





REV. IRA LANDRITH, REGENT.

Dedication

TO

Miss Hood and Miss Heron

WE DEDICATE THIS BOOK
THOUGH STILL IT LEAVES US DEBTORS
A THOUSANDFOLD TO THEIR
WATCHFUL LOVE
AND CARE

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O sacred Muse, who dost preside o'er all
The records of the history of men
And nations since the world began, come thou
And guide our pens while we make record of
A year of life at Belmont. Such a work
Is worthy of thy aid, O heavenly Muse,
Both for its value at the present time
And that which it will gain in years to come.
For now and ever will it closely bind
The hearts of those who've lived and loved and worked
Together day by day. We'd have them through
These pages live again the days now gone—
Such happy days at this our college home!
And so we here present our college life
In all its varied forms. Let no one be
Unjust in criticism of our book,
But with the spirit of true Chivalry
Let each due reverence pay "Milady."
Then, readers all, your patience now we beg,
And as you follow us these pages through,
Be generous in your judgment, nor unkind,
Hold not our imperfections in your thoughts,
See what is best, and overlook our faults.

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Fun

BY L. C. B.



HAVE imagined that the limit of confusion would be reached by a foreigner learning to speak English among American students. We have all heard of the Dutchman who, having reached this State, expressed his mental maze in the following lines about the words pronounced like "raise":

Raze means to fift von sumfin up,
Den raze it down shupine;
Raze is dot fing der sun puts out
Ven he got up to shine.

Raze vot you do von leetle sheep,
Und raze de brize of vool;
Und raze dot vasser to mein leeps,
Dot vos so nish und cool.

and a similar obscurity in reference to "fix" and its derivatives:

Ve got for all dings fixshitures,
Und eberyding ve fix;
So Gretchen *fix* mein deener
Und ped und shocks she fix,
Put den der fix ish not der same!
I'm in a drefful fix.

How would such a person understand "fun" and its kinsman "funny" as we use it at Belmont, I wonder? These words belong naturally and primarily to the Athletic Club. Its members have fun when they bruise each other's noses, blacken their eyes and dislocate their joints at basket-ball. When they come in from the golf links with disheveled hair, mottled faces, and halting gaits, they surprise us by telling us they have had a world of fun. After the tennis tournament is over and they have "rooted" for their champion player till they are hoarse, and vocal gymnastics impossible for a week; when the poor champion is quietly stored away in the

infirmary for repairs, they slip little notes of sympathy under the door for her to read when she is able, that read about like this:

"*Dear Champ*: You did splendidly. We are proud of you. It was funny to see how *she* had to scheme to beat you, and the funniest thing of all was how close a game you played her in spite of her cheating as she did."

She cannot write a reply in her present state of delapidation, but she sends the muse to thank them and to be sure to tell them what royal fun it was.

But the Athletic Club does not have a monopoly of fun yet awhile. It comes, in a somewhat modified form—I mean with more fighting and less bloodshed—into the class-rooms.

The American literature students read Poe's tales, the melancholy story of Hepzibah Pyncheon, the lyrics of Sidney Lanier, the hymns of Father Ryan, the wanderings of Evangeline, the Vision of Sir Launfal, Emerson's Essay on Compensation, and declare "American literature is fun."

Not long since my neighbors were so hilarious they disturbed study hour. When I tapped on the door and reminded them of the fact, they said: "Beg your pardon; we did not know we were noisy; we were only laughing at this absurdly funny Chaucer."

To show how very funny Shakespeare is to us, I append some remarks very typical of those one can hear at Belmont:

"It certainly is funny how King Richard kills everybody he likes to kill and nobody arrests him."

"We are studying Hamlet now, and it is too funny how he goes on about this ghost."

One student, devoting herself to the notes, exclaims: "It's absurd that they think Hamlet is crazy. I knew all the time he was putting on;" and another, laboring over Merchant of Venice, said: "It certainly is funny to me what Shylock wants with Antonio's flesh: I'd rather give him the money to keep his flesh."

Some half-dozen girls in the History Room the other day for reference work, were called "in check" for their noise, when they replied: "We are tearing down Charlemagne's empire and it is so much fun. It is the funniest thing in the world how we do in history. We just build up empires and tear them down. We fairly riddled the Papacy about a month ago."

The rhetoric students declare rhetoric "huge fun," especially writing poetry. I believe the instructor agrees with them that some of the poetry they write is *really* funny.

The geology class declares that the animals of primeval times were extremely funny, with funny teeth, funny eyes, funny habits, and very, very funny names. It is funny to find the solid earth written all over with funny hieroglyphics in stories of times when everything was funny. The "Carboniferous Age" certainly was funny "coal storage," and it is *so* funny how nice it all turned out for us.

Of course physics is funny with its universal laws and fundamental machines. The acrobatic performances the formulæ have to go through with to fit the problems are good enough for a side show.

Physiology is no exception. The bones, muscles, nerves, sinews, the joints and tissues, when we take them apart to study them, are sufficient material for a family of giant brothers. And yet, funny as it may seem, we have to put them all back into one manikin, and he does not seem overcrowded. Besides this, the chapters on hygiene know more about what we should eat and how it should be cooked and digested than Mrs. Rorer. We learn it, and it is all "old style" and has to be learned over at the next "output" of the text.

But chemistry is simply the most surpassingly funny thing we study. When we get our experiments arranged with "test-tube" filled, "ring-rest," "universal clamp," "stop-cock," etc., in place and apply the heat; when "distillation," "sublimation," "condensation," "combination" and "separation" all begin, we call out—in spite of the fact that we are first year seniors and have graduated in self-control—"Isn't it funny!" And when the "hullabaloo" is over and the test-tubes are empty or shattered, the funniest thing is where it all went and what broke the tubes.

And so on through the whole curriculum.

Even logic, the sage among the sciences, is funny. It proves to us that every cat, even a "cat-o'-nine-tails," has ten tails; that a fish-pie is a pigeon; that we cannot possibly get back to chapel because motion is impossible; that in all the cycles of the ages, swift-footed Achilles cannot catch the slow-paced tortoise although he is only a rod behind him. No one can deny these are funny conclusions.

We sigh for Psychology just for the fun
Of knowing the "ego" and how it (?) goes on;
How funny it is! The heart does not love,
Nor does the brain think;
The nose does no smelling,
Eyes can't even wink.
My inner machinery goes at its call,
The funny old "ego" just does it all.

Those of us who take mathematics find plenty of fun there, too. When we study analytics we wonder why even a versatile French genius could not let well enough alone, and why, when there was already one way, a well-explored beaten track to every result that could be desired, he should have hatched out of his fertile brain another method so mixed up of material from every other branch of mathematics that the whole is a web of funny confusion. The fun of analytics is that when you have worked for some time and covered the board with tricky looking characters you may, by comparing your last line with the answer, find them to be somewhat alike.

Trigonometry has to do with six very funny functions. These are so constituted that if they are stood on their heads they are not themselves, they are each the other. Each belongs to a variety of masters, but when a different master has one "in tow" it is not itself, it is some of the others. To describe their relation to each other I would use the words "sextuple identity," and that is a funny contradiction itself.

Geometry has been called the "Keystone of the arch of sciences," "the perfect science," "the simple science," and I can add also the "funny science." Is it not funny that "seeing is believing" everywhere else except in geometry? Seeing that two things are equal or unequal, alike or unlike, does not count for a thing in geometry.

It was really very funny not long since to see two freshmen at their wit's end over a funny problem they found in algebra, where it was said a party of raiders robbed a farmer of half his flock and half a sheep.

"What," said they, "did raiders want with half a sheep, and how did they get it?"

While there is a modicum of fun for us in our lessons, our recreations have fun for their very essence.

One of the best ways to have fun real is to have a "Sorority Box Party." We put on our Sunday best, take supper at the Maxwell, and then go to the theater to see Punch and Judy, Humpty Dumpty, Ben Hur, The Man from Mars, or Tannhauser—whatever happens to be on hand. It is all funny alike when one is just having fun. We get in at midnight. Next morning at breakfast we have poor appetites (?) and heavy heads. Our minds are filled with dread of the issues of the day to which we must go unprepared. But funny visions of past fun fill our hearts and ripple out on the heavy atmosphere in rapid conversation and laughter.

Or sometimes our quest of fun takes another turn. We get in big farm wagons lined as warm as a sparrow's nest with straw, and jolt away over a rough country road a dozen miles. We climb out benumbed and stiff, warm around a big camp fire, toast marshmallows, regale ourselves with sandwiches and black coffee, intersperse the feast with raids into the surrounding forest, ride back under the twinkling stars at two o'clock and fall asleep just in time to wake up for breakfast. We dream of the jolly "possum hunt" we had. We go about for two whole days with heavy eyes and aching limbs, declaring we never had so much fun in all our lives.

Or if we walk six miles over the hills, spoil our nice new boots, spend a whole day out of a short vacation, stop at a country store and treat ourselves to a box of stale Uneda biscuit, get lost and ramble about among the hills till we are too late for supper, and sleep to dream of the blue hills in the misty distance and forget our blistered feet. We say next day as we gaze wistfully out toward "Craddock's Peak," "Oh, it was so much fun; I wish we could go every day."

Sometimes when the birds get giddy and sing and trill and coax too much we take a book to read and spend the afternoon under the shadows of the cedar lane, while the birds carol and chirp above our heads as though having called us out they must entertain us. We forget or lose ourselves in fun and get back just in time to miss the bell. We get a tardy mark after our fair names and lose one of our golden four hundreds, but we can't weep and wail over what gave us so much fun.

If it snows, as snow it does at Belmont sometimes, we get our friends together as quickly as possible; we make up a party and order a sleigh to get a ride before the snow goes. The sleigh comes. We hear the bells tinkling merrily and the soft echoes on the chilly air. We see the white steeds. We get in. We go merrily down the hill. We find the snow has become slush. The horses balk. The sleigh breaks. We get out and wade.

back to the college. Our paper soles are wet, our purses are depleted, our chance of a sleigh ride gone with the beautiful snow, but we tell it down the coming years—the unparalleled fun of our Belmont sleigh ride.

But fun has grades and shades of difference. I think I have, in discussing fun, arranged it in climatic order. Now, away up near the topmost rounds of fun is the process of "initiation." The funniest part about it is the way we love our "frat. sisters" and the fun we have in torturing them. When they are being "served" they think it is a queer turn for love to take, but it seems the most natural thing in the world when they begin to help us take in the others.

We always select the most spirited girls we can find and "pin" them. Breaking them in is so much fun. If a girl is real vain and takes considerable pride in a lofty pompadour, we level her by lowering it. We plait her hair in dozens of little thin strings, tie a big flimsy bow of incongruous color on each one and send her to the desk on an errand. How we chuckle as she shivers through the whole length of the chapel! We make the talkative girl keep quiet, and the rosy girl who wins an appetite on the hockey ground fast when there's fried chicken and chocolate cream for dinner. We love to see the boastful girl tremble in her boots—no, in her bare feet—when we lead her into a dark room where Scrooge's ghost walks, dragging chains; where Poe's black cat is holding carnival and all the myths and mysteries are taking shape and sound. The only thing that mars the fun just here is that to reach the finest results we have to send her in alone and we cannot hear her heart beat and see her eyes grow big. We have found though that fun is elusive; some of it nearly always escapes.

But the funniest fun, the climax of fun, is the time-honored, historic midnight feast. These furnish the height of—I know I am violating "rule seventy" by using the same word so often that both Mr. Genung and the head of the English Department will disown me—but it would never do to leave any part of the fun out. Besides, if I use a substitute the students might forget my subject, which by way of emphasis let me remind you is the use of the word "fun." Because the midnight feast is the highest limit of fun, the attic is the proper place for its celebration.

A midnight feast is fun all through. From the time we begin to try to capture the key to the elevator room till we have forgotten that feast in planning for another one. We decide at first we will get the master key, but in a big basket of keys all new and bright, who can tell a master key? Besides, it would be more apt to be missed. We must get the real key to the elevator door; so we send one after another to look through the keys for one marked "elevator," and fail to find it. But we do find a girl who has borrowed the master key to do reference work. All the doors have been locked for the night. While she is busy we run and unlock the door to our feasting hall and slip the key back. She finishes her work and restores the key, innocent that other hands have touched it. After supper we settle down to our books. How funny it is to let our minds wander away from Wordsworth, the Primrose, the Daisy, the Sonnet, and revel in the attic! Will it be dark and cold? What, that Aladdin's palace! How funny to leave our surds to rationalize themselves while we begin to be absurd by filling our clothes-bags—not with cuffs, handkerchiefs and turnovers—but cans of beans, bottles of pickle, olives, sauce, catsup, boxes of crackers and potted—everything! How funny it is to not undress

to go to bed sham-wise—that means with no intention of staying there; to turn out the light; to be very careful about arousing the suspicions of your room-mate, if you have the delectable fun (?) of rooming with a “stem-winder;” to know in your heart of hearts she knows and wants to go, but cannot risk her reputation by going and that she would like to tell for revenge but dare not; to creep out after awhile and be met as you emerge from the door by a teacher! To drop your load inside your door and tip down the hall to the cooler; to make three or four abortive attempts; to run the gauntlet of listening ears at last and scurry down the hall dragging the bag; making as little noise as possible with it; and finally to find the plotters there ready to make the ascent. You all get on and pull and pull till your hands are blistered, and by and by you reach the attic floor and disembark. My, but it is dark and cold and cavernous! The dust rises to meet you. The mice scamper off. The spiders wake up and swing back nearer the nucleus of their webs. You feel in the bag and find a shoe box full of candles, but in your nervous haste you drop the only box of matches. You grope for them and get your finger tips full of splinters. What next? How will you get back down in the dark? To feast in this Egyptian blackness is impossible. Why did girls not use matches for makeshifts like boys—in the place of buttons or instead of hairpins? It seemed no girl ought ever to be found without a match somewhere about her. Suddenly the street car came by on its last round. The searchlight flashes for one lucky moment through the ventilator and a pair of sharp eyes falls on the matchbox, worth more to you that moment than all your father’s bank-account. One by one the little candles flare up, each one making about itself a small sickly yellow glow which somewhat scatters the gloom and enables us to open the cans and bottles and find our mouths. Without much ado we begin a graceless meal. How good the olives and turkey would be if there was only half a chance to taste them! But we must hurry. And yet no one is waiting. Why hurry? We watch the elevator. They are treacherous things. It might go leave us or fly up to the ceiling, followed by another to fetch us to faculty! We talk in whispers. We could not crack a joke; it might be heard below. We make progress, however, and before long the cans and bottles are all empty. We have the contents in lumps in our several throats. We creep over to a dark corner and deposit the bottles and cans, to be found next summer when the attic is dusted, and start down. Our hands are very sore from pulling up, but we hold the ropes very hard and see-saw up and down stopping at the second story, the third story and all in between stories, anywhere except at the door to which we had the key. At length we succeeded in stopping one foot below the first floor and scrambled up and out. Our poor hands are aching, we are chilled to the bone and trembling with excitement. We go to bed sure enough this time, too utterly done for to set its full valuation on our escapade. But when a few days have come and gone we begin to remember the inexpressible fun of a midnight feast.

