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OAK LEAVES



VOL. I.

MCMIV.

No. 1.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS :: :: ILLUSTRATED BY THE ART CLASS OF THE
Baptist Female University :: :: RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

CARLYLE CAMPBELL LIBRARY
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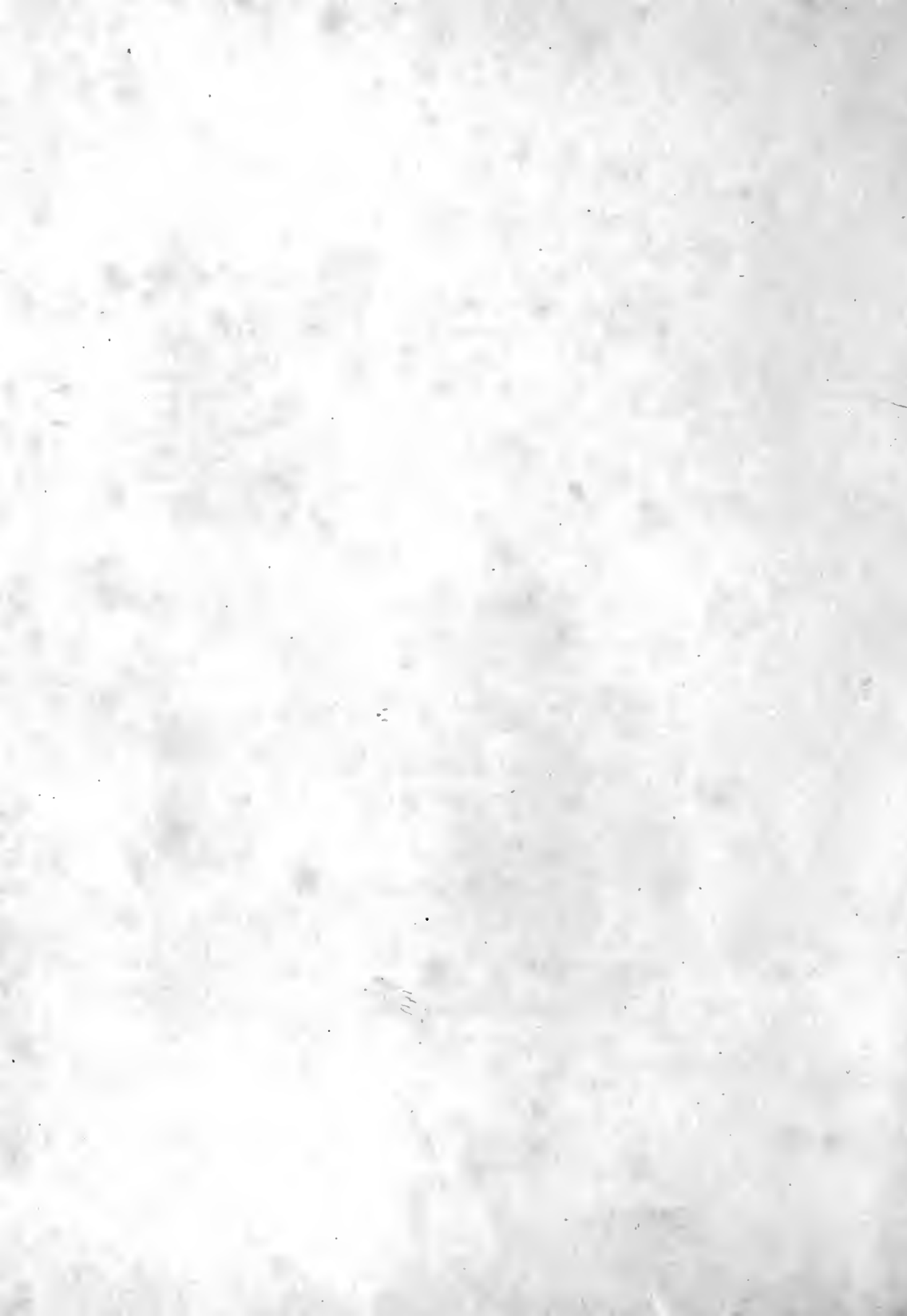
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"THE OLD OAK"



The Old Oak on the Corner.

I heard the Tuscarora's cry,
Amid his wild war dances.
I heard the dusky maiden sigh
Beneath her warrior's glances.

The hunter's call awoke the morn
In echoes far repeating,
And fast before the winding horn
I saw the stag retreating.

I heard proclaimed a nation's birth,
With acclamations ringing,
When Freedom fixed her home on earth,
And set the ages singing.

I heard the shepherd's piping song
With shouts of reapers mending.
I heard the blows of woodmen strong,
The sylvan silence rending.

I heard the martial bugle call:
I heard the war drum rattle.
I saw a mighty people fall
Beneath the stroke of battle.

And now the eager tradesmen come,
Of gold and empire dreaming.
A rising city's voices hum,
And busy marts are teeming.

I stand alone amid the storms,
My silent vigil keeping,
Above the dust of vanished forms
Where comrades all are sleeping.

Their voices from the whispered past
Sing low in whispered numbers—
I weary of the Winter's blast,
And seek their peaceful slumbers.

* * * * *
Brave monarch of two hundred years,
'Mid peace and war's red flashes,
We saw thee to thy tomb with tears;
Rest to thy noble ashes!

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1904.

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The B. F. U.

THOUGH the B. F. U. is young in years, the idea out of which it grew antedates the Civil War. The Baptists of North Carolina had gone so far as to purchase the lot on which the Agricultural Building now stands as a site for the school. During the season of paralysis which maimed the whole South after the war, this property slipped from their grasp, and for a long time no active steps were taken to renew the enterprise. But the plan was never wholly abandoned, and many prayers were offered that God would give the girls of the State the same advantages which grand old Wake Forest was giving the boys.

In 1890 a subscription was begun, to which people of all denominations responded. Sufficient money was contributed to buy the present site, but there every thing stopped again. Without a brick on the ground, without a dollar in the treasury, the building of a house adequate to the end in view seemed an impossibility. The business men of the city, as well as the contributors from other sections, began to ask: "Where is our money?" Something had to be done, and done immediately.

In 1891 a charter for the school was granted by the Legislature. In 1895 the foundation was laid, and then began a long struggle. For four years the Board of Trustees put forth every effort to raise money to carry on the building. Often there were long intervals of inaction for want of funds, and the wisecracks began to shake their heads and call the incomplete pile of brick and mortar the "folly of North Carolina Baptists."

For several years, Rev. O. L. Stringfield was financial agent, and the final success of the work is largely due to the enthusiasm he inspired throughout the State. At Greenville, in 1897, the fiftieth anniversary of the State Convention, the "Woman's Building Association" was organized. Any woman contributing five dollars, payable one dollar a year, was entitled to membership; and any one contributing twenty-five dollars, was given the privilege of inscribing a name—her own, or that of any woman she wished to honor—on a tablet on the chapel wall. The money raised by these faithful women aided materially in completing the work.

In 1899 the school was opened. The demand for rooms was so great that the Trustees bought, in August before the opening, the Adams' property, east of the

University, on the same square. This added largely to the already heavy debt hanging over the institution.

Most schools have to grow from small beginnings, but this one came into existence overgrown. In 1900 the Board found it necessary to buy a third building; and yet another was added the following year. These three houses are now known as the East Building, the North Cottage, and the South Cottage.

In 1900, Dr. R. T. Vann, a man having the love and confidence of the entire State, was called to the presidency. Since then he has devoted his whole time and energy to the liquidation of the debt. Several times the end has seemed in sight, only to be followed by disappointment. But God had not forgotten us, and at last the faithful efforts of Dr. Vann have been crowned with success. The last obligation has been met, and in February the joyful news was announced to the Faculty and students assembled in the chapel. To-day B. F. U. lifts her head free from debt and strong for work.

Three legacies have been left to the institution: The first by Chief Justice Faircloth, amounting to \$21,000 or \$22,000; the second, about \$10,000, was left in trust for the school by Mrs. Virginia Swepson; the third, in round numbers, \$20,000, by Mr. Dennis Simmons.

The accommodations are still insufficient to meet the demands, more than fifty girls having been turned away during the present school year. To satisfy this want, the Trustees have decided to use the Faircloth bequest to build a new dormitory, work on which began in March. The chapel and dining-room, in the Main Building, are to be enlarged, and it is to be hoped that all will be ready by next September.

The design in establishing this school was to give the girls of North Carolina the facilities for acquiring at home a higher education than is furnished in the average school for girls. Most of our girls have been content with a very meager college course. This school aims to create a demand for higher culture, and to furnish opportunity for its acquisition.

Furthermore, it is the earnest desire of the management that a deep and broad foundation may be laid here for the development of Christian character. It is hoped that the girls trained here may, on returning to their homes, become leaders in social reform and church life.

The great industrial awakening in North Carolina seriously complicates the social and religious problem. The solution of this problem depends in large measure on the schoolgirls of to-day, who will be the women of to-morrow. B. F. U. has no higher ambition for her daughters than that they may be prepared to meet worthily the obligations imposed on them.

Already the influence of her *alumnæ* is felt, and by the time she is as venerable



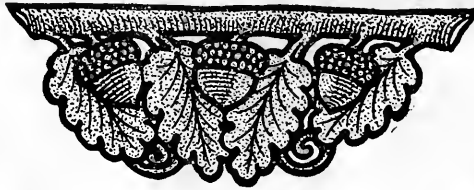
MAIN BUILDING



as her elder brother, Wake Forest, she will have, throughout this and neighboring States, an association of devoted daughters from whom she may expect great things.

A new school has no precedents, no traditions, by which to be guided, hence some mistakes have been made; but every school is what its members elect to make it, and this school set out in life with a lofty ideal, towards which she is making steady progress. The spirit of the student body is good, and the pupils are becoming more and more loyal as their pride in their Alma Mater grows.

Let her daughters rally around B. F. U., taking for their watchword: The best equipment, the greatest thoroughness, the highest degree of Christian culture!



College Yells.

Raleigh—Raleigh—Rah—Rah
Raleigh—Raleigh—Rah—Rah—
Hoo—Rah—Hoo—
B—F—U
B—F—U—

Hi—Yi—Hi—Yi—
Cis—Boom—Ah—
Raleigh—Raleigh—
Ra—Ra—Ra—
Razzlety—Dazzlety—
Hoo—Rah—Hoo—
Raleigh—Raleigh—
B—F—U—



Classes and
Organizations



Class of '04.

MOTTO:

Excellence or Nothing.

COLORS:

Turquoise and Gold.

FLOWER:

Blue Forget-me-not.

Officers:

VIRGINIA EGERTON, President

MARtha HAYNES, Vice-President

L. MARGARET FERGUSON, Treasurer

LIZZIE DIXON, Secretary

CARRIE BOOKER, Historian

L. MARGARET FERGUSON, Prophet

ISABELLE GULLEY, Poet

Members:

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CARRIE BOOKER

VIRGINIA EGERTON

MARtha HAYNES

ISABELLE GULLEY

LIZZIE DIXON

LAURA COX

MAGGIE MAY LEWIS

YELL:

Hallo-boo-ree-boo-rah-boo-roar,

Hallo-boo-ree-boo-rah-boo-roar.

Who roar? We roar,

Naughty-four.



VIRGIE EGERTON

"But so fair,
She takes the breath of men away
Who gaze upon her unaware."

MATTIE HAYNES

"A doctor I'll be, then let the world
rejoice! For sickness and death
are banished from the earth."





LIZZIE DIXON

"That girl with a grave, mathematical look, could harness a team with a logical chain."

CARRIE BOOKER

"Whose little body lodged a mighty mind."





LAURA COX

"Wise to resolve, and patient to perform."

MAGGIE LEWIS

"We murder to dissect. Enough of science and of art."





ISABELLE GULLEY

"I am Sir Oracle.
When I ope my lips let no dog bark."

MARGARET FERGUSON

"Born for success, she seems,
With grace to win, with heart to hold,
With shining gifts that take all eyes."



Class History of '04.

WHEN the news flashed over the State of North Carolina that the doors of the B. F. U. were at last opened, the Class of '04 checked baggage for Raleigh, and in September, eighteen hundred and ninety-nine, four of the merry members of that class promenaded the long corridors of the Baptist University and planned for the future.

When darkness settled down over the city and everybody was tired and worn-out by the question, "Who are you, and where are you from?" the first silvery peal of a bell rang out, "Go to your room!" and away we went; but lo! no beds were found, and so we passed the night on the floor; but slumber was sweet, and we slept and dreamed that she who makes her bed hard must lie on it. But now we hum on flowery beds of ease.

Thus began the history of the Class of '04, closely interwoven with the history of the University. We have grown up with the institution, have passed through the Dark Ages with her, and heard her groans, not without sympathy and prayer; but to-day the Class of '04 sees her supremacy and glories in her ever-increasing strength over all the female schools of the South, with the banner of progress and knowledge floating high. As the Class of '04 belongs to the University, so the University belongs to the class by a bond of esteem, honor and love, which no class can ever claim but the Class of '04.

Yet the class has a history all its own, developed out of the battles and victories of college life. *We* were never taunted by those horrible names of freshman and sophomore, but were juniors and seniors from the day of our organization. We did not enter preparatory; we have not followed in the footsteps of the preceding class, or inherited wisdom and fame from them, but keeping ever before us the thought, "higher education for women," we put aside the prevailing idea of a three-year or a four-year college course as sufficient for North Carolina women, and have spent five years in college halls and classrooms.

The Class of '04 were charter members of the literary societies, the first editors of the University journals, first leaders in the devotional meetings, which have developed into a Young Woman's Christian Association, *and first and last in the hearts of the Trustees, Faculty, and students.*

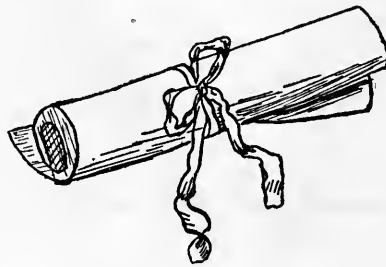
The Class of '04 will leave the University in her first glory, with grave questions settled for all succeeding classes; college colors fixed, magnificent society



halls, plans for a gymnasium and swimming pools, well-organized athletic teams, and the first college Annual.

Now we begin our march through strange and wonderful lands, a band of eight, soon to be parted right and left to complete our journey all alone. Did I say alone? Perhaps not *all* alone, for one member of the class will most likely be accompanied by a *captive chieftain* from the land of *Science*. May the bond be such that no succeeding class may have to surmount the obstacles that we have climbed over, or come so near the limit of the pass. The way has been dark, but with magic lights some have made their way, while others groped in darkness.

Many provinces have been conquered, namely: Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Biology, Chemistry, Physics, Astronomy, French, German, Latin, Greek, History, Literature, and Philosophy, with unsurpassed honor for some one, and in many cases for all, in each province. But the nearer the end the more difficult the way, for *cuts* can not be bridged; but those who pass the *cuts* will wear the stately robe, and as a merit of success and fame the ivy planted by the University walls will ever grow and cling.



Class Poem.

The worthy struggle's o'er,
The victory we have won,
All glory crowns the class of nineteen four,
Tho' our lives are just begun.

High our standard has been,
"Excellence or nothing,"
In our school-days, midst their rush and din,
From the top our voices ring.

To great heights we shall soar,
Great aims we'll have in life,
The members of the class of nineteen and four,
Fully equipped for the strife.

Let it be our watchword,
Now and forever more,
Our deeds shall always be nobler when are heard
Those grand words *nineteen four*.

A flash of blue and gold,
Magic colors that they are,
Shall always bring back to us days of old,
When we view them from afar.

To our Alma Mater dear,
To her all credit's due,
For our pleasures and achievements here,
At grand old B. F. U.

We'll rally 'round her standard,
To recall the days of yore,
When each, older grown, will turn her regard
Towards the day of nineteen four.

Prophecy of Class of '04.

NO one, of course, had ever doubted but that our Class of '04 would make a most brilliant record, and do for the State—nay, I might even say for the whole United States—what no other graduating class from the B. F. U. had ever done.

But who should have believed that as I stood nursing a sick man that I was entertaining, not angels, to be sure, but friends, unawares!

Yes, I had been nursing Mr. Gainsborough for nearly a week, when one day he asked me to write to his wife for him. This I did gladly, and explained to her his condition as nearly as I could, and at the close signed Miss Ferguson as his day nurse.

To my amazement, on the very next day I received a reply to my note, and from whom should it be but my old classmate, Maggie Lewis, now Mrs. Gainsborough!

She was surprised that I did not remember meeting Mr. Gainsborough at the swell reception the Class of '05 gave us at B. F. U., and equally as much surprised that I, too, had not joined that innumerable matrimonial caravan of which she had long since been a member. She urged me to write her a long letter telling her all about our old classmates, as she presumed "spinsters" like myself had much more time to keep up with the outside world than those preoccupied with little household and wifely cares as she herself was.

