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THE LOTUS

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RALEIGH, N. C.

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Side View of Peace

FRONT VIEW OF PEACE

The Annex

Front View of Lula B. Wynne Hall

TO

OUR PRESIDENT

MISS MARY OWEN GRAHAM

AS AN EXPRESSION OF HIGH ESTEEM AND SINCERE
APPRECIATION OF HER SYMPATHETIC IN-
TEREST, WISE COUNCIL AND INSPIRING
LEADERSHIP, WE

DEDICATE

THIS VOLUME OF

THE LOTUS

Miss Mary Owen Graham

EDITORIAL STAFF

ELIZABETH ANDERSON — MARGARET MOORE

Editors-in-Chief

JEANETTE STANFORD

Business Manager

EMMA KATE JONES — EUGENIA FAIRLEY

Literary Editors

LENA LINEBERGER — MARTHA STANLEY

Advertising Editors

DOROTHY ALDERMAN — ISABEL FAISON

AGNES FOY — EDNA WHITE

Associate Editors

ELEANOR ROBERTS — ELLEN SEAWELL

Art Editors

EDITORIAL GROUP

***E**ditors, editors, editors ten*
***D**ug and thought and thought again*
***I**n their tired brains, near dull,*
***T**here were ideas original,*
***O**h! how to fix this annual!*
***R**ealizing it must be done*
***S**ometimes Work is nearly fun.*

M. C. H.

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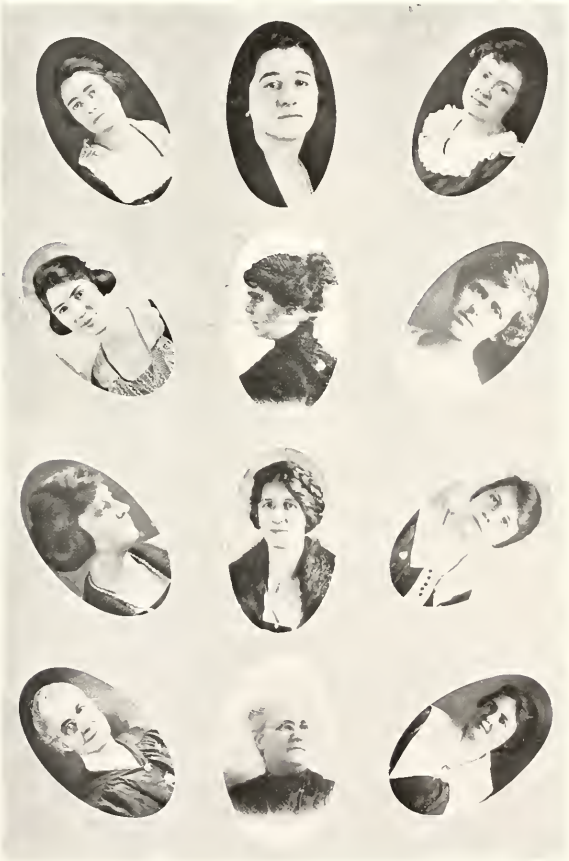
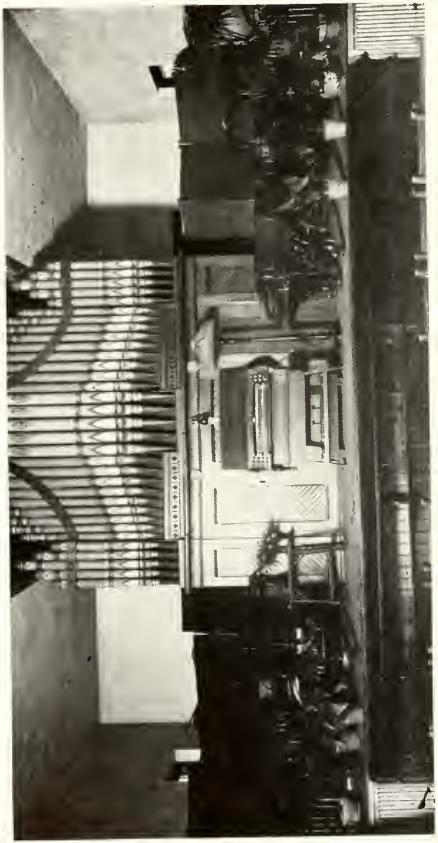
Beechwood; Normal School of Gymnastics, Jenkintown, Pa.; Member School of Dancing, Pittsburgh, Pa.



CHAPEL SCENE

Central Hall

Parlor

SENIOR CLASS

Colors: *White and Yellow* Flower: *Daisy*

Motto: *Sight not what's near, though aiming at what's far*

Elizabeth Anderson ..... *President*

Margaret McMillan ..... *Vice-President*

Lena Lineberger ..... *Secretary*

Emma Kate Jones ..... *Treasurer*

Sarah Pate ..... *Historian*

Dorothy Blount ..... *Poet*

Margaret Moore ..... *Prophet*

Bennie Lee Upchurch ..... *Last Will and Testament*

Mary Henderlite
Isabel Faison
Quintine Johnston
Lena Lineberger
Susie Monroe
Lafia Fate
Jeanette Stanford
Anabel Sloan

MISS MAY MCLELLAND
Senior Class Teacher

Edward Kidder Graham
Senior Class Mascot

Σ Φ K

President Senior Class, 1919-'20
Editor-in-Chief of Lotus, 1919-'20
Member of Student Council, 1919-'20
Business Manager of Lotus, 1918-'19
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1918-'19
Basketball Team, 1918-'19
German Club, 1917-'18, '19, '20
Treasurer Σ Φ K, 1918-'19
Winner of Monogram, 1917-'18
Delegate to Blue Ridge, 1918

ELIZABETH HOLT ANDERSON
Haw River, N. C.

A.B. COURSE

"The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books."

"Libber" has always been loved by all of us. She has been a leader among us since the day she came to us, a little girl of fifteen, and brilliantly responded to the welcome to new girls. She has won honors galore and now just think, after only three years she is our own dear president. The charm of her big brown eyes has won for her many friends. We only hope that Libber's future will be as brilliant as her past.

Π Θ Μ

President Student Body, 1919-'20
President Π Θ Μ Society, 1919-'20
Captain White Volley Ball Team, 1919-'20
President Athletic Association, 1918-'20
Y. W. C. A Cabinet Member, 1918-'20
Captain Whites, 1918-'20, '17, '18, '19
Commencement Marshal, 1919
Captain Tennis (Whites), 1918-'19
Secretary and Treasurer Choral Club, 1918-'19
President Special Club, 1917-'18
Captain Basketball (Whites), 1918-'19
Assistant Cheer Leader, 1919-'20
German Club, 1918-'19, '20
Last Will and Testament, 1919-'20
Winner of Monogram, 1918-'19

BENNIE LEE UPCHURCH
Raeford, N. C.

VOICE

"To those who know thee not, no words can paint,
And those who know thee know all words are faint"

Now for Bennie! We believe that she is really all that a young girl could be. As the best all around girl she excellently represents our school. She is truly a leader among leaders, a leader in the musical, the literary, the social and the athletic world of Peace. The height that she has reached as president of our student body, is a mere sample of her wonderful ability to obtain the higher things of life.

Σ Φ K

Proctor in Chief Chapel, 1919-'20
Editor-in-Chief "Voices of Peace," 1919-'20
Vice-President Y. W. C. A., 1919-'20
Treasurer Σ Φ K Society, 1919-'20
Class Poet

DOROTHY ARCHER BLOUNT
Washington, N. C.

A.B. COURSE

"A truer, nobler, trustier heart, more loving or more loyal, never beat."

Here is a quiet, somewhat pensive young lady who, never daunted by the second bell, greets Miss Kelly and her psychology class with a smile every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday morning. We wonder what will become of Grace after her inseparable chum has left for further delving in the mysteries of Household Arts. She is a grand sport, and, although her schedule is rather heavy (?), she always finds time to get material for the Magazine.

Σ Φ Κ

President of Y. W. C. A., 1918-'19, '20
Member of Student Council, 1918-'19, '20
Associate Editor of Lotus, 1919-'20
Delegate to Student Volunteer Convention, Des Moines, Iowa, 1919-'20
Delegate to Blue Ridge, 1917-'18
Cheer Leader, Greens, 1918-'19
Cotillion Club, 1917-'18
Winner of Numeral, 1917-'18
Secretary Sigma Phi Kappa Society, 1917-'18

ISABEL FAISON
Goldsboro, N. C.

EDUCATION

"The only way to have a friend is to be one."

What will we do without "Ikie" next year? For two years she has been our most faithful and capable Y W. President. She is very sincere and always sympathetic. She has won a place in our hearts which shall never be forgotten, and we trust that she will be very successful as a little school-marm.

H Θ M

Day Students' Club

MARY HENDERLITE

Raleigh, N. C.

B.S. COURSE

"Some women utilize the present in such a way that the future will not find them without a past."

We don't see much of Mary, but we do enjoy the little we see of her. She is always sweet and pleasant. We all know she is studious, for it is almost impossible to "stump" her on any subject. She spends a great part of her time planning how she can get out of Chemistry Laboratory on Saturday afternoons before the rest of the class.

Φ M

Secretary Senior Class, 1919-'20
Art Medal, 1919-'20
Art Editor "The Lotus," 1918-'19
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet Member, 1918-'19
Secretary Cotillion Club, 1918-'19
Composition prize (1st prize), 1918-'19
Basketball, 1917-'18, '19
Class Song

QUINTYNE JOHNSTON
Charlotte, N. C.

ART

"Original wit, a heart of gold,
A head to fit, are her's, we're told."

Immediately we all think of "Curls" when some one says "Tyne." And even though we envy her that ability to dress up even in everyday clothes, we cannot wonder at it when we see her with a stroke of the brush make wonderful creations.

Π Θ M

Treasurer Senior Class, 1919-'20
Literary Editor "The Lotus," 1919-'20
Assistant Cheer Leader, Greens, 1919-'20
Volleyball, 1917,-'18, '19, '20
Winner of Monogram, 1918-'19

Emma Kate Jones
Sanford, N C.

General Collegiate

"She is pretty to walk with,
Witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."