This is surely examples enough of our fun to show our readers how various is its character and how all-pervading is its presence. A thing which is such a large ingredient in our college life calls for this much of philosophizing. I think after studying the subject closely I learn several things. One is the unconquerable endurance of girls in quest of fun. Another is proof positive that the way things look depends on whose spectacles you wear. Looked at differently, much that we call fun would be hardship.

In closing I would add that notwithstanding the fact that Webster's Unabridged Dictionary is a good sized volume, we are hard up for words when we use one little monosyllable to represent such different emotions and experiences. We might have another fun spelled p-h-u-n, but it seems needless trouble to introduce it as phonetic spelling, which is expected soon to arrive, would take it away from us. It has suggested itself to me that it might be a good idea to reverse the word for some of the more divergent and incongruous notions, but that would make "nuf," and it would never do. For as Aunt Vinie would have expressed it: "Dese chilluns shore never do hab nuf fun."



To My Fan



BERTHA CLARK.

Though a little fan art thou,
 Yet within thy folds lie hidden
Beautiful designs unknown now
 Save to those whom to look I've bidden.
'Tis with my heart the same.

Spangles fair thy folds adorn.
 Some were put there long ago,
Some have only come this morn;
 Loose or secure all are bound just so.
'Tis with my heart the same.

The more the spangles, harder thy duty.
 Yet thou dost long and wish for more;
Because they add to thy own beauty
 And help in all that thou dost adore.
'Tis with my heart the same.

Classes



Senior Class



Colors—Yellow and White Flower—Daisy
Sponsor—Miss Sarah B. Cooke



CORNELIA BASS Florida

Τ Φ Σ; Alethean Society; Cotillion Club; Editor-in-Chief *Milady in Brown*; Y. W. C. A.; S. C. S. R. R.; Inter-Sorority Council.



ELIZABETH DUKE Mississippi

B. A.; Σ Τ Ψ; President Class '06; Chairman Devotional Committee; Y. W. C. A.; President S. C. S. R. R.; *Milady in Brown* Staff.



CHARLOTTE KING New Mexico

Σ Ι Χ; Cremona Club; Cotillion Club; Alethean Society; Y. W. C. A.; S. C. S. R. R.



VARMA COOK Arkansas

Σ Τ Ψ; Treasurer Class '06; Secretary and Treasurer Athletic Association; Glee Club; Chairman Missionary Committee; Y. W. C. A.; S. C. S. R. R.



BLANCHE CHASE South Dakota

Alethean Society; *Milady in Brown* Staff; S. C. S. R. R.; Athletic Association.

Senior Class



CHRISTINE TAYLOR Texas

ΘΚΔ; Alethean Society; Treasurer Cotillion Club; Athletic Association; Treasurer *Milady in Brown*; Glee Club; Y. W. C. A.; Inter-Sorority Council; S. C. S. R. R.



KATIE STUMP Georgia

ΣΤΨ; Cotillion Club; Assistant Secretary Y. W. C. A.; S. C. S. R. R.



GEORGIE LEE CHANDLER . . . Tennessee

B.A.; Vice-President Class '06; Y. W. C. A.; S. C. S. R. R.



ELISE AYDELOTT Tennessee

Secretary Class '06; Glee Club; Alethean Society; Athletic Association; Y. W. C. A.; S. C. S. R. R.



ANNE WARNER Tennessee

BΣO; Vice-President Alethean Society; Athletic Association; Exchange Editor *Blue and Bronze*; Cotillion Club; Associate Editor *Milady in Brown*; Y. W. C. A.; S. C. S. R. R.; Inter-Sorority Council.



SUB-SENIOR CLASS

Sub-Senior Class



Colors—Lavender and Gold

Flower—Hyacinth

Officers

FLORENCE DARLINGTON	<i>President</i>
ZENOBIA WOOTEN	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARGARET HAWKINS	<i>Secretary</i>
MARY PIERCE	<i>Treasurer</i>
EMMIE SMITH	<i>Representative</i>

Members

FLORENCE DARLINGTON
ZENOBIA WOOTEN
MARGARET HAWKINS
MARY PIERCE

EMMIE SMITH
BESS RAGLAND
GERTRUDE CREWDSON
EUGENIA HALBERT

ROBENA CARTEL
IVA COX
BENTHAL BOONE
AILEEN DAVIDSON

A Meeting of the Sub-Seniors



HERE will be an important meeting of the Sub-Senior class in Mrs. Perkins' class-room immediately after walking," read Miss Lloyd in chapel with great distinctness and, strange to say, one dozen faces did not light up with pleasure at the prospect of this unalloyed bliss.

Nevertheless, at three a few girls came straggling into the room while our President, Florence, took the chair and rapped for silence in a dignified manner that the Speaker of the House of Representatives himself might well be proud of

"Where are all the girls?" she asked.

At that minute in rushed Robena. Her face was flushed and she seemed very much excited over something.

"Oh, girls," she cried, "I've just received the prettiest Vanderbilt pennant you ever saw—I'm simply wild about it!"

Iva looked up from her trigonometry long enough to say: "I'll come up and see it right after the meeting. Can you work your trig.?"

"No, not a single one. I just met Aileen on her way to see Miss Blalock, she had on the prettiest black waist and lace collar—most too dressed up to go to school."

"Where is Benthal? Why doesn't she come?"

"Oh, she's chasing all over the building looking for Frank," explained Robena. "Although it's nearly two months till school closes she wants him to make a box right away to take her clothes home in."

Just then Zenobia came into the room humming softly "The harbor bar be moaning, moaning." At first we thought her waist had very strange looking dots in it, but the dots proved to be only a few of her *S A E* pins.

"Let's come to business," said Mary. "We have to select our class colors. How would green and gold do? They will be so pretty to decorate with at our reception to the Seniors."

Bess came suddenly from her dream of chemistry. "No, that will never do. Green will poison the cakes. Let's have lavender and gold."

"Yes, yes, I believe the cakes will be prettier iced in those colors."

Again the door opened and Margaret came in. She looked worried over something and we knew that her mind was thousands of miles away from the meeting. After fidgeting around nervously in her chair for several minutes she whispered in an agonized way to her neighbor: "Do you know where I can find a match box? I just must have one; I'm going to send that pin back."

"Your *H K A* pin? Why, what's the matter now? I thought you were going to let it rest awhile."

"Oh, he's stopped writing to me. I have not had a letter from him since yesterday, and I won't keep his pin any longer."

"I believe we are all here now but Emmie and Gertrude. Does anybody know where they are?" asked the President.

"I'm afraid Gertrude can't find the way here. You know she hasn't grown accustomed to her glasses yet."

Margaret piped up in a shrill voice: "Emmie is in the office begging Miss Hood to let a friend of her's from Vanderbilt come out to-night. Miss Hood says it has been only two weeks since he was out here, and the record book says so, too, but Emmie is sure it has been seven weeks or more. They have been discussing it for about an hour already, but I suppose Miss Hood could talk till doom's day without convincing Emmie on that subject."

"Well, then," said the President, "all are here that are coming, so we will attend to business. What was this meeting called for anyhow? Oh, yes, I remember, we want to decide on our class colors."

"Why, I thought we had decided on lavender and gold long ago. They are about the best colors to ice the cakes with at the reception," Mary said.

"Yes, yes, we've already decided that, so let's adjourn," cried several at once.

As no one objected we did so and went away to our respective duties; mine the very pleasurable one of writing up the class. But of course every Belmont girl knows that no pen can do justice to the Sub-Seniors, or, as they prefer being called, the "Class of '07."

EUGENIA HALBERT.

Wise Robin



Saucy Robin Redbreast,
High up in the tree,
Will you stop your twittering
And kindly answer me?

There's a lad who loves me true,
But lacks the courage to pursue.
What shall I do? What shall I do?
Ere he woo—ere he woo . . .

Artful little maiden,
With your eyes of blue,
I'll tell you—tell you truly—
What you will have to do:

Ere the lad who loves but you
Has the courage to pursue,
You must sue—you must sue,
Ere he woo—ere he woo.

—Lena Shackelford Hesselberg.

Special Diploma Class

Motto—"Manners are not idle, but the fruit of loyal nature and of noble mind."

Flower—Forget-me-not

Colors—Pa'e Blue and White

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HELEN MURPHY *Secretary-Treasurer*

MARY GEERS *Vice-President*

CLEMMIE M. TUCKER . . . *Representative*

MISS MAXWELL *Sponsor*



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MARGARET CHAMBLISS, $\Sigma I \Upsilon$; Athletic Association; Tennessee Club; S. C. S. R. R.; Chairman Social Committee of Y. W. C. A.; Business Manager "Milady in Brown;" Secretary Alethean Literary Society; Treasurer Glee Club; Hesselberg Class.

GENEVIEVE EVANS, $\theta K J$; Y. W. C. A.; Representative Maids; Hesselberg Class; Glee Club; Alethean Literary Society.

CAMILLE EVANS, $\theta K J$; Social Committee of Y. W. C. A.; Speaker *pro tem.* of Representative Maids; Tennis Club; Philomathean Literary Society.

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Y. W. C. A.; Athletic Association; Literary Committee
"Milady in Brown," Librarian and Accountant of Glee
Club.

CALLIE SIMPSON, $\Sigma T \Psi$; Y. W. C. A.; Athletic Association;
Philomatheon Literary Society; S. C. S. R. R.; Ten-
nessee Club.

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CLEMMIE M. TUCKER, *θ K J*; Representative of Special Diploma Class; President of Y. W. C. A.; President of Clara Schumann Club; President Mississippi Club; Music Editor of "Milady in Brown;" S. C. S. R. R.

ALMA WEINTZ, *θ K J*; Y. W. C. A.; Alethean Literary Society; Das Deutsches Kkänzen; Treasurer of Hesselberg Class; Ensemble Club; Representative Maids.

DOROTHY WOOD, *θ K J*; Y. W. C. A.; Cotillion Club; Glee Club; Alethean Literary Society; Retrospective Club; Texas Club.

Members



MARY GEERS, Vice-President of Y. W. C. A.; Associate Editor of "Blue and Bronze"; Vice-President of Hesselberg Class; Ensemble Club; Tennessee Club; S. C. S. R.; Vice-President Special Diploma Class.

AMETTA HEAD, Y. W. C. A.; S. C. S. R. R.; Tennessee Club.

VERA DANIEL, *B Ξ Θ*; Art Editor-in-Chief of "Milady in Brown"; Vice-President Athletic Association; Y. W. C. A.; Texas Club; Alethean Literary Society.

JANE GRAY, Y. W. C. A.; Arkansas Club; Mandolin Club.

HELEN MATTHEWS, *Γ Θ Σ*; Treasurer Y. W. C. A. Secretary "Milady in Brown;" Cotillion Club; Business Manager Athletic Association; S. C. S. R. R.; President Representative Maids.

PAULINE KELLEY, Athletic Association; Y. W. C. A.; Oklahoma Club.



WILL MILLER

LEAH HENDSON

ETHEL COOPER

R

FRANKLIN HORN

ETHEL STEWART

LEAH STARR

LIN AND HOWLAND

ELIZABETH POLLOCK

CELESTIA BRIDGES

ALVIN JAMESON

JOHN CHANDLER

WALTER SHARPE

WILEY SIMON

WALTER DAVIS

WALTER MORRIS

ETHEL BRIDGES

ROBERTA CARROLL

CELESTIA BAUGH

WALTER WYLLIE

WALTER WERNER

WILEY FOSBELL

WALTER MORRIS

WALTER MORRIS

JUNIOR CLASS
1906

WALTER DAVIS

Junior Class



Colors—Green and White

Motto—"Creno, Credo, Cresco"

Flower—White Sweet Pea

Sponsor—Miss Blalock



Yell

We're up early,
We're up late,
We're the class
Of Naughty-eight!



Officers

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BERNICE MILTON	Vice-President
VIRGINIA BROADDUS	Treasurer
DOROTHEA CARRIER	Secretary
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MABEL DAVIS	MIGNON SHARPE
NANNIE FULLER	LOUISE STARK
LUCILE FUSSELL	CORA STEWART
MABEL GREEN	ALBERTA MARTIN
VIOLA HARRIS	SUSIE CHANDLER
CARLISLE HENDERSON	JOHNNIE MIMMS
CORINNE HOWRY	FLORIE FOSCUE

If I Were a Rose

from

("Favorite Songs of Famous Singers")



If I were a rose
And on a rose-vine grew,
I'd climb up to your window
And with the moon look through.
I'd watch your peaceful slumber
Through the midnight hours,
I'd nod a morning welcome
With all sweet nature's flowers.

If I were a rose
And on a rose-bush grew,
I'd try to touch your dress
Whenever you went through;
And when I heard the gard'ner's
Footsteps on the lawn,
I'd have him gather roses
For you to tread upon.

If I were a rose
And death should come to you,
Do you know, my darling,
What I would then do?
I'd hide myself away
Deep down in your heart;
Of your sweet life and death
I'd make myself a part.

If I were a rose, my sweetheart,
You might love me then;
You would wear me on your bosom,
Kiss me again and again;
You would call me king of flowers,
The dearest ever grows—
I would give my life, my darling,
Just to be that little rose.

—Lena Shackelford Hesselberg.



SOPH'S

Sophomore Class



Colors—Blue and White

Flower—White Rose

Yell

Hi yi—Hi yi,
Chap—Chap,
Chow—Chow,
Sing—Song,
Saw—Saw,
Dum—Dum,
Do—Do,
Hum—Hum,
Ho—Yo,
Sophomore! !

Officers

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FRANCES BEELAND	<i>Vice-President</i>
DONNA BAIRD	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
WILL MAY STEWART	<i>Representative</i>

Members

LUCILE ALFORD	ISABELLE CRITTENDEN	ETHEL McCRAW
JODIE ARNOLD	LILLIE EDMUNDSON	JANIE OWENS
MILDRED BERNER	ELOISE EVINS	MARY WARE PARTRICK
SUSIE BLODGETT	LIZINKA FARRELL	CELETE SCUDDER
FANNIE FORTSON	MARGARET HAMPTON	JOHNNIE SHARP
JANIE FUQUA	ROALIA HAYES	MARY SKINNER
GLADYS GODBEY	CORRAH HAYES	CLEO SPRINGER
MINNIE T. GROOVER	LILLIAN HOPKINS	WILLELLA STARK
LOTTIE BOMER	MARY BELLE HOPKINS	RUTH TRICE
FRANCES BUCHANAN	MARJORIE JOHNSTON	MARGARET WALLER
BESSIE BUFORD	LUCILE LIPPINCOTT	ADDIE WARD





1906

FRESHMAN CLASS

J. D. Photo.

Freshman Class

Colors—Green and White

Motto—"Voluptas in labore"

Flower—White Rose

Yell

Work! Work! Work!
Well, what then?
We'll be seniors
Nineteen ten!

