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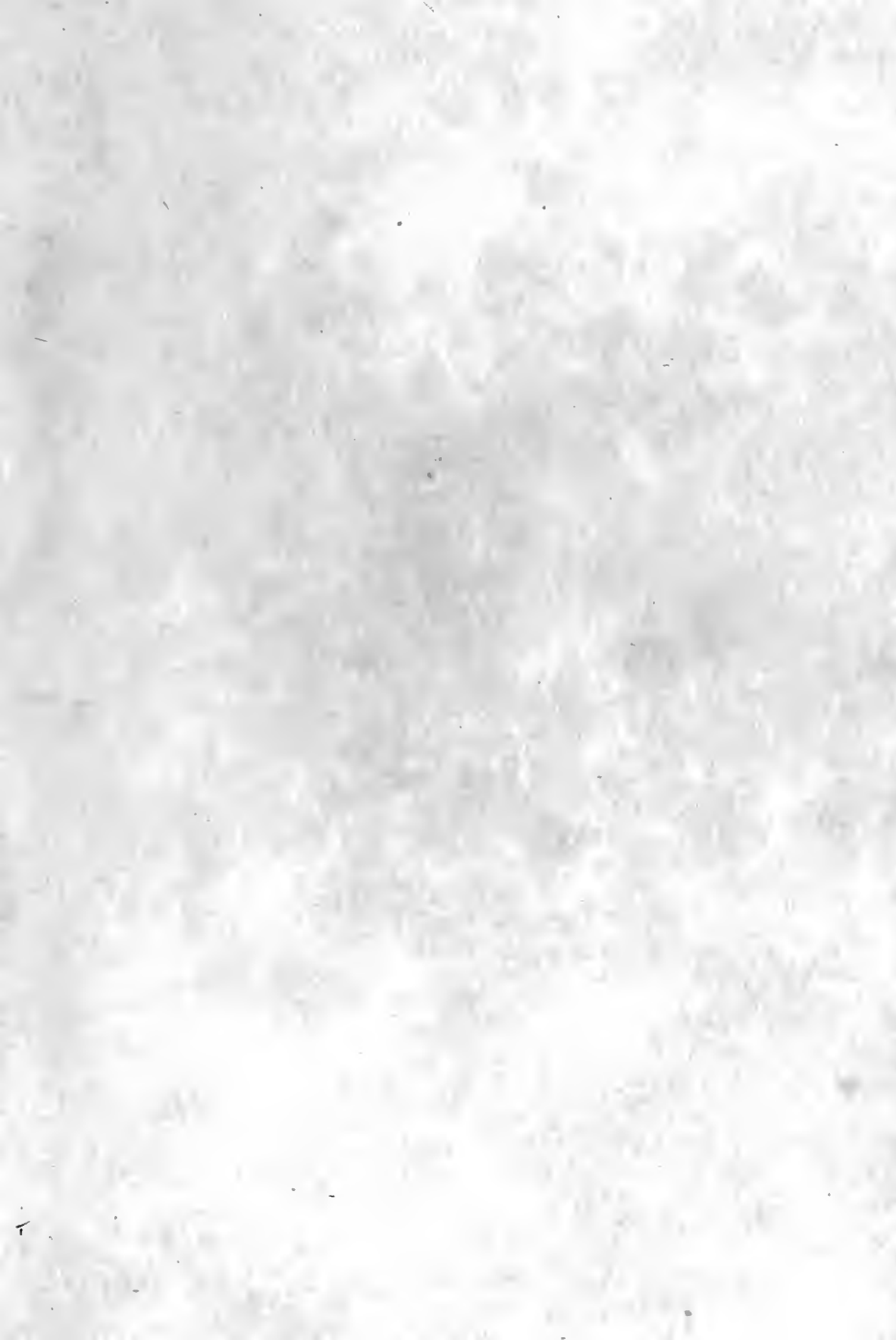
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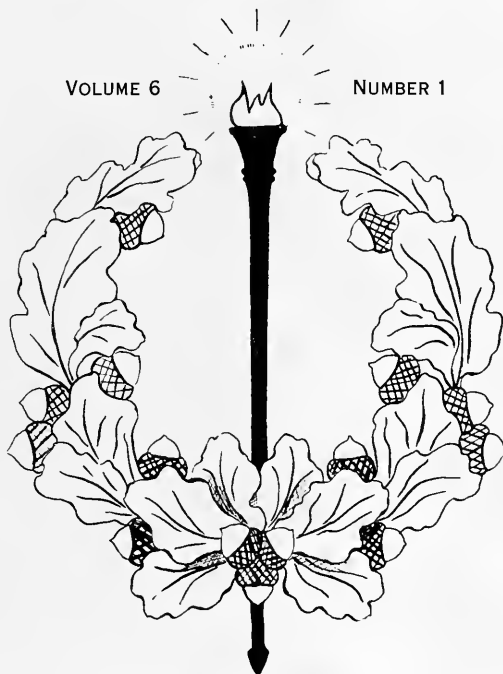