Emma "Cat's" bewitching dimples will show in spite of her efforts to conceal them. And her big brown eyes always betray her when mischief is afoot. One often sees her with an armful of ponderous notebooks, rushing toward the library, but just as often, dressed in her best, signing up in the Senior shopping book. No matter how busy Emma Kate is, she always has time to smile at every one.

Σ Φ Κ

President Sigma Phi Kappa Society, 1919-'20
Advertising Edltor "The Lotus," 1918-'19, '20
Member Cotillion Club, 1918-'19, '20
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet Member, 1919-'20
Cheer Leader, Greens, 1919-'20
Chief Marshal, 1919-'20
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet Member, 1919-'20
ing Council, 1918-'19
Commencement Marshal, 1917-'18
Class Poet, 1916-'17, '18
Captain Basketball Team, 1916-'17
Secretary Sigma Phi Kappa Society, 1918-'19
Winner Monogram, 1917-'18
Treasurer Sophomore Class, 1917-'18

LENA PERMELIA LINEBERGER

Gastonia, N. C.

HOME ECONOMICS

"Don't worry about the future,
The present is all thou hast,
The future will soon be present,
And the present will soon be past."

Lena is just the best old sport in the world. We don't know what we will do without her genial good nature to cheer us up when we are downhearted. We envy her her ability to carry on an animated conversation on any subject at any time. Her energy is boundless, and the finest thing about it is, that she is just as willing to expend it in advertising for the annual, as in shopping for herself. We are expecting her to devote it, along with the knowledge of Home Economics, toward making an attractive, cheerful, home for herself (?).

Π Θ Μ

Vice-President Senior Class, 1919-'20
Volleyball Team, 1919-'20
Winner of Monogram, 1918-'19
Tennis Team, 1916-'17, '18, '19, '20
Green Basketball Team, 1916-'17, '18

MARGARET MCMILLAN
Parkton, N. C.

GENERAL COLLEGIATE

"Quietly she worked away, faithful to each duty."

Margaret is the most modest member of our class. She has won her place of Seniorhood by labor, to be merited by all of us. She always enters into all the school sports with enthusiasm and has won fame as a volleyball player.

Π Θ M

Secretary of Π Θ M, 1919-'20
Secretary of Sophomore Class

SUSIE MARTIN MONROE
Sanford, N. C.

GENERAL COLLEGIATE

"From the crown of her head,
To the sole of her foot,
She is all mirth!"

Jolly, good-natured Susie! We all envy her her disposition. If every one took life as easy as Susie, this would be a happy world to live in. She is never in the least ruffled when she comes into class some fifteen or twenty minutes late. We sometimes wonder if not *hearing* the bell doesn't help Susie to finish her English papers!

H Θ M

Editor-in-Chief "The Lotus," 1919-'20
President Junior Class, 1918-'19
Member Student Council, 1918-'19
Literary Editor "The Lotus," 1918-'19
Class Prophet, 1919-'20
Cotillion Club, 1917-'18, '19, '20
Volleyball Team, 1918-'19
Winner of Numeral, 1917-'18
Cheer Leader, White, 1919-'20

MARGARET MOORE
Smithfield, N. C.

GENERAL COLLEGIATE
PIANO

"And she's as wise as she's winsome,
And as good as she is wise."

You must not judge Peggie's true worth by her size, for it is much greater than that. Whatever she sets her hand to do is sure to be accomplished. Her two diplomas are evidence of this. Peggie is never too busy to go down town shopping (?) or calling (?). Then, too, she has spent many laborious hours in the annual room. We expect her some day to make a very economical and efficient housewife as a result of her training here.

Π Θ Μ
Volleyball, 1917-'18

LAELIA PATE
Rowland, N. C.

GENERAL COLLEGIATE

"For solitude is sometimes best society
And short retirement urges sweet return."

No one would ever know that Laelia was anywhere near, she is so quiet. But we expect great things of her as we know she is a deep thinker. Some day she may become a noted philosopher as a result of her long meditations.

Π Θ M

Secretary Junior Class, 1918-'19
President Sophomore Class, 1917-'18
Member Student Council, 1917-'18
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1917-'18
Winner of Monogram, 1917-'18
Dramatic Club, 1916-'17
Secretary-Treasurer Freshman Class, 1916-'17

SARAH PATE
Laurel Hill, N. C.

GENERAL COLLEGIATE

Her voice was ever soft
Gentle, and low—an excellent thing in a woman.

Sarah is a very substantial kind of a girl. She has a most lovable nature and is always sweet and sensible. She has worked hard and now her labors are rewarded. We wish her all success as she enters upon her future career.

Φ Θ Μ

President Athletic Association, 1919-'20
Vice-President Phi Theta Mu Society, 1919-'20
Associate Editor "Voices of Peace," 1919-'20
Member Student Council, 1919-'20
Vice-President Junior Class, 1918-'19
Secretary Phi Theta Mu Society, 1918-'19
Vice-President Athletic Association, 1918-'19
Secretary Y. W. C. A., 1918-'19
Historian Junior Class, 1918-'19
Winner Monogram, 1918-'19
Winner Numeral, 1917-'18, '19
Cotillion Club, 1918-'19, '20

ANABEL SLOAN
Garland, N. C.

A.B. COURSE

"Life is full of laughter,
But laughter even ends.
Give me instead forever
The friendship of my friend."

"Sloanie" is the most brilliant member of the class. She sails right through Senior English and Latin with flying colors, but never allows study to interfere with her two hours a day of exercise. Four o'clock always finds her on the tennis, basketball, or volleyball court. Tennis, however, is her specialty. We are expecting "Sloanie" to take a post-gradnate course next year and incidentally guard the fortunes of the Greens and room with "Marfa."

Π Θ Μ

Senior Representative to Student Council, 1919-'20
Business Manager of Lotus, 1919-'20
Proctor-in-Chief of Chapel, 1918-'19
Winner of Monogram, 1918-'19
Winner of Numeral, 1918-'19

JEANETTE MOORE STANFORD
Teer, N. C.

HOME ECONOMICS

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"

Jeanette is by far the most business-like member of the class, and she has used her ability well in behalf of the annual. She is equally efficient in her studies, and is well versed in the fact that there is a time for work and a time for play. As a result the teachers have learned to depend on her—in fact, every one can depend on her. We think that the county or state that secures her services as a home demonstrator will be very fortunate.

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

THE class of 1920, in accordance with all the laws of evolution and class tradition, has passed through four distinct stages of development. In these successive stages we have borne the name of Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, and Senior. Back in the prehistoric ages, in the fall of 1916, the present Senior Class was just entering upon its college career. During the first few weeks we were subjected to continual scares and frights, in the form of initiation. We gradually learned to "keep step" though, and soon entered into all the college activities with spirit and enthusiasm. Although a group of more innocent and unsophisticated girls never entered Peace, yet every one admits that we did at least one remarkably wise thing during this period of "verdancy;" we chose our lady principal for our class teacher.

In the fall of 1917 we laid aside the timidity and verdancy of our Freshman days and assumed the superior air of the Know-All. Having gained the esteemed title of Sophomore, we now felt it our duty to lord it over the Freshmen. With eager hands, we initiated the class of '21 into her duties and privileges, and sought to impress upon every one the depth of our wisdom and experience.

The fall of 1918 found sixteen jolly Juniors back at Peace. Along with the usual Junior privileges came the added privilege of chaperoning the under-classmen. No wonder we felt our importance and responsibility, for this was an honor (?) hitherto conferred only upon Seniors.

For two years we had leaned over the rail and watched, with awed admiration, the Junior-Senior reception. Now, at last, we were proud participants in that great social event of the year. Nevertheless, we did not forget to cast sympathetic glances up at those who still hung over the rail.

Commencement that year brought with it our supreme glory. How we thrilled when we received our colors from the Seniors at the Class-Day exercises! How proud we were to have reached that last stage of development known as Seniority!

Once more the class of 1920 entered the gates of Peace and this time were enrolled as fifteen stately Seniors. That we were at last nearing the end of our college career was difficult for us to believe, but with the crowding of new duties upon us and the constant reminder that we had an example to set, the realization of this fact soon came. Our life this year has been one of varied experiences. One of the many joyous occasions that will leave their indelible marks upon the memories of our Senior year was the trip to Chapel Hill for the Thanksgiving game.

We stand on the very threshold of a bigger world, one, however, that the knowledge and ideals gained here have made it possible for us to enter. Now that we are soon to leave dear old Peace, it is with regret that we bid farewell to all our friends here. To the class of '21, who will take our place as Seniors, we wish all the pleasures and successes with none of the sorrows and failures we have had.

SARAH PATE,
Historian.

SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY

ONE night in November, in the year 1930, I was sitting alone in my room, wondering what I should do. It had rained all afternoon, and still there was a steady beating on the roof outside my window. I listened to the sound and was glad that I was safe in a nice, warm room. As I turned from the window, where I had watched a few pedestrians hurrying along, I found myself staring at a picture of an old classmate of mine, Bennie Lee Upchurch. Walking over to my desk, I picked it up and looked at it, and began thinking of the good times we had together at dear old Peace. Then I felt an inclination to look over the Memory Book that I had made that last year at Peace. So I took the book down from the shelf, and drew my big, comfortable rocking-chair before the fire of blazing oak logs. As I turned the leaves of the book, recalling the little things we did at school, I came at last to the class prophecy. What a funny thing a prophecy is! One member of the class tries to imagine what every other member of the class will be doing ten or fifteen years from the time they graduate, and people seldom follow out the plans laid down for them. For instance, take our class prophecy. Only two or three write-ups have come true.

The first person that our Prophecy mentioned was Bennie Lee Upchurch, our beloved Student Body President. Every one knew what a lovely voice she had, and so of course she was to be a prima donna. This has come true, for I heard Bennie Lee when she made her debut at the Metropolitan Opera House. As I began thinking of her, I could see her plainly as she used to sing for us at school. And especially did I remember a favorite song of mine that she used to sing, "Roses in Picardy." As I gazed into the fire, I fancied I heard her sing that song once again.