Officers

SARAH GEERS	<i>President</i>	MIGNON ABSTON	<i>Treasurer</i>
LOUISE ADAMSON	<i>Secretary</i>	MARY CHAMBLISS	<i>Representative</i>
LULA THROOP	<i>Vice-President</i>		

Enrollment

MIGNON ABSTON	IDA M. HOOD
LOUISE ADAMSON	MARY PORTER KIRKMAN
SARAH N. ARMISTEAD	ANNA HUNTER KIRKPATRICK
LOUISE BENNETT	MOSSIE LUCAS
MARIA BRYAN	MARY L. MURRAY
MARY M. CHAMBLISS	CHARLOTTE N. McMULLEN
BESSIE COOPER	OLIVE S. READ
ALBERTA COOPER	NANCY SEAWRIGHT
WINNIE DAVIS	LULA THROOP
CARRIE FALL	VIRGINIA WATERFIELD
SARAH GEERS	MARY AGNES SALMON

A Coquette

✧

Anne Warner

✧

The rose is a flirt; it is shocking, I know,
But nevertheless it is true,
For 'twas only last night that a moonbeam I spied
Pressed a kiss on her lips wet with dew.

But ere the sun o'er the eastern hills peeped
I looked from my window, and there,
Wrapt in the close embrace of the mist,
Stood the rose, unabashed at my stare.

And then, when I walked in the garden at noon,
A breeze in her ear whispered low;
So 'tis useless to say the report isn't true,
When my own eyes have told me 'tis so.

Sub-Freshman



Motto

'Keep on, we'll get there.'

Color—Purple and White.

Flower—Violet.



BESSIE WIGTON

RUTH McCALL

CATHERINE TURNER

RUTH CRUTCHFIELD



responsibility



Preparatory Class

THEA PERKINS

SUE TURNER

HELEN ADAMSON

LOUISE SMITH

GRACE LANDRITH

LINDA RHEA

MARION LEFTWICK

ELIZABETH PRICE JONES, INSTRUCTOR

BELMONT '06.



IRREGULARS

Irregulars

GEORGINE REID *President*
IRENE LYLE *Vice-President*

NELL ROBERTS *Secretary and Treasurer*
LILA DASHIELL *Representative*

ANDERSON, ANNIE
AVERY, MARION
ADRIANCE, ETHEL
ALLEN, HAZEL
BADU, TILLIE
BROOKS, CLAUDIA
BESSENT, NINA
BUTLER, LILLIAN
BOND, MILDRED
BISHOP, PEARL
BLAKEMORE, ANNIE LEE
BRITT, RAMELLE
CORLEY, VIRGINIA
CASTON, MABEL
CHAMBLIN, LORETTA
COLLINS, LUCILE
CLEVELAND, HULAH
CARTER, JULIETTE
CARROLL, ANNIE
COWDEN, MARY
DILLARD, SADIE
DANIEL, VERA
DASHIELL, LIDA
DINSMORE, MARY
DE JARNETTE, JUDITH

EWIN, LUCY
FITZGERALD, ETHEL
FINCH, ANABEL
FORTSON, GEORGIA
FERGERTON, MAUDE
FORD, MARY LOUISE
FORBES, ANNIE
GWIN, MARY
GOODMAN, LOUISE
GLOVER, LOUISE
GRAVES, NORA
GRIFFIN, ZYLPHIA
HINES, MARION
HENDERSON, CARLISLE
HARRISON, LOUISE
HUBBARD, LILLIAN
HERRON, RUTH
HANFORD, EMILY
HOLMES, FLORENCE
HOLMAN, ANNA
HANFORD, RUTH
JAMEISON, BERTHA
KEY, LUCIA
KNIGHT, SYBIL

KENDRICK, ETTIE B.
LYLE, IRENE
LITTLEJOHN, LAVINIA
LEWIS, FLOY
MALLORY, MARGARET
MCCLELLAN, LILA
MCCALL, EDDIE
MOORE, LOUISE
MCKENZIE, MARGUERITE
MULLER, MAUDE
NEWMAN, EMMA LEE
PARKER, ELIZABETH
PARKES, EVA
PICKENS, MACKIE
PORTER, MARGUERITE
PINCUS, MINNIE
POWELL, MARY KNOX
PENDLETON, HELEN
PURNELL, EUNICE
REIB, GEORGINE
ROHSENBERGER, ALMA
ROBERTSON, IRIS
ROBERTS, NELL
STREET, VIRGINIA

STEVES, STELLA
SKINNER, MARGUERITE
STEWART, MINNIE
STERN, HERTHA
SCOLLARD, GRACE
STRAUSS, CAROLA
SCUDDAY, EMMA
SAUNDERS, LENA
TEMPLETON, BLANCHE
TURNER, RITA
TAYLOR, MILDRED
THOMPSON, MABEL
TODD, HELEN
TIPTON, TENNESSEE
WATTS, ANNIE
WALTMON, MABEL
WALTON, EDITH
WILSON, EMMA
WEBB, ADDIE
WOODS, LULA
WEBSTER, CORABELLE
WARD, LILLIAN
WILSON, MABEL
WRIGHT, KATIE C.

Farewell, Our Belmont



Helen R. Matthews



Farewell, our blessed college home, farewell.

The time has come for us to leave behind
These new-found friends we've learned to love so well,
These teachers dear; Ah, can we ever find,
As onward through life's path we slowly wind,
A place so peaceful where that we may dwell
Content in happiness like here we find?
Oh, can there be a place to work that spell?

Sweet college home, to us you're more than dear.
You've sheltered us, and with a tender heed
Have watched us through our days of joy and fear,
And swayed us as the wind doth sway the reed,
With counsel wise, so welcome in our need,
And urged us on, and with your thoughtful cheer
We've reached the end, and now's the time indeed
To thank you for this happy college year.

'Twas here, dear home, within your precious walls
We met the friends who've proved so good and true;
'Twas here, while wandering through your sunny halls
Arm in arm, we planned what we would do.
We settled then which course we'd best pursue—
That course which to our minds e'en now recalls
Days that were bright, yet some we fear were blue;
But now a deeper sadness o'er us falls.

No more, alas, in our accustomed place

We'll meet at early morn for reverent prayer.

No more in these dear class rooms will we face

The problems that we solved with honest care;

Where all about us hanging was in air

Encouragement to aid us in our race—

A race for knowledge which we knew was there,

And so we rushed on through the year apace.

But ere we go one lingering look we take,

As round the park we stroll at dewey eve.

We loiter here and there for old time's sake,

And memories dear of things we did achieve

In these past days we are so loath to leave

Crowd in our minds; and we can not mistake

The benefits that here we did receive

That'll aid us as life's work we undertake.

And now the end has come, these last sweet hours

Are drawing to a close. Good-bye, dear home;

We leave you 'mid the fresh and blooming flowers

And turn our faces to our other home.

The Story of the Wind-Flower



Katie Stump



I had walked the whole park over,
Looked at bird and sky and tree,
Seeking for some lofty subject
That would inspire and uplift me.

When I chanced to look beside me,
On the ground close to my feet
In a bunch of grass half hidden,
Grew a wind-flower, pale and sweet.

I had almost stepped upon it
In my search for something high;
Might not it give me a subject?
I would speak to it and try.

So I asked it for a story.
"Ah," it said in accents true,
"Though my life is small and simple
I will gladly tell it you.

"When the winter has departed
And the grass begins to peep,
Nature calls me from my cradle
And I wake from my long sleep.

"All the earth is glad to see me,
For I bear the breath of spring;
Trees begin to bud around me;
All the birds begin to sing.

"Then I call my sister flowers,
Tell them winter days have passed
And that now with sun and showers
Summer's coming, coming fast.

"When these tidings I have brought them
I return to my long sleep,
There to rest until next springtide,
When again on the world I'll peep."

SORORITIES . S.

Forbes



Beta Sigma Omicron



FOUNDED 1888 AT UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI

Chapter Roll

ALPHA	COLUMBIA, MISSOURI (1894)
BETA	FULTON, MISSOURI
GAMMA	MARSHALL, MISSOURI (1893)
DELTA	SEDALIA, MISSOURI
EPSILON	MEXICO, MISSOURI
ZETA	PUEBLO, COLORADO
ETA	COLUMBIA, MISSOURI
THETA	NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE
IOTA	STAUNTON, VIRGINIA
KAPPA	WASHINGTON, D. C.
LAMBDA	LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

Roll of Theta Chapter 1905-06

FRANCES BEELAND	Alabama	EMMA LEE NEWMAN	Alabama
OLIVIA BROWN	Tennessee	MARY KNOX POWELL	Texas
GERTRUDE CREWDSON	Kentucky	GEORGINE REID	Indian Territory
VERA DANIEL	Texas	NELL ROBERTS	Tennessee
SADIE DILLARD	Arkansas	MYRA SIMMS	Arkansas
FLORENCE FOSCUE	Texas	WILL MAY STEWART	Tennessee
FRANCES HASKELL	Indian Territory	KATHERINE TILLMAN	Tennessee
ETTIE BYRNES KENDRICK	Alabama	ANNE WARNER	Tennessee
SYBIL KNIGHT	Texas		







FOUNDED
1898

THEIA

KAPPA

DELTA



Belmont '06.

GALYERT BROS.
PHOTOGR.



MICHAEL BROWN

ANNA WENTZ

ABELL TUCKER

WALTER BROWN

FRANK BROWN

MARY LOUISE BROWN

LESLIE BROWN

MARGARET WOOD

MARIE DUBOIS

MARY WORTH

MARY WOOD

FRANCIS BROWN

MARY COLE

MARGARET WOOD

MADE JAMES

CLARENCE WOOD

CHARLES EVANS

CHRISTINE WOOD

M. E. B. WOOD

FRANK WOOD

FRANK WOOD

MARY WOOD

MARY WOOD

Theta Kappa Delta Sorority

(FOUNDED AT BELMONT, 1898.)



Colors—Crimson and Gold

Flower—Red Carnation

Active Members, 1905-1906

ETHEL ADRIANCE	Galveston, Tex.	CAMILLE EVANS	Newberry, S. C.
CECELIA BAUGH	Franklin, Tenn.	GENEVEIVE EVANS	Newberry, S. C.
LILLIAN BUTLER	San Antonio, Tex.	ANABEL FINCH	Dresden, Tenn.
SUSIE BLODGETT	Springfield, Mo.	MARY LOUISE FORD	Houston, Tex.
FLORENCE DARLINGTON	La Grange, Ill.	MARY GWIN	Lexington, Miss.
	VIOLA HARRIS		Yazoo City, Miss.
	SALLIE JAMES		Sharkey, Miss.
	ALINE KING		Clarksdale, Miss.
	ANNIE MARTIN		Houston, Tex.
	MARGARET MOODY		Shelbyville, Tenn.
BETTIE PARKER	Tyler, Tex.	RITA TURNER	Houston, Tex.
EMMA SCUDDAY	Tyler, Tex.	ALMA WEINTZ	Evansville, Ind.
CHRISTINE TAYLOR	Marshall, Tex.	DOROTHY WOOD	Houston, Tex.
CLEMMIE TUCKER	Senatobia, Miss.	LILLIAN WARD	Springfield, Mo.

Soror in Urbe

VIRGINIA PERNET

Sponsor

MARIE LOUISE SKIDMORE CONNER

Theta Kappa Delta Song

(By tune of Auld Lang Syne.)



I.

O, Here's to Belmont's power and fame,
O, Here's long life to thee!
O, Here's to Hopewell's dear old name!
O, Here's to T. K. D.!

III.

We always have our little fun
When hours of work are through;
But into scrapes we never run;
To friends we are true blue!

II.

We are the leaders in the race,
The very first frat. in school;
In every way we set the pace,
We never break a rule!

IV.

And now a word to Belmont dear,
To girls and teachers all;
May Theta girls be always near
To answer every call.

CHORUS:

Hurrah, then, for Hopewell dear,
For Hopewell! Girls, hurrah!
The Theta Kappa Delta girls
For Hopewell! Now hurrah!



.THETA KAPPA DELTA CHAPTER-HOUSE





TAU PHI SIGMA CHAPTER-HOUSE



TAU PHI SIGMA

1906

ALPHA CHAPTER

Tau Phi Sigma Sorority

FOUNDED 1899. NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Alpha Chapter



Colors—Pink and Grey

Flower—La France Rose

Beta Chapter, Painesville, Ohio



Active Members of 1905-1906

MARION AVERY	Pensacola, Florida	ANNIE FORBES	Hopkinsville, Kentucky
MIGNON ABSTON	Memphis, Tennessee	LAURA GREEN	Natchez, Mississippi
MARY BONNER	Nashville, Tennessee	MARION HINES	Bowling Green, Kentucky
BETTIE B. BAXTER	Nashville, Tennessee	BERENICE LUM	Aberdeen, South Dakota
DONNA BAIRD	Nashville, Tennessee	HELEN MURPHY	Vinton, Iowa
VIRGINIA BROADDUS	Clarksdale, Mississippi	HELEN MATTHEWS	South Bend, Indiana
CORNELIA BASS	Pensacola, Florida	GRACE SCOLLARD	Dallas, Texas
GULIE CORBETT	Tucson, Arizona	GENEVIEVE SPEER	Joliet, Illinois
LILLIAN EAGLE	Little Rock, Arkansas	MARGUERITE SKINNER	Pensacola, Florida
BESSIE EAGLE	Little Rock, Arkansas	MARY SKINNER	Pensacola, Florida
MABEL WILSON			Hickman, Kentucky

Sorores in Urbe

KATHARINE TAYLOR

LORETTA TAYLOR
ETHEL RICHARDSON MCCOOMBS

EDNA KONE LEWIS

Sigma Tau Psi Sorority

A. D. 1904.



Colors—Green and Gold

Flower—Yellow Rose

Chapters

ALPHA	ILLINOIS
BETA	ILLINOIS
GAMMA	ILLINOIS
DELTA	MISSOURI
EPSILON	MISSOURI
ZETA	TENNESSEE

Members of Zeta Chapter

COOK, VARINA DAVIS	Arkansas	ROSEBOROUGH, VIRGIE	Mississippi
DUKE, ELIZABETH HARWOOD	Mississippi	SIMPSON, CALLIE	Tennessee
EWIN, LUCY	Alabama	STREET, VIRGINIA HEWELL	Kentucky
HOWRY, IRENE CORINNE	Mississippi	STUMP, KATIE JESELYN	Georgia
PURNELL, ELIZABETH EUNICE	Mississippi	WOOTEN, ZENOBIA GASTON	Illinois





ZETA CHAPTER





MARGARET COURTENAY



NINA ROSENBERGER



CHARLOTTE KING



LAURE GIBBY



LOVERLE DAVIS



HELEN LOVE



ESSA THOMAS



MARY THOMPSON



GRACE COBBEN



ELEANOR COBBEN



SARAH ANDERSON

Sigma Iota Chi
SORORITY

1906

Tress
1906

Sigma Iota Chi Sorority

FOUNDED IN 1903 IN ALEXANDRIA, LA.

