

The Lotus



1917

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Annie Hill Bobbitt



Hallie A. Jones

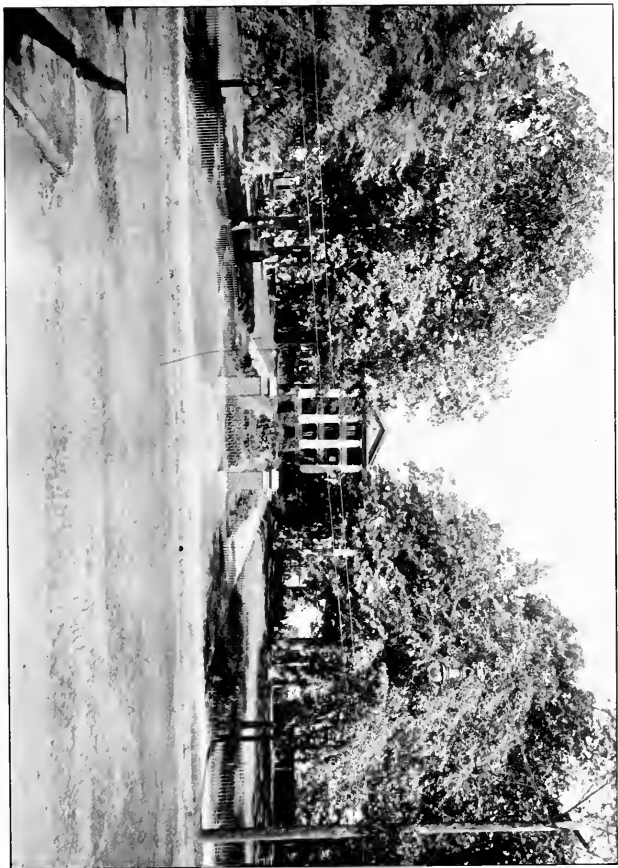


The Lotus

For MCMXVII

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Raleigh, N. C.

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TO
OUR FORMER PRESIDENT
AND FRIEND
Dr. GEORGE J. RAMSEY
WE LOVINGLY DEDICATE
THIS VOLUME OF
THE LOTUS



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(Unwept, unhonored and unminged)

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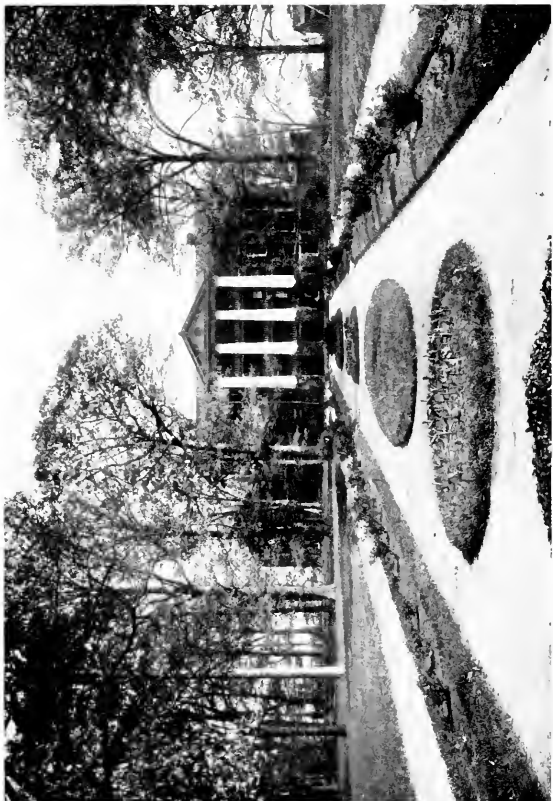
LUCILLE STALLINGS

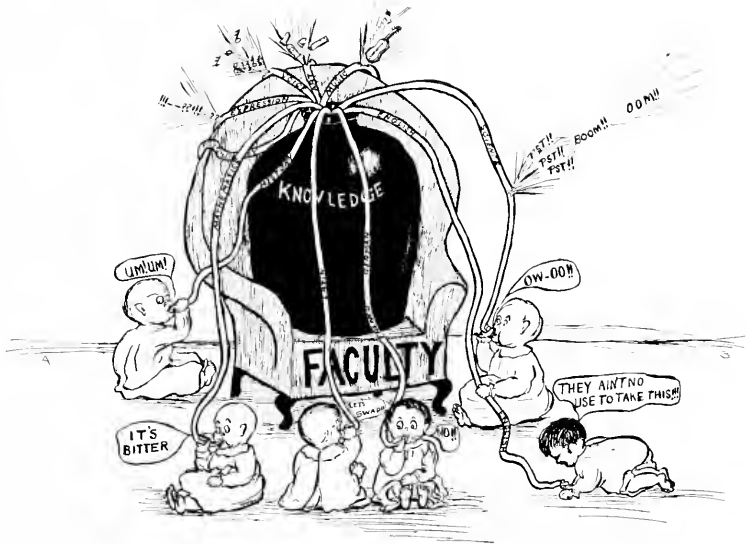




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Housekeeper



Senior Class

COLORS: Black and old gold FLOWER: Marshal Neil Rose

MOTTO: Ad Altra

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ELIZABETH ALLEN	<i>Class Mascot</i>	North Carolina



FACULTY MEMBER



CLASS MASCOT



BETH MARGARET EASLEY
Clarksville, Va.

CLASSICAL DIPLOMA

"True worth is in being, not seeming."

Beth looks like an angel, doesn't she? She has, however, much more energy than one usually expects of angels. This can be testified to by her positions this year, as president of the Senior Class, and editor-in-chief of *THE LOTUS*; yes, this same *LOTUS*—what would it have done without her? One would think her excusable, in consideration of this, if her school work were not quite perfect; but she needs no excuse, for her class work is the delight of her teachers. It is needless to say, in view of all these things, that Beth has brains and executive ability not met with every day; and if you want to know whether or not these gifts are appreciated in other places besides Peace, just watch her correspondence!

HONORS

A Δ F; Σ Φ K; President Senior Class, 1916-17; Editor-in-Chief *THE LOTUS*, 1916-17; Member Student Council, 1916-17; Treasurer Y. W. C. A., 1916-17; Associate Editor *THE LOTUS*, 1915-16; Delegate to Presbyterial, Wilson, N. C., 1916; Junior Class Poet, 1915-16; Commencement Marshal, 1915; Chairman Devotional Committee of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1915-16; Junior Basketball, 1915-16; Treasurer Sophomore Class, 1914-15; Missionary Society Officer, 1914-15; Captain Sophomore Basketball Team, 1914-15; President Freshman Class, 1914-15; Class Historian, 1914-15; Student Council, 1914-15; Freshman Basketball, 1914-15; Choral Club, 1916-17; Dramatic Club, 1916-17.





CECILE HAMMOND

Walthourville, Ga.

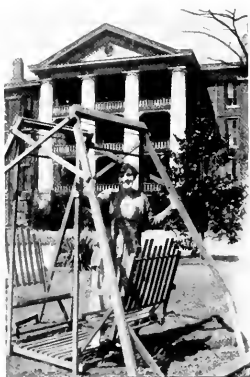
SCIENTIFIC DIPLOMA

*"They must live who most enjoy,
Most love and most forgive."*

Ever since Cecile came to us we have been wondering how she could be as beautiful and as efficient at the same time! (No, even this picture doesn't do her justice.) As our student body president she has attained the seemingly unattainable in that her popularity has not suffered by her performance of duty. She is going to Cornell next year to take the hardest course she can find. Yes, she'll do that first, and then—well, Cecile, do send us an invitation!

HONORS

H. O. M.; President Student Council, 1916-17; Secretary and Treasurer German Club, 1916-17; Secretary Pi Theta Mu Society, 1916-17; Chairman Missionary Study Committee Cabinet, 1916-17; Senior Basketball Team, 1916-17; Fire Lieutenant, 1915-16; German Club, 1915-16; Sophomore Class Poet, 1915-16; Sophomore Basketball, 1915-16.





FANNIE B. HATCH

Sanford, N. C.

LITERARY DIPLOMA

*"A little nonsense, now and then,
Is relished by the best of men."*

Hatch always has enough surplus energy at her disposal to turn either "the wheels of time" or the course of a gymnasium lesson. Although throughout her stay at Peace she has followed the golden rule "Never let college duties interfere with college pleasures," her lessons do not seem to have suffered materially, and we wonder how she has done it. You are not surprised then, that she is always smiling. It's a contagious smile, too. Even we staid and sober editors have profited from its reflection, while we marveled that she could keep her temper in Annual room at 2 a. m. when everything went backwards.

P. S. We forgot to tell you there's a preacher in the case.

HONORS

H O M; Editor-in-Chief of *Lotus*, 1916-17;
Vice-President Athletic Association, 1916-17;
Chairman of News Committee Cabinet, 1916-17;
Senior Basketball, 1916-17; Tennis, 1916-17;
Class Prophet, 1916-17; Junior Tennis, 1915-16;
Junior Basketball, 1915-16.





FRANCES T. JONES

Dry Fork, Va.

LITERARY DIPLOMA

" 'Tis good to be merry and wise."

When we came back to school this year, the "Joneses and Mitchellesses" were not here. And oh, how quiet and dull school seemed! When they did come, the fuss could be heard all over school. Frances is, perhaps, the liveliest one of the bunch. Her merry disposition and ready wit have never failed us, in all her long sojourn at Peace. Frances has plenty of sense, too—common sense as well as other varieties; and any one rooming on or near fourth floor knows of her prowess in the fields of Expression.

Honors

Vice-President Junior Class, 1915-16; Chief Marshal Commencement, 1915-16; Vice-President Senior Class, 1916-17; Dramatic Club, 1916-17.





HALLIE A. JONES

Roxboro, N. C.

ART DIPLOMA

"The True Artist has the planet for her pedestal."

Hallie is the class artist. Whenever we want anything "fixed" the *right* way we go to her. And not only does she delight you with her genius; she gives you, too, something stabler. We have found that in power of concentration and in ability to sum the whole thing up in a nutshell, she excels equally. We were about to state "and you know she's awfully popular," but you can look at her honors and find that out for yourself.

HONORS

Σ Φ Κ; Chairman of Social Committee of Y. W. C. A., 1915; Associate Editor of *LORRS*, 1915-16; Chairman of Poster Committee of Y. W. C. A., 1915-16; Commencement Marshal, 1915-16; Secretary of Y. W. C. A., 1916-17; Associate Editor of *LORRS*, 1916-17; President of Athletic Association, 1916-17; Secretary of the Sigma Phi Kappa Literary Society, 1916-17.





ANNIE M. McDADE

Raleigh, N. C.

