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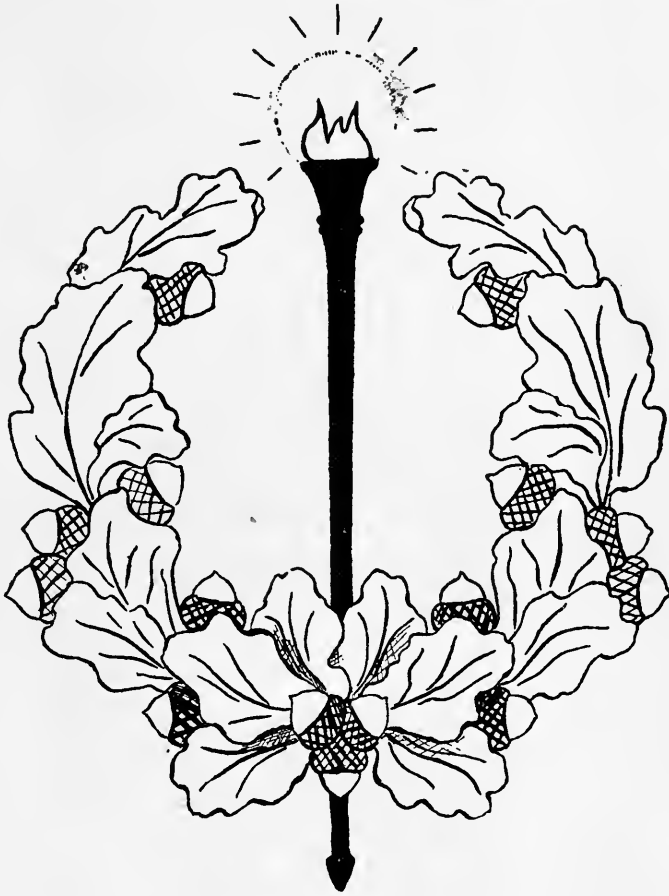
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RALEIGH, N. C.

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OAK LEAVES



Vol. 5

1908

No. 3

Edited and Published by the Astrotekton and Philoretan Literary
Societies of the Baptist University for Women, Raleigh, North Carolina

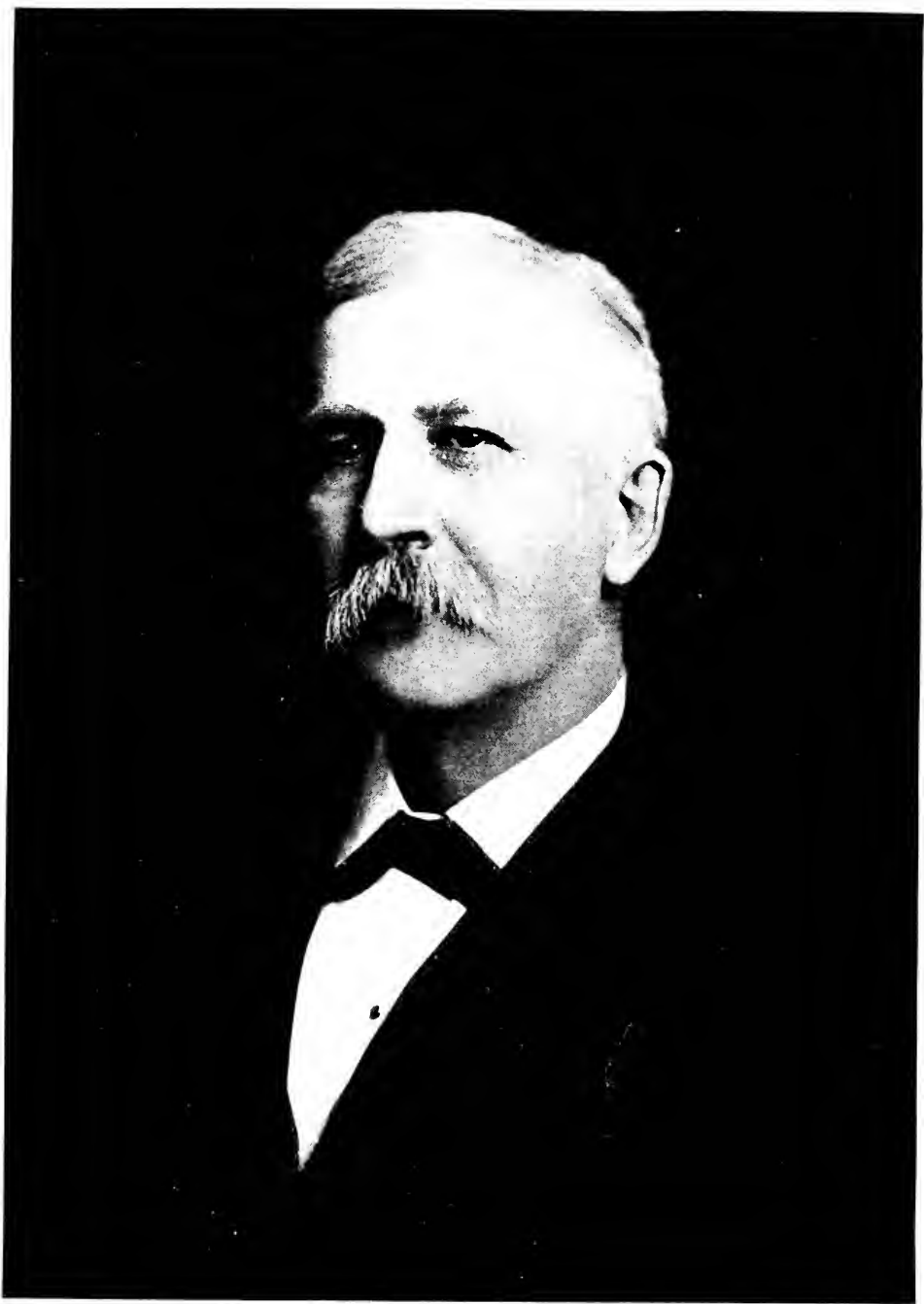
Illustrations by the Students of the Art Department

Dedicated to

Wesley N. Jones

In Zeal for our College---Persevering

In Loyalty---Never Ceasing





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B. U. W., RALEIGH, N. C., Sept. 4, 1907.

DEAR FRIENDS:—Startled out of our slumbers this morning by the twitter of birds, we arose and made a short preparation for our journey—our “Annual” trip. On the very verge of our departure, we take this hurried opportunity of letting you know we shall be away until May the twenty-seventh, nineteen hundred and eight.

Filled with courage and hope for a brilliantly successful campaign, we are, till May,

Yours truly,

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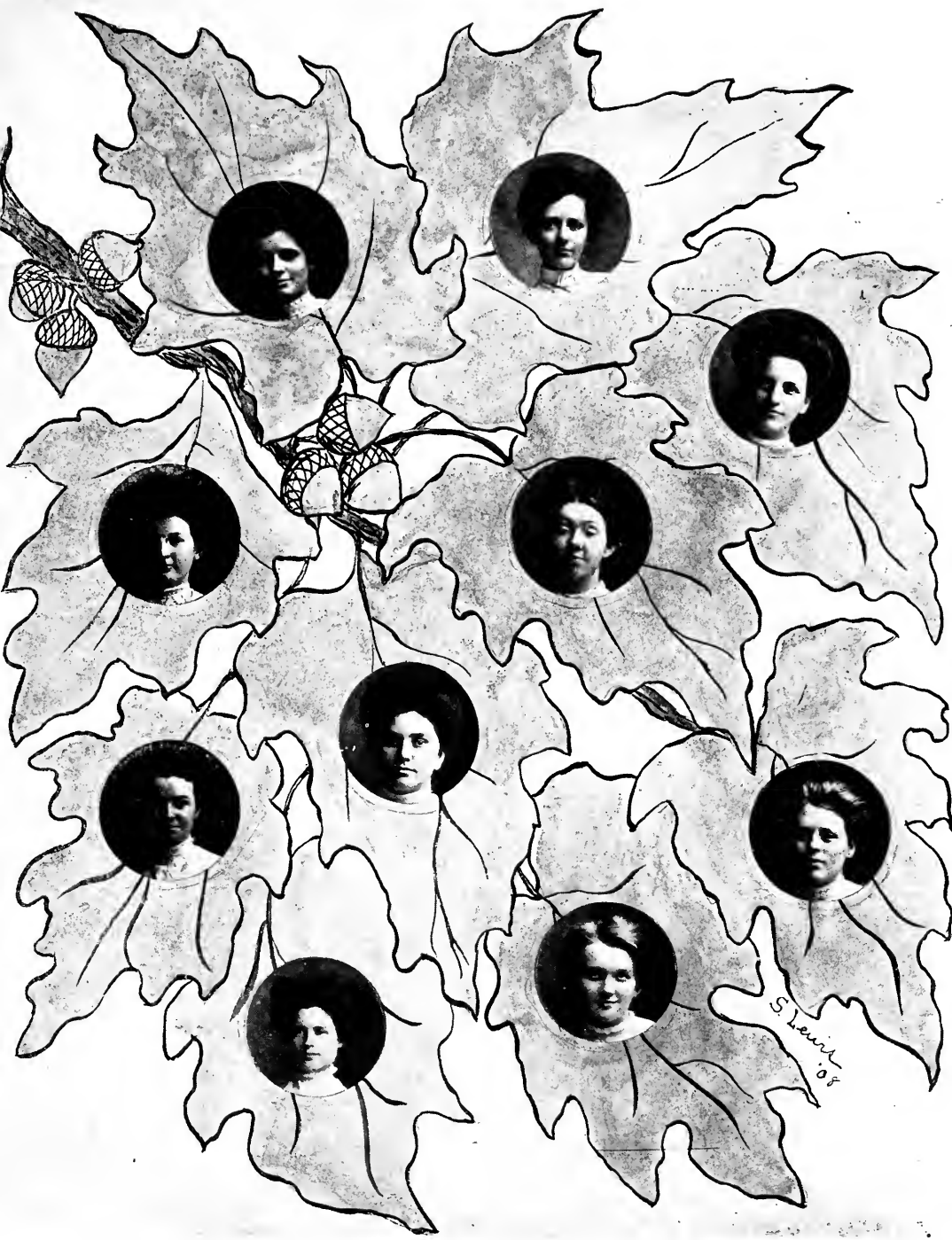
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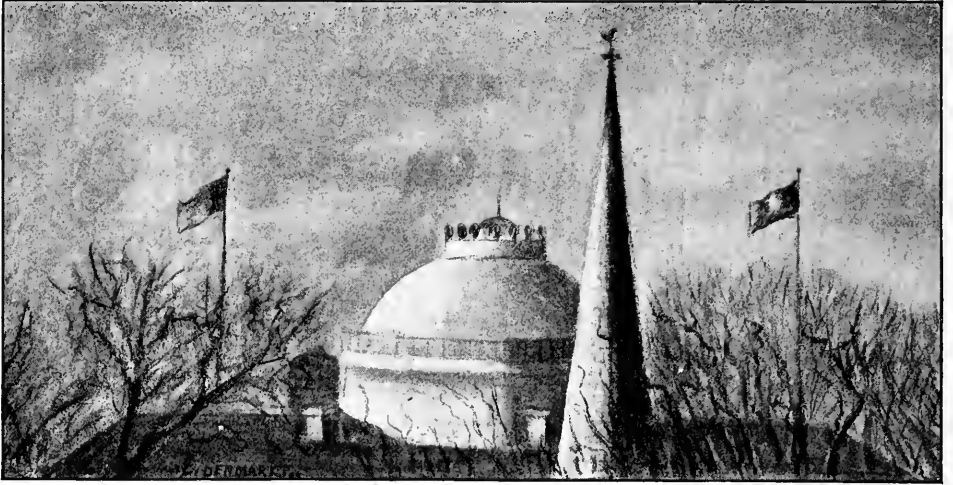
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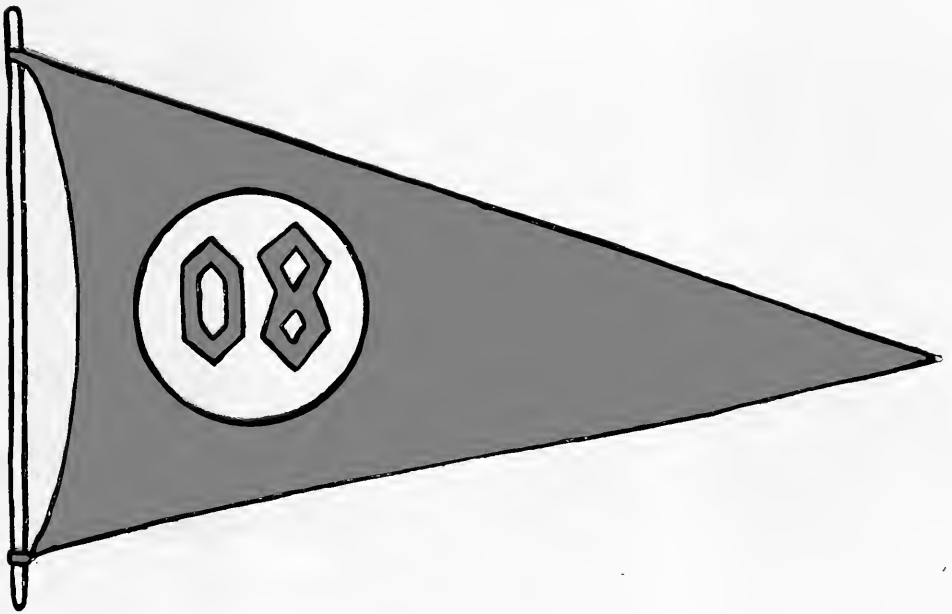
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S. Lewis '08







Senior Class



MOTTO:—Through difficulties to glory.

COLOR:—Red.

FLOWER:—Red Carnation.

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DORA COX

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LOUISE LANNEAU

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PATTIE MARKS

Honorary Member: MISS C. W. BLAIR



MASCOT,
FRANCIS MCGHEE BOUSHALL.

Y ELIZABETH
LDWIN,

Philoretian,

LETCHER, N. C.



"The heart to conceive,
the understanding to direct,
or the hand to execute."

ANNIE J. CRISP,
Astrotekton,
CONETOE, N. C.



“My heart is true as ste

ORA E. COX,
Philoretian,
WINTERVILLE,
N. C.



“One in whom persuasion and belief had ripened into faith, and faith become a passionate intuition.”

ANNIE BAILEY
JONES,

Philoreatian,

RALEIGH, N. C.



“Though on pleasure she
bent she had a frugal
mind.”

D

ANNIE E. JOSEY,

Astrotekton,

SCOTLAND NECK,
N. C.



"Such laboured wordings,
in so strange a style,
Amaze th' unlearned and
make the learned smile.

LOUISE COX
LANNEAU,

Astrotekton,

WAKE FOREST,
N. C.



"Though deep, yet clear ;
though gentle yet not dull ;
Strong without rage; with
o'erflowing full."

LOULA BRYAN
OLIVE,

Philoretian,

APEX, N. C.



"She was a form of life and
light
That seen, became a part o
sight,
And rose, where'er I turne
mine eye,
The morning star of mem-
ory."

ALMA HUNTER
OWEN,

Astrotekton,

LEXINGTON, N. C.



"Above the vulgar flight of
common souls."

D

ASSIE LOU
ONDER,

Astrotekton,

MARS HILL, N. C.

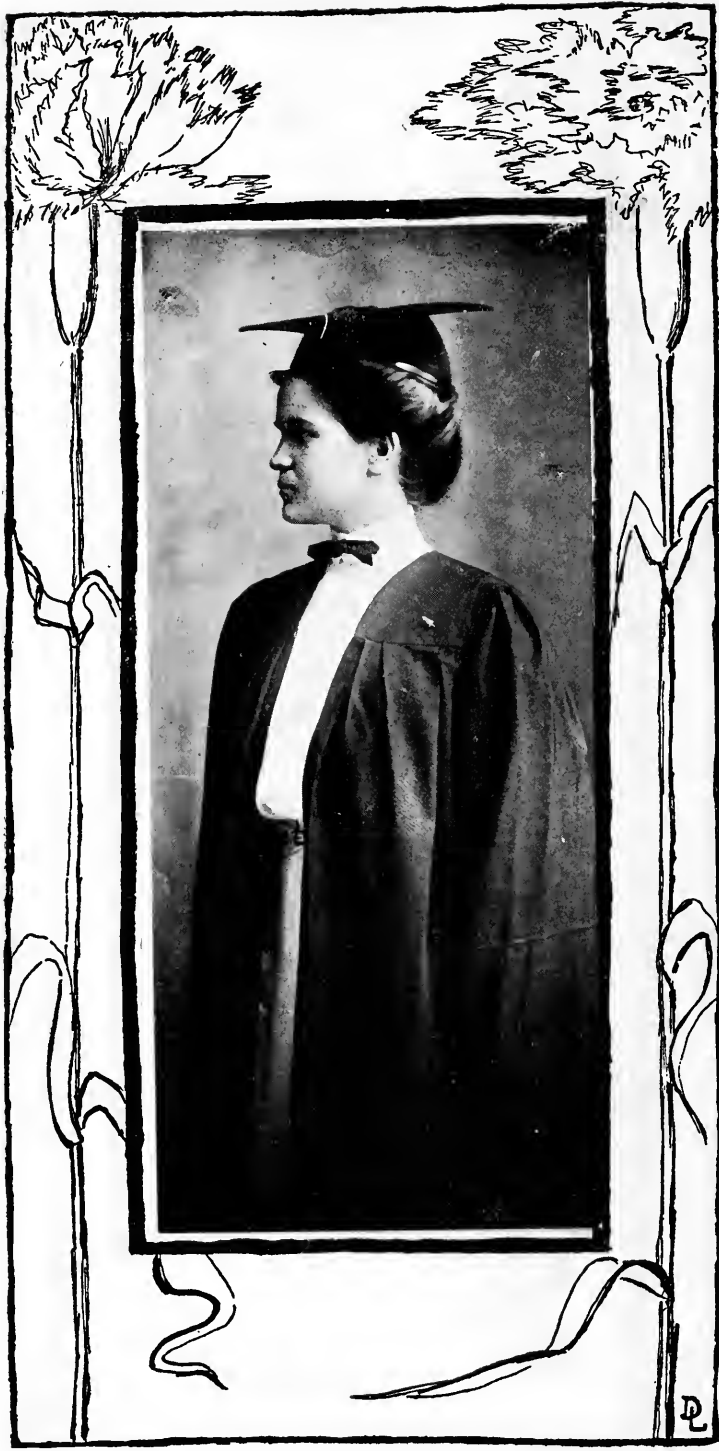


"Her air, her manners, all
who saw admired,
Courteous though coy, and
gentle though retired."

PATTIE JANET
MARKS,

Philoretian,

ALBEMARLE,
N. C.



"A progeny of learning."

DP

ANNIE ELLEN
G,

Astrotekton,

MADISON, N. C.



“The substitute for genius,
sense, and wit.”

LOSSIE BELLE
STONE,

Astrotekton,

APEX, N. C.



"So well to know her own
that what she wills to
or say
Seems wisest, virtuous
discreetest, best."

MISS GLADYS
WILSON,

Astrotekton,

MARSHALL, N. C.



"Happy am I; from care I'm
free!
Why aren't they all con-
tented like me?"

History of the Senior Class



THE history of the class of 1908 is to the history of our institution what the seventeenth century is to the history of the world—it marks an epoch of reforms;—important reforms which have broadened our horizon and changed the entire outlook of our college; reforms whose varied and wide spread will affect ages. It would be as difficult to separate the Class of '08 from the development of our College during these past four years as it would be to blot Martin Luther and the German nation from the world-wide Reformation—for we were a part of it. Neither can we enumerate all the important influences which mark this epoch, for many of them have not yet become permanently established.

However, a glance over the four years will disclose the most important facts. In the fall of 1904 as a Class of sixteen we began to realize that our preconceived ideas of College life were theoretical, and before we were known as the Freshman Class we had discovered that the way was hard and rough. We realized the need of united effort, and early that fall bound ourselves under the oath of allegiance to stand by our motto, "Through Difficulties to Glory." We did not organize, however, for by the time we received our trunks and were on the verge of taking our first cry, along came the rumor that the Sophomores were upon us. We met the situation with courage, and have ever since been cheated of the college girl's cry; for we are a jolly class.

However, our path the first year was beset with troubles. Just before Fair Week our plans were considerably broken into by Dr. Dixon's vaccination fad. Full of consternation, we flocked to some members of the Faculty for aid, but they, in turn, added to our woes another equally cutting—the Cut System. In order to

survive under these numerous blows, we, in turn, began gratuitously to persecute the Preps. We convinced them of the fact that the caste system was not entirely a thing of the past, but that five classes were in it, rather than four.

The Sophomore year found us fairly on the road over difficulties, and we could look back and profit by the stumbling-blocks of the year before, which now seemed simple enough. But at the height of our glory we met a sudden check. Our beloved Faculty, wishing to develop in us a system of honor which only Juniors and Seniors at that time seemed to possess, suspicious of our thirteen, and certain that the Freshmen were not sufficiently qualified for membership, put us to the test for a month. Then, convinced of our excellent qualities, they heartily welcomed us into the august body soon to be promoted to the highest class—the self-governed.

Thus strengthened by the change, in our Junior year, fate ordered that we should obtain the magic wand—the crook which would give us the vision of glory for which we had so long struggled. It did bring us admiration and respect from every one. Even the eyes of the Seniors, blinded by conceit, were opened at a late hour to behold our struggle.

Now we have come to our last year, and as we pause and consider the work of the Faculty we can not help saying that they are indeed artists. For we see the thirteen well-rounded Seniors that they have chiseled out of a conglomerated mass of stone. They have toiled faithfully and given us just the things needed for our development. We have had some hard intellectual nuts to crack, but we have succeeded in getting the kernel. We have surmounted the difficulties of mathematics, put to flight the invincible classics, and, gaining inspiration from Horace, we have used it to give life to our own productions. We have learned to take a zero on physiology on the first of April, and then to pass. We have learned to face philosophy boldly and, indeed, pursue with zeal its abstract theories. The Faculty develop the strength of our wills. All this we have accomplished and still, lest we have made the class lectures as dull and uninteresting as possible in order to

should think too highly of ourselves, they have kept us constantly at our tasks and unceremoniously refused every petition with which we have honored them. Still they look on proudly as in sombre caps and gowns we march with dignified step and mien forth from our college halls to our vocations, well-fitted for every duty—social, moral, and intellectual.

Our diplomas will grow yellow with age, our names will fade dimly on the records, but we have a perpetual echo to the memory of the Class of 1908—our College Seal.

HISTORIAN.



Prophecy of the Class of 1908



This is the fate of the class so famous,
This, the story of their deeds,
So they'll know their future prospects,
So they'll see their future needs.

There! the Sybil hands her answer
And I take it without say.
Lo! the name of our dear president,
Lo! the fate of Baldwin May!

You're the first one from the number
That shall spread your wings in fame,
And you'll first withdraw from conquest,
For three years will change your name.

Then, Ye saints, just will you listen
To the fate of Lula B.?
She'll become a History teacher,
Brilliant star of ten and three.

Mercy on me! listen, will you,
What the goddess says right here?
"Dora Cox will not get married"—
That's the way it doth appear.

"She has planned a future glorious;
On the stage, an actress, she
Will startle all the ages over,
Make the mountains clap with glee."

