and to Dr. Ramsey, by Miss Lucy Behrends, President of the Pi Theta Mu Society.

After the banquet all adjourned to the ballroom, where dancing continued until the "wee-sma' hours."



Every Dog Has His Day

Well! In the first place, Mary and Mildred put the bone in my pillow, and so of course it hurt my head and when I found it, almost fifteen minutes after light-bell, I was furious. I pulled it out and (as nearly as I could see in the dark) aimed it at Mary's head, and then, before Mildred knew what was happening, I pushed her off the bed, picked up the first kimono I could find and flew up to Hattie's room, although it is strictly against the rules to leave your room after nine-thirty.

"Hattie," I said, "are you awake?"

"Yes, love, but for Heaven's sake, what is the matter?" came from the dark corner in which Hattie's bed was placed.

"May I stay with you to-night? Those wicked room-mates of mine will kill me yet." And then I told her all about the bone. With this, I turned over and went to sleep.

And then I woke up to find myself at the desk in the office, and sitting in a row before me, were the faculty with Miss James at the head and Dr. Ramsey at the foot. And then the latter began to speak to me.

"Alice," he said, "it has been decided by the directors of Peace Institute that, for two weeks, you may rule us as you will, and we are in your power for that length of time, even as you are in ours as a general thing."

And then I began to decide what I should do to this monster, the faculty. And yet I did not decide, for the thought came to me involuntarily and I was powerless to throw it aside.

"Miss James, you may get up every morning for breakfast, and during these two weeks, you may take your meals here. No 'Bland' for yours!"

"You, Miss Jones, may give a public recital each night for the next fourteen, in chapel. No excuse, if you please. You have heard your sentence."

"Every time you leave the campus, Miss Coley, you shall be chaperoned by five girls, so that you may not flirt with the A & M boys, nor receive any more proposals of marriage."

Next in line came Mrs. Ward and she was not so easy to decide on. As she and I have the same name, I tried to make her sentence as light as possible.

"You may not have choral class at all during the next two weeks."

"Mr. Brawley, how would you like to take all of 'Peace' to the 'Almo'? Well, you may do it each night and pay our way besides. We'll get a few of those chaperones' fees back."

But here was an empty chair.

"And whose place is this," I asked.

"That" answered Dr. Ramsey, "is Miss Wilson's place; but she has not yet returned from home."

"Very well; since she doesn't bother us very often, I guess we'll let her alone."

"And you may alternate between changing the schedule, and analyzing worms, Miss Bonnie."

"Miss Derrick, I think that it would help you if you played basketball all day long, and ate nothing except a glass of milk for each meal. I have often heard you express your greatest wish—to become thin."

"Let's cut out those rides with Mr. Brawley, for a time, Mrs. Moore."

And now I came to Miss Love. She looked so frightened that I made her vow to never again make us learn the Theory of Limits, and to pass all Math. pupils on examinations. I let her off with this and passed on to the next one, who happened to be Miss Eidsen. Although I remembered bacon and sausage, Tuesday night with ice-cream was uppermost in my mind.

"As your reward, you may board at the Yarrowburgh." But before I had hardly finished this, wings seemed to appear, and she flew through the window for joy.

"Miss Bobbitt, you shall wait outside of the office, every day from three to six, and if you do not come to each meal promptly—well, try the reverse, and see what happens."

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Fowler! Do you remember all of the medicine we've had to take? We haven't forgotten it either, and so you may take a dose of the worst that can be bought, each night before retiring. And you may not see Miss James at all for the next fortnight. This easing must be stopped!"

"Don't be seen with one of those white felous on, Miss Womble."

Ah! I was almost at the end of the row, for here was Miss Wallace. Indeed there were so many, many things that might be done to her that it was hard to choose.

"You are restricted for two weeks, and you will have to spend that time in continually cleaning up your room. Don't fail to sweep it and leave no shoes under the bed, but place them in orderly rows in the wardrobe."

But here was a problem sure enough for I had not decided on Dr. Ramsey. Since I, alone, had had the pleasure of sentencing the others, I thought best to let all of the girls have a word in this. Accordingly, I led him into chapel by his ear and up to the stage. All of the school was waiting expectantly in there.

"And now, girls, what do you think that we can possibly do, that is bad enough for Dr. Ramsey?"

"Divide his brains among ourselves, for he says that we haven't any!"