OAK LEAVES

VOLUME 6

NUMBER 1



MCMIX

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY THE
PHILARETION AND ASTROTEKTON LITERARY SOCIETIES

Baptist University for Women

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE STUDENTS OF THE ART DEPARTMENT



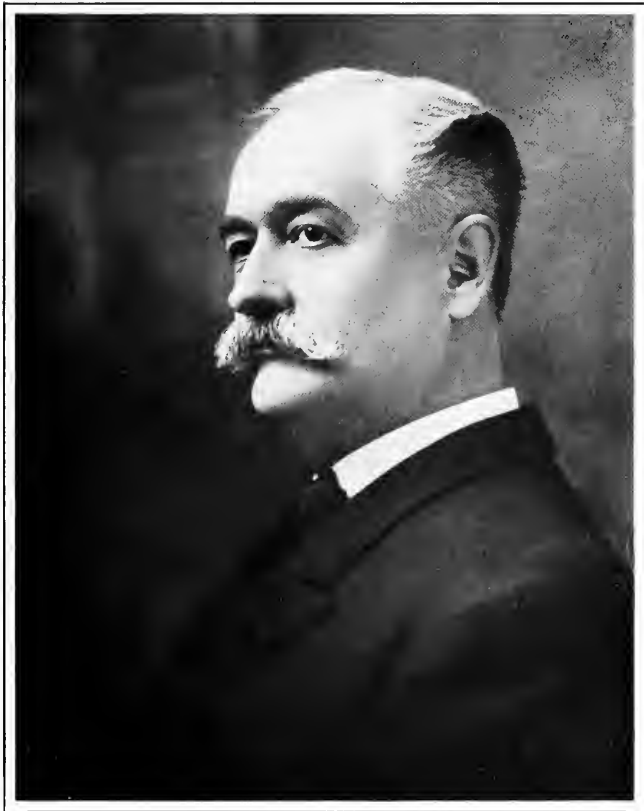
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To

Carey J. Hunter

loyal friend, generous patron, faithful
servant of our Alma Mater
this volume is dedicated



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Editorial

UNDER our favorite Campus Oak,—green and beautiful with the vigor of our spring-time hopes and ambitions, we gather—coming gaily from here and there, the editors of 1909. Here, inspired by the exquisite beauty of our trysting place in its gay, harmonious colors, we promise each other to glean from the entire year all those things which enliven and give spice to a college girl's life.

Do not be surprised to find many of your supposedly secret thoughts and actions here displayed, our beloved college mates! Have you seen that mysterious group gathered beneath the protecting and sure branches of our sturdy Campus Oak and suspected nothing? To you this book will be a constant record of the college life of which you have been a part; of friendships which you have helped to make; of deeds in which you have participated; of classes and organizations in which you have numbered; indeed, to you it will be a record of your life at B. U. W.

May the memory, through your future years, of college days steal over you as subtly as the sweet perfume of delicate blossoms in the springtime—as the glory which descends upon the trees of the forest as they whisper caressingly one to another in rich, gorgeous colors.

To you, our dear friends, alumni, and gentle readers, may this book be one of pleasure and profit which will make you rejoice as heartily at our success and victories as you already sorrow at our failures and defeats.

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HONORARY MEMBER SENIOR CLASS

Senior Class

MOTTO: "Lofty aims and earnest endeavors"

FLOWER: Daisy

COLORS: Green and White

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PHILARETION SOCIETY.

Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others.



SADIE LOU BRITT, GOLDSBORO, N. C.
ASTROTEKTON SOCIETY.

Thou hast the sweetest face that I ever looked on.



MIMIE ELIZABETH COX, WINTERVILLE, N. C.
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I love tranquil solitude, and such society as is quiet, wise and good.



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Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds were in her very looks.



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A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.



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She tastes the joy that springs from labor.



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Her disposition she inherits, which makes her fair gifts fairer.



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The price of wisdom is above rubies.



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Thou hast a mind that suits with this, thy fair and outward character.



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A girl she seems of cheerful yesterday, and confident to-morrow.



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A maid of grace and complete majesty.



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The most peerless piece of carth that e'er the sun shone bright on.



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She is a scholar, and a rare and good one.



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She is great who is what she is from nature, and who never reminds us of others.