And indeed I had prided myself on at least locating each of our number, and so I sat down and wrote her:

"JOHNS HOPKINS HOSPITAL, *May 10, 1909.*

"*My dear Maggie:*

"Since you have called my attention to it, I do remember that fine-looking, broad-shouldered man whom you invited to that Junior Reception, but it has been quite a while since then, and I did not expect to see him here in the hospital, afflicted with appendicitis. He, however, bore his operation well and is now recovering rapidly.

"As to our Class, I shall have to scold you because of your utter neglect of them, for I really think you might at least have kept up with Mattie Haynes and her wonderful discovery.

"Did you not read in the last *Medical Journal* that she had determined by

hardening the vitilin substance of the eye of animals that a lens could be made which would reflect rose-colored rays of light through the skull, clearly defining the minute anatomy of the brain? This great discovery, it is believed by scientists, will lead to the cure of insanity in all its forms. I have seen her constantly since leaving school, for you know she took the doctor's degree at Hopkins University. She was always a crank over medicine, and used to glory in dissecting those stray cats which Doctor Dixon-Carroll waylaid, and she even handled earthworms unflinchingly, searching eagerly for their numerous hearts. She is an honor to her Alma Mater, but in the brilliancy of her record she does not surpass Isabelle.

"You remember Isabelle Gulley, whom you used to designate as my 'crush.' She is now dean in that Woman's University of Law in the Old North State, and is noted far and wide for her wise judgment and intellectuality. I spent two weeks of my vacation with her last summer, and she is the same dear girl as ever, only she has straightened herself to a more dignified height and presents the appearance of a Daniel, yea, a 'Daniel come to judge us.'

"I have not heard from Carrie Booker for quite a while, but Madam Rumor is still alert, and in this instance has not failed. She bears the news that she is now lady principal in one of our Southern colleges. The tidings are that the girls all stand in awe of that wonderful coil of re—, well, auburn—hair, and that their knees fairly quake as she peers at them from behind those glasses of hers. You know she used to work that on the Faculty at B. F. U. She would simply sit up so dignified and look so wise, that no one of them ever doubted but that she was thoroughly informed on the subject, and so passed her by with only a significant glance, and persecuted us with her share of questions. Yet the girls under her charge all eye her with admiration, and her spirit of fun and wit has ripened in these years since she left B. F. U., and she is loved by all, especially the patrons of red hair.

"Lizzie Dixon, 'that girl with the grave, mathematical look,' has perfected her skill along that line. Since taking special work in mathematics at Chicago University, she has been teaching mathematics. She is a living example to the contrary of the old idea existing among men—that women can not master mathematics—for I have heard that she handles polygon, cubes, and rectangles, in a dexterous fashion and is not the least agitated or abashed when asked by any of her students for outside aid on a difficult problem.

"Laura Cox, you remember, while at school always said she was going to be a missionary to Japan, but since Japan was victorious in that war with Russia, she has become so rapidly christianized that Miss Cox has decided to go further inland to China, and she writes that she is now there in a mission school, teaching and picking splinters out of the hands of the little Chinese boys and girls, and tying up their stumped toes.

“And Virgie Egerton, since taking her degree at Cornell, has been staying at her home, and is quite a belle there. No wonder, for her large brown eyes, Gibson air, and charming manners could hardly fail to attract the fair representative of the stronger sex. Yet she had fortified herself strongly against the weapon of Cupid until recently one good archer’s dart pierced the bulwarks, and as a result carried off the fair lady Virgie as his prize. The fortunate one is one of New York’s representatives in Congress, who met her while she was in school at Cornell.

“However, before the wonderful event takes place in June, she is going to have our class attend an Old Maids’ Convention at her home, and says she wants you to chaperone the crowd. Won’t that be simply fine?

“And now I have taken up my whole time writing about our Class of ’04, and must hasten to my duties.

“Good-bye,
“L. M. F.”





JUNIOR CLASS



Class of '05.

COLOR:
Dark Blue

FLOWER:
White Carnation

MOTTO:
Climax

YELL:
Dip and dive, dip and dive,
We're the Class of Naughty-five,
M - D - C - C - C - C - V
Baptist Uni - ver - si - ty.

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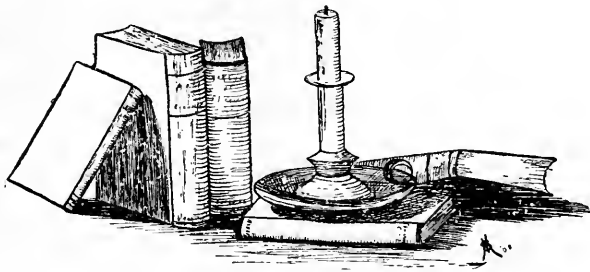
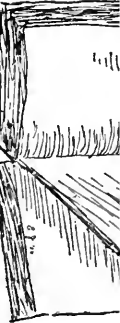
History of Class of '05.

FROM the hills and valleys of Carolina we came, bringing with us memories of happy childhood. We may have ranked as conventionally "fresh" by a certain set, who took matters into their own hands far too much to suit our ideas of propriety or justice. However unimportant that detail may have been, we have succeeded in gaining, through a series of tests and examinations too numerous and thrilling to mention, an eminence from whose envied height we view the struggles and downfalls of the past with proud and reconciled eye.

It was a sad day when we awoke within the college walls to find, perhaps for the first time, that things were not all we had dreamed. Of course we expected at least an equal footing with every girl; but the inconceivable presumption of that particular set, or sets—for we found several—seemed to deny any such recognition. Accordingly, our first vague doubts, awakened by these independents, were soon confirmed forebodings, which finally developed into the realization that a siege must be made, a battle must be fought for our rights. They seemed to stand in the "*superiora loca*," as a familiar high-school author puts it in a narration of a similar struggle. So, with all the "fresh" courage ascribed to us, we unfurled our banner and turned our faces unflinchingly to the high places; and we are convinced that never a Hannibal, about whose wonderful marches we have been reading for pastime and pleasure as we advanced, crossed barriers more difficult, with steeper ascents, or more precipitous declivities. After a season of perse-

verance and a series of attacks, which gained for us a certain degree of recognition, our opponents struck their colors and met us on peaceful vantage ground. Thus we became equalized by more than mathematical processes.

It was a great experience and we appreciate it now ; some of our number were lost, unable to endure the scientific tactics of warfare. Others shrank from discipline ; and still others, if an historian must record sad facts, were wounded—yes, seriously wounded—by the unavoidable shaft of that world-famous little hero and adversary called Cupid. Only ten heroic spirits have stood the tests of toil and time ; but we are proud, and justly proud, you will concede, of our efforts and victory. And, after all, valiant foes make valiant friends, and it is pleasant to smile with them over the memorable past. It is still more pleasant to wear the laurel on heights we have achieved. Looking back on the past two years of toil we would not recall them, though they are vivid with pleasure. The seniority of our more responsible friends is like the finale of some sad music, the notes of which we are never to hear again. Thrilled by the inspiring breezes which sweep up from the Italy of our hope just below, we stand upon the Alpine height of college glory.



Class of '06.

MOTTO :

“ Rowing, Not Drifting.”

FLOWER :

Maréchal Neil Rose.

YELL.

Hi, de diddle, de diddle de dix,
Naughty, Naughty, Naughty-six,
Hi, de diddle, de diddle, de who?
Naughty-six and B. F. U.

COLOR.

Cream.

Officers.

MARY JOHNSON, President

MAMIE WRIGHT, Vice-President

LUCILE DEVEREAUX WITHERS, Secretary

HELEN MAY McLENDON, Treasurer

ELIZABETH WOOD WILLIAMS, Historian

NELLIE MAY BAKER, Poet

Class Roll.

NELLIE MAY BAKER

MARY LEE BIVINS

MARY JOHNSON

HELEN MAY McLENDON

LUCY PETTY

MARY ELIZABETH SAWYER

ELEANOR EARL WHITAKER

MAMIE WRIGHT

ELIZABETH WOOD WILLIAMS

LUCILE DEVEREAUX WITHERS



SOPHOMORE CLASS



History of the Class of '06.

THE history of the Sophomores of '06 has been much the same as of other sophomores who have gone before us. We are not large in numbers, but we are large in college spirit and college work. In college athletics we have taken a leading part, and have put on the field girls who do credit not only to our class, but also to the University. Are we behind in the intellectual field, a few of our number being recognized as the coming strong girls in college?

Our first year of college life was somewhat easier than that which usually falls to the lot of Freshmen. Perhaps this was due to the fact that the "Sophs" of our first year were known for their mild and amiable spirits. Although lacking in the training which the Freshmen usually receive, we were ready to put the "Fresh" through when we had passed the bottle and teeth-cutting age.

Our first year passed quickly with hard work, as well as play, and when the 1st of September, 1903, came around, it found us with a firm and strong foundation for our Sophomore year. It was with regret that the faces of several of our most prominent classmates were missed; but four new girls joined our ranks, who have in part made up for the loss from our former number.

It is the desire of all our number that the Class of 1906 shall be known as one whose purpose is high, whose work is worthy, and as one which "rows—not drifts."





Class of '07.

MOTTO:

Toward the advance.

COLOR:

Nile Green.

FLOWER:

Lily of the Valley.

YELL:

Seven and eleven, seven and eleven,
That counts the Class of 1907,
Luck in seven, vict'ry in eleven,
We are the eighteen of 1907.

President

SALLIE TOMLINSON

Vice-President
MARY PARKER

Secretary
CATHARINE BRYAN

Treasurer
ADDIE SMITH

Historian
LIZZINIA MOORE

Sergeant-At-Arms
REBECCA KNIGHT

Members.

CATHARINE BRYAN
STEPHENS CARRICK
MAIE HINSON
FOY JOHNSON
ONA LONG
LIZZINIA MOORE
CLARA PIGG
ADDIE SMITH
LOUISE WYATT

ETHEL CARROLL
MIMIE COX
MATTIE JENKINS
REBECCA KNIGHT
MAMIE MEEKS
MARY PARKER
MELISSA PHILLIPS
SALLIE TOMLINSON
VIVIAN WYSONG



FRESHMAN CLASS



Freshman Class History of '07.

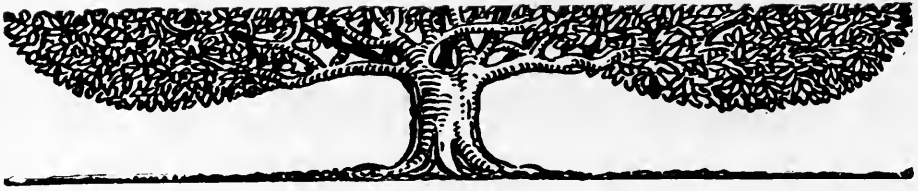
WHEN we first entered the University, the Sophs tried to impress upon our dull and undeveloped brains the fact that they were the greatest and most learned class the University had ever enrolled. And when the proposition was first made to organize the Freshman Class, the Sophs, who think they are almost as much as Seniors, but, who, in reality, are just further advanced Freshmen, were determined to show their power by trying to prevent our organization. In this they failed, and now we have as dignified meetings as the Seniors themselves.

Soon we showed these egotistical ladies that they were of small importance as compared with the Freshmen. In athletics the members of the Freshman Class have taken a prominent stand. One of its members is the best goal-thrower on the basket ball team.

Socially, the dear Freshmen are favorites of all, easily impressing everyone with their personal beauty and magnetism, and with their superior intelligence. In musical and literary circles the Freshmen are leaders. In art, too, we are not lacking; one of our members plans and designs all the posters for the Y. W. C. A.

Soon our happy days will be days gone by, to be cherished ever in our memories. Soon we shall pass into upper classes where we can do more good, and, where, if we meet with such success as we have had this year, the '07 class will be acclaimed the first and greatest that ever attended the Baptist Female University.





Freshman Rush.

(Found on the Bulletin Board the Next Morning After the Freshman Rush.)

“The Freshman Class will organize
As soon as supper’s o’er!”
The room was silent. Every face
A look of horror wore.

Each little Freshman quite forgot
To eat her “Mellin’s Food,”
The tootsy wootsies little guessed
What awful trouble brewed.

With modest pride assembled they
At the appointed place,
With curls all smooth and such a smile
On every little face.

They laid their rattles by
And tried to close the door,
But oh! They did not bargain for
Each valiant Sophomore.

The door at last was tightly closed
The Freshmen screamed in glee—
They did not see two Seniors, who
Had slipped in noiselessly.

Meanwhile a crowd of jeering Sophs
Had found a window wide,
And quietly they slipped around
Prepared to climb inside.

The Freshmen heard them as they came,
And, with a mighty shriek,
They tried to pull the window down,
Those Freshmen small and weak!

In vain the struggle fiercer, fiercer grows,
The Fresh are terrified,
For there! The window can't be closed,
A Sophomore's inside!

Another comes! Another! Now
They follow thick and fast!
The room is filled with Sophomores,
The Freshmen are aghast.

The Juniors quickly follow suit,
They tumble wildly in,
The little Freshmen give a wail,
Unused to such a din.

They tussle, mussle, scream and shriek,
The room is in a roar,
A deaf'ning din is all that's heard,
And still they guard the door.

A hush—Mrs. Norwood timidly
Thrusts slowly in her head,
She's come to get the darling Fresh
And put them all to bed!

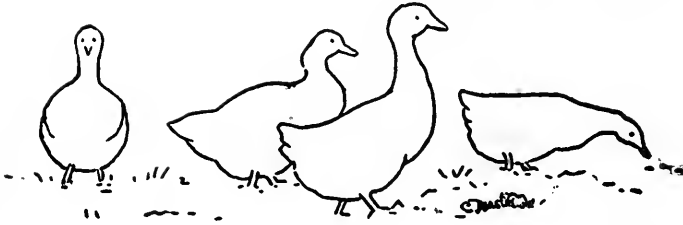
The Sophs are very kind;
They say, "Now we will go,
And let you choose your President
And all that stuff you know!"

The Sophs depart. The little Fresh,
Now in the seventh heaven,
Decide 'twere wise to drink the health
To Class of "Naughty-seven."

They clink their mugs of china thick;
Then with a happy sigh
They drain the cool, refreshing milk,
Resolved to "do or die."

The class did choose for color, green
Of fresh and verdant hue.
Their yell? They made it up, of course,
To them the honors due!

“Wah! Wah! Wah! fwee cheers for us,
We dirls of B. F. U.
De Fweshman Class, de vevy best,
Hoowah! hooway! Ah goo!”





Young Women's Christian Association.

MOTTO:

“ Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit,
saith the Lord of hosts.”

Officers.

CAROLINE BOOKER	President
MARGARET FERGUSON	Vice-President
RUBY MCKAY	Recording Secretary
MARY JOHNSON	Corresponding Secretary
KATE BEAMAN	Treasurer

Astrotekton Literary Society.

COLORS:

Gold and White.

MOTTO:

“He builds too low who builds
beneath the stars.”

FLOWER:

Narcissus.

Officers.

ISABELLE GULLEY President
EVA SMITH Vice-President
RUBY MCKAY Secretary
LUCILE ELLINGTON Treasurer

History of the Astrotekton Society.

ON October 28, 1899, a small number of girls banded themselves with the purpose of inspiring each other with a love for literature, and with a desire to promote the higher principles of self-government and self-control. The progress of the organization was wonderful.

The band was known as "Club A." It was ignorant as to parliamentary practise; the treasury was empty; and not only did they lack furnishings for a hall, but the hall itself was not to be obtained. This, however, was an "A" club; for in spite of many difficulties, they met in chapel or recitation-room and worked with zeal.

Soon their constitution was adopted, officers elected, and a hall provided. This organization was no longer known as a club, but as a literary society, with a name worthy of an organization in the school founded by faith—Astrotekton—star-builders.

Then came the day when a visitor met with our society. He was charmed with the literary work and the zeal of the members. This was Mr. Dennis Simmons. He expressed his gratification by furnishing the hall at his expense, leaving the details to the discretion of our president. Now a large brass mirror took the place of a panel in the wall; a beautiful secretary's desk was provided; handsome mahogany furnishings took the place of bare benches; nothing was left undone.

In the following years the girls worked with added zeal; new members were received; strict discipline was enforced; and by means of systematic study the literary work was lifted to a higher plane.

Not to neglect any part of our development, debates were instituted. This effort was rewarded when on March 3, 1902, after a close contest with the Philoretian Society upon the question: "*Resolved*, That the pension system should be abolished," the representatives of our Society, who maintained the negative, were declared victorious.

It seemed that a good angel presided over the Astrotektons, for just at Commencement '02, the news came that by the will of the late Dennis Simmons, the Society was in the possession of \$1,500, so that it need no longer be hampered by the scarcity of funds.