After Bennie Lee, came our class president, Elizabeth Anderson, who was to be President of the National Federation of Women's Clubs; next came Emma Kate Jones, as a very domestic little wife in a happy home; and then Jeanette Stanford at the head of a big bakery where she would make delicious pies and cakes. But how far short all this fell of what these three girls are doing! For one spring morning, when I was in New York, I saw the most attractive little shop imaginable on Fifth Avenue. And behold the scene that greeted my eyes, as I stood at the door a minute looking in! There was the proprietor of the shop talking to a customer about bridal veils and orange blossoms. And who should the proprietor be but Jeanette, and the customer but Elizabeth. And as I watched them, a model came in, wearing a lovely dress, over which Elizabeth grew very much excited and which she declared she must have for her trousseau. I thought the face of the model was familiar, and sure enough, as I looked more closely, I recognized another of my classmates, Emma Kate Jones. I hurried in and spoke to them, delighted that I should meet all of them at once.

Next the prophecy read that Isabel Faison would be a returned missionary from China, and would give lecture tours all over the United States. Why the very idea of such a thing! Isabel is doing nothing of the kind. Just let me tell you where I last saw her. One day, on my way to Asheville, when I had to stop over for a two-hour wait in a little town in Western North Carolina, I decided to walk around to see the sights, and had gone only a few blocks when I came to a lovely

little white bungalow with the prettiest rose garden in front. As I gazed, I could hardly believe my eyes, for there sat Isabel reading to the darlingest little boy and girl you have ever seen. I rushed up to the porch, and she was as surprised as I was. I had time for only a few minutes' talk, but before leaving I asked her who the lucky man was. She blushed very becomingly as she said: "Do you remember the Des Moines Convention and ———?" Of course I remembered how Isabel went to the convention as one of our representatives, and how, after she came back, she was besieged for dates by the State College boys who had also gone as delegates.

As I read on in the Prophecy, I found that Susie Monroe would be taking care of her mother and father; that Sarah Pate would marry a K. A. man; and that Anabel Sloan would take degrees from no less than three universities. But, alas! Nothing like that has happened to these dear girls. Sloanie, as we always called her, decided to take a physical culture course, and became head of a school in Washington. One day, when she was showing her girls how to make a real "sure-enough" high jump, she sprained her ankle, and had to be taken to a hospital. She was put under the care of a very competent nurse, who was none other than one of her classmates, Sarah Pate. But the greatest surprise was waiting, for when the nurse called "Doctor Monroe," her old friend Susie appeared. The hospital to which Sloanie had been carried was Susie's own hospital, and Sarah was head nurse there.

And next in the Prophecy came dear old Lena Lineberger. She was to be a farmerette on her little farm in Faison, and at the first of every year to take inventory of her stock. One item was always to be, "One old grey, plug mule, blind in one eye." But in reality Lena is doing something far more interesting than that. She lives in Faison, it is true, but not as a farmerette. Instead, she has a lovely little house; and in a white-tiled kitchen she practices what she learned in Domestic Science at Peace. And each day, as the hands of the clock move towards one, she hurries slightly, as if she must have lunch ready before a certain person comes in from work.

In reading further, I came to Quintyne Johnston. Evidently no one thought that Tyne possessed such a wonderful accomplishment as she did, for the prophecy married her off to some charming young man, and she never was to be heard of again. Yes, she did get married, but that was not the last of Tyne, for her name will go down in history. Any one that has recently visited the art galleries in New York will tell you of some wonderful paintings hanging there that bear the initials Q. J. As I was thinking thus of Tyne, my gaze fell on a magazine on the table near me. On the cover was the picture of a young girl, looking out on the world with the fresh and eager eyes of youth, and, in the corner, the name of the artist, Q. Johnston. As I gazed at the face of the young girl, something in the features seemed familiar to me. Then I remembered an item that I had read in the newspaper shortly before. The item had stated that Margaret McMillan, of North Carolina, was posing for Miss Quintyne Johnston in New York. At that time I had not realized that this was the girl I had known at school. But that night, as I looked at the picture I knew it was the same Margaret I had known at Peace many years before.

And what have become of Dorothy Blount, Laelia Pate, and Mary Henderlite? It was prophesied that Dorothy would be keeping house for some one who would "cherish and protect her;" that Laelia Pate would be teaching school in a little

red brick schoolhouse; and that Mary Henderlite would be at the head of the State Laboratory in her home town, Raleigh. Why, oh, why, do girls always do exactly the opposite of what you expect! I read the *State Herald*, the leading newspaper of North Carolina, for several years before I found out who the editor was. I could hardly believe my eyes when, calling at the office one day, I discovered that the editor was none other than Dorothy Blount. But I was not surprised that she was filling this position when I remembered how hard she worked on our first college magazine. As I was about to leave her office, she asked me if I knew she had other members of our class on her staff. Of course I was surprised. She took me around to see them. At the head of the literary department was Mary Henderlite, putting into practice all the wonderful things she had learned under Miss Ingraham's careful leadership. In another department, under the supervision of Laelia Pate, the paper was successfully issuing articles on women's dress.

Slowly I closed my Memory Book, and gazed into the heap of glowing coals, thinking of all those girls that had gone out with me from Peace. And in the "patter, patter, patter" of the rain I seemed once more to hear their glad voices raised together in our old class song.

MARGARET MOORE.

SENIOR CLASS POEM

Unmindful of life's changing tides,
And all the earth's vain things besides;
We leave our present life to meet
What may await our straying feet.
Yet still we'll dream and still we'll trust
(Since we all know our wish is just)
That at some time return we must.
Alas for her who never sees
The sunshine through these towering trees!
Who, hopeless, from Peace turns away,
Nor wants to see again some day
The sun before these columns play;
Who hath not learned in hours spent here,
The truth to all of us well known:
That each to other is dear
And Peace will ne'er forget its own.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS OF 1920

NORTH CAROLINA
WAKE COUNTY } PEACE INSTITUTE
CITY OF RALEIGH

We, the Senior Class of 1920, of the aforesaid County and State, being of sound mind, and realizing that the much desired graduation day has arrived, do make and declare this our last will and testament.

First: To our class teacher, Miss McLelland, we leave our deepest love and devotion. Our sincere wish is that she may be free from the repeated Senior cry: "More privileges!"

Second: To the Juniors we do will and bequeath the rare privilege (as quarantine now seems to be an installed yearly event) of being set at liberty a whole day before the under-classmen, and we are hoping that they may enjoy the *"shopping"* and the basketball game as much as we did.

Third: We will to the Sophomore Class our love for the State College boys, and the pleasure of attending the annual "Ag" reception.

Fourth: We leave to the Freshmen Class our deepest sympathy, for we realize now that we have attained Seniorhood, how much hard work a "sheepskin" from Peace represents.

Fifth: We hereby constitute and appoint our President, Miss Mary Owen Graham, our lawful executor to all intents and purposes, to execute this, our last will and testament, according to the true intent and meaning of the same, and every part and clause thereof, hereby revoking and declaring utterly void all other wills and testaments by us heretofore made.

In witness whereof, we, the said Senior Class of Peace Institute, do hereunto set our hand and seal, this the 25th day of May, 1920.

SENIOR CLASS. (Seal.)
BENNIE LEE UPCHURCH.

JUNIOR CLASS

COLORS: *Purple and Gold* FLOWER: *Violet*

GRACE MCNINCH ..... *President*
SALLIE JOHNSON ..... *Vice-President*
DOROTHY ALDERMAN ..... *Secretary*
LAURA BELL FRENCH ..... *Treasurer*
JEAN MCGINN ..... *Poet*
MISS BYRNE ..... *Class Teacher*

BETH ANDERSON
EVA BULLOCK
EDNA EWING
EDITH HOWELL
MOZELLE MARKHAM
ELIZABETH SLOAN
RUTH BRINKLEY
NETTIE BURGESS
EUGENIA FAIRLEY
ANNIE MCCORMICK
ELLEN SEAWELL
VERNA STRAYHORN
MARGIE BENOY

HISTORY OF THE JUNIOR CLASS

E shall never forget our "verdant" Freshman days. We were pitied by the Sophomores, patronized by the Juniors, and tyrannized over by the Seniors. The fears of initiation which hovered about us then cause us even now a retrospective shudder. How we envied the Sophomores, to say nothing of the unattainable position of the Juniors and Seniors! We wended our way among the "wise" upper classmen with timid, downcast glances, and shrank into our shell as though we felt "very unnecessary."

Oh! how wise we felt when we were Sophomores! It was then our turn to have a "knowing air" when approached by some little Freshman or by a faculty member. But, oh! what a struggle we had with Burke's *Speech on Conciliation*, and how proud we felt, when our work in it pleased Miss Ingraham. And at the end of the year we smiled with satisfaction when we bade the kings of Israel a fond farewell. Thanks to Miss McLelland's patience and severe exactions, we feel even now that we would recognize the kings should we at any time meet one of them.

One of our highest ideals has at last been reached. We are now jolly Juniors. We are indeed proud of our accomplished class and of our dear Miss Byrne, whose ready assistance pilots us over many dangerous and difficult paths. We feel sure that our class will yield many prima donnas, first-rate business women, and college presidents. The Senior Class of this year has been great, but we show promise of being even greater. We look forward enthusiastically to our Senior prestige and privileges.

NELLIE BURGESS.

JUNIOR POEM

One step more we yet must travel
Ere we reach the heights of fame;
One year more of patient labor
Ere the final prize we claim.
But we've won our share of glory,
Played the game both fair and square,
And we'll finish as we started;
We will do as well as dare.
To the year that lies before us
We shall give our very best,
And, with minds and hearts attuned,
We shall stand the final test.
Juniors, fire your hearts with courage!
You have not to travel far,
Let ambition be your watchword;
"Hitch your wagon to a star."