PIANO AND LITERARY DIPLOMAS

*"Thou art not voice alone,
But hast beside
Both heart and head."*

Annie has been at Pease longer than any of the rest of us, and we are at a loss to know what they will do without her next year, for you can *always* count on Annie. Her many talents and her versatile abilities continue to be an inspiration to us. She is taking two diplomas as it is, and if there were thirty-six hours in the day instead of twenty-four she probably would be taking another! We are predicting great things for her in her chosen realm of vocal music, and our best wishes are with her always.

HONORS

H. O. M.; President Choral Club, 1916-17; Vice-President Pi Theta Mu Literary Society, 1916-17; Treasurer Senior Class, 1916-17; Captain Senior Basketball, 1916-17; Advertising Editor *Lotus*, 1916-17; Member Student Council, 1916-17; Chairman Missionary Committee Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1916-17; Junior Basketball, 1915-16; Sophomore Basketball, 1914-15; Vice-President Freshman Class, 1913-14; Freshman Basketball, 1913-14.





ESTELLE MCGOWAN

Rocky Mount, N. C.

LITERARY DIPLOMA

"Industrious habits in her bosom reign."

Stella has the reputation of always doing the "proper" thing, as well as her duty. Needless to say, she shines in Y. W. C. A. even when she is called on to lead the meetings. Some day we expect to see Stella accomplishing great things in the scientific world, and we are sure her Junior Physics notebook will come in well then. As president of the German Club she has been a very important factor in the social activity of Peace.

HONORS

Π O M; President Pi Theta Mu Society, 1916-17; President German Club, 1916-17; vice-President Y. W. C. A., 1916-17; Senior Tennis, 1916-17; Senior Basketball, 1916-17; Editorial Staff, 1916-17; Choral Club, 1916-17; Business Manager German Club, 1915-16; Captain Junior Basketball, 1915-16; Chairman of News Committee of Cabinet, 1915-16; Tennis Club, 1915-16; Secretary Junior Class, 1915-16; Special Basketball, 1914-15; Special Tennis, 1913-14-15-16; Secretary of Home Missionary Society, 1914-15.





RUBY C. MITCHELLE

Yanceyville, N. C.

LITERARY DIPLOMA

*"Oh! Sleep, it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole."*

Ruby has the honor of being the most dignified member of the dignified class of 1917. She has served as a faithful fire lieutenant for three years and has rescued her schoolmates from horrible deaths on several occasions by her heroic deeds in this service. Her temper is generally all that could be desired, but woe be unto the unfortunate victim who dares to disturb her morning, afternoon and evening naps. Ruby has shown marked ability in many lines of work, but Math. is her specialty. Her roommates, even now, suspect her of secretly composing a new text-book on Geometry containing "Originals" only. This young lady can always be counted upon to do her duty and will do credit to her class and Alma Mater.

HONORS

$\Sigma \Phi \kappa$; Treasurer of Sigma Phi Kappa Society, 1916-17; Treasurer Athletic Association, 1916-17; Secretary Senior Class, 1916-17; Junior Tennis, 1915-16; Fire Lieutenant, 1913-14-15-16; Senior Tennis, 1916-17.





ANNIE A. PICKARD
Chapel Hill, N. C.

CLASSICAL DIPLOMA

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

We nicknamed her "Pickie" and the faculty adopted our nickname, but in spite of it she has continued the even tenor of her way undisturbed. She is as generous and steadfast a friend as she is irresponsible. The subject that Pickie cares most about is Latin, and she can be very proficient in that when she cares to be. Indeed, Pickie has ability enough to be proficient in anything that she cares about. If you want to know whether or not she has a sense of humor, read her story in this volume.

Honors

Σ Φ Κ; Secretary Athletic Association, 1916-17; Senior Basketball Team, 1916-17; Junior Basketball Team, 1915-16; Student Council, 1916-17; Tennis Team, 1915-16.





LUCILLE STALLINGS

Birmingham, Ala.

LITERARY DIPLOMA

"A rosebud set with little willful thorns."

"Little One" is the best all-round girl we know. She does nothing to extremes, and yet she does most everything well. She is always on time and in her right mind. Oh! consistency, when have we met thee among school girls before? We will not say that she is attractive, for if you know her—and if you don't our attempts to tell you would be futile. And then *we love her!* so what else needs be said?

Honors

Α Δ Γ; Σ Φ Κ; President Sigma Phi Kappa Society, 1916-17; Advertising Editor of *LORUS*, 1916-17; Chairman Devotional Committee Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1916-17; Last Will and Testament, 1916-17; Tennis Team, 1915-16; Member German Club, 1916-17; Tennis Representative of Sophomore Class, 1914-15; Choral Club, 1916-17.





AGNES A. WHITE

EXPRESSION AND LITERARY DIPLOMAS

"A woman's rank

Lies in the fullness of her womanhood."

When we introduce Agnes as President of our Y. W. C. A. people immediately become impressed with an idea of her goodness. But don't you mind that. If you stay with her very long you'll forget to notice. The thing you *will* notice is that she has such a remarkable combination of talents that discrimination among them seems useless; her academic work has always been something for us to marvel at; and, besides her Art and Expression, literature forms so great a part of herself that we are sure we shall be proud of her own work along that line some day. And her sense of humor! Well, just ask her to recite "The Little Ship" or "Jonah and the Whale" for you!

HONORS

Σ Φ Κ: President Y. W. C. A., 1916-17; Student Council, 1915-16-17; Class Poet, 1916-17; Sigma Phi Kappa Critic, 1916-17; Dramatic Club, 1916-17; Junior Class President, 1915-16; Chairman Foreign Missionary Committee of Y. W. C. A., 1915-16; Lorens Editor, 1915-16; Vice-President Sigma Phi Kappa, 1915-16; Fire Lieutenant, 1915-16; Blue Ridge Delegate, 1915-16; Delegate Presbyterian, Wilson, N. C., 1916; Class President, 1914-15.





NITA EXUM WOODARD

Whitakers, N. C.

CLASSICAL DIPLOMA

"Queen rose of the rose-bud garden of girls."

Nita has the reputation, among the teachers, of being very quiet and dignified. Among the girls, however, her reputation is quite the opposite. Undoubtedly, she does her part in making Paradise Alley the liveliest hall in school—except, indeed, on calling nights, when she usually has other engagements. I know you don't wonder at that, when you look at her picture. The teachers are right in their opinion of Nita, for she is an excellent student, and on class usually preserves great dignity and composure. The girls are also right in their opinion, for she is a good sport, and a delightful companion. Should you want proof of that statement, just refer to her hosts of friends!

HONORS

Α Δ Ε; Σ Φ Κ; Business Manager LOTUS, 1916-17; Senior Class Historian, 1916-17; Treasurer Junior Class, 1915-16; Tennis Team, 1915-16; Vice-President Sophomore Class, 1914-15; Secretary of Missionary Society, 1915-16; Tennis Team, 1914-15; Sophomore Basketball, 1914-15.



Senior Class Poem

"To be Seniors!" but three years ago when we whispered those words how we thrilled!
They betokened a greatness far off from the present dull hour.

And much to be longed for; and months seemed to drag as the wish our hearts filled
For the time when we, too, would be Seniors, rejoicing in power.

And thinking that soon we would leave it the work at which long we had griled

And now for a year, we've been Seniors; and has it been all that we thought?

Ah, no, there's been more of real value and more, too, of grief,

And less of exultant delight in the freedom that long we had sought;

And in thoughts of the coming commencement our pleasure's been brief,

For we know, now at last, how we love this old Peace where our labors we've wrought.

And now the sad hour of departure, both wished for and dreaded, is here.

The future gleams dimly before us, like waters that shine

Through the willows when lit here and there by faint moonbeams; and gazing, we fear

Just a little, though eager to start on our journey, and pine

With the longing to know where 'twould lead us, to see past the curve looming near.

And when we have passed round the curve, and have found what's now waiting before,

And learned of the joy and sorrow that wait down life's stream.

We will still see the halls of Peace Institute, dim through the year-mists passed o'er,

And the days we were Seniors, and grief will be gone like a dream,

And forgotten; and "Seniors!" we'll whisper, and thrill as we thrilled once of yore.

AGNES WHITE.

Senior Class History

As I look back on the four years spent at "Peace" I realize as never before that "History repeats itself." This is true of our class as it is of all other classes. We have had vicissitudes, joys and sorrows, which have characterized preceding classes, but we are confident that we have realized our aspirations more fully than our predecessors.

On September 13, 1913, the Class of 1917 entered the gates of Peace. It would have been hard to find seven girls more innocent or unsophisticated than these. The Sophomores thought so at any rate and performed their duties faithfully. Two stirring events mark our history as Freshmen. The first of these happened on the night of September 28 when the "Newishes" were introduced to "Bill." We had firmly believed that Bill was a bluff, but alas! We found him to be a stern reality. But we managed to live through this eventful night only to experience a worse fate on Hallowe'en night. Yes, the Sophomores were fully convinced that there was still danger of our spoiling from "Freshness," so they, mighty sovereigns, administered the much needed salt.

However, these many persecutions did not prevent us from being heard from in other ways. The upper classmen found it especially hard to down us on the basketball field.

We returned the following September with confidence, well aware that much of our timidity and verdancy had disappeared. We, too, fully realized our newly inherited responsibilities towards our Freshmen, and we administered all the little "services of love" of which we, who were exceptionally thoughtful, were capable.

We believed that we were better able to appreciate ourselves than others were, for the girls did not fail to remind us on all occasions that we were not the sole owners of the realms of Peace, and as for the teachers—well, I will leave that to your imagination.

In the fall of '15 we took up our work as Juniors in all earnestness. Including three new members, twelve answered to the roll call this year. Altogether we had thought we had realized the fullest joys which were possible at Peace we found that we were sadly mistaken, for what can compare with Junior privileges, saying nothing of the Junior-Senior Reception and many other social functions?

Lo, and then we became Seniors. Yes, this is the glorious end of a glorious journey. We have found Seniority to be all that we had expected with the exception, maybe, of the struggles which we have undergone in order to uphold our dignity as Seniors.

During this year we have been the recipients of many feasts and functions at the hands of the Faculty and class members. These joyous occasions will leave their indelible marks upon the memories of our Senior year.

As commencement draws near we are filled with deep regret at the thought of leaving the many friends we have made among the Faculty and girls. Not only are we thinking of the friendships formed here, but also of Peace itself, with all its history, and romance, and happy associations connected with it. We feel that which we have learned has been an important factor in forming our life ideals and aspirations. As we now say farewell, we shall ever keep in mind the lessons learned here that,

"The tissue of life to be,
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of destiny,
We reap as we have sown."

HISTORIAN.

Last Will and Testament

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, }
COUNTY OF WAKE } PEACE INSTITUTE, May, 1917
CITY OF RALEIGH }

We, the Senior Class of 1917 of the aforesaid State, county, city and college, having reached that point in college life known as Advanced Seniority—and being in good bodily health and of sound and disposing mind and memory; knowing that we must soon leave this land of "Peace," and realizing that there are many things we do not wish to carry with us, do hereby make and declare this our last will and testament.

