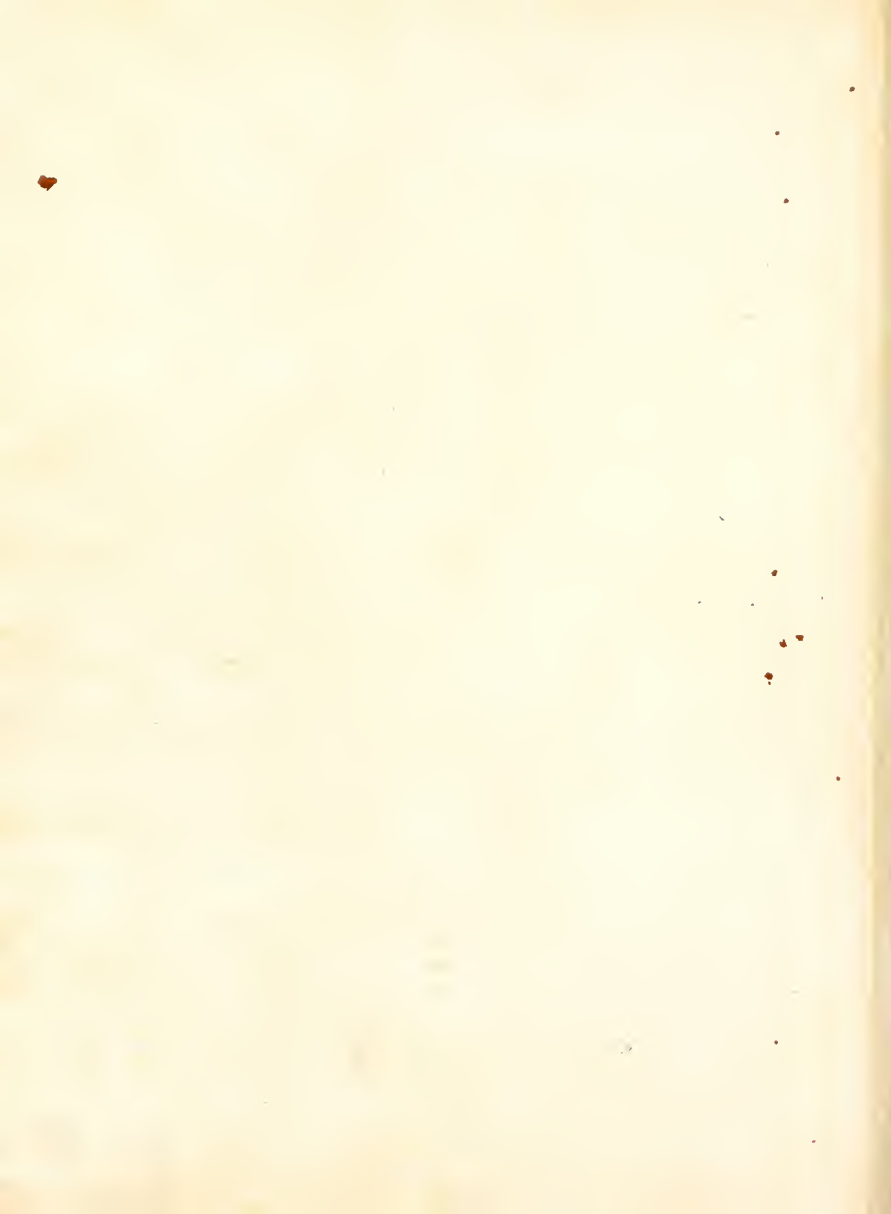



The Lotus



1919





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VIEW IN FRONT OF THE LULA B. WYNN HALL



THE LULA B. WYNN HALL



THE LOTUS



MCMXIX

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY
BY THE
PI THETA MU AND SIGMA PHI KAPPA
LITERARY SOCIETIES
OF
PEACE INSTITUTE
RALEIGH, N. C.



INTERIOR OF LULA B. WYNN HALL.



TO THE DEAR MEMORY OF
MARGARET INGHAM BLAKE
MERRY COMRADE, STANCH FRIEND
INSPIRING LEADER
WE LOVINGLY DEDICATE
THIS BOOK



Editorial Staff

MARY STEELE

MARY REED BUCHANAN

Editors-in-chief

ELIZABETH ANDERSON

Business Manager

ESTHER PATE

QUINTYNE JOHNSON

MARGARET MOORE

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LENOIR MERCER

LUCILLE BELK

ELIZABETH ELLIOT

LUCILLE BUCHANAN

Associate Editors

HATTIE MAY MORISEY

LENA LINEBERGER

Advertising Editors



"Some waltz; some draw; some fathom the abyss of metaphysics; others are content with singing."

This year would have been incomplete without Esther, Teddy and Annie. Seniors of last year, they came back to us with their store of experience and have helped us over many difficult places. We envied Teddy and Esther their "scrub faculty" privileges and their good times—dates, dinner parties, etc. The class of '19 is justly proud of this happy trio of artists.

Editorial Poem

Should you ask me whence these stories,
Whence these pictures, and these drawings,
I should answer, I should tell you,
From the toil and work of Peace girls,
From the never ending labor
Of the Staff of Nineteen-Nineteen.
Ye who sometimes in your musings
Of your youth the long past school time,
Dream with tenderness of friendships,
And old scenes so well remembered,
Stay and read our rude descriptions
Of the happy life of Peace girls.



EDITORIAL GROUP—BEFORE



EDITORIAL GROUP—AFTER



Faculty

MAY McLELLAND - *Dean*

Queen's College; Teachers' College, Columbia University

Bible

ADA V. WOMBLE

Peace Institute; Summer Schools University of North Carolina and Amherst College

Pedagogy, Philosophy, History

MADemoisELLE VALENTINE ESTOPPEY

Ecole Superime; University Geneva, Switzerland

French and German

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Mathematics and Latin

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Vassar College; Cornell University; Columbia University

English

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Physical Training

Physiology and First Aid

ELEANOR HEUER, B.S.

Pennsylvania State College; Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.

Home Economics

MARY EDNA HERMANN

Waynesboro Business College; Eastern College, Manassas, Va.

Commercial Department

MARTHA VENABLE DAVIS

Bellewood Seminary; Student Oxford University, England

Registrar

LOVIE JONES

Joseffy, New York; Wagner Sawyne, Paris

Piano

MATTIE EDMUND BURWELL

Cincinnati Conservatory of Music

Piano



Faculty

MRS. RUTH HUNTINGTON MOORE

Pupil of Collins, MacMonnies, Max Bohm, Hubbell

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ALICE LE SUEUR HARSH, A.B.

Abbt Academy, Andover, Mass.; Bristol School, Washington, D. C.; Smith College;
School of Expression, Boston

Expression

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Indiana University; Adrian College; Columbia University

Science

HAZEL WREN DOLES

Peace Institute; Summer School University of North Carolina

Preparatory Department

JAMES PETER BRAWLEY - *Director*

New York, Joseffy; Theodore Leschetizky, Vienna

Piano

MRS. HORACE DOWELL

Herbert Witherspoon, New York; Oscar Saenger, New York; Prof. Rhinehardt, Cincinnati;

Prof. Hugh Owen, Chicago; One season's coaching under Richard

Hagaman, Conductor at Metropolitan

Voice

ANNIE HILL BOBBITT

Bursar

SUSIE BOBBITT

Librarian

FRANCES T. JONES

Chapel Supervisor

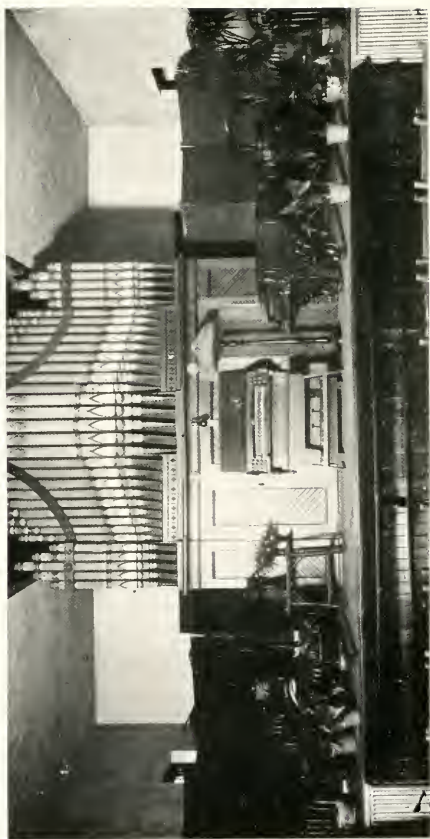
ZELMA PARNELL

Dietitian

MRS. M. G. FOWLER

Matron







CENTRAL HALL



PARLOR



MISS WINIFRED KUHNS
Teacher



MARY CROW
Mascot



LENOIR COOK MERCER

Voice

Elm City, N. C.

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

"Chunk" will surely be missed for countless numbers of reasons: most, because she has been so faithful to old Peace throughout all these years (?). Sweet, winsome, womanly, beautiful what more could any mortal desire! The big question now is, will she be a Pi Kappa Alpha, Kappa Sigma, or Sigma Nu sister? And then well, we can see only one goal for "Chunk," and we will let you guess that.

Σ Φ Κ

President Senior Class, 1918-'19
 President Sigma Phi Kappa Society, 1918-'19
 President Choral Club, 1918-'19
 Member Student Council, 1918-'19
 Associate Editor "The Lotus," 1918-'19
 Business Manager German Club, 1918-'19
 Vice-President Sigma Phi Kappa Literary Society, 1917-'18
 Secretary Choral Club, 1917-'18
 Treasurer Junior Class, 1917-'18
 Commencement Marshal, 1917-'18
 Treasurer Class, 1916-'17
 Member German Club, 1916-'17-'18-'19
 Member Choral Club, 1916-'17-'18-'19
 Class Tennis, 1916-'17





MARY SOUTHERLAND STEELE

Expression

Mount Olive, N. C.

Certificate in English

*"A noble woman, nobly planned;
To warn, to comfort, and command."*

"Steele" has hair of "gold" (?) and a heart of pure gold. If you think everybody here knows not she is capable and dependable, glance through the honors she has attained in only two years. As President of the Student Body, she has done wonders; as a member she has done her duty, and yet has taken her fun where she found it. We all love her and she leaves a vacancy here that can scarcely be filled.

Σ Φ Κ

President Student Council, 1918-'19
 Senior Class Prophet, 1918-'19
 Treasurer Y. W. C. A., 1918-'19
 Editor-in-chief "The Lotus," 1918-'19
 Vice-President Class, 1917-'18
 Historian Class, 1917-'18
 Associate Editor "The Lotus," 1917-'18
 Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1917-'18
 Yearly Honor Roll, 1917-'18
 German Club, 1917-'18-'19
 Choral Club, 1917-'18
 Captain of Greens Basketball Team, 1917-'18
 Basketball, 1918-'19
 Cheer Leader, Greens, 1918-'19





MARY REED BUCHANAN

Lexington, N. C.

Literary Diploma

*"The gods looked with favour on
superior courage."*

Speaking of "pep" and "boss-ability"—that's Mary Reed all over. If you think she hasn't executive ability, glance through her honors and you will see. She possesses a positive genius for "bossing" anything she goes into, and we predict a bright future for her as a suffragist leader. Who knows, some day she may be the Republican candidate for President.

Π Θ Μ

Editor-in-chief "The Lotus," 1918-'19
President Pi Theta Mu Literary Society,
1918-'19
Representative of Senior Class, elected by
Student Body, 1918-'19
Class Historian, 1918-'19
President Class, 1917-'18
Chief Marshal, 1917-'18
Member Student Council, 1917-'18
Member German Club, 1918-'19
Member Choral Club, 1915-'16
Winner of Monogram, 1917-'18
Sophomore Tennis Team, 1915-'16
Sophomore Basketball, 1915-'16





II Θ M

Associate Editor the Annual, 1918-'19
Sophomore Basketball Team, 1915-'16

LUCILLE WYATT BUCHANAN

Lexington, N. C.