The present year shows marks of increased progress. Enthusiasm for the

success of the Society fills every heart. Loyalty leads all to take pleasure in fulfilling every duty assigned.

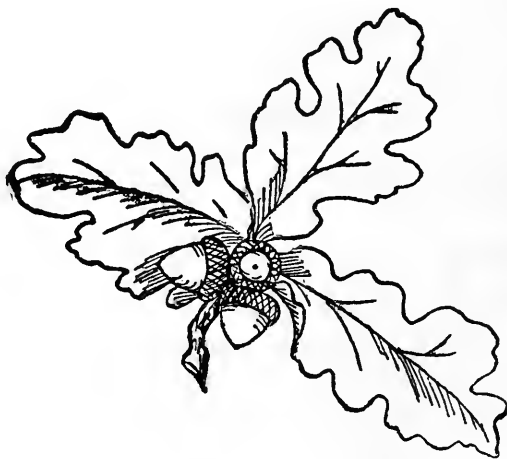
At the beginning of the year a reception was given in honor of the new students, and we give the closing lines of an article from the next day's paper:

“The University student who wishes to make the most of her school life, will surely adopt Emerson's advice to her present circumstances and ‘hitch her wagon to this star’ of the college firmament—the Astrotekton Society.”

The outlook for the future is such as to make us proud. The standard of work as a literary society is ever climbing higher, and in a short time a larger hall will be erected to accommodate the ever increasing membership.

Already numbers of its members have gone out over the State, doing credit to their Alma Mater because of having been among us, and having worked with the motto, so dear to every Astrotekton: “He builds too low who builds beneath the stars.”

L. RUBY REID.



Philoretian Literary Society.

MOTTO:

“ Plain living, high thinking.”

COLORS:

Violet and White.

FLOWER:

Violet.

Officers.

CAROLINE L. BOOKER	President
A VIRGINI A. EGERTON	Vice-President
L. MARGARET FERGUSON	Secretary
ELIZABETH DIXON	Treasurer

Philoretian History.

LIKE our flower, we began small, modest, and unassuming. But as the violet gradually unfolds, showing its true worth and merit, so we have grown. It was with eager hearts and willing hands that a small band of girls assembled under the leadership of our professor of literature, Mrs. H. E. Stone, in October, 1899, for the purpose of establishing a literary society.

All of us felt the need of such an influence in our school, and believed that we had the material which could begin a movement that would be felt and passed down in the years to come.

We had no society hall, but one of the classrooms was assigned to us and there we began our work. Though few in number, we grew rapidly, and such interest was taken in the work that it was not long before we were able to continue without the guiding hand of Mrs. Stone. What we were and are now we have accomplished ourselves, for we have had no outside aid except that of Mrs. Stone, and that aid was inestimable.

From year to year we have grown in number until now we are no longer able to meet in our hall, but are compelled to hold our meetings in the college chapel.

In the second year of our organization we began to publish a society paper, *The Twentieth Century Echo*, and this has since been an important feature in our work to encourage the girls to write, and, also, to prepare them for literary work.

Looking over our roll we are proud to say that we have counted in our midst some of the best intellect in school, and our girls have always held places of highest honor.

Now, in the fifth year of our existence, we can say that our organization was a step that has never been regretted, and it is our earnest wish that as great years to come as in the years gone by!

V. A. E.

an influence for good will be exerted by the Philoretian Literary Society in the



Historical Society.

FLOWER :
Thistle.

MOTTO :
" Nemo me impune lacessit."

COLOR :
Scotch Plaid.

Officers.

L. RUBY REID President
L. MARGARET FERGUSON Vice-President
ELIZABETH WILLIAMS Secretary and Treasurer
GRACE RUTH GIBBS Archive Keeper

Psychology Class Roll '03.

T. NEILL JOHNSON, Leader

IRENE HAIRE, Follower

CARRIE BOOKER, Arguer

ISABELLE GULLEY, Listener

VIRGIE EGERTON, Dreamer. (Are dreams healthy?)

ELOISE DOUGH, One to be quizzed

MARGARET FERGUSON, "I don't believe

I quite catch your meaning" (No wonder.)

DORA FALLS, "Meek as Moses"

KATE BEAM, "That's what I meant."

MATTIE HAYNES, "Silence is Golden"

MAGGIE LEWIS, Deeply interested in "Familiar Science."

ANNIE STEWART, _____

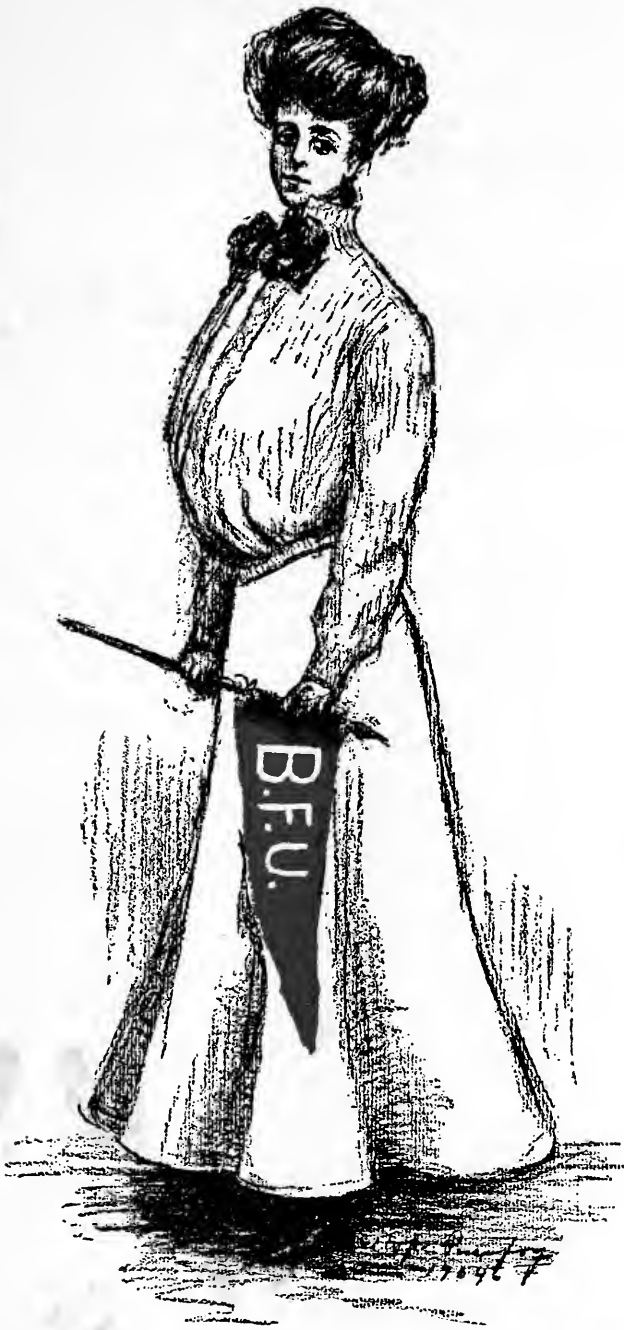
NELLIE BAKER, A mental life primarily

teleological, always predominated by a

state of consciousness, which results

in an activity of some sort in the

cerebral hemisphere as such.



A
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H
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Athletic Association.

Officers.

GRACE GALLOWAY	President
MARGARET FERGUSON	Vice-President
LUCILLE ELLINGTON	Secretary
RUBY MCKAY	Treasurer

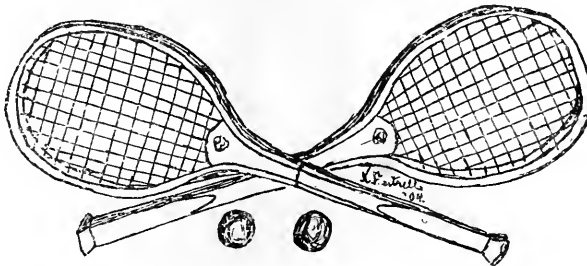
Executive Committee.

MARY LILY KING	EVELYN LEE AYDLETT	W. G. SACKETT
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Hail to the glorious college spirit of the Class of '04!

Since '99, when the University started its career, athletics, to a certain extent, have been discussed, but not until this year have those deeply interested felt the encouragement necessary to push the work forward. However after much talk, some thinking, and a few mass-meetings, a plan was formed by which the work could be started on a small scale.

By the co-operation of the Faculty and the never-ceasing energy of the girls, an Athletic Association was organized October 10, 1904, with a membership of thirty-five. Since that time the members have worked with a zeal which is possessed only by University people, and the Association has increased steadily in members until now it numbers one hundred and fifteen.







Cry of the Blues.

Biff, boom, bang, the Blues go bumping,
Down towards Red's high old goal,
And beneath the old maroon
We will sing in happy tune
As we put the Reds down in the hole.

Cry of the Reds.

Cheer, girls, cheer! the Reds have got the ball,
Cheer, girls, cheer! the Blues 'll have to fall,
And when we hit their line, they'll have no line at all,
There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night.



Basket-Ball Team.

ORA FLACK, Captain

SALLIE TOMLINSON, Business Manager

GRACE GALLOWAY

ETTIE AYDLETT

RUTH ZEIGLER

IMA ALLEN

KATHBRINE FUTRELL

MARY JOHNSON

ERA COVINGTON

Substitutes.

HELEN McLENDON

NANNIE HUNTLEY

MARY LOU OLIVER

BASKET-BALL YELL.

Rip! rah! roar! Rip! rah! roar!
Basketball Nine of Naughty-four
Never defeated! Whoop! la! Who?
Invincible Team of B. F. U!



BASKET-BALL TEAM





Tennis Club.

MARY LILY KING President

DORA FALLS Manager

W. G. SACKET Coach

Members.

EVA SMITH

MARGARET FERGUSON

ANNIE JOSEY

RUBY MCKAY

HELEN MCLENDON

BEULAH RAPER

MARY SAWYER

KATE FUTRELL

BESSIE FUTRELL

ONA LONG

KATE BEAMAN

MAY LIDE

ORA FLACK



TENNIS CLUB



“Sunny Jim” Club.

SONG:

**There is Sunshine
in My Soul.”**

MOTTO:

**Wear “the smile that
won’t come off.”**

COLOR:

Yellow.

FLOWER:

Sunflower.

FAVORITE FOOD:

“ Force.”

Members.

SUE WATKINS

SARA GARDNER

HELEN MCLONDON

RUBY MCKAY

Baseball.

Line-Up.

DORA FALLS, Pitcher

RUBY REID, Catcher

RUBY MCKAY, First Base

LUCY PETTY, Second Base

ESSIE MORGAN, Third Base

MARY LILLY KING, Right Field

EDITH TAYLOR, Left Field

HELEN MCLONDON, Center Field

AGNES TAYLOR, Short-stop

Substitutes:

SUE WATKINS

GRACE GALLOWAY

ELIZABETH BOUSHALL

YELL:

Rah! Rah! Rah! Who! Rah! Who!

Baseball Team of B. F. U.

Strike us out, Knock us out

Not at all!

We are the Girls who Play Baseball!

The Maroon.*

PUBLISHED BY THE GHOULS AT 2 O'CLOCK A. M.

VOL. V. NO. 345.

B. F. U., IDES OF MARCH.

PRICE—ONE FARTHING.

WAR DECLARED!

OFFICIALLY ANNOUNCED!

Fortifications Put Up — All Preparations Made for Attack—Specials from Third and Fourth Floors.

B. F. U., March 10.—The announcement has been made that war is declared by the people of B. F. U. Famous implements of defense have been ordered to sustain the attack. There is much excitement evident among the natives. The number of volunteers has increased rapidly and steadily. The authorities think that the war will be long, but seem hopeful that it will end favorably.

Later News of War.

B. F. U., March 10.—Special.—A dispatch to THE MAROON says that the attack has been made and the result was wonderfully successful. A number of traps have been set and in one night fifteen rats have been caught.

*Inserted in order to perpetuate this important organ of our school, knowing that the Annual would be incomplete without it.

GREAT ELECTION!

Took Place Amid Much Excitement, Cheers and Enthusiasm.

B. F. U., March 7.—A grand election took place at the B. F. U. to-day. Promptly at 2:30 p. m. the members of the Astrotekton and Philoretian societies met in their respective halls. The assemblies were called to order and the election of marshals announced. Many names were proposed, votes were cast, and the members awaited breathlessly the result. Amidst the cheers of girls then entered the committees appointed to count votes and the following announced as the result:

PHILORETIAN.

Eloise Dough, Chief.
Lucile Withers.
Hennie Ragsdale.

ASTROTEKTON.

Victoria Martin, Chief.
Lucile Ellington,
Ruby McKay.

IMPORTANT

MEETING!

The Results of Vital Significance.

The Faculty of B. F. U. have met, and after long and careful consideration, the system of cuts has been adopted. This step is undoubtedly the most important that has ever been taken by the Faculty, and the results will be most satisfactory. The students stand in great awe of this system and their reverence for the Faculty is greatly increased thereby. The effects of this excellent system are positively exhilarating. The students are no longer ill, except in unusual cases, and the health of the whole student body is greatly improved. This system has proved more beneficial to the school than all the medicine in Hicks' drug store, or all the skill of our accomplished resident physician. Why, it has even been known to cure bad cases of measles, mumps and pneumonia.

THE MAROON

Weather Forecast.

"Cutting" in vicinity of classrooms in morning—considerable clearing toward noon—calm, suitable (?) for "digging" towards study-bell.

Social.

The following invitation announced one of the greatest events of the season:

My Dear Mr. _____,

We are going to have a little party over here on Washington's birthday. Won't you come?

(Signed.) _____

The following answer was received on a postal card from a W. F. C. newish:

My Dear Miss _____,

Yes, I'll come. Sorry I had to wait so long, but I had to write to ask my mamma if I could come. Yours,

ANNIVERSARY.

What could bring greater pleasure to the heart of a B. F. U. girl than to receive an invitation to the W. F. C. Anniversary unless, indeed, it be the realization of attending one of these most joyous celebrations! Such was the pleasure and privilege of many of our girls. We feel sure the hospitality of W. F. C. cannot be excelled.

Flack—Purefoy. .

The University chapel was the scene of much merriment on the evening when the Faculty and students assembled to witness the marriage of Miss Heslope Purefoy to O. Lee Flack.

At 8 o'clock the bridal party entered to the strains of Men-

delsohn's Wedding March, in the following order: Misses Ruth Zeigler and Ima Allen, flower girls; Mamie Stillwell, Evelyn Aydlett, Eleanor Wallace, Mary Sawyer, bridesmaids. Up the opposite aisle came E. E. Smith, H. Allen, E. Wright and K. Futrell, groomsmen.

Then came the maid of honor, Miss Ettie Aydlett, and following her the bride leaning on the arm of her father, M. B. Wright. From the vestry room the groom with his best man, G. Galloway, came forward and met the bride at the chancel.

While the ceremony was humorously performed by Father Martin, Miss Lalla Ellington sang in a very impressive manner "O, promise me." The bridal party and the relations then repaired to the dining hall where an elegant lunch was served.

The chapel was elaborately decorated with ferns, palms, and cut flowers, giving a beautiful effect to the color scheme, which was white and green. The bridesmaids wore white organdy and carried immense bunches of maiden-hair ferns. The maid of honor wore green crepe-de-chene over taffeta and carried bride's roses. The bride was gowned in white silk with rose point lace. In her hand she carried lilies of the valley, while orange blossoms were entwined in her veil, this being caught up with a diamond sunburst, the gift of the groom.

The presents were numerous

and handsome, attesting to the popularity of both bride and groom.

She was a beautiful creature. Her eyes were soft and dreamy and brown. Her curling hair caressed a brow as pure as marble, while in its billowy mass nestled four bows of Scotch plaid ribbon of hues and tints which the rainbow never dreamed of possessing. With loops intertwined, these bows looked like gay butterflies, nestling about a rose—an American Beauty rose. She went to class occasionally, she liked to hear Miss Jones talk, and she respected the cut system also.

One day, the teacher said: "Miss _____, will you please scan the stanza which you see on the board?"

With languid air she raised her liquid orbs and poured them on the verses. Not a word passed the "vermeil tintured portals" of her lips.

"Miss _____, will you scan it?"

"Yes 'm."

Another pause.

"Well, scan it *now* please."

With a reproachful look in her soulful eyes, Miss _____ replied: "Miss Jones, I am looking at it just as hard as I can."

She had cut class the day before when the first lesson in scansion had been given. But never mind, the brilliant bows on the outside more than compensated for any lack of brilliancy on the inside.

Dramatic Club.

MOTTO :

Naturalness—"To thine own self be true."

COLORS :

Sea-foam Green and Garnet.

Officers.