ITEM I. To that honored body, the Faculty, we give our appreciation of the sympathy, loyalty and patience shown to us by them during the past four years, and our earnest wish for their success in all fields of labor—including that of matrimony.

ITEM II. To the Junior Class we do hereby will and bequeath (1) The realization of those long looked-for Senior privileges, the list being so long that I will not burden you with enumerating them; (2) Sympathy—should you be so rash as to publish an Annual, and (3) a great deal of advice, consisting mostly of "don'ts."

ITEM III. We give to the Class of 1919 the privilege of paying for the next Junior-Senior Reception, together with a few dreams of future Seniority.

ITEM IV. To the Class of 1920 we give the distinction of no longer being called "Fresh" and all the pride that is revealed in the nine letters, S-o-p-h-o-m-o-r-e.

ITEM V. To the Sub-Collegiate classes we bestow any wasted hours, which may have carelessly slipped through our fingers.

ITEM VI. As a token of our loyalty, we give, devise and bequeath to our most honored President the continuation of our good will and undying love, and pledge our heart and hand to the worthy cause for which she stands.

ITEM VII. We do hereby give to Miss McLelland the sole right to mother all the A. & E. boys.

ITEM VIII. To Mrs. Fowler we bequeath the innumerable "behind-your-back" abuses and blessings that we have piled up for her these many years. May she prize them all the days of her life.

ITEM IX. To Miss Bradbeer we generously give a Columbia Graphophone to keep her life from being too monotonous after the Six Senior *Angels* have departed from Paradise Alley.

ITEM X. Lastly, but not least, we leave to Miss Womble, our beloved class teacher, all the pleasure, encouragement and satisfaction which our Class has not been able to give her, together with all the disappointments.

We, the aforesaid Class of 1917, hereby publish and declare the aforesaid to be our last will and testament, hereby revoking all wills hitherto made by us at any time, and appointing as sole executor of this our last will, William. Because of faithful and willing service, and cheerful discharge of duties in the past, we rely on said William to carry out our final bequests.

In witness whereof, we the said Class of 1917, do hereunto set our hand and seal, this twenty-first day of May, 1917.

(SEAL)

CLASS OF 1917 (LUCILLE STALLINGS).

Senior Class Prophecy

After working late one night in the editorial room early in the spring, I fell asleep in my chair and dreamed of the destiny of my classmates.

The first vision which presented itself to me was a woman of great dignity and poise who was noted in the literary circles for her beautiful southern poetry and romances. In her I recognized the president of my class, Beth Easley.

As this vision faded away, a prima donna stood before me. As her voice soared in a melody which stirred the souls and hearts of the vast congregation in the city church, I became aware that the singer was none other than Annie McDade of by-gone years.

Soon I was wandering through a distant city, visiting points of interest. While going through an art gallery, I stopped before a picture before which a large and appreciative crowd had gathered. Glancing at the signature, I saw the name of Hallie Jones. Upon further investigation I found that she was a member of a new group of artists.

Hearing a slight noise like the rattling of paper, I moved in restless sleep. "Can you pay your bill today?" I heard a sweet, timid voice say as a woman passed by me to a group standing near. As soon as I could collect my thoughts I knew this very busy person could be none other than the business manager of THE LOTUS, Nita Woodard. From her position of 1916-'17, Nita had been engaged as the business manager of one of the largest engraving firms in the North.

No sooner had this vision vanished than I found myself roving in foreign countries. In my loneliness I sought a mission, hoping there to find a friendly American. My astonishment was unbounded when I discovered the wife of the missionary in charge was our former Y. W. C. A. President, Agnes White.

"Oh! There is Cecile Hammond," said Agnes, and sure enough there was Cecile, whom I had not seen since we left Peace in the spring of 1917. Since then she had gone through Cornell University and was now at the head of the English department in the American College in China.

Agnes showed me a letter she had received from Lucille Stallings telling of the social work she was doing when her parents did not demand attention. We could see from the letter that Lucille's presence meant much to her mother and father because of her unselfishness, which was characteristic of her in school.

Lucille wrote of visiting in Yanceyville where Frances Jones and Ruby Mitch-

elle were beloved teachers in the high school. Hearing from these girls made us want to be back at Peace, where all of us could be together and talk over old times.

As I changed my position, the vision of a science laboratory confronted me. I was not surprised to see Stella McGowan at the head of the science department, for I remembered distinctly the interest she manifested in that branch of learning while at Peace Institute.

After all my roaming for these fifteen years, I longed to visit some of the old North Carolina towns again. I stopped in Durham just in time to see a big parade passing up Main Street. The station agent informed me that this was the beginning of a suffragist convention, which was to be presided over by Miss Annie Artelia Pickard, the most noted suffragist in the State. Just as I recognized my class chum and yearned to renew old Peace days, I was awakened by Mrs. Fowler calling out:

"Girls, it is quarter past twelve. Come on upstairs now."

PROPHET.





JOLLY JUNIOR

Junior Class

Colors: Purple and gold

Flower: Violet

Motto: Ich Kann

SARAH SANDERS	...	President
GLADYS DEARMOND	.	Vice-President
EMMA WHITE	.	Secretary and Treasurer

Academic Members

SARAH SANDERS
GLADYS STALLINGS
GLADYS DEARMOND

EMMA WHITE
ELIZABETH CALVERT
LOIS MONROE

Special Members

EUGENIA WITHERS
THEO. WOOTEN

MARY STEVENS
ELOISE WIGGINS

BETTIE MAY CHEATHAM



Junior Class Poem

We came away from home and friends,
We left our mothers den;
Then labored through our French and Trig
And passed our Freshman year

Our Sophomore year we overcame,
Faced each examination;
But passed our Math and Languages,
By hard-est application

And now at last we're Juniors,
With privileges galore!!!
But still we toil with books and things,
To make our learning more

GLADYS DEARMON.



Sophomore Class

COLORS: Green and gold

FLOWER: Marechal Neil Rose

MOTTO: He conquers, who conquers himself

BETTIE YELINGTON
 EDNA BOOKER
 CLAUDIA WHITE
 MAUDE JOHNSON

President
 Vice-President
 Secretary
 Treasurer

NAOMI HAYES
 ETHEL BUFFALO

MARGARET MACMILLAN
 LILLIAN PURVIS

MISS KUHN, Class teacher



Sophomore Class Poem

As Freshmen green, we came to Peace,
Just two short years ago
We came in quest of knowledge,
Although we each did know
Of homesick days and trying times,
All Freshmen undergo

But now we're wise young Sophomores
We've passed the tearful stage;
We've learned by hard experience that
We're not so wise and sage
Next year when we're Juniors
We'll have reached a wiser age.

Eight members now compose our class,
Strong, bold, and brave are we,
To Peace, as well as to our class,
We'll always loyal be,
And strive to have our modest share,
In her prosperity.

Our flower is the yellow rose,
Our colors green and gold
These fondly treasured in our hearts,
We will forever hold,
With loving memories we've amassed
A store of wealth untold.



Fara Morris.

FRESHMAN

Freshman Class

Colors: Gold and white

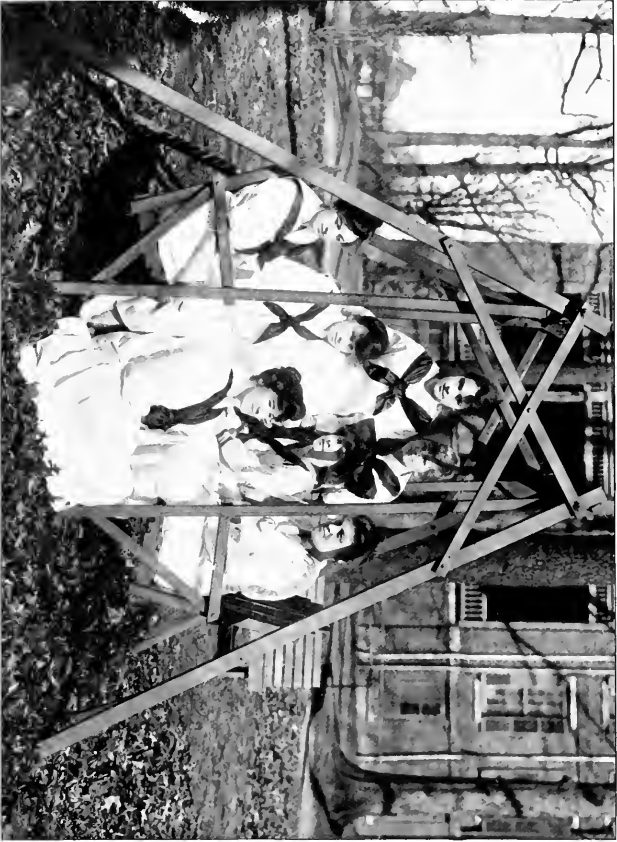
Flower: Daisy

Motto: Slight not what's near though aiming at what's far

MARGARET BRADSHAW
LENA LINSEBERGER
MARY McNEILL

JULIA MITCHELL
LAELIA PATE
SARAH PATE

MISS McLELLAND, Class teacher



Freshman Class Poem

We intended, when we came to Peace,
To make a great commotion;
But—when we heard of all the rules—
We quickly changed our notion.

How often, yea, how often,
We have wished this busy year,
That some kindly fate would bear us
To our distant homes so dear.

But the many joys and pleasures,
Which we've experienced here,
Have driven away the heartaches
And made Old Peace more dear.

Like the daisy, may we be,
Full of sweet simplicity;
Like our colors, gold and white,
Ever pure, and ever bright.

Then hail to you, oh, Sophomore year!
To Freshman, fond farewell!
Our hearts are bright with hope and cheer,
And all our clouds dispel.

LENA LINENBERGER.

Freshman Class History

To record the history of the Freshman Class would perplex even our history teacher, Miss Bradbeer, because our life has been so varied. Our class life together has been limited, but our experiences numerous. Do not take that to mean that we are the usual green Freshmen of today, but rather seven Solomons of P. I. We consider ourselves the Sophomores' equals. Ask them if we are not! The faculty—now here's our secret—we are afraid they will find out how much we really know.

Don't betray us!

Oh, alas! They won't, and the present Sophs. won't see this until we are Sophs.—Hurrah!

Our first class meeting was—must I say intelligently carried on?—Well, at least we elected our officers, perhaps not knowing exactly for whom we voted. Every one admits we did remarkably well though.

Our class teacher is our lady-principal. My! how the students envy us!

We stand immortal on the athletic field of Peace. It is no struggle at all to beat the Sophs. By not including Juniors and Seniors you will realize that we respect our motto: "Slight not what's new though aiming at what's far."

Unless we, the Freshman Class of '16, die of overwork the Sophomore Class of '17 will equal the Germans in preparedness, and our achievements will outrank the present Sophomore Class's concert.

Watch for us!

LAELIA PATE, '20.



SPECIALS

Special Class

Motto: Labor overcomes all obstacles.