Literary Diploma

"Moderation, the noblest gift of Heaven."

Lucille is as quiet and placid as the night. Nothing less exciting than a fire alarm or a summons from Miss Graham's office could disturb her deeper musing. She must have some interesting thoughts beneath her calm exterior, and we hope that some day she may be kind enough to give us a book of them.





ETHEL MAYE BUFFALOE

Raleigh, N. C.

Scientific Diploma

"Her heart was pure, her life serene."

Ethel is one of Peace's old landmarks, and we wonder just how things will keep running without her. For six years she has been coming here as a day student, and only this year has deigned to accept our "cup and board." Her quiet, unassuming manner has added many of us to her list of friends.





H © M

Class Poet, 1917-'18
Class Poet, 1918-'19
Student Council, 1918-'19
President of Day Students' Club, 1918-'19
Winner of Art Medal, 1918-'19

ISABELLE WORTH BOWEN

Art

Raleigh, N. C.

Literary Diploma

*"I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips let
no dog bark."*

It doesn't seem quite fair for such an amazing amount of knowledge to be compressed within the cerebrum of one single human being, when it might be distributed over a dozen or more people. The gods have showered gifts upon her. Music, painting, "expression" (written and spoken), a keen sense of humor, and other talents too numerous to mention. She is a lover of nature and poetry, and there isn't anything that she hasn't read. We are expecting great things of her in years to come.





Π Θ Μ

Member Student Council, 1918-'19

MARY WOODWARD MEDLIN

Raleigh, N. C.

Literary Diploma

*"True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun."*

Mary is truly the most dignified girl in the class. We didn't know just how dignified and deep she was until she came to live with us this year. Yet her dignity is not the "chilling" kind, and she is always sweet and friendly whenever, wherever you meet her. Her wondrous bronze tresses rival Psyche's, and we wonder how long ere a certain "god" will worship eternally at her shrine.





H O M

Vice-President Y. W. C. A., 1918-'19
Treasurer Senior Class, 1918-'19
Advertising Editor "The Lotus," 1918-'19
Delegate to Blue Ridge, 1917-'18
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet Member, 1917-'18
Winner of Monogram, 1917-'18
Basketball Team, 1916-'17
Tennis Team, 1916-'17
Captain Basketball Team, 1918-'19
Floor Manager German Club, 1918-'19
German Club, 1917-'18-'19
Member Choral Club, 1917-'18

HATTIE MAY MORISEY

Goldsboro, N. C.

Home Economics

"We are never so happy or so unhappy as we suppose."

"Pattie" simply cannot hide her feelings from us—if she likes a thing, you know it; if she doesn't like a thing—well, you know that, too. She always lives in the superlative degree, and greets you either with a circumfacial smile or with a circumphysical slouch. Despite the desperate "casing" that goes on until society initiations are over, she is a true friend and an "all round" good sport. We wonder in just what capacity she will use her art of cooking.





FLORENCE ESTELLE PHILLIPS

Goldsboro, N. C.

Literary Diploma

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

"Phil" always greets you with a smile and whether natural or not, it has its cheering effect. She is surely talented along the line of getting "crushes" on teachers, and that's a gift to be coveted! But her long suit is dancing. Some day, when her graces are known to the world, Mrs. Vernon Castle will take her place among other amateurs. Phil's worst ailment is heart trouble, though it would be hard to convince her of such. Is her malady incurable?

Σ Φ Κ

Vice-President Sigma Phi Kappa Literary
Society, 1918-'19

Last Will and Testament, 1918-'19

President Cotillion Club, 1918-'19

Captain Basketball Team (whites), 1917-'18

Choral Class, 1917-'18-'19





Σ Φ Κ

Vice-President Senior Class, 1918 '19
Proctor-in-chief the Dining Room, 1918 '19

LILLIAN McRAE PURVIS

Scotland Neck, N. C.

Literary Diploma

*"Take time enough: all over graces
Will soon fill up their proper places."*

Lillian is as modest and unassuming as a violet. She has, by hard, earnest work, attained the goal of seniorhood. When a responsibility has come her way she has assumed it and done her duty. She seldom expresses her own opinions but is a good listener. She may be depended on if she promises to do a thing. As proctor-in-chief of the dining room this year she has shown her capability as a leader, and has been an example to the rest of us.





H O M

Winner of Monogram, 1917-'18
Secretary Senior Class, 1918-'19
German Club, 1917-'18-'19
Tennis Club, 1917-'18
Volleyball, 1917-'18

JEANIE ISABEL SMITH

Raleigh, N. C.

Home Economics

"Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep."

Jeanie came to us in 1917, and, although she hasn't lived with us, everyone knows Jeanie and we love her. She always knows the right thing to do at the right time and she does it. Modest, unselfish, intellectual Jeanie is all these, and in addition she enjoys good times in our capital city.





JULIA PAMELIA YOUNG

Raleigh, N. C.

Home Economics

"And the best of all ways

To lengthen our days,

Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear."

Julia is the handsomest girl in the class, and we aren't the only ones who think so—the photographer is always having her pose for art pictures to be displayed in the big picture galleries in New York. No wonder there are so many dashing cavaliers always at her feet. The Cotillion Club couldn't have a "hop" without her, for she is the best leader in school—consult statistics!





THEO WOOTEN
Warsaw, N. C.
Voice



ANNIE McDADE
Raleigh, N. C.
Voice



ESTHER PATE
Apex, N. C.
Voice

Senior Class History

One night at Peace, twelve undignified Seniors were holding a midnight feast in a room on the Hall of Fame. In the center of the circle was a dish of boiling fudge, upon which were fastened the eyes of the happy dozen. It was nearing the time of commencement and this was our last Senior meeting. How could we make it a happy one?

One of our number, whom we had always loved and looked up to, suggested that the History of our class be told. "But how," you might ask, "could it be interesting to rehearse such a history amongst a crowd already so familiar with it?" Well, for this reason, that the class of 1919 has had the most unusual history in the annals of Peace. We are completing our school life under conditions never before faced by any class of this school. And the year 1919, we are told, will witness most remarkable changes in the habits and lives of people all over the world.

At this suggestion, another girl arose and spoke as follows: "Girls, do you remember that in 1914 only one of our number here was brave enough to enter the Freshman class? But, like those of us who entered later, she was a worker from the beginning, and after being thoroughly 'salted', she conquered; and in 1915 entered her Sophomore year. Here she found five other members waiting for her. How wise we felt that year when we solved the problems of Math, and Science of Art and English. And in the same year we became the famous athletes of Peace.

"But listen! girls, will you ever forget the year 1917, when we were all Jolly Juniors together? And then we were joined by eleven new girls. This indeed, was a jolly class. With unwavering courage, we met obstacles in class and in social life. Will you ever forget how glad we were when we passed our examinations and were given our Junior privileges? Oh, how we enjoyed going shopping unchaperoned!

"In the fall of 1918, we twelve once more entered the gates of Peace and enrolled as stately Seniors. But we were surprised to find that we were not so dignified as we had been told we should be. How we enjoyed the feeling of being full-fledged Seniors. But you know, five of our number did not return, and, oh, how we have missed them!

"Do you remember that we had been here only three weeks of this last year, when we were suddenly bundled up and sent home on account of the Influenza?

Shall we ever forget those days? While we were at home, each did what she could to nurse the sick in her town. And at the end of a month's time we returned, ready for work again.

"We love to think of the quarantine. In spite of some hardships, we really enjoyed it.

"After Christmas we all had the 'Flu', and such excitement had never before been witnessed at Peace.

"With the warm spring, came the renewal of all our former pleasures. There were parties galore, and girls, will you ever forget those State College receptions? And do you remember those exciting basketball games and the serenades afterwards? The feeling of being well again and out of quarantine brightened every heart and lightened every burden.

"Girls, may we never forget each other, after we leave dear old Peace; and let us close this our last feast, with a cheer for the old Class of '19!'"

Then each Senior forgot that she was at a midnight feast and gave a loud cheer to the girl who had reminded her of the happy years spent here. The feast was over and the little group stole softly to their several rooms.

And now, with faces aglow with excitement, and hearts light with hope for our future, we leave dear old Peace, hoping that by our lives here we have made Peace a better place; and that we are starting a new and better life made possible by the knowledge we have gained here. We are stepping into a new world; a world alive with new and better opportunities for our American womanhood to prove its value to humanity. With this noble aim in view, we resign to the class of 1920, our honored position as Seniors.

MARY REED BUCHANAN,

Historian

Senior Class Prophecy of 1919

I am the fairy Happiness, and, do you know I spend much of my time with the Peace Institute Class of 1919? I'm going to make a call on all of them now. If you would like to go, jump up, and in my invisible aeroplane we'll fly!

There now, see the tall buildings? This is New York. I'll wave my magic wand and we will slowly descend until our aeroplane is just opposite a window. Look in, and can you believe it, there sits our friend Ethel Buffalo, lecturing on Chaucer to Columbia students. Of course, you always knew she had the ability. Not very far on I'll stop again, and you may see Lucille Buchanan. In spite of the fact that she is married, she prefers to earn her own way, so she is private secretary to the mayor. I don't blame her at all, I tell you it is humiliating for a woman to have to beg a man for her pin money.

And quick! look in there! Do you recognize little Mary Medlin? She is a dear, isn't she? Every week, you may see a girl resembling Mary on the cover of some leading magazine. You see she poses for Harrison Fisher and thoroughly enjoys eating candy, when he is not painting that pretty little mouth of hers.

No wonder you ask who that girl is. She is quite the most striking person I have ever seen. Why, Mademoiselle Jeanie Smythe has a reputation that Lady Duff Gordon envies with all her heart! Mademoiselle Smythe designs creations for all the princesses of Europe and her skill is a thing to marvel at.

Why, dear traveler, don't get so excited! It is only the governor of the State! Oh, I see! You recognize her as your former friend, Mary Reed Buchanan! Have you heard how she has taken personal command of the militia, and how it was largely through her efforts that suffrage was granted to women. Speaking of suffrage reminds me of Lenoir Mercer. Do you know that child, with a large placard on her back, "Votes for Women" besieged the White House. Then she decided that she cared more for one certain person than she did for votes, so now she lives on Riverside Drive, in the coziest little apartment in the world. I just love to go there, and you would too.

Do you remember her "Roomy," Hattie May Morisey? Of course you do. Well, for a while all her attention was directed towards Baltimore, but she soon tired of Eastern culture, and the dear child sought the western plains and there found happiness and love.

I wish we had time to stop at the opera, because there you could hear the world famous soprano, Florence Phillips. She has made quite a reputation for Peace Institute and it is rumored that she has been offered a contract to play opposite Eugene O'Brien in the movies. My, wouldn't you like to have that chance?

Now let us fly quickly to the orange groves of the south. Look! There if you please, stands Isabelle Bowen directing fruit packers. Her husband looks on rather timidly and agrees with Isabelle in word and gesture. Independent, that's Isabelle all over!

There on the beach, with her round of cavaliers, sits Julia Young. Charming and beautiful still, she has the same attraction for the opposite sex.

In the distance, you can discern a large boat. Now we are quite near. It is a yacht. Our aeroplane is a magic one and I'm hungry, so let us descend and take dinner with the passengers. First, take a look at the captain and, oh, my heavens! it is a woman! It is Lillian Purvis. Quiet little Lillian Purvis, who would ever think of your being the captain of a ship? But we must remember that in 1929, on a magic airship anything is possible.

No matter how much I should like to stay, I must go on. Happiness has so much ground to cover. Take Mrs. Haskins, for instance. She has eleven children, three of them have measles, the dog has hurt his foot, and the cat drank up the morning milk. So I'm going there to play with those blessed kids while she cleans up the house for some expected guests.