All of the girls sprang to their feet and Sallie, Mildred, Ruth and Maud helped me carry him, kicking and screaming onto the campus, while Lucile, Mary and Louise brought a wheelbarrow. We put him in it and Erwin and Rebecca started to push it on to Dr. Haywood's office. Just then Mademoiselle and Miss Paulsen who had been hiding, rushed up.

"Zat iss right!" screamed the former, "poosh heen in; he iss trying to coom out."

"Dump him in de road," squealed Miss Paulsen.

When we arrived at the doctor's office, he began to examine Dr. Ramsey's head with an x-ray. We were waiting expectantly when Dr. Haywood turned around.

"He has no brains, ' was the verdict. But just then I felt some one pinching me and I woke up to find myself in Hattie's room.

"Whateher pinching me f'r?" I murmured sleepily.

"Silly! I thought you never would wake up. Here comes a teacher, so hide in a hurry!" Then the door opened and Miss Love walked in.

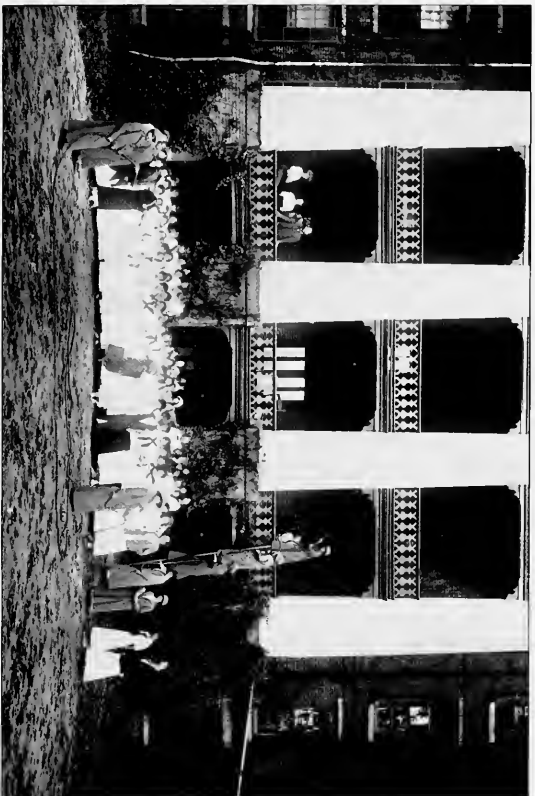
"Come out from under that bed, Alice Ward, I shall report you to Miss Wallace for skipping, and she will re-strict you, besides not allowing you to go to Wake Forest Anniversary."

Pegs

E. Branden



The Skippers
Friends.



Fire Drama.

Fire Lieutenants

LUCIA FINLEY

LOUISE BEESON

EMMY THOMPSON

BONNIE HASTY

MARY GASKILL

RACHEL PEARSALL

REMY MITCHELL

EMERY CARTER

MARIE BRIGGS

Miss Wilson—*Fire Chief*



ATHLETICS



P. H. & B. Bullock



Pres - Laura Finley



Lucile Best - Vice Pres.



Sec - Louise Beeson.



Nell Allen - Treas.



YELL

Athletics! Athletics!
 We're in on every game
 Tennis and basketball,
 We play them all the same.
 Athletics!
 Peace! Peace!
 In athletics we are game,
 We play the sport
 On every court
 And win them all the same.
 Athletics!