JEAN McGINN.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

COLORS: *Red and White* FLOWER: *Richmond Reds*

MOTTO: *Honor lies in honest toil*

CLARIBEL FOUNTAIN .....*President* MARY BOOKER.....*Secretary and Treasurer*
ELIZABETH GIBSON .....*Vice-President* MARY C. HOWARD.....*Poet*

ELIZABETH ALFORD
ISABEL BARKLEY
EUGENIA BLANCHARD
NAOMI BRACY
CLYDE BROWN
KATHERINE CARR
ISABEL CLARK
NORMA CONNELL
CLARA EASON
MARGARET EUBANKS
MARTHA FAIRLEY
ANNETTE GORDON
OLIVIA GOWAN
RACHEL GRADY
LOUISE GRAVES
LUCILLE HOWARD
EDITH HUDSON
RUTH LENTZ
ELIZABETH LONG
KATIE PATTON
ROZELLE ROBINSON
NELLIE RUSSELL
ROSE WINSTEAD
CLARA WOODALL
LILY WINN
MARGARET S. HALL

THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

SOPHOMORE POEM

Hear of the "Bloody Sophomores,"
The class of twenty-two.
There'll be nothing left of the Freshmen,
When the Sophomores get through.
For we remember the sad hard days
When we were Freshmen too.

Hear of the kind, sweet Sophomores,
Who show the Freshmen green,
Everything at Peace Institute
That by Freshmen should be seen,
And try to comfort the "homesick blues,"
For we know what they mean!

Hear of the proud, proud Sophomores,
Who, as "old girls," "know it all,"
In the spring we were mere Freshmen;
But when we came back last fall—!
We did feel important, didn't we?
It isn't hard to recall.

Hear of the waiting Sophomores,
We have to wait, you know,
To study upstairs, and chaperone,
When up the street we go;
For we won't be Juniors till next year,
And that's coming mighty slow.

And now you've heard of the Sophomores;
But I'm going to tell you more
Our colors are good old Red and White,
And in number we're twenty-four;
And when it comes to dear ol' Peace,
That's the school that we adore.

FRESHMAN

(See Sophomore Bureau of Information)

Colors: *Black and Gold* Flower: *Black-eyed Susan*

Thelma Turner ..... *President*

Annie Landis ..... *Vice-President*

Rachel Witherington ..... *Secretary*

Ella Reynolds ..... *Treasurer*

Louise Barbary
Margaret Barnes
Mary C. Brown
Mildred Byrd
Selma Fountain
Agnes Foy
Jessie Goderey
Esther Hope
Annie Landis
Flora Cole
Nannie B. Crow
Attawa Dixon
Evelyn Fishburn
Mavis Lindsey
Nora Neal
Mary L. Palmer
Mary Fate
Eleanor Roberts
Laura P. Steele
Helen Taylor
Thelma Turner
Elsie Warren
Brower Wells
Rachel Witherington
Rena Young
Helen Lonon

Mary Leach

THE FRESHMAN CLASS

FRESHMAN CLASS POEM

The day when first to Peace we came,
Thinking that here we should gain our fame,
O, I remember!

Those tearful days and nights we spent,
When with thoughts of home our hearts were rent,
O, I remember!

That awful initiation night,
When for our lives we had to fight,
O, I remember!

The wise and "know all" Sophomores,
Who to us were always bores,
O, I remember!

But next year I'll be a Sophomore,
And then my troubles will all be o'er,
Our hardships, struggles, toils, and woe,
And all things Freshmen undergo,
O, I'll forget.

PREPARATORY CLASS

COLORS: *Violet and Gold* FLOWER: *Violet*

MOTTO: *We build the ladder by which we climb*

MARY WESTON TUCKER ..... *President*

MISS ELIZA HUFFMAN ..... *Teacher*

KATIE M. ROEBUCK
BEULAH RUFFIN
MARTHA STANLEY
JANIE STEVENS
FRANCES STONE
STELLA TAYLOR
ELIZABETH TURNER
MARGARET WEARN
MARGARET WRIGHT
VIOLET WRIGHT
DOROTHY MITTEN
MARY MOORE
ELIZABETH NICHOLSON
LUCILLE O'BRIANT
CASSANDRA PENN
LAURA PHILLIPS
MOLLIE PIGFORD
GLADYS POWELL
ELIZA PRIOR
MAUD PRIVETTE
ELLA REYNOLDS
DOROTHY ROBERTSON
EDITH HINNANT
MARGARET HUNTER
MAXINE HURLEY
LUCY LEWIS
UNA LINDSEY
SADIE LIVINGSTON
VINA MCARTHUR
MILDRED MCLAURIN
DOROTHY MCNEILL
MARY MANGUM
NETTIE ALLISON
RUTH BOWEN
KATIE BUFFALOE
RUTH BUFFALOE
MARGARET CALVERT
MARY COTHRAN
BERTHA COX
ELLEN CRAWFORD
MARTHA DEW
CHRISTINE GRIFFIN
GEORGIA GWYNNE
LUCILLE HATCH
EUNICE HIGGINS

PREP.

The Preparatory Class

THE THING THAT GOES THE FURTHEREST

JANE ELLEN sprang out of bed at the first sound of the rising gong, and, going to the window, raised the shade with a jerk. It was still dark, and it was raining. The dense fog had filled the room. It was cold. Jane Ellen closed the window with a bang. "A gloomy day for an exam!" she exclaimed drearily. The light would not turn on, and she hurried into her clothes with difficulty. The breakfast gong rang before she had finished fixing her hair. Why was it that she could never be ready for breakfast? she thought. She stuck the last hairpin in and rushed downstairs. At the bottom step she discovered that she had forgotten her belt.

"Miss McLelland will send me back," she said, half aloud, and bursting into tears, hastened back to get it.

When she entered the dining-room every one gave her an icy stare. With a trembling hand she wrote her name in the proctor's book. She thought she would escape the eagle eye of the Dean, but no indeed; as she turned she was pulled back suddenly by her belt, and stumbling backwards confronted Miss McLelland.

"What do you mean by being this late?"

Jane Ellen opened her eyes wide with surprise. Was she very late? she thought. Then she remembered that it had taken her at least ten minutes to find her belt. "Er—er—I just—" she began excitedly. Her brain was confused, her head throbbed—she heard suppressed giggles.

"Besides, your hair doesn't look as though it had been fixed in a week. Never come down to breakfast looking like this again!" finished Miss McLelland emphatically, lifting her coffee cup to her lips. Jane Ellen hurried to her seat.

"Good morning," said Miss Hubbard. The girl seated by Jane Ellen silently handed her the grits. They were cold, but she helped herself to the last spoonful.

"De meat am out in de kitchen," said the maid, returning with the empty platter. Jane Ellen was not hungry. She picked up her fork and ate the grits slowly. Everything was unusually quiet in the dining-room.

The girl across the table said dully, "That exam is just the hardest thing I ever saw! I *can't* learn forty-seven French verbs!"

Jane Ellen frowned. "Forty-seven verbs," she mused. Everybody at the table finished and looked impatiently at her. She folded her napkin and pushed back her chair. The dining-room was deserted now except for several teachers seated at one table.

As Jane Ellen hurried up the stairs, her shoestring broke. She stopped to fix it. A girl starting down did not see her and almost tumbled over her.

Jane Ellen looked up, bewildered. "Oh, I—I didn't see you com—in—"

"What do you mean by stopping *here* to fix your shoe?" exclaimed the girl indignantly, as she flew down the steps to answer at mail call.

Jane Ellen arose. She felt dizzy. The girls rushed by her, and she turned and blindly fled after them.

"I hope I get a letter," she said to the girl standing beside her. The girl only elevated her eyebrows and looked at her critically, as if to say, "*You* get a letter! Why, the idea!" Jane Ellen listened intently—no, she did not hear her name. It seemed ages since she had got a letter. Had everybody forgotten her?

After mail call she hurried up to her room. Everything was painfully quiet, except for the raindrops hitting against the window pane. She fell across her bed, at the same time realizing that it was unmade. Her room-mate's bed had been made, but hers—look at it! And her clothes all over the room! What *would* Mrs. Fowler say? Jane Ellen gave her cover a jerk, smoothed it out, and—there, she would make it up later, the bell was ringing for that horrid examination.

She grabbed her pencil and paper and slammed the door behind her. She was trying to recall some of the French verbs, "Allant, alle, je—" What could it be? She stumbled over a wrinkle in the carpet, and her tablet dropped to the floor, the leaves flying in every direction. She gathered them all up and glancing at the Central Hall clock, saw that she had only three minutes to get to the classroom.

She was the last one to crowd in. Her cheeks were burning; the room was suffocating. She picked up a chair, carried it a little nearer the window and set it down with a crash. My, what a noise it made! Everybody looked up with a frown. Jane Ellen felt Miss Reid's cold gaze and looked up timidly.

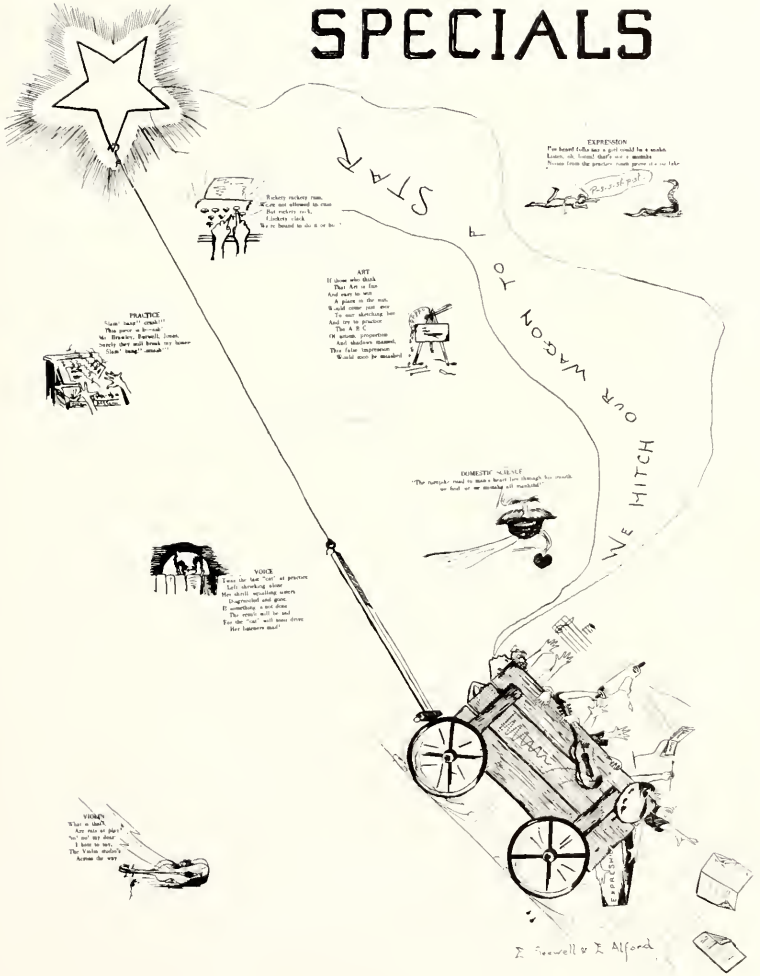
"Young ladies," Miss Reid was looking straight at Jane Ellen, "how many times have I said that the chairs are not to be moved after I have arranged them, ab-so-lute-ly!"