MARY S. STEELE,

Prophet.

*The Last Will and Testament
of the Class of 1919*

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,)

County of Wake,)

City of Raleigh.)

Peace Institute, June 4, 1919.

The class of 1919 of Peace Institute, realizing that it will soon be obliged to leave these walls, and to enter upon a new life, and being in possession of certain property and effects, of which it wishes to dispose before departing, has drawn up this document.

We, the class of 1919, being of sound mind and body (that is to say, as sound as could be expected, considering our past four years of mental contortions) do now and hereby declare and publish this final disposition of our property, in manner and form following: to wit:

ITEM I. To Miss Kuhns, our devoted class teacher, we leave the sincere love and devotion of every member of the class.

ITEM II. To the Juniors, the commendable spirit which the members of our class have shown in the quarterly English conferences. We hope the class of 1920 will exhibit a like spirit, so that our departure will be less hard to bear.

ITEM III. In brief, we leave all our Senior privileges to the prospective Senior class. If these privileges are found too great(?) a burden for said class, they may be preserved for some future class, who, not realizing what they ask, want privileges in their Junior year.

ITEM IV. To the successors of the present Junior class, we leave the same privileges that we have given the incoming Seniors—that of chaperoning, and assuming the Senior dignity while doing so.

ITEM V. To the Freshman class we will the members of the faculty, with the assurance that they will make their next years' Sophomores' lives weary with overstudying. They surely did map out a sufficient amount of work for us, and we are very sure that unless some miraculous change takes place in them, they will be quite as thoughtful of future classes.

ITEM VI. We hereby appoint our president, Miss Mary Owen Graham, as lawful executrix to all intents and purposes, to execute this our Last Will and Testament and every part and clause thereof—hereby revoking and declaring void all other Wills and Testaments heretofore by us made.

FLORENCE E. PHILLIPS.

Senior Class Poem

We are going, Oh my class-mates,
On a long and distant journey
Through the life which lies before us,
Where we each may find enrichment,
Of ambitions, the fulfilment.
To you girls who follow after
To your guardianship we leave you
What we love—our Alma Mater.
You must love her as we love her
And you must be worthy of her,
Gain through her, life's preparation,
And through her that inspiration
Which she gives to those who love her.

We are going, Oh my class-mates,
For our school days here are over.
Many summers, many winters
Shall return; but ne'er shall bring us
Back to this we leave, now finished,
But our thoughts shall be returning,
And our hearts be often yearning
For these unforgotten schooldays,
For the days when we were Peace-girls.

Junior Class

MARGARET MOORE, President
 ANABEL SLOAN, Vice-President
 SARAH PATE, Secretary
 MARGARET MACMILLAN, Treasurer
 LUCILLE BELK, Poet
 ANABEL SLOAN, Historian



Ellen Seawell.

MISS MCLELLAND
 Class Teacher

ELIZABETH ANDERSON
 MARTHA CALDWELL
 ISABEL FAISON
 GRACE HENRY
 EMMA KATE JONES
 LENA LINEBERGER
 MARGARET MACMILLAN
 SUSIE MONROE

MARGARET MOORE
 SARAH PATE
 DOROTHY BLOUNT
 ANABEL SLOAN
 MARGARET WASHBURN
 MABEL WELLONS
 BENNIE LEE UPCHURCH
 LUCILLE BELK



History of the Junior Class

For three years, as homesick Freshmen, Wise Sophs, and Jolly Juniors, we have experienced together the joys and sorrows of school life. Now that we have passed through these successive stages, we are ready to become dignified Seniors.

In our Freshman year, there were only six of us, but each year our number has increased until now we have a class of sixteen members. All of us are North Carolinians, and this has made us love each other all the more. We have out-stripped all other classes, not only in gaining members, but also in obtaining honors. We have the honor of claiming three members of the Student council, four members of the Editorial Staff, the president and the vice-president of the Athletic Association, the secretaries of both Societies, the president and the secretary of the Y. W. C. A., five members of the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, three members of the Church Choir, the secretary of the Choral Club, and, last but by no means last, Miss McLelland, the lady principal, as our class teacher. In addition to these honors in our midst are found the prettiest girl in school, the most optimistic, the most attractive and the best-all-round.

To be frank, our record has not been a continuous succession of victories, yet many times we have been able to say with Caesar "Veni, vidi, vici." We have struggled through chemistry with the courage of a Lyon, and through "Trig" and Horace with the tenacity of Kuhns. We have gone into the depths of our psyches with Miss Womble. We have battled with Shelley, Keats, and Browning until we would think ourselves possessing some poetic talent, did not Miss Ingraham remind us that "Poeta nascitur, non fit."

This year has given us many things to be proud of—Junior privileges, for instance. These were given to us at the beginning of the year, but the quarantine prevented us from deriving any benefits from them until after Christmas. We are especially proud of these privileges because no previous Juniors have received such privileges as we are the proud possessors of. We have not only the privilege of going down town without a teacher but also the much coveted privilege of chaperoning our under classmen. How dignified it makes us feel!

As Freshmen, Sophs, and Juniors, we have encountered many difficulties in our work, and as Seniors we expect to encounter still others. However, with Miss McLelland as our guide and with our motto as an incentive, we hope to succeed and bring glory to our school.

Junior Poem

We're Juniors now— but just ahead the goal is—
One year—a step in life— then end with college.
Three years we've toiled, and each year watched departing
A Senior Class, with dignity and knowledge.
Oft we have envied them, but now before us
The same path lies—fair, yet with labor in it,
Now shall we gain the goal as brave and faithful
As those who leave to us the right to win it?
Ambition called us on—In her fleet footsteps
We've followed till the Gate we've almost spied
That leads into the world— But have we courage
To turn the key called "work" and fling it wide?
Oh, Alma Mater, in the year that's coming
May the compass-needle of our souls still be
True to the north star of a great ambition,
Ever upholding Ideals taught by thee.

Lucille Belk.



SOPHOMORE POINT OF VIEW

A. Foy-

Sophomore Class

Colors: Purple and white

Flower: Violet

Motto: Press forward

LAURA BELL FRENCH	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
HELEN LONG	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
GRACE McINCH	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
NELLIE BURGESS	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

Members

EUGENIA FAIRLY
BETTIE HALL
MARY HENDERLITE

ANNIE McCORMICK
MOZELLE MARKHAM
MARGARET ROBINSON



Class Song

(Tune Auld Lang Syne.)

*We'll ne'er forget just what 'tis
To be a Soph so true,
To always pledge fidelity
To the old white and blue.*

Chorus

*Oh for the Sophomores, my dear,
For the Sophomores
We'll fight and strive through all the days
For the Sophomores.*

*From year to year, away from here,
No matter where we roam;
We'll think of just this thing, my dears,
Of the class of '21.*

*So here's to all the Sophomores,
The best class in the land;
We'll fight, and strive, and die for it,
And for it take our stand.*



Freshman

Colors: Red and white

Flower: Richmond Reds

Motto: Honor lies in honest toil

FANNIE LOUISE MURRAY	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
CLARIBEL FOUNTAIN	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
MARY BOOKER	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary and Treasurer

ELFYE HOLLOWAY
ISABEL BARKLEY
MARY BOOKER
FLORA COLE

CLARIBEL FOUNTAIN
ELIZABETH GIBSON
MARY C. HOWARD
FANNIE LOUISE MURRAY

LAURA PHILLIPS



Freshman Poem

*I sing a song of "Freshies,"
Of trouble, toil and woe
And all the other hardships
Which "Freshies" undergo
I sing of that long, awful night
Away from home and dad
And the pangs of wanting mama
Which only (?) Freshies had.
I sing of one eventful night
Which it is death to tell,
We joined the school societies—
The old girls gave us—well,
I sing of bowing to the rules
Of "old girls," proctors, deans—
And only green, green "Freshies"
Know rightly what that means.
I could name many others,
Could tell them by the score—
But each has one redemption,
She'll be a Soph-o-more.*



DOROTHY ALDERMAN, *President*
 MARGARET McKEITHAN,
Secretary and Treasurer

Class Motto:

The elevator to success is not running:
 stairs.
 the
 Take

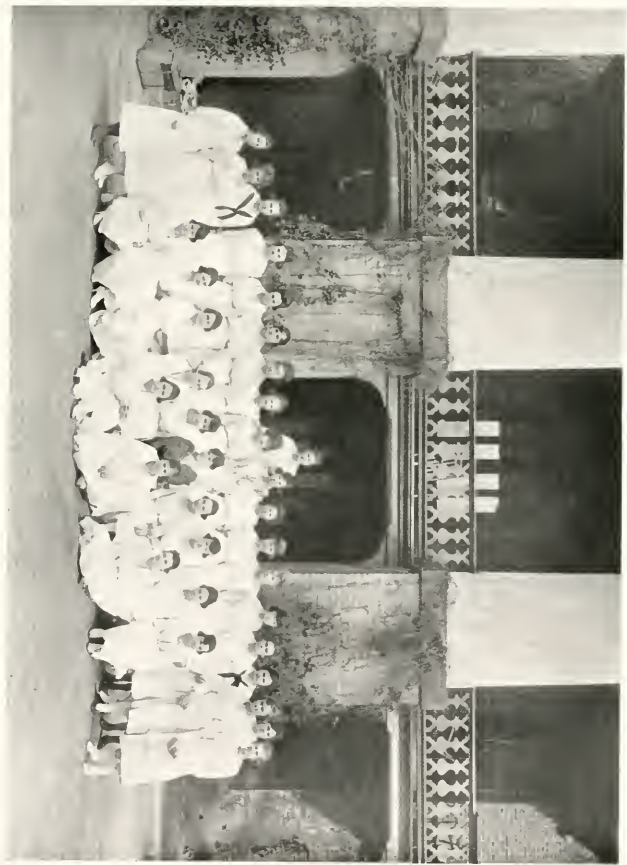
Class Flower: Daisy

Class Colors: White and Gold

CLARA WOODALL
 MYRTLE TURNAGE
 EMMA MITCHELLE
 DOROTHY ALDERMAN
 ELIZABETH ALFORD
 SADIE AUSTIN
 ELIZABETH BARNES
 EUGENIA BLANCHARD
 MARY BLUE
 CATHERINE BREWER
 SARAH FLETCHER BRYAN
 MARY BUIE
 ETHEL COATS
 LUCY COOPER
 NANNIE CREAUGH
 MARY CRINKLEY
 NANNIE BURWELL CROW
 MARIE DEAVOR
 MARGARET EUBANKS
 EDNA EWING
 EMMA FEIMSTER

AGNES FOY
 JANIE GENTRY
 JESSIE GODFREY
 OLIVIA GOWAN
 MARGARET HASTY
 ANNIE ELIZABETH JOHNSON
 SALLIE JOHNSON
 THELMA JOHNSON
 IVA JOHNSON
 LESSIE MAY THOMAS
 EDNA WHITE
 AMY WHITEHURST
 QUINTYNE JOHNSON
 MARJORIE KIRBY
 LUCIE LEWIS
 MAVIS LINDSAY
 HELEN LONON
 JANE McKAY
 MARGARET McKEITHAN
 EDNA McMAHAN
 DOROTHY McNEIL

JENNIE MALLARD
 MARY MANESS
 HILDA MARTIN
 FLORENCE MARTIN
 ANNIE LAURIE MURRAY
 JULIA MURVIN
 MARY ROZIER NORMENT
 RUTH NORMENT
 MARY LACY PALMER
 CAROLYN PATTERSON
 LUCILLE RANKIN
 ELLEN SEAWELL
 EFFIE MAY SPIVEY
 JEANETTE STANFORD
 SADIE STADINEN
 MARTHA STANLEY
 JULIA STEPHENSON
 SUSIE STEPHENSON
 JANIE STEVENS
 VERNA STRAYHORN
 HELEN TAYLOR