GERTRUDE BARRUS
NANNIE CREAGH
IRMA FOUNTAIN
HILDA GOSNEY
EUGENIA HAMMOND
ETHEL HARRISON
HELEN HARRISON

RUTH HARGETTE
LOUISE HUNT
SARAH LITTLE
BETSY LONG
HATTIE MAE MORSEY
FLORA MORRIS
ESTHER PATE



If

(With humble apologies to Mr. Kipling.)

If you can keep at work when all about you
Are quitting theirs and asking you to, too;
If you can trust yourself when teachers doubt you,
Yet make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can flunk, and not give up when flunking,
But make a bet to shoot 'em all next time,
Or being out, don't give up your working,
And yet, don't let them know you ever mind:

If you can play, but make your work your master;
If you can feast, but make your marks your aim;
If you can pass the dancer and the jester
And keep on at your studies just the same;
If you can force your will and mind to serve you
And dig and grind when all but you are gone,
And so get lessons when there's nothing in you,
Except the will which says to you, "Plod on!" —

If you can walk with crowds and keep your virtue,
With teachers talk, not lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can harm you,
If each man count with you yet none too much;
If you can fill each ever fleeting moment,
With sixty seconds worth of work begun,
Yours is a D.D. and all the honors with it —
But what is more, you'll be a wreck, each one.

CECILE HAMMOND, '17.



The title "IRREGULAR CLASS" is rendered in a highly decorative, hand-drawn font. Each letter is a thick, blocky shape with intricate cutouts and flourishes. Small, detailed illustrations of figures in classical or historical attire are integrated into the letters. For example, a figure is inside the 'I', another inside the first 'R', and several figures are positioned around the 'G' and 'L'. The word "CLASS" is written in a simpler, bold, sans-serif font below "IRREGULAR". To the right of "CLASS" is the signature "Cyrus Coffey".

IRREGULAR
CLASS

Cyrus Coffey

Irregular Class

EMMA COTHREN
PEARLE FOUNTAIN
HELEN FLORENCE
MARY HOLLINGSWOITH
MAUDE JOHNSON
QUINTYNE JOHNSON

SUSAN LIPSCOMB
EMMA MITCHELLE
LILLIE MORRIS
MARY NICHOLSON
SARAH RIMER
BLANCHE WHITE

ESTELLE WILLIAMS

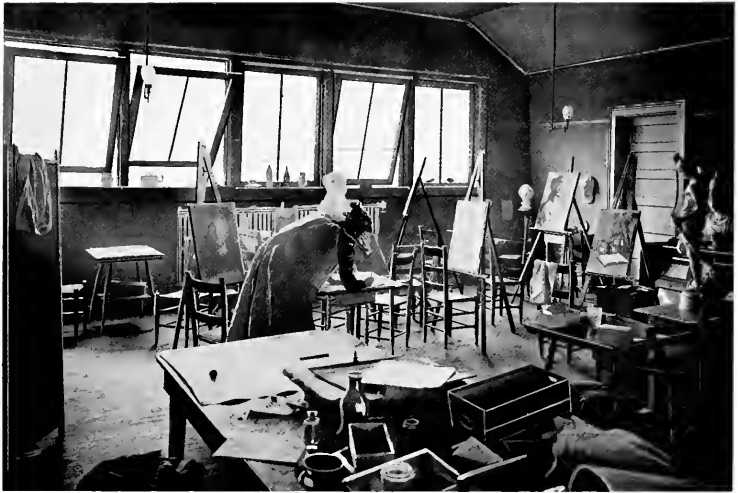




(Ideal Thursday in the Studio.)

ART

Ethel Holding



Art Department

ISABEL BOWEN

EMMA COCHRAN

CECILE HAMMOND

JEAN HAMMOND

ETHEL HOLDING

HALLIE JONES

ANNIE MONTAGUE

FLORA MORRIS

MARY NICHOLSON

MRS. ELIZABETH PHILLIPS

GERTRUDE SMITH

AGNES WHITE



Domestic Science Class

First Year { Ethel Collins
Emma Corbin
Ruth Harbette

Mary Hollingsworth
Hattie Mae Mohr
Lottie Morris

Cecile Harrison
Lottie Morris
Bertie Yelvington

Second Year



Miss Bonney's Dream after practise hour

MUSIC

Choral Club

MRS. DOWELL
ANNIE McDADE
ELOISE WIGGINS
GLADYS STALLINGS
MISS KUHN

Director
President
Secretary
Treasurer
Librarian

GERTRUDE BARRIS
BETH EASLEY
IRMA FOUNTAIN
PEARLE FOUNTAIN
LOUISE HUNT
JEAN HAMMOND
MARY HOLLINGSWORTH
QUINTYNE JOHNSON
WINIFRED KUHN
MRS. KILLOGG

BETSY LONG
ANNIE McDADE
STELLA McGOWAN
JULIA MITCHELL
GLADYS STALLINGS
LEOIE STALLINGS
ESTHER PATE
EUGENIA WITHERS
ELOISE WIGGINS
THEO WOOTEN

Piano Pupils

EDNA BOOKER
PEARL BROUGHTON
MARGARET BRADSHAW
BETTIE MAE CHEATHAM
ETHEL COLLINS
JESSIE ELMORE
IRMA FOUNTAIN
HILDA GOSNEY
MARY HANNAH
RUTH HARGETTE
RUTH HARRIS
ETHEL HARRISON
HELEN HARRISON

EVELYN HOWELL
LOUISE HUNT
ELIZABETH LACY
SARAH LITTLE
BETSY LONG
ANNIE McDADE
STELLA McGOWAN
JANE McKAY
MARGARET McMILLAN
LENOIR MERGER
EMMA MITCHELLE
JULIA MITCHELLE
RUBY MITCHELLE

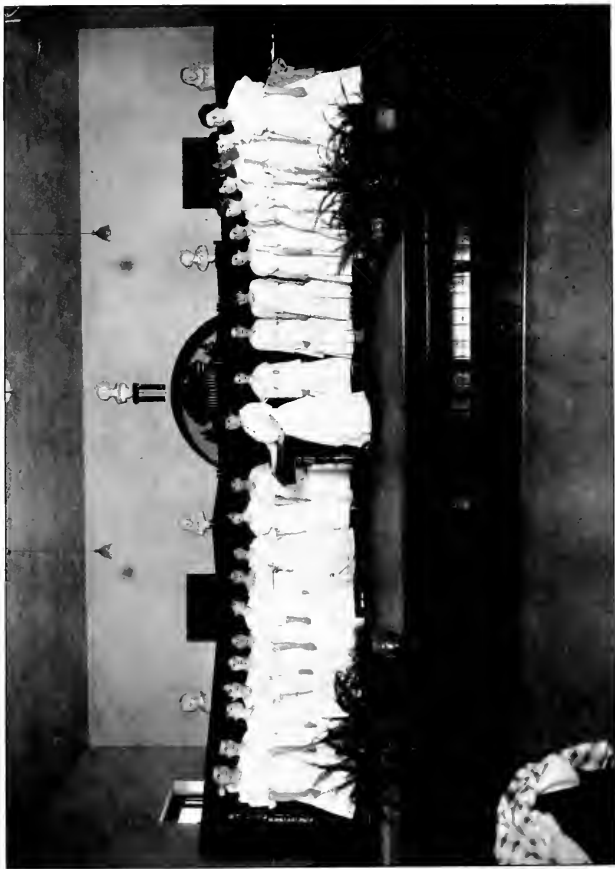
LOIS MONROE
HATTIE MAE MORISEY
ESTHER PATE
ANNIE RAMSEY
SARAH SANDERS
MARGARET STROTHER
ANNABELLE WEBB
FRANCES WEBB
BLANCHE WHITE
CLAUDIA WHITE
ELOISE WIGGINS
ESTELLE WILLIAMS
THEO WOOTEN

Violin Pupils

SARAH SANDERS

PEARLE FOUNTAIN

CECILE HAMMOND



CHORAL CLASS

Girls of Peace

Oh, we are young and brave and strong,
Girls of Peace,
We battle e'er for right 'gainst wrong,
And never cease
Then join with us in our great throng,
And sing with us in our glad song
The name that we have loved so long —
Peace, our Alma Mater.

All hail to Peace! Her honor be
Our joy and pride,
Let love to all eternity
With her abide
For friendships warm, for wider view,
For light and hope forever new,
For love of what is brave and true,
We thank our Alma Mater.

Then here's to Peace! We'll guard her fame
And repeat
Our trust in her is not in vain,
But complete
We greet our sisters on the plain,
"To be, not seem," the proud acclaim,
With which we hail anew the name
Of Peace, our Alma Mater.

Alma Mater

In the heart of Carolina,
'Neath its skies of blue,
Stands our noble Alma Mater,
Glorious to view
Classic in her broad proportions,
Looks she proudly down —
Reared against the arch of heaven,
With the stars for crown.

Chorus

Lift the chorus, speed it onward;
Let it never cease
Hail to thee, our Alma Mater;
Hail, all hail to Peace!

Clambering o'er the walls and columns
Historic ivies twine,
As pure love and tenderest memory
In our hearts enshrine,
Days of toil and days of pleasure,
Happiness and joy;
Hardships, struggles without measure,
Days without alloy.



Agnes White.

Expression

(The misplaced prompter)



Expression Class

NANNIE CREAGH

GLADYS DEARMON

BETH EASLEY

RUTH HARGETTE

FRANCES JONES

HALLIE JONES

LOIS MONROE

SARAH PATE

LAELIA PATE

SARAH RIMER

MARY STEVENS

EUGENIA WITHERS

AGNES WHITE



Student Council

CECILE HAMMOND, 1917, President

BETH EASLEY	President Senior Class
SARAH SANDERS	President Junior Class
BETHE YELANIGTON	President Sophomore Class
JULIA MITCHELL	President Freshman Class
PEARL FOUNTAIN	President Special and Irregular Classes
ANNIE McDADE	Elected by Council
AGNES WHITE	Elected by Student Body
ANNIE PICKARD	Elected by Student Body





PRIMARY DEPARTMENT



Commencement Marshals, 1917

SARAH SANDERS, Chief

HILLEN FLORENCE
PEARLE FONTAINE

MARY HOLLINGSWORTH
GLADYS STALLINGS

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet

AGNES WHITE	President
STELLA MCGOWAN	Vice-President
HALLIE JONES	Secretary
BETH EASLEY	Treasurer

Chairmen of Committees

ANNIE McDADE	Missionary
SARAH SANDERS	Social
LUCILE STALLINGS	Devotional
LOIS MONROE	Visiting
ELOISE WIGGINS	Poster and Music
MARY STEVENS	... Room
FANNIE HATCH	News
MISS EMMA C. BONNEY	Faculty Member



Young Women's Christian Association

The Young Women's Christian Association is at the head of our religious life. It is an organization which, we hope, has had its influence over the life of each girl; its aim being to fit girls to be better co-workers in school; and to go out into the world and make better Christians.