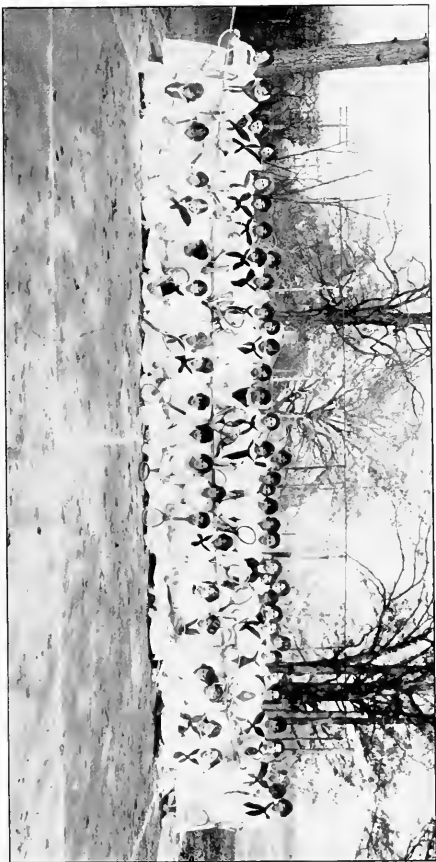
F. Moore.
14



MISS J. LERARY
PEACE

Tennis Club

IVA FAIMER	BONNIE HASTY
FANNIE NICHOLSON	ELIZABETH BEARDEN
GERTRUDE FERRELL	GLADYS WHITLEY
RUBY GRIFFIN	FLORENCE MOORE
EMILY THOMPSON	MARY L. POWELL
OLGA SMITH	HELEN NICHOLSON
MAUD CLARK	ELEANOR CRAITRILE
MARY STEVENS	STELLA MCGOWAN
MARGARET WILLIAMS	LURA FINLEY
MARY B. HAYES	MAY WILLSON
MARIE BROOKS	RUBY MITCHELL
ANNIE L. BARNETT	EVELYN MORRIS
RACHEL KORNEGAY	ETHEL HOLDING
MARY A. COBB	MARY SPENCER
MARY GIBSON	CORA CLARK
FANNIE THOMAS	ISLA MITCHELL
ELIZABETH GIBSON	IONE GIBSON
MARION CLAYTON	LOUISE HORTON
EMILY JONES	MARIE COVINGTON
HELEN RICHARDSON	LUCY FOWLKES
LUCILLE BEST	ELEANOR JOHNSON
MILDRED PARROTT	ANNA GROOME
MAUD UPCHURCH	ARAH GATLIN
MARYE WEST	GLADYS WALLACE
MAUD RANKIN	MARY GASKILL
LOUISE BEESON	LOUISE WORTH
ELEANOR WEBB	MARIE MOSELEY
NELL ALLEN	MARY N. BURKHEAD
BETH EASLEY	NITA WOODWARD





LUCILE BEST CAPTAIN AND GUARD
 MAUD RANKIN GUARD
 LOUISE BEESON AND LURA FINLEY FORWARDS
 NELL ALLEN CENTER

Senior Basketball Team

Motto:
"En Avant"

Colors:
 Gold and maroon

Yell: Ray, Ray !
 Rah, Rah !
 Peace !
 Senior !
 Peace !

SONG:

Tune:
"Pride of the Prairies"

Rah, Rah, for victory,
 Seniors must win.
 Fight to the finish,
 Never give in.
 You do your best,
 girls,
 We'll do the rest, girls.
 Rah, Rah, for old
 Seniors !



Junior Basketball Team

Motto: For victory we strive

Colors: Red and black

Yell: Hullabaloo, Hooray, Hooray !

Hooray ! Hooray !

What did I hear you say?

J—U—N—I—O—R

Junior!

FLORENCE MOORE	CAPTAIN
MAY WILLSON	FORWARD
LOUISE HORTON	FORWARD
GLADYS WALLACE	CENTER
LOIS THOMPSON	GUARD
FLORENCE MOORE	GUARD



*Sophomore
Basketball
Team*

Motto:
Play to win

Colors:
Dark blue and gold

Yell:
Cannibal, Cannibal!
Sis ! Boom ! Bah !
Are we in it ?

Yes we are !
Sophomore,
Sophomore !
Rah ! Rah ! Rah !

MARY ALICE COBB CAPTAIN
ALICE WARD CENTER
MARY A. COBB AND EOLINE MONROE . . . GUARDS
BONNIE HASTY AND ANNIE BARNETT . . . GOALS

*Freshman
Basketball
Team*

Yell:

Vigor, vim, force !

Freshmen,

Freshmen,

Yes, of course.

They have vigor,

They have vim,

They have the force

Of Sunny Jim !

Rah !



LAURA CROMARTIE CAPTAIN
 BETH EASLEY AND HELEN NICHOLSON GUARDS
 ANNIE McDADE CENTER
 MARY STEVENS AND LAURA CROMARTIE ... GOALS



Special Basketball Team

Huyler's Candy,
 Wrigley's gum,
 Specials! Specials!
 Are going some.

ELEANOR JOHNSON.....CAPTAIN
 LOUISE WORTH AND ELEANOR CRABTREE.....FORWARDS
 MARIE MOSELEY AND ELEANOR JOHNSON.....GUARDS
 ERWIN CARTER.....CENTER

Famous Sayings of Peacc

I give you feefy and report you to *President* Ramsey.