Jane Ellen took a deep breath and seated herself carefully. The blackboards, covered with questions, confronted her. She looked at them, puzzled. Everything was *so* dark; she was tired; her hands were so cold. Dead silence reigned; everybody was writing busily. Miss Reid looked up from her knitting with an air of complete satisfaction. To Jane Ellen her expression resembled that of the villain as he held the fair maiden by her golden hair and said, "Ah, I have you now!" Jane Ellen wrote something, she scarcely knew what, and scribbled her name on the last sheet, as the last girl disappeared from the room.

She staggered blindly into the dark hall, up the back steps, and down the corridor. A maid sweeping up some trash, looked up and beamed upon her. Jane Ellen stopped, pushed back the stray lock that had fallen over her face, and stared at the good old black face. Then, unconsciously her face also relaxed into a grin. Jane Ellen remembered that it was the first smile she had seen that day. Her headache vanished, the house suddenly got several degrees warmer; and, looking out of the hall windows, she discovered that the sun was shining.

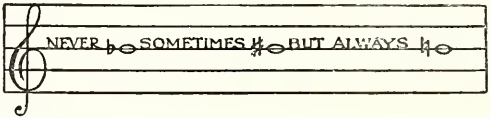
E. Gibson.

SPECIALS


START
OUR WAGON IS HITCH
EXPRESSION
ART
PRACTICE
DOMESTIC SCIENCE
VOICE
VIOLIN
E. Sewell & E. Alford

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

Motto:



Mary Cornelius ..... *President*

Elizabeth Bowen
Etta Brooks
Emily Duncan
Edna Ewing
Marie Fountain
Eleanor Hales
Minnie Holding
Louise Honeycutt
Lillian Jordan
Lucille Rankin
Annie Landis
Lucy Mexics
Lula Norment
Pauline Stearns
Edna White

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

Louise Barbary
Mary Barden
Jessie Godfrey
Annette Gordon
Agnes Foy
Louise Foster
Mary C. Howard
Laura P. Steele
Mayis Lindsey
Sadie Livingston
Julia Mcrvin
Dorothy McNeil
Mary R. Norment
Lucille O'Brient
Mary Lacy Palmer
Sarah Pate
Rozelle Robinson
Beulah Ruffin
Nellie Russell
Margaret Scott

DOMESTIC ART

Mary Barden
Dorothy Blount
Mary Brown
Norma Connell
Flora Cole
Louise Foster
Jessie Godfrey
Annette Gorden
Christine Griffin
Rachel Witherington
Edith Hinnant
Sadie Livingston
Julia Mervin
Nellie Russell
Rozelle Robinson
Katie Patton
Maude Privette
Laura P. Steele
Martha Stanley

(Two minutes after rising bell)
"Now I've twenty six more minutes to sleep"

Domestic Science Class

Domestic Art Class

THE CHORAL CLUB

SALLIE JOHNSON .....*President* OLIVIA GOWAN .....*Secretary* LAURA BELL FRENCH .....*Treasurer*

LOUISE BABBARY
ELIZABETH BOWEN
JESSE BRANTLEY
ETTA BROOKS
KATHERINE CABB
LUCY COOPER
MARGARET EUBANKS
MARTHA FAIRLY
MABEL FOUNTAIN
LAURA BELL FRENCH
ELIZABETH GIBSON
OLIVIA GOWAN
RACHEL GRADY
LOUISE GRAVES
LUCILLE HOWARD
EDITH HOWELL
EDITH HUDSON
SALLIE JOHNSON
MARY LEACH
HELEN LONON
ANNIE MCDADE
JULIA MURVIN
LULA NORMENT
REBECCA PATTERSON
KATIE PATTON
JENNIE PROCTOR
JULIA RICKS
ROZELLE ROBINSON
MARTHA STANLEY
HELEN TAYLOR
BENNIE LEE UPCHURCH
ADDIE WEBB
CLARA WOODALL
CATHERINE WHITTIER

PEACE SCENES

DRAMATIC CLASS

Claribel Fountain
Rozelle Robinson
Lucy Cooper
Catherine Brewer
Minnie Holding
Elizabeth Sloan
Margaret Barnes
Evelyn Fishburn
Rachel Witherington
Norma Connell
Addie Webb
Carrie Cheatham
Margie Benoy
Mary C. Howard
Louise Barbary
Mavis Lindsey

EXPRESSION CLASS

Agnes Foy
Ruth Lentz
Lena Lineberger
Emily Duncan
Norma Connell
Fannie Rogers Mann
Dorothy Mitten
Lula Norment
Catherine Brewer
Margie Benoy
Margaret Barnes
Mary Cothran
Lucy Cooper
Laura Page Steele
Eunice Higgins
Mary Mangum
Louise Barbary
Eva Oglesby
Rozelle Robinson
Amorette Bledsoe

Minnie Holding

SURWELL LIBRARY PEACE

Scenes From Plays

THE BELLS

AFTER EDGAR A. POE

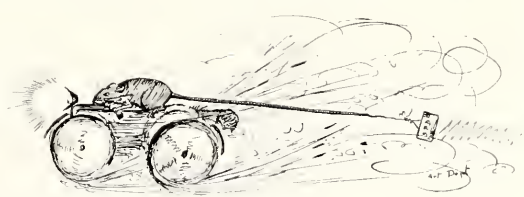
Hear the sounding of that bell,
Rising bell!
What a day of classes hard that dreaded
sound foretells.
How it's ringing, ringing, ringing
Through the sweetness of my sleep!
Oh, what awful thoughts it's bringing,
By its dinging, dinging, dinging,
Of the rules I have to keep!
I must run to the door
O'er my icy cold bare floor,
To the proctor who is waiting and to
Whom my name I tell;
While the bell, bell, bell, bell, bell,
Bell, bell, bell,
Keeps on ringing, keeps on ringing,
Horrid bell!

Hear the sweet sound of that bell,
Breakfast bell
What that sound to hungry girls means
Only they can tell.
I must slide into my clothes,
Just half wakened from my doze,
After sweetly-welcome notes,
And all in tune.
What delicious odors float
Of the grits that now are icy and the
toast,
Which are in the dining-room.

How I rush downstairs, sedate,
It is late,
It is eight,
On to breakfast, ah, that smell
Of what things, I know too well;
All because I heard the ringing
Of that bell, bell, bell,
Of that bell, bell, bell, bell,
Bell, bell, bell,
Which was saying as 'twas swaying,
"Breakfast bell."

Hear the next long mournful bells—
They're class bells!
What a tale of terror each successive
one foretells!
On the still, still (?) air of Peace
Will they never, never cease?
And the melancholy menace of their tone,
As the girls rush on to class,
Vainly hoping they will pass,
As they groan!
And all through each tedious day,
It is always just this way;
Just the bells, bells, bells,
Just work by bells, bells, bells,
Bells bells, bells;
For a school girl's life,
In this world of strife,
Is just bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells.

M. C. H.



The only mouse
that's welcomed at Peace

STUDENT COUNCIL

Officers

Bennie Lee Upchurch ..... *President*

Elizabeth Anderson ..... *President Senior Class*

Grace McNinch ..... *President Junior Class*

Claribel Fountain ..... *President Sophomore Class*

Thelma Turner ..... *President Freshman Class*

Grace McNinch ..... *President Annex*

Jeanette Stanford ..... *Elected by Senior Class*

Nellie Burgess ..... *Elected by Student Body*

Mary Mangum ..... *President Wynne Hall*

Anabel Sloan ..... *President Athletic Association*

Isabel Faison ..... *President Y. W. C. A.*

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

ISABEL FAISON ..... *President*
DOROTHY BLOUNT ..... *Vice-President*
LAURA BELL FRENCH ..... *Secretary*
EUGENIA FARLEY ..... *Treasurer*

GRACE McNINCH
Chairman of Devotional Committee

AGNES FOY
Chairman of Poster Committee

KATHERINE CARR
Chairman of Missionary Committee

GRACE HENRY
Chairman of Music Committee

LENA LINEBERGER
Chairman of Social Committee

EDNA WHITE
Chairman of Social Service Committee

Y
W
A

ART STUDENTS

Elizabeth Alford
Eugenia Blanchard
Clyde Brown
Mary Cornelius
Jessie Eason
Selma Fountain
Dorothy Gibson
Lucille Howard
Miss Mary Hilliard Hinton
Quintine Johnston
Lucie Lewis
Mildred Lumley
Eleanor Roberts
Ellen Seawell
Eallas Sherman
Ethel Holding Swain
Mary Weston Tucker
Elsie Warren
Lillian Waitt
Mary Wooten

THE ART STUDIO

COMMENCEMENT MARSHALS

EUGENIA FAIRLEY
Chief Marshal

AGNES FOY
ELIZABETH GIBSON
EDNA WHITE
LULA NORMENT

PEACE SCENES

(Where innocence is bliss—tr, tr, tr !!)