The work of the Association this year has been successful. Weekly meetings are held each Sunday evening in the Y. W. C. A. room, and these are well attended. These meetings are frequently led by the girls, or some member of the Faculty. Sometimes we secure some prominent man or woman of the city, to take charge of a meeting. The Y. W. C. A. Choir is one of the big elements in our work, being composed of the best trained voices in the school.

Aside from these, we meet each morning, a few minutes after breakfast, for the "Morning Watch" prayer service. These are always led by some member of the Association.

Four Mission Study Classes have been organized this year.

Last fall, soon after the opening of school, the Y. W. C. A. entertained the new girls by having a "Mock Marriage."

Our Hallowe'en party was a source of great fun. This was planned by the cabinet members.

Each year new opportunities for service present themselves.

This year we collected from the girls a creditable amount for the Syrian fund. All the girls contributed something, to be sold at a rummage sale, the proceeds of which were sent to the Belgians. Our Association gives fifty dollars annually for the support of a hospital cot in China.

On the day before Thanksgiving each girl contributed a small amount of money to be spent in buying a Thanksgiving dinner for a poor but worthy family which had been suggested to us by a representative of the Associated Charities.

I think all of the girls caught the real Christmas spirit in giving the Christmas box, which we sent to the mountain children.

Every Tuesday night the cabinet meets to discuss the business of the Association.

At the nineteen-sixteen Blue Ridge Conference we were represented by the President of the Association.

It has been our purpose to give the girls every side of the Y. W. C. A. work, and to gain their interest—by so doing to point out to them the fundamental principles of a Christian life.

HALLIE JONES, *Secretary.*

The Peace Get-Together Dinner

On Friday, December 1, during the State Teachers' Assembly, there was given at Peace Institute a banquet or "get-together" dinner of the Alumnae. It was a most *recherche* affair, the result of excellent planning and wonderful execution. The table was a hollow square, covers being laid for forty guests. The dainty place cards bore suggestions of Thanksgiving. Down the center of the table was a feathery line of smilax. Candelabra, shaded with green, were used at intervals throughout the length of the table. The decorations elsewhere were beautifully arranged, pines being used in profusion. Never has the dining-room with its dignified pillars and its deep-silled windows—now all finished in white—looked so homelike and inviting.

Presiding on this occasion and acting as toastmistress was Mrs. R. J. Wyatt, President of the Raleigh Chapter. After extending to the visiting teachers a most cordial welcome to their Alma Mater, she proposed the first toast to Miss Mary O. Graham, the new President of Peace, who sat with Mrs. Wyatt at the head of the table. Miss Graham expressed great pleasure in being with such loyal Alumnae and said this augured well for the future of the school in which she was so vitally interested.

Miss Mary Ward, of New Bern, responded to the toast proposed to her as State President of the Alumnae. She said she counted herself most fortunate in being able to be present with those who had been of so much help to her in the work she had done this year.

At the next click of the glasses, Dr. Ramsey, former President of Peace, responded most appreciatively of the love and loyalty always shown him, and said he did not feel that he had, by any means, severed his relations with the Institute and its Alumnae.

In answer to the toast to Ex-Presidents, Mrs. M. B. Terrell said:

X once meant to us the unknown quantity. It is not inappropriately applied to former presidents who so soon become the unknown quantity. *Ex* means out; the prefix is strangely significant—out of office, out of date, out of the way! In common parlance, *laid on the shelf*. Last of all comes *Exit*, when we step off the stage of action. In the meanwhile, let *Caepe diem* be our motto, lest there be not many more days and opportunities left for service.

So:

"Here's a health to the future
And a sigh for the past;
We can love and remember
And hope till the last;
And, for all the untruths
That the almanacs hold,
While there's love in the heart,
We can never grow old."

Peace of the Past was Mrs. Jack Harden's theme. She said:

Longfellow says for me

"This is the place—
Let me review the scene
And summon from the shadowy past
The forms that once have been."

Like the Maiden Queen, I am resolved "to grow fat and look young till forty"; so surely there are some of you here who remember the past with me, and you others are the losers, for we are getting to the reminiscient age when the "Past seems the best."

I entered Peace at the age of seven under Mrs. McDonald. I feel we ought to stand uncovered and say "Peace" to her ashes, for among my classmates were

Ed Crow and Ed Battle, Albert Baumann, Will Vass and Bob Gray. I don't see why they shouldn't be here at this get-together dinner of Peace girls.

For eleven years I took part in each commencement and was so sorry for those who couldn't get in. I urged my friends to come early—we did have crowds!

At length I was graduated—rich in the knowledge of how things were done at Peace. You latter-day girls haven't the memory of dear old Dr. Burwell, letting us come in to warm by his study fire, while he read his Greek Testament—getting his lesson, he said—and hear him say with his gentle smile, "Surely Heaven is the place where there are no pianos!"—his study was near the practice halls. Does any one remember the rocking boats he made for us and the joggling boards? We had big recess and a basket of lunch in the days when the only clouds on our horizon were the multiplication table and those pesky boys.

We knew Peace in the glory of Prof. Baumann's days when J. B. Burwell, Dr. Charles D. McIver, and Miss Sue May Kirkclange were with us, and then we were here to welcome Dr. Dinwiddie. I may bore you into thinking that we believe our time was the Golden Age of Peace, but Maetzel says no man who is correctly informed as to the Past will be disposed to take a desponding view of the present or the future, whatever may befall. Peace has had a glorious Past. Now turn our vision all to the future and drink to the toast—

May the Glories of Peace never be less
Than the Glories of her Past.

Following this, toasts to Peace at Present, and Peace of the Future were most happily responded to by Miss Beth Easley and Miss Ada Womble, respectively.

Glasses were lifted high when Mrs. Jane McKimmon, whose efforts in behalf of girls and women on the farm have gained for her a national reputation, was called upon to speak for "The Peace Girl in Industrial Life." With inimitable charm she evoked the interest of all in the work that she is so efficiently doing.

To the toast to "The Peace Girl in Educational Life," Miss Minnie S. Sparrow most gracefully and happily responded.

At the proposal of a toast, "Motherhood," Mrs. John A. Park arose and, by her felicitous presentation of that phase of life, most of her more youthful hearers decided that home-life was to be their chosen sphere.

Mas' such decisions in many cases underwent a sudden change when Miss Belle Fleming arose to speak for "Spinstership." Miss Fleming naively said:

I asked my father not long since, if he didn't think it was *just dreadful* to be the father of an old maid. He looked at me over his glasses and never said a word. He never *did* say anything. So I know he thinks it has its drawbacks.

For a long time at school, I had trouble with paper on the floor. At last, I told the girls that if one stepped over paper and didn't pick it up, it was a sure sign of being an old maid. My floor is clean now.

According to me, the world couldn't get along without old maids. They look after the father and mother when the other children are married and gone; they help their married sisters patch little trousers and darn stockings; help nurse maenas and whooping cough; do nearly all the school-teaching and a lot of the church work; nearly all of the hospital nursing, and just about all of everything else. I think *every last one of us should be persuaded!*

Miriam is the only old maid in the Bible, that I can recall, and she set us a good example, all but her tongue on one occasion.

I don't want these sweet pink little girls to think being an old maid is something dreadful, for it's not. I can't do any better than to tell them what the old black mammy told her "Young Miss." This young lady felt burdened with years, as one is apt to feel at eighteen or twenty.

"Honey, the unmarried state ain't the most peacefullest, the most happiest life there are, when you once quits a-struggling."

This part of the exercises at an end, the voices of all—young, younger, and youngest—for Peace girls never grow old) blended in one great chorus, "Girls of Peace." Then was heard the melody of youthful voices as the Peace girls of today sang their class songs.

As a fitting finale, all joined heartily in the closing class song, "All Hail to Peace."

The Lady Principal's Nightmare

Ask me no more; wear anything you choose—
The dress that hangs around you in the shape,
With fold on fold, of wrapper or of cape,
Oh frightful hose! those gaudy hideous shoes
Ask me no more

Ask me no more; what answer should I give?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye—
Yet gorge for one; eat all that you can buy
Ask me no more—a marvel should you live
Ask me no more

Ask me no more; yes, he may call tonight,
I care not; let him come and stay till late,
What though all lessons and all duties wait?
Ignore what threats your happiness to blight
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more; for I am far from well
I strove against this stream and all in vain,
And now scant will or reason does remain;
No more, I plead, for at a word I yell—
Ask me no more!

A. S. RAMSEY.

The Man Who Hated Women

Phil Hollman was graduated from Harvard in the spring of nineteen hundred and ten. He won the highest honors that had ever been given there. He was very popular among his fellow-students and was voted by his classmates the handsomest, the most athletic and the best all-round fellow in the class.

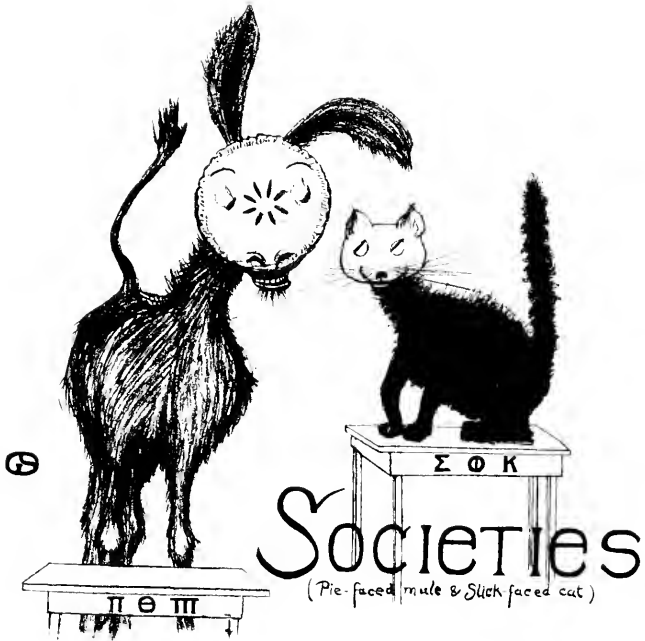
He was a very tall fellow with a splendid physique. He had dark hair tinged with brown, and large, quick, gray eyes. His mouth was ideal, almost indescribable—except in terms often used by school girls—it was the most kissable mouth imaginable.

Ah! The unfortunate thing about Phil was the fact that he was a woman hater. At least, that was the term in which his companions spoke of him.

In the summer after graduation Phil traveled around the country and visited some of his old college friends. He had become almost disgusted with life. This vacation had been like one long, terrible nightmare, for it seemed to Phil that everywhere he had been there had been nothing but girls, girls, girls—all the time. Now he had returned to his home in North Carolina.