Well, perhaps I've anticipated a little.

Where are my glusses?

Good-night.

Oh, I dare say.

Well, really I haven't had a thing to eat.

I'll be your everlasting friend always forever more.

An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

Give me that. I want one like that.

I tink so too.

It's just exactly like it sounds.

Ain't nothin' the matter with you. Whatcher been eatin'?

Er-er-uh-uh-er-er-uh-uh-er-er-uh-uh-er-er-uh-er!

Well, now while everything is quiet, I'd simply like to say.

Well, I just don't understand why you don't know this.

Oh, Sallie, will you get me some toast?

Bless your old heart I just adore you.

Well, little girls, do you know your lessons to-day?

Want Ads

- WANTED—A Place to lie down. MARGARET SMITH.
WANTED—A reliable conscience. SALLIE WEBB.
WANTED—An automatic dresser. MAUD RANKIN.
WANTED—A case. RACHEL KORNEGAY.
WANTED—To know the reason why. MARYE WEST.
WANTED—A second hand French note book. LOUISE WORTH.
WANTED—A strip of breakfast bacon. MISS LOVE.
WANTED—To take Sunday evening stroll with "steady." PEACE GIRLS.
WANTED—A sense of humor. MARGARET WILLIAMS.
WANTED—Permission to play "Rag Time" on Practice Hall. ESTHER CARITHERS.
WANTED—A sample love letter. MILDRED PARROTT.
WANTED—A non-breakable heart. LUCILE BEST.
WANTED—Several doses of Anti-fat. BONNIE HASTY.
WANTED—A detailed history of "Oliver Cromwell." MILDRED BELL.
WANTED—Permission to take strolls by "Brooks." HATTIE TAYLOR.







Nu Nu Sorority

Flower: Violet

Colors: Lavender and white

Sorores in Collegio

MAUDE RANKIN	Gastonia, N. C.
LOUISE BEESON	Lexington, N. C.
LUCIA FINLEY	North Wilkesboro, N. C.
LOUISE WORTH	Wilmington, N. C.
SALLIE WEBB	Oxford, N. C.
MARY GASKILL	New Bern, N. C.
MAY WILSON	Roxboro, N. C.
EDITH C. BENNIE	Greenwood, Miss.
EMILY JONES	Milton, N. C.
LOUISE HORTON	North Wilkesboro, N. C.
MARIE COVINGTON	Laurinburg, N. C.
GLADYS WALLACE	Elm City, N. C.
ELEANOR JOHNSON	Weldon, N. C.