HENNIE SUTTON RAGSDALE President
ETTIE BRIGGS AYDLETT Vice-President
SADIE ELIZABETH LAMBERT Secretary
LUCILLE DEVEREAUX WITHERS Treasurer

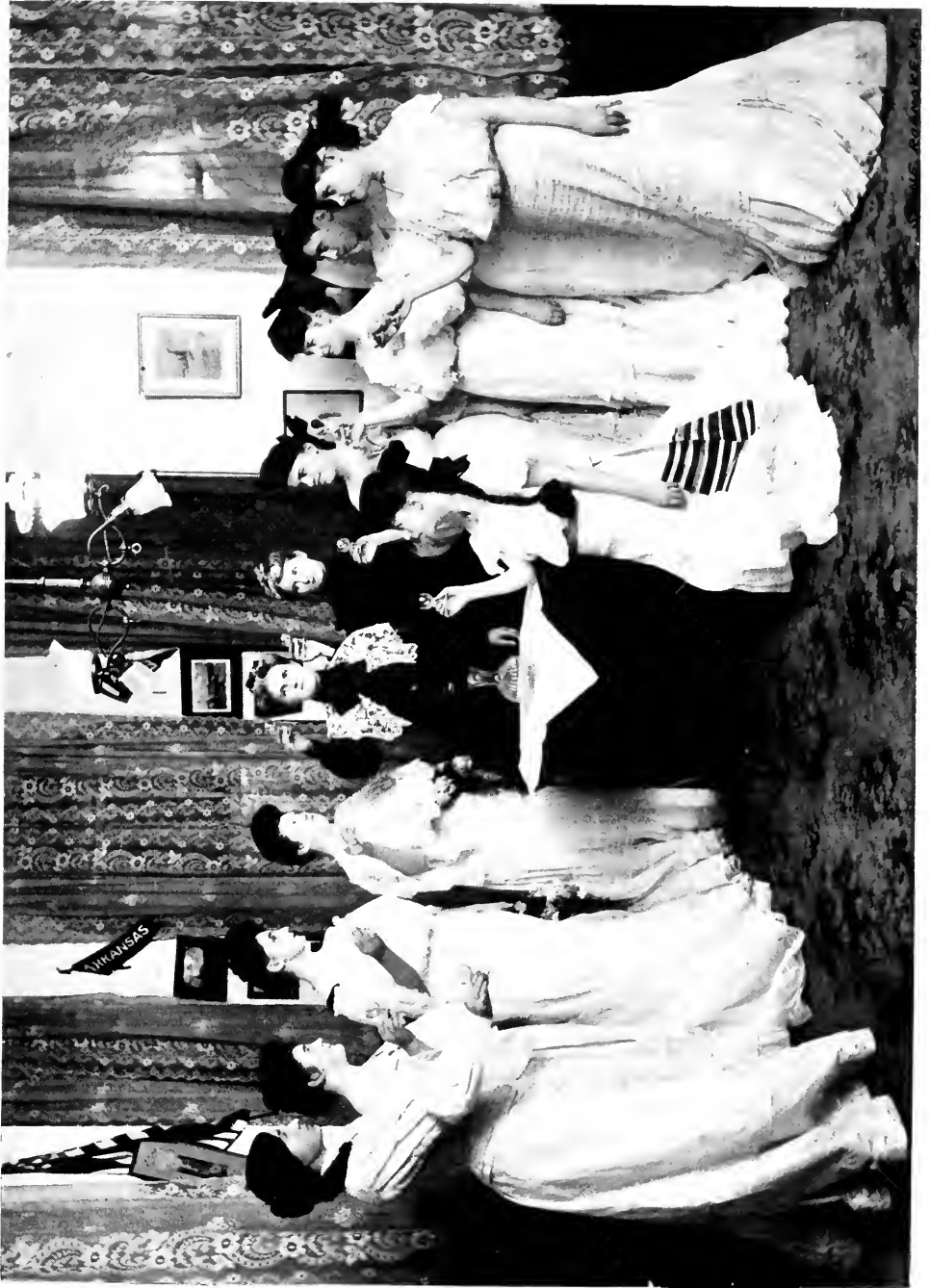
Members.

ETTIE BRIGGS AYDLETT	VICTORIA FAGAN MARTIN
FRANCES EAGLES	LENA MARKHAM
KATE BEAMAN	SADIE ELIZABETH LAMBERT
ETTA SUE JORDAN	CLARA PIERCAL SALISBURY
	HENNIE SUTTON RAGSDALE
	LUCILLE DEVEREAUX WITHERS
MYRTLE WILDER	MOLLYB WALTERS

The Club.

Cast of Characters.

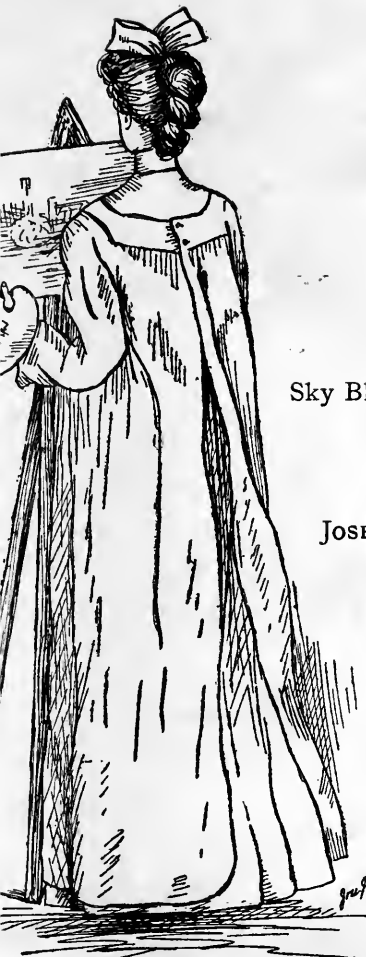
Mrs. Graham	SADIE ELIZABETH LAMBERT
Aunt Clarissa	MOLLYE WALTERS
Rebecca Spencer (<i>who thinks herself "one of the girls"</i>)	LUCILLE DEVEREAUX WITHERS
Helen Graham	VICTORIA FAGAN MARTIN
Florence Baldwin	CLARA PIERCAL SALSBUURY
Kitty Greene	LENA MARKHAM
Sallie Browning (<i>kodak fiend</i>)	KATE BEAMAN
Beth Hamlin	FRANCES EAGLES
Ruth Adams	MYRTLE WILDER
Mabel Morris (<i>whose genius burns</i>)	ETTA JORDON
Polly Graham (<i>who would like to be a Club Girl</i>)	ETTIE BRIGGS AYDLETT
Nan Graham (<i>Mrs. Graham's niece</i>)	HENNIE SUTTON RAGSDALE



DRAMATIC CLUB



Thursday Afternoon Sketch Club.



MOTTO:

Make Sketches while the sun shines.

COLORS:

Sky Blue and Grass Green.

FLOWER:

Wild Phlox

Members.

JOSEPHINE BROWN

HESLOPE PUREFOY

HATTIE POE JOHNSON

KATHERINE FUTRELL

CATHERINE AUSTIN

HESTER ALLEN

VICTORIA FAGAN MARTIN

IDA POTBAT

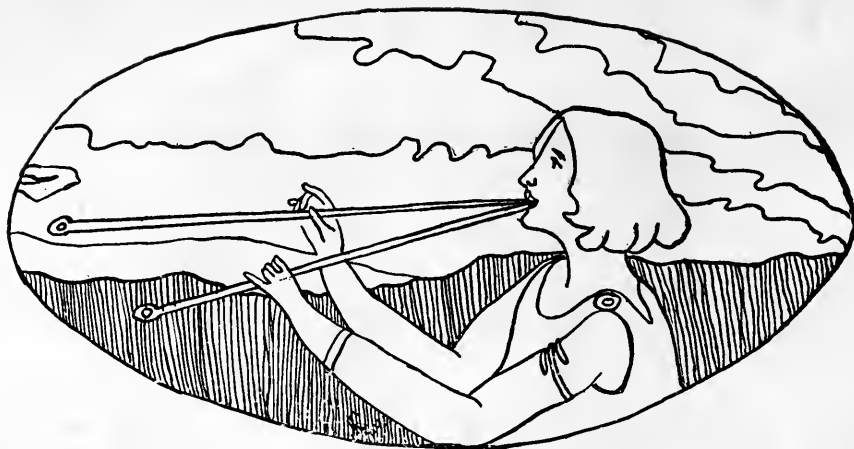
Favorite Sketching Grounds.

Meadow near A. & M. College

Mirror Lake Farm

Back of J. P. Wyatt's orchard



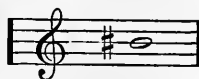


Mozart Club.

COLORS:

Ivory-White and Black.

WATCH-WORD:



MOTTO:

Music is love in search of words.

Officers.

GRACE GALLOWAY President BERTIE HARRIS Secretary
 BESSIE FUTRELL Vice-President EULA WRIGHT Treasurer

Program Committee

HELEN GRAVES

ISA PARKER

ELEANOR WALLACE

Members.

ETTIE BRIGGS AYDLETT
 EVELYN LEE AYDLETT
 FLORIDA TAYLOR AVERA
 ELIZABETH BOUSHALL
 LUTIE B. CATO
 PEARLE COBB
 LALLA ELLINGTON
 BESSIE FUTRELL
 GRACE GALLOWAY
 SARA GARDNER

HELEN GRAVES
 LUCY GREGORY
 BERTIE HARRIS
 SADIE LAMBERT
 MYRTLE LESLIE
 NETTA LILES
 MAY LIDE
 IDA MOORE
 MARY LOU OLIVER

ISA PARKER
 GRACE PRATT
 LENA PRICE
 HENNIE RAGSDALE
 NETTIE RODWELL
 MOZELLE STRINGFIELD
 MAMIE STILLWELL
 ELEANOR WALLACE
 EULA WRIGHT
 RUTH ZEIGLER





MOZART CLUB



A Psalm of Life.

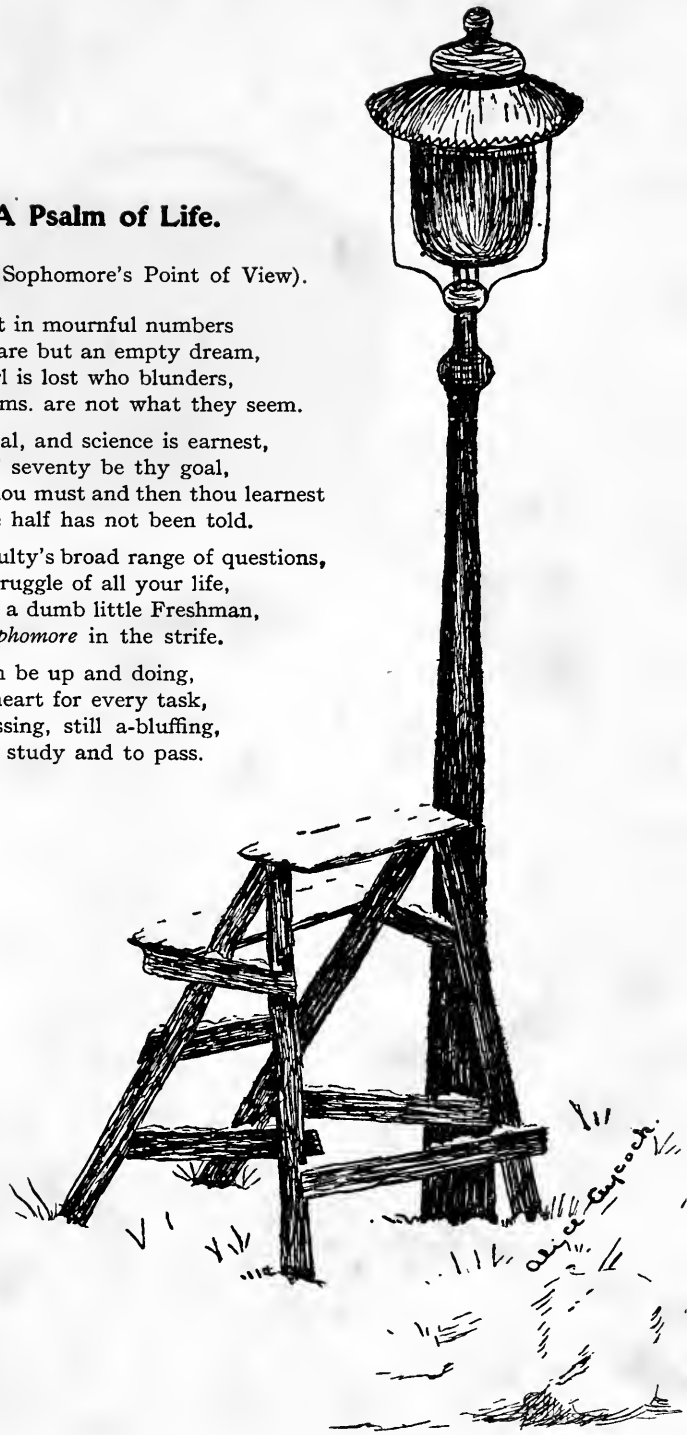
(From a Sophomore's Point of View).

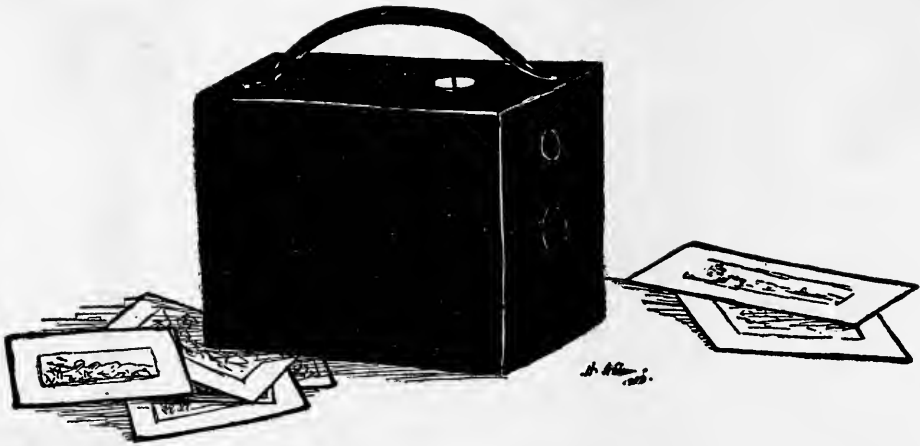
Tell me not in mournful numbers
Exams. are but an empty dream,
For the girl is lost who blunders,
And exams. are not what they seem.

Math. is real, and science is earnest,
And tho' seventy be thy goal,
Struggle thou must and then thou learnest
That the half has not been told.

In the Faculty's broad range of questions,
In the struggle of all your life,
Be not like a dumb little Freshman,
Be a *Sophomore* in the strife.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for every task,
Still a-guessing, still a-bluffing,
Learn to study and to pass.





Kodak Club.

MOTTO:

“To hold a mirror up to nature.”

Officers.

HELEN GRAVES General Poser
 BESSIE FUTRELL Keeper of Records and Films

Members.

BESSIE FUTRELL	W. G. SACKETT	HELEN MCLENDON
CATHARINE FUTRELL	LUCY GREGORY	LILLIAN LBARY
	HELEN GRAVES	



St. Valentine's Day.

(Lines Sent with a Box of Violets.)

O! this is the day
When Cupid holds sway
And has for his target hearts.
When skies are blue
With Heaven's own hue
He shoots his dangerous darts.

But here I sigh,
No darts have I;
O, how shall I reach your heart?
A thought comes to me—
I'll try and see
If violets will reach the mark.

Red-Headed Brigade.

MOTTO:

Be rather than seem to be---red-headed.

WATCH-WORD:

“R. H. B.”

Members.

Brigadier General, FRANCES P. EAGLES	First Colonel, MAMIE B. WRIGHT	Second Colonel F. CATHARINE BRYAN
First Lieutenant-Colonel, AGNES W. TAYLOR	Second Lieutenant-Colonel, RUBY H. MCKAY	Major, BESSIE SAMS
Captain, MAMIE E. WEEKS	First Lieutenant, LULA F. BRYAN	Second Lieutenant, LUCY M. GREGORY
Sergeant, ARABELLA STROUD	Corporal, ETHEL M. MOORE	Standard Bearer, CARRIE L. BOOKER
Drummer boy, DOROTHY VANN	Chaplain, M. IRENE HAIRE	



RED HEADED BRIGADE



“Puns.”