Senior Class History

ONE afternoon last week, as the historian of the Senior class sat alone in the Physics and Physiology lecture room, thinking over the past four years, and vainly endeavoring to recall each brave deed accomplished by the Class of '09, that she might record all in Volume IV of its history, she heard a weird noise, and being in an imaginative frame of mind she soon perceived that the mysterious sound, which almost made her shudder, proceeded from behind the drawn, black curtain in the corner. At first the timid little historian was disposed to be nervous, but, when she heard the words, "Oh, that I had been here since 1905, to watch this noble band through the whole four years of its college life," she recognized the ghostly voice of the skeleton, the donation which the Class of '07 had made to the college. For a while she sat, pondering over the meaning of Skeleton's words, and wondering what in the world he could be referring to. But her mind was soon satisfied on this point, as she heard a voice from the Physics locker, answering Skeleton in tones which indicated that the subject was an oft-discussed one, "But I have recounted to you, many times, the startling experiences of the record-breaking Class of '09."

"Is it possible," said the historian to herself, "that Force-pump and Skeleton are entering upon a discussion of the Senior class right here before me? Good; mayhap they will give me a few pointers for my history!" But her meditations were soon interrupted by the voice of gaunt old Skeleton, who retorted, in hard, icy tones, which well became one of his nature, "Yes, at the '07 Commencement, when I moved in, to make the Senior Physiology Quiz a less terrible monster, you did tell me, briefly, of their first two years here; but I hope you don't expect me to have learned as much of them, from the ent and

dried descriptions of a force-pump, as I have of their last two years, in listening to the animated discussions of their class meetings."

"Well, let me tell you once again," sighed Force-pump, in a deprecatory tone, "what I gleaned from their class meetings, when they were verdant, little, newish, and when they were know-all Sophs."

(By this time the Senior had her note-book and fountain pen in readiness to take down the dialogue of Force-pump and Skeleton.)

"It was really pathetic (to use one of their Freshman expressions) to stand here behind a locked door and see their futile attempts to organize," resumed Force-pump, "and not be able to help them over this, the greatest difficulty they had met in their short lives. The Sophomores, that year, were especially savage, and scored determined to have all the fun possible with these poor little maids. Numerous Freshman class meetings, to be held in specified lecture rooms, were officially announced, to which they innocently thronged, with the most hopeful of countenances, anticipating Freshman organization. But, to their great disappointment, they would always find already occupying the room those terrible Sophs, by whom they were ignominiously routed. Since these innocent little Freshmen considered themselves well worthy of organizing without the valuable aid of the Sophomores, they awaited a better opportunity to name their class officers, and to vainly wonder what folks were supposed to do in class meetings after this most important task was completed. But the greatest mark of verdancy was in the selection of a class color, which, in this case, happened to be grass-green! However, they were not so green but that they taught the faculty and students a few lessons. For instance, you remember hearing me say that the 'Student Government' system came into the University with our class (as we always call the Class of '09). Well, they were a happy band of fifteen; happy, their newish year, in their absolute innocence and verdancy; happy, their second year, in their absolute intelligence and sophistication, for they, like all college Sophomores, knew, and knew they knew. However, it was not as conceited a Sophomore class as its predecessor and successor, but was content to assert itself only when occasion demanded, except for rigid insistence upon the principle of, 'No decoration without representation.'

"The pride and folly of the Sophomore year were forgotten, however, when they discovered, after the spring examinations of '07, that they were really Juniors. What a noble band they were! Oh, the lofty ambitions hidden away in each heart, to make this a class of which their Alma Mater might be justly proud!"

"Oh," interrupted Skeleton harshly, with a jerk which made the little

historian jump out of her seat, so different was it from the slow, calm tones of Force-pump. "Oh, now I know what you're talking about. I was here when they came back in the fall of '07, and a jollier crowd of Juniors I've never seen. It almost made me long to be back in school again, indulging in the pains and pleasures, which only Juniors can know. There was much that year to divert their attention from their studies, still they didn't fall behind. You remember how they labored for weeks in the fall over the selection of a class pin; and again, in the spring, you remember the discussions they used to have over a new and original way to entertain the Seniors; and—"

"Yes," broke in Force-pump, "and how they used to cut dinner to search basements and attics for the crook, in the idle hope of finding at least a piece of it."

The historian started to volunteer some very valuable information on this point, but she dared not break into their private conversation, even though it did concern her vitally.

"And now they are Seniors," concluded Skeleton, with a heart-rending sigh, which set every bone in his anatomy to rattling. "A few more days and they will leave us forever. How we will miss their gleeful laughter, their philosophical debates, and the weighty discussions in which they often indulged!"

"Seniors, the goal of their ambitions as Freshmen, Sophomores and Juniors," Force-pump added. "What have they to show for their four years here? Will they leave behind a record which will bring credit to their class? To be sure, they are not in the habit of discussing their achievements, but I'll warrant that though they be fewer in number than some other classes, who hold their meetings within these walls, it's quality, not quantity, that counts. No superbrilliant intellects, no positively dull ones—just a class of earnest, hard-working girls, most of whom will graduate with honor. Their motto, 'Lofty aims and earnest endeavors,' they have carried with them throughout their entire college life, laboring earnestly to make their endeavors commensurate with their aims. I predict for each a happy 'aftermath,' since each possesses,

"The simple beauty of a useful life.