E. Alford

'PREP'

RACHEL WITHERINGTON - - - - - President

Flower: Blackeyed Susan

Colors: Black and Gold

Motto: Preps should be seen and not heard

ANNIE RUTH BOWEN
ELIZABETH CHERRY
CORNELIA COLE
LILLIAN HALES
LUCILLE HATCH
GLENNIE MORTON

LACY RANKIN
LILLY WINN
MARGARET WRIGHT
SARAH BOYD
RUTH CHERRY
MARY COTHRAN

LA VERA HARRIS
SOPHIE McRACKEN
ELIZABETH NICHOLSON
MARY WESTON TUCKER
LUCY WRIGHT





Domestic Science

MARTHA CALDWELL	GRACE HENRY
AGNES FOY	IVA JOHNSON
MAVIS LINDSEY	RUTH NORMENT
MARY ROZIER NORMENT	LUCILE RANKIN
MARY LACY PALMER	VERNA STRAYHORN
DORTHY McNEIL	LENOIR MERCER
MARY CRINKLEY	LENA LINEBERGER
SARAH PATE	MARY BLUE
LESSIE MAY THOMAS	MARGARET McKEITHAN
JANIE STEPHENS	JEANNETTE STANFORD
ANNIE ELIZABETH JOHNSON	ANNIE LAURIE MURRAY
RUTH BOWEN	EDNA EWING
MARIE DEAVOR	SARAH FLETCHER BRYAN

DORTHY BLOUNT

Domestic Art

SADIE AUSTIN	JANIE STEPHENS
MARTHA CALDWELL	MARJORIE KIRBY
MARY CRINKLEY	JEANIE SMITH
AGNES FOY	GRACE HENRY
MAVIS LINDSAY	IVA JOHNSTON
DORTHY McNEIL	HATTIE MAY MORISEY
MARY LACY PALMER	JULIA YOUNG
MARY BLUE	ANNIE LAURIE MURRAY
MARGARET ROBINSON	EDNA EWING
LESSIE MAY THOMAS	SARAH FLETCHER BRYAN





Commercial Department

CAROLYN BALDWIN
MARY BARNHARDT
JETTIE BRYANT
BESSIE DALE
ELIZABETH ELLIOT
MARION GARVIN
ELEANOR HALES
HELGA HAMPTON
MINNIE HOLDING
JOSEPHINE HUNTER

KATIE GLEN McLAURIN
LUCILLE MATHESON
MARIE PARRÖT
CHARITY SWINDELLE
STELLA TAYLOR
BLANCHE WHITE
NANCY WHITE
FRANCES JONES
MAY BELLE NEAL
THELMA JOHNSON

JULIA YOUNG



Isabelle Bowen

MUSIC

The Choral Club

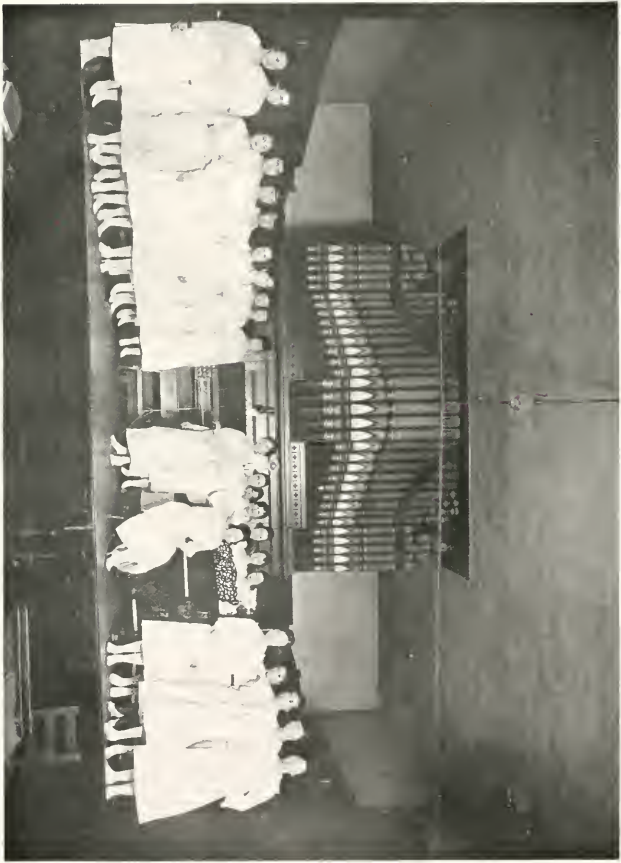
LENOIR MERCER	- - - - -	<i>President</i>
BENNIE LEE UPCHURCH	- - - - -	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
MRS. HORACE DOWELL	- - - - -	<i>Director</i>

MEMBERS

DOROTHY ALDERMAN
 ELIZABETH BARNES
 LUCILLE BELK
 CATHERINE BREWER
 LUCY COOPER
 MARY CRINKLEY
 MARGARET EUBANKS
 ELIZABETH ELLIOT
 LAURA BELL FRENCH
 EUGENIA FAIRLEY
 OLIVIA GOWAN
 ELIZABETH GIBSON

JANIE GENTRY
 LEONORA HENDERSON
 SALLIE JOHNSON
 THELMA JOHNSON
 LENOIR MERCER
 JULIA MURVIN
 EDNA McMAHAN
 JANE McKAY
 ANNIE McDADE
 JENNIE MALLARD
 ELIZABETH NICHOLSON
 MARY ROZIER NORMENT

ESTHER PATE
 MARTHA STANLEY
 EFFIE MAE SPIVEY
 HELEN TAYLOR
 BENNIE LEE UPCHURCH
 MABLE WELLONS
 CLARA WOODALL
 CATHERINE WHITTEN
 THEO WOOTEN
 RACHEL WITHERINGTON
 LILLY WINN





Expression Class

MARGARET WASHBURN

MARY COTHRAN

LUCY COOPER

CATHARINE BREWER

MARY CHAMBERLAIN HOWARD

CLARIBEL FOUNTAIN

NELLIE BURGESS

NORMA SMITH

NANNIE CREAGH

RUTH CHERRY

MARY STEELE

THELMA JOHNSON

JENNIE MALLARD

Scenes from Plays



Scenes from Plays



Student Council

OFFICERS

MARY STEELE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>President</i>
NELLIE BURGESS	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Secretary</i>
LENOIR MERCER	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>President Senior Class</i>
MARGARET MOORE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>President Junior Class</i>
LAURA BELL FRENCH	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>President Sophomore Class</i>
FANNIE L. MURRAY	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>President Freshman Class</i>
DOROTHY ALDERMAN	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>President Special Class</i>
ELIZABETH ELLIOTT	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>President Business Class</i>
ISABELLE BOWEN	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>President Day Students</i>
GRACE McNINCH	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>President Red Cross</i>
MARY MEDLIN	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Elected by Seniors</i>
MARY REED BUCHANAN	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Elected from Senior Class</i>
ISABEL FAISON	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>President of Y. W. C. A.</i>
EMMA MITCHELLE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>President Annex</i>
BENNIE LEE UPCHURCH	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>President of Athletic Association</i>





Commencement Marshals

LENA LINEBERGER

Chief Marshal

EUGENIA FAIRLEY

CLARIBEL FOUNTAIN

ELIZABETH ELLIOTT

BENNIE LEE UPCHURCH

A Psalm of Life

(With the most humble apologies to Longfellow)

What the heart of the Peace girl said to the Psalmist

*Tell me not in joyful numbers,
Exams are just an empty dream!
For the girl is "flunked" that slumbers,
And tests are not what they seem.
Not enjoyment, just more sorrow,
Is our destined end or way,
Just to study that tomorrow,
We may catch up with to-day.
Exams are long, and Time is fleeting
And our hearts, tho' stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to Math's grave.
Grades of bright girls all remind us,
We can't make our bad marks cease,
And departing, leave behind us,
"Nineties" on the books of Peace.
"Nineties," that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er school's solemn main,
Always writing to that brother(?)
Seeing, shall take heart again.
Let us then be up and doing,
At the very crack of day;
Still reciting, still pursuing,
Learn exams are never pluy.*

M. S. S.

Young Women's Christian Association

ISABEL FAISON - - - - - *President*
HATTIE MAY MORISEY - - - - - *Vice-President*
ANABEL SLOAN - - - - - *Secretary*
MARY STEELE - - - - - *Treasurer*

ELIZABETH ANDERSON
Chairman of Devotional Committee

QUINTYNE JOHNSON
Chairman of Poster Committee

EUGENIA FAIRLY
Chairman of Foreign Missions

ESTHER PATE
Chairman of Music Committee

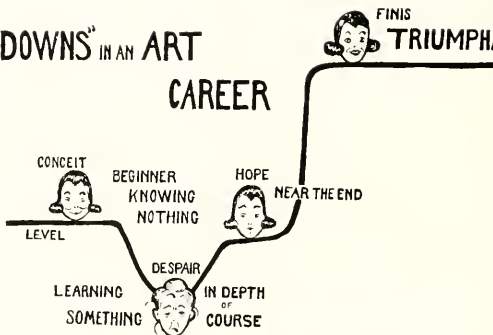
LENOIR MERCER
Chairman of Social Committee

LUCILLE BELK
Chairman of Mission Study Committee

BENNIE LEE UPCHURCH
Chairman of Social Service Committee



"UPS" AND "DOWNS" IN AN ART CAREER



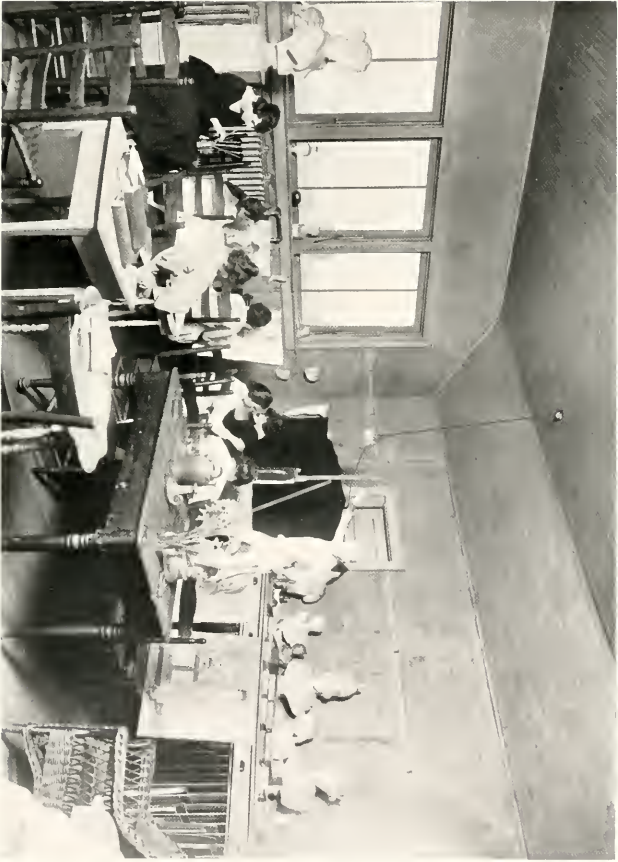
ART

Rhodes Foy-

Art Students

ELIZABETH ALFORD
MARY BUIE
AGNES FOY
ETHEL HOLDING
LUCIE LEWIS
ANNIE LAURIE MURRAY
ELLA REYNOLDS

ISABEL BOWEN
EUGENIA BLANCHARD
SELMA FOUNTAIN
QUINTYNE JOHNSON
DOROTHY McNEILL
MARY WESTON TUCKER
NANNIE BURWELL CROW



Peace

*There was a remarkable show
With black pictures all in a row.
We sat by the daar
To hear Mistress Moore
Tell the crowd all our faults, don't you know.*