In a little country *parish* in a section by the *sea*,
Lived some people, Shaw by name, as shiftless as could be,
Brewer by trade was papa Shaw, while *mamma and 'er son*
Dawdled o'er the household work until the day was done.
Young David Shaw by *vanity* was heart and soul possessed,
And quarreled that in humble clothes he always must be dressed.
“*John, son,*” quoth worthy Mamma Shaw, in voice both low and sweet,
We've neither coal *nor wood*, and soon we'll be too *po' t' eat*.
Wat, son? You say you've got a plan? *Law, no!* that can't be true,
Wall, it's the truth! Here, *Dave, is Pa*, the cookin' ain't nigh through.”
That night he donned his Sunday suit and took a train due west,
Where people by his handsome face were forcibly impressed.
A *billionaress* fell in love with Johnny's big *brown* eyes,
And many plans did Johnny lay—most of them in this wise;
“A *Gibson* girl is *Jennie Jones*, her *hair is* shining gold,
And I'm her *beau man*, 'tis a risk, but I have e'er been bold.
I'll marry *Jennie Jones*, I will—tho' ma will say 'tis rash,
I'll *deck her* up in jewels fine—paid for with *Jennie's* cash;
Regale myself on *ham and cake*”—but while he thus did think
A note was brought from *Jennie Jones* on paper glaring pink:
“I long have tried to *earn Shaw's* love, but e'er with no avail,
So now my hand I've promised to a graduate of *Yale*.
In token of my love for you a little sum I send,
'Tis only fifteen million, but 'twill show I am your friend.”
“*Lord!*” David cried with wild delight and seized the paltry sum,
And in a *sack it* jamming, he took the next train home.

EDITH TAYLOR.

Chafing Dish Club.

TOAST:

Here's to fudge and sugar candy,
 Here's to anything but brandy.
 Something to eat, and something to drink,
 Let us live high for we can't think.

MOTTO:

" Eat with pleasure,
 Drink by measure,
 Eat all you can and
 What you can't eat——can."

COLORS:

Chocolate and Champagne

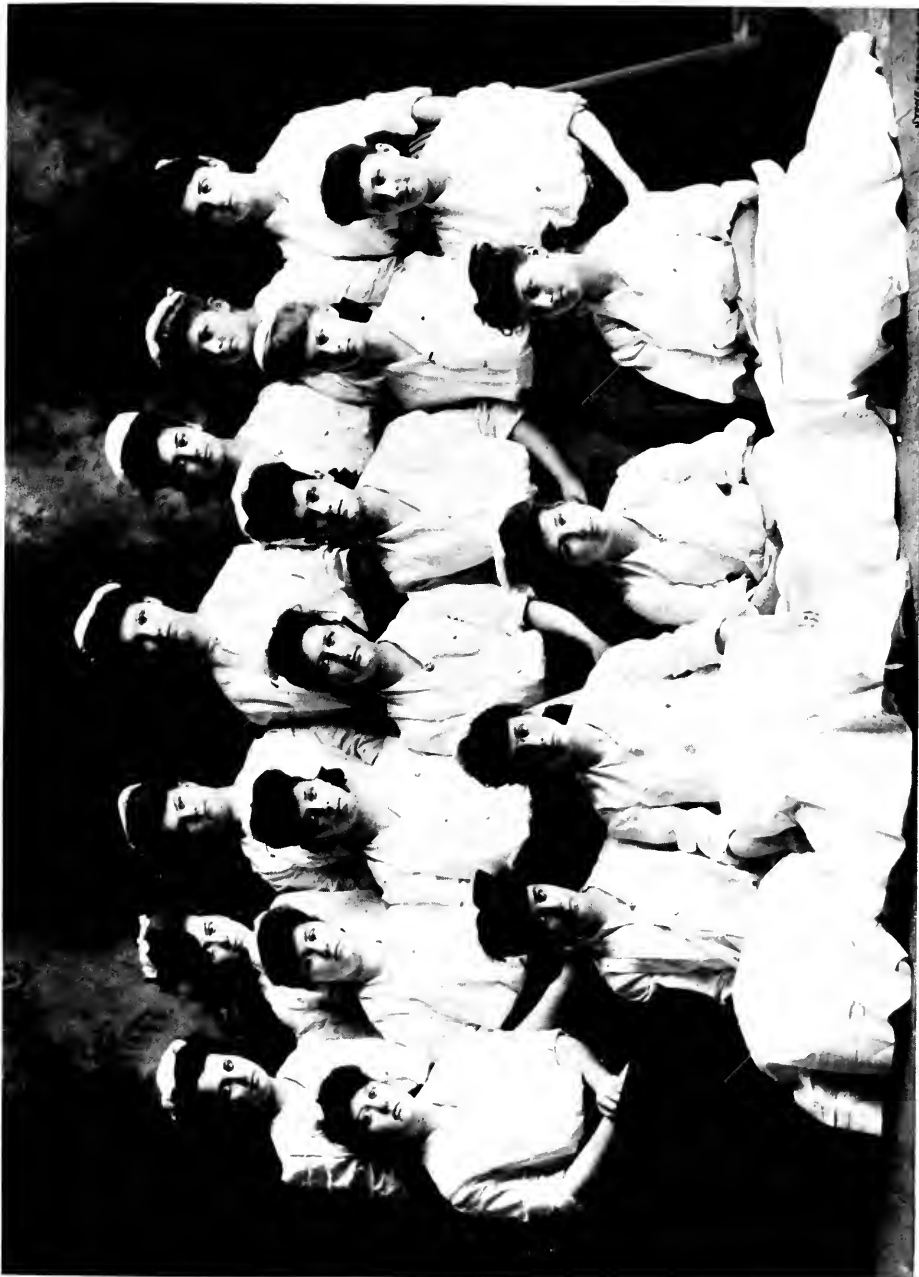
Officers.

ORA FLACK	Chief Cook
ELEANOR WALLACE	Dish Washer
ETTIE AYDLETT	Fudge Eater
GRACE GALLOWAY	Chief Eater

Members.

EVA SMITH	ELEANOR WALLACE
MARY SAWYER	ORA FLACK
RUTH ZEIGLER	MAMIE STILLWELL
LUCY PETTY	MAMIE WRIGHT
ESSIE MORGAN	EULA WRIGHT
ETTIE AYDLETT	HESLOPE PUREFOY
EVELYN AYDLETT	ELOISE DOUGH
MARY LILLY KING	IMA ALLEN
GRACE GALLOWAY	HENNIE RAGSDALE





CHAFING DISH CLUB

A Scheme That Failed.

"Where are you going, my Pretty Maid?"
"I'm going to practise, dear" she said.
"And where do you practise, on which floor?"
"The first; the practise room right by the door."

"I think I'll follow," the other girl said,
"Just throw this counterpane over my head.
I'll give Mary Lily such a scare
Her shrieks and screams will rend the air."

"Oh, ho! Now, I'll follow," quoth number three,
"When fun's in the air, just count on me.
Tho' 'tis study hour at the B. F. U.,
I'll risk all demerits, and see the thing through."

Then girl number one to the window went,
On cautiously rattling the blinds she was bent,
Expecting wild shrieks to be heard on the wind,
While her fleeing victim looked frantically behind.

But the yell never came, and she crept to the door,
With ghostly draperies sweeping the floor.
When a teacher came out in pursuit, you see,
And then 'twas the turn of the two girls to flee.

"And where did you practise, my Pretty Maid?"
"Behind the chapel, dear," she said.
And for your comfort listen to me,
The best plans of school girls "aft gang agley."

A. E. A.

S. F. S.

MAXIM :

“ When pleasure and duty clash,
Why then duty goes to smash.”

FAVORITE SONG :

We Won't Go Home Till Morning.

FAVORITE DRINK :

University soup.

Members.

- HESTER ALLEN The pink of perfection
EMILY BIGGS Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit
CARRIE BOOKER No better than she should be
LUCILE ELLINGTON Young in limbs, in judgment old
BESSIE FUTRELL If music be the food of love, play on
CATHARINE FUTRELL Is she not more than painting can express?
ISABELLE GULLEY Paragon of learning
ANNIE JOSEY A rapsody of words
MARY JOHNSON Innocence Abroad
RUBY MCKAY Linked sweetness long drawn out
HELEN MCLENDON Magnificent spectacle of happiness
VICTORIA MARTIN Sighs and looks unutterable things
RUBY REID In the catalogue ye go for men
MOZELLE STRINGFIELD A bachelor's charm
NONIE WILLIFORD Something between an actress and a missionary
LUCILE WITHERS A heaven of charms, but blest with temper





SIGMA PHI SIGMA



My First Public School.

A SHORT time ago I accepted a position in a public school, near the central part of North Carolina. I had never taught a school like this before, but I did not mind that at all, for I had never seen a child that I did not love, and was very apt to gain the affection of all children I met. As for the grown people, the few I might have would be nothing less than a pleasure.

My school opened the 1st of December. After a short journey I arrived at the place—a small country schoolhouse out in an old field. I looked out, to see children of all sizes coming with books, buckets, and baskets of every description imaginable. We went into the house, and shortly we were seated as near as possible around a large old fireplace, where a big fire was quickly kindled. It was a bitter cold morning, cold enough to freeze your back while your face baked.

In a few minutes we had a noisy crowd. Some were passing from one side of the room to the other, while others were scraping their feet on the floor trying to keep their seats, and others still, were pushing the little fellows to get a seat. I called for order, but they seemed not to know what it meant. Again I called out, "Everybody stand up—still!" Then I began the task of enrolling. I tell you there were names and ages there all the way from Jimmy Bow-legs, six years old, to Mary Know-nothing, twenty. I told them my name, and gave them a few directions as to how they should act in a schoolroom. Really, they needed more of this than I was prepared to give them at that moment. Pretty soon I called for books. Everybody had a different kind of spelling book. Everybody else had a new kind of reader, and nobody's "pa" expected to buy any more books until these were worn out.

While I had nothing but conflicts, I was obliged to give each one a lesson within an hour, or we would be wasting time. However, in an hour or two our tune changed to something like this, in a murmuring tone: "C-a-t, cat; m-a-n, man; d-o-g, dog;" and occasionally a "stop that!" with a "b-a, ba—quit that John!—k-e-r—pinchin' me—baker." "I didn't do a thing to him." Sometimes a restless girl would hop up and say, "Miss Emma, can I desk with Minnie?" when I had already assigned each one a desk. "No; go to your own." "Er—Miss Emma, which un? Well, Mr. John didn't do us that-a-way when he was the teacher." "Mattie, I tell you go to your seat. If you don't I'll send you home. John, be quiet!"

"Here!" I called, "there must be no notes passed across the room in this

school. Come with your lesson, Charlie. Did I tell you to get that?" "Yessum."
"Very well, read on." "Er—Miss Emma, what's that got in your hair?"
"Read on, I tell you." "I don't believe that's my lesson, Miss Emma. You
give such long lessons I can't learn 'em. Miss Emma, make Henry stop lookin'
at me." "Go to your seat, Charlie. Be quiet, I tell you!" "Yes, yes; no, no, no!"
I was saying half the time. "Leave here, you house full of idiots!"

With that they very quickly, but quietly, got their bonnets and hats and left
me. There I stood, no home—surely, for I was to board with one of the school
committee—and all alone. My only chance was to walk to the station three miles
away, which I did without delay.

L. D.



B. F. U.

All that's good, all that's noble,
All that's fond, all that's true,
Rises in the heart and lingers,
When we mention B. F. U.

From without, the walls so solid
Tower above the highest tree,
But within them life is teeming,
However still the walls may be.

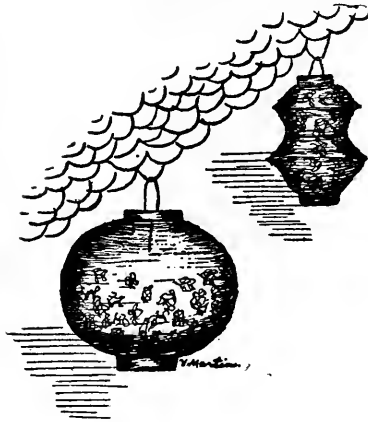
And to shape this life so restless
Into something good and grand,
Can there be a nobler purpose,
Can it for a higher stand?

Ah, we love thy walls and towers,
Love thy trees and love thy halls,
And we love thy care and kindness
That thou givest to us all.

And when in the distant future
We have left thee ever more,
Sitting, dreaming of our own life,
We will think the whole past o'er.

And as o'er the past we wander,
We will find a spot secure
Where the sacred words are written,
Deeply written—B. F. U.

NELLIE BAKER.





"UNCLE FOB"

Horrors.

ORA FLACK	An empty purse
ELEANOR WALLACE	Sonata
MAMIE WRIGHT	Red Hair
EDITH TAYLOR	Potato Pie
AGNES TAYLOR	Star Fish
HESLOPE PUREFOY	Rising Bell
ISA PARKER	Books
MAY LIDE	A Hat
MABEL PARSONS	Algebra
LIZZIE DIXON	Men
SALLIE ROGERS	Meditation hour
ETTA JORDAN	Study hour
KATHLEEN WILLIAMS	No Mail
SUE WATKINS	To go to church
CARRIE BOOKER	To sit for picture
ISABELLE GULLEY	Physics
MOZELLE STRINGFIELD	The first breakfast bell
ELEANOR WHITAKER	Tests
ONA LONG	Rats
HELEN GRAVES	Playing in recitals
NINA BROWN	Geometry
RUBY MCKAY	Cats
VIRGIE EGERTON	Toasts
WHOLE SCHOOL	Exams

Blue Ridge Boomers.

COLOR: Blue and anything but green.

MOTTO: Once a mountaineer, always a mountaineer.

SONG: "Come, Jine the Huckleberry Picnic."

FLOWER: Mountain Laurel.

LIGHT PREFERRED: Moonshine.

FAVORITE DRINK: Mountain Dew.

GAMES INDULGED IN:

Dominoes.

I Spy.

Checkers.

Pussy wants a corner.

Going to Jerusalem.

Old Maids.

YELL:

Rip-ra-re! gee! haw! gee!
 Who are—who are—who are—we?
 Rains and winds and mountain whirls.
 Hurrah! for we are the Blue Ridge girls.

Members.

ORA FLACK.....	<i>Corn shucker</i>
EULA WRIGHT.....	<i>Log roller</i>
HESLOPE PUREFOY.....	<i>Potato grabber</i>
ESSIE MORGAN.....	<i>Huckleberry picker</i>
MAMIE WRIGHT.....	{ <i>"Cabbage" chopper</i>
	{ <i>"Snap" stringer</i>
GRACE GALLOWAY.....	<i>Bark hauler</i>





BLUE RIDGE BOOMERS



The New Professor.

SCENE I.

(A room at boarding-school. Books strewn over beds and chairs; walls covered with pictures, and everything in confusion. Enter Margaret VanBuren, with a pile of books on her arm.)

Margaret: "Well, this day's work is over at last, thank goodness! (Throws books on floor, and drops down on window-seat.) How I do hate to study! When I finish school I shall never look at another book! (Yawns.) Oh, by the way, I must write to Jack. (Starts up.) I have owed him a letter since Sunday, and here it is Thursday." (Begins to rummage in her trunk for stationery. Door opens and a tall girl rushes in.)

Margaret: "Well, roommate, I thought you had left me for good and all. Dorothy Graves, that's the cutest stock you have on—why haven't I seen it before?"

Dorothy: "Oh, my dear, don't embarrass me. It belongs to the new girl across the hall. But didn't I tell you—Cousin Lucile has been to see me!"

Margaret: "Cousin Lucile!"

Dorothy: "Yes; she stopped over till the 4 o'clock train, just to see me. But you don't know the glorious things she told me. It's the dandiest news I have heard since Christmas!"

Margaret: "Oh, tell me quick; I am dying to know."

Dorothy: "Well, she was telling me about Dr. Davis——"

Margaret: "Dr. Davis!"

Dorothy: "Yes, you little goose; haven't you heard about the new Chemistry Professor? You know Mr. Chlorine is going away, and this grand man is coming to supply his place."

Margaret: "How simply swell! What does your cousin say about him?"

Dorothy: "O, she was just going when she told me. She said, 'I hope you all will like Dr. Davis.' Of course I was all ears, for I had just heard he was coming, so I pumped her the best I could. I said: 'Is Dr. Davis good looking?' And she said, 'Oh, simply grand! Great big brown eyes, and the most attractive ways! I am dead in love with the little doctor myself,' she said. But she is not, for she's dead gone on Fred. Lawson—they're engaged."

Margaret (rushing over to hug Dorothy): "I never was so tickled in my life! Did your Cousin Lucile say anything more about him?"

Dorothy: "Well, the carriage came for her just then, but as she went down the steps she called back, 'I have a picture of Dr. Davis I'll send you as soon as I get home.'"

Margaret: "Good for you, old girl! Here's to the health of Miss Lucile Carlyle!"

Dorothy (anxiously): "Oh, put down that cough syrup, you little It!"

Margaret (scornfully): "Cough syrup! Cough syrup!" (Exit.)

SCENE II.