But our Dora wont be lonely
In her unexpected turn,
Of another more surprising
Fate would ask you now to learn.

Annie Crisp, the frail and gentle,
Who we thought would stay at home,
Suddenly becomes an athlete,
O'er the world begins to roam.

But for Bessie—What's the matter?—
'Course you know now right away—
Was at Mars Hill teaching "Physics"
To her very dying day.

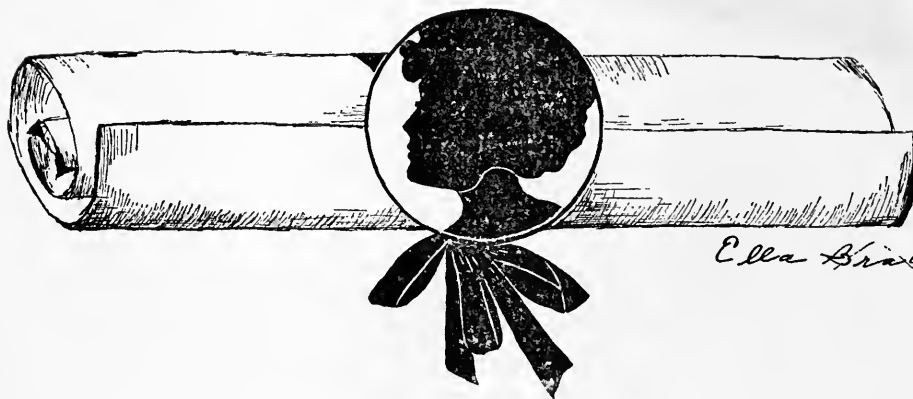
As to Lossie, Alma, Pattie,
Written all in one were they;
"Found their sphere in matrimony"—
What will happen next, you say?

Nothing more nor less than Josey,
By a sudden turn of mind,
Comes to live and move in teaching
Of the Kindergarten kind.

Annie Jones and Hassie Ponder
Paddled long their own canoe,
Till, at length, they found an oarsman,
Then—they paddled with their shoe.

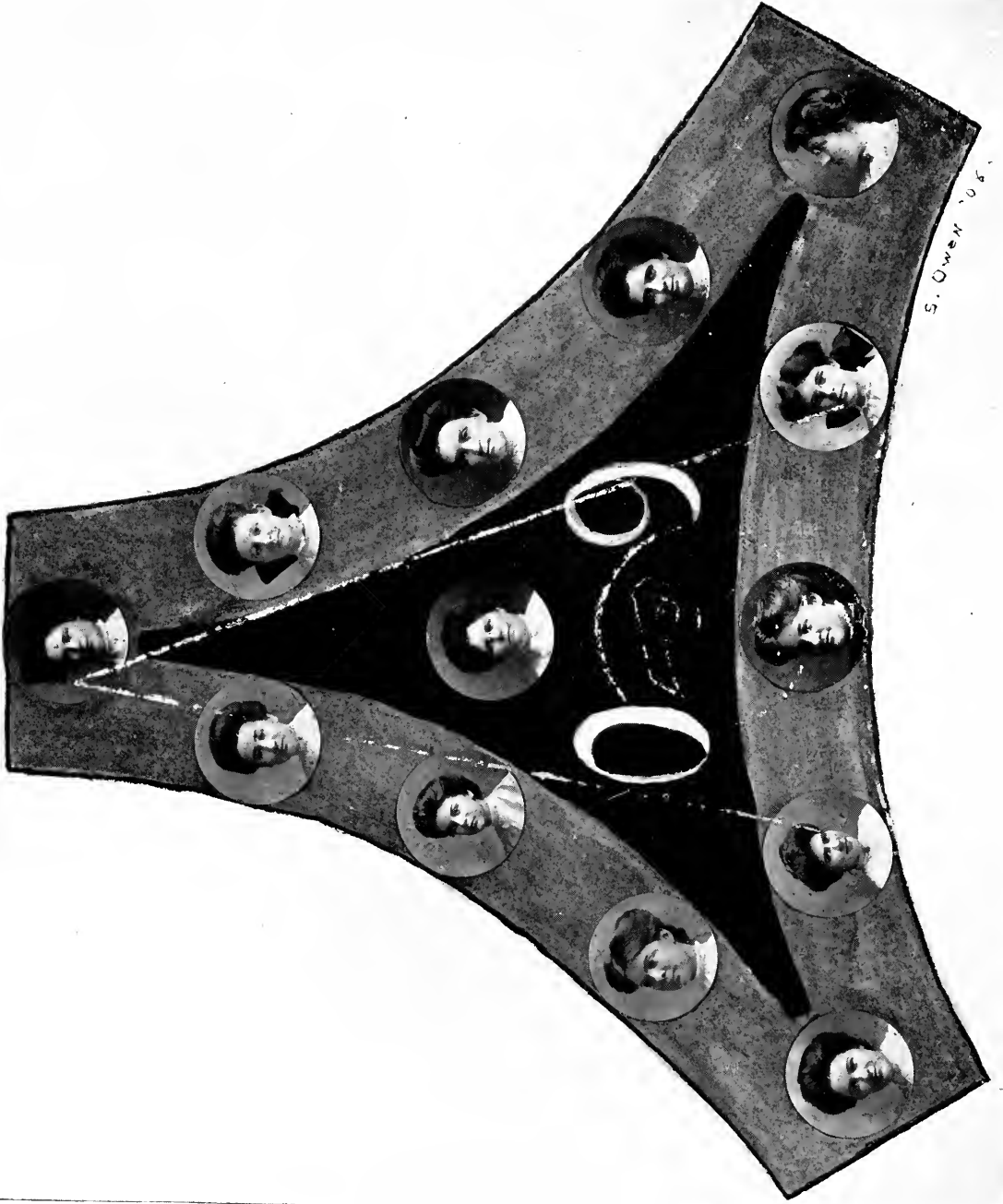
Then Louise, with soothing calmness,
Dons her nurse's "cap and gown,"
Helps the world with its diseases,
Writes, in verse, its troubles down.

Last, N. Pigg—the known unlucky—
Wandered out to teach one day,
But like lamented Ichabod
Was seen no more till Judgment Day.



Ella Brady





S. Owen '08

Class of '09



MOTTO:—Lofty aims and earnest endeavors.

Officers

FLOWER:—Daisy.

COLORS:—Green and White.

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MIMIE E. COX,	Vice-President.
LUCY E. HAYES,	Recording Secretary.
JUANITA WILLIAMS,	Corresponding Secretary.
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LULA HOWARD,	Historian.
GRACE DAPHNE ROGERS,	Poet.

Class Roll

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LULIE B. MARSHALL

UNDINE FUTRELL

MARTHA LAWRENCE

HATTIE SUE HALE

LOUIE POTEAT

LUCY HAYES

GRACE D. ROGERS

HELEN HILLIARD

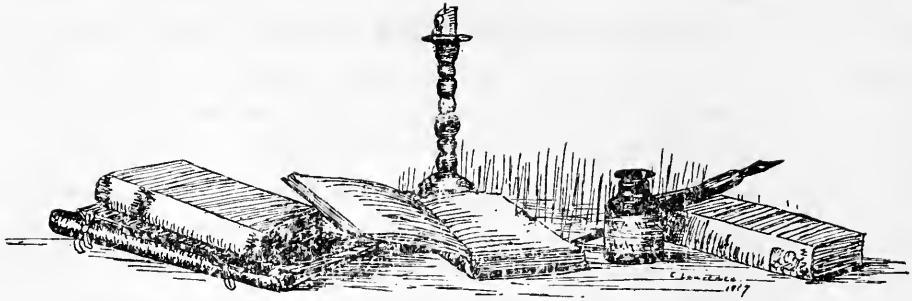
KATHARINE STAPLES

LULA HOWARD

JUANITA WILLIAMS

Honorary Member: MISS M. K. APPLEWHITE





Junior Class History



ALL through the embarrassments and fears of our verdant Freshmanism, all through the pride and folly of our Sophomority, we have looked steadily forward to the time when we should be Juniors—Juniors! How good the state of Juniority seemed to us as we looked at it in perspective! In our perverted fancies the joys of being a Junior far surpassed the honor and importance of being a Senior. Now that the future has become the present, we are Juniors, but we have not found the life one of ease and pleasure. There has been no cessation of our labors, as we vainly imagined, but rather we have found larger and greater tasks awaiting us.

One dreaded monster, "Junior Examinations," stared us unblinkingly in the face when we returned in the fall of 1907. The knowledge that Junior examinations still lay before us prevented us from assuming the dignity and importance of the proverbial Junior. But our determination to do something never wavered as the decisive day of October 29 approached. Honesty requires us to say that we filed into No. 1, Faircloth Hall, with shaking hands and beating hearts. Many Freshmen and Sophomores trembled with us, for a law of the Faculty had changed the Junior Examinations to Entrance Requirements. This only added to our trepidation—for if we should fail and the Freshmen pass! Some of us passed and some of us did not. It was only a difference of C and D, but that difference meant "pass" to one and "fail" to another. It was over and we breathed freely once more.

In our joy and relief over having conquered the greater difficulty, we immediately turned our attention to the consideration of a class pin. Many dealers were consulted, but our fastidious tastes were not easily suited. At last we decided upon one. You can see a fac-simile on the preceding page—only in place of the girls imagine pearls. Perhaps some of my readers will think that the picture is more beautiful than the pin. That may be, in some partial eyes, but we find no fault with our pins, especially when arrayed in our best, our pins well upon our shoulders, we catch the envious glances of the Seniors at our badges of Juniority.

Through the long winter months nothing worthy of mention occurred. It was a time of preparation for the coming of spring with its many social features. Among the first of these was a reception by Miss Lulie Marshall, one of our town girls, to the Junior Class. Wind and rain tried to keep us from going, but we were reluctant to miss such a rare treat. The Class, as a whole, was there and their thorough enjoyment of the afternoon is proved by the fact that before we realized the lateness of the hour we had stayed an hour over time. We could not account for the minutes which had flown so rapidly. Each one was loud in praises of Miss Marshall and proud to know that she was one of the Class of 1909.

Next we turned our attention to the planning of an entertainment for the Senior Class. Many plans were suggested to us, but we finally decided upon a "porch party." A "porch party" is not an unusual thing among school girls, but the very spirit of it made it more charming. Jollity and great good fun pervaded the atmosphere. We shall remember for years to come the entertainment of the Seniors, and hope that our "elder sisters" found the evening worth remembering.

But our life has not been altogether selfish. Our Class has been instrumental in infusing more spirit in college classes and in drawing them closer together. We were one of the first to organize a basket-ball team and one of the first to suggest an Inter-class Debate. It is true that we have very little time for playing basket-ball, but the few games we have played have helped in making each of our classes more mindful and have helped to arouse class and college spirit, two essential factors of college life. Debates will do much to give us some interests in common. As yet no class debate has been given, but we are looking to the future for the realization of our dream. The "Crook" has also done a great deal to

draw the college classes together. This has given to all the classes one common interest, one crook of contention. We hope to see in the future more unity and good fellowship among our College Classes.

Our Junior year is swiftly drawing to a close. We "look before and after" and would fain detain each pleasure as it passes, yet we have our eyes set firmly on the future which holds our goal "Seniority," with all its possibilities, its joys and sorrows, its encouragements and disappointments, and its successes and failures. We stand at the door and knock. Lo, the last door, that of "Final Examinations," which shuts us out from the land of Seniority, begins to open and to disclose to us the mysteries, the responsibilities, the delights and the joys of the hitherto unknown realm.

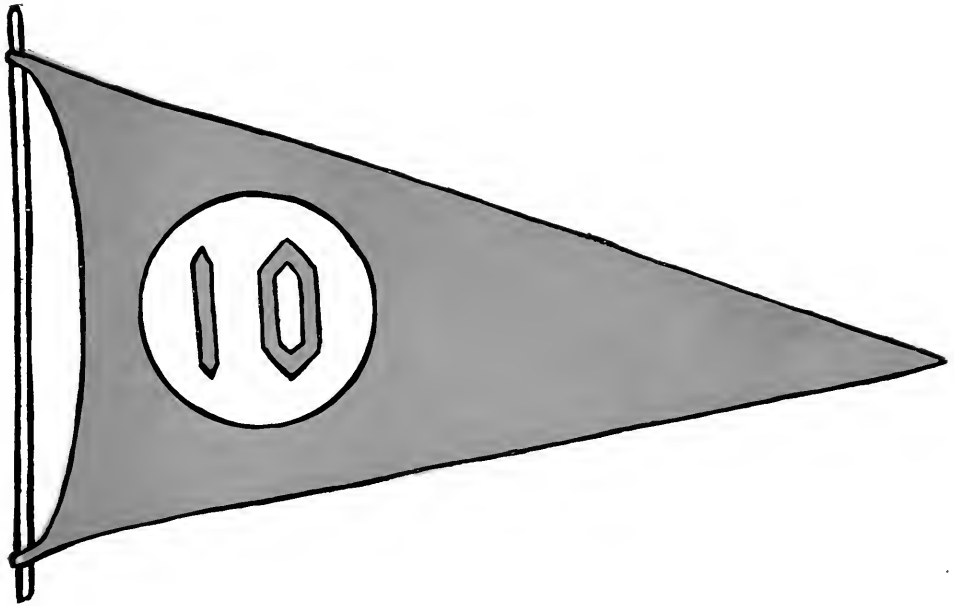
HISTORIAN.

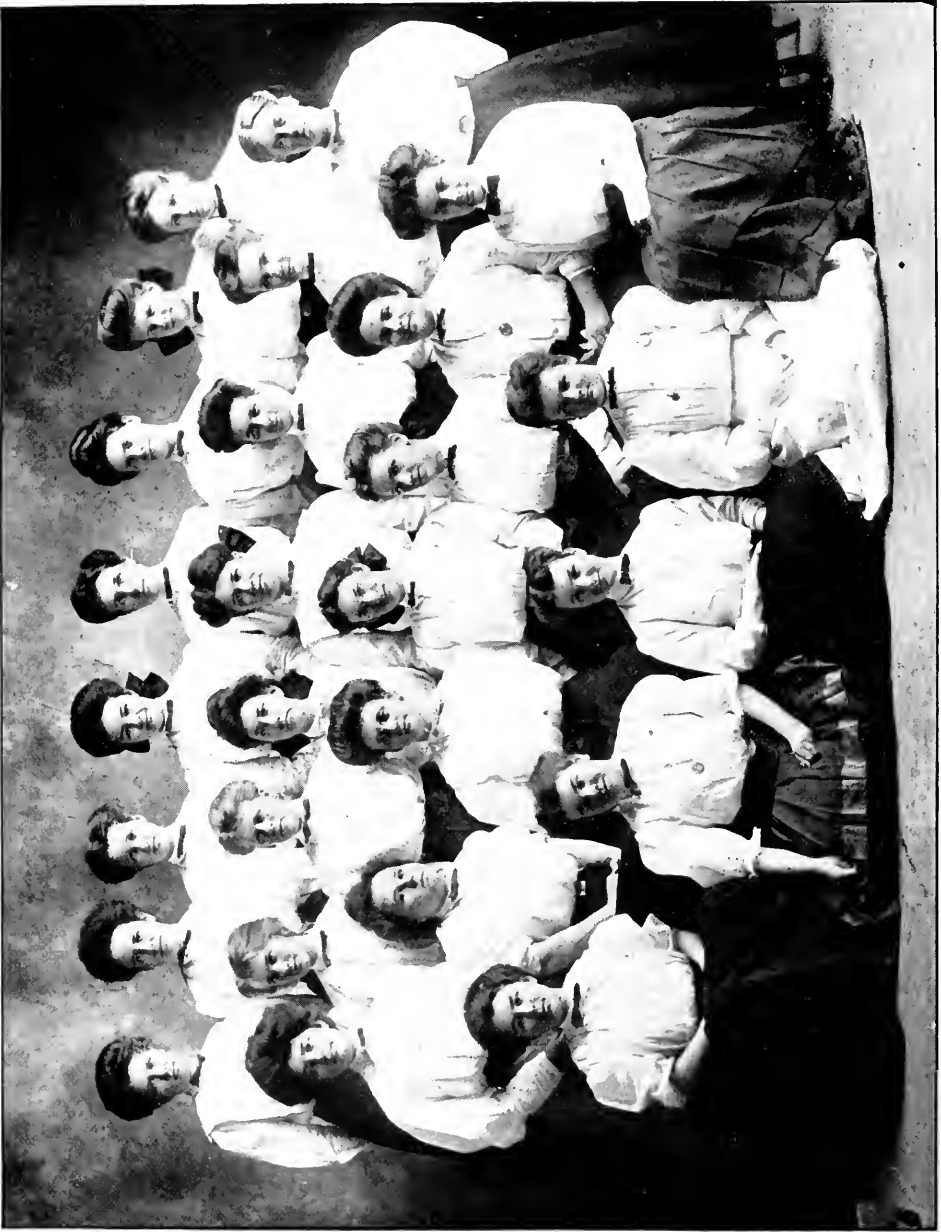


A Junior's Dream



Last night I dreamed that through the present stress
At work and pain where Juniors fret and grieve,
There came a host of spirits to relieve
Our weary minds and our tired souls to bless.
They sang in tones of love and peacefulness,
"Since you have sought so much, not found, but sought,
Risky many fields, some lost, some won, but fought,
On you we place *our* coronals—none less."
Then as these spirits vanished into space,
Leaving with us memories of delight,
Stirring our hearts with desire to keep pace
With them; lo, from their garments came a light
And I beheld, in my dream face to face
Our Seniors, fair prophets of our soul's sight.







Sophomore Class



YELL:

Who's the class that always wins?
 Chee, chi, chen,
 Soph., Sophs., Sophomores,
 Nine-teen-ten.

MOTTO:—Conquer or die.

COLOR:—Old Rose.

FLOWER:—Paul Negron Rose.

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GRACE COUNCIL,	Poet.

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 SAVAGE, MATTIE
 THOMPSON, ELLA
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 WATSON, JEANNETTE
 WILLIAMS, RUTH
 WALL, ELVA
 WALL, MAUDE

Sophomore Class History



AS IN reading the history of nations it is primarily important to note the development of power and prowess rather than separate events, so in the history of the Freshman year of the Class of 1910, we do not dwell upon actual achievements, though many were truly wonderful. We keep in mind that seven girls were pressing toward the mark of the high calling of Alumnæ of B. U. W. and they were advancing excellently well.

A month after school opened in 1907 a message sped around the world to the effect that there was an attempted organization of a concert of B. U. W. powers, after the plan of the concert of Europe, to maintain the balance of power. The Sophomores were threatening to carry the whole school before them. The movement was begun too late. The largest class in the history of the institution was already strongly organized, and stood without an equal in spirit, courage, and high desire. Sophomore assemblies were frequent happenings and while the class was debating what action to take on certain momentous questions the outside world trembled.

It is noteworthy that these assemblies were held next door to the Senate Chamber, and that the two bodies sat at the same hour. Also that certain Senators were much given to making the *mistake* of entering the wrong door. The Sophomore Assembly was characterized by enthusiasm rather than solemnity. As a rule, every argument brought forward was so convincing that it took a strong mind to choose the one wisest way. Mark this as one source of that superior intellectual grasp which makes the name Intellectual Giants given by contemporaries peculiarly suited to the Class of 1910.

An event of October 30, one of the least which took place under the Sophomore colors, deserves mention for the spirit which actuated it and the satisfactory results following. It must be known that two full months had been granted the newish wherein to properly adjust themselves to their position. The first month they were humility, innocence, sweetness incarnate. For some reason they seemed sad and stricken and the Sophomores in their simple kindness of heart feted and feasted them back to joyous life. Then, behold, they waxed fat and kicked.

Oh, the too, too smiling newish! Their fatal freshness was a grievous fault and grievously they had to answer it.

Since that memorable night Freshmen have been what Freshmen ought to be. As an example of their lovely behavior, when their banquet was laid the President quite naturally extended a gracious and pressing invitation to a passing Sophomore to come and partake freely before the guests arrived.

But another element engaged in the enterprise of that memorable October night. The Juniors, seeing justice done, wished to share the honors. So grandly they marched up the hill, and—meekly marched down again. * * *

Among the many events which filled the career of the Sophomore Class with glory and honor certainly the inter-class debates, the basket-ball games, the delightful reception given by the President at her home in the city, each deserves a chapter. And that day the Sophomore Class beheld Hannibal standing safe on the other side of the *augustæ, arduæ, asperæ, lubricæ, præcipites, inexsuperabiles alpes* was one of unbounded rejoicing. Soon afterward they celebrated the triumphant event with the Seniors, who had proved themselves loyal elder sisters throughout the year.

While the Sophomores felt it a pleasant thing to let themselves go now and then, and acted accordingly, yet in deep, earnest work they were not excelled by any class in school.

Such is their record; their aim, to conquer or die.

HISTORIAN.



Class Song

Air—" Song of the Sea-Shells."



In days of long ago
Just Freshmen green were we,
Tho' fretting to be so!
Knowing Soph'mores, oh, to be!
Knowing Soph'mores, oh, to be!
In a twinkling wink, to learn to think,
This was a joy unknown.
So with heart beating light,
We will sing with our might,
We have reached our goal all right!

CHORUS:

Soph'mores! We conquer ever!
O, doubt us never, we high endeavor,
Till nineteen-ten naught shall us sever—
With heart and soul we'll strive till then.

II.

Now Math. and Latin are by,
Making our hearts so glad;
Tho' Physics in the far-off sky
Still threatens to drive us mad!
Still threatens to drive us mad!
We have learned that the patient *hour*
Has given us a blessed *boom*—
So join the two and we'll get through,
Tho' now we await our doom.—CHORUS.

III.

The light of the brilliant Sophs.
Upon the Freshmen cast,
O'ershadows the green they would doff—
O, we will be Seniors at last!
O, we will be Seniors at last!
With a color of rose like Aurora's dawn,
We'll conquer, we'll conquer them all—
Still our song's echo dwells
In the rose-hued dells—
Our splendour can never fall.—CHORUS.

The Freshie

YE ARE GREEN WOOD, MIND YE WARP NOT.

ol. XXII

WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 1, 1908.

No. 13.

GREAT BANQUET!

SOCIAL EVENT OF THE SEASON.

GUESTS SEATED FORMALLY ON THE FLOOR AROUND IMMENSE (?) BOX.

(Special to "The Freshie.")

One of the most brilliant social events of the season was the great banquet of the class of 1911, given in the gorgeous salon of the President. The vast apartment was handsomely decorated for the occasion. The guests were graciously received by the president, and led to seats on the floor. The portals remained locked, each guest being required to give a sign of admittance, so select was the entertainment. The gong sounded and they marched forward to the martial strains of the "Newish Whistle," and took their places on the floor around the open box, which graced the center of the room. Shoe-box lids and cracker boxes, roaning with dainties, met the eye on every hand.

Amid ringing cheers, a toast was drunk to the Sophomores. The editor would like to state here, that for loyalty to the Sophomores, this class of 1911 has never been equaled in all the annals of history.

One by one the delicacies disappeared, and when the last crumb was gone, the hostess gave the signal for rising, and with reluctance, the guests tore themselves away with lingering looks behind.

(Continued on page 2)

TO THE FRESH!!

1.

We thank you, Fresh, for your pity so free,
Your boasted glories we can not see,
Nor any one else, if the truth be told;
You have not proved yourselves so bold.

2.