Eleanor Lewis Roberts

SOCIETIES

SIGMA PHI KAPPA OFFICERS

LENA LINEBERGER ..... *President*
EUGENIA FAIRLEY ..... *Vice-President*
GRACE HENRY ..... *Secretary*
DOROTHY BLOUNT ..... *Treasurer*

SIGMA PHI KAPPA SOCIETY

Beth Anderson
Elizabeth Anderson
Nettie Allison
Mary Barden
Catherine Brewer
Isabel Barkley
Eugenia Blanchard
Dorothy Blount
Elizabeth Bowen
Clyde Brown
Eva Bullock
Ruth Brinkley
Lucy Cooper
Nannie B. Crow
Carrie Cheatham
Norma Connell
Martha Dew
Margaret Eubanks
Isabel Faison
Eugenia Fairley
Martha Fairley
Louise Foster
Agnes Foy
Claribel Fountain
Selma Fountain
Olivia Gowan
Elizabeth Gibson

Georgia Gwynne
Mary C. Howard
Grace Henry
Minnie Holding
Margaret Hunter
Edith Hudson
Edith Howell
Mary Hughes
Lena Harwood
LaVera Harris
Edith Hinnant
Mary Hinderlite
Sallie Johnson
Lena Lineberger
Annie Landis
Mozelle Markham
Grace McNinch
Vina McArthur
Jean McGinn
Frankie McGinn
Mildred McLaurin
Julia Mervin
Mary Mangum
Dorthy Mitten
Mary Moore
Mary Rozier Norment
Elizabeth Nicholson

Sarah Howard Prior
Nona Neal
Donie Outlaw
Laura Phillips
Eliza Prior
Cassandra Penn
Mollie Pigford

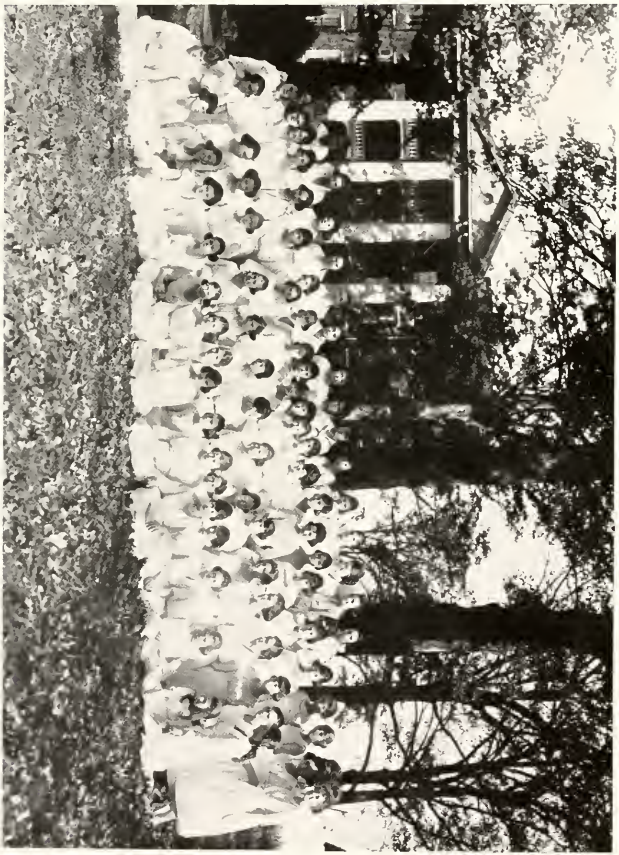
Nellie Russell
Eleanor Roberts
Katie Roebuck
Julia Ricks
Udine Stanfield
Frances Stone
Adelaide Sanders

Mary Weston Tucker
Elizabeth Turner
Thelma Turner
Lily Winn
Rachel Witherington
Rose Winstead
Margaret Wearn
Brower Wells

SIGMA PHI KAPPA SOCIETY

PI THETA MU OFFICERS

BENNIE LEE UPCHURCH.....*President*
ANABEL SLOAN .....*Vice-President*
SUSIE MONROE .....*Secretary*
ELEANOR HALES .....*Treasurer*



Pi Theta Mu Society

PI THETA MU SOCIETY

Dorothy Alderman
Margaret Barnes
Louise Barbary
Marjory Benoy
Mary Brown
Etta Brooks
Naomi Bracy
Mary Booker
Sarah Boyd
Ruth Bowen
Margaret Calvert
Katherine Carr
Flora Cole
Mary Cothran
Ellen Crawford
Mary Cornelius
Bertha Cox
Isabel Clark
Attawa Dixon
Helen Dunn
Edna Ewing
Clara Eason
Jessie Eason
Laura Bell French
Evelyn Fishburne
Mabel Fountain
Jessie Godfrey
Louise Graves
Rachel Grady
Annette Gordon
Eleanor Hales
Lucile Hatch
Helen Harrison
May Harps
Esther Hope
Eunice Higgins
Maxine Hurley
Quintine Johnston
Emma Kate Jones
Lillian Jordon

Lucie Lewis
Elizabeth Long
Ruth Lentz
Mary Leach
Sadie Livingston
Una Lindsey
Mavis Lindsey
Dorothy McNeill
Annie McCormick
Lucy Menius
Margaret Moore
Susie Monroe
Lula Normant
Rebecca Paterson
Katie Patton
Mary Pate
Sarah Pate
Laelia Pate
Maud Privette
Gladys Powell
Rozelle Robinson
Margaret Robinson
Lucile Rankin
Ellen Seawell
Elizabeth Sloan
Anabel Sloan
Laura Page Steele
Margaret Scott
Janie Stevens
Jeanette Stanford
Verna Strayhorn
Martha Stanley
Helen Taylor
Stella Taylor
Bennie Lee Upchurch
Edna White
Clara Woodall
Margaret Wright
Violet Wright
Rena Young

A PARODY ON "AND THAT AIN'T ALL"

Everybody's got the Flu,
And the Doctor's they can get no clue,
And that ain't all.

We can't go around
'Cause it's all down town,
And that ain't all.

N. C. State,
They got their bait,
And that ain't all.

But when the Flu,
It's done and through,
That won't be all.

'Cause we'll go down town,
And step around,
And that ain't all.

We'll go to the Wake,
And take a milk-shake,
And that ain't all.

We'll go home in June,
And we'll dance and spoon,
And that ain't all?

F. Mc. C.

CONFESSIONS OF A PEACE GIRL

IN the midst of the gayly-dressed, whirling throng, I stand, a simply-clad, little blue figure. In an agony of uncertainty, I teeter on my first French heels. My face burns; my hands freeze; and my knees play "Home, Sweet Home." Alas! where have all my rapturous dreams vanished? I feel my eyes turn green with envy, as I feverishly watch the pretty, happy-faced girls trip lightly by with their devoted, khaki-clad escorts.

An unattached "Ag" student comes hopefully toward me. Oh, horrors, he wears those tortoise shell glasses, that always make me think of the "wise old owl, who lived in a tree." I just know that I can never in the world talk to that wise-looking young man. I glance wildly around me, but seeing no possible hiding place, I just draw up into my shell of diffidence and gaze stonily at the floor. *Pat, pat,* the rubber-heeled footsteps come nearer—they pause—and then—*pat, pat,* they pass on. "Oh-h," I sigh in relief.

Oh, if I were only at home and could feel my father pat my head, and could hear him say in his low, sweet voice, "Papa's little girl!" Then fearing that I will do like Miss Annabel McCarthy, I try to take an interest in the couples about me. And with true feminine changeableness, I fervently wish I had smiled encouragingly at that goggled young gentleman. Just as my hopes are as small as the middle portion of my high heels, a voice from a great height says, "My name is ——" and my trembling hand is swallowed in a huge, capable-looking one. In a voice that seems to come from miles away, I tell him my name, but as he cannot understand me, I finally have to spell it.

"Let's walk," says my escort. My spirits rise in revolt against the whole cruel race of men. Why cannot they have a little consideration for foolishly-shod young girls? We walk, it seems to me, to the end of the world, and then my partner finds me a chair.

When I see his face, I laugh at my foolish fears, for now that I can really look at him, I find that he is just an ugly, grown-up boy. And, too, he has a sticking-out piece of hair in the middle of his forehead that makes me long to recommend to him the use of bandoline. I soon have him talking and all my trembles and fears are forgotten in listening to his vivid descriptions of France in cold, drizzly weather, and France in grape-blossom time.

LILY WINN.

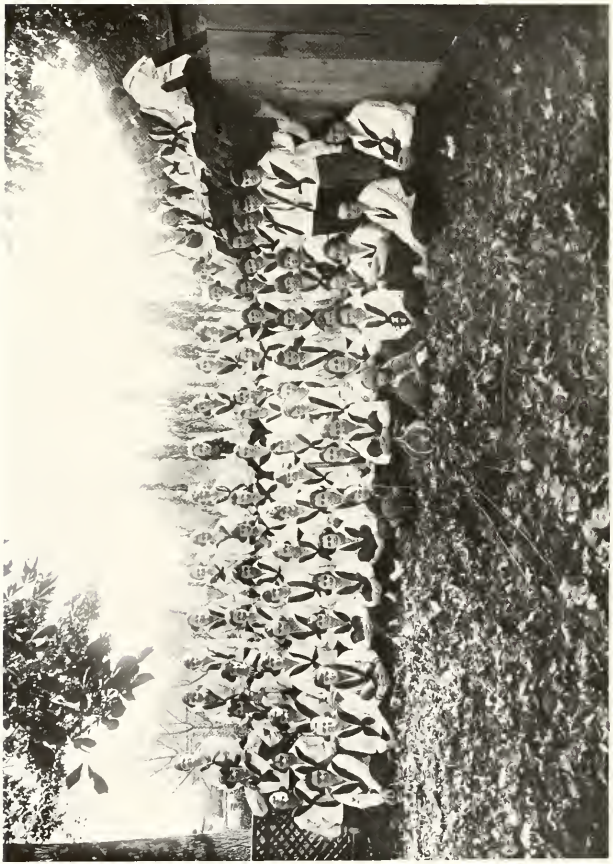
A PEACE GIRL

ARRIVAL DEPARTURE

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

ANABEL SLOAN ..... *President*
LAURA BELL FRENCH ..... *Vice-President*
ELEANOR HALES ..... *Secretary*
DOROTHY ALDERMAN ..... *Treasurer*

Athletic Officers



THE GREEN TEAM

THE WHITE TEAM

Green and White Tennis Teams

Green and White Basketball Teams

Green and White Volleyball Teams

I LOVE MY GYM

I love my gym,
So full of fun and vim,
The work of it too,
In fact, every "blessed" thing we do!

I love to hike,
The volleyball I like,
Our tennis "pep"
To us gives a fine ole "rep."