(The back parlor. Girls grouped about waiting for the mail. Margaret and Dorothy sit arm in arm on the sofa.)

Dorothy: "Oh, just think, Margaret—this time to-morrow that dear, fascinating creature will be here!"

Margaret: "As if I hadn't been thinking about that very thing. Girls (addressing a crowd at a game of pit), have you heard the teachers mention HIM?"

Estelle Moore: "Not I; except Dr. Thomas. When I went to tell him I wanted to take chemistry and drop civil government, he said, 'I am sure you will like chemistry. Dr. Davis, though only twenty-four years old, is a fine teacher, possessing a charming personality, and is an original and entertaining conversationalist.'"

All: "How grand!"

Margaret: "Oh, there is Miss Sanderford with the mail! Dorothy, don't you guess you will get that picture to-night?"

Dorothy: "That's so; I will go and see."

Estelle: "No use. Allida will bring our mail."

Eloise Sumner: "I heard Miss Sanderford call your name, Dorothy."

(Allida enters with a handful of letters, which she distributes, and last of all hands Dorothy a package marked "Photograph.")

Dorothy: "Girls, I am so excited I can hardly open it! There!" (She holds up the picture, and all the girls crowd around to see it.)

Dorothy: "Oh, he's in his cap and gown. I believe I did hear that he was Ph. D. of Cornell University."

Margaret: "Hasn't he lovely curly hair?"

Estelle: "Yes, sort o' like a girl's—but I like it!"

Eloise: "And his eyes! Aren't they cute and jolly looking? Oh, girls, Miss Sanderford passed the door just then."

Margaret: "He has a sweet mouth. My! he's good looking! His necktie looks dandy! I bet some girl gave him that pin!"

Dorothy: "Don't dare speak of another girl. Oh, there's the study-bell—come on girls. Eloise, lend me your German sentences, my dear." (Exit all.)

SCENE III.

(Margaret and Dorothy, in their room. Margaret writing.)

Dorothy: "Do you know, Maggie, I am getting perfectly foolish over Eloise Sumner. I always vowed I would never have a 'crush,' but my dear Eloise has such lovely brown eyes!"

Margaret (dreamily looking up from her writing): "Yes, dear. Speaking of eyes, I think Dr. Davis' are simply glorious! Oh, Dot, they are so big and deep looking!"

Dorothy: "Maggie, I believe you are daffy over that creature already, and you have never even seen him!"

Margaret (blushing): "Well, dear— Oh, don't tell anybody, but I . . . believe I am!"

Dorothy: "Then why on earth are you writing to Jack Temple?"

Margaret: "Oh, I—ah—well, I'll read you the letter." (Reads aloud.)

"*Dear Mr. Temple:*

("Won't he be surprised? He is usually 'My darling Jack!') 'I meant to write to you before, but you see I forgot all about it. Oh, the grandest new Professor is coming here to-morrow. We girls are dead in love with him already. You may imagine how excited we are!

"Oh, Mr. Temple, I wish you would send back my picture! Mamma wants it. (Hoping to be forgiven, Dot, for that fib!)

"I hear the bell (another fib, Dot) and I must stop. Good-bye.

"Sincerely,

"MARGARET J. VANBUREN."

“How’s that, Dot?”

Dorothy: “I wouldn’t send that if I were you, Margie; it’ll make him perfectly furious!”

Margaret: “Do I care? (Seals and stamps letter.) Come on, Dot; let’s work Math.”

Dorothy: “My dear, I would be charmed; but you see I have an engagement to help Eloise dress to go down town.”

Margaret: “Oh, please ask her to put this in the postoffice. (Hands her the letter. Exit Dorothy.) I wonder where Dorothy put that picture of— Dr. Davis.”

SCENE IV.

(Margaret arranging her hair before the dresser; Dorothy reading “Civil Government” aloud.)

Dorothy (reading): “‘The most significant prohibitions placed by the Constitution on the National Government—’”

Margaret: “O, my dear, does my hair look all right? Are my plaid bows too big?”

Dorothy: “No; but let me finish this. ‘The most significant prohibitions—’”

Margaret: “Oh, I can’t listen! To think of seeing Professor Davis in the next hour! Does my collar look all right? I wish my black ribbon was better looking.”

Dorothy: “How do you expect me to read this ‘Civil Government?’ Yes, your collar looks stunning, fascinating, charming—”

(A knock at the door, and a tall, fine-looking woman, with a masculine air, walks in.)

“I beg your pardon. Will one of you kindly show me to the Lady Principal’s room? I am Doctor Davis, the new chemistry professor—”

Dorothy: “Doctor Davis!”

Margaret: “Why, we thought Doctor Davis was a—”

Doctor Davis: “Yes, I heard down town that you were expecting a young man. I am very sorry indeed to disappoint you—”

Margaret: “O, sir— I mean, ma’am—that is perfectly all right. You see, we saw your picture in a cap and gown, and—”

Doctor Davis: “Why, I understand how you could have made the mistake! I had just had my hair cut after a spell of fever—the picture has often been taken for a boy’s!”

Margaret: “Yes, I see. (Aside to Dorothy.) My dear, won’t you show her

out of this room this minute? I never want to see her again. (Exit Dorothy and Doctor Davis.) And after I had written Jack that horrid letter, too!"

EDITH TAYLOR.



Gay Highland Clan.

FAVORITE POET.

Scott.

COLORS :

Red, black, yellow,
white and green.

MOTTO :

“ And we're a' gaun east and west,
we're a' gaun agee.”

YELL :

Highlanders, highlanders, night and day!
They say we are foolish, giddy and gay,
But who cares for talk? We are loyal and true.
Three cheers for the bandits and B. F. U.

King of Bandits	ORA FLACK
Queen of Bandits	HESLOPE PUREFOY
Robber of Gold (en hair)	MAMIE WRIGHT
Bearer of the Thistle	EULA WRIGHT
Winner of Admiration	ESSIE MORGAN
Winner of Friends	ETTIE AYDLETT
Mistress of Cuteness	EVELYN AYDLETT
Swiper of Adam's Wife	EVA SMITH
Picture Thief	GRACE GALLOWAY
Robber of Hearts	ELEANOR WALLACE
Candy Robber	MAMIE STILLWELL

PLEDGE :

“ I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reed,
My rippling kame and spinning-wheel,
To buy mysel' a tartar plaid,
A braid sword, durk and white cockade.”



THE GAY HIGHLANDERS





Our Interesting Brother.

The Sand Fiddlers.

COLORS: Tan and Sky Blue.

Morro: Little! But O, My!

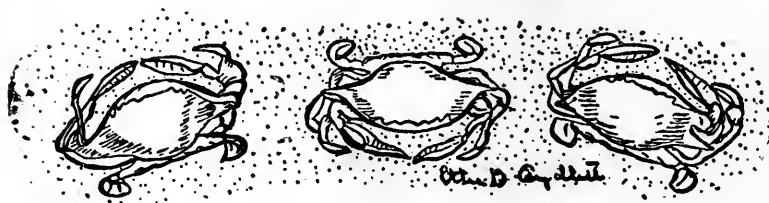
YELL:

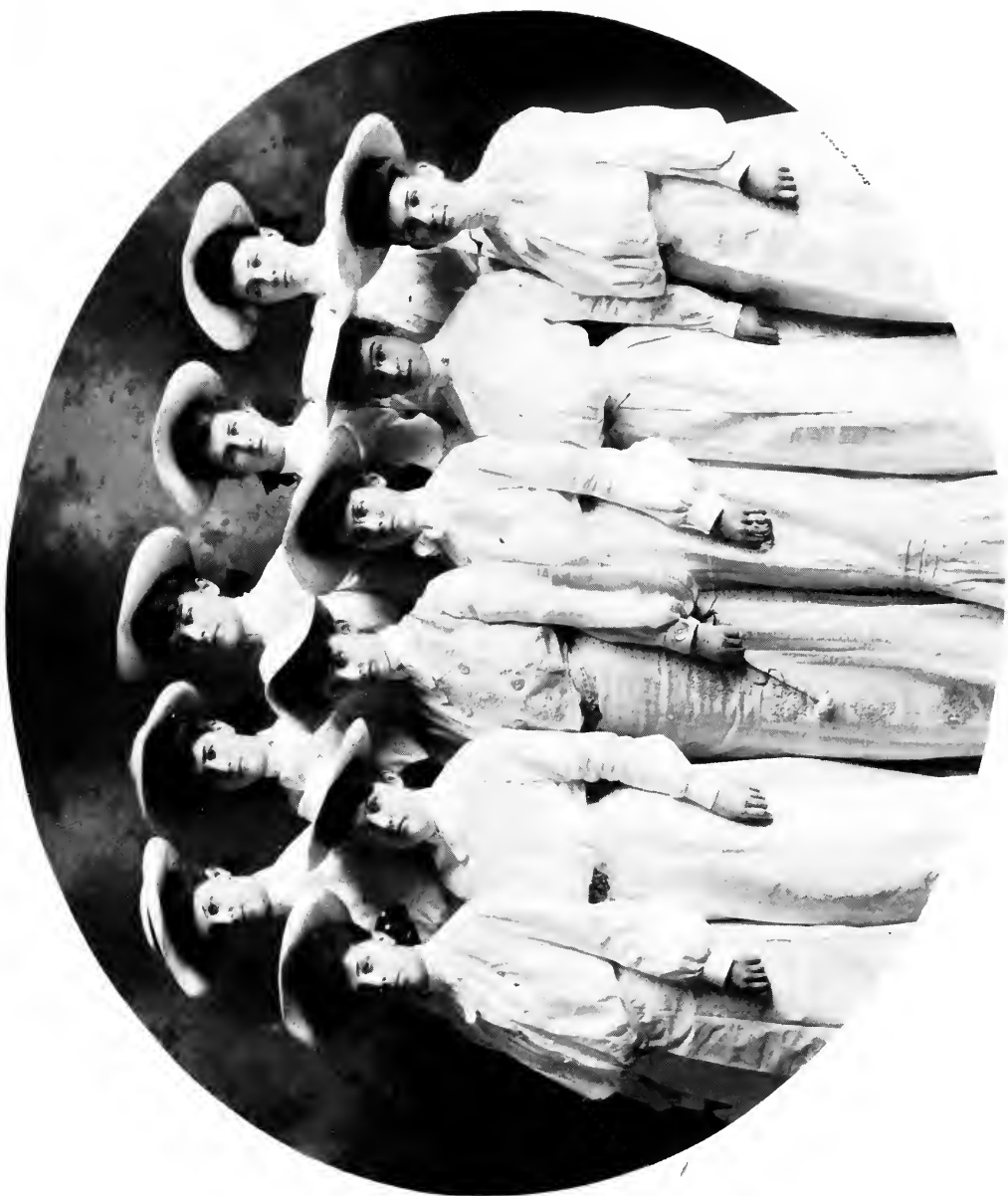
Rah! Rah! Ree!
Rah! Rah! Ree!
Sand Fiddlers,
Sand Fiddlers,
Sand Fiddlers, We!

Members.

IMA ALLEN
NINA BROWN
ALICE AYCOCK
MARY SAWYER
BEULAH RAPER
ELOISE DOUGH

ETTIE AYDLETT
EVELYN AYDLETT
CATHERINE AUSTIN
VICTORIA MARTIN
HENNIE RAGSDALE
ELEANOR WALLACE





THE SAND FIDDLERS



Ode to Alma Mater.

We salute thee, Alma Mater, we salute thee with a song.
At thy feet our loyal hearts their tribute lay;
We had waited for thy coming, in the darkness waited long,
Ere the morning star proclaimed thy natal day.

Thou hast come through tribulation and thy robe is clean and white;
Thou art fairer than the Summer in its bloom;
Thou art born unto a kingdom and thy crown is all of light;
Thou shalt smile away the shadow and the gloom.

In thy path the fields shall blossom and the desert shall rejoice;
In the wilderness a living fountain spring.
For the blind shall see thy beauty and the deaf shall hear thy voice,
And the silent tongues their high hosannas sing.

Where the rhododendron blushes on the burly mountain's breast—
In the midland where the honeysuckles bloom;
Where the water-lily slumbers, while the cypress guards its rest,
Lo, thy sunny land of promise and thy home.

Where the sons of Carolina taught a nation to be free,
And her daughters taught their brothers to be brave;
O'er a land of peaceful plenty from the highlands to the sea,
May thy banner, Alma Mater, ever wave.

R. T. V.

Long Bones Club.

COLOR:
Sky Blue

MOTTO:
"She was of stature tall;
I hate a dumpy woman."

Members.

BELLE TYNER	Fashioned after a giraffe
AGNES TAYLOR	Long shanks
ISABELLE GULLEY	Tower of Babel
ANNIE HAMRICK	Cloud chaser
VICTORIA PICKLER	Giantess
SARA GARDNER	Spring sapling
LIZZIE DIXON	Moon fixer
EVA SMITH	Divinely tall, but—
HELEN MCLENDON	A towering pine
HELEN GRAVES	Sky scraper

Mascot.

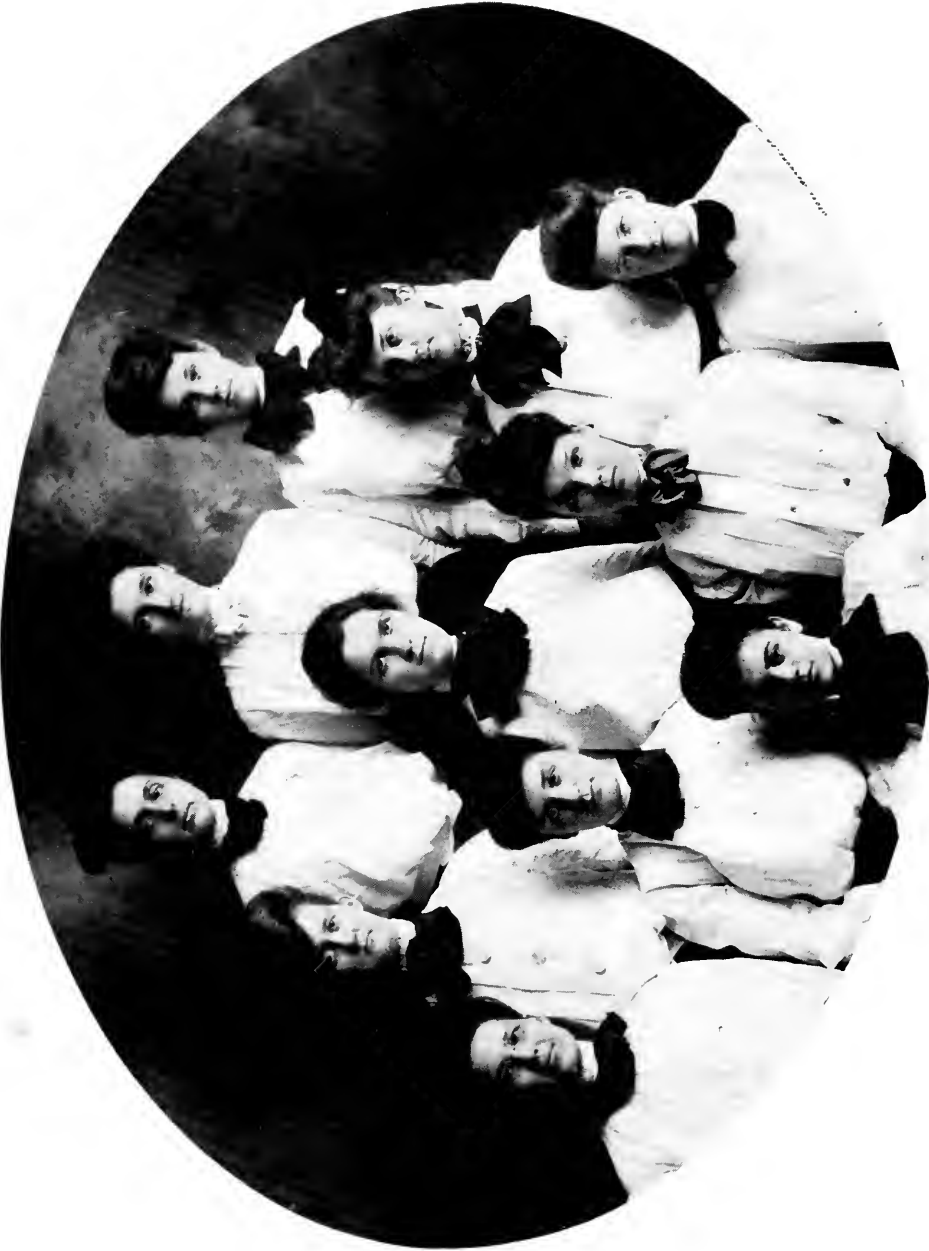
MAMIE STILLWELL

Honorary Members.