Not scared? Please recall that night
When you organized, and trembling with fright,
You shuddered at the sound of every step,
For fear a Soph. to the door had crept.

3.

Not feeling secure in the strength of your class,
You called in a sponsor the Sophs. to surpass.
Yet with the aid of this lady so Bright,
Your glories are not yet brought to light.

4.

As a parting word, Beware! Beware!
There's blacking left, and plenty to spare:
Green is a color that none like well,
But Black is certainly far more swell!

Freshie stood on the burning deck,

As far as we can learn,
He stood there in perfect safety,
He was too green to burn.

—Ex.

EXTRACT FROM A NEW- ISH'S LETTER HOME

"You remember that I told you about the dreadful scare we had when we organized; that proved to us that we would have to have some one to keep us posted about the movements of the Sophs. We finally hit upon a girl who had been through it all, and is on good terms with them. So, after much begging, she consented to be our Sponsor. We think that we are rivaling even the 'Intellectual Giants,' for never in the history of B. U. W., or any other college, for that matter, has a class had a sponsor. We don't want people to think we are cowards, but some how we just can't keep up with that class of 1910. At Hallowe'en, it was safe to throw water from behind locked doors, but we can't stay locked up all the time, and it is so nice to have a trusted friend to tell us where to make our ventures.

A member of our class received a box from home, and our sponsor advised us to let it serve as our banquet. She thought it would be all right for us to sit on the floor, in a girl's room, and eat out of a box, even if the classes do usually celebrate at Giersch's. But since it is over, it doesn't seem like we did quite the right thing, for the Sophomores considered it only a feast. They certainly do things up in great style; and even if it is hard to admit, I must say they

(Continued on page 3)

The Freshie

EDITED BY
SOPHOMORE CLASS

OFFICE—North East corner of Campus.

Entered at B. U. W. as first-class mail
matter

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1908.

PERSONALS.

—Emily Boyd has made the Freshman Class, after three years.

—Our readers will be pained to know that Faye Memory sustained a serious injury on the head in going through one of the Faircloth doors. The architects should have considered the possibility of having a giraffe in college.

—Lillian Allen arose at 3 a.m. this morning to read her Latin for the fourth time. We would like to suggest that this is unnecessary, as the Freshman work is not so strenuous.

—A night or two ago Willa Weathers, on retiring, found her bed full of salt. It came none too soon, nor was it too plentiful.

—Minnie Middleton cleaned her room this evening—congratulations are in order!!!!

—On April 1st, members of the Freshman Class received an appropriate present—to each one was sent a green goose—source unknown.

“Heads of Sophomores all remind us

If we dance the proper jig,
We may come back next September.

With our own heads just as big.”—Ex.

GREAT BANQUET!

(Continued from page 1)

The only thing to mar their pleasure was the necessity for quiet; otherwise, enjoyment reigned supreme. If questioned as to the reason of this silence, the participants of the feast would doubtless give a rather vague answer. We wonder why?

It was with deep regret that the guests heard the ringing of the study bell. Silently, and one by one, they bade farewell to their beaming hostess, and stole to their own rooms, casting furtive glances into dark corners, and scarce daring to breathe until they were safely within their own sheltering walls.

ADS.

Hair-Dressing Establishment.—Puffs, Braids, Wigs, and Hats may be procured at very reasonable prices! There is no need to praise Mme. Middleton's ability—one glance at her elaborately arranged coiffure will satisfy the taste of the most fastidious ladies.

Livery Stable.—Carload of fine “Davidson Ponies,” just received. They are especially suited for the use of college girls. They are never known to balk. For further information and prices, apply to Fay Memory.

Tutoring.—Miss Emily Boyd solicits your patronage as a tutor of all subjects required for Freshman entrance. References furnished on request.

Willa Weathers.—Staple and Fancy Groceries. Dealer in Salt, Green Peas, “Cabbage-heads,” Fresh Snaps, Lemons, Fine Poultry—Geese a specialty.

Phoebe Eaton!—Attorney at Law!!!

MISCELLANEOUS

The Sophomores will be glad to furnish any one, especially Freshmen, with information regarding dress or etiquette. If a reply by mail is requested, send a self-addressed envelope to

Sophomore Class,
B. U. W., Raleigh, N. C.

Pearl.—Yes, it is very unfortunate if one has a voice that is too low and soft. Yet better this extreme than the other. Practice gradually raising your voice, taking care not to strain it; these soft voices will not bear rough usage.

Lillian.—If your complexion is inclined to be sallow, try taking more exercise, and rising and retiring earlier. Late hours, either night or morning will destroy the bloom on one's cheek, and I fear you have been dissipating, my dear.

Essie.—I am sorry that you are inclined to be boisterous, as you say. We may be old-fashioned, but to us there is nothing more beautiful than a girl who is modest and retiring. Train yourself to speak more quietly.

Emily.—You say your hair has a tendency to stick to your head. That is very unfortunate, but try using a rat. They are very stylish just now, and can be purchased quite cheaply.

Fay.—We are very sorry you have difficulty in expressing yourself. The only remedy we can suggest is persistence. Make a thorough study of the dictionary for expressive adjectives, as they are a great help in conversation. Do not be sparing in the use of superlatives; they always beautify speech. As you belong to the Freshman Class, we would advise you not to try

(Continued on page 3)

THE FRESHIE

HALLOWE'EN STUNT

Freshmen of Baptist University Entertain the Sophs. Several Fresh. Frightened to Death Almost.

"Horrors!" cried Essie, rushing out of her room. "Come, Willa, let's go down to Fay's room. I just know something's up with the Sophs."

Such and such like hurried exclamations passed about among the Fresh., who slunk about in dark places or hid in their closets. Fay gave one passionate rail and flew into the closet where she was locked in by her sister.

Presently, a great sound, as of the rushing of many waters was heard through the halls. The Sophs. swooped down upon them, arrayed in ghostly apparel. Fresh. to right of them, Fresh. to left of them! All quaking and trembling—none daring to move lest they should be "done up."

Stopping in their glee, the Sophs. called upon each of the Fresh. to give a sample of her knowledge. A great number preferred to sing. The beautiful melodies arising from their throats were something like unto meadow frogs' voices for sweetness, and duck-quacks for harmony. It was indeed wonderful to hear. One young lady had such a tendency to move about that she was given a mucilage bath and set in a cool place. After this, she rested very quietly throughout the evening.

After Pearl had given us a fine specimen of debating-hood, Hannah had sung the most beautiful selection human voice could produce. Phoebe and Minnie had danced a few rounds very gracefully, Ruby had recited very charmingly a portion of Brown-

ing's "Blot in the Escutcheon," Lillian had given a charming toast, in behalf of the Freshmen, to their worthy Superiors, Willa had sung another solo after the manner of Schumann-Heink, and Essie had given us several points on housekeeping, all repaired to Fay's room where we turned her out of the closet and required her to give a general resume of what she knew. As this took quite a time, the Fresh. seemed to be growing weary. So, they were each given a big dose of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup and put to bed.

The Sophs. quietly retired and the Fresh. slept peacefully (?) till early next morning, when they rose to find themselves a sadder but a wiser class.

EXTRACT FROM A NEWISH'S LETTER HOME.

(Continued from page 1)

deserve the name. 'Intellectual Giants.' But I am trying not to feel discouraged, for if I study real hard, perhaps I shall be like them next year, and that will certainly be my dreams realized."

MISCELLANEOUS.

(Continued from page 2)

to be too prominent, but mingle with the girls in an unobtrusive way, and in time your bashfulness will wear off.

Minnie.—I am afraid you do not appreciate your educational advantages. Try to forget the boys, and devote more time to study. There will be plenty of time for dressing and flirting when you have finished school. You say that your "greatest abomination" is cleaning your room. Try to cultivate the housewifely virtues while you are young.

WHAT WE GOT AT COLLEGE.

Salted (peanuts), black (-berries) in abundance, plans for the "swell head," ideas concerning our "calling" in life, how to work (?) Geometry, when to go calling (?), ideas about gas fixtures, learned how to take corrective work and calomel, how to use closet locks to a good advantage, where to keep our chewing-gum, that it is best to have class functions after light-bell, how to make "crushes," how to respect Sophomores, that it is always the best plan to stick your head into a teacher's room before you knock, that the Lady Principal may always (?) be won by giving her stewed oysters, that teachers will give better grades if you give them candy and sugar-plums, and many other indispensable ideas have we gained during this grand and glorious "symbyster."

The Freshmen, '02

WANTED.

Wanted—A coat plaster for Fay Memory's mouth.

Wanted—A thick application of "Baby Elite"—Willa Weathers.

Wanted—A marriage license—Emily Boyd.

Wanted—A sweet smile, and coquettish glance—Mamie Collier.

Wanted, by the Entire Freshman Class—Brains!!!

"We saw a thing of greenish hue
And thought it was a lawn
of grass;

But when to it we closer drew,
We found it was the Fresh-
man Class."—Ex.

THE FRESHIE

BOOKS TO BE WRIT- TEN THIS SEASON

"Treatise on Matrimony," by Minnie Claire Middleton. The plan is an essay which treats of woman in woman's sphere which the author considers is matrimony. Many illustrations and instances from personal experience give weight and a meaning of reality to the thought. It will be a treat for any one to read this little gem of literature. The author is already known to the public by such writings and needs no introduction.

"Poems," by Fay Memory. This volume consists of a collection of poems which the author has been writing with untiring zeal since childhood, and, of course, it has grown to a good-sized volume. In thought, the author resembles Browning very much and in metrical qualifications she is perfect. Sometimes the thought rises to such dazzling heights that ordinary minds can't comprehend its meaning. While we heartily commend the young author to the public, we would advise those who are liable to stumble to "Drink deep or touch not the Memorial Spring."

"Historical Sketches," by Phoebe Eaton. This is a very charming view of American history taken from a twentieth century standpoint. The author

is well up on her subject. It will be well for teachers to make plans to have this on their reference shelves for the coming school year. The book will appear during the summer months.

"I'm Going Home," by Lillian Allen. This will be a religious narrative in which the heroine is a Baptist University girl, and the hero a W. F. C. fellow. By her personal influence she leads the young man to take a different view of life. They finally are joined in wedlock's "peaceful repose" and live in bliss near Raleigh. The author is to be yours. Read and you will enjoy, learn, and be inspired.

"Cats I Have Loved," by Beulah Copple. This is a very stirring romance which shows the influence of Thos. Dixon upon the writer. The style and diction are charming and the author will no doubt go down in literature as one of the "Stars." Every one should take the first opportunity he has of reading the works of Miss Copple.

"Nancy Anne In Glory," by Essie Hunter, is a drama in five acts. To say that the author is on a level with Ben Jonson would be doing an injustice. She sometimes rises to the height of Shakespeare's greatest productions and even above him. This play resembles Hamlet in a number of respects as its title perhaps suggests. We are glad that this age is producing, at last, some one who can uphold the standard of the drama. Es-

sie Hunter has a glorious future before her and America smiles her approval upon her who writes the Tragedy of "Nancy Anne In Glory."

"The Hat Dress-parade," by Emily Boyd, is a very witty satire upon the hats of the season. For hits and sharp sayings not even Dryden or Voltaire could equal her. Yet we do not find that harshness in general toward things that Pope had. This satire is very charming and helpful to read.

"Me an' Daddy" is a charming little narrative cut after the pattern of "Little Breeches." The writer, Ruby Jonson, is a relative of "Rare Old Ben," and shows the usual family talent. The good humor and genuine fun exhibited in the story is calculated to give the author quite as great a name as her renowned ancestor has. We are indeed glad to introduce her to the public through our pages.—Ex. Lippincott's Magazine, Harper's Monthly, The Century, Educational Review.

"The Turtle Dove and the Mountain Lass," by Willa Weathers, is a very thrilling romance which smacks of the air of western North Carolina. We feel that any one will be spending her time well to read this work.

TOAST TO FRESHMAN CLASS.

Here's to the Fresh., the greatest, grandest, and greenest that ever have been, are, ever will be, or we ever care to hope for!!!

Let the Fresh. do the work, do
the work, do the work,
And the Sophs. do the skipping
around,
Then mind you keep out of our
way,
Our Freshies, dear!

Sophomore Class Poem



I.

“Great themes for slender pens” I sing,
Come, muse, inspire my youthful lay,
Like Apollo famed for heavenly rhyme,
Or bards renowned in ancient days.

II.

The stars may stand still in their course,
Sun and moon may cease to shine,
The years forget to roll the centuries,
Our name shall live throughout all time.

III.

And though, alas! we have no muse
To sing our praise in fitting strains,
We see the cause—our glory stuns—
The poet through pride of class refrains.

IV.

Man comes to earth; he lives his life,
Soon 'tis o'er, for good or ill,
But though he goes, with praise or blame,
The mighty ages know him still.

V.

And so in after years when we
Have passed the common way of men
The dissenting world shall unite to sing
In praise of the Class of Nineteen-ten.

Meditation

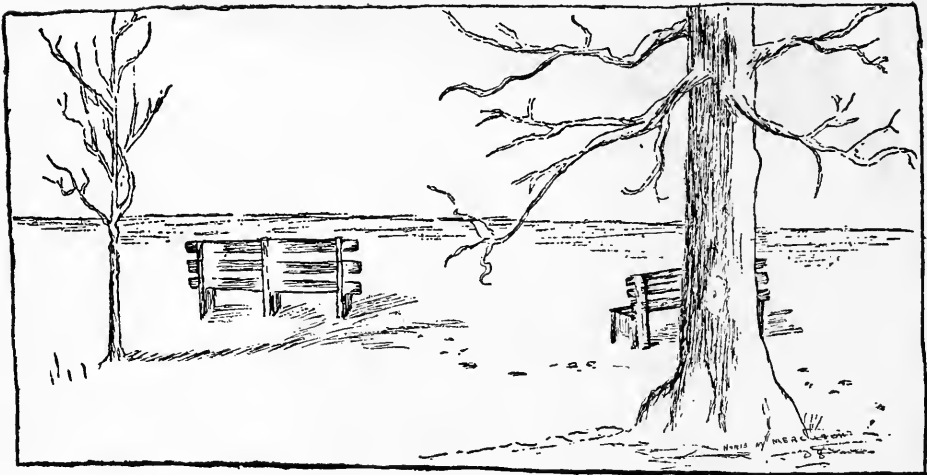


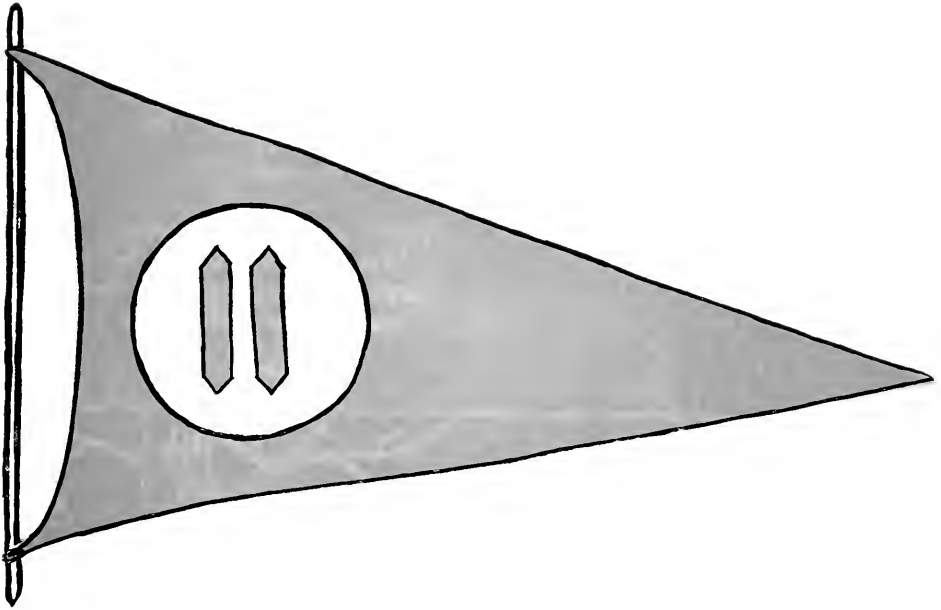
Lead me down beside the brooklet,
In the meadow calm and cool,
Where the cows, in calm composure,
Hold their sway and simple rule.

Leave me there awhile to ponder
On the things now long since past.
Of the sweet and bitter memories
That have brought experience vast.

Let the peace of dying sunlight
Cast its shadow over all,
Till I hear the master's voice
Call the kine into the stall.

Then I get me up in silence,
Wend my way across the plain,
Shadows deep—dark and darkness—
Lo! it is the night again.







Freshman Class



MOTTO:—"Womanliness, worth, and wisdom."

FLOWER:—Sweet-pea.

SYMBOL:—Crescent.

COLORS:—Pink and White.

Officers

MINNIE MIDDLETON,	President.
ESSIE HUNTER,	Vice-President.
EMILY BOYD,	Secretary.
LILLIAN ALLEN,	Treasurer.
FAY MEMORY,	Poet.
PHOEBE EATON,	Historian.
MARGARET BRIGHT,	Sponsor.
· MR. WATSON, Faculty Member.	

Class Roll

LILLIAN ALLEN
BEULAH COPPLE
PEARL HOWARD
BESSIE JOHNSON
FAY MEMORY
WILLA WEATHERS

EMILY BOYD
PHOEBE EATON
ESSIE HUNTER
RUBY JOHNSON
MINNIE MIDDLETON

Freshman Class History



THE history of the Freshman Class! Who can write it? The Class itself is only a small organization recently come into existence; therefore its history can be only the record of a beginning. Yet, the day of small things must not be despised, and the early record of a hopeful enterprise should not be lost.

The class was organized one rainy Monday afternoon early in December, with eleven members. The time and place of meeting was whispered very cautiously to each of the members to be;—for one of the first lessons that a Freshman learns is that of caution, since the Sophomores, who from time immemorial have always opposed the movements of Freshmen, are always on the alert. Once when they imagined that we were going to organize they very thoughtfully placed a sentinel on guard, who paced up and down Faircloth Hall, but to no effect. What sensations passed through our minds as one after another, at longer or shorter intervals, we came to the appointed place. As quickly as possible the candidates for office were nominated and elected; and matters of general interest were freely and thoroughly discussed.

But what was our dismay when, just as the work was almost completed, there came a light knock at the door! Instinctively one hand pressed tightly over a closed mouth and another waved warningly at the other girls. Some of the girls seized the knob and held it for a few minutes, wondering what to do. Again came the knock, this time a trifle more imperative. "Who is it?" was ventured at length. No answer. The question was repeated; still no answer. After a little one grew brave enough to open the door sufficiently to see who had come against us. It proved, however, to be a friend. The fact that we were unmolested during the organization proves that we had made a profound impression upon the enemy. They respected us then; they will reverence us by the time we take their places as Seniors.

Before us lies a long and difficult road. We must finish that part of our journey which lies around the angles and over the straight lines of Geometry; along the winding path with Æneas, even in sight of Scylla and in ear-shot of the terrible Charybdis. Then we must climb the hill of Biology, Logarithms and Trig. After that comes the lofty path of Astronomy and the stony road of Chemistry, followed by the broad highway of Psychology; and then one more steep mountain—that of Physics. Then we shall stand on the pinnacle and receive our reward.



Arise, Shine, for Thy Light Is Come



Queen of the land of the long-leaf pine,
What may they mean—these insignia of thine?

Mystic these emblems—their meaning reveal,
Teach us to love and to reverence thy seal!

* * * * *

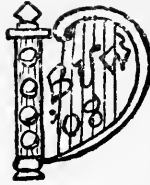
Daughter of mine, at Truth's shrine thou must bow,
Ere my approval may rest on thy brow.

There must thou pledge thy young life to her cause;
Knight who would win thee must honor her laws.

Forth to home's altar her torch thou must bear,
Through the long years keep the light burning there.

Thus, thy soul lighted at Truth's holy shrine,
Daughter of Zion, arise thou, and shine!

S. E. D.



Senior Music Class



CLASS MOTTO:—To reach high, but aim higher.

COLORS:—Violet and Gold.

FLOWER:—Violet.

Class Officers

MAY KEMP,	President.
EDITH HALL,	Vice-President.
MARY TIMBERLAKE,	Secretary.
PHYLLIS WOODALL,	Treasurer.

Members

ANNIE DENMARK
MARGARET FAUCETTE
EDITH HALL
BONNIE HOWARD
MAY KEMP.

RUBY PENNY
ADA SHEARIN
EDITH SWICEGOOD
MARY TIMBERLAKE
PHYLLIS WOODALL



ANNIE DENMARK,
DIPLOMA GRADUATE IN PIANO.



BONNIE HOWARD,
DIPLOMA GRADUATE IN PIANO.



**MARGARET FAUCETTE,
DIPLOMA GRADUATE IN PIANO.**



MAY KEMP,
DIPLOMA GRADUATE IN PIANO.



PHYLLIS WOODALL,
DIPLOMA GRADUATE IN PIANO AND VIOLIN.



RUBY PENNY.



EDITH HALL.



MARY TIMBERLAKE.



ADA SHEARIN.

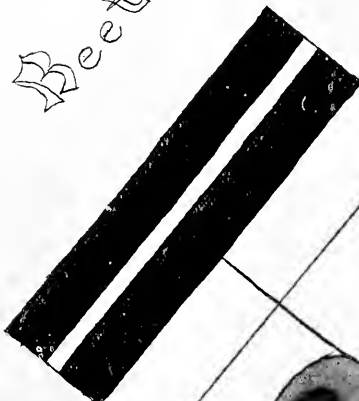
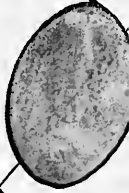
CERTIFICATE GRADUATES IN THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC.



Bethoven Op. 14 No. 1

WALK

Dora Langley



Junior Music Class



FLOWER:—Forget-me-not.

COLORS:—Champagne and Blue.

Officers

LEILA MEMORY, President.
ANNIE SANDERS, Vice-President.
DAPHNE WILLIAMS, Secretary and Treasurer.

Members

MISS BURTT, Faculty Member.
LEITHA LANCASTER.
LEILA MEMORY.
KATHARINE PARKER.
ANNIE SANDERS.
DAPHNE WILLIAMS.

Es blüht ein kleines Blümchen
Auf einer grünen Au',
Sein Aug' ist wie der Himmel
So heiter und so blau

Es hat nicht viel zu sagen,
Und alles, was es spricht
Ist immer nur dasselbe
Ist nur: Vergissmeinnicht!

Practice Hour Before Breakfast



Come here, partner! let me tell you
Of a trouble you don't know,
When you have to do your practice,
Not at breakfast, but before.

Oh, it's awful,—simply dreadful!
When you're sleeping like a log
For your clock to go off, booming
Like a cannon in the fog.

Goodness Gracious! pesky 'larm clocks!
How they try my patience, girl,
Sometimes flying off at midnight,
Set my head into a whirl!

Oh, my soul! you are so sleepy
That you cry in tones aloud,
Till your room-mate thinks a minute
You're exploding in a cloud.

"Listen! will you! at that bother
Going off this time o' night!
Grab it, please, and fling it winding!
Let me sleep, or I will fight!"

Now you take another "snoozle,"
For a minute more or two,
But, in fact, the time is flying
And an hour is almost through.