Colors—Purple and Gold



Flower—Violet

Chapter Roll

ALPHA	ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA
BETA	WINCHESTER, TENNESSEE
DELTA	CINCINNATI, OHIO
EPSILON	REICHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND
GAMMA	WARD SEMINARY, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE
ZETA	BELMONT COLLEGE, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

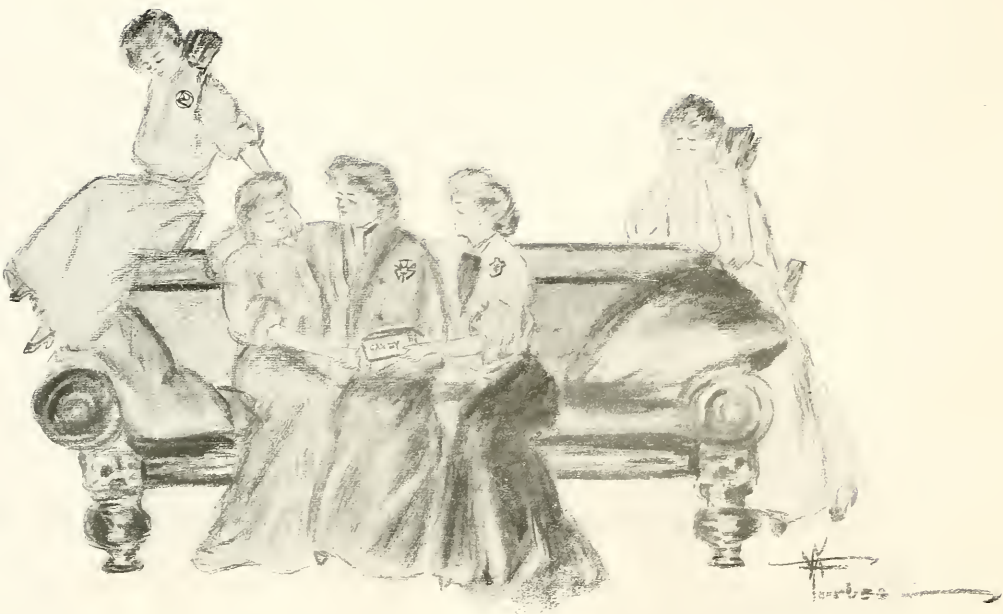
Zeta Chapter

SARAH ARMISTEAD	Mississippi
GLADYS BOWDEN	Tennessee
ELIZABETH CARROLL	Tennessee
MARGARET CHAMBLISS	Tennessee
MARY CHAMBLISS	Tennessee
BERTHA CLARK	Texas
LA PERLE DAVIS	Mississippi
IRENE LYLE	Tennessee
ALMA ROHSENBARGER	Indiana
LOUISE STARK	Mexico
LULA THROOP	Tennessee
GLADYS GODBEY	Alabama
LOUISE GLOVER	Illinois
CHARLOTTE KING	N. Mexico



INTER-SORORITY COUNCIL

BETA SIGMA OMICRON	ANNE WARNER
SIGMA TAU PSI	VIRGINIA STREET
SIGMA IOTA CHI	ALMA ROHSENBARGER
THETA KAPPA DELTA	CHRISTINE TAYLOR
TAU PHI SIGMA	CORNELIA BASS



SPIKING

CLUBS -

MON

Tues

Wed

Thurs

Fri

SAT

SAT NIGHT

Sun

SAT

Ensemble Club

Literary Club

Art Club

Chess Club

Art Club

Belmont Club

Club

Club

Club

Glee Club



Foster
1911

Cotillion Club



Officers

EMMA LEE NEWMAN *President*
CORNELIA BASS *Vice-President*
CHRISTINE TAYLOR *Treasurer*
FLORENCE FOSCUE *Representative*

Members

DOROTHY WOOD	MARY KNOX POWELL
NELL ROBERTS	MARY LOUISE FORD
MACKIE PICKINS	BERENICE LUM
ANNE WARNER	KATIE STUMP
HELEN MATTHEWS	OLIVIA BROWN
RITA TURNER	CHARLOTTE KING



COTILLION CLUB

1906

782



“Das Deutesches Kräutzen”

Officers

- MISS FLORENCE DARLINGTON *President*
 MISS MARGUERITE SKINNER *Vice-President*
 MISS CAROLA STRAUSS *Secretary and Treasurer*
 MISS ANNIE FORBES *Representative*

Members

- | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| MISS MARY BONNER | MISS RUTH HERRON |
| MISS LUCILLE COLLINS | MISS ALMA ROHSENBARGER |
| MISS LILA DASHIELL | MISS MARGUERITE SKINNER |
| MISS FLORENCE DARLINGTON | MISS STELLA STEVES |
| MISS AILEEN DAVIDSON | MISS CAROLA STRAUSS |
| MISS ANABEL FINCH | MISS ALMA WEINTZ |
| | MISS ANNIE FORBES |





French Club.

Cercle Français.

*

Le Comité

BERENICE LUM

ELIZABETH CARROLL

FLORENCE DARLINGTON

Les Membres

MABEL GREEN
OLIVE READ
HELEN MURPHY
MAMIE MYNATT
ALINE KING
FRANCES BEELAND
VIOLA HARRIS
SALLIE JAMES
SUE BLODGETT
MIGNON SHARP
DOROTHEA CARRIER
GULIE CORBETT
LORETTA CHAMBLIN

VIRGINIA BROADDUS
CORINNE HOWRY
ZENOBIA WOOTEN
LOUISE STARK
HELEN TODD
VIRGINIA CORLEY
LOTTIE BOMER
NORA GRAVES
EDITH WALTON
MYRTLE PALFREY
GLADYS GODBEY
SYBIL KNIGHT
CAROLA STRAUSS

FLORENCE FOSQUE



DAY PUPIL CLASS

Day Pupil Class



Motto—Speak when you're spoken to.
Do as you're bid

Flower—Forget-me-not



Officers

LOUISE V. BENNETT *President*
BESSIE COOPER *Vice-President*
VIRGINIA WARTERFIELD *Secretary-Treasurer*
LOUISE ADAMSON *Representative*

Members

MARY BELLE HOPKINS	NANCY SEAWRIGHT
LUCY H. EWING	MARY P. KIRKMAN
FLOY LEWIS	ISABELLA CRITTENDEN
ANNA HUNTER KIRKPATRICK	MABEL DAVIS
ELOISE EVINS	KATE WRIGHT
RUTH CRUTCHFIELD	MAY CRUTCHFIELD
BESSIE COOPER	LOUISE BENNETT
VIRGINIA WARTERFIELD	LOUISE ADAMSON
ALBERTA COOPER	

S. C. S. R. R.



ANDERSON, ANNIE
BASS, CORNELIA
BOWDEN, GLADYS
CASTON, MABEL
CHANDLER, GEORGIA
CHASE, BLANCHE
CLARK, BERTHA
CHAMBLISS, MARGARET

COOK, VARINA
CORUM, MAY
DUKE, BETTIE
FITZGERALD, ETHEL
GEERS, MARY
GWIN, MARY
HEAD, AMETTA
HOWRY, CORINNE

KING, CHARLOTTE
LIPPINCOTT, LUCILE
LYLE, IRENE
MATTHEWS, HELEN
McCLELLAN, LILA
MYNATT, MAMIE
PIERCE, MARY
ROSEBOROUGH, VIRGIE

SIMPSON, CALLIE
STREET, VIRGINIA
STUMP, KATIE
TUCKER, CLEMMIE
WALTMON, MABEL
WARNER, ANNE
WATTS, ANNIE
WILSON, EMMA



S. C. S. R. R. Platform

- I. Our object as S. C. S. R. girls is to conform to regulations and to maintain the standards of the College.
- II. To exert our influence throughout the College in helping others to become Self Controlling Self Regulating.
- III. To protect ourselves from thoughtless and unjust criticisms.
- IV. To aid each other by reminder and suggestion in maintaining the standards of the organization.
- V. Under all circumstances to conduct ourselves in keeping with the name of the organization.

The Alethean Society



Officers

LOUISE GLOVER *President*
 MARGARET CHAMBLISS *Secretary*

ANNE WARNER *Vice-President*
 BLANCHE CHASE *Treasurer*

Members

ANNIE ANDERSON
 JODIE ARNOLD
 ELISE AYDELOTTE
 CORNELIA BASS
 FRANCES BEELAND
 OLIVIA BROWN

FRANCES BUCHANAN
 MARGARET CHAMBLISS
 BLANCHE CHASE
 VERA DANIEL
 LILA DASHIELL
 KATHERINE DIUGUID

LOUISE GLOVER
 BERENICE MILTON
 HELEN PENDLETON
 IRIS ROBERTSON
 CLEO SPRINGER
 CHRISTINE TAYLOR

TENNIE TIPTON
 LULA THROOP
 ANNE WARNER
 ALMA WEINTZ
 EMMA WILSON
 DOROTHY WOOD

The Philomathean Literary Society



Officers

FLORENCE DARLINGTON	<i>President</i>	MYRA SIMMS	<i>Vice-President</i>
MAY CORUM	<i>Secretary</i>	ALMA ROHSENBARGER	<i>Treasurer</i>

Members

NELL ROBERTS	HULAH CLEVELAND	LORETTA CHAMBLIN	CHRISTINE SCHOTT
FLORENCE FOSCUE	MARIA BRYAN	GENIE HENDERSON	SYBL KNIGHT
WINNIE DAVIS	ETTA BYRNES KENDRICK	ANNIE LEE BLAKEMORE	VERA WILLIAMS
ETHEL McCRAW	MILDRED BOND	MAUD MULLER	MARY CHAMBLISS
LOTTIE BOMER	MINNIE PINCUS	LOYETTE PANKEY	M. R. PORTER
CAMILLE EVANS	CELETE SCUDDER	MARGUERITE SKINNER	HAZEL ALLEN
ETHEL ADRIANCE		MARY GWIN	

Arkansas Club



Officers

MYRA SIMMS *President*
LUCILE FUSSELL *Secretary and Treasurer*

ANNIE WATTS *Vice-President*
SADIE DILLARD *Representative*

Members

VARINA COOK
LULA WOODS
JODIE ARNOLD
RUTH HANDFORD

LUCILLE COLLINS
JULIETTE CARTER
HERTHA STERN
IVA COX

JANE GRAY
MYRA SIMMS
EMILY HANDFORD
LUCILE FUSSELL

NELLIE MCCAUGHEY
ANNIE WATTS
BESS BUFORD
SADIE DILLARD

Oklahoma Club



Officers

LILA DASHIELL *President*

PEARL BISHOP *Vice-President*

GEORGINE REID *Secretary and Treasurer*

BESS RAGLAND *Representative*

Members

NINA BESSENT

PAULINE KELLEY

CORRAH HAYES

Louisiana Club



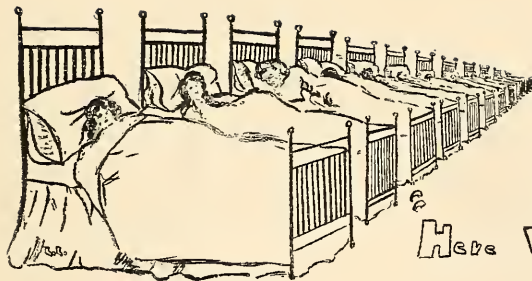
Flower—Magnolia

Motto—Loyalty



MABEL WALTMON Bastrop
NANNIE FULLER Bernice

GLADYS PATTON New Orleans
MYRTLE PALFREY Franklin



Alabama Club.

We are here

our friends.

Here We Rest.

Officers

EMMA LEE NEWMAN *President*
 ROALIA J. HAYS *Secretary and Treasurer*

ETTIE BYRNES KENDRICK . . . *Vice-President*
 LORETTA CHAMBLIN *Representative*

Members

ANNIE ANDERSON
 FRANCES BEELAND
 GLADYS GODBEY

CARLISLE HENDERSON
 LAVINIA LITTLEJOHN
 CHARLOTTE McMULLEN

ALICE MURRAY
 MARY MURRAY
 MAMIE MYNATT

MARY WARE PARTRICK
 VERA WILLIAMS



The Illinois Club



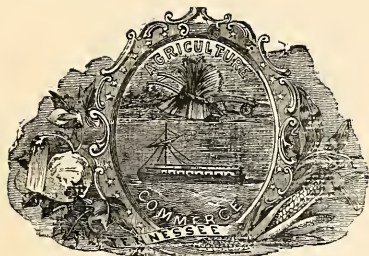
Officers

MARGARET MALLORY *President*
DOROTHEA CARRIER *Vice-President*
CORA STUART. *Secretary and Treasurer*
FLORENCE DARLINGTON *Representative*

Members

HELEN DOROTHY PENDLETON
LOYETTE PANKEY
MABEL MORRIS
LOUISE GLOVER
MABEL THOMPSON
MAUD ALLEN FERGUSON





Tennessee Club



Officers

GLADYS BOWDEN *President*
 MAY CORUM *Vice-President*
 NELL ROBERTS *Secretary and Treasurer*
 GEORGIA CHANDLER *Representative*

Members

MIGNON ABSTON, Memphis
 FRANCES BUCHANAN, Murfreesboro
 MILDRED BOND, Brownsville
 BENTHAL BOONE, Trenton
 DONNA BAIRD, Nashville
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EMMA SCUDDAY	DOROTHY WOOD

STELLA STEVES

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Colors—Green and White.

Flower—Cotton Blossom.

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	MARY DINSMORE	SALLIE JAMES	



Florida Club



CORNELIA BASS

MARIAN AVERY

RUTH TRICE

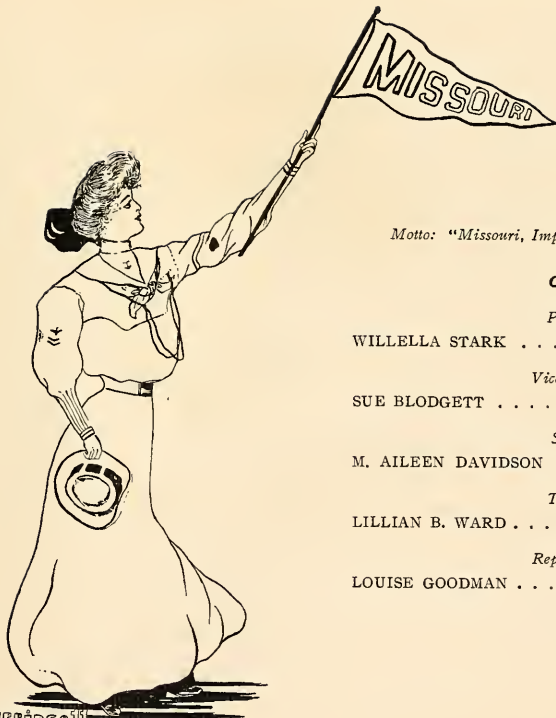
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Motto: "Missouri, Imperial Mistress of States."

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Colors—Red, White and Blue.

Flower—Goldenrod.

Hobby—Boys in Blue.