MISS S. E. YOUNG

DR. DIXON CARROLL





LONG BONES CLUB





Go-Cart Club.

Officers.

Chief Squaller	VICTORIA MARTIN
Biggest Scratcher	IMA ALLEN
Chief Kicker	ELEANOR WALLACE
Hair Puller	VIVIAN WYSONG

COLORS :

Blue and white checked gingham.

MOTTO :

P'ease go ' way an ' let me s'leep.

YELL :

Boo-hoo-hoo—
 Wants my Mamma,
 ' Deed I do,
 Don't like B. F. U.

Members.

VIVIAN WYSONG	ETHEL MOORE
VICTORIA MARTIN	ETTA JORDAN
FRANCES COVINGTON	IMA ALLEN
ELEANOR WALLACE	NELLIE BAKER

The Light of School Days.

Oft in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Traacherous memory brings to light
The lessons which confound me:
The Latin, the Greek,
Of Chemistry don't speak.
Silence must not be broken;
The sun that shone
Is now dimmed and gone,
Of watchful eyes not a token!
So in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
I creep and strike a light
Ere the teachers have found me.

When I remember the crack
The light above disclosing,
I've half a mind to crawl back
To get a spell of dozing,
But study spurs me on;
I crouch like one
Who studies alone
In the midnight hour declining.
Thus in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
I study with my might
While teachers sleep around me!

M. F.

THE TWO JACKS.

THANKSGIVING.

7:30-P.M.



For Thanksgiving Game.

Our girls are at the basket posts
They've gathered for the fray,
The college yell is in the air
We're going to win the day.
We'll teach the game of basketball
To our friends across the way;
While we are shouting for Varsity.

REFRAIN.

Then toss, O toss, we'll toss the ball along,
A toss, a throw, will send it through the throng,
There's nothing that can stop us in our game so quick and strong,
While we are shouting for Varsity.

Our players every one are made
Of mind and muscle tough,
The combination always works
For they are up to snuff,
They'll show the stranger girls who come
They're diamonds in the rough.
While we are shouting for Varsity.

Just watch our 'Lizabeth take the ball
The time will not be lost
The other team is rattled
And she'll score another toss,
And down into the basket, the ball, O, see, it goes,
And the victory is won,
While we are shouting for Varsity.

The Farce: The Two Jacks.

The wonted gravity of these halls was changed to hilarity on the evening of Thanksgiving Day. The gay poster, with its attractive "Jacks," had extended the invitation to a frolic in the chapel. Some one had suggested that the girls come in character, and come they did. The Old-fashioned Girl, Pocahontas, Mrs. Wiggs and Lovey Mary, Japanese Maids and dusky Africans, all hobnobbed together, while the Little Minister stalked solemnly and impressively about. Suddenly the peaceful assembly was disturbed by an irruption of Indian Braves, in war paint and feathers. The shrieking that followed would have scandalized the Pilgrim Fathers, but not so with their more gleeful successors.

Finally, the crowd quieted down, and the first scene of the farce was announced. This farce was thoroughly true to schoolgirl life, and the clever conception of the plot, as well as the bright execution, added more laurels to Miss Jones' fame!

"Ruth" has just returned to school, raving over the dearest boy in the world, her cousin Jack. His pet dog, too, was perfectly lovely, and even one look into Doggie Jack's brown eyes now would be happiness, indeed.

Next day her aunt, passing through the city, stops by to pay Ruth a visit. Soon the girls are shocked by the news that the aunt has actually smuggled Cousin Jack up to Ruth's study, where she has left him for Ruth to entertain at an impromptu tea.

The authorities soon hear of the fact, and a meeting of the executive committee takes place. The stately Lady Principal, and the other dignified members of the committee look the incarnation of the proprieties, and words are inadequate to express their horror of Miss Ruth's conduct. After great deliberation they call in the offender and proceed to lay before her the enormity of her offense, that of breaking the rules by seeing a visitor without permission, and, crowning all, secretly entertaining a man in her study. The pretty culprit, recovering from her fright, at the mention of the "Your Cousin Jack," breaks into a laugh and cries, "It's not Cousin Jack at all. It's only that Aunt Sue came up to my room and brought Doggie Jack with her."



R. H. B. Song.

(To the Tune of Nancy Brown.)

Oh, we're the most distinguished crowd that ever came this way,
All eyes are turned on us where'er we go,
United by a common bond we formed a club one day
And by the other girls were envied so.
You see the club is quite select, and only those may join
Who're blessed with hair of red like you and I;
To those who sneer and scorn us just because they can't belong
We would simply make them this reply—

CHORUS.

R. H. B.—No other school has such a swell select club as this in all the land,
No other club has such world-wide "rep." as we.
So we're here, you see;
You couldn't find if you should search a whole eternity
A single club which would at all compare with R. H. B.

All other clubs select a pin, but we have higher aims,
And wear a crown of crimson hair instead.
We wear this badge upon our heads and never take it off,
For R. H. B. forbids us to, 'tis said.
We've college spirit in our club, oh, this is quickly seen,
I'm sure that you could see it very soon,
For some of us upon our heads do college colors wear
As tribute to our darling old Maroon—CHORUS

With colors flying, flags afloat, and by our captain led,
We make a most invincible brigade;
When danger of demerits hangs above our very heads,
We forward march and never are afraid.
When students all and Faculty shall loudly sing our praise
And look on us with wonder day by day,
We'll turn aside from every care, with merry hearts and glad,
And then we all with one accord will say—CHORUS.

At B. F. U.



The most popular
Girl.



The Cutest
Girl.



The most Studious
Girl.



**The Prettiest
Girl.**



**The most Talkative
Girl.**



**The most Coquettish
Girl.**



**The Biggest
Baby.**



**The most Intellectual
Girl.**



**The most Demure
Girl.**



Why does Miss Ferguson *never* cut lab?

When does Mary Allen study?

Why do all the OAK LEAVES' editors look so weary?

Why are the R. H. B.'s so patriotic?

Why does Miss Ferguson prefer the scientific illustration in Psychology to the musical ones?

Why does Irene Haire always wear white on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays?

Why is the "Little Green Store" on the corner so attractive to the B. F. U. girls?

Why will the girls no longer indulge in the pleasure of sliding on the snow?

Why don't Hennie Ragsdale, Beulah Raper, and Eloise Dough arrange a talking tournament?

Why do the girls refer to a falsehood as a McKay?

How is it that the Scotland Neck potatoes are so much larger than those found in any other part of the State?

Song of Class of '04.

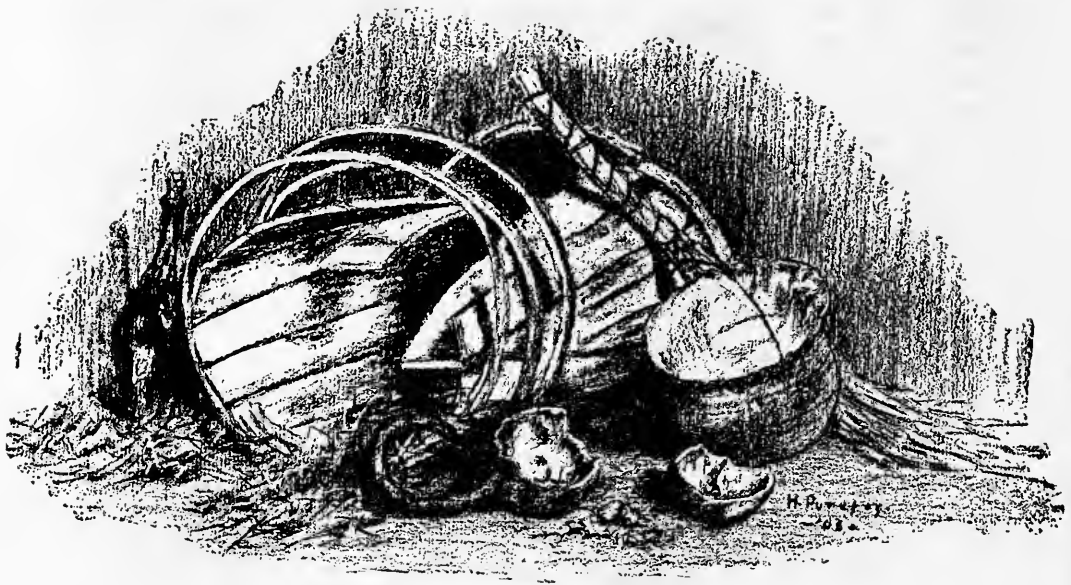
(To the Tune of "The Old North State.")

M-D-C-C-C-I-V! Noted class of all classes,
With her fame and her honor and her beautiful lasses.
Tho' all others may aspire to and attempt to approach us,
Yet their efforts are fruitless and result in reproaches.

CHORUS.

Varsity, Varsity, hail to dear old Varsity.
Full of glee, such are we, noble Class of Naughty-Four.

Aspirations noble had we from the day of registration,
There's no doubt but that we'll be numbered the greatest in the nation.
When we hold these seats of honor and our thoughts backward turning,
For our fond old Alma Mater we will ever be yearning.



Ambitions.

To see the Annual go to press	The Editors
To get name in print	Carrie Booker
To be a poet	Sue Watkins
To get their pictures in the Annual	Whole Fourth Floor
To talk to A. & M. Cadets	Irene Haire
To take music from Miss Decker everlastingly	Nettie Rodwell
To recite like Miss Bowman	Mollye Walters
To attend Junior Reception . Whole Student Body, with Miss Jones as Chaperone	
To be with Minerva Tennin	Lena Markham
To have Fraternity pins	Grace Galloway
To take Miss Lord to Giersch's	Victoria Martin
To go to A. & M. dress parade	Isa Parker
To be pet of Senior Class	Kate Beaman
To be loved by a good man	Eloise Dough
To be like the Seniors	Freshman Class
To study physics forever	Cora Ervin



HOBBIES.



Off to Boston & Paris for
spring novelties..



HOBBIES.



A Game of Chance.

WELL, he's gone, and I'll never see him again, that is one thing certain, and I don't care if I don't," were the words half uttered by Edith as the last sounds of Guy Meredith's hurrying footsteps died out. "He wants me to do too much like he says, anyhow, and he had just as well know now that I won't, and never will." She lay very still in the hammock for a half hour or more, but, finally, hearing the clock strike eleven, she gathered up her skirts and went to her room. There the light was burning until a late hour while she gathered together all of Guy's letters, little presents, and pictures, and directed them to him—and made a resolve that she was going to have a good time and show him that she didn't care. She was to leave for Vassar the next day and the family was going to Europe, where she would join them in the summer; so she certainly would not be bothered with him for two years at least.

The truth of the matter was that they had had a *fuss*—a commonplace quarrel—and about nothing.

Edith was just as attractive as the bright, pretty American girl of seventeen generally is; had lots of friends, and in general had a rushing good time.

During her first and second years at Vassar she won the heart of all—teachers and girls—and there was really not a girl in college more popular than she. She was ambitious, so studied hard and carried off the honors with ease. Half the girls' brothers and doubtful cousins were head over heels in love with her, so on the whole it was not often that the shadowy remembrance of the manly face and handsome eyes of Guy Meredith crossed her mind.

It was her Junior year. All the girls were in a flutter, for Cornell was to play the University of Georgia, and they were to go. Nothing else was talked of and Edith was invited by not a few as she was surrounded by heaps of Cornell carnelian and white, out of which she was aptly fashioning a pennant for her most favored swain, Russell Temple, the captain of the Cornell team. He had wanted it to fly over their benches while at the game, and he was going to send her his colors.

Suddenly the door burst open and in rushed Grace Dexter, breathlessly, and with an open letter in her hand—"Oh, oh, Edith, do listen, you dearest darling, you! Guy——"

"Guy? Guy who?"

"Oh, Guy, my brother, you know, is on the Georgia team and will be here

to-morrow; and oh! I've written him about you and that he must meet you, and listen, here's what he says: 'Grace, Frank Gage—' no, that's not the place; but Edith, he says Frank is coming, too. Now, I positively forbid you even so much as looking at him. This is what he says: 'From your description of your 'dear darling of a friend,' I am sure she must be divine, and I am glad my little sister has such a friend, but you know such charming girls won't like your big brother; but I promise you I'll do my best, so persuade your friend to wear our colors, and I'll see that you will not lack for them. But I won't be able to see you until the game. By the way, in your 'frenzy' you didn't mention the charming girl's name.'

"There now," said Grace, "that's saying a whole lot for Guy. He says girls do not like him, but they do. Lots of the girls at home would be crazy about him, but he doesn't seem to care about them. He *can* be just a darling, but for three or four years—ever since he broke up with some girl when living away from home—he hasn't cared a bit about girls. Oh! and he wants to know if he can take you to the reception that night. Frank's going to take . . . but I know you have promised to go with Russell. He's nice, but Guy's lots nicer. I wish Russell would get hurt. Oh, no I don't; I'll take that back. Now don't look at me that way, Edith, you old dear. I'm so happy!" At that minute one of the girls called Grace, and she went dancing out of the room, not yet having given Edith time to get in a word edgewise.

"So much for a sister's love," thought she. "'T was nice of her, and of him, to ask me, and I know I'll like him. I don't believe I ever met a Guy since . . . Of course I can't wear Georgia colors, and perhaps won't see him until the reception."

The next day at the game Edith and Grace were separated in the crowd, being two or three benches apart, and, in spite of the vigorous attempts of Grace to point out her brother, Edith never did succeed in knowing which one she meant.

The game was very exciting, the score being even until the last inning, when Georgia was at the bat. Would they make a run? The grand-stand and bleachers were wild—just a seething mass of University men waving banners and pennants and screaming themselves hoarse. The last man is at the bat—Edith catches her breath. How familiar he looks! "No," she thought, "he's not near so thin; but how handsome he is! Hope I'll meet him to-night, for I like him, and how well he plays! "Ball one!" the umpire cries; "ball two!" Once more the ball leaves the pitcher's hand—it is hit, and is sent almost out of sight. The fielders go for the ball. The first base is made; then the second. He leaves the third—will he reach home? The ball comes flying back and is caught, but too late, for the Georgia man has put his foot on the plate, and the visitors have the game.

All then was confusion. The hero of the day, hoisted on the shoulders of his men, was carried around, and the crowd was hurrying for the cars. Yet Edith had not met Grace's brother; she hadn't seen Grace anywhere, for Russell was there and she was consoling him. It was late, and they had to hurry.

That night, while dressing for the reception, a box came for her, and on opening it she found it to be an immense bunch of white rosebuds, her favorite flower, and tucked among them was a card with the words: "Grace's Brother." "How nice of him," thought Edith. "When did I ever get white rosebuds just like these before! *He* used to send them. Oh, I'll get Mr. Dexter to introduce me to that man who made that run."

Russell had sent American Beauties, so she couldn't wear the rosebuds too, but, wishing to wear them, she made a garland and put it on the side of her soft brown hair.

The reception was glorious. Edith was brilliant and was the acknowledged belle. "But where," she thought, "is Grace and her brother, and the hero of the ball game? Where can they be?"

Finally she promised to promenade on the veranda with Russell, and when he came for her a half hour sooner, she was nothing averse, for she felt tired and wished to get out of the rush.

After strolling up and down for a while, she was sitting back in a sheltered nook in a large chair while Russell had gone for some refreshments. While sitting there she was unusually thoughtful. The resemblance of the ball player to Guy Meredith had turned her mind to thoughts of days gone by and she wondered where Guy was that night.

"Oh, here she is; come Frank, you and Guy!" and with that Grace rushed up. "Where have you been, Edith; we have been hunting everywhere for you? Brother wouldn't meet a single girl until he had met you, so you can imagine how I have felt lugging around the hero of the day."

Introductions were given and they chatted for quite a while, the conversation being chiefly between Edith, Grace, and Frank. So Edith thought Mr. Dexter must be unusually silent.

In a few minutes, however, Grace thought of some engagement, so telling Edith of it, she left Guy in her charge and went gaily off.

For once in her life Edith hardly knew how to begin the conversation. He seemed so unresponsive; but just as she began to make some trivial remark, he drew a chair up to her side and said in a low tone: "Edith, I see you have worn my rosebuds in the old way. Can it be that it means anything for me?"

At the sound of the well-known voice, Edith raised her eye eagerly. "Guy, is it you? But how can it be? Are you not Grace Dexter's brother?"

"Yes, but half-brother; I'm not Guy Dexter. Didn't you know?"

“No; Grace never told me. She simply spoke of you as Guy or her brother.”

“She played me the same trick. I never knew until this afternoon as I stepped to the bat that you were on the field. Happening to glance at Grace I saw you. I determined to win that game, and the thoughts of you watching me spurred me on. It is you, Edith, who, though you wore Cornell colors, have won the game for Georgia.”

“But did you know I was Grace’s friend?”