I love the whites,
For they do have no fights!
And fine the greens
Who have the girls both tall and lean.

The ball is hurled
By every good old girl
Doing her best
To win the cup, with the rest.

I love the work so;
It is the best thing I know.
Gym work, you see,
Is the dearest of all to me.

N. B. C.

ELIZABETH ANDERSON
MOST ACCOMPLISHED

LAURA BELL FRENCH
TYPICAL PEACE GIRL

DOROTHY LUMLEY
DAINTIEST

ANABEL SLOAN
MOST BRILLIANT

Dimples Fountain
Clarabel
Most original
Nellie Pickyard
Prettiest
Sallie Johnson
Handsomest
Clara White
Most Famous
Lavina Harris

Most Attractive
Agnes Foy
Cutest
Eugenia Blanchard
Most Stylish
Best All Around
Bessie Lee Upchurch
Most Popular
Martha Stanley

CLUBS

SENIOR MONDAY MORNING BREAKFAST CLUB

Elizabeth Anderson
Dorothy Blount
Isabel Faison
Mary Henderlite
Quintine Johnston
Emma Kate Jones
Lena Lineberger
Margaret MacMillan
Susie Monroe
Margaret Moore
Laelia Pate
Sarah Pate
Anabel Sloan
Jeannette Stanford
Bennie Lee Upchurch

FIGFIELD ZOLLIES

QUINTYNE JOHNSTON
LULA NORMENT
HELEN LONON
GEORGIA GWYNNE

F. R. D. CLUB

AMBITION: *To get out of Wynne Hall*

MARY MANGUM
CASSANDRA PENN
ELIZABETH TURNER

EIGHT HEARTS THAT BEAT AS ONE

Eugenia Blanchard
Catherine Brewer
Lucy Cooper
Claribel Fountain
Grace Henry
Mary C. Howard
Edith Howell
Mary R. Norment

THE ANNEX GIRLS

Mary Barden
Margaret Barnes
Dorothy Blount
Jessie Eason
La Vera Harris
Helen Harrison
Dorothy Lumely
Mildred Lumely
Sallie Johnson
Frankie McGinn
Jean McGinn
Lucille O'Briant
Lois McNeil
Ida McNeil
Grace McNinch
Vina McArthur
Thelma Turner
Eunice Higgins
Clyde Brown
Marjory Benoy

WYNNE HALL GIRLS

Mary Cothran
Dorothy Mitten
Christine Griffin
Lucille Hatch
Margaret Scott
Elizabeth Turner
Bertha Cox
Maxine Hurley
Una Lindsey
Mary Mangum
Cassandra Penn
Molly Pigford
Gladys Powell
Eliza Prior
Ellen Crawford

HALL OF FAME

Elizabeth Anderson
Catherine Brewer
Isabel Faison
Agnes Foy
Claribel Fountain
Jessie Godfrey
Annette Gordon
Louise Graves
Edith Howell
Mary C. Howard
Emma Kate Jones
Margaret McMillan
Suse Monroe
Lena Lineberger
Mary Pate
Sara Pate
Katie Patton
Eleanor Roberts
Clara Woodall

THE MONKEY SIX

Isabel Clark
Edna Ewing
Esther Hope
Mary Leach
Laura Page Steele
Addie Webb

THE H Bs

Evelyn Fishburne
Mable Fountain
Eleanor Hales
Minnie Holding
Helen Lonon
Mavis Lindsey
Dorothy Gibson
Margaret Moore
Maud Privette
Edna White

THE 3 C Cs

Elizabeth Nicholson
Eugenia Blanchard
Edith Howell

COTILLION CLUB

MARTHA STANLEY ..... *President*
SALLIE JOHNSON ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*
ELEANOR HALES ..... } *Floor Managers*
AGNES FOY ..... }

MARY C. HOWARD
MARGARET MOORE
ANABEL SLOAN
LENA LINEBERGER
RACHEL WITHERINGTON
MAVIS LINDSEY
MINNIE HOLDING
MARY W. TUCKER
LA VERA HARRIS
SARAH BOYD
EVELYN FISHBURN
EUGENIA BLANCHARD
KATHERINE CARR
EMILY DUNCAN

ELIZABETH ANDERSON
QUINTYNE JOHNSON
ELIZABETH GIBSON
ELIZABETH NICHOLSON
LAURABEL FRENCH
UNA LINDSEY
CASSANDRA PENN
CHRISTINE GRIFFEN
MARY COTHRAN
CARRIE CHEATHAM
DOROTHY LUMLEY
DOROTHY GIBSON
MABEL FOUNTAIN
HELEN LONON

BENNIE LEE UPCHURCH

"ROOMIES"

Eleanor Roberts
Margaret McMillan
Margaret Sprunt Hall
Elizabeth Gibson

Hall of Fame Musical Trio

Agnes Foy
President
Baritone

Katie Patton
Vice-President
Bass

Louise Graves
Sec.-Treas.
Tenor

GLEE CLUB

BENNIE LEE UPCHURCH.....*President*

Lucy Cooper
Katherine Carr
La Vera Harris
Martha Stanley
Edith Hudson
Edith Howell
Dorothy Lumley
Martha Fairley

Eleanor Hales
Sallie Johnson
Agnes Foy
Rachel Witherington
Elizabeth Anderson
Helen Lonon
Laurabel French

THE LOAFERS

EMMA KATE JONES
MAVIS LINDSEY
SUSIE MONROE

S. I.! D. I.! C.

LUCILLE HATCH
"Little Hatch"

UNA LINDSEY
"Jimmie"

MAXINE HURLEY
"Jack"

MARY COTHRAN
"Polly"

CHRISTINE GRIFFIN
"Tommie"

GEORGIA GWYNNE
"Red"

MARGARET SCOTT
"Scottie"

S. N. B. F. AND S. N. F.

Isabel Clark
Edna Ewing
Jessie Godfrey
Louise Graves
Esther Hope
Mary Leach
Margaret McMillan
Katie Patton
Addie Webb
Laura Page Steele

THE HOLIDAY CLUB

Motto: *"Don't worry—it won't last, nothing does."*

Color: *Green but never blue.*

"Lib" Anderson
"Dot" Alderman
"Field" Fairley
"Jenie" Fairley
"Lutes" Cooper
"Zakie" Pate

THE FOUR-LEAF "CLUBBERS"

LENA LINEBERGER ..... *"Boss"*
"The energetic leaf"

ISABEL FAISON ..... *"Ike"*
"The studious leaf"

ELIZABETH ANDERSON .. *"Libber"*
"The musical leaf"

AGNES FOY ..... *"Ag"*
"The artistic leaf"

THE CAN CLUB

"CAT" BREWER
She *can* talk

'JEANIE" BLANCHARD
She *can* smile

"KATIE" CARR
She *can* eat

"LOOSIE" COOPER
She *can* sing

'T" FOUNTAIN
She *can* "vamp"

'GRACIE" HENRY
She *can* "rag"

'CILLE" HOWARD
She *can* get boxes

'C" HOWARD
She *can* rave

'BEANY" HOWELL
She *can* love

'ROSY" NORMENT
She *can* crush

'FOND ROOMY" RUSSELL
She *can* have dates

'CHEAT" CHEATHAM
She *can* get into trouble

S. C. C.

Elizabeth Alford
Eugenia Blanchard
Letitia Cobb
Mary Cornelius
Clyde Brown
Jessie Eason
Selma Fountain
Dorothy Gibson
Lucille Howard
Quintine Johnston
Miss M. H. Hinton
Mildred Lumley
Lucie Lewis
Eleanor Roberts
Mary Weston Tucker
Ellen Sewell
Dallas Sherman
Ethel Holding Swain
Elsie Warren
Lillian Waite
Mary Wooten

VIRGINIA CLUB

Song: *"Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny."*
Flower: *Virginia Creeper.*

Martha Stanley
Eleanor Roberts

Ella Reynolds
Gladys Fowell

THE QUAKERS

Agnes Foy
Rachel Witherington
Martha Stanley
Anabel Sloan
Elizabeth Anderson
Eugenia Fairley
Lena Lineberger

FAREWELL COMPLEXION

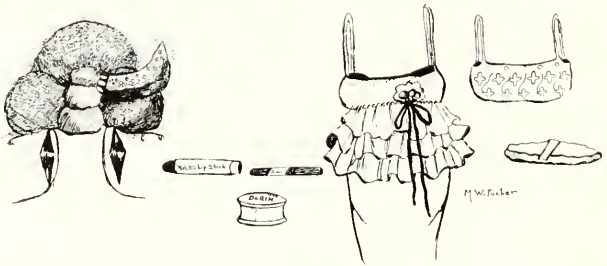
Farewell! farewell! small box of rouge!
You used to grace my cheek;
The only color I can have
Is from my blushes meek.

Farewell! farewell! small pencil black!
You used to shade my eyes;
You aren't at all the proper thing,
Miss Graham says, and sighs.

Farewell! farewell! red lip stick mine!
You've done your best for me;
But nature gives us coloring
As red as it should be.

Farewell! farewell! oh, everything!
My powder, paint, and grease!
I've got to be my natural self,
'Cause now I've come to Peace!