*There was a round moon in scene
Which was o'er the hilltop green— (We 'spose it was green)
Then sweet lady fair
Who held babe in air
Next to Maw and Paw in a dream.*

*There was an old man, and thick smoke
With dreams coming out, t'aint no joke,
A picture that slants
Of a giddy, gay dance,
Oh, what beauty into us did soak.*



*Our toes and our pride were quite flat,
As on each of our pictures, she sat,
Blushes were free
And shaky were we
As they were discussed (jist cussed) by that CAT!!!*



*The medal to Miss Bowen went
First prize to Miss Holding was sent
Miss Foy, Oh! do look!
Second prize she took!
In that wonderful art event.*

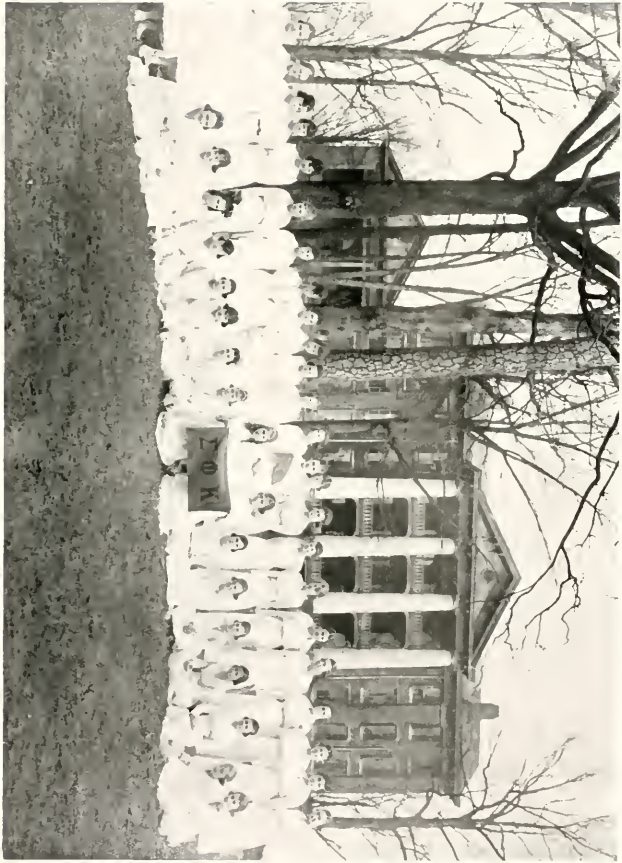




I. Bowen

SOCIETIES

THE MORNING AFTR THE NIGHT
BEFORE (INITIATION)



	THEO WOOTEN	
	MYRTLE TURNAGE	
	OLIVIA GOWAN	ELIZABETH ANDERSON
	ELIZABETH GIBSON	LUCILE BELK
	GRACE HENRY	CATHERINE BREWER
MARY CHAMBERLAIN HOWARD		SARAH FLETCHER BRYAN
MINNIE HOLDING		ISABEL BARKLEY
SALLIE JOHNSON		EUGENIA BLANCHARD
MARJORIE KIRBY		LUCY COOPER
HELEN LONG		NANNIE BURWELL CROW
HELEN LONDON		NANNIE CREACH
LENA LINEBERGER		BESSIE DAIL
MOZELLE MARKHAM		MARGARET EUBANKS
LENOIR MERCER		ISABEL FAISON
EMMA MITCHELLE		EUGENIA FAIRLEY
GRACE McNINCH		AGNES FOY
ENITA NICKS		CLARIBEL FOUNTAIN
MARY ROZIER NORMENT		SELMA FOUNTAIN
RUTH NORMENT		ELIZABETH GREY
ELIZABETH NICHOLSON		MARGARET GILL
ANNIE LAURA PHILLIPS		EFFIE MAY SPIVEY
ESTHER PATE		MARTHA SMITH
FLORENCE PHILLIPS		SUSAN STEPHENSON
LILLIAN PURVIS		MARY WESTON TUCKER
JOSEPHINE REID		MARGARET WASHBURN
LACY RANKIN		LILY WINN
MARY STEELE		RACHEL WITHERINGTON



Pi Theta Mu

	SADIE AUSTIN	JANE McKAY	
	DOROTHY ALDERMAN	ANNIE McCOBICK	
	CAROLYN BALDWIN	MARGARET McKEITHAN	
	ELIZABETH BARNES	KATH GLENN McLAURIN	
	MARY BARNHARDT	EDNA McMARAN	
	MARY BLUE	MARGARET McMILLAN	
	MARY BOOKER	DOROTHY McNEIL	
	RUTH BOWEN	MARY MANESS	
	ISABELLE BOWEN	LUCILLE MATHESON	
	SARAH BOYD	MARY MEDLIN	
	LUCILLE BUCHANAN	SUSIE MONROE	
	MARY REED BUCHANAN	MARGARET MOORE	
	ETHEL BUFFALO	HATTIE MAY MORISEY	
	MARY BUTE	ANNIE LAURIE MURRAY	
	NELLIE BURGESS	FANNIE LOUISE MURRAY	
	MARTHA CALDWELL	MARY LACY PALMER	
	RUTH CHERRY	SARAH PATE	
	CORNELIA COLE	LUCILLE RANKIN	
	FLORA COLE	CAREY REYNOLDS	
	MARY COCHRAN	MARGARET ROBINSON	
	MARIE DEAYOR	ELLEN SEAWELL	
ELIZABETH ELLIOTT		WILHELMINA SRULL	
EDNA EWING		ANABEL SLOAN	
JANICE FLEMING		JEANIE SMITH	
LAURA BELLE FRENCH		JEANETTE STANFORD	
MARY GARVEY		MARTHA STANLEY	
JANIE GENTRY		JANIE STEVENS	
JESSIE GODFREY		VERNA STRAYHORNE	
ELEANOR HALES		CHARITY SWINDELL	
BETTIE HALL		HELEN TAYLOR	
HELGA HAMPTON		STELLA TAYLOR	
LUCILLE HATH		LESSEE MAY TROMAS	
ELFYLE HOLLOWAY		BENNIE LEE UPCHURCH	
ANNIE ELIZABETH JOHNSON		MABEL WELLONS	
THELMA JOHNSON		BLANCHE WHITE	
IVA JOHNSON		EDNA WHITE	
QUINTYNE JOHNSON		NANCY WHITE	
EMMA KATE JONES		MARGARET WRIGHT	
LUCIE LEWIS		JULIA YOUNG	
MAVIS LINDSEY		RENA YOUNG	



The Daffodil Girl

The door of the long, low room opened softly to admit two little golden haired girls clad in long white gowns. The birch logs crackled and showers of sparks floated away up the chimney. The blue flames caught the high lights on the red apples heaped high in a big basket. Toward this basket the two little figures tip-toed. Beside it they stopped, and, peering into the shadowy corner, called softly, "Grandpa, Grandpa!" As there was no answer, they carefully selected the two biggest apples they could find, and dropped on the deep, glossy bearskin lying in front of the hearth.

A smothered yawn from the corner brought both yellow heads around with a jerk, and, after assuring themselves that the occupant of the big chair was awake, Nancy and Mary bounded lightly to its side. The kindly brown eyes lighted with pleasure, and the thin lips parted in a humorous smile, as the silvery haired old man pinched their rosy cheeks.

"I just wonder what these two young ladies want, now?" he asked, slightly raising his grey brows.

Nancy reached up one chubby hand, and softly patted the silver hair. "Grandpa, I love you," she whispered.

"We want a story, Grandpa, a story about a nice brave soldier like you used to be." Mary smilingly perched herself on the chair arm as she made her request. "Grandma's in the garden," she added, and the wrinkled face lighted at the bit of information.

"I want it to have a little girl, and birds, and flowers in it, too," added Nancy, as she climbed on one knee.

Grandpa tilted his head back and, gazing into the bed of glowing coals, began the story.

"It was a sunny morning in early spring. I opened my eyes, and looked straight out of a wide open window. Then I saw in the window a beautiful bowl of daffodils. With the sun shining on them they looked like lumps of gold. I wondered who had put them there.

"A door opened, and I tried to turn my head but that hurt. So I had to lie still and wait. A girl dressed in pure white with a red cross on her sleeve, came to my bedside. Until then I had not realized I was in a hospital. Then it all came back to me in a flash. I remembered one dark night—but that is another story, and I will not tell it to you until you are many years older." The thin lips were in a straight line now, and the brown eyes were no longer smiling.

"The nurse took my pulse and bandaged my shoulder," the voice continued quietly. "Then she went over to the next soldier and so around the ward. There was nothing I could do, and the hours dragged slowly. I was just a lad, you know, and usually in the spring I had been climbing cherry trees, and taking long walks across the country." The voice was cheery now.

"Poor Grandpa!" Nancy wriggled around on his knee, and, slipping both arms around his neck, kissed him softly. "You didn't have any little girl like me to come kiss you then did you? I wish I'd been there."

"Yes, I did, too." The brown eyes smiled reminiscently.

"Oh, you knew a little girl! Tell us about her too." Nancy wriggled with delight at the prospect of hearing her part of the story.

"The next morning," continued the story teller, "I was lying there thinking of home and of how the peach orchard would look, and how the flowers would smell, when a little girl with dark curls and big blue eyes came into the ward. In her arms she carried a big

bunch of daffodils. She smiled at me and said, 'Bon jour, Monsieur,' and when I did not answer, she laughed and came to the side of my bed. Then she said, 'Good morning. It is so happy it makes me that you are awake this morning.'"

"Oh, what a funny way to talk!" Nancy clapped her hand over her mouth, as Mary shook her head.

"Go on, please, Grandpa." Mary requested gently.

"She filled the vase with fresh water and daffodils," Grandpa took up his story again. "After filling all the bowls, and smiling at each soldier, she left the ward. I felt a good deal better that day, and the time did not drag so slowly.

"Every morning the little daffodil girl came, but she soon changed her flowers from daffodils to violets, then from violets to hyacinths, and from hyacinths to lilies-of-the-valley. By the time she began bringing lilies-of-the-valley we were very good friends. And by this time most of the other boys had been moved. I suppose she felt sorry for me, for she would tell me stories of how the fairies helped her select the flowers to bring us, and she always brought an especially lovely flower just for me.

"One morning she came late. My shoulder was much better, and I could sit up in a chair. My chair was facing the door, and all at once I heard some one running breathlessly through the corridor. In a few moments she was flying through the door, dark curls in disorder, cheeks pink, eyes bright, and lips half open."

Nancy clapped her hands. "Something nice happened, I know," she breathed softly, her own red lips parted and eyes shining expectantly.

"I asked her what had happened.

"'Oh guess!' she answered, laughing mischievously, and then hurried on, 'I find a little pigeon and its wing is broken. And I find a little paper tied to it. And I carry the little paper to the Major, and he tell me it is very important and I get a—a thing for carrying important message.'"

"And she helped win the war, didn't she, Grandpa?" Nancy asked anxiously.

"Yes dear, she did." Grandpa's answer was quietly spoken.

"And then you got well, Grandpa?" Mary was never satisfied when she was listening to stories.

"Yes, my shoulder improved rapidly, and two months after I returned to duty the armistice was signed. Then the boys were sent home as rapidly as possible. But by the time my division was to sail, I had decided to stay in France. I asked and obtained permission to remain, and so my division sailed without me. I was over there for eight years, and then, just before I sailed, I went back to the town where I had been wounded. And then I was called home." The mellow voice trailed away, and the brown eyes gazed into the bed of glowing coals.

"But what finally became of the little daffodil girl, Grandpa?" Mary asked thoughtfully.

"The little daffodil girl! Bless her heart!" The wrinkled old face lighted up with a tender smile.

The door opened softly, and a bright flame brought into relief a small figure crowned with a mass of silver curls, who entered the room. Her big blue eyes were alight with love as they rested on the little group in the shadowy corner. She came slowly across the floor, and on her arm she carried a big bunch of daffodils.