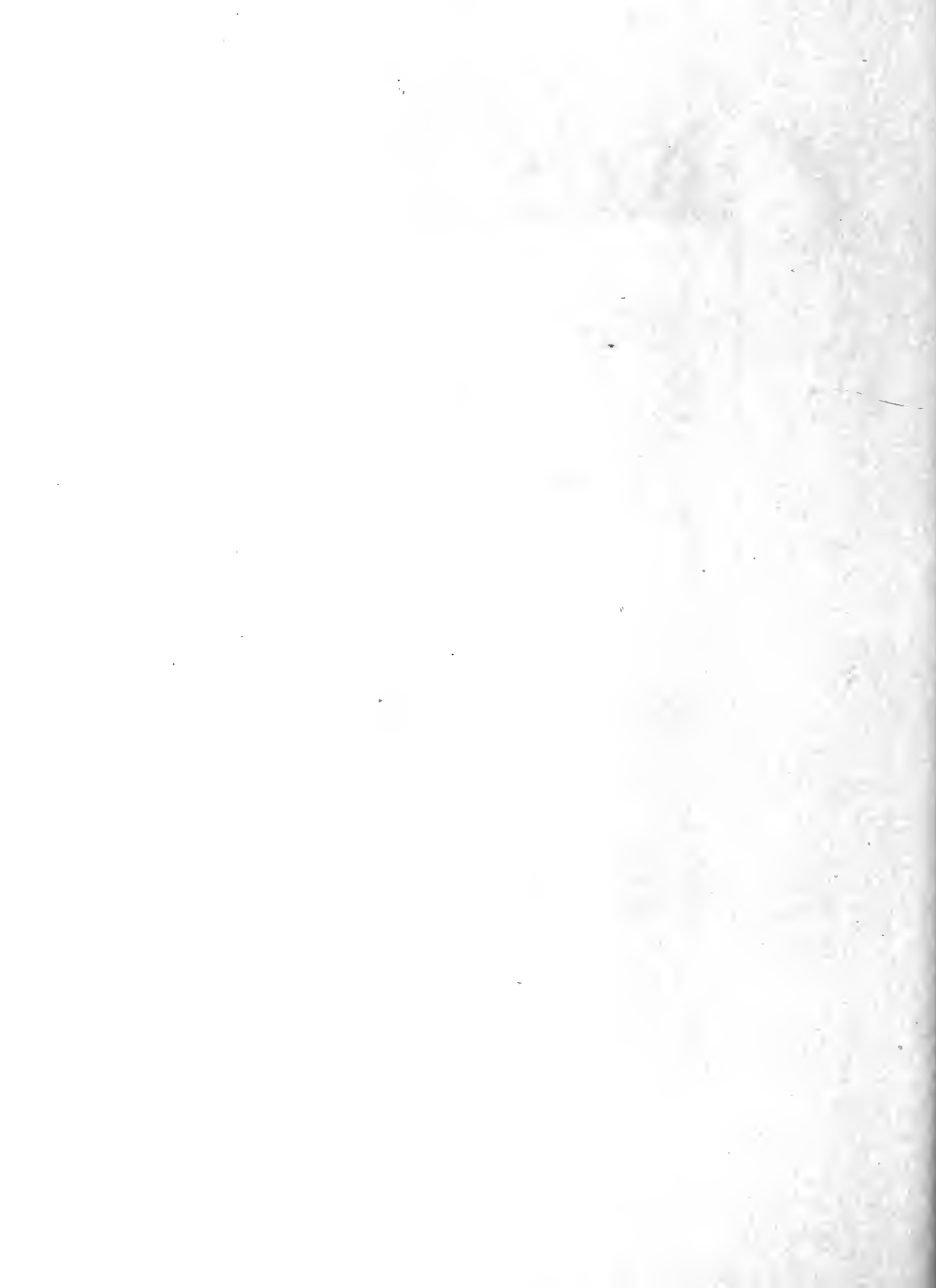
When you hear your room-mate holler,
In a tone so quick and loud,
That you think you hear a concert,
And th' applause made by the crowd.

"Say there, honey! Stop your snoring!
Don't you hear that rising-bell?
Get up quickly—make a hurry!
If you don't Miss Sams will tell!"

NON SINE PULVERE.



SCHOOL OF ART





LILLIAN ETHEL PARROTT,

Certificate in Art.

"A certain soothing charm, a vital grace
That breathes of the eternal womanly."

FLORENCE ELIZABETH
HALL,

Certificate in Porcelain
Decoration.

"The gleam of a smile, as fair and as
faint,
And as sweet as the masters of old
used to paint."





K. K. K.



MOTTO:—"It is pretty, but is it Art?"—*Kipling*.

Boss

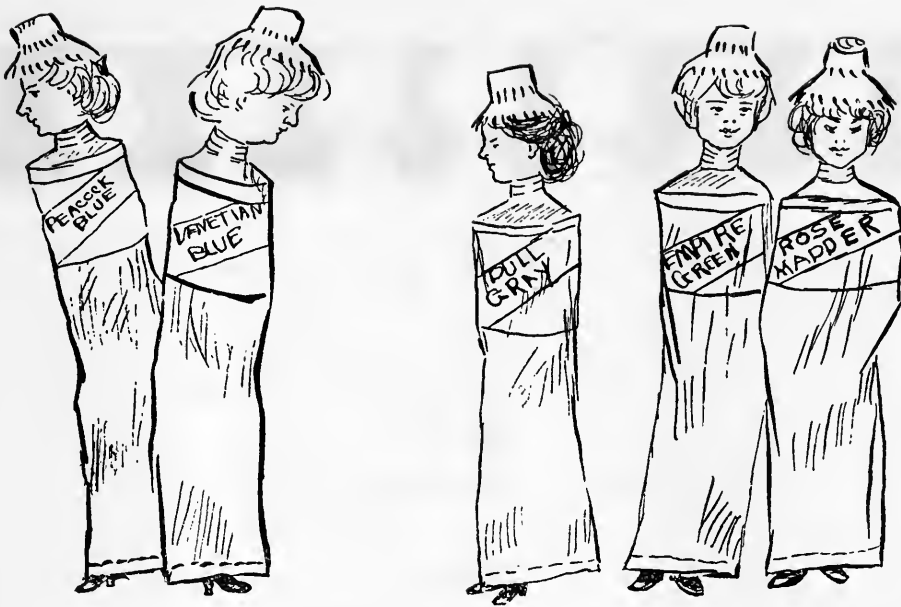
I. BELLE P.—"Man with the Red Tie."

Members

K. LOUISE F.,	"The Designer."
LILLIAN E. P.,	"The Optimist."
F. ELIZABETH H.,	"The Socialist."
L. MAY K.,	"The Titianite."
F. M.,	Pure H ₂ O. (Warranted to go off at the proper time.)
S. L.,	"Still life."
E. N. B.,	"Leonardo."
C. LOUISE No.,	"Baby."

Kalendar

Sept.,	The Art of St. Gaudens.
Oct.,	The Art of the Jamestown Exposition.
Nov.,	Albert Groll.
Dec.,	The Tonal School.
Jan.,	N. Y. Exhibits (1907).
Feb.,	Whistler's Peacock Room.
Mar.,	Japanese Art.
Apr.,	Rome during the Golden Renaissance.
May,	Social Meeting.



“The Daubers”



ETHEL PARROTT“Whistler”.....	Color—Peacock Blue.
FLORENCE HALL“Turner”.....	“ Venetian Blue.
FAY MORGAN“Michael Angelo”.....	“ Dull Gray.
ELLA BRADY“Leonardo”.....	“ Empire Green.
LILA KEITH“Franz Hals”.....	“ Rose Madder.

Philosophical Bywords

- No. 1—“*Would you mind posing for me?*”
 No. 2—“*This is as hard as the dickens!*”
 No. 3—“*Well, I just can't afford to use so much paint.*”
 No. 4—“*Well, I ain't coming back next year.*”
 No. 5—“*Please order me some more paint.*”

The Craftsman Movement



“Art made *by* the people *for* the people is a joy for the maker and user.”—
Wm. Morris.

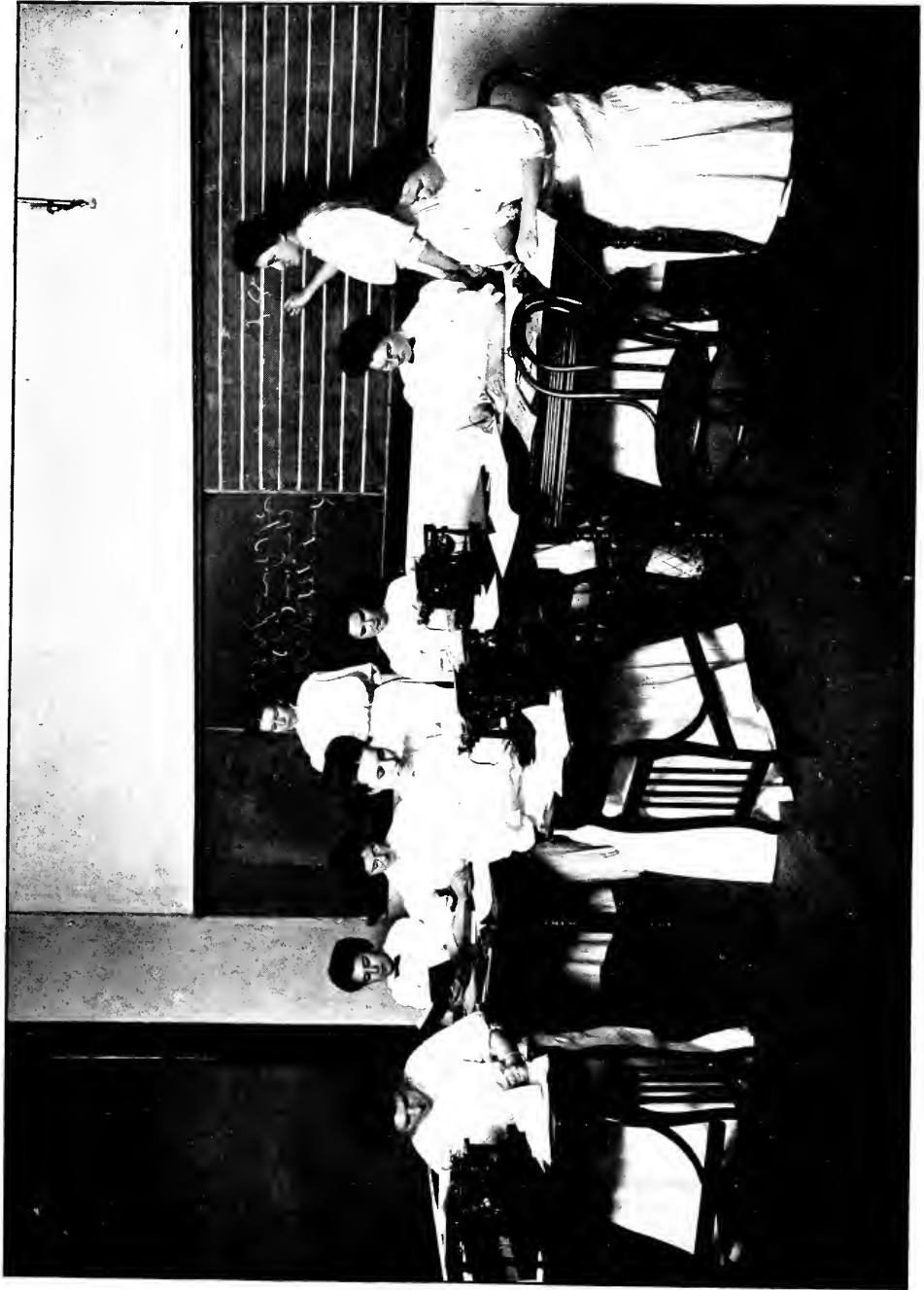
AIM:—The Democracy of Art.

Participants

FLORENCE HALL,	“Kermacist.”
ELLA BRADY,	“Whirlwind.”
FAY MORGAN,	“Colonel.”
CLARA LAWRENCE,	“Interior Decorator.”
DORA LAMPLEY,	“Poster Designer.”
ROBBIE SINGLETON,	“Bookbinder.”
ALINE GALLOWAY, }	Apprentices.
EDNA SPEIGHT, }	
BEVIE FALES, }	







The Business Class



MOTTO:—" Strive to excel."

COLORS:—Green and White.

FLOWER:—White Rose.

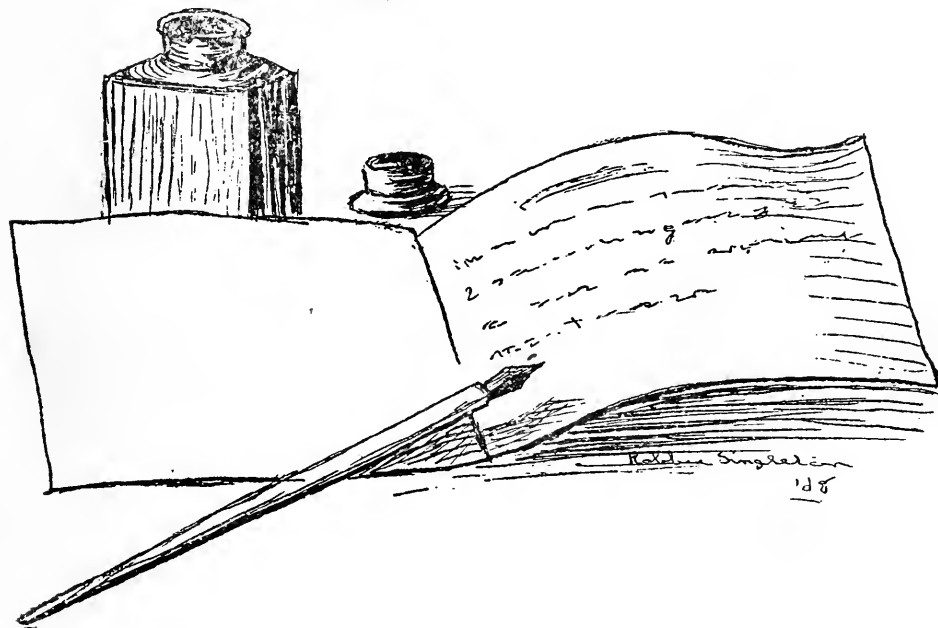
Officers

ADA BRIGHT,	President.
HESTER FRANCIS,	Vice-President.
GRACE TATUM,	Secretary.
LUCY DAVIS,	Treasurer.

Class Roll

ADA BRIGHT
LUCY DAVIS
ROBERTA BLAND
PEARL STROUP
EULA SUMMERS
ADELAIDE ROBERTS

ODESSA AUSTIN
HESTER FRANCIS
ELMA JORDAN
MACIE HARRIS
GRACE TATUM



Dawn



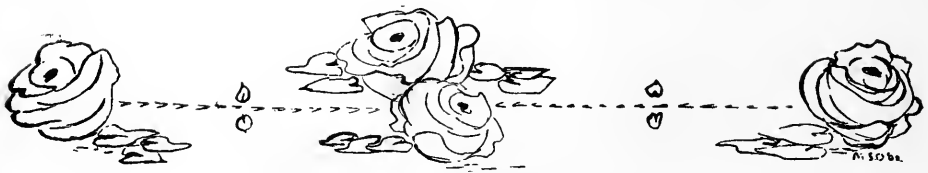
The roseate hues of dawn,
Ethereal light,
Sprung from night,
Paint the early morn.

The birds arising from sleep,
With twitter,
And fitter,
Into my window peep.

The cool, fresh dew on the grass,
Breath of God,
Violet sod,
Fill the souls with joy that pass.

The early dawn of light
Was at hand,
No command
Could move me from that height.

N. E. P.





"NOT BY MIGHT, NOR BY POWER,
BUT BY THY SPIRIT,
SAITH THE LORD OF HOSTS."

DBL



Y. W. C. A.



MOTTO:—" Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

Officers

DORA E. COX,	President.
ANNIE DENMARK,	Vice-President.
ADDIE TYNER,	Secretary.
HASSIE PONDER,	Treasurer.

Chairmen of Committees

ANNIE DENMARK,	Membership.
MIMIE COX,	Devotional.
HATTIE SUE HALE,	Missionary.
MAY LINCOLN,	Bible Study.
HASSIE PONDER,	Finance.
GRACE ROGERS,	Social.
UNDINE FUTRELL,	Music.
NANNIE PIGG,	Intercollegiate.
JENNIE FLEMING,	Room.
MARGARET BRIGHT,	Sunshine.



Young Woman's Christian Association 1907-1908



THE Young Woman's Christian Association which was organized in 1901 and which represents the religious life of our college home has "lengthened its cords and strengthened its stakes" during the past associational year. Perhaps, more than ever before in its short history it has come to be a friend to each individual girl, and they in turn have given it more enthusiastic support. It is true, the membership has not exceeded last year's record, but there has been a greater number of active members which of itself indicates spiritual power.

In the past the Y. W. C. A. has been dreaming of the time when it should have an associational home and a resident secretary. The dream has not yet become a reality, but perhaps the next thing to one, since the foundation stones for the building have certainly been laid by the Room Committee of the past year.

The missionary atmosphere has been distinctly felt throughout the student body. Very definite good has resulted from their earnest labor. Just now we would mention our own Miss Lanneau's cheerful service in China and the joy we have experienced because of our having availed ourselves of the opportunity of helping the Y. W. C. A.'s of the State support her.

We must say something in regard to the Bible classes, for it is to them we turn for lasting good. This year of which we write, the Biblical Department of the College has been very fortunate in having an exceedingly scholarly as well as spiritual woman at its head. Consequently, a deeper and a more permanent interest in healthy, systematic Bible study has been awakened. The effect on the Y. W. C. A. work has been wonderful, since it has meant that careless, sentimental reading and interpretation of the Bible has had no place.

The review of this last associational year would not be complete without mentioning the Personal Workers' Class. Judging simply from outward appearances, you would see few indications of growth, but in its quiet way it has been a great factor in the spiritual development of those who have had the good fortune to be members. It has really formed a nucleus for the religious work in the college, and under the leadership of the Professor of Elocution it furnishes an excellent illustration of the cooperative spirit which has existed between the students and faculty in the development of our spiritual lives.

From the date of organization, the leaders of our Y. W. C. A. have striven to lose sight of it as an organization and to appreciate it simply as a field for Christian service and Christian helpfulness. Prayer and worship are essential for such a purpose. Both have been exercised, and no more fitting time has been found than in the quiet of the early morning before the duties of the day.

The year just gone has not been without its crosses, but as a whole it has been a year filled with valuable experiences and with many blessings. Those who have shouldered the bulk of the responsibilities are more conscious than ever before that the Kingdom is established in the hearts of college young women "not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."
D. E. C.

The Students' Association



ALTHOUGH the Students' Association is one of the youngest organizations in school, its influence is already being felt. The original self-governed Study Body of 1906, which consisted of students from the Junior and Senior Classes, elected by a committee from the Faculty, has so increased in numbers that at present a large majority of the girls in school are included in either the Honor or Self-governed Division.

The object of the Self-governed Body is:

1. To create and maintain a standard of conduct and scholarship in the University in keeping with its lofty purpose and Christian ideals; and by practice—by the personal influence of its members—and by its system of government, uphold the College Regulations, and create a refining and inspiring influence in the College Home.

2. To do all in their power to direct, encourage, and inspire every student in the college, so that she may have help and sympathy in her efforts to grow in character, to become a worthy and helpful member of the body, an honor to the institution, and a power for good in the world.

In order to maintain the high standard of conduct for which the Association stands, it is necessary for its members to have qualifications in keeping with the ideal. Therefore each individual before becoming a member of the Association, must make a passing grade in all her studies, must be approved by the Faculty committee and her name voted upon by the members of the Self-governed Division.

Perhaps one of the most important movements of the year was begun when the members of the Self-governed Body decided to assume the responsibility for the conduct of the entire student body, leaving to the Faculty a general supervision. Such a movement ought to create a stronger feeling of unity, not only between student and student, but between Faculty and student. When this idea of mutual responsibility is once firmly grasped, the principle "I am my brother's keeper" will be a powerful reality. So, even though the Association has by no means accomplished its highest purpose during its two years of existence, yet there are indications of growth which promise well for the future.

LOSSIE STONE.

Students' Association



Officers

LOSSIE STONE,	President.
NANNIE PIGG,	Vice-President.
ANNIE DENMARK,	Secretary.
JUANITA WILLIAMS,	Treasurer.

Executive Committee

LOSSIE STONE

NANNIE PIGG

DORA COX

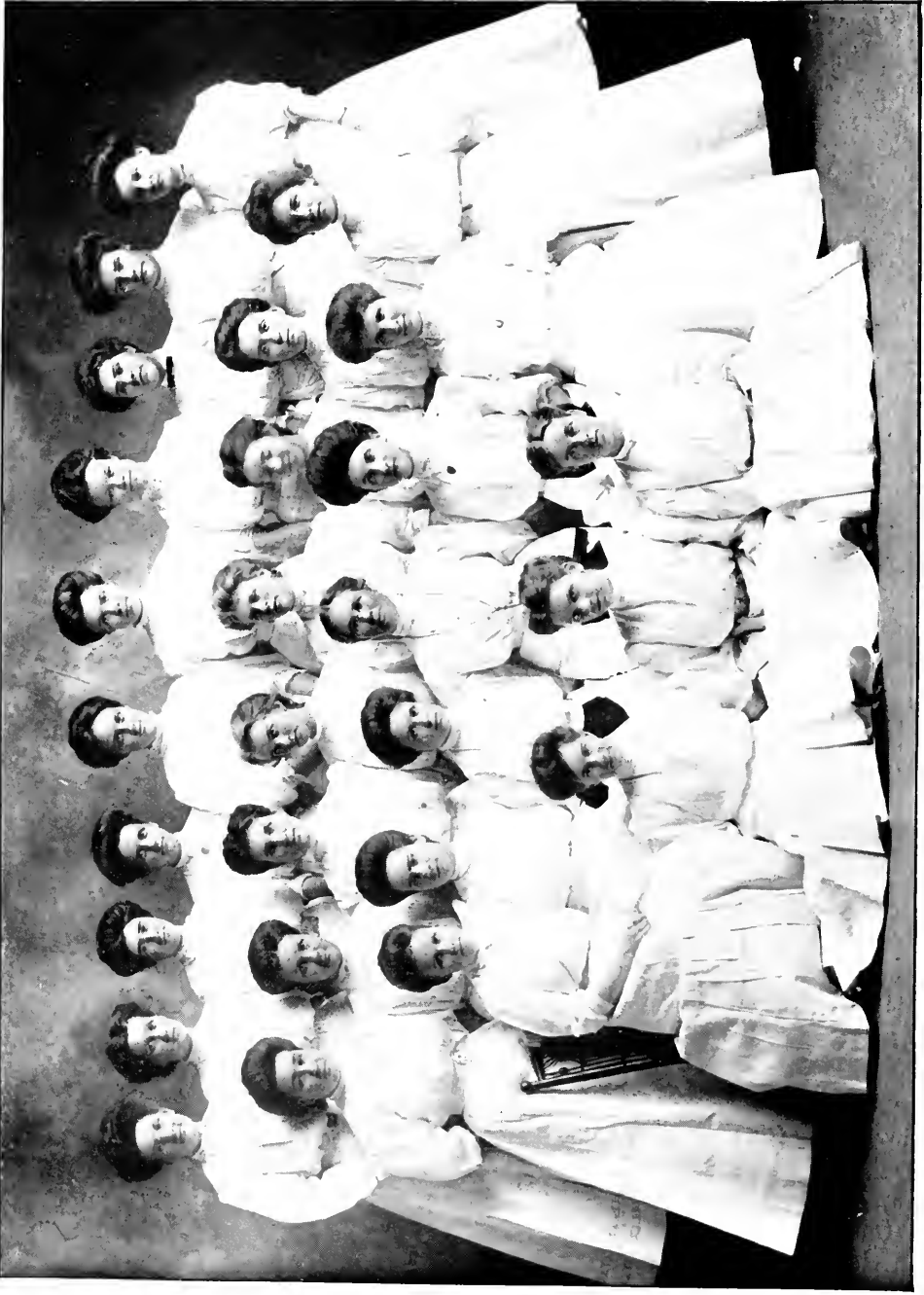
ANNIE DENMARK

JUANITA WILLIAMS

LUCILE RHODES

UNDINE FUTRELL





Sorosis



COLORS:—Violet and Gold.