Which never dazzles and never tires."

With this Force-pump settled down into his old position, and Skeleton drew back behind his curtain of black, leaving the historian to muse over their words, thankful for the four years in which the Class of '09 had held together for sympathy and encouragement, sad at the thought of parting soon with those whose friendships were held so dear, but glad, withal, that in after-life, as in college, they might fight their battles, and win their victories, under a common flag, remembering, even, that it was by "lofty aims and earnest endeavors" that they are to-day Seniors of the Baptist University for Women.

HISTORIAN.

The World and the Man

The world is ours to-day, girls, we own the moon and stars:
The firmament is at our feet, from Venus down to Mars:
The summer sun is shining bright for our especial bliss:
The summer breeze is blowing soft and sweet as maiden's kiss.

We gaze adown the vistas of life's young rosy dream—
This sounds like moralizing, but—we take ours with cream;
With cream and fudge, my dearies, we lubricate our way
Adown the pathway of the spheres on this celestial day.

Our hopes are high, my partners, our aims are higher still;
We aim as high as mountain peak whence falls the foaming rill.
Of course, our shafts may fall, dears, to reach the goal they seek:
But, all the same, we'll never aim below that mountain peak.

For four long years, my classmates, we've ground the knowledge mill:
We've learned, at least, the college yell and seen the cadets drill.
We recognize the odor that comes from chafing dish;
And we no longer bait our hooks for very little fish.

We've racked our brains, my classmates, o'er ologies and themes:
We've cut up cats and crawfish—frogs also—in our dreams.
We write our loves in Latin, in French we always think;
We've used up cords of pencils, too, and several pails of ink.

We'll not be sad at parting, we'll wish each other joy:
'Tis not a bad, old world, girls, we'll make of it our toy.
We'll strive our very utmost, we'll do the best we can;
And, as a court of last resort, we may fall back on man.

Twenty Years Hence

I HEAVED a sigh of relief, on the afternoon of April 30, 1929, as the key grated in the rusty lock of my schoolroom door and the last of my swarthy Mexican pupils disappeared over the crest of the hill. Vacation was here. As I turned slowly from the door a panoramic view of the past rose before me: I thought of all I had accomplished in the twenty years since I had graduated from the Baptist University for Women at Raleigh and I remembered what I had dreamed of doing. Long I stood and pondered, longing to know if I alone of the Class of '09 had accomplished so little. Memories of the day of "Auld Lang Syne" came floating round me, filling me with a great desire to visit the old scenes, to see the old faces, and to dream the old dreams.

For many years I had been a stranger to my native land and it was with a childish eagerness that I turned my face homeward, and to the Old North State. I spent two days in New Orleans, but knew no one in the city. The first day I walked down through the French quarters readings signs, and as I passed one attracted my attention:

MADAME ST'UNDINE.

The Great Fortune-teller. The Palm-reader.

Tells your past, present and future.

Come in. Find out who you are, what you have been and what you are going to be from Madame St'Undine.

"St'Undine!" Where had I heard that name! I passed on by, but that name would not be dismissed. I went back to my room, but that name, strangely familiar, haunted me still. Finally, I decided I would go to see Madame St'Undine. Perhaps to see her would throw light on the strange name and recall some past experience. I went into her tent, told her that I wanted my fortune told. She took my hand, looked at my palm, glanced quickly up at me, and then looked more closely at my hand. Then she said, "Lula Howard, where did you come from?" Undine Futrell and no other. She had changed much in the twenty years. Few wrinkles marred her face, and few gray hairs could be seen on her temples; her form had lost its youthful slenderness and had gained the corpulency of middle age. Fame and fortune were hers, but they had not been won as she had planned to win them in her college life.

Soon I left New Orleans. As I neared Birmingham I picked up a paper

and began reading. I glanced through column after column in a listless manner, but finally encountered the words, "Miss Louie Poteat, the great advocate of Woman Suffrage, on a tour through the South." I give the article in full:

"DENVER, COL., May 6, 1929.

"Miss Louie Poteat, the distinguished woman suffragist, left to-day on a tour through the South. She will lecture at many points on this trip. Miss Poteat is one of the first Southern women to advocate woman suffrage, and has done much to arouse the women of the South to assert their rights and to demand equality with men."

Well, of all girls, Louie was the last I would have suspected of becoming a woman suffragist, much less of lecturing throughout the country.