"The little daffodil girl!" The thin lips breathed the words softly. "I brought her with me dear," and he held out a hand toward Grandma.

W. S.





GREEN GYM TEAM



WHITE GYM TEAM



GREEN TENNIS TEAM



WHITE TENNIS TEAM



GREEN BASKETBALL TEAM



WHITE BASKETBALL TEAM



Ode to Our Overshoes

*Week in, week out from morn 'till night,
Of overshaes we hear;
Although the sun is shining bright
And the skies are blue and clear,
And the ground as dry as dry can be,
Not muddy anywhere.
We ga an Sunday to the church,
Our overshoes go, too;
We hear the parson pray and preach,
We hear the singing too,
But when we think of overshoes,
We all feel sad and blue.
Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through college we go;
Announcements made we hear each day,
They're for our good we know;
But when we hear of overshoes,
Our tears begin to flow.
But thanks to thee, most worthy Dean,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
We hate to wear our overshoes
But still we know we ought;
And so far you in after years
We'll have this pleasant thought.*

E. M. B.

*Sometimes when going down the street,
I see a youth I'd like to greet,
But when I glance down at my feet —!
Oh! darn those overshoes!*

K. G. McL.



Art Dept.



Some Sunday Morning — — — !!

Study Hour

Parody on "The Children's Hour"

*Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in our evening pleasure,
That is known as the Study Hour.*

*I hear in the study hall below me,
The tramp of many feet,
The sound from the windows that are opened,
And voices loud but sweet.*

*From my room I see in the twilight,
Descending the broad hall stairs,
Other girls laughing and dancing,
On to the hall with their cares.*

*A whisper, and then a silence
And I know by their downcast looks,
They are studying and cramming together,
To get knowledge from their books.*

S. F. B.



Mary Medlin
Most Dignified



Mary Steele
Most Popular



Bennie Lee Upehurch
Prettiest



Rachel Witherington
Sweetest



Margaret McKeithen
Daintiest



Annie Elizabeth Johnson
Best Dancer
(Follower)



Julia Young
Best Dancer
(Leader)



Grace McNinch
Most Sincere



Katie Glenn McLaurin
Most Original



Mabel Wellons
Most Attractive



Eleanor Hales
Neatest



Mary Steele
Most Capable



Dorothy Alderman
Best Dressed



Emma Mitchell
Most Sympathetic



Anabel Sloan
Best all round



Typical Junior
Lena Lineberger



Typical Sophomore
Laura Belle French



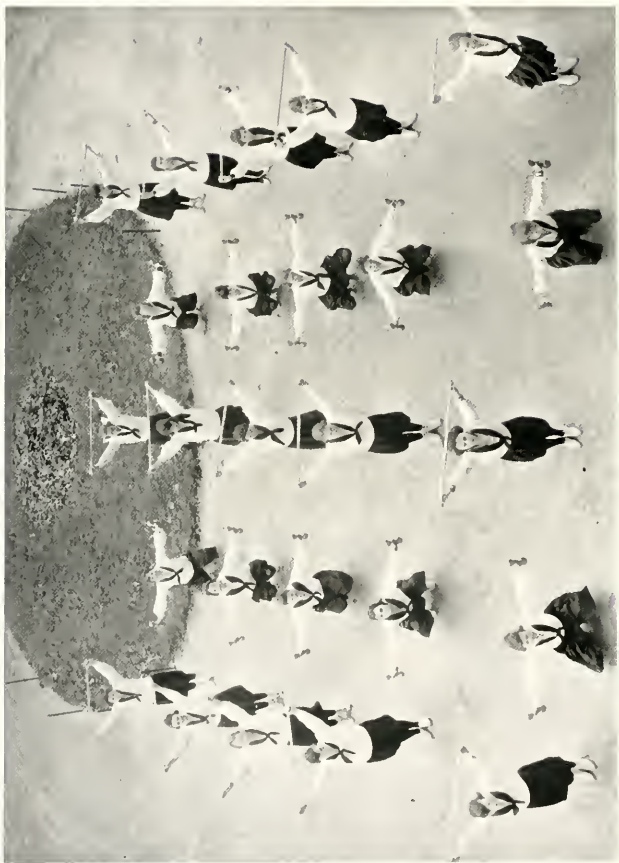
Typical Senior
Mary Steele



Typical Special
Sallie Johnson



Typical Freshman
Claribel Fountain



*There was a young lady named Tyne,
Whom every one thought was quite fine,
But one fault was grave,
Of "Lieuts" she would rave,
That remarkable lady named Tyne.*

*There was a small creature called Weston,
Of Peace girls we thought her the best "un";
She seemed to grow smaller,
So "Cootie" we'd call her,
That dear little creature called Weston.*

*There was a young lady named Steele,
Who could tell us tales by the reel,
The teachers adored her,
But yet never bored her,
That "golden haired" lady named Steele.*

*There was once a lady named Fowler,
Who was quite a good natured growler,
The Infirmary she kept,
Where sick girls often wept,
When they found her to be such a howler.*

*There was a young lady named Laura,
Who fell in love to her sorrow,
'Twas not with a preacher—
But rather a teacher,
That love-sick lady named Laura.*

*There once was a lady named "Rosie,"
Who was pretty and sweet as a posie—
She was very good looking—
And loved science and cooking—
That smart little lady named "Rosie."*

*There was a young lady named Lena,
We've often seen girls who were greener,
She loved like the dickens,
To talk about chickens,
That former-to-be called Lena.*

*There was a young lady named Iva,
To get her to talk we must drive her,
To say more than a word,
'Twas something unheard,
That timid young lady named Iva.*

*There was a good lady named Fowler,
Who was sometimes quite a prowler,
She searched all our rooms,
She handed us brooms,
Did this good old lady named Fowler.*

*And when all the girls had the "Flu,"
She did all a good nurse could do,
There were doses so tall,
And cough-syrup for all,
She spoke, and each girl took them too.*

*And when to the laundry she went,
She found clothes unmarked, and she sent
Them straight to "the pound,"
And there ne'er was a sound
Against this good lady named Fowler.*

M. R. B.



*Feet of complaint "burning the
boards" to the president's office.*

“Knocks”



→ "ON" Class ←



Skippers

ELIZABETH ELLIOTT
 EUGENIA FAIRLEY
 LUCILLE BELK
 ELIZABETH ANDERSON
 MARY ROZIER NORMENT
 ISABEL FAISON
 DOROTHY ALDERMAN
 LUCY COOPER
 EUGENIA BLANCHARD

K. K. K. Crazy Klub

MARY BUIE
 MINNIE HOLDING
 LUCILLE BARKIN
 SARAH BOYD
 KATIE GLENN McLAURIN
 DOROTHY ALDERMAN
 EUGENIA BLANCHARD
 LUCIE LEWIS
 MARTHA STANLEY
 GRACE HENRY
 RUTH NORMENT
 QUINTYNE JOHNSTON
 MARY REED BUCHANAN





The Loafers

EMMA KATE JONES
MARLE WELLS
MAVIS LINDSEY

F. P. C.

Motto: Necessite n'est pas de loi
Colors: Purple and gold
Flower: Violet

MARY REED BUCHANAN
MARTHA CALDWELL
LUCILLE BUCHANAN
LILLIAN PURVIS
MARGARET MACMILLAN





The Bandanna Gang

Song. "Hail! Hail!
The Gang's All Here"

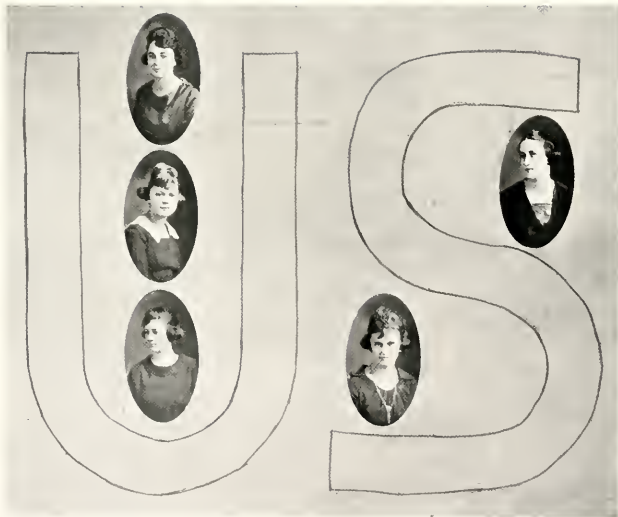
AGNES FOY—
"Ag"
MARY STEELE—
"Steele"
RUTH NORMENT—
"Rufus"
LENOIR MERCER—
"Chuck"
LENA LINDBERGER—
"Pam"
HATTIE MAY MORINEY—
"Pattie"
SARAH FLETCHER BRYAN—
"Fletch"

Les Enfants

Motto
Les petits ruisseaux font
les grandes rivières

ELIZABETH GIBSON
ELIZABETH NICHOLSON
ANABEL SLOAN
MARY WESTON TUCKER
RACHEL WITHERINGTON





"Us Club"

ANNIE ELIZABETH JOHNSON
MABLE WELLONS

MINNIE HOLDING
MARGARET MOORE

SELMA FOUNTAIN



"Lemme lone!"
 "Shut up, 'cat'!"
 "Oh, you did, did you?"

SARAH PATE
 EUGENIA FAIRLEY
 MARY C. HOWARD
 "You took it all!"

"I know that's not so!"
 "I aint gonna do it!"
 "Oh, you know you didn't."
 CLARIBEL FOUNTAIN

ELIZABETH ANDERSON
 CATHERINE BREWER
 GRACE HENRY



*Three "D's"
of the Annex*

EMMA MITHELLE
SALLIE JOHNSON
HELEN LONG

*Edge Combe
"Ites"*

LENGIR MERCER
ELEANOR HALES
MARY CHAMBERLAIN HOWARD
MAVIS LINDSEY
CLARIBEL FOUNTAIN
SARAH FLETCHER BRYAN
MYRTLE TURNAGE
ANNIE ELIZABETH JOHNSON
RUTH CHERRY





The Seekers

<i>Name</i>	<i>Seeker of—</i>	<i>• Ambition</i>
LUCY COOPER	A noted voice	To be a Prima donna
ELIZABETH ELLIOTT	The ballot	To excel Mrs. Pankhurst
CATHERINE BREWER	Somphthin' t'eat	To get thin
MARY BUIE	Sophistication	To be sophisticated
DOROTHY ALDERMAN	Fame	To have picture in N. Y. Times
EFFIE MAE SPIVEY . . .	Adoration	To have the world at her feet
MAE BELL NEAL	Listeners	To make stump speeches
GRACE HENRY	Happiness	To make others happy
EUGENIA FAIRLEY	Long hair	To have flowing tresses
MARY C. HOWARD . . .	Mail (male)	To be Mrs. — ?
KATIE GLENN McLAURIN	Higher Athletics . . .	To make Annette Kellerman look like a "never was"—
CLARIBEL FOUNTAIN	Quick a minute fertilizer	To grow tall



The Cotillion Club

"PHIL" PHILLIPS	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>President</i>
QUIN JOHNSTON	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
PAT MORISEY	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Floor Manager</i>
DOC MERCER	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Business Manager</i>

Members

MISS MARY STEELE	F. E. PHILLIPS
MISS MARY C. HOWARD	A. F. FOY
MISS MARGARET MOORE	E. M. HALES
MISS ANNABEL SLOAN	M. H. LINDSEY
MISS LENA LINEBERGER	J. P. YOUNG
MISS ELIZABETH ANDERSON	S. F. FOUNTAIN
MISS MABLE WELLONS	M. E. HOLDING
MISS ANNIE ELIZABETH JOHNSON	B. L. UPCHURCH
MISS QUINNIE JOHNSON	L. C. LEWIS
MISS ESTHER PATE	E. L. BELK
MISS RACHEL WITHERINGTON	M. W. TUCKER
MISS SALLIE JOHNSON	N. R. BUCHANAN
MISS ELIZABETH GIBSON	M. B. NEAL
MISS SARAH FLETCHER BRYAN	M. J. STANLEY