One afternoon in October Phil came scampering through the fields after a pleasant hunting trip. As he strolled along he thought of what he would do until time for him to go to the city to take up his work. He remembered a suggestion a friend had made to him. This was for Phil to write a novel about his own home, for many beautiful romances were connected with this old colonial homestead.

Phil reached home about dusk. He sat in the porch and thought of his novel. As he sat there something like this went through his mind: "Surely I cannot write romances for I am not interested in the fairer sex, and no one would care to read a story without a feminine character. Why have I not become interested in girls?" he asked himself. Phil stretched out his hand. Could he be dreaming, he thought. What was this beside him? He did not turn to look, but he knew that he was not alone for he felt her soft velvety hair. In a moment he turned and looked at her. Of course, next to his mother she was the closest and dearest friend he had. There was no need of words at this moment. Phil saw the wistful, pathetic look in her soft gray eyes. He understood this pleading look, and suddenly he remembered that this faithful old bird dog had had no supper.



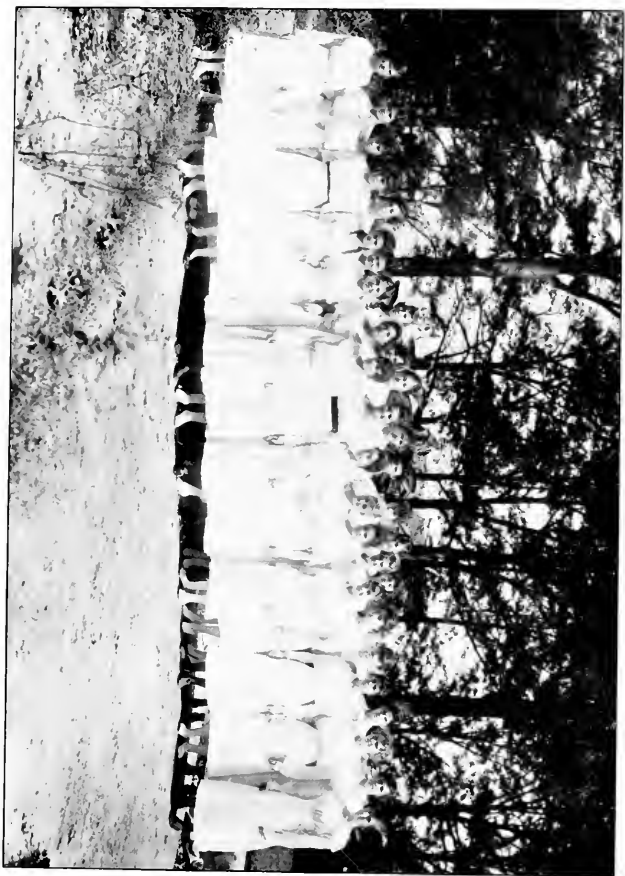


Pi Theta Mu

Officers

STELLA MCGOWAN
ANNIE MCDADE
CECILE HAMMOND
LOIS MONROE

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer



Pi Theta Mu Society

LILLIE BLENDER
EDNA BOOKER
NELLIE BURGESS
BETTIE MAE CHEATHAM
GLADYS DEARMON
HILDA GOSNLY
ETHEL HARRISON
HELEN HARRISON
WILLIE HOOD
MARY HOLLINGSWORTH
CECIL HAMMOND
JEAN HAMMOND
LOUISE HUNT
NAOMI HAYES
FANNIE HYDE
MAUDE JOHNSON
QUINTAYNE JOHNSON
BETSY LONG
SESAN LINGOMB
MARGARET McMILLAN
STELLA MCGOWAN
ANNIE McDADE
JANE MCKAY
MARY McNEIL
LOIS MONROE
JULIA MITCHELL
FLORA MORRIS
LILLIE MORRIS
HATTIE MAE MORSEY
SARA PATE
LAVELLA PATE
SARA RIVER
SARAH SANDERS
MARY STEVENS
JEANITA SOWELL
BERTIE SOWEL
PAULINE TRULL
ESTELLE WILLIAMS
AMY WHITEHURST
BLANCHE WHITE
CLAUDE WHITE
EMMA WHITE



Sigma Phi Kappa

Officers

LUCILLE STALLINGS
ELOISE WIGGINS
HALLIE JONES
RUBY MITCHELLE

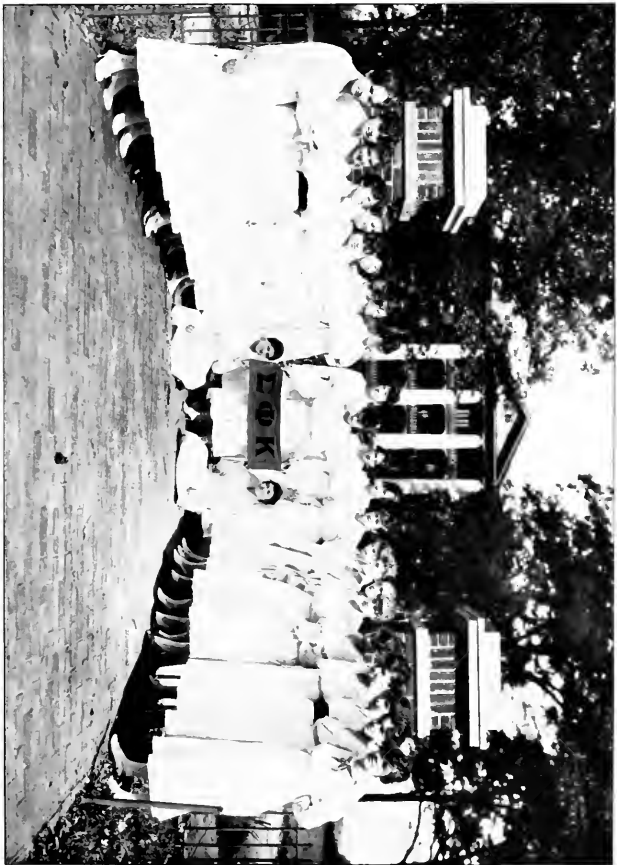
President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer

Sigma Phi Kappa Society

MARGARET BRADSHAW
GLERUDE BARRUS
ELIZABETH CALVERT
ETHEL COLLINS
MYRTIS CONNELLY
EMMA COCHRAN
NANNIE CREAGH
BETH EASLEY
HELEN FLORENCE
PEARL FOUNTAIN
IRMA FOUNTAIN
MARY HANNAH
RUTH HARGETTE
FRANCES JONES
HALLIE JONES

SARAH LITTLE
LENA LINEBERGER
LENOIR MERCER
RUBY MITCHELLE
EMMA MITCHELLE
MARY NICHOLSON
ESTHER PATE
ANNIE PICKARD
LILLIAN PURVIS
LUCILLE STALLINGS
GLADYS STALLINGS
AGNES WHITE
EUGENIA WITHERS
ELOISE WIGGINS
NITA WOODARD

THEO WOOTEN



Information Bureau

NAME	NO. NAME	FAVORITE SONG	OCCUPATION	LEADING PLACE
Mary Stevens	"Steve"	"At the Devil's Ball"	Cigar dancing	Hotel's room
Mary Nicholson	"Love"	"Put Your Arms Around Me"	Singing	Any where
Fannie Hatch	"Hatch"	"Be Lendeth Me"	Writing to "Preedy"	Her own stall
Sarah Sanders	"Sal"	"I Ain't Going Crazy"	Landlady at Mary's	Never leads
Jean Hammond	"Jeanie"	"I Saw the Sun Shine Through the Rain"	Musicaling	Not particular
Elise Wiggins	"Wiggle"	"I Love You, Stella"	Guzzling	Mad box
Halle Jones	"Hal"	Only hints	Musicaling	Private sitting room
Lois Monroe	"Jernsha"	"Old Black George"	Prancing	Kitchen
Leola Lindberger	"Pamela"	"Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son"	Running her tongue	School hall
Mary Hollingsworth	"Mol"	"I Love You, Kid"	Drooping	War path
Loelle Stallings	"Lottie Ope"	"That Old Swordheart of Mine"	Being on time	Phone room
Stella McGowan	"Ma"	"There is Nothing More to Say"	Blowing her horn	Up town
Nita Woodard	"Senta"	No singer	Writing to "Sam"	Paradise Alley
Emma Cochran	"Dearie"	"I Can't Help Loving You"	Talking to "Love"	Same as "Love"
Irina Fountain	"Dumpe"	"Casey Jones"	Star gazing	Campus
Frances Jones	Can't afford one	Not known	Casing	As near Miss Holloway as possible
Anne Peckard	"Ariela"	"Grass-Hopper Sitting on Sweet Tender Vine"	Stabbing	Hotel's room
Sarah Little	"Skippy"	"Lake Dry Rain"	Giving instructions	War Path
Betty Mae Cheatham	"Shearlain"	"Gypsy Trail"	Crocheting	Room 23
Nannie Crough	"Nannie Gout"	"Where Are You, Sarah"	Maintaining mails	Porch
Julia Mitchell	"Julius Cesar"	"Sweet Marie"	Chasing Herbert's picture	Her own den
Heather Mae Mortuary	"Bogart"	"Maryland, My Maryland"	Trying to boss	On the hot track

A Night in Spring

DEAR PEACE GIRLS:—I slept at your house last night,—in the moon-rise room, on the topmost floor. Not far from the window grows an old oak tree, and its little new leaves, tender and fluttering, looked in upon me. This is what I thought about it next day.

Yours with love,

May 25, 1916.

HANNAH ALLEN IVES.

I slept in an old oak tree last night!
May's moon crept up all a-quiver,
Its light broke clear and green
With a shimmering silver sheen,
Through the first-flung leaves
All a-shiver.

I slept in an old oak tree last night!
Little birds slept too, in a smother
Of their cozy down-filled nest,
And the tender throbbing breast,
And the hot young heart
Of their mother.

I slept in an old oak tree last night!
The bay-sweet air drew around me,
Full of whispings and sighs,
Whirring wings and peering eyes,
And the spirit of the night breathed there,
And found me.

I slept in an old oak tree last night!
Morn's sun sprang up, all a-benning!
Through the window where I lay
Strong green boughs had pushed their way
And touched my hand and touched my heart
Where slept I, dreaming.





HALLIE JONES
President



FANNIE HATCH
Vice-President



ANNIE PICKARD
Secretary



RUBY MITCHELL
Treasurer



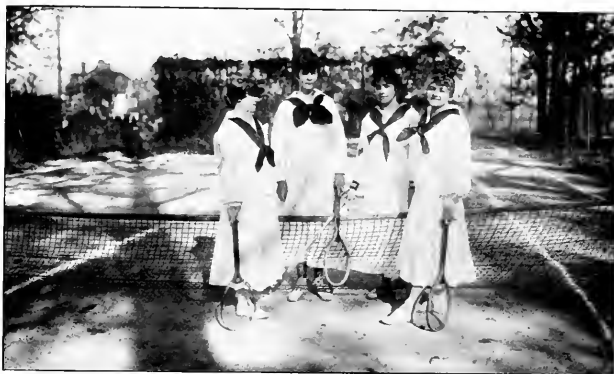
SENIOR TENNIS



JUNIOR TENNIS



SOPHOMORE TENNIS



FRESHMAN TENNIS



SPECIAL CLASS TENNIS



Senior Basketball Team

COLORS: Black and gold

YELL: Basketbball!
Well, I guess!
 Basketbball!
Yes, yes, yes!
 Basketbball!
Give it room!
 Basketbball!
See it boom!