Dish—Hardtack and Beans.

Officers

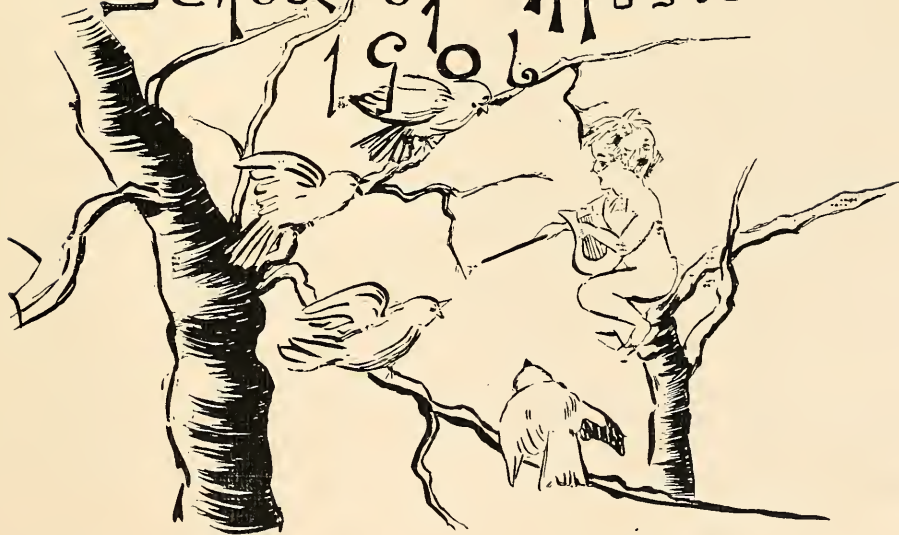
H. R. MATTHEWS	Speaker
G. EVANS	Speaker pro tem
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B. LUM	Clerk
F. FORTSON	Page

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A. WEINTZ	Indiana
M. T. GROOVER	Georgia



Belmont
School of Music.
1906



Trio.

ff f

Grassio.

f ff

quasi pizzicati.

f ff

il cont'stempo marcato.

molto cresc

ff cresc

ff cresc

Faculty



Martha G. Dismukes



Katherine Duncan



Edouard Hesselberg



Ida Helen Sutherland



Miss Conner

Faculty

8



Alice K. Leftwich



Mrs. Sophie Gieske Berry



Chas. C. Washburn



E. W. Hartzell

"Hesselberg Class"

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MARGARET MOODY
RUTH MORLEY
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GEORGE LAMAR HESSELBERG, *Mascot*
(Two years and six months old.)

Ensemble Club



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Juniors

FRANCES BEELAND
 BESS BUFORD
 JUDITH DEJARNETTE
 MARGARET MALLORY

(All Members of the "Ensemble Club" are students of Edouard Hesselberg.)



Specimen Programme
Monday Evening, April the Second
Nineteen Hundred and Six
Watkins Hall

1. "Eugen Onegin" Valse (first time) *Tschaikowski*
 Misses May Corum, Mary Geers,
 Myra Simms, Lulu Woods.
 2. "Rondo Brillante" (first time) *Mohr*
 Misses Lulu Woods and Myra Simms.
 3. "Tzaar & Zimmerman" Ballet Music (first time) . *Lortzing*
 Misses Louise Harrison, Sybil Knight,
 Eddie McCall, Minnie Pincus.
 4. "Rondo" from "D minor Concerto" *Mozart*
 Miss May Corum.
 (Orchestral Parts: Edouard Hesselberg.)
 5. "Allegro" from "D minor Concerto" *Mozart*
 Miss Mary Geers.
 (Orchestral Parts: Edouard Hesselberg.)
 6. { (a) "Ballata" (first time) *Pagnoncelli*
 Misses Myra Simms, Alma Weintz and Lulu Woods.
 (b) "Bizzaria" (first time) *Pagnoncelli*
 Misses Gladys Bowden, May Corum and Mary Geers.
- (The above two compositions will be played simultaneously.)
7. "Fantasy on Russian Folk Songs" (first time) . . . *Glinka*
 Miss Gladys Bowden.
 (Orchestral Parts: Edouard Hesselberg.)
 8. "Finale" from "D minor Concerto" *Mendelssohn*
 Mr. Roy R. Repass.
 (Orchestral Parts: Edouard Hesselberg.)
 9. "Slav March" (first time) *Tschaikowski*
 Misses May Corum, Mary Geers,
 Myra Simms, Lulu Woods.

Etude Club



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MARIAN AVERY
JANIE PUQUA
JOHNNIE SHARP
EDITH WALTON
FANNIE FORTSON

LUCILLE HULL
NINA BESSENT
LILLIE EDMUNDSON
ETTIE BYRNES KENDRICK
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PRICE, RINA
SCUDDAY, EMMA
SIMPSON, CALLIE



Mrs. Ben

ALEXANDER, SUSIE
 ARNOLD, ANNA
 CARTMELL, EDITH

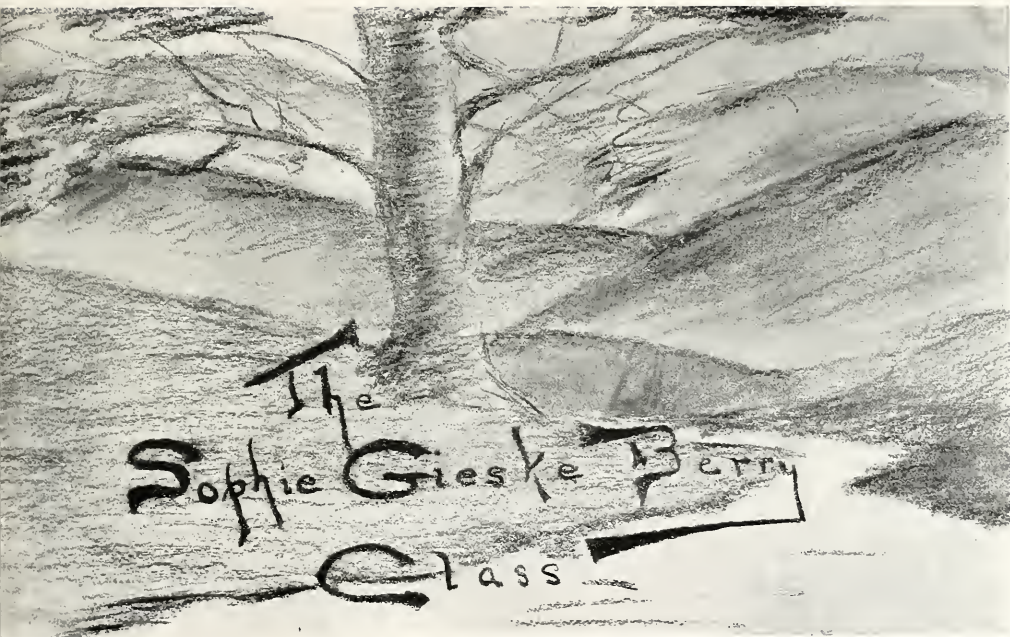
CASTON, MABEL
 CHANDLER, SUSIE
 COKE, MARY

CORLEY, VIRGINIA
 CREWDSON, GERTRUDE
 DAVIS, MINNIE

FERGUSON, MAUDE
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GOODMAN, LOUISE
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HARRIS, VIOLA
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y's Class

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LITTLEJOHN, LAVINIA
LYLE, IRENE

McCLELLAN, LILA
NEWMAN, EMMA LEE
OWENS, JANIE

PARKS, EVA
PIERCE, MARY
PICKENS, MACKIE

SALMON, MARY AGNES
SPEER, GENEVIEVE
TILLMAN, KATHERINE

TIPTON, TENNESSEE
WARD, LILLIAN

WOOD, DOROTHY
WOOTEN, VICTORIA



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KNIGHT, SYBIL
DEJARNETTE, JUDITH



Pupils of Mr. Chas. Washburn

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MIMMS, JOHNNIE
SHARP, MIGNON
WATTS, ANNIE
MURPHY, HELEN
COOK, VARINA
PARKS, EVA
SMITH, EMMIE
PICKENS, MACKIE
ROBERTSON, IRIS
WILSON, MABEL

SCUDDAY, EMMA
SPEER, GENEVIEVE
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WILLIAMS, VERA
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GLEE CLUB.

1906



BELMONT

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Glee Club



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RITA TURNER	CHRISTINE TAYLOR	FLORENCE FOSCUE	RUTH HERRON

The Eleventh Plague



I.

The epidemic is raging,
There are cases everywhere,
And the crush germs are floating
All 'round in the open air.

III.

At first it attacked the school girls
And could hardly have been prevented,
But now the teachers have caught it,
A fact most unprecedented.

II.

The disease is not always fatal
And seldom lasts through the year,
But there's something about this outbreak
That's most exceedingly queer.

IV.

Don't say that the teachers have crushes!
O, that would surely be flip,
With these honorable lady instructors
It's merely a lasting friendship



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 LOUISE HARRISON *Representative*

LUCY EWIN

MARIE LOUISE SKIDMORE CONNER
 (Honorary Member.)

THEA PERKINS



MASTER MELVYN EDOUARD HESSELBERG
(At the age of three years and eight months.)*

COMING! Popular Prices! COMING!

JULIUS SEES HER.

A THRILLING, TRAGIC COMEDY.

A Russian Romance of Woo, Woe and Wonder. A pretty Dude with rosy cheeks and a celluloid collar. An Assistant Dude, Nuisance to the Queen. Sub Dudelets. A Dudelle Sextet. Music furnished by Aunti Catski.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Julius Gazupski.....Chief Highwayman of the Heights
Hangonski.....A faithful follower
Lady Coquettiski.....A College Widow
Queen Isariski.....With a heavy heart and a likewise part
Facultiski.....Ladies in Waiting
Copski.....Guard of Castle

SYNOPSIS OF THE ACTS

- ACT I. Place—Castle on the Hill. Time—Sunrise.
Bell heard without. Gazupski approaches in auto with Hangonski. Honk! honk! of machine.
Gazupski—“Oh! Hangonski, from behind that massive wall a Queen doth look at me. Oh, that those too, too, massive walls would fall, crumble and resolve themselves into dust.” Despair.
- ACT II. A room in the castle. Isariski at balcony. Flutters a white handkerchief, drops her head, casts down her eyes and breaks her heart. Despair.
- ACT III. SCENE 1—Facultiski seen looking over wall. Isariski breaks vial containing Hope.
SCENE 2—Copski suddenly appears in road below. Honk! honk! of Gazupski's auto. Cloud of dust. Benzine, gasoline. Defeat.

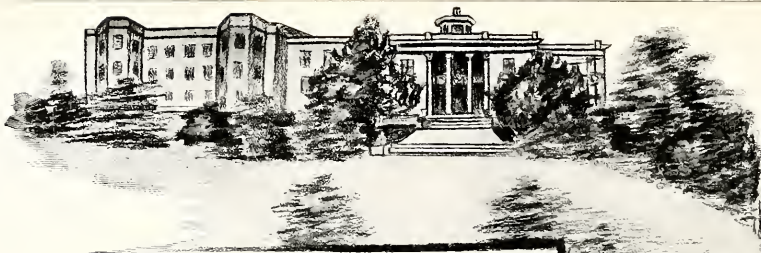
CURTAIN.

Art Club



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ESSIE PLUNKETT
OLIVE READ
CELETE SCUDDER
STELLA STEVES
ADDIE WEBB





Belmont School of Art

In the Studio

The old studio on North Front, with its high ceiling, long, tall windows, before which the branches of the campus oaks beat and swing in sunshine and storm, presided over by that gentle enthusiast, Miss Beulah Strong, is no more. Instead, the clatter and crash of dishes echoes from its walls, while Miss Curry provides in her wholesome way for the generous appetites of this year's extra number of Belmont girls. But the muse was not turned out of house and home, for an aerie nest was provided for her in the top of Fidelity Hall, with windows looking out on the white city, and Miss Maria Thompson Daviess lives with



her to direct, as she well can, the efforts of her devotees. The class is large and enthusiastic and works with a will, whether a queer "block-head" caste, a piled up autumn still-life, or old black Uncle Joe be the inspiration; and long hours have been spent in the Park catching fleeting phases of dying summer in the soft autumn sunshine. While indoors the china painters have been decorating the graceful, artistic pieces of finest white china with designs either original or drawn from the best Ceramic journals always at hand in the studio. Indeed, so hard had they worked and so proud were they of their results, invi-

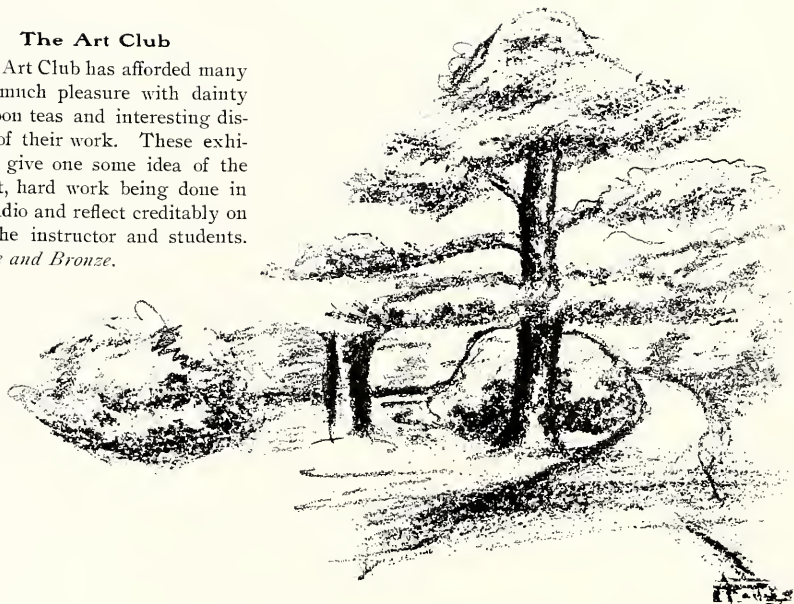


tations were issued by Miss Daviess and the class to the Faculty and a limited number of the girls to come and see. After the work, some of which was really excellent, especially in the line of composition and outdoor sketching, had been criticised, the guests were refreshed with a cup of tea, served by Mrs. Berry from an antique Russian Samovar which Miss Daviess brought from Europe with her last year. The students were much gratified by the congratulations of their friends, and were inspired to work hard so that they might open the studio doors again soon.—*Blue and Bronze.*

The Art Club

The Art Club has afforded many of us much pleasure with dainty afternoon teas and interesting displays of their work. These exhibitions give one some idea of the earnest, hard work being done in the studio and reflect creditably on both the instructor and students.