Stags

E. F. NICHOLSON	DOC MERCER	PAT MORISEY	BAT FRENCH
-----------------	------------	-------------	------------

Chaperones

MRS. HORACE DOWELL	MISS ELEANOR CORNICK
--------------------	----------------------

Music furnished by Weidermyer Orchestra (a la Home Talent)



*A Little Bit
of Heaven*

MINNIE HOLDING
ANABEL SLOAN
ANNIE ELIZABETH JOHNSON
EFFIE MAE SPIVEY
VERNA STRAYBORN
MARGARET WASHBURN
GRACE MCNISH

The "Uke" Club

ANNIE ELIZABETH JOHNSON
ELIZABETH GIBSON
ELEANOR HALEY
TRELMA JOHNSON
SARAH FOYD
LUCY COOPER
DOROTHY ALDERMAN





*Scotland County
Club*

DOROTHY ALDERMAN
SARAH PATE
KATIE GLENN McLAURIN
NANCY WHITE
EUGENIA FAIRLEY
ELIZABETH ELLIOTT
MARY BEIE
JANE McRAY

*The Zoo of
Paradise Alley*

Manager—Miss KUHNS
MABLE WELLONS
MARGARET MOORE
 Trained Floss
ELEANOR HALES
MAVIS LINDSEY
 Apes
MARTHA CALDWELL
 Elephant
LILLIAN PURVIS
 Giraffe
RUTH NORMENT
MARY STEELE
 Monkeys
FANNIE LOUISE MURRAY
CAROLINE BALDWIN
 Beats
EMMA KATE JONES
 Cat
MARY CRINKLEY
 Rat
LUCILLE BUCHANAN
 Kangaroo





Holy Terrors of "Residence Hall"

<i>Name</i>	<i>Nickname</i>	<i>Favorite Expression</i>
MARY BARNHARDT	"Barney"	"Deed I do!"
MARY BLUE...	"Molly"	"Let's wash!"
SARAH BOYD	"Pinkey"	"Where's Be-n-nie?"
THELMA JOHNSON	"Thel"	"I'm T. Johnson from Raeford!"
MARGARET McKEITHAN	"Peg"	"That English will drive me to drink!"
FLORENCE PHILLIPS	"Phil"	"I'm sho' in love with???"
BENNIE LEE UPCHURCH	"Upshirt"	"Merely a case of compushiancy"
EDNA WHITE...	"Ed"	"It eez too much—I cood not"

Honorary Member

ANNIE ELIZABETH JOHNSON, "Libber"

Motto

*Life is not the thing we thought,
Nor yet the thing we plan,
And woman in this bitter world,
Must do the best she can!*



Anti-4

LUCILLE BELK
 Founder
 HATTIE MAY MORSEY
 President
 MARY STEELE
 ISABEL FAISON
 Life Enrollment

Super Six

SALLIE JOHNSON
 MARIE DEAVOR
 EMMA MITCHELL
 FRANCES JONES
 DOROTHY BLOUNT
 HELEN LONG





The Epstian Fields

LUCILLE BELK EUGENIA FAIRLEY ELIZABETH ELLIOTT LUCY COOPER
ESTHER PATE DOROTHY ALDERMAN MARY BUIE MARY MEDLIN
RUTH CHERRY ETHEL BUFFALO



Hall of Fame

LENOX MERCE
 HATTIE MAY MORSEY
 MARY REED BETHMAN
 MARGARET McMILLAN
 AGNES FOY
 SARAH PATE
 KATHIE GLENN McLAURIN
 JULIA YOUNG
 CYPHERINE BREWER
 ELIZABETH NICHOLSON
 LENA LINDBERGER
 SARAH FLETCHER BRYAN
 RENA YOUNG
 NANCY WHITE
 SUSIE MOSBROE
 JANIE STEVENS
 LUCILLE HATCH

The S. G. C.

ANNIE LAURIE MURRAY
 LUCIE LEWIS
 EUGENIA BLANCHARD
 QUINCYNE JOHNSTON
 DOROTHY McNEIL
 NANNIE BURWELL CHOW
 MARY BOLE
 ELLA REYNOLDS
 ELLEN SEAWALL
 AGNES FOY
 MARY WESTON TUCKER
 MRS. RUTH MOORE





The Quakers

MARY STEELE

LENA LINEBERGER

AGNES FOY

LENOIR MERCER

MARTHA STANLEY

SARAH FLETCHER BRYAN

HATTIE MAY MORISEY



“Lives of Great Wits All Remind Us”

Margaret McMillan to Lucille, discussing news items: “Listen, the other day I saw in the paper that Mr Brawley was pallbearer at a wedding.”

Lucy, to Little Cherry: “Oh yes, you are the ‘Vamp’ of Peace.”

Little Cherry: “No, I’m not the top of a shoe, ‘Cause that is what the dictionary says a ‘vamp’ is.”

Miss Susie Bobbitt: “If you don’t get quiet, first thing you know someone will get a letter and won’t get it.”

Mrs. Moore, to Lucie Lewis: “Lucie, it takes a lot to be a great artist. Are you willing to pay the price?”

Lucie: “I don’t know. You’ll have to see Father.”

Hattie May: “Miss Womble, I’m indebted to you for all I know.”

Miss Womble: “Pray, don’t mention such a trifle.”

Annie McCormick: “When I get married, my husband and I are going to France on our trousseau.”

Flora: “Did you know the 30th Division had sailed?”

Elfy: “How do you know?”

Flora: “I think Nellie Burgess saw it in the World Almanac.”

Old Girl, watching basketball game between Guilford and State College: “Gee, I wonder why those Guilford players fall down so much?”

New Girl: “Why it’s because they are not used to ‘hard-ware’ floors.”

Ruth Bowen, to bunch of girls who were going down to the Museum: “Say girls, where are you all going?”

Girls: “To the museum.”

Ruth: “Well, what is that? A place where you have speaking or music?”

On finding a postal from Delmar, Del., in a memory book, Martha turned to Mary Rozier and said: “Where is Delmardel?”

Miss McClelland: “What was in the Ark of the Israelites?”

Student: “Aarons’ rod, a pot of manna, and Moses’s memory book.”

Tyne (on seeing a row of boys at the Tank Camp lined up to be paid off): “Oh, I thought that was the receiving line.”

Katie Glenn: "You call a girls' school Alma Mater—what do you call a boys'—Alma Pater?"

Agnes at Auditorium: "Patty, look at that Naval Officer. He has on a badge of Honor."
Hattie May, looking up: "My mercy, it's a policeman."

Lucy Cooper asked Mary Steele if she knew her brother at Trinity.

Mary: "Is he a frat man?"

Lucy: "No, He's unusually thin."

In society—President: "Piano solo by Margaret Moore."

Helga Hampton: "Is she going to say it or play it?"

When the lights went out one night, during a storm, Mary C. said to Lena, "Mercy, are we supposed to be studying now?"

Ruth Bowen to Effie May: "You know we have to pay for company for the week end, and for company for dinner, but do you know how much it is for callers on Saturday nights? I have a date, and wanted to know the cost."





Bureau of Information

Name	Better Known as—	Disposition	Most Often Found—	Ambition
Eleanor Hales	"Eil"	Snappy	Writing to suitors	To become a stringer
Isabel Faison	"Ike"	Sympathetic	Doing for others	To become a Y. W. Secretary
Martha Stanley	"Stanley"	Jolly	Tennis court	To be an athlete
Lena Linberger	"Lena-berger"	Optimistic	Gazing at stray—chickens	To be a "Farmerette"
Mary Reed Buchanan	"Buck"	Dependable	At typewriter	To become a stenographer
Lenoir Mercer	"Chunk"	Happy	On Fayetteville Street	To "hobo" through life
Sarah Pate	"Sal"	Composed	Miss Cornick's room	To love and be loved
May Belle Neal	"Nealie"	Mischievous	Business room	To live on Wilmington Street
Effie Mae Spivey	"Spivey"	Breezy	Running her tongue	To be disappointed in love
Agnes Foy	"Ag"	Lovable	Renovating old clothes	To be a sweet little wife
Mary Rozier Norment	"Drit"	Changeable	With Martha	To die for Martha
Mary Chamberlain Howard	"Mary C"	Indifferent	Writing to "Jimmy"	To teach "Gym"
Sarah Boyd	"Pinky"	Changeable	Chasing "Caseys"	To be "21"
Mary Steele	"Steele"	Bright	Appointing proctors	To be a "shoemaker"
Lucy Lewis	"Loose"	Talkative	With "Libber"	To rival Thea Bara
Eugenia Fairley	"Sheeney"	Sunny	Most everywhere	To be a Carolina Co-Ed
Katie Glenn McLaurin	"Katie"	Cherry	Comforting others	To be loved by—?
Elizabeth Anderson	"Libber"	Sincere	At choir practice	To have a "General Permission"
Bennie Lee Upchurch	"Bennie"	Winning	Skipping	To be a church soloist
Mable Wellons	"Mah"	Indifferent	Making "stump speeches"	To be loved
Elizabeth Elliott	"Polly"	Steady	Planning mischief	To be a suffragette
Margaret Moore	"Peg"	Sweet		Most anything

These—Rave about—These— Why ? ? ? ?

"TYNE" JOHNSTON	}	Aviators!
MARY STEELE		
MARGARET MOORE		Buck-Privates.
"CHUNK" MERCER		"Gobs"—"sea-going and salty"!
"POLLY" ELLIOT		Rookies!
"RIP" RANKIN		Raw Recruits!
GRACE HENRY		Regulars—Oh! Boy!
ELIZABETH ANDERSON		Field Artillery!
LUCILLE BELK		Ensigns!
EUGENIA FAIRLEY		S. A. T. C.!
LUCY COOPER		Canadian "Lieuts"
ESTHER PATE		Naval Aviators!
MARY BLUE		Navy!
ISABEL FAISON		"Lieuts"!
CHARITY SWINDELL		Sergeant-Majors!
FLORENCE PHILLIPS		"Shave-Tails"!
AGNES FOY		Privates!
LENA LINEBERGER		"Lieuts"—Captains, 'n'everything!

Because their hearts are
in the service.

It Pays to Advertise

- WANTED: A hair tonic guaranteed to produce flowing tresses.
S. F. Bryan.
- WANTED: A Boy-(ette).
I. Johnston.
H. M. Morisy.
- WANTED: An invitation to a dance anywhere, any time, and with anybody.
J. Young.
- WANTED: Permission to go to Carolina-Virginia game.
Peace Girls.
- WANTED: Privilege of walking back from church with "sutors."
E. Fairley.
G. McNinch.
- WANTED: A free ticket to Wake Forest every week-end.
C. Brewer.
- LOST: One heart, cracked and worn.
L. Mercer.
- WANTED: Privileges.
Senior class.
- WANTED: An automatic, swift, guaranteed, dressing machine.
A. Sloan.
- WANTED: Colonel Olds as assistant Expression Instructor.
Miss Harsh.
- WANTED: The (W)right (to be) away from Jim (Gym).
Mary C. Howard.
- WANTED: Several private secretaries to help do her work.
Miss Susan Bobbitt.
- FOR SALE: Big auction of love letters, all latest styles, full of spice, guaranteed to be strictly original.
E. Hales.
- WANTED: Several doses of Anti-Fat.
Sallie Johnson.
- WANTED: Mail—both animate and inanimate.
Peace Girls.
- WANTED: A non-breakable heart.
K. G. McLaurin.
- WANTED: A reliable conscience.
Student Council.
- WANTED: Some one to love.
M. R. Norment.
- LOST: A pleasant smile.
Miss McLelland.
- WANTED: Permission to attend State College "hops."
Peace Girls.
- WANTED: Another masculine faculty member.
Peace Faculty.
- WANTED: Inspiration.
Annual Staff.
- WANTED: Permission to have callers any night in the week (particularly Sunday).
L. Mercer.