Nothing more of importance or of interest happened until I reached Raleigh, early one morning. I was tired, but not too tired to go to chapel, at the University. The old place had changed; new buildings had gone up, a new library and a new auditorium. I was a stranger almost to my Alma Mater. From my seat in the chapel I could see the platform, the faculty, the choir, and the portraits that hung on the wall. Among the faculty I recognized none of my instructors, but Katharine Staples must have become one of the elect, for she now sat among the sages. I wondered why she was dressed in black and why she was teaching now, for I knew she had stopped teaching when she was married several years before. From the people my eyes wandered to the pictures. There was one of Dr. Vann, of Judge Fairecloth, of Mr. Pullen and another of Vivian Betts. I did not know that she had become famous enough to have her portrait in the Assembly Hall. At last Katharine comes. My eager questions poured forth like a volley until she laughingly stopped me.

"Not so fast; I am Mrs. Parkham. Since my husband's death, two years ago, I have been teaching in his place as Professor of Mathematics. I wanted something to do and Math. has always been my hobby.

"Yes, that is a picture of Vivian Betts. You knew that she became a well known poetess. Since her death a few months ago her poems have been all the rage. Her picture was painted by Martha Lawrence and given to the college. You didn't know that Martha was an artist? Well, she is and her portraits and pictures are known far and wide. Yes, she is in New York now.

"Hattie Sue is in New York also. You didn't know it? Well, where have you been? She is a great actress now and is starring this season in a play

written especially for her, 'The Past No Index to the Future.' You know she said, when we were leaving, that China was her destination.

"Mimie, Sadie Lou and Helen are all married. Helen was about the only one of the whole class who attained her aim, and that was to marry a football player. She is living in Georgia now. And Grace has become a great journalist. She is on the staff of the *Review of Reviews*. Have you not read article after article signed G. D. R.? Well, the author was Grace Daphne Rogers. In the February number she has written on 'The College Annual as Expressive of College Spirit.'

"Yes, Lucy is teaching near Weldon. No, she never married. Are you going to stop to see her? Make her tell you of Juanita's great feats. Why, she is a famous automobilist, and has just won the cup in the race at Philadelphia."

I was bewildered by the strange fortunes of my classmates. I left the chapel, saying to myself: "This old world has turned 'round since twenty years ago."

While I was in Raleigh, a reception was given at the Governor's mansion to which the public was invited. I always did like to shake hands with the grantees, and I decided this was a good opportunity to meet many of the best people of the state. I didn't think to ask anything about the Governor's wife, and you can well imagine my surprise to see Sadie Lou, the one who always hated receptions, standing second in the receiving line. I was dumfounded, but finally mustered up courage to speak to my old classmate, and to tell her that I never expected to see her wearing such great honors. She looked as if she had rather been anywhere else in the world, and it seemed to me the very irony of fate that had put her in a public position where receptions were everyday occurrence.

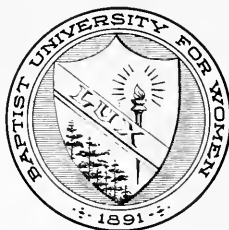
From Raleigh I went to Weldon to see Lucy. I did not let her know that I was going, for I wanted to see if she were teaching scientifically, and if she had made practical all those things Miss Applewhite drilled into our heads about pedagogy. I found her in her classroom. She was lecturing one little fellow very severely when I stepped into the room, but the lecture ended as soon as she saw that she had a visitor. Her face lighted with pleasure and her hearty handshake proved that she hadn't forgotten our Alma Mater and the Class of '09. It was Lucy that talked, but a different Lucy from the Senior in college. She had discarded all her frills and furbelows, her rats, and switches and puffs. Her dress was plain and simple and her hair, always thin, but streaked with gray now, was done up in a small knot on her head. Her

face had not changed so much, but the grim, unbending, unrelenting look of the old maid school-teacher had settled there. As I left I wondered what had become of the doctor Lucy used to talk about, and why she had never married, but I did not ask her.

As I went through Winterville I stopped over and spent a few day with Mimie. Mimie had become so fond of our class color while in Raleigh that she decided to change her name to Green shortly after leaving college. I do not doubt that she was happy and had found life worth while. It was good to hear her singing as she went from room to room, busy with her housework, and happy in her home.

This was my last visit. I spent the summer at my old home down in Sampson County. One day I happened to be in Clinton while a farmer's institute was in session there. After I had finished my shopping I wandered into the institute for farmers' wives and daughters, and who should I see speaking to the crowd but Lulie Marshall! She was telling them how to make bread scientifically, and how to cook various things. I could not help but smile to think of Lulie, who had always been interested in history and in research work, as lecturing on Domestic Science. Lulie was the last of the Class of '09.

I had seen or heard from every member of my class. Only one or two had succeeded in what they intended doing when they left college; others had entered entirely new fields of work and had won fame, while others had gone in the same old tracks and had won recognition if not renown. I was the only one of the class whose air-castles had toppled over and whose dreams had never materialized. I could go back to my work with a newer vision, for I knew that old places change, familiar faces become strange and the old dreams come no more.



Dr. Brown?

Oh, there's a man from out the West
Who came to our town;
He stands for all that is the best—
His name is *Wade R. Brown*.