Sorores in Facultate

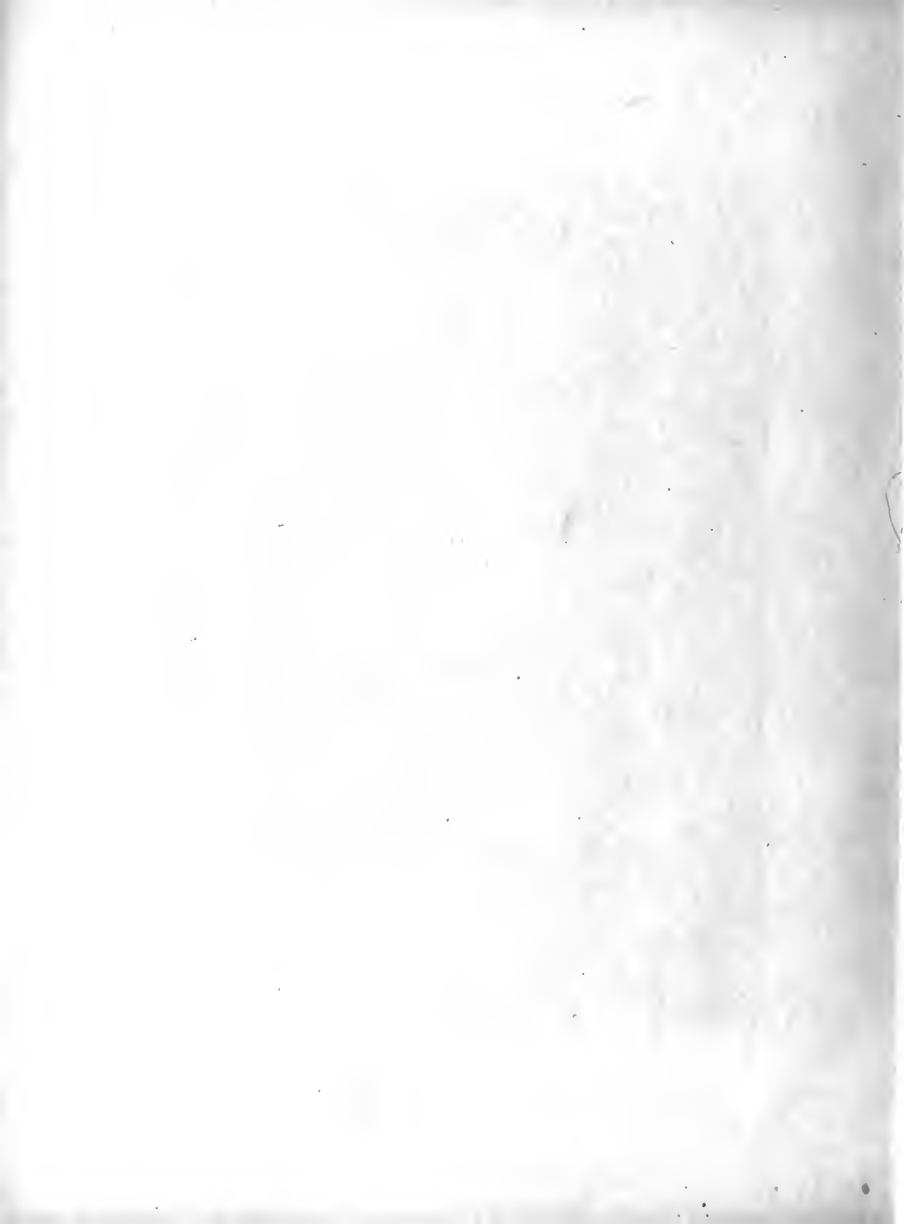
MISS LOIS LOVE

Sorores in Urbe

ALICE COLE	MARY AYCOCK
MARGORIE MONTAGUE	LILLIAN FOUNTAIN
AMY STOCKARD	MRS. ROB WYATT
MRS. JOHN PARK	









Sigma Psi

Colors: Red and green

Flower: Tulip

Founded in 1901

Sorores in Collegio

LUCILLE BEST	Warsaw, N. C.
NELL ALLEN	Wake Forest, N. C.
ALICE WARD	New Bern, N. C.
HATTIE TAYLOR	Tarboro, N. C.
ETHEL HOLDING	Wake Forest, N. C.
ELEANOR CRAMPTON	Goldsboro, N. C.
REBECCA SCOTT	Graham, N. C.
BESSIE CLARK	Wilson, N. C.
ERWIN CARTER	Wilson, N. C.
ROUTH MERCER	Elm City, N. C.
MILDRED PARROTT	Kinston, N. C.
MARY NOBLE BURKHEAD	Lexington, N. C.
MARGARET WILLIAMS	Washington, N. C.
RACHEL PEARSALL	Wilmington, N. C.

Faculty Member

MISS DERRICK	New York
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Alpha Delta Gamma

Flower: Red rose

Colors: Red and black

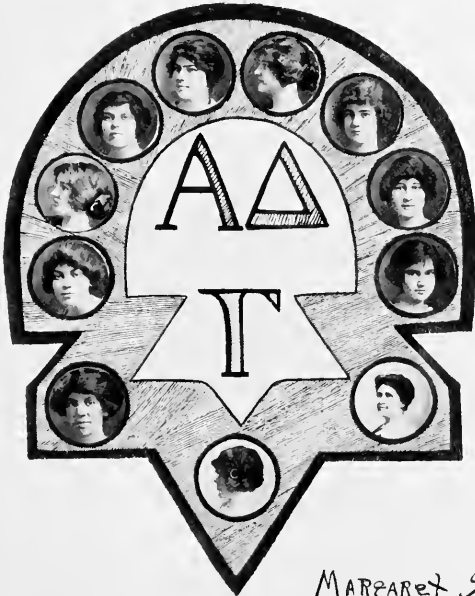
Founded 1910

Sorores in Collegio

MARIE BROOKS	Sunbury, N. C.
ESTHER HELEN CARITHERS	Elberton, Ga.
MARION CLAYTON	Laurinburg, N. C.
NELLIE MARGARET DOUGLASS	Raleigh, N. C.
LECY BLAKE FOWLKES	Rockingham, N. C.
MARY BELLE HAYES	Elm City, N. C.
MARIE CHRISTIAN MOSELLA	Kinston, N. C.
MARGARET SMITH	Elberton, Ga.
MARYL VIRGINIA WEST	Norfolk, Va.