PLEASE!
SEE
OUR
ADS.

PEACE INSTITUTE

RALEIGH, N. C.

*For the Education and Culture of
Young Women*

Classical, Literary and Scientific Courses Leading—
Graduates credited by State Department Education for
Teacher Certificates. Special diplomas awarded in
Music, Voice, Art, and Expression. Excellent Commer-
cial Course, Domestic Science.

DOMESTIC ART

INSTRUCTION: Specialists in all departments.

SITUATION: Location in Capital City gives special oppor-
tunities. Delightful social advantages. Athletics supervised
indoors and outdoors by Athletic Director. Special attention
individual developments. Climate permits outdoor life all
the winter.

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Write at Once to*

MISS MARY OWEN GRAHAM, *President*

The Hudson-Belk Co.

RALEIGH, N. C.

"SELLS FOR LESS FOR CASH"

TO THE YOUNG WOMEN OF

PEACE INSTITUTE

*We extend to you and your friends a cordial welcome to our large
Department Stores on Martin Street*

Coat Suits, Coats, Dresses

Blouses, Millinery, Novelty Skirts, Petticoats, Corsets

"Kaysers Silk" and Crepe de Chine Underwear

SECOND FLOOR

SECOND FLOOR

Glove and Shoe Departments

Laces, Notions, Ribbons, Neckwear Department

Silk and Dress Goods Department

FIRST FLOOR

FIRST FLOOR



PEACE ANNEX

Newest as Well as Oldest and Best

OAK CITY LAUNDRY COMPANY

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

FOR THE BEST IN

*Picture Frames, Artists' Materials
and Window Shades*

**WATSON'S PICTURE
AND ART STORE**

WEST HARGETT ST.

THE LADIES' SHOP

16 E. HARGETT ST.
RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

UP-TO-DATE
Millinery and Waists

AT POPULAR PRICES



THE
TOYLAND COMPANY

MEDLIN & MEDLIN
Proprietors

TOYS CHINA
QUEENSWARE



The Southern
School Supply Co.

*The Best
of Everything for
Schools*



RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

Comfortless

*Say! you've found a heap of trouble,
Failed on English, failed on Math;
Home folks done forgot about you
And you cannot even laugh.
Bad luck throws its arms around you,
No one loves you—wish you'd die;
And worst of all, no one ever writes you—
So you cry, and cry, and cry.*

W. S.

HELLER BROS.

Sole Agents for

"Queen Quality" Shoes

Also a Complete Line of

GYMNASIUM SHOES

STATIONERY

KODAKS AND SUPPLIES

WATERMAN'S IDEAL FOUNTAIN PENS

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125 Fayetteville Street, Raleigh, N. C.

BELL PHONE ONE - THREE - FIVE

Bernard L. Crocker

124 FAYETTEVILLE ST.

Smart Shoes for Women

RALEIGH, N. C.

SUPERBA

IF IT'S A

Frock, a Wrap, a Middy, a Waist, Hosiery
Gloves, Neckwear

or any other of the little dress accessories so necessary to the
young lady's toilet, you will save time and patience
by simply going first to the

BOYLAN-PEARCE CO.

RALEIGH'S SHOPPING CENTER

A Life Lesson

*There, little girl, don't cry!
You've flunked your exams, I know
And the glad wild ways
Of your high school days
Are things of the long ago,
But these days of trial will soon pass by!
There, little girl, don't cry!*

*There, little girl, don't cry!
You can't make your mark, I know,
And the youthful gleams
Of your childhood dreams,
Are things of the long ago.
But vacation time will soon come by,
There, little girl, don't cry!*

T. J.



**TAYLOR
FURNISHING COMPANY**

MASONIC TEMPLE

Creators and Importers

**COAT SUITS, DRESSES, COATS
SKIRTS AND WAISTS**

of the Better Kind

SPECIAL PRICES TO STUDENTS

TAYLOR FURNISHING COMPANY

*I stood in the hall at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And I thought of the possibilities
That lay within my power.*

*I stood stock still there, reflecting
Upon how to pass by the door,
Then I breathed deep a sigh of relief
As I heard the teacher snore.*

*In one of the rooms before me,
Ten feet up, and then to the east,
Was the place we had to celebrate
Our Tuesday midnight feast.*

*How often, oh, how often
A teacher had caught me there
I'd wished the floor would fall in,
And vanish with the air.*

*My heart was hot, I was hungry,
I knew I must go there;
Yet that which lay before me
Seemed greater than I could dare.*

*I made one terrific bold attempt
To pass that door of brown,
And had nearly succeeded, when horrors!
My foot slipped and I fell down.*

*And yet, I dared not call out,
As my head hit upon the floor,
I listened intently a moment
Praise be! I heard her snore.*

M. C. H

**KING-CROWELL
DRUG COMPANY**

EVERYTHING IN THE DRUG LINE

THE BEST SODA FOUNTAIN DRINKS IN THE CITY

TOILET ARTICLES

CORNER FAYETTEVILLE AND HARGETT STREETS

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

TEMPTATIONS OF A SCHOOL GIRL

ARE

Good Fountain Drinks

Ice Cream and Candies

Neatly Served

THEY ARE MOSTLY TEMPTED AT

WAKE DRUG STORE

PRETTIEST PLACE IN RALEIGH

Corner Fayetteville and Martin Sts.

Raleigh, North Carolina

Proctors and No Fun

*Proctors gay on every stair,
And never a time to skip;
Proctors, proctors everywhere,
They seem to stick like Zip;
Proctors strewn all over the place
On every side I see—
Peace has taken a proctor craze,
And there's no more fun for me.*

M. D

J. C. BRANTLEY

Buy Your DRUGS, TOILET ARTICLES, Etc.

AT

BRANTLEY'S DRUG STORE

You will always get the best

Try Our Ice Cream—You Will Always Come Back

TELEPHONE 15

MASONIC TEMPLE

FOR YOUR
Watch, Clock and
Jewelry Repairing

SEE

DWORSKY'S

(A Mile from High Prices)

113 FAYETTEVILLE STREET
RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

HORTON'S PHOTOS

"Show Who's Who"

MASONIC TEMPLE BUILDING
RALEIGH, N. C.

The Rising Gong

*'Twas many, many years ago,
Before I came to Peace.
I slept and slept, but little dreamed
How soon those days would cease.
But now each morning from my dreams,
I'm awakened by the gong.
I'd gladly sleep and dream some more,
But for that mournful song.*

S. M. M.

*I room with a girl named Helen,
She is very good in spellin',
But when they all yell
She forgets how to spell,
And what she says, there's no tellin'.*

E. B.



"IT'S WORTH THE DIFFERENCE"

THE COBLE STUDIO

RALEIGH, N. C.

OFFICIAL
PHOTOGRAPHER TO
THE LOTUS

*There was a young lady of "Peace"
Who thought her work never would cease.
She raved and she cried,
Till her shoes came untied.
Then yelled out, "My troubles increase."*

M. H.



PREP: "DO YOU PUT ON A HAIR
NET BEFORE OR AFTER YOU
FIX YOUR HAIR?" I.W.B.

THIEM-BIRDSONG
COMPANY

GROCCERS



RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

We are Agents for the

Dorothy Dodd Shoes

J. M. EDWARDS

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SEE

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ELECTRICAL COMPANY

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*For Electrical Fixtures
and Supplies*

JOLLY & WYNNE
JEWELRY CO.



*Exclusive
Jewelry
for Women*



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RALEIGH, N. C.

GET THE BEST AT

The CALIFORNIA FRUIT
STORE

Fruits, Nuts

Candies

Pure Ice Cream

GIVE US A TRIAL

PROMPT DELIVERY

The Gong

(Parody on The Lark)

*Ding! dong! the gong at morn doth ring,
And Peace girls 'gin to rise,
Then quickly to their doors they spring,
And cry, "I'm up! Oh, proctor wise!"
And blinking Mary Anns are bound
To ope their weary eyes.
Then from your downy bed you bound,
You sleepy girl, arise; arise, arise!*

E. E.

BOOKS! BOOKS! BOOKS!

The Oldest Book House in North Carolina

(ESTABLISHED 1867)

We Carry Everything in

Books, Stationery and Office Supplies

QUICK SERVICE

Your Business Solicited

ALFRED WILLIAMS & CO.

RALEIGH

NORTH CAROLINA

THOMAS H. BRIGGS & SONS

THE BIG HARDWARE MEN

Baseball, Golf and Tennis Goods

Majestic Ranges

Follow the Little Blue Flag and Buy

LOWE BROS.' PAINT

THE BEST PAINT MADE

JAP-A-LAC—MURALITE

For All Work

Finest Wall Finish on Earth

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

Rising Gong

*In the morning how I shudder,
And my heart begins to flutter;
And bad words I want to utter
At the sound of rising gong.*

*How I hate the thought of rising,
'Cause it isn't appetizing;
And there's nothing enterprising
'Bout the sound of rising gong.*

*I scramble to the cold, bare floor
As the proctor opens the door,
She comes to see that I'm up before
The last sound of the rising gong.*

M. McK.

*Here's to the Chaperone,
May she learn from Cupid,
Just enough blindness
To be sweetly stupid.*

*Smile a while, and while you smile another smiles,
And soon there's miles and miles of smiles,
And Life's worth while because you smile.*

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*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.*

*She tried to spurn
He wouldn't listen,
Now he is hers
And she is his.*

*There was a young lady named Phil,
Who complained of her work as a Pill,
But I know it's a fact,
If her "dip" she should lack,
'Twould make her exceedingly ill.*

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Walk! Walk!! Walk!!!

*Walk, walk, walk,
To the end of the world, I fear
And I would that my feet were lighter
And my heart more filled with cheer—*

*O well for the girl who's excused
Who stays in th' Infirmary in bed!
O well for the girl who is lame,
And the one who complains of her head!*

*And the weary days go on—
Each one with its share of walks;
But O for the bliss of a care free day
And no cause for groans and balks.*

*Walk, walk, walk!
To the end of the world, I see,
And the tender grace of a "walk-less" day—
Will never come back to me.*

L. P. L.

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*Did you ever write a poem?
Did it scan and did it rhyme?
Did you have it neatly copied?
Did you hand it in on time?*

*Did you agonize and suffer?
Did you groan and tear your hair?
Did you hate the word "iambic"?
Did you give up in despair?*

*Had you thought that William Shakespeare,
Robert Burns, and all the rest
Were but ordinary mortals?
Oh! consider this the test.*

*Oh, my sisters, 'tis said truly
Poets are born but are not made,
But be this your consolation
That it won't bring down your grade.*

I. B.

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Middies

*When you get up late some morning—
And don't have much time to dress,
Wear a middy!
Wear a middy!*

*You'll find of all the other kinds of dresses,
They're the best
To get into in a hurry.
When you fail to get up early
Wear a middy!*

*Or supposing that some morning
You should rise before 'tis light,
Wear a middy!
Wear a middy!*

*Though I grant they're not adorning,
Lack of snaps is sure a blessing,
Where you have no light for dressing
Wear a middy!*

*And to yourself 'most anytime
You're very glad to say,
"Wear a middy!
Wear a middy!"*

*But in the evening when you dress for dinner-time so fine!
Our lady principal has taught
That at that time you must not
Wear a middy.*

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Grin

*If you're up against a theorem and you cannot think it out,
Grin.*

*If your English is a puzzle, and you're stumped beyond a doubt
Grin.*

*If you're on Examinations, and they hard and harder grow
Grin.*

*There is nothing gained by crying, and a fresh start soon you'll make,
So grin.*

W. S

Finis



N.B.CROW.