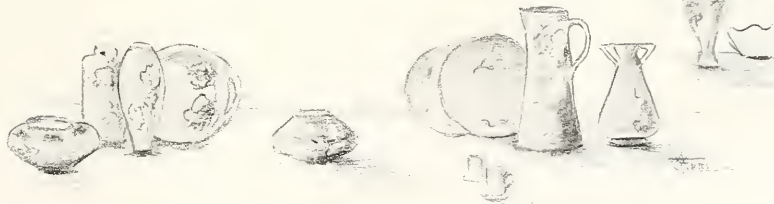
—*Blue and Bronze.*



The Colonial Tea

Little white hatchets with cherries painted on the blade and the inscription, "Studio, February Twentieth, 4 to 6, Colonial Tea," let us know that the girls of the Art Department were going to give another exhibition of their work.

The affair proved to be a very enjoyable social function, as the colonial dames and maidens made the most charming hostesses. Delicious tea with sandwiches and cherried mints was served among the guests as they discussed the merits of the young students' work. The studies in charcoal, pastel, oils and china showed a marked improvement over those displayed at the last exhibition. The pictures of the old man were especially good for beginners. We wish them success in their work and await the next reception or tea with much anticipation.—*Blue and Bronze.*





HORN SPRINGS



COLONIAL TEA

#101 -
#102 -
#103 -

TEA
AND
PITCHERS



Belmont Warnings

Put your waist money into the lenten box.

Get ready overnight *girls*, have your waist hooked and your shoes buttoned.

Clear your air passages before entering chapel.

Do not look through windows—let sunshine and air come in, but cast no looks out.

Be sure and report the moment you enter chapel.

All those who talk, laugh or play in chapel from six until six, "*report.*"

No loafing in practice rooms.

It is customary in Belmont College not to chew gum.

Girls should have their waists measured at home and not in the *city*.



Lenten Pennance

Carol denies herself of Glover.

Scollard denies herself all strong drinks.

Annie Lee denies herself of duty.

Bunch Brown gives up talking in chapel.

Eunice Purnell gives up her little apron.

Zylphia Griffin gives up perfumes.



Dot to Miss Conner: "What is Sis Hopkins playing this year?"



There will be fudge for sale in the Christian Assassination room.



Miss Conner: "Annie, how do you know when you have a cap on?"

Annie: "Look in the department book."

The Sea Shell and the Wave

MARY GEERS.



The winds sang low 'long the ocean side,
The surf broke quietly,
And a bright young wave in the glistening tide
Ran in from the big blue sea.

In the golden sands lay a sea-shell fair;
Her cheeks were of rosy hue,
And the skipping wave as he spied her there
Vowed with love he should woo.

Again and again to her he ran,
To sing with ardor bold
As much as a lover wavelet can
The story so new, yet so old.

One day as the wave rushed in with glee
The sea-shell was not there,
And the lass who took her far from the sea
Knew not that he should care.

Then the poor wave calls, and sighs, and moans,
And big tears blind his eyes,
Till, falling down on the great rough stones,
He breaks his heart—and dies!

La Fitt, or the Legend of Spirit Boat



CHRISTINE SCHOTT.



ES, he said, and pointed to three gnarled cedar trees, rugged from the endurance of tropical storms. It was an old sailor who told us the tale, so bent that he himself seemed as old as the trees he spoke of.

"Yes, it was under those very trees La Fitt, the sea pirate, buried his treasures before he left this island. La Fitt, the outlaw, the fearless, undaunted pirate of the gulf line; the man who again and again outwitted the government officials; the man of steel nerves and indomitable will; the man who held his band of desperadoes in check by sheer force of his personality. Lithe and quick of movement was he, with deep set eyes as sharp as the point of the old Spanish sword at his side—a goodly weapon, this. He had cut his way through human bodies to wrest it from the hand of a much belaced captain.

"'And,' he would often swear, 'by my soul 'twas worth a dozen more greasy Spaniard's lives!'

"For years he was the fear of every coast captain and the despair of the government. At last the welcome news came 'La Fitt is taken!' It was a day of rejoicing among the seamen; their spirits ran high and they toasted with many a brim-full glass, the men who held the pirate in chains. But even as they made merry a merchant-man and her frightened crew took refuge in the harbor. They had been chased by a pirate ship—none other than that of La Fitt's. He had escaped."

"But," I objected, "how did they know it was La Fitt when he did not succeed in boarding the ship?"

"Ah, that was easy, the man had a habit—that of singing—and his voice is not to be mistaken."

II.

"At this time Galveston was uninhabited; only a narrow island that stretched its silver sands for miles parallel to the coast line. Here Grey Fox and his son would often come to hunt the duck in the bayous of the island. To-day the darkness had dropped before even the wily Indians could start on their way home, and at night they dared not trust their frail canoe to the choppy nature of the channel, so they sat in stoic watch around their drift-wood fire, and with characteristic patience waited for the moon. Presently Grey Fox started. From out in the direction of the dark waters there was the sound of music—a song—sung in a man's high tenor. Each moment it came nearer, suddenly it broke off with an oath.

"'Pull stronger on your oars and beach this boat!'

"Then Grey Fox heard the prow scrape the shingle and the swash of the water as the men waded from it. With no evident surprise, though the Indian held in his hand a tomahawk, the tallest of these men walked leisurely to the fire, wrung the water from his cape, stretched his feet to the blaze and waited until his boots were well steaming before he addressed Grey Fox:

"I've been on this island before; it's mine; I intend to keep it; you must hunt elsewhere!' Having delivered this speech, he smiled, showing a strong set of teeth, and pointed to the canoe. By this time some ten or twelve men had gathered to the fire. Grey Fox, seeing resistance was useless, motioned to his son, and picking up his brace of ducks, prepared to go.

"Pardon!' and with a low bow La Fitt deftly took the game from the astonished Indian's hands. 'Pardon!' he said, 'but we are hungry, it was kind of you!' Again he bowed and stepped aside from their path. With hate on every line of their features the Indians walked from the fire light into the darkness. In this manner La Fitt established his claims on Galveston Island. It was not long before he built rude shelters for his men and his booty, and lived in comparative comfort, while the United States government offered high rewards for his recapture."

III.

"It was an awful night the senorita came into his life. Within, sheltered from the storm, in the largest shanty which served as a living-room, the air was nauseating with the odor of liquor and reeking pipes. The men, excited by drink and gambling, were quarreling for the want of something better to do. La Fitt, weary of the game, rose from his place and yawning, stretched his lank form until his clenched fists pressed on the murky ceiling. He yawned again and then stepped from the stench within into the open, into the storm. On the ocean the wind had stacked the water into mountains of foam. Above, the leaden clouds raced close to the earth. On the horizon the sun, an angry fire-ball, dyed the water and the wind-driven clouds with the red of its own hue. The boats by the wharf tugged and strained at their moorings.

"Truly,' thought La Fitt, 'a wild evening and a promise for a wilder night! Just the night to put a man in the spirit for adventure!' And he had not long to wait, for even as he thought it, there was the booming of a cannon, followed by another report. A ship in distress! Some one from inside hoarsely cried.

"A sail!' and the wind threw back the echo. Instantly the scene was all movement. The excitement of preparing for strenuous work, the hurry and scurry, and soon the pirates pulled from shore into the heaving waters where their ship was anchored a small distance from the land.

"Not until the grey dawn did the men return, pulling hard on their oars, for the boats were heavy with booty and the oarsmen tired, haggard and pale. And when they disembarked they brought with them the spoils

of the adventure—and a woman. You are startled! But there is no need to be, for you see these men were sailors and all seamen hold women in awe and respect. She had fainted, and as they carried her her lifeless hand dragged near the ground. It looked pathetically small and frail in such rough surroundings."

"Where am I? And the captain? the ship—gracious, but what men! Answer me, sir! The senorita looked as one accustomed to be obeyed. La Fitt uncovered and answered her gravely:

"Madam, the crew, your father and the ship were lost!"

"Lost! Then did no one come to our aid? Yes, now I remember. Those who we thought had come to help were, in reality, as vultures come to prey on the dying. How did you save me from them, senor?"

"La Fitt saw her thought. Why should she know who pillaged her father's ship and then left them to the mercy of the storm? It was easy enough—this lie. Yet, try as he would, his lips refused to give utterance to his thought.

"You do not answer me," the senorita demanded.

"Still there was silence except for the low monotone of the waves beating on the sands. La Fitt stood condemned.

"We never injure women," he said.

"The woman did not move as the full horror of the truth dawned on her mind; there was no angry outburst, but turning she ran down the long white beach.

"Night had narrowed the horizon when she returned and asked for La Fitt.

"How much do you want before you take me to the Mexican coast?"

"Madam, I cannot. To leave you on the uninhabited coast would be impossible—on account of your own safety. To take you to a port would be impossible, for a while at any rate, on my account, for there's a price on my head."

"So the senorita became an unwilling member of the pirate's island."

"But do you know who this senorita was?" I asked, to make the old man continue his story.

"That I do not, save she was beautiful; she was Spanish and she was devout—very devout. Sam the bully and leader of the gang, overheard her one morning as she sat on the wreck of an old ship, by the water's edge; he could not understand her, 'but she prayed, of that I am sure,' and she did. As much as her nature recoiled from these men she wished to keep La Fitt from pursuing further this means of livelihood.

"The Indians brought the news that a ship, freighted with silver from the Mexican mines, was bound for New Orleans. For days preparations went on until at last the sail was sighted. Excitement ran high. Already some of the men were on the ship unfurling the sails. La Fitt himself was about to embark but Carlos stopped him.

"The senorita wishes to speak with you."

"What!" La Fitt drew down his heavy brows. 'I suppose she wants me to take her with us. Or, perhaps, to get her a passage on yonder ship, and thus to lose our purpose and our booty!'

"Still he went. The men saw him bare his head as he entered the cabin door and that was all they knew of the interview. The ship came in full sight; aye, even within a half mile of them, and still they waited and still the cabin door remained closed. An hour passed. In the distance the sail of the escaping ship was dropping behind the horizon. The men on board the pirate boat grew restless. No one dared disturb the captain. But if he would only come there was still time, for their ship was built for speed, while the other was deep in the water and broad of prow. And so they waited; waited until sunset; until it was dark; then they lowered the row boats and made for the shore. It was now too late. That night La Fitt would have none of his liquor or games, but until far into the night he paced the beach with the regular stride of an automaton. Some stood behind a tree and watched him until tired, then reported the news to the cabin. The men were gathered closely around a rude table. There were many meaning glances and guttural whisperings passed around the board. Often would the old sailor superstition be voiced, 'there's no smooth sailing with women aboard!' 'She's a force with men, and La Fitt's in her power. There'll be no more ship we'll board while she's here,' said one. Once there was a cry of 'mutiny' in the room, but it was silenced by Sam.

" 'Desertion would not be mutiny,' he said.

"For months the ships passed unharmed. The men grew more and more discontented with the adventureless life, and La Fitt would frown at even the suggestion of seeking more booty. As for the senorita she spoke to no one but old Carlos, then it was but to thank him with a kind word for his service. And he, for this, would stop his drinks for a week or more. Sam once did walk for miles around a bayou to avoid passing the senorita on a narrow strip of land.

" 'Nay, none of my wine shall be bittered by her uncanny eye; I'll not be made ready for the sack cloth by her witchery.'

"Soon after this one of the men hurried panic stricken from the mainland. The government had a clue to the pirates' whereabouts—Grey Fox, the Indian, had told. La Fitt resumed his old command with an iron hand. By the afternoon they were ready to leave the island. All the booty easily changed into money he took with him, the rest of the treasure was buried under these very trees. Carlos was left to care for the senorita. And the senorita herself was there to watch them embark.

"La Fitt spoke to her thus:

"Madam, if I were to stay it would endanger you. For one reason alone I go. It is that I might escape as soon as possible and take you to your home, cost me what it will. If Carlos will hoist the white flag when the danger is passed I will return. And in case I do not, it might please you to know I am resolved to do as you wish. To this I swear.'

"According to the southern custom he raised her hand to his lips. It was a graceful thing and lightly done. The senorita watched them row away, watched the sails unfurl and saw the long swift boat soon under way. It hugged close to the shore awhile, then swerving shipped into the red-gold fire of the sunset and was lost.

“The government officials never came. The white flag hoisted on a pole flapped itself into shreds. Winter had passed into spring; aye, and well into summer. The senorita buried old Carlos. Still La Fitt did not return.

IV.

“The Indians tell how they found and buried the bones of the senorita—and my story comes from the Indians. About the treasures under the trees, they say it is there now but not for worlds would they touch it. They feared the sea pirate alive, and they fear his ghost more. And now, when the sea runs high one often hears a voice singing out on the water, and when one looks, even through the darkness, one might see the old fashioned hull of a ship, its bow pointing towards the land, rocked and tossed by the waves but making no progress. It is the spirit of La Fitt trying to reach the land that he may keep his promise with the senorita.”

“But,” I objected, “how do you know he does not come for his treasures?”

“Oh, miss, if he had no better desire than for his treasures, he would have been given to eternal fire on dying. No, it is not that. His love for her made him repent his wrongs. This is his purgatory.”

“Is he never to rest again?” I asked. The old sailor smiled with a far-away look in his eyes.

“Ah, I do not know, perhaps when the good Lord wills—”

“But until then?”

Until then he is doomed ever to struggle towards the island to keep his promise to the senorita.”

There were some Belmont girls
And they all had little curls
That hung down the middle of their necks.
When the weather was good the curling al-
[ways stood,
But when it was bad they were wrecks.



Advance Sheets of the Belmont Dictionary

A

- Acute.** A kind of sensation often experienced after looking at the Grade Card.
- Affection.** A fond attachment for one of either sex, but most common among the class known as "College Crushes."

B

- Bell.** Heard twenty-six times a day. It first arouses anger, but in the end soothes one to sleep.
- Brown.** A popular color, but not from choice.

C

- Chapel.** A place in which to take naps. You can go there when you can't go any place else.

D

- Dude.** A masculine concern.
- Deportment.** A variable approaching zero a sits limit.
- Drill.** A crude pastime, particularly beneficial to stout maidens.

E

- Energy.** A force possessed by Miss Wendel in getting all a girl knows out of her.

F

- Feast.** A nocturnal medley of indigestible edibles. See Infirmary.

G

- Gum.** An expensive luxury.
- Guess.** A drastic resort often adopted in the classroom in case of extreme negligence of the things essential to the cultivation of gray matter.

H

- Hat.** A substantial, air-proof cranium protector. Opposed to veils and light vanities.

I

- Intellect.** Closely akin to Senior.
- Industry.** Devotion to purpose which prompts a girl to plan diligently for hours how she may escape fifteen minutes' work.

J

- Job.** Apply to Annual Staff.

K

- Knowledge.** Learning; very convenient to possess if at the tongue's end, otherwise useless.

L

- Luck.** A fickle animal resembling a chameleon.
- Lineage.** Ancestors, to whom many characteristics are attributed because they are not here to defend themselves.

M

Matrimony. Not in Belmont's curriculum.

Money. A peculiar kind of coin used as a medium of exchange, but mostly in the form of small change. More plentiful at the first of the month.

N

Novel. A hindrance to an A. B. degree. Generally found under beds or in the crowns of old hats.

O

Oversleep. One off.

Orphan. Candy consumer. See Asylum.