Faculty Members

MISS ANNIE HILL BOBBITT	Henderson, N. C.
MRS. F. M. WARD	Plainfield, N. J.



MARGARET SMITH



MAUD HANKIN.

CLUBS



Performers

EMILY JONES
ERWIN CARTER
SALLIE WEBB
MARYE WEST
BESSIE CLARK
ELEANOR CRANTREE

MARIE MOSELEY
FLORENCE MOORE
ESTHER CARITHERS
MILDRED BELL
LUCY FOWLKES
LOUISE WORTH



The Bachelors' Girls

Motto: "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye likewise unto them."

Flower: Bachelor button

Color: Any shade of green

Bachelors

PATRY CROSS—"Patry"
LUCY BARRIBENDS—"Stark"

BONNIE HILARY—"Spunk"
NASSIE JONES—"Freddie"

EMAUINE MONROE—"Jim"
MARY MONROE—"Doc"

Meeting place: Doc's office



Current Event Club

MRS. G. G. RAMSEY
MISS ADA V. WOMBLE
MISS HELEN WILSON
MAUD RANKIN
LURA FINLEY
LOUISE HORTON
RACHEL KORNEGAY
LOUISE WORTH
SALLIE WEBB
MARIE MOSELEY
RACHEL PEARSALL
LOUISE BEESON
MAY WILSON
FLORENCE MOORE

Angels

LUCILE BEST
LOUISE BEESON
HATTIE TAYLOR
MAUD RANKIN





The Feasters

MARIE MOSELEY
REBECCA SCOTT
MARY N. BURKHEAD
LUCILE BEST
MARION CLAYTON
MARYE WEST
MARIE BROOKS
BESSIE CLARK
ETHEL HOLDING
ALICE WARD
HATTIE TAYLOR

MARY A. COBB
NELL ALLEN
MARIE COVINGTON
LUCY FOWLKES
FLORENCE MOORE
RUTH MERCER
MARY B. HAYES
MILDRED PARROTT
RACHEL KORNEGAY
ELEANOR CRABTREE
LOUISE BEESON



The Big Four

ELEANOR CRABTREE
RUTH MERCER
REBECCA SCOTT
HATTIE TAYLOR

The Cousins

MILDRED PARBOTT
ALICE WARD
FLORENCE MOORE
MARIE MOSELEY
MARYE WEST
MARIE BROOKS
RACHEL KORNEGAY





EDENTON TEA PARTY



THE SUFFRAGETTES



? CLUB



"THE FORTY-NINERS"

German Club

NELL ALLEN, PRESIDENT

MR. L. FINLEY	with MISS MAUD RANKIN
MR. W. N. BURKHEAD	with MISS MILDRED PARROTT
MR. M. UPCHURCH	with MISS RACHEL PEARSALL
MR. N. ALLEN	with MISS LOUISE BEESON
MR. S. WEBB	with MISS LOUISE HORTON
MR. R. SCOTT	with MISS ERWIN CARTER
MR. M. GASKILL	with MISS LUCY FOWLKES
MR. M. COBB	with MISS MARIE COVINGTON
MR. E. HOLDING	with MISS RACHEL KOENEGAY
MR. E. JONES	with MISS MARIE MOSELEY
MR. M. WEST	with MISS BESSIE CLARK
MR. L. BEST	with MISS LOUISE WORTH
MR. F. NOOE	with MISS MARY GORDON
MR. F. MOORE	with MISS MAY WILLSON
MR. M. NOOE	with MISS HATTIE TAYLOR
MR. C. G. COVINGTON	with MISS ELEANOR CRABTREE



Jokes

Mlle. ESTOPPEY : "Oh, vat is it, girls? You know it is in de Bible."

ELEANOR C.— : "Oh yes, I know, it's in the twelfth commandment."

CORA CLARKE, in answer to Miss Womble's question, who Columbus, Magellan and De Gama were, answered : "They were great Greek writers of ancient times."

MARIE COVINGTON : "What in the world is all that squealing out there?"

MARION CLAYTON : "Ah it aint nothing but William bringing Mrs. Moore up on the radiator."

MISS WOMBLE : "Louise, what does Canonized mean."