“No; not until after the game, when she told me your name. Imagine, Edith, my surprise that the girl of whom Grace had been writing so much, whom she was so anxious for me to meet, and whom she knew I would love at first sight, should prove to be the girl I had loved for years—that I have tried to forget and couldn’t. With me ‘absence has only made the heart grow fonder,’ and though I had decided to try to like Grace’s friend, I knew the minute I saw you that ’t was useless; and now you are the girl. So, Edith, I sent you the roses that I used to send. Dearest, can I hope that your wearing them means anything for me? Can’t you forget what has passed? Have you forgotten all and given your heart to another? But perhaps I have no right to speak thus. I fear it is dangerous game—far more so than the one this afternoon.”

“Wait, Guy,” Edith said; “I had thought I had forgotten; I see now that I haven’t forgotten. You say, Guy, that I won the game of ball this afternoon, and you, Guy, have won to-night in the game of hearts.”

V. A. E.



Table Etiquette of a School Girl.

1. No girl shall change the arrangement of hair without comment from each girl at the table.
2. Every girl wearing a new dress, shirt-waist or ribbon shall be complimented by her *co-eaters*.
3. Every waiter shall be called on not less than eight times, and not more than twenty-five, at each meal by every girl at the table.
4. At least one girl a day should up-set a glass of water on the table cloth.
5. Only the girls who are constitutionally disinclined toward coffee shall have cocoa. Positively no others !!!!!!!
6. No conservatism allowed. Every girl shall express her opinion of each member of the faculty at each meal.
7. Reclining on the table reserves energy for your digestion.
8. Never ask another to help herself before you are helped; help yourself and pass_it on to others.
9. Every girl shall ask for each dish a half dozen times before being heeded.

10. Never come to table when you are not so inclined; one cut will make no difference at all.
11. Always be late; only the “newish” are on time, besides it isn’t stylish.
12. Be sure you blow your own horn at table; it is an excellent opportunity for you cannot fail to be heard.
13. Never use your own napkin, if a fresh one is to be found near you.
14. Make as much noise as possible in pushing your chairs back as a signal that the meal is over.
15. Be sure your shirt-waist is sufficiently bloused in order to accomodate “cribbed” biscuits, apples and cake.



Song of the Class of '05.

(To Tune of "In the Good Old Summer Time.")

To the best class at all
Your attention we call,
'Tis the Class of Naughty-Five;
Any school in the land
Has nothing so grand
As the Class of Naughty-Five.
Oh, our dignified air
Makes the Freshman to stare,
To conceal their amazement they strive;
Then soon with elation
We'll win reputation
As haughty Naughty-Five.

CHORUS

We're the Class of Naughty-Five,
We're the Class of Naughty-Five,
We're going to win us name and fame as sure as we're alive.
The things we've planned
Are all so grand
For which we're going to strive
That soon the world will bow down to
The Class of Naughty-Five.

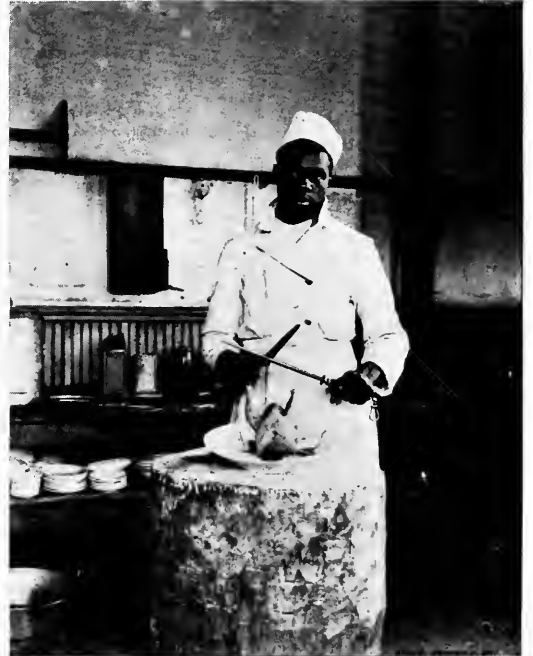
Oh, the plans we have made
Throw all else in the shade
By the Class of Naughty-Five.
We intend very soon
To visit the moon,
Oh, the dauntless Naughty-Five.
Our inventions will make
Old Marconi to quake,
We fear he can hardly survive;
We'll cause a commotion
From ocean to ocean
This Class of Naughty-Five.—CHORUS.

When our school days at last
Are a thing of the past,
Then as girls of Naughty-Five,
We will each win a name
In the "Temple of Fame,"
Oh, the Class of Naughty-Five!
Then, perhaps, our fate
We'll be calmly to wait
Till "leap year" again shall arrive
Then we'll each of us marry
Some Tom, Dick, or Harry,
Then farewell Naughty-Five!—CHORUS.



DONIS

ERNEST





Song of the Class of '07.

(To the tune of "Mr. Dooley.")

We're gathered from the city, the country, and the town,
And with our skill and learning we'll make this place renowned.
We'll learn our German, Greek, and French, yes master every crook,
And maybe in our Senior year we'll write a Latin book.

CHORUS.

Oh, Naughty-Seven, Oh, Naughty-Seven,
We are the greatest class you ever knew,
Oh, Naughty-Seven, oh, Naughty-Seven,
The greatest class in B. F. U.

And when our toil is over, and we bid these halls adieu,
We'll step into our little bark and paddle our own canoe.
And ere we've reached our zenith, or have counted half our days,
We'll make the land and sea and sky resound with our own praise

And when we've conned the things of earth, we'll wend our ways to Mars,
And search out all the treasures there, and all the stars.
But then before we quit our work or end our happy life,
We each will settle in a home and be a little wife.

Jokes.

(Girls on tennis court engaging in a most enthusiastic game, accompanied by loud triumphant shouts. Mrs. Anderson approaching.)

“Girls, do put something on your heads, and let’s not have this racket out here!”

Girls (innocently): “But, Mrs. Anderson, how are we to play tennis without a racket?”

One night, some time after light bell, a whole alcove was aroused by some one coughing. Such a dreadful, croupy cough!

At last a gentle knock was heard on the door of the room from which the sound of coughing came, and Mrs. Anderson’s voice was heard to inquire, “Who is it coughing in here?”

“Vivian,” came in muffled tones from within.

“And why didn’t some of you go for Mrs. Norwood?” she asked. “I will go for her myself.”

When Mrs Anderson’s back was fairly turned, roars of hilarious laughter were mingled with the coughing. In due time Mrs. Norwood arrived. In one hand she carried a bottle of sweet oil, and in the other a bottle of castor oil. With the first she thoroughly rubbed the poor sufferer, and then proceeded to give her a huge dose of the latter.

“Here, daughter, take this, like a smart child,” she said, as she poured the awful dose.

At this the other girls in the room hid their heads under the bedclothes, convulsed with laughter.

“Never mind; you may be sick yourself before long, and then you will not laugh,” said Mrs. Norwood, shaking her fist at them.

And why did they laugh? Ah! That was explained next morning, when Vivian, a sadder but wiser girl after her experience, confessed, when the girls made anxious inquiries about her cough, “That she had just been putting on.”

A B. F. U. girl was spending the Christmas holidays at Kinston. One morning, while reading the paper, she suddenly exclaimed: “Why, Mr. Blank is dead, and they are going to have a pirate funeral!” A few moments later she timidly

asked, "Do you know what a pirate funeral is? I did know, but I have forgotten."

"Why, yes," replied her friend. "A pirate funeral is——. You know, it is just——. Don't you know? It is er—er—er——. Well, a pirate funeral," she at last exclaimed triumphantly, determined not to show her ignorance before her guest, "instead of burying the person in the ground, they throw him into the sea, as they used to do pirates."

"Why, of course; how stupid of me not to remember; I ought to have known," said the other.

Later, some one who had overheard the conversation, picked up the paper and found the word was not *pirate* at all, but *private*.

One Saturday night one of the girls from the Main Building went over to the East Building to hear Mr. Pullen's graphophone.

She was on the other side of the room, when Mr. Pullen called her. "Miss ——" he said, "this piece is for your special benefit. I want you to hear it." (And this is what she heard.)

"Good-night, Charlie; I've had a lovely time."

"Good-night, darling; I'm so glad you have. One sweet kiss before I go." (A sound of kissing is heard.)

Shortly after, on taking her leave, she was heard to remark:

"Good-night, Mr. Pullen (with a most charming smile); I've had a lovely time."

"Good-night, Miss ——," he replied; "I will see you later."

At that the room broke into an uproar of laughter, and the innocent maiden indignantly demanded why they were laughing.

Dr. Vann, returning from prayer-meeting about 9 o'clock, sees two young men standing on a corner near one of the school buildings.

Dr. Vann (suspiciously)—"Boys, you'd better move on."

Imagine his consternation when the men revealed themselves as His Excellency Gov. C. B. Aycock and Hon. J. Y. Joyner.

One of our Freshmen, before entrance examination, was wonderfully concerned that she did not know which Cicero liked better, tennis or ping-pong.

Her Ideas of Architecture.

Miss B. (after strolling up and down the hall): "I've been building castles in the air!"

Miss G.: "Your corner-stone?"

Miss B.: "A solitaire."

Miss Booker (enthusiastically, on the day before Thanksgiving): "Oh, Mr. Johnson, is the Faculty going to let us go to Richmond on Thanksgiving to the debate?"

Mr. Johnson (gravely): "I don't know, Miss Booker, about the advisability of letting a crowd of B. F. U. girls go over to Richmond with the W. F. C. boys; you might not be back at your studies Friday."

Miss Booker (defiantly): "Well, Mr. Johnson, if we stay here we'll eat so much Thanksgiving dinner that indigestion will prevent our being in class."

Mr. Johnson: "I know; but that is of one day's duration, while the other might be a life work."

Miss Booker (explaining a problem in Trig.): "Well, well, well, well——"
Prof. Watson: "Where is your bucket?"

Miss King (in laboratory): "Prof. Sackett. I want to ask you. Prof. Sackett, I want to ask you—ask you— Oh, ask you——"

Prof. Sackett (looking around): "All right, go ahead, it's Leap Year."

A rather unheard-of and unusual and startling piece of information was given us the other day when one of our most learned Seniors informed one of our most learned professors that it was always best to save the *end* for the last. In our reflections we have wondered if the end ever comes *first*.

Another Senior inquires if dreams are healthy, while still another wishes to know why the course of true love never runs smooth. With what weighty questions they are troubled!

Two young ladies were looking over some musty old books on the top shelf in the college library. A volume of "Faust," arranged by Taylor, was among them.

"Oh," cried Miss ——, "there's a book called 'Goethe's Faust,' by a man named Taylor; wonder if it's good?"

And then she wondered why the other girl laughed.

The following was overheard the day before a pupil's recital:

Miss B.: "What's to be the programme for to-morrow night?"

Miss C.: "Oh, nothing much. There is going to be just one quartette, and only four play in that!"

A certain English class was told to do some reading from a book by Brander Matthews. One girl took down the reference, and a classmate, looking over her shoulder, saw what she had written:

“Read Pages 165-170 in *Brandy Matthews!*”



Mumps.

Her face is in lumps
And they say she has the mumps,
That means she stays
In her room for twenty days,
And so, poor thing, she's also in the dumps !

Calendar for the Year 1903-1904.

- September 1—Tuesday, Autumn term begins.
September 2—Wednesday, preliminary classification of new students.
September 3—Matriculation and registration of incoming students.
September 3—Faculty reception to new students.
September 4—Lectures and class work begin.
September 5—Y. W. C. A. reception to students.
September 14—Piano recital, Miss Lilliore C. Decker.
September 15—Meeting of candidates for degrees at Commencement of 1904.
September 19—Philoretian Literary Society reception to new students.
September 26—Astrotekton Literary Society reception to new students.
October 6—Examinations in elementary branches for entrance to Junior Class.
October 20—Faculty reception to students and friends.
November —Lecture: "Shakespeare As a Man," Dr. Thos. H. Hume.
November 18—Schubert's Quartette Concert.
November 26—Thanksgiving Day holiday.
December 17-22—Term examinations.
December 19—Pupils' recital.
December 22—Autumn term ends.
December 23-29—Christmas recess.
January 5—Spring term begins.
January 7—Lecture and class work begins.
January 11—Organ recital, Prof. Wade R. Brown.
February —Lecture: "A Trip to Palestine," Rev. Dr. Merrill.
February 11—Organ recital, Clarence Eddy.
February 22—Junior reception to Seniors.
February 29—Faculty concert.
March 18—Ithaca Conservatory Concert Company.
April 1—The Club.
April 18—Organ recital, Prof. Wade R. Brown.
April 19—Katherine Ridgeway Concert Company.
May 2—Pupil's recital, Prof. Wade R. Brown.
May 3—Class day exercises.
May 7-12—Term examinations.
May 9—Pupil's recital, Miss Lilliore C. Decker.
May 15-17—Commencement.



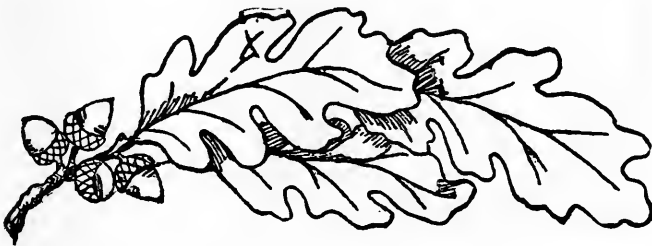
Oak Leaves.

THE need of a College Annual has been felt in our school for the past four years, but no one had sufficient courage to undertake the task of preparing one until the Class of '04 resolved to publish one as a monument to their love for their Alma Mater.

We have endeavored in this modest little volume of OAK LEAVES to give an insight into the life at B. F. U., and to recall happy memories of the year 1903-1904. We shall refrain from boring our subscribers with the usual apologies. We have done what we could.

We extend our thanks to all who have contributed, both in the line of literature and art, and to those who have so kindly aided in the preparation of the material for publication.

THE EDITORS.





**Auf
Wiedersehen**



Co. 1140



The Baptist Female University

A HIGH GRADE COLLEGE FOR WOMEN



OFFICERS AND TEACHERS

SIX MEN AND NINETEEN WOMEN

DIPLOMAS given in the Arts, Science, and Philosophy; in Music, Art and Expression ◻ School of the Bible under graduate of Newton Theological Seminary ◻ Thorough Business Course ◻ Exceptional advantages in Music ◻ Excellent equipment for teaching Science ◻ Club system adopted by two-fifths of the boarding pupils, at a saving of \$50.00 per session ◻ Students cared for by lady principal, lady physician, matron, and nurse ◻ Another dormitory in course of erection to accommodate 96 girls ◻ Board, Literary tuition, heat, light, baths (hot or cold), fees for physician, nurse and library, \$167.50 per session—in clubs, \$40.00 to \$50.00 less

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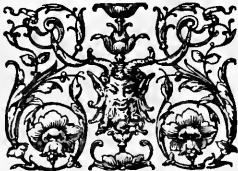
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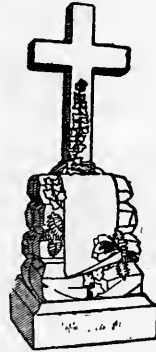
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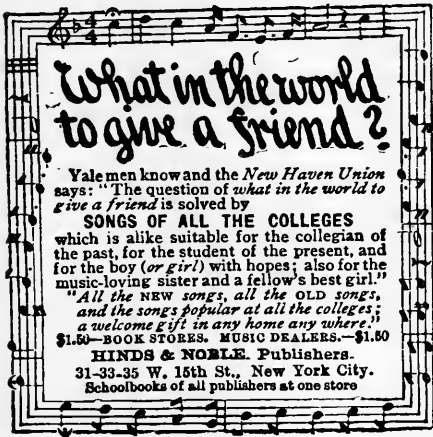
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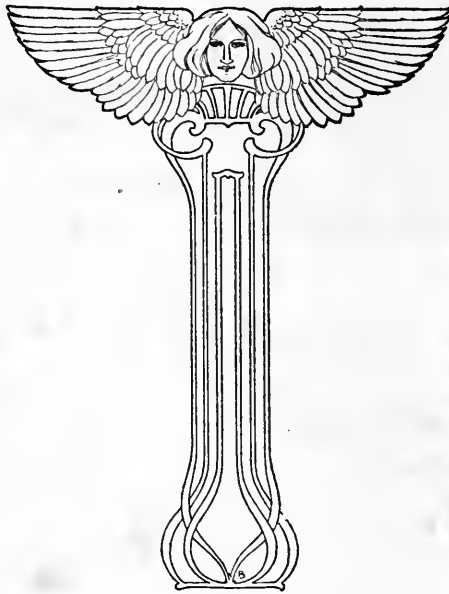
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