Officers

MISS PHELPS,	Supervisor.
HASSIE LOU PONDER,	Chairman.
BESS TILSON,	Vice-Chairman.
HATTIE SUE HALE,	Secretary.

Members

LUCILE ARTHUR	DORA E. COX	ALMA OWEN
MAY E. BALDWIN	ANNIE GARDNER	NANNIE PIGG
SALLIE BAKER	ELOISE GRIFFIN	HASSIE PONDER
BLANCHE BARRUS	HATTIE SUE HALE	FLORINE PRITCHETT
MARGARET BRIGHT	LUCY HAYES	LOSSIE STONE
EMILY BOYD	LULA HOWARD	KATHARINE STAPLES
MINNIE CAHOON	ANNIE JOSEY	BESS TILSON
GRACE COUNCIL	BESSIE LANE	JUANITA WILLIAMS
ANNIE L. COUNCIL	PATTIE MARKS	VALLIE WOMBLE
MIMIE COX	LULA OLIVE	

Sorosis History

It has been three years since the Sorosis was organized, and it is inspiring to review its rapid growth. Begun with the purpose of encouraging original research, instructing in parliamentary rulings, and general platform deportment among members of college classes, it has now become one of the strongest factors in our college life.

This year has been in many respects the most progressive in its history. In membership it has reached its limit, that number being thirty. Already applications are being filed for the places made vacant by the outgoing Senior class, all the members of which with the exception of three are enrolled in the Sorosis. Increased interest has been shown in regular attendance, well chosen and comprehensive programmes and faithful performance of duty.

Astrotekton Literary Society



MOTTO:—" He builds too low who builds beneath the stars."

COLORS:—Gold and White.

FLOWER:—Narcissus.

Officers

ANNIE JOSEY,	President.
SALLIE BAKER,	Vice-President.
JENNIE FLEMING,	Secretary.
KATHARINE STAPLES,	Treasurer.



ANNIE JOSEY.



SALLIE BAKER.



JENNIE FLEMING.



KATHARINE STAPLES.



ANNIE DENMARK.



MAY BALDWIN.



LULA HOWARD.



LOULA OLIVE.

Philoretian Literary Society



MOTTO:—Plain Living and High Thinking.

COLORS:—Violet and White.

FLOWER:—Violet.

Officers

ANNIE DENMARK,	President.
MAY E. BALDWIN,	Vice-President.
LOULA B. OLIVE,	Secretary.
LULA HOWARD,	Treasurer.

Staff of Editors for the Acorn



Editor-in-Chief from Astrotekton Society:
BESS TILSON.

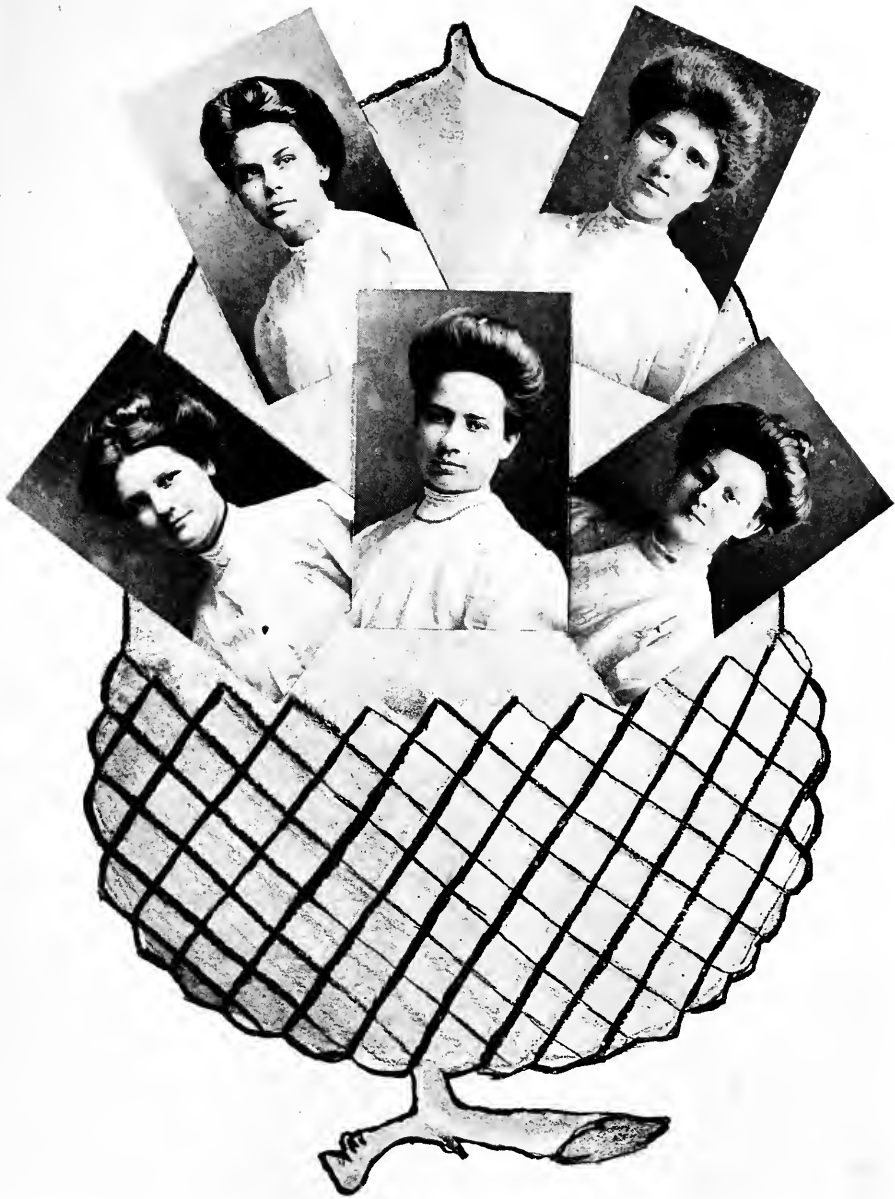
Editor-in-Chief from Philoretian Society:
DORA E. COX.

Associate Editor from Astro. Society:
HELEN HILLIARD.

Associate Editor from Phi. Society:
LUCY HAYES.

Business Manager:
ADDIE TYNER, Phi.





ACORN EDITORS.



COMMITTEE MEMBERS FOR 1907.





SENIOR BASKET-BALL TEAM.

Basketball Team, 1908



ALMA OWEN, Captain.
ANNIE JOSEY, Coach.

COLOR:—Red.

ALMA OWEN, Centre.
ANNIE CRISP. Forward.
LOSSIE STONE, Forward.
LOULA OLIVE, Guard.
BESS TILSON, Guard.

YELL:

Rippity, rippity, rippity, rate!
We are the team of 1908.
Seniors, Seniors, rah, rah, rah!
Above all teams we are, we are.

Basketball Team of 1909



LEITHA LANCASTER, Captain.
HATTIE SUE HALE, Manager.
MR. L. D. WATSON, Coach.

COLOR:—Black.

SONG:—(Tune of Arra Wanna).

Here's to the team of 1909,
They'll win the game or die.
Praise them to the sky,
Katharine, Hattie Sue, Helen, Lula, Leitha, one and all,
They never miss a single ball,
Three cheers for the Juniors,
Worthy Juniors,
Team of 1909.

Team

KATHARINE STAPLES, Centre.
LEITHA LANCASTER, Forward.
HATTIE SUE HALE, Forward.
HELEN HILLIARD, Guard.
JUANITA WILLIAMS, Guard.
LULA HOWARD, }
LUCY HAYES, } Subs.





Sophomore Basketball Team



MAUDE DAVIS,	Manager.
MATTIE SAVAGE,	Right forward.
KATHARINE BAKER,	Left forward.
JEANNETTE WATSON,	Right guard.
MAUDE DAVIS,	Left guard.
VALLIE WOMBLE,	Centre.
LONIE HOCUTT, }	Subs.
JESSIE CORPENING, }	

YELL:

Who's the class that always wins?
Chee! chi! chen!
Sophs., Sophs., Sophomores,
1910.

Tepee Organization



COLORS:—Blue and Gold.

MOTTO:—We come, we play, we conquer.

YELL:

One, two, three!
Who are we?
We're girls of the Tepee!
Hear them call,
One and all,
Tepee! Tepee! Basket-ball!

Forwards—

MINNIE CAHOON
ELIZABETH LOVILL
LUCILE POPE

Guards—

RUTH COOK
BETTIE HOWIE
PAULINE MOSS

Centers—

JAVAN PHELPS
PATSY SHEEK
BERNICE STRINGFIELD





Tennis Club



MYRTLE ASHCRAFT

ELLA BRADY

MAUDE DAVIS

CLARA GIBSON

HATTIE SUE HALE

EDITH HALL

SWANNANOA HORNE

AMORETTE JENKINS

LILA KEITH

MAY KEMP

STELLA LEWIS

LOUIE POTEAT

GRACE ROGERS

CLYDE WILSON

PHYLLIS WOODALL

CHARLOTTE WOODSON

Athletic Hits

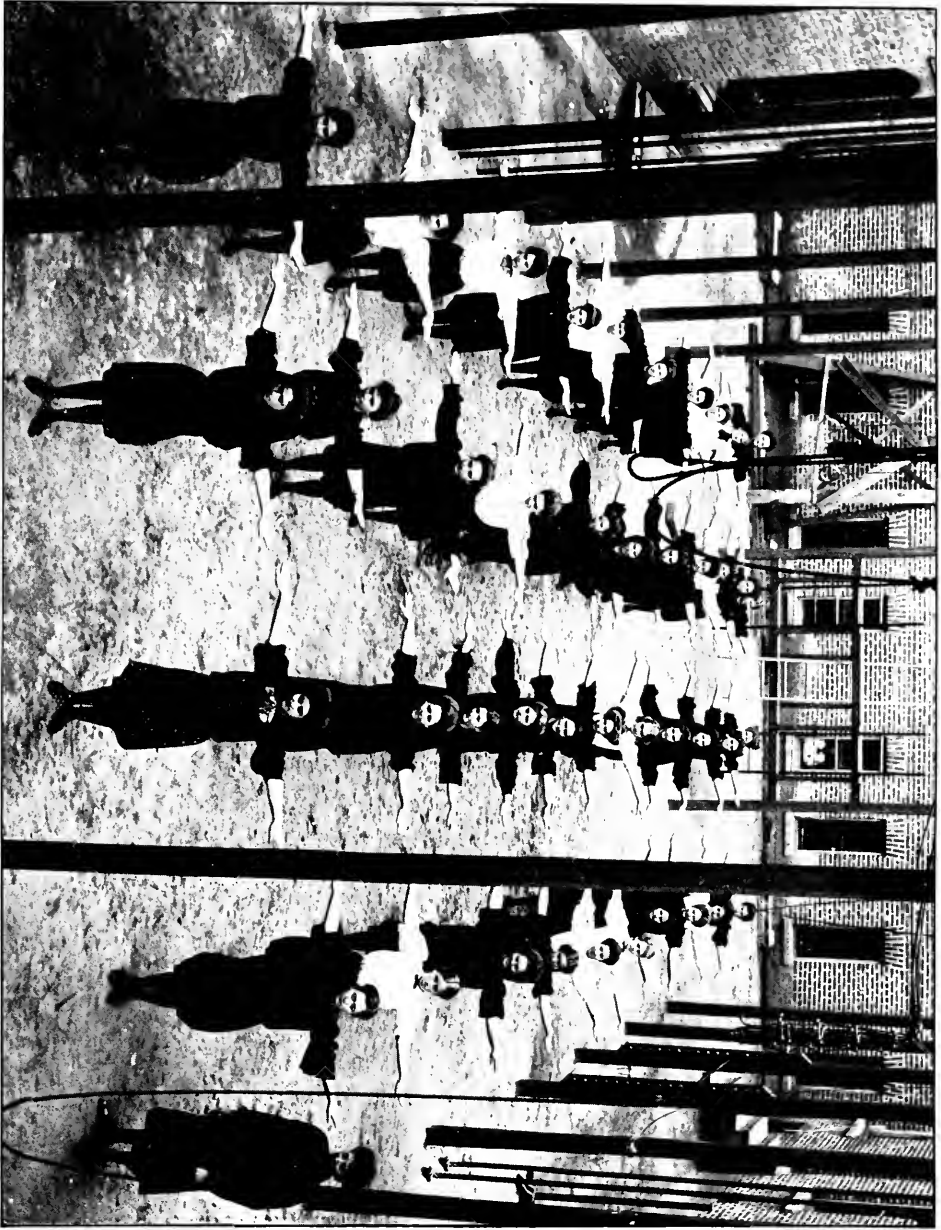


The Senior Team is very cute,
Can't have pictures made to suit;
So they look sentimental,
Care not a continental
If the man they have is mute.

Here's to the gym. which stands so ready
For the brave girls who are strong and steady,
Where the weak grow strong and the strong grow gay—
Here's to the gym. the livelong day.

DISCOVERED!—

Just in time to have their pictures made for the Annual—
THE SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM.





Dramatic Club



MOTTO:—Naturalness—“To thine own self be true.”

COLORS:—Sea-foam Green and Garnet.

Officers

ANNIE THOMPSON, President.
MARGARET BRIGHT, Vice-President.
JANIE BIVENS, Secretary.
ELIZABETH LOVILL, Treasurer.

Members

SALLIE BAKER

HALLIE BENTON

BEVIE FALES

MATTIE ELMORE

SALLIE OLDHAM

FRANCES RENFROW

VIOLA PINNER

EDNA PREVATT

DOVIE PREVATT

ANNA KELLY

GRACE ROGERS

ADDIE TYNER

The First Baptist Church



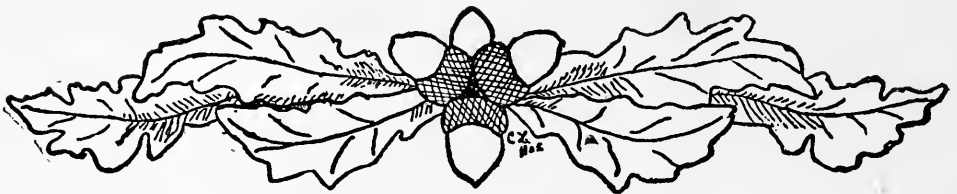
IT was September, and the Autumn sun of a Sabbath morning filtered through the red and yellow of the leaves on a happy, white-clad crowd of University girls that thronged across the street and up the winding steps of a towering gray-stone structure.

All of them had heard of it before—this splendid church that had been established through the loyalty of the Raleigh Baptists, coming as the perfection of many a fond dream and earnest prayer.

Once seated in the cool, elegant auditorium, they watched eagerly the masses of people thronging in—How must their hearts have throbbed with joy as they entered it first on this balmy Autumn Sunday! With joy-lit eyes these people noted each touch of beauty, each skillfully wrought effect in the Gothic architecture, that went to make up quiet elegance and impressive dignity—an appropriate style for this church built for the generations unborn, coming as a monument of Christian love from the hearts of the true. The light streaming through the massive stained windows tinted the creamy walls to a varicolored radiance. Ah, here was the rare blending of the modern and oriental, bringing out the warm rich tints, characteristic of the southern church.

A quiet pervaded the great, crowded church at the first throbbing sound of the mighty organ. Gradually it rose to a loud, triumphant peal.

FAY MEMORY.





**Σ O C I A L
C L U B S**



The Wanderers



MORRO:—"Hitch your wagon to a star."

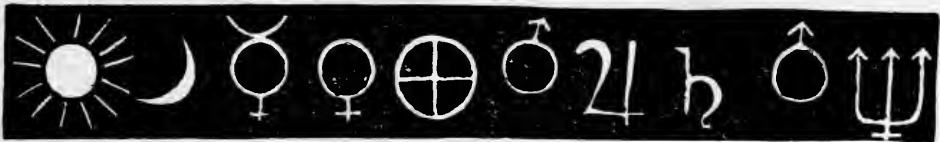
SONG:—"The Moon Has Her Eyes on You."

(Sung to "The Music of the Spheres.")

POEM:—"Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star."

FAVORITE TOY:—Telescope.

BESS TILSON,	Sun.
MARTHA LAWRENCE,	Moon.
LUCY HAYES,	Mercury.
KATHARINE STAPLES,	Venus.
LULA OLIVE,	Earth.
ROSA COLLINS,	Mars.
PATTIE MARKS,	Jupiter.
LULIE MARSHALL,	Saturn.
JESSIE CORPENING,	Uranus.
KATE FORD,	Neptune.
PROF. WATSON,	"The Undiscovered."



Chathamites



MOTTO:—Be always on the lookout.

FLOWER:—Goldenrod.

FRUIT:—Persimmon.

FAVORITE PET:—Old-field rabbit.

TIME:—Frosty morning.

PLACE:—Turnip-patch.

SONG:—"Down where the cotton blossoms grow."

Members

"KID" CHEEK.

"BOB" DORSETT.

"MISS" WOMBLE.

"SPORTY" MURCHISON.

"CHATTERBOX" HEADEN.

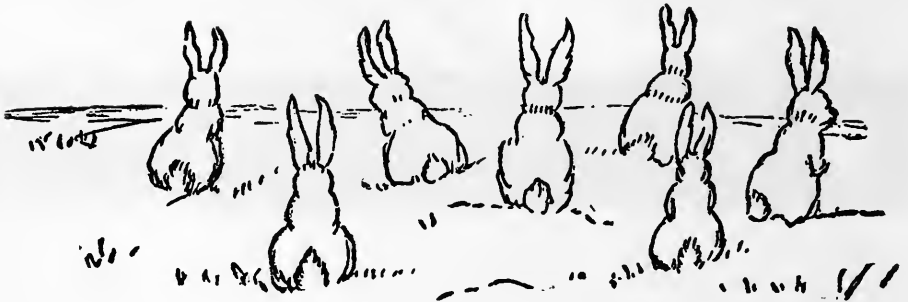
"LITTLE" JOHNSON.

"PIE" JORDAN.

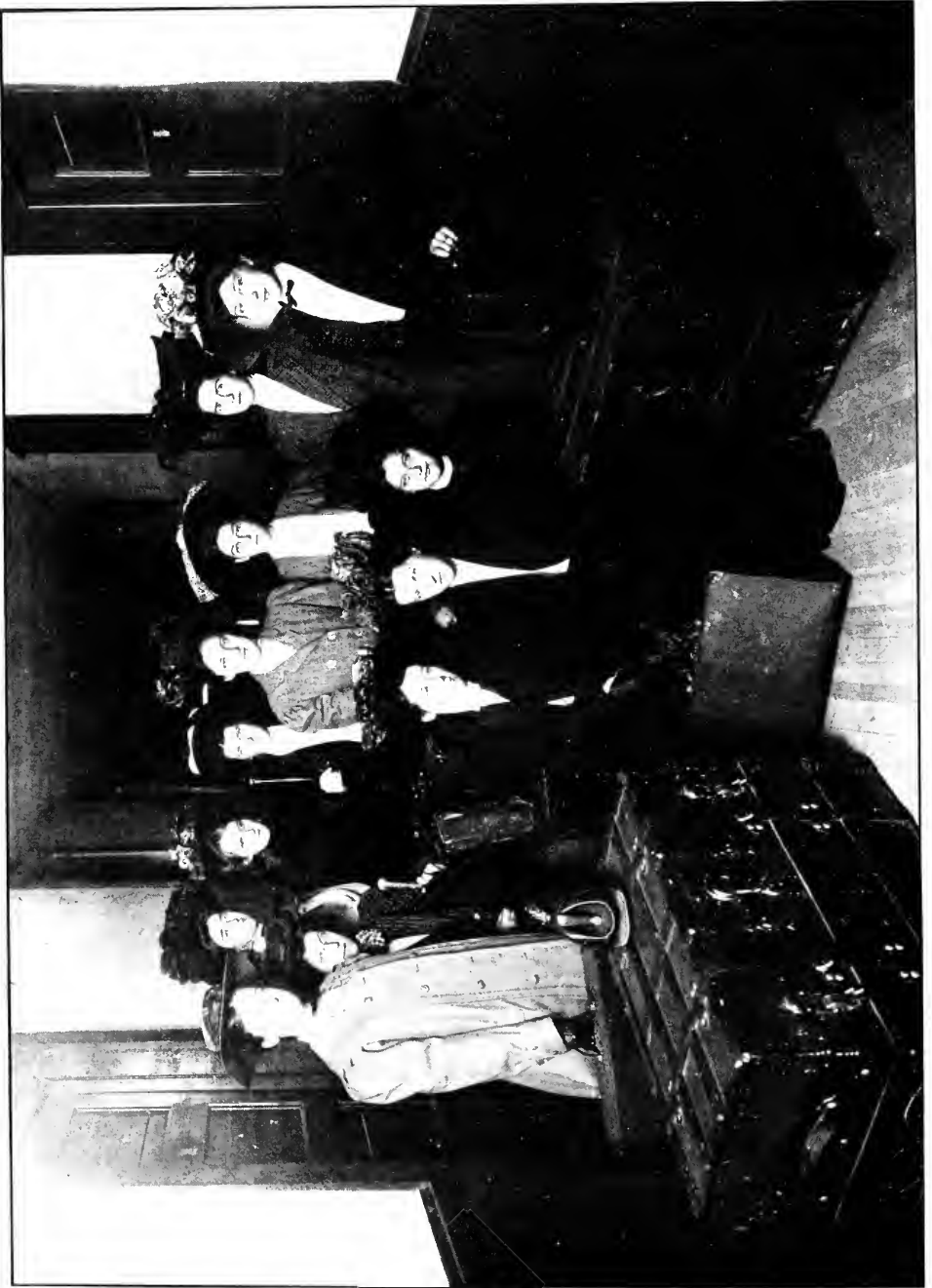
IN FACULTATE:

MISS PASCHAL.

MRS. MURCHISON.







The Scattered Tribe of the Annex



The reasons why we disbanded:

- MARGARET BRIGHT, . . . Because small things are insufficient.
- LOSSIE STONE, Because she liked variety.
- LILA STONE, Because she wanted to tell the same old story to a
new set.
- UNDINE FUTRELL, Because a change is desirable for good health.
- EULA SHOULARS, Because she wanted to do what was right.
- ANNIE THOMPSON, Because she thought that by so doing she might some
day get back.
- ESSIE HUNTER, Because obedience is the best policy.
- GRACE COUNCIL, Because she wanted the Seniors to have unlimited space
and plenty of fresh air.
- ANNIE L. COUNCIL, Because Sophomores and " Newish " are sometimes not
congenial.
- CAREW JILCOTT, Because everybody else did.
- ANNIE GARDNER, Because of a conglomeration of annoyances.
- ADA BRIGHT, Just for the excitement.