LOUISE HORTON : "It means eaten by cannibals."

EOLINE M.— : "Wonder how Fanny Thomas likes Agnes Scott?"

MAY WILLSON (thinking seriously) : "Let me see—who is she—that name sounds familiar?"

A little rain,
A draft of breeze,
A red, red rose,
Ah "I'm about to freeze,"
As we onward go
Through Capitol Square,
With shiny face,
And uncurled hair,
We feign a smile
But who can tell
Why each boy's face
Says, "go to—Peace."



SEE
OUR
ADS

Maud Clark

Peace Institute

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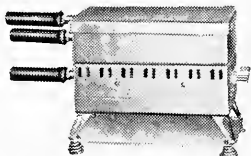
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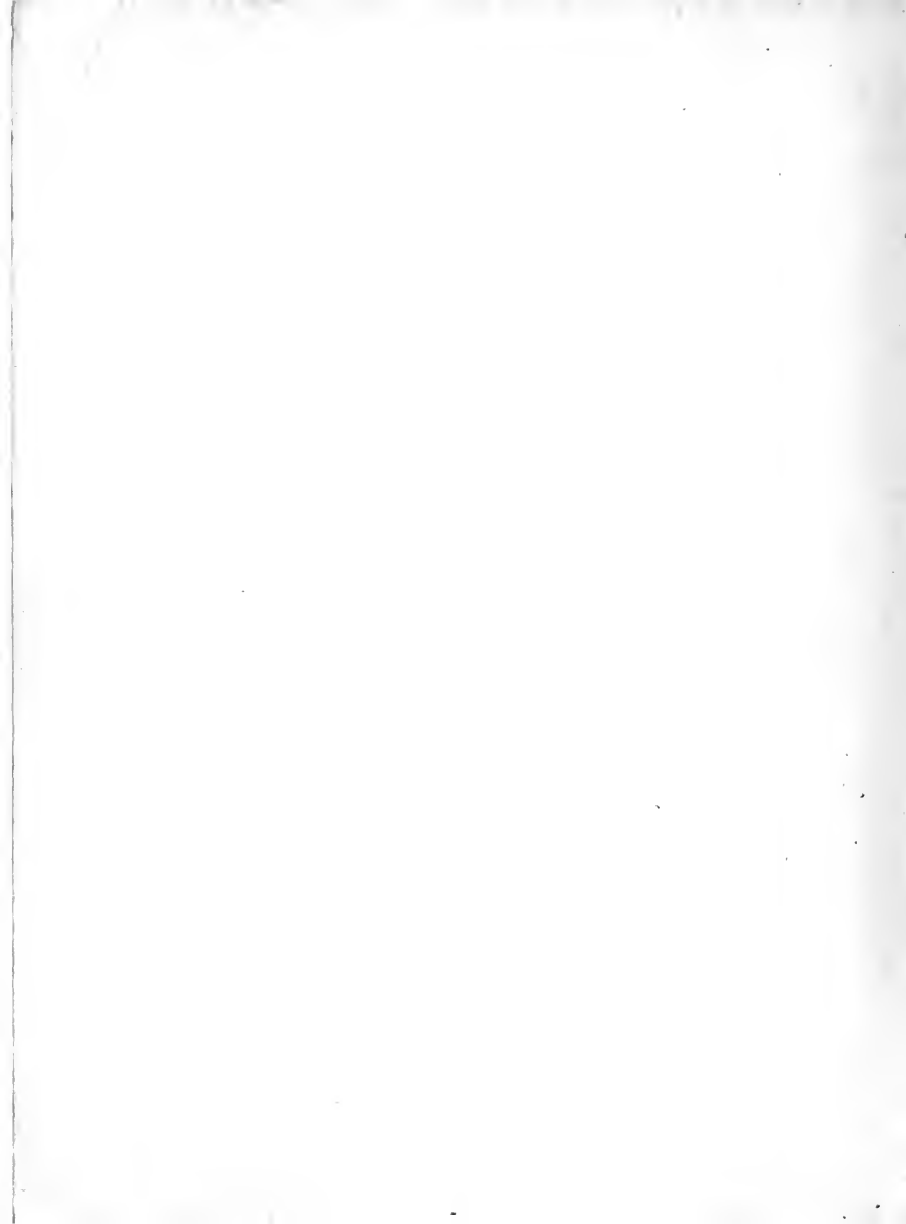
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