P

Prunes. A dried species of one of nature's various products, less expensive than strawberries. Imperfect specimens are often found in boarding-schools.

Q

Quiz. ?—.

R

Remorse. Merely another word for minus.

S

Science. Derived from the Greek word *sci*, to groan, and the English expression 'ence or hence, a cause. Therefore, a cause for a groan.

T

Train. A germ-gathering, floor-sweeping elongation. See Union Depot.

Tribulation. One who keeps on talking that no more questions may be asked before the hour-bell.

U

Uniform. A voluminous garb of brown enveloping a young lady and a linen collar.

V

Vanderbilt. The center of gravity.

W

Wants. Indispensable luxuries indulged in once a week. See Soap, Peanut-butter or Tape.

X

Xercise. Verb, to circumambulate the park; noun, advance agent for Cobbler & Co. See Miss Wade.

Y

Yawn. An involuntary extension of the facial aperture. See Chapel.

Z

Zero. The point from which everything but girls are graduated.

EXCHANGE EDITOR.



BUSINESS MANAGER.



LOCAL EDITOR.

ANNE WARKER.



EDITOR IN CHIEF.



VIRGINIA STREET.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR.



LOUISE GIOVER.



CHRISTINE SCHOTT.



MART GEERD.



BLUE AND BRONZE STAFF

THIS PHOTO.

Ode to Kimona



M. G. Wilson



Of a maid's kimona and the ease
And peace it brings to school girls, who,
After the many duties of the day
May in its clinging folds enjoy
Repose that passeth knowledge,
Sing, O, my muse. Let me not dream
Of rudely rustling gowns or collars stiff,
Of shirtwaists, belts, turnovers, and such stuff,
That keep a woman's hands forever feeling
To find if all is well; but bring me thoughts
And visions, if thou wilt, of that divine,
That big, soft, restful, glorious thing,
A girl's kimona. Whether it be of silk
Or wool, or pink or green—perhaps the thing
Is pale blue calico, or turkey red—
It matters not; just so I catch that thrill
Of deep content—that sleepy, happy feeling
As if I owned the world and leaned upon it!
O bliss! O joy! beyond all contemplation,
Surpassing blank verse and iambic meter,
If thou wilt smile on me but one brief hour
I'll music, art, e'en poetry resign
And rest enraptured in thy peaceful power.

Shakespeare Revised and Adapted



"I will cross it though it blast me."

—*South-Front Entrance.*

"Hear it not, North Front, for it is the bell
That summons you that noise to quell."

—*Miss Lloyd's Bell.*

"You make me strange,
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When I think you can behold such sights
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks."

—*Grade Card.*

"Still it cried, 'Sleep no more!' to all the house.
'Tenny hath murder'd sleep and therefore
Belmont shall sleep no more;
Faculty shall sleep no more!'"

—*Chapel Bell.*

"Throw physic(s) to the dogs."

—*Science Class.*

"Some must watch, while some must sleep,
To run the boys away."

—*Night Watchman.*

"My daughter! O, my ducats!
O, my daughter!"

—*Father.*

Ye Fables

HAVING bene drawn from ye experiences of ye damsel cleped Mistress Weintz.

Foreword We relate unto ye a few fables hoping that they shall in some small measure help to passe an idyle moment in a pleasannt manner, & they are also intended as a tymely warning and danger sygn to ye greene Freshman, who in ye tyme to come might feel the need of them.

Ye Fable of Ye April Fool

IT befelle on alle fool's day that a goodly number of maydens who were muche given to playing most mightie jokes made use of this fyrst day of April yn a right foolish manner. Ye younge maydens having a strong aversion to church going (all fool's in this particular yere chanced on ye Sabbath day), & more especially was the idea of donning ye stiffest of high collars repugnant to them. Therefore ye maydens hadde ye nerve & also skill in suche affayres to make fast by means of keys all ye doores on a certeyn corridor, being most diligent yn hiding ye keys & then reioycing amongst themselves, sayde:

"Now, truly, our most gracious guardians, ye facultie, must perforce grannt us that we remain at home, seeing ye keys are nowhere to be hadde, without which ye maydens may not be properlie attyred in ye high collars for church."

And ye howls of great reioycing made ye halls resound right merrilie. But ye facultie—ye austere facultie, was in no wise to bee outdone. According to command ye maydens meeklie assembled yn chapel, & also ye most dreaded facultie assembled yn chapel, & ye sermonette was preached. Now, by chauce yt was rumored that mayhaps ye companie would be detayned yn chapel for ye remaining part of ye day by way of punishment. Yt was thenne everyone became wroth at ye offender; ye sin did appear black & ye maydens most blue & verie sicke. Even so yt came to passe ye misguided offender amide most awful silence hastily withdrew from amonge ye assemblee and herewith ye foresayde doores were most myraciouslie opened. Ye austere facultie did reioyce and ye sorelie distressed maydens, meekly arrayed in ye high collars, were properlie taken to ye church.

Ye Moral

Exercise most dillegent care yn ye lines ye wish to excell yn. Likewise ye must be up verrie earlie to be up earlier than ye most respected facultie.

A Fateful Walk

A BLUSTERYNG Marche daie yt was on whych two damsels, one Phlorrie and one Olivia, did decyde an after-dynner stroll to take downe ye wyde avenue. Away went they, a true knyght's bonnet on ye back of each fayr head, and ye maydens were whystlyng and syngyng. Letters did they read, too, and theyr walk was proven most enjoyable. But when they were returnyng did temptation confront them yn ye form and shape of publyc carryage, whych they did meet wythe. Sayd Olivia to her fayr syster, "Phlorrie, synce thou art so wearie and ye way is so longe and steppe, pray let we two ride." So they did agree together and by stealth did board ye carryage. O, it was great fun to have suche an opportunitie to ride so, when others must needs walk. But as joy doth not last forever and aye, & ye ride could not go on thro that afternoon yn Marche, these damsels two did meet wyth a most dystressyng cyrcumstance when they did reach theyr destinyation (whych was ye large & ample white house on ye hilltop). A ladye tall & forbyddyng, with a most dylygent eir, did perceyve ye flyght of ye maydens two, & as under her charge they were for manners as well as traynyng physycall, she did reprove them by talkyng long & earnest & by puttyng down some marks, most heavie and omynous, by theyr two names.

Ye Moral Ye maydens fayr, beware! Never invoke ye ladye's anger, for feare of your department grade.

"Bobbie," Ye Myscheyf Maker

LET me recyte unto ye another wondrous tale from our college days yn nynteen hundred & syx. A Belmont mayden did receive a token, awful & misteryous, whych, tho yt be sad to tell yn these pages, a young gentleman fryend did send yn ye mayl to her one daie. When ye huge parcel, wheryn thys horryble stuff did lye did come to ye table, when ye mayl was dystributed, ye maydens, curyous, did ask & questyon yts contents, but ye syngle mayde would none replie, for she had an inckling of fear for future perill. But when yn ye quyet of her own chamber she did behold her gyft other traytorous eies did perceyve all and did report.

So ye guilty mayde did must go before ye pryncypal & receive ye lecture sound & true, wheryn did lye most stryct advyce, never to be ye recypent of so offending a gyfte, even tho it chanced that the deed be done for ye benefite of ye secrit socyety. & now, genteel maydens, lend me your ears and lyst well and ye shall hear of ye contents of so offending a parcel. Theryn did lye a human skull and cross bones, the parts of whych were styll damp and clammy, & whych did show recent usuage yn ye medycal department. "Bobbie," as ye maydens cleped ye skull, has been permytted, howsoever, to dwell yn Belmont, after all ye myscheyf he had done.

Ye moral may, perhaps, point a long finger toward ye secrit socyety.

Ye Two Unfortunate Maydes

A MOSTE happie tyme were foure younge maydes havyn yn a certayn room in Fydelyty Halle. Two were ye vysytors & two were ye hostesses. & yt did befall amyd jestyng & laughter that a most styrryng knock should chance to come to ye door. Suche scrambling & pushyng as ye foresayde vysytors did make to fynd ye place for saftie.

“Come in,” sayd then ye hostesses in theyr true hospytable manner, and yn walked a matron austere. She did come to see about ye books whych, as she did saye, must yn theyr possessyon be. Thyrti-fyve whole Mynutes did yt take to recover those books, & when ye matron did fynally go, whych she did in a quyet, slow manner, ye closet doores did pop & out there tumbled two maydens mostly suffocated.

Warnyng to Ye Belmont Uysytors Select ye houres more suytable for vysytyng than after seven by ye clock.

Ye Tale of Ye Cheese

T WAS once ye custome for ye parents al tos ende theyr daughters, fayre and gentil-natured, to dwel wyth Mystress Perkins for a seson. Heer did ye maydens rede & lerne from morme til night of al ye Frenche verbes & Germain artikles, both definit & indefinit.

Now, Mystress Perkins, tho wel acquaynted wyth muche weesdom and al kindes of knowledg, was nevertheless of happy, ioly nature, and when one day ye scolars fayre of muche lerning did aweary grow, she did bethynk her of a planne. To those of ye Germain studentes who were her special favorittes gave she permission on a certeyn sonny afternoon to leve theyr lessons and to spende ye tyme in social intercourse & enjoying divers daintie dishes. Then ye maydens fair did hyghly hold theyr heddes, nor deyned to look on those unbidden, but with many a haughtee look & scornful glance did pass them by. At fyrst 'twas notyced that ye cheese a most peculiar flavor did possess, but soon yt was forgot, for they fell to eating and drynking after suche greedy wyse that yt seemed they strove who might devoure & swallow up most.

At length ye bell for evening meal did ring & al ye maidens, some from woork and studie, did come marching yn. Heer was served to them most wholesome food of various sorts, but, alas, for ye maydens iust returned from feasting. Wyth faces sad & syckly looking they could only sit & sygh, whyle ye other forlorn damsels who before hadde mette with scornful glances, now did slyly guess it was the cheese which so did seem to trouble theyr sisters fayre.

Ye Moral Ye must not enioy ye whole cheese by yourself & thynk to go unpunished.

“Matillijo”



IN THE wall of the canyon near the sea, moss grew abundantly, but there was a curious cleft in it showing the rock. And this spelled the name “Matillijo.” Not very large, but clear and distinct as the mark on Mount Holy Cross, it stood out demanding attention. I inquired about its history of the old Mexican guide.

“Ah, do you not know the story of Matillijo, our beautiful Matillijo? See, these yellow-centered white poppies which grow nowhere but at the foot of our canyon, are her tears and she herself carved her name here in the moss, as you see it, on that night before—but wait, you shall hear.

“‘Our Matillijo,’ for so she is still known among us, was the daughter of Gonzarga, who owned all the land around here. She was beautiful, so beautiful, even for a Mexican, with her black hair and wonderful eyes, and so kind! No wonder every one loved her. No night was too stormy for her to venture out in, to minister to a sick person. Every one on the place would willingly have died for her. My grandfather was Gonzarga’s body servant. I have often heard him speak of her. But one man loved her more than the others. He was Jose, the foreman of the ranch, and Matillijo returned his love. They kept their secret from the whole world and especially from Gonzarga. Often they met here in this canyon, at this place. Think, this is the old trysting place of Matillijo!

“They were happy and hopeful when one day Ramon, a wealthy sea captain from Monterey came to woo her. Ah, you should have seen her then as my grandfather saw her! Her black eyes dancing and lips smiling as she coquetted and evaded as long as she could, our beautiful Matillijo! But at last her father told her she must marry Ramon. Then she confessed all, her love for Jose, his love for her and their plans. You have never seen a Mexican gentleman of the old school angry, have you, Senorita? Gonzarga was beside himself and he told Matillijo that she must give up Jose. Our Matillijo refused, who would not? And her father told her—oh, how could he hurt Matillijo so?—he told her that if she ever tried to see Jose again he would have them both killed.

“But my grandfather was faithful to Matillijo. He carried notes between the lovers. But what was Matillijo to do? Leave her father, her loved father, alone and old? She had never even disobeyed his wish before.

Or say farewell to Jose? No, this she could not do. Through my grandfather she arranged to meet Jose at their trysting place at midnight, here in this very spot, and flee with him to San Diego.

"Hearken, now, my tale is almost told. Jose's work that day kept him far into the foot-hills and it was only by hard riding that he hoped to reach the place by evening. And then, ah, why did it have to happen? it never did before, his horse stumbled and fell and could not rise. It was morning when Jose reached this spot and he found—the name 'Matillijo' scratched in the moss as you see it.

"What had she done? Can't you see her waiting alone, frightened and weeping, long after the midnight hour? Jose did not come, had her father's men killed him? What should become of her? The canyon lead into the open sea in front of her and back into the mountains behind. Go back she could not, don't you understand? What was left her? To remain longer meant discovery. So she scratched her name in the moss to tell Jose that she had kept the tryst—and—and—that is all."

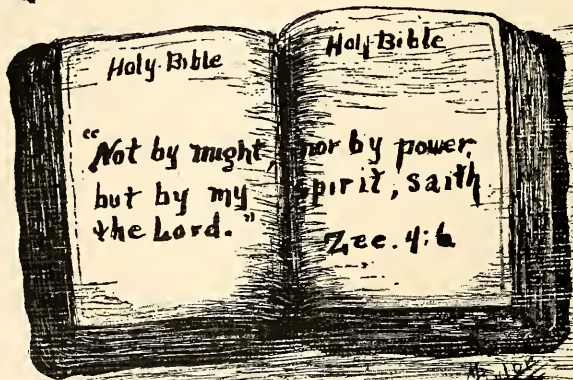
"But," I asked, "what became of her?"

"No one knows, Senorita. Her father, wild with grief, searched the canyon for days. Nothing was ever seen or heard of her again. Did she cast herself into the sea or did she escape to the convent at Ventura, there to live out her life? No one knows, but we believe."

"How long ago that was, but see, the moss has never grown over the name she scratched. Wise men say it never will. And then the poppies! You never saw any like them elsewhere. Our Matillijo's tears!"