On organ and piano, too,
He plays both loud and long;
He gives the girls all they can do
To learn the college song.

But best of all, this great, good man
Did help the Annual through;
That it should please was in his plan,
And to make some money, too.

We owe him many, many thanks,
For all that he has done;
With him as captain of our ranks
We find the battle won.

THE EDITORS







Junior Class

MOTTO: "Conquer or die"

COLOR: Old Rose

FLOWER: Paul Neyron Rose

OFFICERS

LOUIE HOCUTT.....	PRESIDENT
MAUDE DAVIS.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
LUCILE ARTHUR.....	SECRETARY
RUTH WILLIAMS.....	TREASURER
FLORENCE PAGE.....	HISTORIAN
MARY McCULLERS.....	POET
MISS ALICE MESERVE.....	FACULTY MEMBER

CLASS ROLL

PEARL JORDAN
IDA BELLE LEDBETTER
MARY McCULLERS
PEARL NANCE
KATHERINE PARKER
FLORINE PRITCHETT
FLORENCE PAGE
ROBENA SUMMERS
MATTIE SAVAGE
ELLA THOMPSON
JEANETTE WATSON
RUTH WILLIAMS
LILL WILLIAMS
ELVA WALL
MAUDE WALL

LUCILE ARTHUR
BLANCHE BARRUS
EMMA CARLTON
ANNIE L. COUNCIL
GRACE COUNCIL
ELEANOR CHAPPELL
MAUDE DAVIS
LILLIAN DRAUGHAN
LULIE DICKSON
JENNIE FLEMING
ANNIE GARDNER
ELOISE GRIFFIN
MADGE GREGORY
LOUIE HOCUTT
AMORETTE JENKINS



Junior Class Poem

Great things from small beginnings grow—
The wise ones say—so we of naughty-ten,
As Freshmen seven, learned? Ah no!
But earnest of the noble class to be
Looked to the future, dim—to know
What Freshmen some day could attempt and do—
O toiling Freshmen seven!

But see how Soph'more ranks do swell!
E'en now fore-shadowing greatness by and by,
O lucky thirty, doing well!
The pranks and wiles of Soph'moredom exist
To sound the sad and doleful knell
O' Freshmen—timid sisters—bashful, shy—
O prestige of Soph'more lore!

But now, O muse, with silent awe
Do thou refrain attempt to note the deeds
Of these, lest thou do take thy fall
And remain'st forever outcast, undertrodd'n,
For lo, the near approach of all
The glorious years doth whisper promise sweet,
To Juniors, conquering Juniors!

Though nin'teen-nine doth slowly creep
Unto a glorious end with honors rare,
Yet still will Time its promise keep.
For lo, one blooming of the rose—one flight
Of birds—a Yuletide's joys to keep—
One New Year bright—then gladly usher'd in
The Senior Class of nin'teen-ten!

Junior Class History

THE chronicler of our Sophomore achievements and aspirations left off her history before we reached the goal, the end of examination week, which most trying ordeal we endured and came out winners. Then came the glories of Commencement and then we went home Juniors! September found us reassembled in the dear old halls, the majority of us, at least; some of our number were unable to be with us again; on the other hand, we gained some who had not been in our ranks before. There was one who began the year's work, but on account of illness was unable to continue it, and it is with poignant regret that we lose Lucile Rhodes from our class.

And what has it brought us—this long-looked-for Junior year—this year of new responsibilities and new privileges? Most of us were a little astonished to find that being a Junior did not mean absolution from a whole lot of work. To be sure the grind of Latin and Mathematics was over, but in its place came great volumes of Psychology and Ethics, the infallible theories of Chemistry, which, evaporate as you might, would never allow anything to be lost, but always kept the same appalling proportions. But most unexpected and crushing of all came that thing unprecedented in Junior experience, that monstrosity—Physiology, and with examinations! But our toil was not entirely unmixed with pleasure and privilege. Was it not a privilege, on a day in October, after much toil and disturbance of spirit, to tip tremblingly to Miss Colton's bulletin board and see if by any chance you passed the elementary examinations on English? But, to be serious, there was such an occasion as a Y. M. C. A. reception at A. & M., and Juniors allowed to attend. Then there was that delightful occasion when Mrs. Meserve and Miss Meserve were at home to the members of our class, which we all thoroughly enjoyed.

Autumn passed; the Christmas holidays were fully enjoyed and their passing regretted; then there came a time when, amid the ringing of bells and the shouts of merry watchers, new year broke upon us. Ah, the glory of it! For does it not mean to us, Juniors at B. U. W., the realization of many hopes and dreams? Will it not bring us in May, our dreaded examinations once more safely passed, the title of *Senior*? Will it not bring, too, at its close, the dawn of that other greater year, that year of years for us, that all-significant year, our own year, 1910?