“Cross Country Saddlers”



PURPOSE:—Health and Recreation.

MOTTO:—Strength, Bravery, and Geniality.

PHYLLIS WOODALL, Captain of Rides.
ELLA BRADY, Master of Routes.

Saddlers

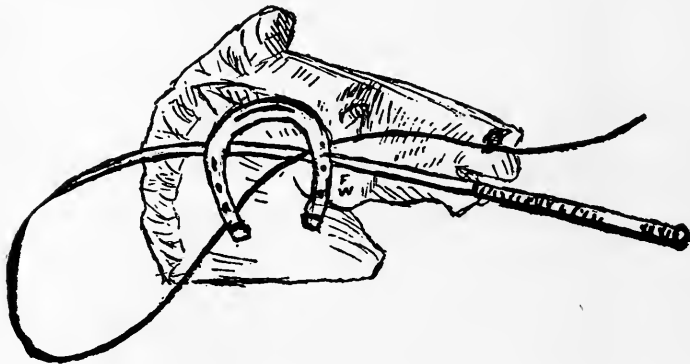
EMMA BYRUM.
LEITHA LANCASTER.

EDITH BRADY.
KATHRYN GWALTNEY.

In Facultate

MR. WATSON.
MISS APPLEWHITE.

MR. HAGEDORN.
MISS POTEAT.







Would you know a wonderful place,
Where American Beauties blow,
Where sweet faces with charm and grace
In a garden of flowers grow?

Then into these roses peep;
Here some loyal friends you'll find.
Why compare them with roses sweet,
Do you ask it? Because love's blind.

A Dozen American Beauties

“What's in a Name?”



- EULA WRIGHT, “Eye of the garden, queen of the flowers.”
- LOUIE POTEAT, “Untrained, and wildly free, yet still a sister rose.”
- JEANNETTE DANIEL, “Most glorious rose, you are the queenly belle.”
- GRACE ROGERS, “Sweet rosey, whence this hue, which does all hues
excel?”
- RENA CAMP, “You, rosebud in the morning dew,
How pure among the leaves sae green.”
- MYRA VANN, “Ho, this rose breathes of love!”
- SWANNANOA HORNE, “For God's rose thought that blooms in thee with
bloom forevermore.”
- MARY TIMBERLAKE, “How fair is this rose!”
- SADIE LOU BRITT, “A rosebud for a guerdon.”
- ANNA KITCHIN, “For the rose, lo, the rose is the grace of the earth!”
- FAY MORGAN, “Just like love is yonder rose.”
- LUCY PUREFOY, “Dear rose, thy joy's undimmed,
Thy cup is ruby-rimmed,
Thy cup's heart nectar-brimmed.”

Leap Year Club



MOTTO:—" If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

PLACE:—*Manchester.*

FLOWER:—Sweet William.

SONG:—" I Would Like to Marry You."

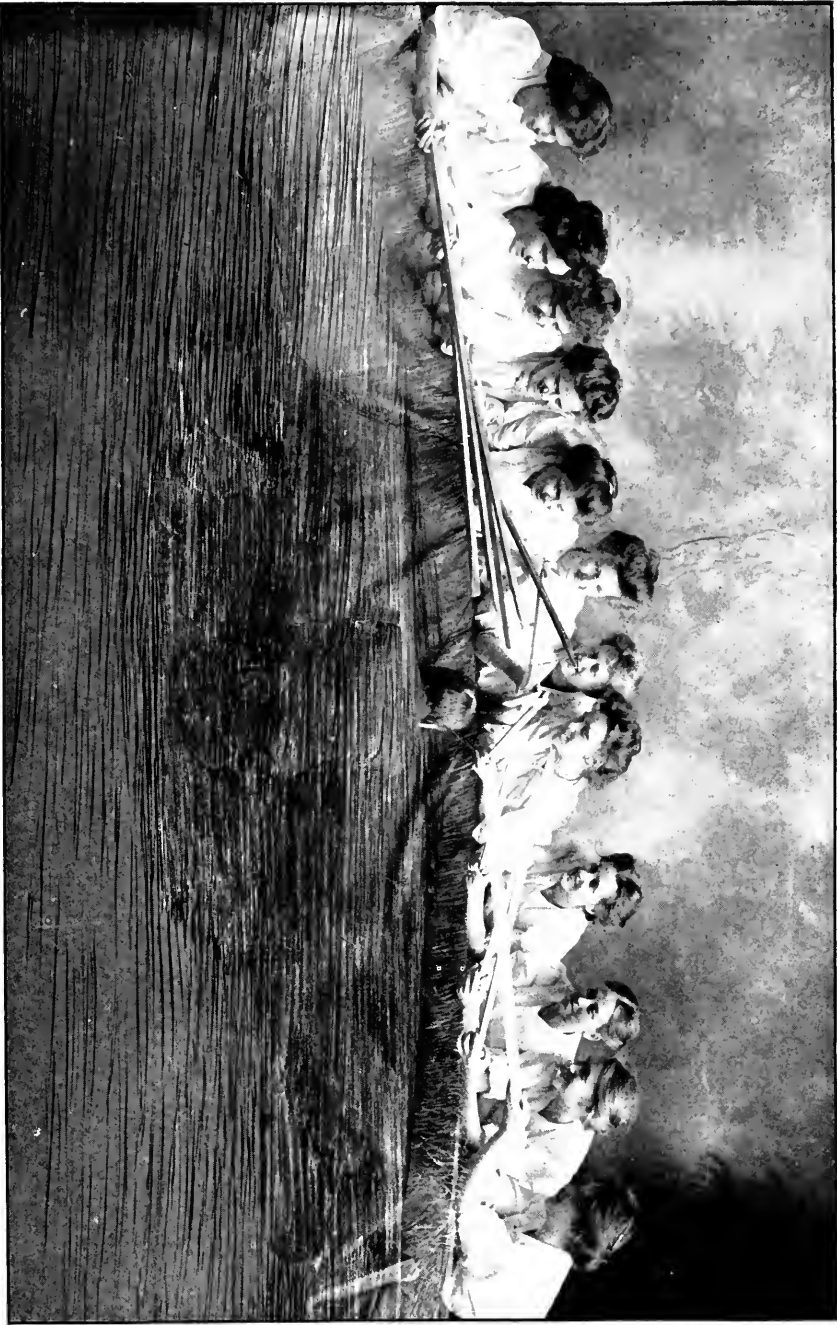
PASSWORD:—Finale *A men.*

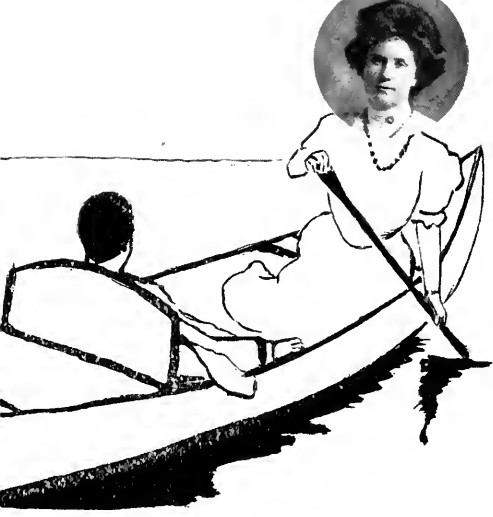
Officers

SALLIE OLDHAM,	President.
ANNIE L. COUNCIL,	Vice-President.
ANNIE GARDNER,	Secretary-Treasurer.

Leap Year Hope

ANNIE L. ANTHONY,	Any man.
EMILY BOYD,	A Parson.
ANNIE L. COUNCIL,	An English Earl.
GRACE COUNCIL,	A Bright man.
ELOISE GRIFFIN,	A brown-eyed commercial tourist.
ANNIE GARDNER,	A Flirt.
HELEN HILLIARD,	A football player.
LEILA MEMORY,	"A little boy in blue."
FAY MEMORY,	A pair of Trinity broad shoulders.
SALLIE OLDHAM,	A senator.
FLORINE PRITCHETTE,	A defender of a Fort.
KATHARINE STAPLES,	A tennis-player.





“Atlantic-Viewers”

Successors to Old-Ki-Ha-Brads

From “Wilmington-by-the-Sea.”



MASCOT:—Oyster.
COLOR:—Sea-green.

SONG:—Midshipman.
FLOWER:—Sea-weed.

AIM:

To learn to swim, row, crab, fish, dive, and to eat any
kind of sea food, clam chowder included!

Call

“I’m a swimmer born, I’m a sailor bred,
And w’en I die, dere’ll be a ‘spooner’ dead!
For its Rah, rah, Atlantic, ’lantic!
Rah, rah, Atlantic, ’lantic!
Rah, rah, Atlantic!
Rah, rah, rah!”

Favorite Expressions

ELLA BRADY, “Let’s go in the surf.”
BEVIE FALES, “When Jack comes home again.”
LILA KEITH, “O George, I caught a whale.”
LUCILE KINGSBURY, “When I hear the Lumina Orchestra strike up ‘The
Tale of a Sea-shell,’ ——— —.”
SALLIE OLDHAM, “Yonder goes a sand-fiddler!”
EDITH BRADY, “Those folks look like Wrightsville excursionists.”
HATTIE SUE HALE, “Speaking of clam chowder, give me liberty or give
me death!”

Wilmingtonian in Facultate: MISS BURTT.

Specified Spooning Spots

SALLIE OLDHAM, Strolling on Carolina Beach.
LUCILE KINGSBURY, Watching surf-bathers.
EDITH BRADY, Front steps of “Lumina.”
LILA KEITH, Rowing in Banks Channel.
ELLA BRADY, In the surf—mayhap.
BEVEY FALES, Greenville Sound.
HATTIE SUE HALE, Nowhere—no time—nobody (cheese it).

The more we see the mountains,
The more we love the ocean.

The Lucky Five



COLORS:—Red and White.

FLOWER:—The Five-leaf Clover.

SAYING:—"That's just my luck."

OUR DIVINITY:—Luck.

SONG:—"Clover."

Members

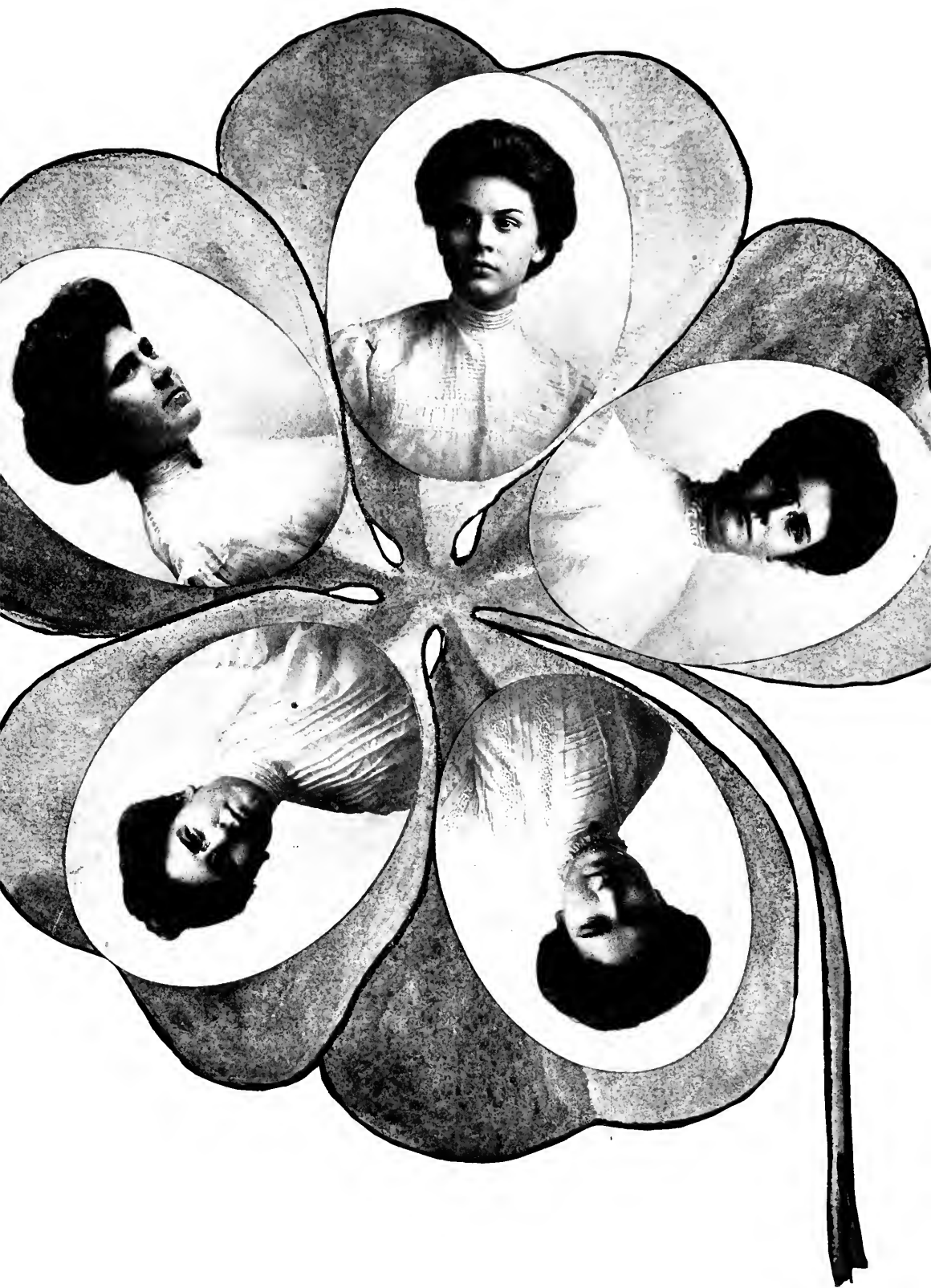
ANNIE JOSEY:—A disdainer of luck.

SALLIE SPRUILL BAKER:—A railer against luck.

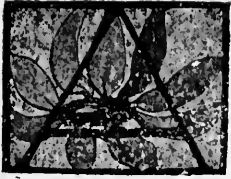
HELEN HILLIARD:—Luck's favorite subject.

KATHARINE STAPLES:—A careless follower of luck.

HATTIE LEGGETT:—A diligent pursuer of luck







ANSON COUNTY CLUB



YELL:
Tickety, tickety tap,
Rickety, rickety rap,
Here we come like a thunder clap,
The Anson Club,
Rub-a-dub-dub!

MOTTO:—First always; always first.

FLOWER:—Black-eyed Susan.

COLOR:—Yellow.

Officers

FANNY L. SHEEK, President.
MYRTLE ASHCRAFT, Vice-President.
EMILY HUNTLEY, Secretary.
DORA LAMPLEY, Treasurer.

Ambitions

MYRTLE ASHCRAFT, “Oh, to be a matron with highest air serene,
To walk about the halls at night with high-flown
head and mein.”

PATSY SHEEK, “Oh, to be a Senior, so great and grand and real;
I think if I could be one, I'd simply yell and squeal.”

FANNY SHEEK, “Men may live without books, but not without cooks,
So I think it my duty to improve my looks.”

ROBBIE SINGLETON, “To no higher ambition do I aspire,
Than for life to a preacher lad to hire.”

DORA LAMPLEY, “In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle—
Be a painter in the strife.”

EMILY HUNTLEY, “If I can't be a teacher, of History, great,
I think I'll commit suicide and try to upset fate.”

Rats !!



Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats;
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Curly rats, wiry little sisters.

Hamelin Town's not in it!
To our rats there's no limit!
'Twould take more than the great Nesar
To drown the rats on our dresser!!

Members

LOUIE POTEAT

LILA KEITH

SWANNANOA HORNE

JEANNETTE DANIEL

LULIE DICKSON

MARY TIMBERLAKE

FAY MORGAN

RENA CAMP

MATTIE SAVAGE





South Carolina Club



Here's to the South, the greatest thing in the Union ;
To South Carolina, the greatest thing in the South ;
To the Pee Dee Section, the greatest thing in South Carolina !

Officers

BESSIE LANE,	“ Rebecca Motte.”
LOULA PEELE,	“ Florentine.”
VIRGIE ALLEN,	“ Swamp Fox.”
MACIE HARRIS,	“ Pitchfork.”

FACULTY MEMBERS :

MISS MCCALL.	MISS FORD.
--------------	------------

MEMBER BY INHERITANCE :

LOUISE LANNEAU.

MASCOT :—ROBERT ALLEN PASCHAL.

CHEF :—“ RICHARD.”

DIET :—Lady Baltimore Cake.

PRINCIPLE :—“ Secession when occasion demands.”

Hold up the glories of thy dead ;
Say how thy elder children bled,
And point to Eutaw's battle-bed,
Carolina !

Tell how the patriot's soul was tried,
And what his dauntless breast defied ;
How Rutledge ruled and Lawrence died,
Carolina !

Cry till thy summons, heard at last,
Shall fall like Marion's bugle-blast
Re-echoed from the haunted Past.
Carolina !

Girt with such wills to do and bear,
Assured in right, and mailed in prayer,
Thou wilt not bow thee to despair,
Carolina !

Throw thy bold banner to the breeze !
Front with thy ranks the threatening seas
Like thine own proud armorial trees,
Carolina !

Fling down thy gauntlet to the Huns,
And roar the challenge from thy guns ;
Then leave the future to thy sons,
Carolina !

HENRY TIMROD.

GENERAL BULLETIN

LOST
All Common Sense!!!
Juniata
Jesse Rogers

All Juniors who don't have switches will please hand their names, money and a sample of hair to the secretary of the class a week before the 20th.

LIBERAL REWARD
for any information concerning crook before May 20.
Seniors.

Wanted!!!
Husbands - must be from Westford
no one need apply who is beyond Fresh class - Seniors

Wanted
E.C. Original ideas for illustrations
P.P. Submission for Annual
Mr. A. Band of Editors who will WALK

The Trigonometry class will spend the next two weeks on the 22nd grade under the thelyne triangle.
Occasional tests will be given to try your knowledge on above subject.
L. D. Hinton

The usual examination for delinquents will be given Monday 27th, M.
J. P. Hinton
What shows that delinquents really appear.

L. D. HINTON

Every young woman who has not yet reported for her measurements must take measurements from three daily at 10:30.

Madame Pietromarchiondi will give the final of a series of Gelliegenothadaphim concerts, Wednesday 5th Oct. Received seats \$3.00 at King-Crowell Drug Co. Madame Pietromarchiondi is on her first tour through America, and consists of a few girls.

Madame Pietromarchiondi

How Brown is out
Merrill!
How Brown

Important!!!

Value of class tract
is = 0
Wade R. Brown

Little's little did last night - his face will see no more.
For what he thought was was H₂SO₄.

Chemistry
Friday
5:30

Looking for assignments and papers.

OFFICIAL BULLETIN

Does some one think she has been asked to laugh louder and to eat more than any one else in the dining room? Miss Park.

No Reception will be given tonight after the concert girls must go to their rooms promptly.

All girls absent from Chapel Apr. 1st. except the following:
Dm. Co.
Mm. Misses
Dm. Dm.
Dm. Dm.
Dm. Dm.
Dm. Dm.
Dm. Dm.

All students are required to attend the lecture tonight.



Swastika Club



MOTTO:—Go straight to the forest.

SONG:—Arrahwanna.

FAVORITE PASTIME:—Hunting.

“Big words do not smite like war clubs,
Boastful breath is not a bow-string,
Taunts are not so sharp as arrows,
Deeds are better than words are,
Actions mightier than boastings!”

Advocates of the Swastika Cause

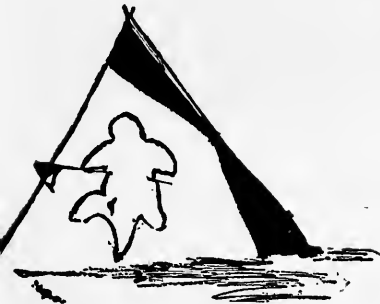
Chief..... HIAWATHASTELLA LEWIS.
Chief Squaw.....MINNEHAHA.....MAUD DAVIS.
Medicine Man.....NOKOMIS...IDA MOORE ALEXANDER.

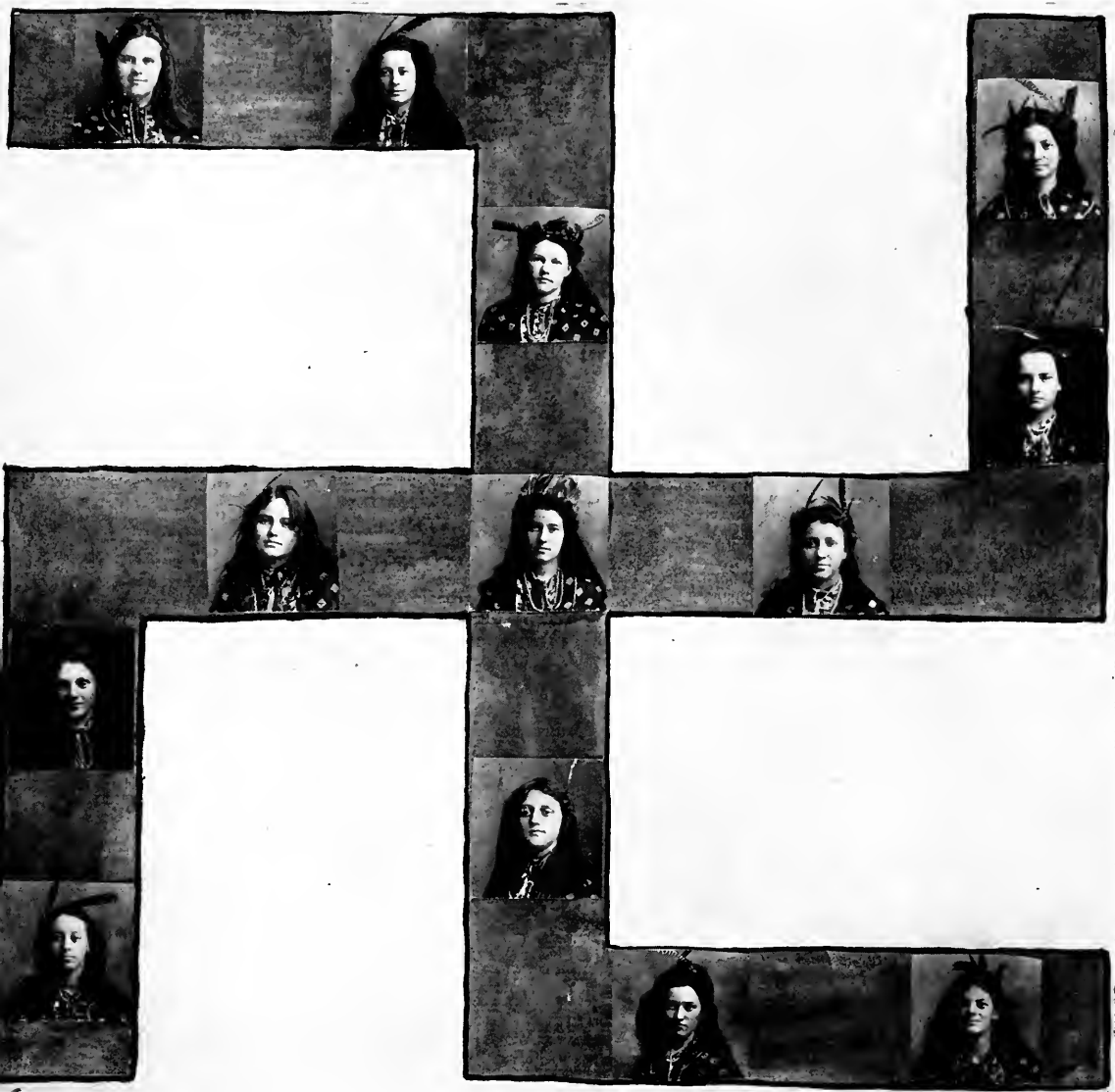
WARRIORS:

KWASIND.....MARVEL CARTER.
CHIBIBABOS.....ROSA COLLINS.
IAGOO.....EMILY HUNTLEY.
YENADIZZE.....MYRTLE ASHCRAFT.
PFAU-PUK-KEE-WIS.....DORA LAMPLEY.