YELL: Seniors?
Well, I guess!
 Seniors!
Yes, yes, yes!
 Seniors!
Give them room!
 Seniors!
See them boom!

ANNIE McDADE
 STELLA McGOWAN
 ANNIE PICKARD
 CECIL HAMMOND
 FANNIE HATCH

Captain, Goal
 Goal
 Guard
 Guard
 Center



Junior Basketball Team

COLOES: Purple and gold

YELL: Cannibal! Cannibal!
Sis! Boom! Bah!
Are we in it?
Juniors, Juniors!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

MARY STEVENS
LOIS MONROE
EUGENIA WITHERS
ESTHER PATE
SARAH SANDERS
GLADYS DEARMOND

Captain, Guard
Guard
Goal
Goal
Center
Side Center



Sophomore Basketball Team

MOTTO: For victory we strive

COLORS: Green and gold

YELL: Hip—a—lah, Hip—a—lah,
Hip—a—lah who?
Sophomores, Sophomores, brave and true.
Hail, Oh! Hail, Oh! brave and bold,
Nineteen-Nineteen, green and gold.

CLAUDIA WHITE
EDNA BOOKER . . .
QUINTYNE JOHNSON
MARGARET McMILLAN
BETTIE YELVINGTON . . .

Captain, Center
. . . Forward
. . . Forward
. . . Guard
. . . Guard



Freshman Basketball Team

YELL: Boom—a-lack—a, Boom—a-lack—a,
Bow, wow, wow!
Chicka—a-lack—a, Chick—a-lack—a,
Chow, ehov, ehov!
Boom—a-lack—a, Chicka—a-lack—a,
Yes we can!
Freshman! Freshman!

LENA LINEBERGER
MARY McNEILL
JANE McKAY
JULIA MITCHELL
NELLIE BURGESS

Captain, Center
Forward
Forward
Guard
Guard



Special Basketball Team

YELL: Ring 'em,
Sling 'em,
Lick 'em clean!
Specials,
Specials,
Seventeen!

GLADYS DEARMON .
WILLIE HOOD .
HATTIE MAE MORISEY
MARY HOLLINGSWORTH
ESTELLE WILLIAMS . . .

Captain, Center
Guard
Guard
Goal
Goal

Wy Doubleyou See Aye Wedding

Hatch-Stallings

Last Saturday evening at eight-thirty 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 Lucille Aramantha Stallings became the bride of Mr. Francis B. Hatch. The ceremony was performed by Bishop White, 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-thirty o'clock. A hush fell upon the audience as Miss Theo. Wooten sweetly sang "Because" and "A Dream." At the conclusion of these songs entered the ushers, Mr. P. Fountain and Mr. S. McGowan, followed by Miss Easley and Miss Wiggins, Mr. E. Mitchell and Mr. R. Hargette, Miss Woodard and Miss Sanders.

Next came the lovely flower girls, little Misses Bettie Mae Cleatham and Mary Hollingsworth. Next came the dame of honor, Mrs. C. Hammond, attired in black point lace, carrying a huge bouquet of many colored chrysanthemums, and behind her followed the maid of honor, Miss Gladys Stallings, wearing a pink taffeta trimmed with Duchess lace, carrying white roses. Then the manly little ring bearer, little Mr. Louis Lacy, and last came the bride leaning on the arm of her father. She was gowned in a marvelous creation of white satin trimmed with real lace, 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. G. Hammond, 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.



Alpha Delta Gamma

Flower. Red rose

Colors. Red and white

Founded 1910

Sorores in Collegio

BETH EASLEY

Clarksville, Va.

NITA WOODARD

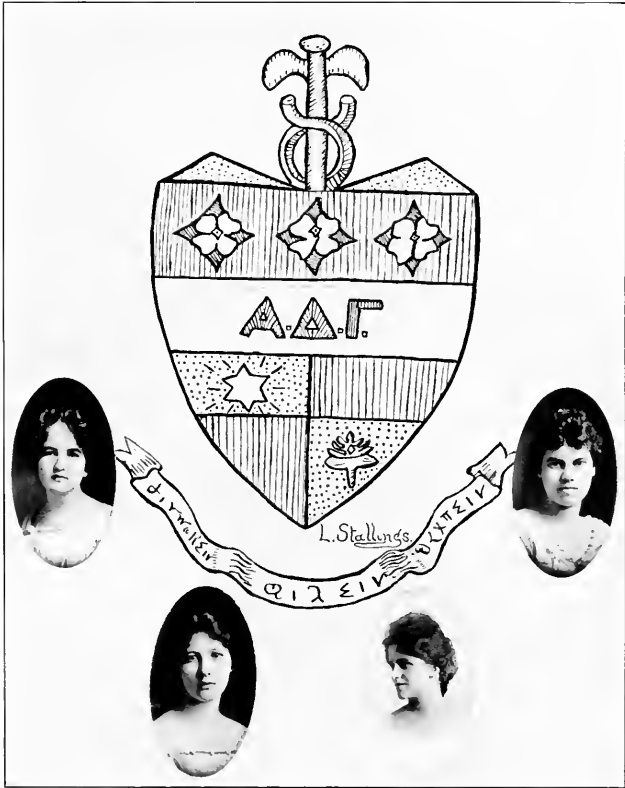
Winsters, N. C.

LELLE SPALLING

Birmingham, Ala.

GLADYS SPALLING

Birmingham, Ala.



Nu Nu

FLOWER: Violet

COLORS: Lavender and white

Sorores in Collegio

PEARL FOUNTAIN

Raleigh, N. C.

MARY NICHOLSON

Littleton, N. C.

Sorore in Facultate

MISS ELIZABETH ROBERTS

Sorores in Urbe

ALICE COLE

MARY AYCOCK

MARJORIE MONTAGUE

MRS. RICHARDSON

AMY STOCKARD

MRS. ROBERT WYATT

Mrs. JOHN PAIK



To a Bubble

Dainty bubble, fresh and fair,
Made of sunshine, dew and air,
Waft away my moody care,
Airy, dewy, sunny bubble!

Like a dream thou art that passes
Through a mind that it refreshes,
By its beauty which surpasses
All things real or longer lasting

Symbol of light-hearted pleasure,
Thou to age canst give no measure
Of delight; thou art a treasure
Of the childlike, beauty loving.

ELIZABETH CALVERT.

CLUBS





Fools' Club

ESTHER PATE
EUGENIA WITHERS

EMMA MITCHELLE
GLADYS DEARMON



Serenaders' Club

JEAN HAMMOND
MARY NICHOLSON

LENOIR MERCER
PEARL FOUNTAIN

BETSY LONG
STELLA MCGOWAN



Korner Klub

STELLA MCGOWAN
JULIA MITCHELLE

ELOISE WIGGINS
MARY MCNEILL



Merry Feasters

STELLA MCGOWAN
ESTHER PATE

LENOIR MERCER
HATTIE MAY MORISEY

GLADYS DEARMON
HATTIE MAY MORISEY

ELOISE WIGGINS
EUGENIA WITHERS



Triangle Club

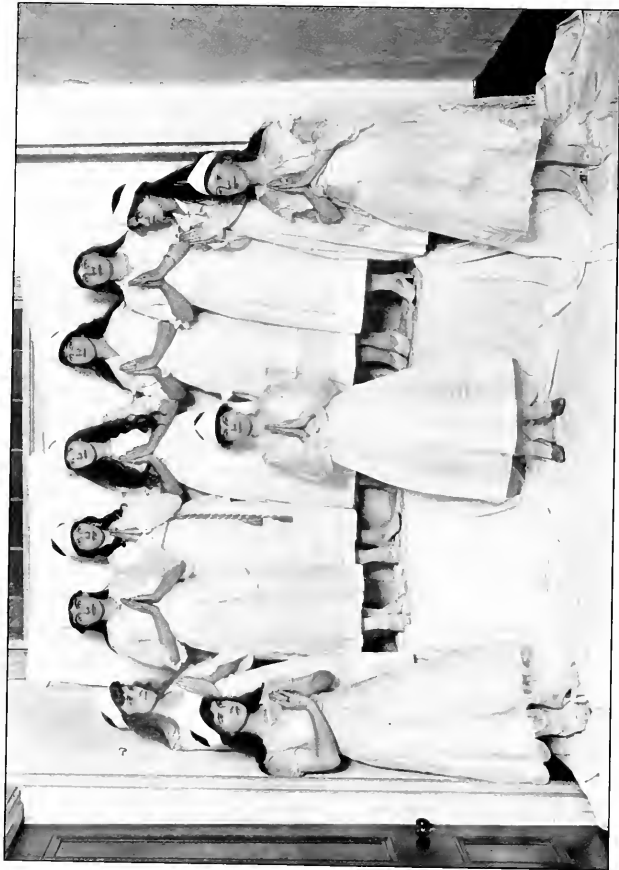
NITA WOODARD

BETH EASLEY

AGNES WHITE



HALL OF FAIR



Paradise Alley Club

SUSAN LIPSONB
LENA LINENBERGER
NITA WOODARD

EDNA BOOKER

GLADYS STALLINGA
ANNIE PICKARD
BETTIE AVE CHEATHAM

BETH EASLEY

LUTELLE STALLINGS
ANNIE McJADE
AGNES WHITE



The Loafers

CÉCILE HAMMOND
JEAN HAMMOND

PEARLE FOUNTAIN
IRMA FOUNTAIN

LENOIR MERCER
BETSY LONG

MARY NICHOLSON
EMMA COTHMAN

??!!!!??

This is the space that the staff left!

These are the lines that *should* be a verse to go in the space that the staff left;

And these are the thoughts that FINISH us, *quite*—the writers of lines that should be a verse to go in the space that the staff left!