Meantime we wait and work, thoroughly enjoying our present position of Juniors, our searches for knowledge and the crook, realizing that next year, when we are Seniors, the *crooked* ways will be straightened, and the dark things will be made plain. We shall reach the goal successfully; our numbers, our intellectuality, our persistence and faithfulness will carry us through. We shall conquer or die, with our motto and our beautiful *couleur de rose* to inspire us, not only in our race along the shining path of knowledge, but in that other race, along that other great highway which, once passed, we pass no more forever.

O Sibyl, whatever decree

Of fate thy green leaves may supply,

Still victors in all things will be;

Our motto is conquer or die.







Class of 1911

MOTTO: "Womanliness, worth and wisdom"

FLOWER: Sweet Pea

SYMBOL: Half Moon

COLORS: Light Blue and White

OFFICERS

WILLA L. WEATHERS.....	PRESIDENT
EMILY BOYD.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
BESSIE E. LANE.....	SECRETARY
ADA M. MIDDLETON.....	TREASURER
FAY R. MEMORY.....	POET
MINNIE C. MIDDLETON.....	PROSE
EMILY T. HUNTLEY.....	HISTORIAN
MARGARET BRIGHT.....	HONORARY MEMBER
L. D. WATSON.....	FACULTY MEMBER

CLASS ROLL

ALLEN, LILLIAN	LANE, BESSIE
BENNETT, HARRIETT	LATHROP, BESSIE
BLANCHARD, MINA	MEMORY, FAY
BOYD, EMILY	MIDDLETON, MINNIE
CARROLL, GEORGIE	MIDDLETON, ADA
COLLIER, MAMIE	MOORE, LOIS
COPPLE, BEULAH	PUREFOY, LUCY
HOWARD, PEARL	SHEETS, MARIE
HUNTER, ESSIE	STONE, LILA
HUNTLEY, EMILY	STRINGFIELD, BERNICE
JOHNSON, BESSIE	TILSON, MADA
JOHNSON, RUBY	WEATHERS, WILLA



The Sophomore Observer

FOR THE PROTECTION AND ENLIGHTENMENT OF THE PUBLIC

VOL. VIII.

RALEIGH, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 1, 1909.

NO. 12

POWERFUL NIGHT-RIDERS' SKIRMISH

Rembling Freshmen Captured—Many Frightened Beyond Recovery

Often the pleasantest scenes are changed suddenly into the wildest disorder. Sometimes an uneasy feeling hangs over the happiest crowd ever assembled. Such was the occasion on the night of October 31st, 1908. The freshmen were mingled with those who were enjoying a delightful reception, when suddenly the room bell rang. A pang may have gone to many a heart, but assuredly one went straight to the heart of every freshman. No longer were they to be concealed in the crowd at the reception; but with all the dread and fear that a Freshman's heart can hold (which is no small portion) they had to face the Sophomores. With due power, the Class of 1911, arrayed in Ku Klux style, marched through the reception hall, thereby warning the newish that the night of Sophs and dreaded Powers was now at hand, and the hour and minute not far away.

Among the little verdant crew of freshmen is one Miss Johnson, who decided that all would be well with her on Halloween if she had an escort. However, at the appointed time, much to her sorrow and embarrassment, she had to take the usual treatment prescribed by the Sophomore Class, and the escort could only wonder at the skillful

(Continued on page 2)

A GIRL TALKS IN HER SLEEP

Discloses Class Secrets to her Roommate Unintentionally

Great Aid to the Sophomores

Freshman Class Meeting Broken Up as a Result

Raleigh, N. C., Sept. 14.—Miss Kate Watson, of the Baptist University Freshman Class, while asleep very unintentionally discloses class secrets. Evidently the burden, of businesslike secret keeping had been too great for her fresh young brain, for during the past several days, in fact ever since she landed on the *campus-green*, we have noticed a deepening pallor of countenance, which we might say seems to be a very prominent characteristic of the Freshmen's complexion in general, and is endangering the reputation of the good looks of the student body *at large*.

On the night of the fourteenth, however, matters came to a favorable climax for the Sophomores, when after a vigorous, brassy serenade by the Juniors' Band Miss Kate Watson retired, but alas for the security of her class! No sooner had she fallen asleep than she imagined herself discussing class matters with a fellow sufferer (and certainly her information was welcomed by the Sophomore roommate, who, argu-

(Continued on page 2)

HOCUTT-CARTER

Brilliant Wedding of Popular Society Couple

The chapel of the Baptist University was a scene of surprising loveliness on Wednesday, April 2d, when Mr. Lonie Hocutt led Miss M. Carter to the hymeneal altar. The chapel was exquisitely decorated with ropes of southern smilax, ferns and cut flowers, and in the soft banks of greenery hundreds of candles cast a dim light that seemed to throw a glamour of fairyland over the whole scene. One of the most beautiful additions to the decorations was a large bell suspended from the central arch; this was made of the favorite flowers of the bride and groom, large Paul Neyron roses.