SQUAWS:

OWEENEE.....SUE BRADSHER.
YAWONAISSA.....EDNA SPEIGHT.
NUSHKA.....EDNA ROSS.
OWAISSA.....KATHLEEN ALEXANDER.
MINJEKAHWUN.....ROBBIE SINGLETON.





CROOKED PATHS.



LEAD TO STRAIGHT GOALS.

The Return of College Spirit



“**L**ORD ha’ mercy on dis ole nigger! I know somebody gwine die ‘cause I done gone seed de ghost,” said Aunt Minerva, as she came rushing down the steps. “O Lor’, I done seen it. Who knows whar it’s gwine be me, er dat poor chile whut’s got her ankle sprung out o’ jint? It may be dat angel chile, Dr. Dixon, am gwine pass over de river Jordan. De Lord only knows whut ud come o’ dis place ef she war gone.”

As she went screaming down the steps, Aunt Minerva was followed by a stream of girls. On the second floor they stopped, but when one ventured to go back, the old colored woman seized her and gave her the advice “never to meddle wid a ghost.” But in spite of her remonstrances, Jennie, taking on more courage than the rest, declared her intention of ferreting out all the ghosts on the place—even to the “memorable ghost of the fifth floor,” and straightway flew up the steps. She halted at the top and peered cautiously around the corner into the very dimly lighted hall. Seeing nothing that looked like a goblin or ghost, she ventured into the hall boldly and walked down toward the studio. She had just reached the middle alcove when she was suddenly stopped still in her tracks by a very peculiar noise—half sigh and half moan. It seemed to come from behind the studio doors. Then, as if it rose out of the very wall, there appeared a shadowy figure floating along like a feather. With its long transparent hand stretched toward her, the creature came forward till within a yard of her it stopped and in a thin voice began:

“What in the world has come over you all? To think that the girls at Baptist University would ever turn their backs on me and run like a turkey! It grieves me. They don’t even know me. And here you are looking half frightened to death. Why, don’t you know me, Jennie,—me, your old chum, College Spirit? I’ve just returned from a trip to the North Pole in an air-ship. Don’t you remember, I’ve been gone three years? Landed here this morning on the top of the studio, melted and ran through the sky window, and”—

Here Jennie could wait no longer. She recognized the friend of old times, and rushing up, they embraced with joy. She called to the crowd of girls who had now collected at the head of the stairs and told them to come on, it was a friend.

“Sure enough,” they cried in a breath, “it is old College Spirit! Oh, we’re so glad to see you! Just tickled to death! Where’ve you been keeping yourself all these years, you old Rip Van Winkle? Tell us about yourself while we all go down and see the skeleton, the new pipe organ, and oh, just lots of things that have changed since you left.”

"Well, as I was telling Jennie," said College Spirit, "I have just returned from the North Pole. I have been—"

"But how came you to leave and when did you get away?" put in a newish.

"You see it was this way. I saw things getting into a terrible state, for me at any rate. There was the Self-governed Body that simply chucked me into an old band-box and stuck me under the bed. And you know it's not my nature to 'go 'way back and sit down' among a crowd of college girls. I thought I'd make up for this by having full sway on the campus and in the outdoor exercises when along came athletic professors so stern that the basket-ball hid and I was forced to hold my hands and shed 'tears, idle tears.' One morning about four o'clock, while an alarm clock was going off, I slipped out very quietly and, all unseen, made my exit from the fire-escape. I've been everywhere, through the lands of snow and ice, through the sun and rain of the torrid zone. But I was a wanderer on the face of the earth and could not be satisfied till, like Eliot's Jubal, I got back home and then was not happy because I was not known."

"Oh, you're as welcome as the Jamestown Exposition," cried Jennie. "You've got to stay with us all the time."

They all went out on the campus, where College Spirit told marvelous tales of adventure—how he had been asphyxiated with gas in the air-ship, what a time they had restoring him, what queer, strange sights he saw of big ships like specks, and wonders equal to those Gulliver saw. They laughed with glee and jollity till summoned to their room by study bell.

After that day, College Spirit was never visible to the girls, but they felt his presence ever. Next day everybody went wild on the subject of athletics. Three new basket-ball teams were organized. The tennis courts were filled every vacant period. Once more merry laughter floated through the hall and on the campus. The smile of ye olden days hung around the corner of the mouth as the girls rushed out into the basket-ball court singing to the air of "Yankee Doodle":

"The Blacks and Reds play basket-ball,

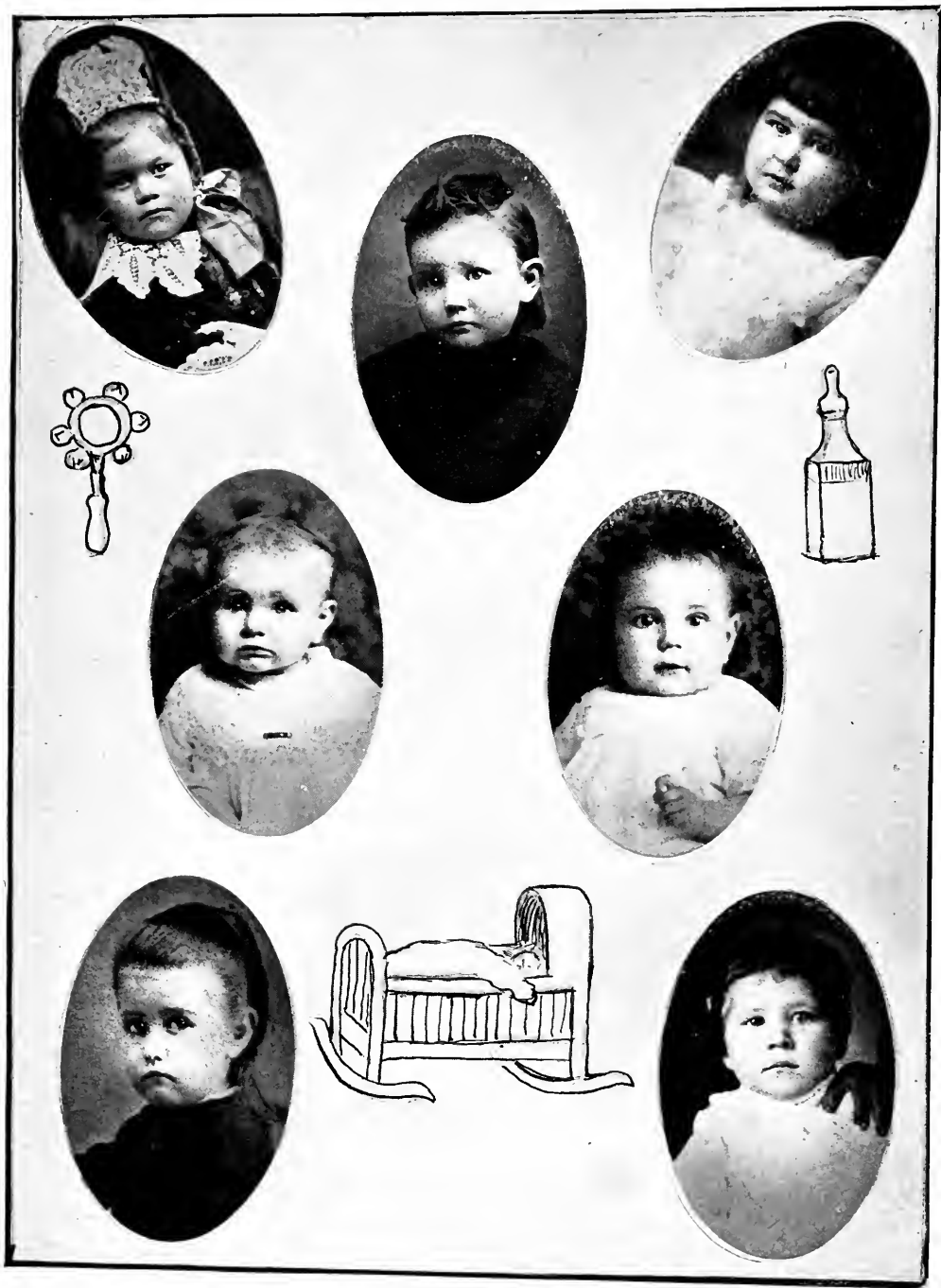
They play so very well

That when the game is ended

We simply have to yell,

Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah!

Rah, rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah!"



SENIORS!! GUESS WHO!!



“Swing low, sweet chariot,” not to-day,
Nor bear our relic thus away,
 Of happy South.
She alone is left behind
To bring us back the olden time.
 We love her yet.

I see a picture in her eye
As now she dreams of days gone by,
 And through the mist
Of clouded years and broad blue space
She thinks she sees her “mistis’ ” face—
 “Dat angel chile.”

The dear black face is all aglow,
I see the tears of joy come slow,
 Down wrinkled cheeks.
“Oh, Lord, I’s’e waitin’ now fo’ you,
I’s’e ready when ye thinks I’ll do
 To enter in.”

Extracts from the Diaries of the Faculty of the Baptist University



Sept. 26, '07.—Well, classification is over; I have the physics, chemistry and biology people in good working shape and I still have quite a considerable store of patience.

However, already mentally exhausted, I must confess that I am somewhat confused when I am called on from all parts of the room at once, and it does not especially cultivate an equable temper to have the chemistry people forever breaking test tubes and the biology people leaving medicine droppers and slides out upon the table, and focusing up and down so carelessly as to break cover glasses. I take it I shall have to keep the cover glass box in my pocket and perhaps this will tend toward the exercising of more care.

Dec. 15, '07.—I have found it necessary to take the biology people on a stroll in search of new material today. We had a slight accident while testing out some algæ from the brook, one of the people missed her footing. It was very unfortunate as she had to return before seeing on just what stump a particular species of moss had its habitat.

April 1, '08.—This morning while I was proceeding calmly and in a very orderly way toward the University with the results of much dissection of frogs and rabbits hidden in my gloves, I was considerably surprised to see about two-thirds of the University people leaving the grounds, with the same enigmatic expression on their faces as the biology people have when I advise them to focus up and down or to read the question. Consequently I was compelled to lecture to rows of empty seats upon the structure of the skeleton and the organs of digestion. I take it that possibly at the next meeting we will have a little written exercise, since every dog must have his day.

I shall be considerably relieved when the vacation, which is now fast approaching, is here, and I will be at liberty to study bugs and worms preparatory to my next term's work.

JOSIAH GREENLEAF BOOMHOUR.

Jan. 29.—It is eleven o'clock at night. I have just returned from an executive committee meeting. I do love to go, because sometimes Miss Paschal's "crushes" bring her things to eat and she can't do otherwise than pass them around. Tonight some of them brought her a hot steaming dish of stewed oysters, and a plate of crackers. I spent a very enjoyable evening, indeed. This has been a rushing time last week. I gave an examination every morning except Monday. Then there were girls coming for me to translate passages in Livy for them—and I haven't the heart to refuse. I gave three examinations in the afternoon. The other two afternoons were spent in chaperoning our young ladies to the Asylum for the Insane, and driving with Professor ————. My evenings were spent for the most part in comforting girls who came to see if they had "passed." I remember on one occasion to have used up all the handkerchiefs I had drying their tears—that was just after the examination on Livy. I had decided to put a "D" on some reports, but I couldn't bear, so I gave a C—and sent them on their way rejoicing.

Alice W. Meserve.

Sept. 8, '07.—We have finally succeeded in our endeavor to classify the young ladies. I have met all my classes for the first time, and, indeed, I am not very favorably impressed with them. The young ladies are very rude and disrespectful; they whisper and laugh among themselves—in common parlance, giggle. However, as it were, although they appeared to lack wholly any mental attractions, they possessed many physical charms, but as Miss—er—Dr. Vandyke teaches, true beauty must come from the soul.

Confronting my classes was one of the most trying ordeals I was ever called upon to face. I was not embarrassed so much with the Freshmen, because they appeared so utterly unsophisticated, but before that imposing, self-confident Sophomore Class, my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, my eyes sought the ceiling, and I came near retreating through the window. It was always my misfortune in calling upon a young lady to recite to look exactly in the opposite direction from where she sat. But as one of our great poets—I forget who—has said, "Let not him that putteth his hand to the plow look backward."

Oct. 16, '07.—As Hamlet says, "Be or not to be." I feel as if I could end my miserable existence. However, indeed, notwithstanding all opposition, I will strive to press onward. All my untiring efforts to enlighten the Sophomore Class are unavailing. They, in their infinite wisdom, have seen fit to change the course.

I was told that the present work had been gone over *thoroughly* last year, that it was merely a repetition of what the young ladies already knew, and that, indeed, it was a waste of time to traverse the same ground that they had previously covered so thoroughly. Accordingly, I deemed it wise to probe the depths of their knowledge by a sweeping review. I found them sadly deficient in the work they had so thoroughly done last year; indeed, we might say, their lack of knowledge was appalling. Notwithstanding, I proceeded with the course they suggested, leaving their minds in a state of total darkness as to Freshman English work, for, as Stopford Brooke says, "Give the pupil what he desires, or he will not assimilate a great amount of learning."

But notwithstanding the fact that teaching these girls is killing me by inches, I really must confess that there are more possibilities in this set of young ladies than any I have ever known—so I shall struggle on.

EARL BROADUS FOWLER.

Mar. 19, '08.—Dear me! What a trying day this has been! That Education II Class will be the death of me yet. I had just gotten a dainty epistle from "him" this morning when I met the class. My already much-confused brain became so bemuddled by their numerous questions that I came near expressing my views concerning matrimony. If I had done so, I should have lost all dignity in their eyes and should never more have been able to arouse their interest in anything. For, I'm quite sure they will all be old maids or, in other words, unplucked blessings.

My old diary, I had intended spending the evening with you, but I must peruse my letter once more and have time to think over the contents. I shall probably be able to exercise my faculty of choice ere long.

M. K. A.

As For Laughing



One by one we all file in,
Saying to ourselves: "Laughing's no sin";
On we march to the table of Beck,
Shrieking and laughing by the peck.
We laugh until we almost cry—
Then—see Miss Paschal drawing nigh—
"Girls, I think you are positively rude,
Would it not be better, were your laughter subdued?
You disgrace us before our company," she said,
Even Dr. Vann is shaking his head.

Poor little *Fay* was all dismay
When Dr. Vann to her did say,
"I'm sorry to tell you, that you and *Grace*
Laugh and talk when it's quite out of place."
The Faculty think *Lucy* quite demure,
But then—they'd better not be too sure.
As for *Edith One* and *Edith Two*,
You never can tell what they will do.
Mortie's laughter is ever gay,
Like sunshine on a rainy day,
And Hattie Sue is at her best
When laughing louder than the rest.

And now we dare not even say "Coo"
For fear Miss Beck will rap and say "Sh"—
Sh! Sh!! Sh!!! Sh!!!!

A Case of Survival of "the Fittest"



"POTS, kettles, and frying pans, lend me your ears," cried old Kettle, as he mounted a table in his paroxysm of rage. I am stump-speaking not for Bryan nor Johnson, neither for Roosevelt nor Hughes, but I am speaking out of the fullness of my experience against the most popular of fads—Raw Food. Do I come here to praise it? Nay, my fellow-sufferers, I come to bury it in the oblivion of cooked food. I can not bear it. I will not stand it. It's too exasperating and highly insulting to any nice set of kitchen utensils to have to lie and rust in idleness. How long has it been since we were praised and petted for our noble service? I say again, my brethren, we must put to flight this upstart enemy! It was only a moment ago that I saw one of my old friends pass by. In place of that dainty, dignified walk of former days, lo, I saw her '*gehende auf zwei Beine wie ein Gans aber nicht so wachlig*'—and lo!—her delicately curved chin had increased to three! All due to the wonderful power of Raw Food, she informed me. Now isn't that enough to provoke the saints? But I fear my language will show the tempest that is raging in my mind, if I do not cease. While I am putting Satan behind me, some of the brethren will express their opinion on the subject."

"Ye saints of Kitchendom—my comrades—I feel that the time is at hand when we must act. What we do this night will be handed down to posterity and make or mar our future existence. I think like Brother Kettle that a great injustice is being done us. My place is to raise a Raleigh Raw Food Party—something on the order of the Boston Tea Party."

"I catch your meaning," said Stew Pan. But would it not be better—what have you to say, Mr. Butcher Knife? I see you smiling."

“Well, boys,” began Butcher Knife with his accustomed slowness, “you know the first day of April is coming soon. Let’s fix them up. All we shall have to do to check this affair is to bring strong enough stimuli against it. The question is, what shall we do?”

“For one thing,” put in Pie Pan, who was a Senior in the Art of Cooking, “we can vary their diet by replacing their fresh eggs with those that are ‘a little off.’ I’ll phone to a grocer this evening and have him preserve a sufficient quantity for the occasion. This is a bad thing to do, but out of it shall come good.”

“Good,” said Bread Pan. “Let’s one of us slip an apparatus out of the laboratory and generate a large quantity of H₂S into their air-tight bread box. It makes me mad enough to burst when I see them eat those measly little uncooked cakes.”

“Happy thought,” murmured old Coffee Pot. “I’ll upset a glass of kerosene oil in their oat-meal barrel. Let’s strike hard enough to kill, if we strike at all.”

With these parting injunctions the band disbanded and began to manœuvre how best to work each separate scheme.

To make a long story short, the first of April came and went and with it passed the Raw Food. The project worked. Pots, pans, and kettles now bear the bright smile of constant use and their former admirers hail them with as great joy as Noah did the returned dove.

Sing a song of food-stuff,
A pitcher full of milk,
Four and twenty raw eggs
Beaten with the yelk!



Voting Contest

	Baldwin.	Cox.	Ponder.	Crisp.	Marks.
Wittiest.	1			11	
Laziest.			1		
Biggest Loafer.		11	111		
Greatest Beau-Catcher.				111	
Most Sentimental.		11111 11		1	1
Biggest Flirt.	1	1		1	
Loudest.	11		11	1	
Funniest.	111			11111	1
Biggest Brag.	11			1	11111 1
Greatest Grind.	11111				1
Most Conceited.	11	11			1
Cutest.			11111 11	1	
Proudest.					

of the "Thirteen."

Olive.	Pigg.	Lanneau.	Josey.	Jones.	Tilson.	Owen.	Stone.
	11111 11	1	1	1			
1		1		11111 1	1	1	11
		1	1	1	11111		
	11111	1	1	1			11
1			1	1		1	
11			1		1	1111	11
		1111	11			11	
	1	11			1		
				1		1111	
			11		111	1	1
1					1	11	1111
1		1	11	1	1	1	
			11				1

Gay's Mistake



“**W**HAT in the world can it be?” thought Gay as she tore the cover from a small pasteboard box and began to unwrap something done up in tissue paper. “Well, Papa certainly didn’t intend for it to get lost. There,” she said, giving a quick jerk to the last knot, “I guess you’ll come off now! O-o-o-o, a diamond ring! How does Papa know so well what I want every time my birthday comes? I do know he’s the dearest daddy in the whole wide world. Won’t the girls think it pretty, the only diamond in school! I must go and tell Ellen this very minute. Lie there, you beauty, until I come back!” And Gay danced out the door, leaving her ring on the window ledge where it sparkled and shone as the last sunbeams seemed to play hide and seek with it through the poplar leaves.

Ellen and Marjorie received the good news almost as eagerly as Gay had done herself. “You are the luckiest child, Gay,” said Ellen, “why it hasn’t been any time hardly since Mr. Wharnccliffe sent you that beautiful necklace.”

“Papa does spoil me, that’s the truth,” admitted Gay, “but come on anyhow and see the ring.”

“I’ll be the first one there, Ellen,” said Marjorie, darting away before the others could catch her. Down the hall they ran, laughing breathlessly.

“Oh, please excuse me!” Marjorie exclaimed a minute later as she ran into Orma Laley, one of the under-class girls, just before reaching Gay’s room.

“Certainly,” said Orma, courteously, but in such a shaky little voice that Marjorie turned to see what was the matter.

“Caught,” triumphantly laughed Ellen and Gay, grasping Marjorie’s skirt.

“I wouldn’t have been if I had not stopped to look at Orma,” said Marjorie. “Did you notice how queer she looked? I wonder if she is in trouble?”

“Oh, pshaw, come on, you little goose,” replied Ellen; “did you ever see the time that Orma Laley didn’t look queer? Her clothes are—well, I don’t know what. Quick, Gay, bring out your jewelry,” she called laughingly, “I’m the first one here after all.”

“Here it is,” said Gay, picking up the box from the window. “Why, where is it?” she exclaimed anxiously, looking again to be sure that her eyes had not deceived her, for the box was empty. “Girls, its gone.”

“What!” said Ellen and Marjorie both in the same breath. “Gay, you know it can’t be; why you just left the room a few minutes ago.”

“I know it,” answered Gay; “but the ring is gone all the same.”

“Here, move out of the way and let me look on the floor,” commanded Ellen. “Marjorie, run out doors and look under the window; maybe it’s fallen there.”

A minute later they were all busy searching for the ring. Marjorie ran outside; Ellen dropped down on the floor, while Gay shook the curtains to make sure

that her precious ring had not lodged there. Five minutes passed and they were still searching. Ten minutes! Then half an hour!

"Gay, are you sure you left it here?" questioned Ellen at last. "If you did I don't see how it could possibly have been lost."

"I certainly did," answered Gay, crying, "for I remember noticing how it sparkled in the sunlight."

"Let's sit down and think a minute," suggested Marjorie; "maybe some idea will come to us. Listen, Gay," she said imperatively, after thinking for a short time. "I believe I know where your ring is. Oh, no, I should not have said that, either," she added, shrinking back among Gay's pillows.

"Tell us quick," commanded Ellen and Gay.

"I can't. It wouldn't be right," replied Marjorie.

"Please, Marjorie, if you love me," pleaded Gay; "why I can't bear to think what Papa will say!"

"Well, I was just going to say," began Marjorie reluctantly, "you know we met Orma—"

"O, Marjorie, you know she never!" said Ellen impetuously; "why that would be awful."

"I can't help it," answered Marjorie; "don't you remember how strangely she acted just now? She was nearly running too. This is the only room in the alcove, and there is no other place for her to have been except on the side porch. Besides I never have seen her on this hall before; what could she have been doing?"

"Look there on the floor," said Gay, stooping down to pick up a scrap. "Who has a dress like this?"

"Orma Laley," answered Marjorie and Ellen instantly, "the very one she had on a while ago."

"O, girls, isn't it terrible!" sobbed Gay; "you know I shall have to tell Mr. Clayman." And there in the twilight they stared at each other with blank faces.