M. C. H.



Forbidden Fruit

BUREAU OF INFORMATION

Name	Better Known as	Disposition	Most Often Found	Ambition
Christine Griffin	"Chris"	Bright	With Una	To case Mary C.
Mollie Pigford	"Mol"	Lackadaisical	Rooming	To stop growing
Dorothy Lumley	"Lum"	Bossy	With La Vera	To become a Senior
Catherine Brewer	"Cat"	Talkative	In Hall of Fame	To rival Sarah Bernhardt
Evelyn Fishburne	"Evil"	Winning	Peg's room	To be mischievous
Mavis Lindsey	"Cherry"	"Cheeri"-ful	Hunting Ell	To be a vamp
Eva Bullock	"Eve"	Indifferent	In the gym	To "hobo" through life
Elsie Warren	"Else"	Sweet	With Attawa	To make "100's"
Sarah Pate	"Big Pate"	Quiet	In the heart of a book	To get an A.B. Degree
Claribel Fountain	"T"	Dependable	With Beanie	To grow tall
Agnes Foy	"Ag"	Attractive	Searching for Lena	To become a trained nurse
Katherine Carr	"Cattie"	Steady	In Ben's room	To hear Faderewski
Edith Howell	"Beanie"	Sunny	Mary C.'s room	To play in a great cathedral
Emily Duncan	"Em"	Snappy	Powdering her nose	To get out of school
Dorothy Gibson	"Gib"	Lovable	Loving Peg	To trip on the light fantastic toe
Dorothy Blount	"Dot"	Sincere	Studying	To become a successful journalist
Mabel Fountain	"Mab"	Breezy	Swinging	To die swinging
Margaret Moore	"Peg"	Winning	Hanging out the window	To love and to be loved
Elizabeth Anderson	"Lib"	Happy	Chasing annual material	To become a prima donna
Lucille Howard	"Cille"	Sympathetic	In Ag's room	To stay with mother and dad
Lula Norment	"Lulu"	Helpful	Practicing expression	To become a stage star
Edna White	"Ed"	Optimistic	At home	To become independent
Martha Stanley	"Stan"	Cordial	Looking for "Lieuts"	For the Greens to win
Susie Monroe	"Susie Martin"	Happy-go-lucky	Bath tub	To become a doctor
Martha Fairley	"Field"	Friendly	Practice room 5	To rival Galli Curci
Emma K. Jones	Emma Cat	Casing	With Bennie Lee	To make Bennie Lee like her
Eugenia Fairley	"Geanie"	Heartening	Chasing Lib	To be a K. A. ess
Laura Page Steele	"Steele"	Jovial	In Edna's room	County demonstrator
Etta Brooks	"Et"	Lovable	On side of a building	To be a human spider
Helen Lonon	"Hel"	Fascinating	With Mavis	To accompany Galli Curci
Eleanor Roberts	"Ell"	Quiet	Next door	To rival Harrison Fisher
Lena Lineberger	"Berger"	Peppy	On Fayetteville Street	To plow a field
Eugenia Blanchard	"Ducky"	Jolly	Calling Rosie	To be original
Isabel Faison	"Iky"	Serious	Miss Burwell's room	To live in Des Moines
Jeanette Stanford	"Jean"	Bright	Making points	To be a good cook
Maxine Hurley	"Jack"	Boisterous	Chasing Minnie	To live with Minnie

JOKES

Little Hatch got into the bath tub Wednesday night singing, "I am a stranger here."

Teacher: "Ruth, which is the largest river in Egypt?"
Ruth: "Er—aer—the—er—I don't believe I know—wait a minute—"
Silence.
Teacher (jokingly): "Well, is it the Mississippi or the Missouri River?"
Ruth (very seriously): "Why, Miss Hubbard, I believe it is the Mississippi."
Joke is out!!!!

Freshman Bible Test: Goliath was clad in a coat of arms.

Mary J. Moore: "Miss Sharp, what connection does Peace have with the Fair?"
Miss Sharp: "None. Why?"
Mary Jane: "Why, it states in the paper that the State Fair and the Peace Jubilee are to be held here next week!"

Katy Patton (very seriously): "Miss Ried, who is John Barleycorn? I heard Miss Graham say today that he was dead."

Emma Kate: "Who's your letter from Sadie?"
Sadie: "Oh, I just heard from my biology constructor at Wake Forest."

Miss McLelland: "Who was David?"
Pupil: "Wasn't he the man that killed the lion with a tombstone?"

Jessie Eason: "Oh, Miss Pfaff, did you know that Wake Forest has skipped the country?"
Miss Pfaff: "Wake Forest?"
Jessie: "Oh, he's my cat."

Miss Heuer (in Domestic Science class—after a brief discussion of clean back yards): "Now, girls, will all of you keep your backs clean?"

Evelyn: "But what is the matter with Bill's ear?"
Lucille Rankin: "He must have erysipelas."

Seen at the Thanksgiving table: "Molly Pigford with a busy sign up."

Izabelle (at a Green meeting): "I nominate that we adjourn."

Frances Edgerton (coming up the hall): "Has anybody got a toothbrush she's not using?"

Edna (on hike February 2d): "Today is ground hog day, isn't it?"
Ikie: "Did you see it?"
Dorothy: "Is it just one ground hog, or is it one in every town?"

Carrie Cheatham (in physiology class): "Well, Miss Pfaff, a person's heart isn't shaped like these pictures of hearts that you see, is it?"

Wanted: An extra copy of Woolley's Handbook to help Susie Monroe in writing business letters for Pi Theta Mu Society Pins.

Why is it that Martha Stanley likes to go to church so well? Is it the atmosphere of the church or is it the presence of "SOME ONE" there?

Bell Clark (at the movies): "Wish we were near the front so we could hear what they say." Joke's out!!

Mavis Lindsey: "How many quarters do they play in football?"

Peggy Moore (in chemistry): "Sloanie, what color is blue vitriol?"

In Senior history class, discussing the underground railway system for assisting fugitive slaves.

Ikie: "Well, Miss Kelly, how did they dig them without people knowing about it?"

Freshman Bible Class: Joseph went down into Egypt and interrupted Pharaoh's dream.

Annex coming to breakfast.

WANTED! LOST! FOUND!

WANTED: By Mavis Lindsey, a dozen pink roses daily for Helen Lonon.

LOST: In the vicinity of Minnie Holding's room, one broken heart. Finder please retnrn to Maxine Hnrley.

WANTED: Some sort of "sheet glue" to stick Susie Monroe to her bed after light bell.

Proctor of Hall of Fame.

WANTED: Sufficient information to convince Miss Ingrabam that student government is established in school.

Martha Stanley.

FOUND: A rule in the student government book forbidding invited guests to spend the night in my room without permission.

Agnes Foy.

WANTED: A little time to waste.

Isabel Faison.

WANTED: An nnengaged bath tub at 7 A.M.

Laura Bell French.

FOUND: Engenia Fairley studying.

WANTED: A brass knocker on the library door for Miss Pfaff's convenience.

WANTED:—A contribution to the waste basket.

Miss Ingraham.

FOUND: Modern gingham dress designers and taffeta milliners. Apply to the Mlles at Wynne Hall.

FOUND: "Eagles" and other nice birds.

Des Moines Delegates.

WANTED TO KNOW: Where are the lower extremities of the girls in the Green basketball team? Answer: Amputated by the board of censorship.

WANTED: A bottle of "crush killer."

Sane Peace Girls.

WANTED: "Bunk." *"Pinky" Boyd.*

WANTED: Fertilizers to grow taller.

"T" Fountain.
Mildred McLaurin.

WANTED: A secluded place to sleep.

Miss Moriscy.

WANTED: A telephone to "Pat's" room.

E. Huffman.

WANTED: Obedience.

Miss McLelland.

FOUND: Etta Brooks skipping ten minutes practice.

Mrs. McLelland.

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of the Better Kind

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There, there, little girl, don't cry,
You're restricted again, you know;
But it serves you right,
Why you looked a sight!
And you broke the rules, you know.

Why a girl who's attained your age!
I'm really ashamed to think,
Would paint her lips red,
And frazzle her head—
And your cheeks were decidedly pink.

And your brows—I'm sure they were blacked,
And long instead of short.
Nowhere must you go,
Till the dean lets you know;
'Tis a lesson that all should be taught.

M. C. H.

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Jewelry
for WOMEN

GRADUATION GIFTS

Raleigh, N. C.

There are rules that make us angry,
There are rules that make us blue,
There are rules that make us often wonder
What the teachers next will make us do.

There are rules that take away our freedom,
There are rules that make us long to flee;
But the rule that makes us wear our rubbers
Is the one that most displeases me.

A. L.

There was a wise woman named Moore,
Who finding no heat on the floor,
To warmer heights she quickly arose,
And on the top of a ladder she posed,
And decided to sit there forevermore.

O. L. HOPKINS
(Incorporated)

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You—Your Patronage
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and
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123 Fayetteville St., Raleigh, N. C.

There are bells that ring for rising,
There are bells that ring for sleep,
There are bells that fill our hearts with gladness,
They're the bells for us to eat.
There are bells that call us into classes,
There are bells that make our hearts fall;
But the bell that fills our hearts with sorrow
Is the bell for Study Hall.

M. P.

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RALEIGH, N. C. PHONES 752-753

There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land I'll never reach;
Where the good marks I'd be finding,
And the things I'll never teach.

There's a long, long day a-coming,
When the gong will cease to ring,
And the birds will wake me with their humming,
And the whole world seems to sing.

M. J. L.

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Tests are long, and time is fleeting,
And our thoughts they come so slow
That the clock's ticks are but beating
Funeral marches to zero.

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Cut Flowers, Wedding Buquets
All Kinds of Plants and Bulbs
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RALEIGH, N. C.

Oh, the school girls of Peace are loud in their wail,
For they fear on exams they do falter and fail;
And the visions of honors, when their work is all done,
Are faded and withered as flowers in the sun.

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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

There was a young lady named May,
Who fell madly in love with an "Ag."
We were filled with alarm,
When she raved of her farm,
Her tongue went forever wigwag.
The hatefulest word I ever have seen,
Or heard or read is Quarantine!
And if you don't believe that's true,
Then you don't know as Peace girls do.
There was a small lady called "T,"
Who was tiny as tiny could be.
But, oh! she was smart,
And that's not a part,
She was class president, Tee, Hee!

M. C. H.

Our weary minds a ray of light—
Or friends we flunk of fear.
We're cramming tonight for the old exam,
Give us a thought that is clear:

CHORUS:

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for exams to cease;
Many are the girls that are putting forth a fight,
To get a "dip" from Peace.

E. B.

There's a long, long trail a-winding,
Into the land I'll never reach;
Where a good mark I'd be finding,
And the things I'll never teach.

M. L.

7:36 A.M.—
("Without benefit of blessing")

The hours I spent within this gate
Are the darkest ones which I have seen.
The more I think, the more I hate
The Quarantine, the Quarantine.

Each day some one I could not see;
Each week a box I could not get.
'Twas bitter sorrow—misery.
Days forever to regret.

Oh, shopping, which I should have done
Oh, people whom I should have seen!
Just one thing kept out all my fun:
The Quarantine, the Quarantine.

M. C. H.

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