Senior Monday Breakfast Club

FANNIE HATCH
CETILE HAMMOND
NETA WOODARD

ANNIE PICKARD
STELLA MCGOWEN
AGNIE WHITE

ANNIE McDADE
LUCILE STALLING
BETH EASLEY

FRANCES JOSEF
RUBY MICHELLE
HALLIE JONES



As You Like It

MARY HOLLINGSWORTH
LENOIR MERCER

NANNIE CREAGH
HATTIE MAE MORISEY

SARAH LITTLE
SARAH SANDERS



"Sextette" from "Paradise Alley"

GLADYS STALLINGS
ANNIE MCDADE

NITA WOODARD
LUCILLE STALLINGS

BETTIE MAY CHEATHAM
AGNES WHITE

German Club

STELLA MCGOWAN
MARY HOLLINGSWORTH
CECILE HAMMOND

President
Vice-President
Secretary and Treasurer

GERTRUDE BARRIS
EMMA COCHRAN
NANNIE CREAGH
IRMA FOUNTAIN
PEARL FOUNTAIN
JEAN HAMMOND
CECILE HAMMOND
QUINTYNE JOHNSON

HATTIE MAE MORSEY
MARY NICHOLSON
SARAH SANDERS
MARY HOLLINGSWORTH
ELOISE WIGGINS
EUGENIA WITHERS
GERTRUDE SMITH
BETTIE WATSON

SARAH SANDERS }
MARY NICHOLSON } Managers





Quaker Club

MARY HOLLINGSWORTH
SARAH SANDERS
HATTIE MAE MORSEY

SARAH LITTLE
NANNIE CREAGH
LENA LINEBERGER

Golden Leaves from British Poets

By AGNES WHITE, '17

Apostrophe to a Teacher

Fuss on! Thou fractious and contentious teacher, fuss!
Three scores of years sweep over thee in vain,
Girls fill the halls with racket; their domain
Stops at the schoolroom; in that dismal plain,
The misery is all thy deed, nor doth remain
No shadow of a pleasure save thine own;
When, for a season, with eyes filled with pain,
Girls listen to thy ranting, and then groan,
Oppressed by knowledge, boundless, awful and unknown.

A Lyric

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine (?) despair
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes
In looking on the breakfast table spread,
And smelling of that fish-roe, more and more.

To a Man

My heart leaps up when I behold
A man come by;
So was it when my life began,
Whenever I do see a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
Naught else is precious as a man
And I could wish my days to be
Filled up with lots of lovely men to see.

William

He dwelt among the trodden ways,
Beside the hails of Peace,
A nigger who, though few did praise,
That praise will never cease.

A nigger by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye,
Black as a storm, when only one
Is brewing in the sky.

He lived unknown, and few could know
If William ceased to be;
But think, if William hence should go,
The difference to me!

To Mrs. Fowler

Hail to thee, Aunt Molly!
Bard thou ever wert!
That on stupid folly
Pour'st thy full heart
In "cusses out," unvarnished by High Art
Yet when we must hear
Sickness, pain or fear,
In all the little goods
That come upon us here,
I know not who thy kindness ever could come near!

An Epic

There was a sound of whispering by night,
And Peace's faculty was gathered there,
Her teachers and her principal; and bright
The lamp shone o'er a row of faces grave,
A thousand tongues clacked busily,
And when one girl was mentioned—who we do not tell,
Fierce eyes looked wrath to eyes that spake again,
And all was solemn as a funeral bell.
But Hush! Hark! dread sound strikes like a rising knell!
Girl! did you not hear it? Nay 'twas but a din,
Some foolish prattling from an empty skull.
On with the fun! let joy be unconfined,
No grief in school where youth and pleasure meet,
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet!
But hark! That awful sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat,
And fiercer, clearer, deadlier than before—
She did! She ate a PEANUT *on her way to gym.*

Ode to an Essay

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains,
One minute past, and sixteen-wards had sunk,
'Tis not through longing for a happy lot,
But being sleepy with great drowsiness,
That thou, hard-hearted teacher, I displease,
In this dark, dismal spot
Of musty books and lessons numberless,
Talkest of essay in full-throated ease.

Want Ads

WANTED: The privilege of walking back from church with A. & M. boys.

PEACE GIRLS.

WANTED: Inspiration to write a poem for the Annual.

GLADYS DEARMON
LENA LINBERGER
CECILE HAMMOND.

WANTED: Some one who will, by misbehavior, add a little variety to gym.

MISS HOLLOWAY.

WANTED: A discontinuation of the publication of *The Literary Digest*, *The World's Work*, and *The State Journal*.

THE HISTORY CLASSES.

WANTED: The time to come for the Annual to go to press.

MRS. FOWLER,
(As well as the Staff).

WANTED: The latest text-book on Conversational Physics.

JEAN HAMMOND.

WANTED: The answer to the conundrum—why is it that, though we are at Peace, we have no rest?

STUDENT BODY.

WANTED: A free ticket to Wake Forest every week end.

TREO. WOOTEN
HELEN FLORANCE.

WANTED: An extra session of the Legislature.

MISS COLE.

WANTED: More time to talk to her Freshman History class.

MISS BRADBEER.

WANTED: A Saxon Six.

PEARLE FOUNTAIN.

WANTED: Some one who will do her Christian duty for her; in other words, a preacher.

FANNIE HATCH.

WANTED: The privilege of sleeping till lunch every day.

MARY NICHOLSON
EMMA COCHRAN.

WANTED: No harps, violins, pianos or other musical instruments in Heaven.

MISS BONNEY.

WANTED: A letter from Chapel Hill every Monday.

ELOISE WIGGINS.

WANTED: An eight hour law.

THE SENIOR CLASS.

WANTED: A dignified Senior class, modeled after the State Normal Seniors.

MISS McLELLAND
MISS GRAHAM.

WANTED: Twelve medals instead of one.

THE SENIOR CLASS.

WANTED: The price of oleomargarine to go up with onions.

PEACE GIRLS.

WANTED: Lois Monroe to sleep without snoring on English class.

MISS COLE.

WANTED: Time to think it over.

MISS GRAHAM.

NOT WANTED: A case.

MARY NICHOLSON.

WANTED: An assistant.

EVERY MEMBER OF THE FACULTY.

WANTED: An automatic hair curler.

QUINTYNE JOHNSON.

Good-bye, Alma Mater

(With apologies to R. W. Service)

O dear Alma Mater, I've loved you so long,
And now I must bid you good-bye!
I've filled you with laughter, I've thrilled you with song,
And sometimes I've wished I could cry.
Your walls they have witnessed a weariful fight,
And ring to a won Waterloo;
But oh! in my triumph I'm dreary tonight—
Good-bye Alma Mater, to you!

Your roof is unpainted and time-worn your floors;
Your halls are so dark and so long,
I try oft to find just your faults, but your doors
Were ever closed tight to all wrong.
At times you have been the best friend that I had,
Your aid making cheer of my woe;
You're sort of a part of me— Oh! but I'm sad—
I hate, Alma Mater, to go.

About your long windows green ivy does climb,
And over your pillars so white;
Your walls are all scribbled with adage and rhyme,
Portraying some dream of the night.
"Each day has its laugh," and "Don't worry, just work,"
Such mottoes reproachfully shine.
I look at you sadly—what memories lurk
About you, dear college of mine!

I hear the world-cull and the clang of the fight;
I hear the glad cry of my kind;
Yet well do I know as I quit you tonight,
It's youth that I'm leaving behind
And often I'll think of you, noble and true,
With "Welcome" writ over your door;
Oh, how I will wish those glad days to renew—
And each day will love you still more.

How calm, sad and quiet, how lonely you seem!
A last wistful look and I'll go,
Oh, will you remember the girl with her dream,
The girl that you broaden'd so?
The shadows enfold you, it's drawing to night;
The evening star needles the sky;
And oh! but it's stinging and stabbing my sight—
God bless you—dear Peace, good-bye!

GLADYS STALLINGS, '18.

L'envoi

When the Lotus' last picture is finished,
 And engravings are things of the past,
When the ink has worn off our fingers,
 (We hope it *will* do so at last!)
When the dummy is numbered correctly,
 And zinc etchings are safe in their place,
When the "Ads" are collected and copied,
 And half their words got in the space;
When contracts are memorized backwards,
 Correspondence's beginning to lag,
When the bills are made out and gone over,
 And the slogan adopted in "Nag";
When the hose has been turned on our work-room,
 Waste paper's been weighed at a ton,
When the staff gets a night's recreation
 And can dream that the Annual is done;
When the work that we've flunked is forgotten,
 And reports have gone home and come back
THEN BRING ON YOUR CRITICS—WE'RE READY
 FOR PRISON, DIX HILL, OR THE RACK.

B M E

Antidotes for Long Faces

A. A. P.: Who were the classicists?

F. HATCH: Oh, they were the ignorant people who lived before the romanticists.

BETSY LONG (at men's furnishing store buying shirt for uncle).

CLERK: What size, Lady?

BETSY: Forty-two, please.

MISS HOLLOWAY: Do you turn off the heat in your room every night?

MISS IZARD: Yes, but Mr. Bum wakes me up by knocking on the pipes every morning for me to turn it on.

MARY STEVENS (just returned from legislature): Well, the woman's suffrage bill was defeated, about 63 to 45 against it.

HELEN HARRISON: Which way did you-all vote?

ESTELLE WILLIAMS (walking one rainy afternoon): Why don't they have Peace Streets calcimined?

BETH AND CECILE (looking at a cartoon of Secretary of the Navy Daniels): The cartoonist had illustrated Mr. Daniels's viewpoint on prohibition. Near by was a picture of a can on which was printed the symbol, H₂O.

BETH: That's highly explosive, isn't it?

MARY McNEILL: Oh! I must find Ethel Elephant. Who can tell me where to find her?

MARY STEVENS: Who's that? (then laughing heartily); Oh! you want Ethel Buffaloe.

MARGARET McMILLAN: Ella May, why don't you take gym, now?

ELLA MAY: Because I disobeyed last time.

MISS BRADBEER (to Freshie McNeill): Mary, give the principal parts of the verb to see, in Latin.

McNEILL (to classmate): What is it?

CLASSMATE: Darn if I know.

McNEILL: Darnifino, darnifinere, darnifinavi, darnifinatus.

MARGARET: Who was Jupiter?

MISS COLE: He was the wife of Juno.



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THE DIFFERENCE"

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RALEIGH, N. C.

OFFICIAL
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TO
THE LOTUS



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Let x = Colloge man,

Let y = Colloge girl,

Let z = Chaperon,

Then $x+y+z$ = Misery

And $x+y-z$ = Bliss.

MISS WOMBLE (on History): This is an article in which I think every intelligent girl should be interested. How did you like it Cecile?

MISS WOMBLE (on Ethics): What is conscience?

CLASS: Conscience is that voice within which tells you that what you want to do is wrong.

MISS B. (on Chemistry): What is oxygen?

CLASS: Oxygen is a very explosive volatile gas, with a peculiar odor.

MISS B.: Go on; is there any more information you can give me concerning this gas?

HELEN HARRISON: Have you anything I can read this afternoon?

CECILE HAMMOND: Nothing but the *World's Work*.

HELEN HARRISON: Is it a good love story?

STELLA MAC (on Science): I can't do a thing in History, but I can do *anything* in Science.

MISS BONNEY: I am glad to hear *that* I can't.

MISS BONNEY: Where is chloride found?

CLAUDE WHITE: Bottom of page 169.

J. HAMMOND (dressed up in Mrs. Fowler's bathrobe): I look like Pharaoh with his coat of many colors.

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