Y. W. C. A.





MISSIONARY

VIRGINIA COOK



ROOMS

MARY QUINN



SOCIAL

MALLICE FARNELL



MUSIC

GLADYS BOWEN



DEVOTIONAL

BERTIE DUKE



SECRETARY

VIRGINIA STEALY



TREASURER

HELEN MATTHEWS



VICE PRESIDENT

MARY SEERS



PRESIDENT

CLEMMIE TUCKER



ASSISTANT SECRETARY

GEORGIA CHANDLER



ASSISTANT SECRETARY

KATIE KEMP

Y. W. C. A.

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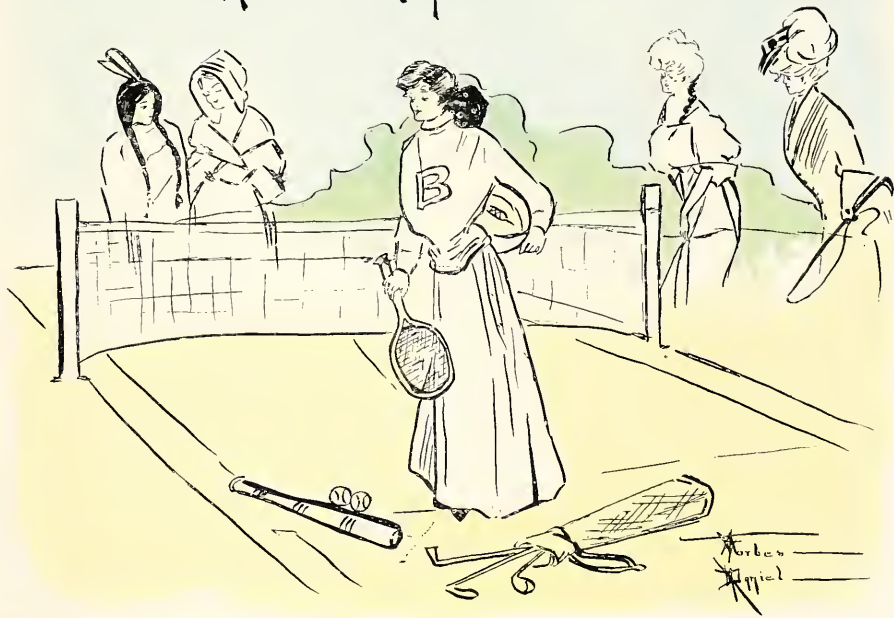
Y. W. C. A. Policy



- I. To endeavor to bring every girl in college into the Association.
- II. To make every member understand clearly the work of the Association and feel she has a part in it.
- III. In order to do this, to have an information meeting the first of the year.
- IV. To have and announce our membership fee as one dollar.
- V. To collect our pledge for support of Foreign Secretary, one hundred and twenty-five dollars, by systematic giving.
- VI. Have our usual Christmas Fair.
- VII. To give one hundred and twenty-five dollars to State work.
- VIII. To give five cents each member for World's work.
- IX. To work for a deeper spiritual life in the Association.
- X. As means to this end, to maintain and strengthen our Bible study work.
- XI. To reorganize the Personal Worker's Circle.

Athletic Association

The Evolution of the American Girl.





HELEN MATTHEWS

VARINA COOK

VERA DANIEL

CHRISTINE SCHOTT

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION
OFFICERS.

T. H. S. -
1908.

Members of Athletic Association

3

ADRIANCE	DARLINGTON	HUBBARD	PURNELL
ANDERSON	DINSMORE	MALLORY	READ
AYDELOTT	DIUGUID	MARTIN	REID
BAUGH	FINCH	MATTHEWS	ROBERTSON
BEELAND	FORTSON	MCCALL	SHARP
BISHOP	FOSCUE	MILLER	SIMMS
BOMER	FUSSELL	MIMMS	SIMPSON
BOWDEN	GEERS	MOODY	SMITH
BLAKEMORE	GLOVER	MOORE	STARK
BROWN	GRAVES	MORRIS	TAYLOR
BROOKS	GREEN	MULLER	TIPTON
CARROLL	GRIFFIN	MYNATT	TURNER
CHAMBLIN	HAWKINS	NEWMAN	WARNER
CHAMBLISS	HOPKINS	PANKEY	WEBSTER
CORBETT	HOWRY	PARKS	WIGTON
DANIEL			



How far did Carry Fall?

Why didn't Anne Warner?

Whom did Blanche Chase?

Don't you wish Dorothy Wood?

What does Olive Read?

Where was Christine Schott?

How far did Dorothea Carrier?



GOLF CLUB

G. HENDERSON

G. REID

E. ADRIANCE

O. BROWN

M. SHARP

A. FINCH

C. SCUDDER

F. FOSCUE

E. NEWMAN

R. HERRON

"Lions"



Colors—Purple and Yellow



BASKETBALL TEAM

"LIONS."

MABEL MORRIS

MARIAN AVERY

MARGUERITE SKINNER*

MIGNON SHARP

EVA PARKS

KATHERINE TURNER

Line Up

Forward

Forward

Center

Guard

Guard

Forward

"TIGERS."

FLORRIE FOSCUE

OLIVIA BROWN

GENIE HENDERSON*

CHRISTINE SCHOTT

CELETE SCUDDER

RUTH HERRON

*Captain.

"Tigers"



BASKETBALL TEAM

Colors—Blue and Red

Yell

Ricka—chica—boom!
Ricka—chica—boom!
Rica—chica—chica—chica!
Boom! Boom! Boom!
Rip—rah—ree!
Who are we?
Tigers—Tigers!
Don't you see?



TENNIS CLUB



TENNIS CHAMPIONS IN DOUBLES AND SINGLES

Baseball Team



"WINNERS"

LINE-UP

ADRIANCE	Pitcher
McCALL*	First base
BRITT	Second base
CHAMBLIN	Third base
BONNER	Right field
SKINNER	Center field
WEBSTER	Left field
STRAUSS	Catcher
TIPTON	Shortstop

* Captain.

Yell

Rickety, rickety, rickety-ree!
 Who are, who are, who are we?
 Rickety, rickety, rickety-raw!
 We are the girls that play baseball!

Baseball Team



"RUSHERS"

LINE-UP

SCUDDER *	Pitcher
BROWN	First base
MORRIS	Second base
NEWMAN	Third base
PARKS	Right field
SIMMS	Center field
HENDERSON	Left field
HANFORD	Catcher
SHARP	Shortstop

* Captain.

Yell

Boom-a-laca!
 Boom-a-laca!
 Bow-wow-wow!
 Chica-laca!
 Chica-laca!
 Chow-chow-chow!
 Are we in it?
 Well, I guess!
 Rushers, Rushers!
 Yes! Yes! Yes!

"Chockataws"



HOCKEY CLUB

B. CHASE	Captain
L. MOORE	R. F.
P. BISHOP	R. F.
A. LETCHER	L. F.
C. WEBSTER	L. F.
T. TIPTON	C. H. B.
B. RAGLAN	L. H. B.
G. MILLER	R. H. B.
M. MYNATT	L. F. B.
R. TURNER	R. F. B.
L. HOPKINS	G. K.

Some Faculty Notes on Record

(FROM THE STUDENT BODY TO MEMBERS OF FACULTY.)

MARCH 12—No, we do not think it best for Miss Cooke to drop her Latin for then she would not have the required two and half hours recitations, and it is too late to substitute another study.

DECEMBER 6—We would like to warn Miss Blalock about her imprudent dressing before it is too late.

SEPTEMBER 29—We must inform Miss Wendell at the beginning of this year that she positively must not move her furniture more than twice a week. We will have to withdraw the privilege she had last year of moving it every night.

MARCH 13—We will have to "dock" Miss Buchanan's deportment for failing to report when she returned from the city last Saturday evening, as she has been repeatedly warned about this matter.

NOVEMBER 10—The housekeeper reports to us that Miss Wade has ten more pennants and six more pictures on the walls than the catalogue prescribes. She will please remove these immediately and thus retain the remainder of her deportment.

DECEMBER 12—We will have to warn Miss Lloyd, lest she become a hinderer by continuing to be late to morning prayer, thus lowering not only her own deportment but also that of her section.

JANUARY 10—Miss Taylor will please call at office and pay music bill of fifteen cents and save any loss of deportment.

To Whom it May Concern:

We are very much concerned and distressed at a tendency which has arisen in "Faculty" this year. It is the tendency of this august body to form what are commonly termed "crushes." We, the student body feel it our duty to discourage this, as it interferes not only with the personal work of the faculty, but with the college at large. There will be no loss of deportment to persons concerned if this warning is heeded immediately.

DECEMBER 10—Dr. Landrith will doubtless be surprised at his deportment grade this quarter. Too much talking in chapel.

An Eccentric Composition



The subject for the next paper was "A Village Eccentric." The following morning the rhetoric teacher was held up in the lower corridor by an aspiring young writer who requested her to read her paper, modestly averring, "I wrote on Venice."

"Venice!" said the teacher, "your subject was "A Village Eccentric."

"Yes, I know Venice isn't a village," said the genius in embryo, "but don't you think it's rather eccentric?"



To a Butterfly

BY MABEL HARRIS

Stay, thou bright wanderer,
And in my bower
Rest, thou mysterious one,
Nor bird, nor flower.

Oft o'er the fragrant rose
My fond eye sees
Thee, poising airily,
Swayed by the breeze.

Art thou a flower-soul
Lost on thy way,
Seeking a familiar face
Day by day?

Belmont Jingles



My old roommate and I fell out;
I'll tell you what 'twas all about—
I had money and she had none,
And that's the way the trouble begun.



Belmont College
Stood upon a hill,
And if it's not gone
It stands there still.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to Belmont, sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"I dare not let you, sir," she said.



Jack and Phil went up the hill
To call at Belmont College.
They turned Jack around and showed him the town
And Phil received the same knowledge.

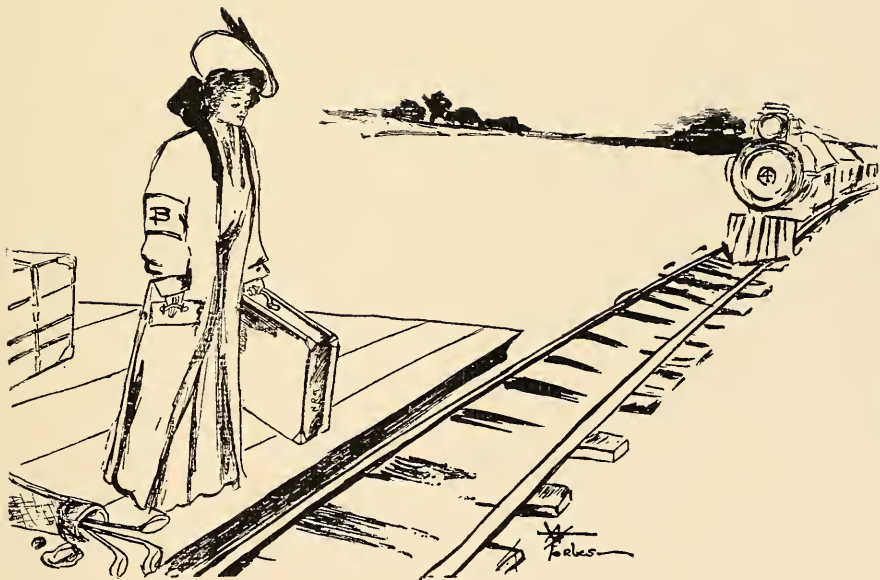


Mary had a uniform as brown as it could be,
And everywhere you Mary saw that uniform you'd see.
She wore the coat to town one day; to the rule did not conform
And now she mourns that "twenty off for broken uniform."

Epilogue



Our work is fast approaching now its close,
Our record has been made and written down,
And 'tis almost regretfully that we
Must needs bring to an end this labor dear.
For in these pages are our hearts bound up
In memories fond and cherished tenderly.
Indeed a pleasant duty has it been
To ramble thus among the scenes we love;
And, gentle readers, we appreciate
That interest and attention which have led
You with us even to this closing page.
Our gratitude to you does thanks compel,
Our thanks we offer you—and now, farewell.



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Frank Fite Music Co.

531-533
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The fact that we are Sole Agents for BEHR BROS. PIANO and ESTEY ORGAN is enough to make this house famous. In addition, we are Sole Agents for GABLER, KRELL, STROBER, ROYAL, HOFFMAN and LAGONDA PIANOS, as well as several other high-grade makes, making our line one of the most complete ever handled by any house in the South.

T. H. GRAINGER, Manager

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Children's Hats*

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A Complete Grocery Store

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Wash Chiffon, Organdies

Fine Dress Goods and Rich Silks

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Thompson & Co.

213 Fifth Ave., North, Nashville

A vintage advertisement for a photographer. The design is enclosed in a rectangular border. In the upper left, a circular portrait of a woman with dark hair is framed by a decorative, beaded border. To the right of the portrait, the name "Taylor" is written in a large, elegant cursive script. Below the name, the word "PHOTOGRAPHER" is printed in a large, bold, serif font with a drop shadow effect. Underneath this, a decorative banner contains the words "QUALITY PERMANENCY LIKENESS" in a smaller, serif font. The background of the advertisement is a light, textured grey with a faint sunburst pattern emanating from behind the word "PHOTOGRAPHER".

Taylor

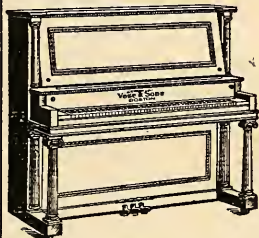
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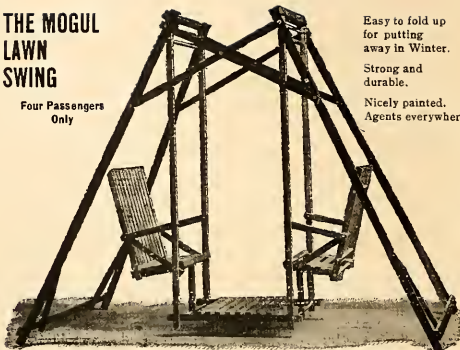
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Only



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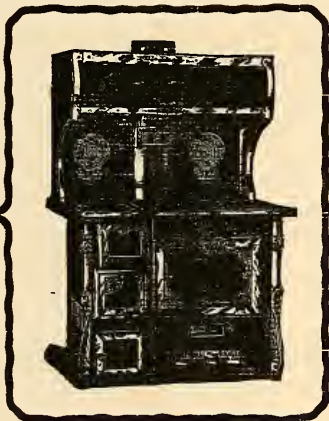
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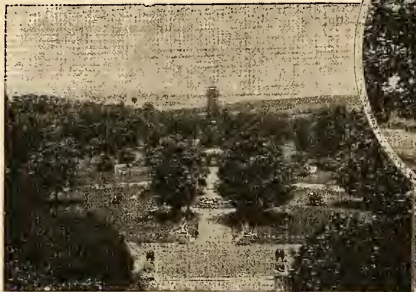
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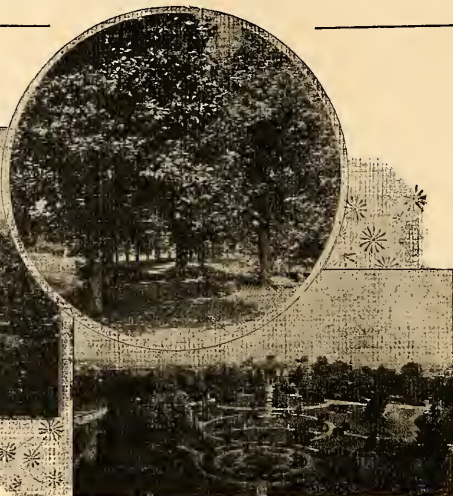
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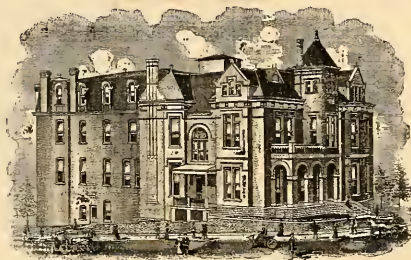
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