"There goes the dinner bell; come on," said Ellen, sadly. "Gay, shall you tell Mr. Clayman to-night?"

"I suppose so," replied Gay, "though I never dreaded anything half so much in my life."

After dinner Gay went slowly into Mr. Clayman's study and told him the whole story.

"Gay, you surely must be mistaken," said the old man, slowly passing his fingers through his gray hair. "My dear, this is by far the saddest thing that has ever happened at Redwood. It does not seem possible, for I have never heard the least complaint against Orma before."

"I hope not," replied Gay, crying heartily; "but I did not know what to do except to come and tell you."

"You did quite right, my dear," murmured Mr. Clayman absently. "Good-night."

"Good-night, sir," said Gay, with quivering lips. Down the long dark hall she ran towards Ellen's room, saying to herself, "I can't bear to stay alone to-night. Ellen will just have to let me sleep in her room."

The morning came, a dreary, rainy April day. On the porches and in corners the girls gathered in little knots of four or five and talked in half-smothered whispers, for somehow the story of Gay's ring had been told to everybody in school except Orma. She wondered why the girls looked at her so strangely and even passed without speaking. "How good it would seem to have a true friend once more," she thought, wistfully.

"O, Miss Orma," said Mr. Clayman gently at her side, "I wish to see you a few minutes, please. Can you come now?"

"Certainly, sir," answered Orma, and she followed him slowly into the study. "What can he want?" she thought. "He has never called me Miss Orma before." What passed in that little room none of the girls ever knew entirely. When Orma finally came out her face was so pale and drawn that the girls shrank back out of sight behind the hall curtains.

Some time later Mr. Clayman also came out and called Gay. "I can't understand it at all, my dear," he said perplexedly. "Orma says that she has never been in your room, that she was out on the veranda yesterday afternoon reading a letter from her mother, who is an invalid, you remember. She does not deny, however, that the scrap is a part of her dress, but says she can not imagine how it came to be in your room. Poor child! I can not believe her guilty, though circumstances are strongly against her. Just now there seems to be nothing to do but wait and see if time will not throw light on the subject. Remember to pray, Gay, that the truth may be made clear in the end." And thus the old man dismissed her.

Two days went by and nothing new had been found out. The story of the lost ring was the chief topic of conversation, but no one could suggest any new plans for finding it. A week passed, and still no news! Another week, and the story was not changed. Meanwhile the girls studiously avoided Orma, even going so far as to pass around several rooms that they might not meet her. But though the way seemed so dark that not even one tiny ray found an entrance, Orma still tried to do her work bravely. Day by day her face grew paler and thinner, and the look of terror in her eyes became wilder, but she did not give up a single time. "God will take care of me," she would whisper to herself when the days were darkest and night brought no rest. "I must be strong, or they will think—O, dear Father, make me brave in this, my first great trial."

And still the days passed, days of slow torture to Orma Laley! Would there ever be an end to them?

* * * * *

Far up in one of the Infirmary rooms Evelyn Mahlon lay on her tiny cot one warm night in May. For weeks and weeks she had tossed about, delirious and parched with fever. But the crisis was past and she was just beginning to recognize the people around her. Not far from her bed two nurses were talking in guarded tones that she might not be disturbed. At first Evelyn did not pay any

attention to what they were saying, but after awhile she heard Miss Grey, the elder one, say, "Mr. Clayman says that Orma was doing such good work in her classes, too."

"Yes," answered the other one; "and the worst thing about it is that she has an invalid mother to support. Of course, now, Mr. Clayman—" and the rest of the sentence was spoken in such a low tone that Evelyn could not catch the words.

"What did they mean?" she asked herself. "Oh, I know," she whispered suddenly, and her eyes filled with tears at the thought that came to her.

"Miss Grey, won't you please come here," she called weakly.

"Certainly, dearie," answered the nurse, gently, for she loved Evelyn very tenderly. "What do you want?"

"Please tell me what you said about Orma; I could not help hearing. I think I can help her if she is in trouble."

"Oh, it wasn't anything worth repeating," said the nurse as cheerily as she could, for she feared that the least excitement might bring on a relapse. "There, go to sleep."

"Please, Miss Grey," pleaded Evelyn. "I can't go to sleep until you do tell me."

Seeing that her patient could not be quieted any other way, Miss Grey reluctantly began the story. Before she had spoken half a dozen words, however, Evelyn cried out excitedly, "I knew it, I knew it. Please go get Gay, for I know how it all happened. Please, Miss Grey, or I will be sick."

Two minutes later Gay was kneeling down by Evelyn's bed, for Miss Grey had gone for her as Evelyn wished. And this is the story that Evelyn told:

"Four weeks ago this afternoon I happened to be looking out the window when you opened the box with your ring in it. I saw you put it down and leave the room. Then the strangest thing happened that I ever saw. Do you remember that crow's nest over in the big poplar across the campus to our right?"

"Yes," said Gay; "but what has that to do with my ring?"

"Everything," answered Evelyn. "Listen. The minute you left your room one of the crows sailed down to Orma's window, which is just above yours, you know. There were some scraps on the ledge which she had been using to mend that blue and white striped gingham of hers. I saw her working on it just before the crow flew down there, but she left about the time you did and went down on the side porch to read a letter. She was crying, I think. At any rate, the crow picked up one of the scraps and started back to his nest, but catching a glimpse of your ring flew down there instead. He looked at it a moment, dropped the scrap and flew triumphantly away with the ring in his beak. My, how he did caw over it! Just then I fainted, and from that time until to-day have only been conscious for a few minutes at the time. So you see, Gay—"

"Please hush, Evelyn, I can't stand any more," said Gay sobbing as if her heart would break. "O, Orma, what shall I say to you?" and she rushed from the room, slamming the door in her haste.

Miss Grey bent anxiously over Evelyn to see if the talk had made her worse. But Evelyn only smiled and murmured happily to herself as she fell to sleep, "I am so tired, but how happy Orma and Gay must be!"

The heart:
1. The heart is the seat of love
The heart beats are accelerated by love, about 1000 per second when a

is in eight. Cannot be obtained except by cutting vagus nerves.
A. Craft.

Muscle of inspiration
is a contraction caused by contact with any thing "Broom" thing

Quiz I
The muscles of the chest are a great deal of the chest and always ready to jump and place into place.

Quiz 13 - Lungs
1. The lungs consist of two fat lobes. Are yellow in color - beat about 30 times per half second. They are used in draining the liver and are common to all nationalities in both sexes. They are near the apex of the heart.

2. The muscles that help bring about this sensation are serratus magnus pectoralis major or two more! 1. serratus magnus is attached to ribs upper ribs and ribs to brain

Feb. 21, 1909
Foods
Foods are called

2. The trachea is a long round tube lined with red cartilage and filled with bubbles. It is a long distance telephone.

3. The most nutritious foods are pickles, peanut butter and fudge.

3. Ferments are no permanent in any body except themselves - for example, bacteria.

3. Ferments are no permanent in any body except themselves - for example, bacteria.

Quiz II
1. The human skeleton consists of about 500 bones.

Digestion is best when you think right after that is all.

2. The humerus is the muscle that holds the spine erect, etc. Cattie Marks

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1. The human skeleton consists of about 500 bones.

2. Bones of cranial region are viz. parietal, occipital, sphenoid, and many others to mention.

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2. The humerus is the muscle that holds the spine erect, etc. Cattie Marks

“One Touch of Merriment
Makes the Whole World
Kin”.



There was a young "Prof." called "The Earl";
The animal he taught was *The Girl*;
Schooled at W. F. C.,
He knew to a "T"
How to set her poor head in a whirl.

There was a great man of renown,
Whose musical name was Brown.
When he heard "rag-time,"
If a "Gospel Hymn,"
His smile would turn to a frown.

A certain young teacher of art
Was asked by a man for her heart.
She said with a snigger,
"I'd give it were it bigger,
If you would quickly depart."

There was a teacher named Schuster,
Who couldn't tell rabbit from rooster.
She took a wing,
Then was heard to sing,
"This ain't the kind of bird I'm uster."

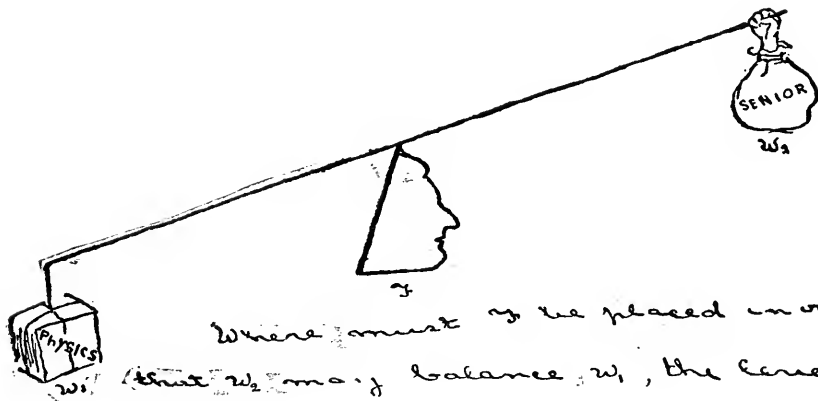
There was a good "Prexy" Vann,
Who couldn't tell scarlet from tan.
Of art he knew naught,
So against it he fought;
Otherwise he's a very nice man.

There was a young teacher, Meserve,
Who said that nothing would serve,
But crushes so mushy,
So sweet and so squishy,
That a kiss would not take all their nerve.

There was a good Bursar named Ferrell,
 Who each day in chapel did herald.
 Woe to the maid
 Who left bills unpaid;
 When she did so it was at her peril.

A certain good fiddler named Gustave
 Did harp on the fifth and the octave;
 On parallel motion
 He placed his devotion,
 And on augmented seconds he'd rave.

There was a young damsel named Cronkhite,
 Whose step was so airy and light.
 She was very jolly,
 And adored all folly;
 Her charms all maids' hearts did smite.



Where must w_2 be placed in order
 that w_2 may balance w_1 , the lever be-
 ing nine meters long (one meter =
 a monthly quiz)?



(a)

There was a good saint Josiah,
Who marked neither lower nor higher.
When asked for an "A,"
He always would say,
"I am not that sort of a liar."

(b)

He worked with bugs and creeping things
Until he sprouted gauzy wings.
Th' angelic smile,
Worn all the while,
Expressed the songs he never sings!



2
Forty years hence if she
continues raw food.



1
As she is.



3
If she doesn't.

There was an instructor, Miss Blair,
Who filled the History Chair.
The world she renounced,
On Sophs. she oft pounced,
Till raw food took away all her care.



There was a young artist called Ford,
And every morning she roared,
If awakened too soon,
By a howling young loon,
Ere she her twelve hours had scored.



New Light on Old Subjects

(as gleaned from exam. papers)



“Saladin was the German law-giver.”

“The Moors were a band of savages.”

“The Koran is the book of the Pope.”

“Irving’s chief works were the ‘Sketch-Book’ and ‘Pilgrim’s Progress.’”

“Puritan literature is divided into three parts. They wrote annals, almanacs, and the Bible. Almanacs treat of weathers and crops,

but the Bible treats of Heaven and higher things.”

“The Petrine Theory is the doctrine that St. Peter holds the key to the gates of Heaven, and no one else can enter.”

“Chivalry was the name given to the feudal system.”

“Julius Cæsar was an important French writer.”

“Copernicus was the man who explored the heavens, and discovered that the sun revolves around the world.”

“The Petrine Theory is the same as the Divine Right of Kings.”

“The chief American poet was Shakespeare, and the chief prose writer was Milton.”

“John Smith was noted for composing the Bay Song Book.”

How is this for a detailed description of the crossing of the Delaware? “It was cold. The British were rejoicing in the night. Thus Washington crossed the Delaware and gained an easy victory.”

“Abelard was either the barbarian leader who sacked Rome in 410 or the one who revolted against Rome and hastened its fall in 476. I don’t know which he did.”

“Lorenzo d’ Medici was the most important painter of the Renaissance.”

“Principal parts of a verb of the first conjugation: ‘Bonus, bona, bonum.’”

“The burden of David’s prayer in the sixty-ninth Psalm is: ‘O Lord, *blow* out my sins.’” (Myra V.)

“Virgil was skilled in Astronomy and Mathematics, but he is especially noted for his excellent English.”

“The Pre-Raphaelites were so-called because they came before Raphael.”

“Tennyson made his poems new and inspiring with that little touch of art which he never failed to leave out.”

“I can name only two of Tennyson’s poems: ‘The Revelry of Poor Susan’ and the ‘Locust-Eaters.’”

Echoes from the Chemistry Class



Junior:—"Who's to preach the *bi-chloride* sermon this year?"

Another brilliant Junior, seeing Mr. Watson's bulletin, "Exam. for delinquents Monday," was heard to remark: "I'm so glad I haven't been *deliquescent* this month."

Found in the back of Professor Boomhour's chemistry:

"Little Willie died last night—
His face we'll see no more—
For what he drank for H_2O
Was H_2SO_4 ."

Two standard jokes of Main Building: The old lady who *just sits* and the old man who hasn't lived all of his life *yit*.



From the Chemistry Room



"Pull down the shade, Miss Howard,
With all the speed you may;
We have no time for gazing,"
Our teacher said to-day.

She raised her eyes, in mild surprise,
And did not make assent;
He did not wait, but quickened his gait,
And over her seat he bent;
With upraised stick he gave a lick
That sent the window, zip!

The shade came down, and there was a frown
Upon J. Boomhour's lip.
Then back he went, where he spent
Upon that chemistry class,
A full-blown hour, with all his power,
Of talk on hydrogen gas.



B. U. W. FASHIONS.

Quips and Cranks



DR. T.—“ Why didn't Shimei ask Solomon's permission to leave Jerusalem?”
LOUISE L.—“ Perhaps it wasn't Solomon's office hour.”

JOKE EDITOR.—“ I have a good one on a Senior—Alma O. said last night, ‘ I never heard such a racket. It was a regular tower of Baal.’ ”

EMILY B.—“ I don't see any point to that joke.”

PAT M. (fighting rats in the middle of the night).—“ Look at that impudent rascal, Nannie! It's looking at me real croquettish.”

EMMA K.—“ I would give you my dessert, H. S., but I don't want to be the *result* of your death.”

L. P.—“ I think Lew Wallace is simply grand.”

L. K.—“ Did she used to come to school here?”

“ The latest joke of the season is on M. K.'s face.” (See the point? If not, probably you didn't see the face.)

Will some one please tell Mamie C. that Latin is not spelt with a *g*.

A. D.—“ E——, I don't believe you love me as much as you *formally* did.”

LUCY H. (the question mark).—“ Is the present participle of the verb meaning to expire, spelt *dieing* or *dyeing*?”

We wonder why Maude D. is so fond of studying about *Moses* that she never gets beyond Deuteronomy in reading her Bible.

DR. THOMPSON.—“ What lighter punishment could Solomon have given Adonijah, rather than having him murdered?”

JUNIOR.—“ He could have taken him off the *Self-governed Body*.”

After writing several pages on “ Tennyson's Early Poetry,” a super-brilliant Sophomore finally vouchsafed this startling information, as the climax of her thesis: “ Tennyson was a poet.”

And still the President of the Astrotektions persists in saying *resignition* for recognition.

J. F. (reading Society minutes).—“ Annie Josey, President; Hattie Sue Hale, Protégée” (Sec. pro tem).

L. P. (reading).—" Clara Clemens, daughter of the famous humorist, Mark Twain—"

S. L. P. (interrupting).—" How could she be his daughter if his name is Twain, and hers Clemens? "

A Newish was overheard to remark: " Miss Clemens' father, Mr. Mark, will play her accompaniments."

MISS D. (conducting recitation in Julius Cæsar).—" Picture, if you can, this scene. We approach the climax of the play. The conspirators crowd around Cæsar, ostensibly to press some suit, in reality to strike when the moment shall arrive. But Cæsar denies them, saying: ' Doth not Brutus bootless kneel? ' Will Miss L. explain the meaning of that line, ' Doth not Brutus bootless kneel ' ? "

MISS L. (hesitatingly).—" Does it—does it mean that Brutus took off his shoes? "

The climax of the play is reached!

They had become very irate at a certain member of the Faculty, and were desperately planning a terrible revenge, when J. F. suggested: " Let's send him an anonymous letter and—"

" Yes, let's do," screamed M. V., interrupting her, " and I'll be the first to sign it."

H. S. H.—" S'Mimie, is Mr. G.'s hair kinky? "

M. E. C.—" No. It's real black."

L. P. K.—" Are your new glasses nose glasses or ear glasses? "

MARVEL C.—" They are eye glasses."

JUNIOR.—" What is the name of Dr. McArthur's church? "

SENIOR.—" The *Cavalry* Baptist Church of Boston."

M. E. C.—" Was it Shakespeare who said, ' To wed, or not to wed; that is the question. Whether it is better to disappoint several men for a short time, or one man for life ' ? "

J. P. says she is studying the works of Mr. George Eliot.

ANNIE McL.—" There are three dates I can always remember—When Columbus discovered America—when Georgia was settled—and when I was born."

MINNIE M.—" When was Georgia settled? "

ANNIE.—" 1776."

MAUD W. (to druggist).—" My hair is coming out. Can you give me a *sub*-scription for it? "

The following is an extract from a letter written by a learned Sophomore: " I am delighted at the prospect of seeing you again so soon. May that meeting be a happier one than ever has been, or ever can be! "

ELLA (talking at the table).—"There are some people who are as sweet and nice as they can be to you, and still you just can't like them."

ANNIE M.—"It's the truth. There's a girl at home that very way, and I can't abominate her."

MR. W. (working Trig. problem for class).—"Here's your figure—with this side and this angle given—this side—the radius of the earth is what, Miss J.?"

MISS P. J.—"39532."

MR. W.—"Feet or miles?"

ANNIE J.—"Do the Japans claim they belong to the white race?"

A. AND M. VISITOR (struggling to give the best expression to his thoughts).—"Do the teachers over here assign very long lessons?"

BRILLIANT PHYSICS STUDENT.—"Our lessons are, in length, directly proportional to the teachers assigning them, and, in volume inversely proportional, to the capacity of the girls learning them."

A. AND M. VISITOR.—"I had not considered the volume before, but I imagine, from what you say, that yours are of enormous volume."

Little halts and blunders,
Little words so quaint,
Make the hard old lesson
Seem as if it ain't.

KATHARINE G. (rushing into Lonie's room and seeing a photograph of the former's beau).—"Oh, what a splendid picture of Professor Boomhour!"



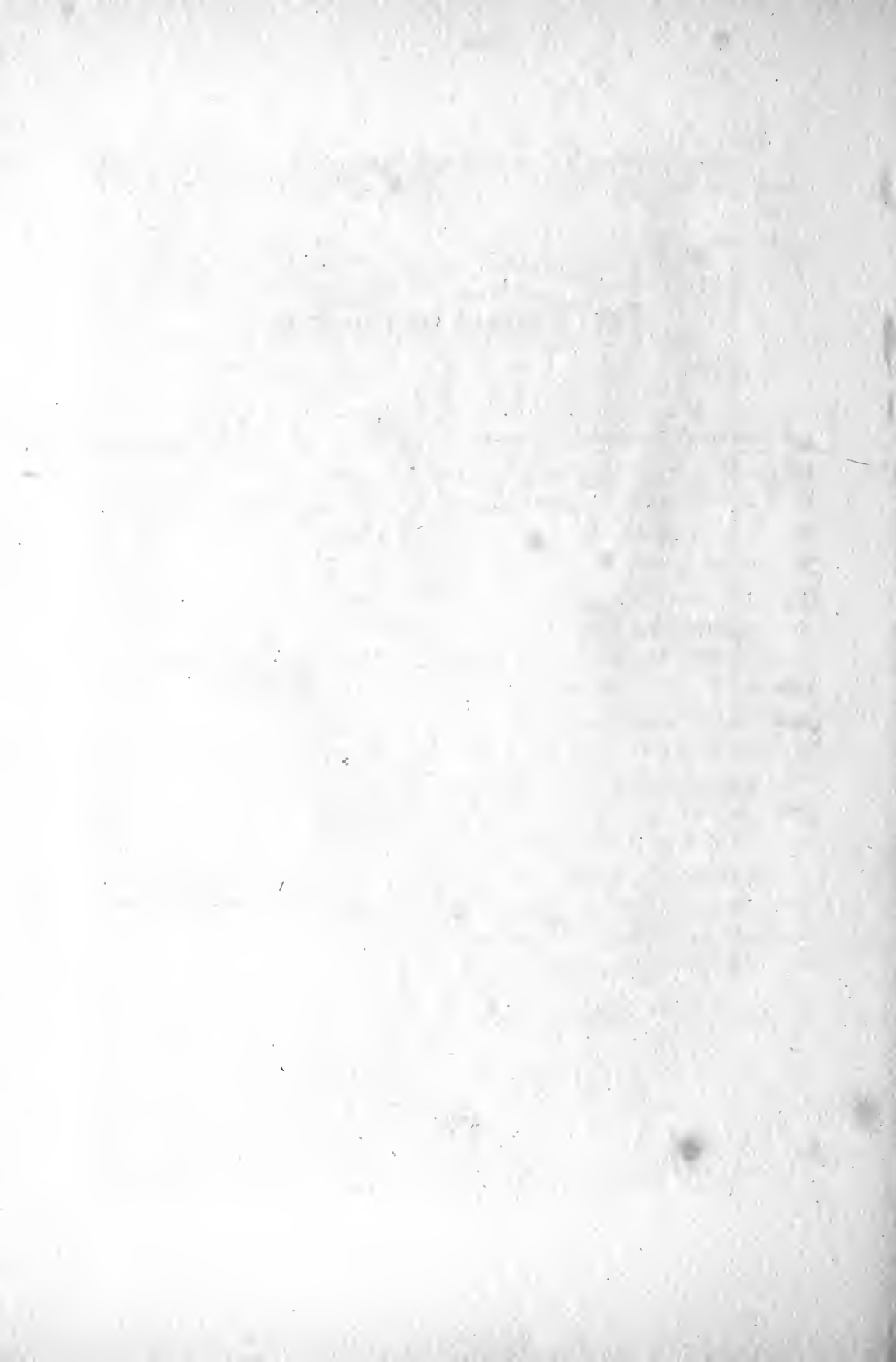
The Passing of the Editors



The old Chief turned on her bed of Oak Leaves, and heaving a groan from the depths of her troubled soul, said in a feeble voice:

“My fellow-editors, the end is fast approaching, and before I pass out of this world of matter, draw near unto me, for I have somewhat to say unto you. Ye have seen how in all things there have, at times, been presumptuous usurpers. There are those now, waiting for the chance to replace Oak Leaves with Acorns. Be firm, united, and steadfast and ye can stand. For as the old Indian showed his children the lesson of strength in unity, so ye can learn the same lesson from Oak Leaves. Let the Juniors, strong and self-reliant, take these Leaves bound together and try to tear them. They make a signal failure, but, a single Leaf, even a Freshman, weakest and youngest of our number, could tear in twain. We know that Acorns can be cracked, or crushed. An Oak Leaf may be torn. But bound in backs of ‘maroon leather,’ Oak Leaves can be neither torn, crushed, nor cracked. The future is your own. Take heed. But this is the end. Adieu.”

So saying, the “Old Chief” took a last look at her fellow-laborers and turned her face to another life, while the rest tripped out into the silent night to battle against the things that yet remain and to give thanks to those who had aided them in their past labors.



Wound Up!



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