The groomsmen, Messrs. Pritchett, Watson, Griffin and A. Council, who were dressed in conventional black, were preceded by the dainty little ribbon girls, Maude Davis and Mamie Highsmith. These were gracefully attired in pink net dresses, made empire style. Following the groomsmen came four lovely bridesmaids, Misses M. Edmundson, M. Perry, L. Olive and E. Upchurch, gowned in green messaline robes. Then the bride in a dress of exquisite elegance and beauty—an imported gown of real lace, with princess lace veil—entered on the arm of the maid of honor, Miss E. Edmundson, in pink satin. They were met at the

(Continued on page 2)

The Sophomore Observer

EDITED BY
SOPHOMORE CLASS

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

EDITORIAL

This is the second time that THE SOPHOMORE OBSERVER has held a place in our College Annual. In this edition we have earnestly striven to set forth the spirit found among our students and in the college. If we have come short of our aim, it has been on account of lack of interest given it.

THE OBSERVER is dedicated to the Freshman Class, for whom we have the highest and most noble aspirations. We feel that we shall not have cause to lament that the dedication has been to them; and that in future years our act will not turn to our void.

They have spent no time in day dreams, but have made up their minds to be fresh. How well they have succeeded, we leave to your gentle judgment.

It seems to us that the Juniors shall not be entirely neglected, and therefore wish it were possible to dedicate something of importance to them; but some gentle spirit whispers, "Not so! 'Tis better you try to add to the immortality of Cicero's name!"

We are sure that every one reading THE OBSERVER will at once realize the object of its complement as being simply to amuse and warn the Freshmen as well as to protect and enlighten the public.

To the readers, we thank them for their warm reception of it before, and hope that the interest it receives now may even outstrip former records.

POWERFUL NIGHT-RIDERS' SKIRMISH

(Continued from page 1)

manner in which it was carried out.

Miss Carter, the president of this verdant band, after the reception was over, was seen rushing to her room in a frightened way, where she locked herself in, and was seen no more until Hallowe'en was past.

Next head, in size and color, is Mamie Highsmith, the vice-president. Nothing was commanded by the Night Riders that she failed to do. Among her many performances were dancing and eating molasses with her chubby little hands. A dose of "Soothing Syrup" enabled her to do all the required performances.

Misses Olive, Goodwin and Upchurch surrendered themselves to the Klan, and entertained very graciously with their green accomplishments. Dancing on the shaking table was an enjoyment greatly to be remembered. Numbers of the good old songs were rendered very well in a treble key.

The occasion was a grand and supreme success. Nothing before it has equaled it. Every Freshman is willing and anxious to do anything for the Imperial Night Riders—skip, hop, or run in the spryest way.

A GIRL TALKS IN HER SLEEP

(Continued from page 1)

eyed and all attention, generously appreciated each "dot" and encouraged the shy lass in her unusually talkative mood. So, long and interestingly she confided, and advantageously for the Soph., who could scarcely restrain a giggle when the enthusiastic sleeper told the time, place and object of the next meeting, the result of the last, etc.—. Finally, from sheer exhaustion, she ceased talking and the Sophomore smiled "learnedly" into the darkness.

The next day a gang of Sophs, according to Freshman directions, were

stationed just outside the little room in which a few frightened Freshmen were trying to stutter out a choice between two shades of green for a class color. But the decision was never reached, as a crowd of commanding Sophomores dashed in at this critical moment and scattered the band helter-skelter through windows and doors into their own green world outside.

HOCUTT-CARTER

(Continued from page 1)

altar by the groom and his beat man, Mr. G. Council, and the ceremony was performed in a charming manner by Dr. Rufus Williams of Monroe. Mendelssohn's Wedding March and Tannhauser's March were given throughout the ceremony by Mr. M. Savage, who rendered them with great skill.

After the ceremony friends from far and near gathered in the spacious parlors to see the many handsome presents, which showed the high esteem in which both the lovely and accomplished bride and the genial groom are held in and out of the city. The happy couple left on the midnight train for Wake Forest and other points of interest.

FAMOUS FRESHMEN! !

Frances is a damsel quite frank,
About whom *EtheV's* a crank,
And who had a beau,
That protected her so (?)
When we played our Hallowe'en
prank.

Right sly was *Lyda*, this lass,
(Who rivalled the green campus
grass)
And often did weep
Great tears in a heap,
Till the teachers at last let her
"pass."

unice was of the Freshman Class whose aim was to be green as grass; And, too, this soon fixed the terrible fate Of the freshest of all, Miss Watson, Kate, and all bore likeness to sounding brass.

Gatewood and Carter we see
The meekest of mortals that be
So lifeless their way
That, sighing, you say,
Well, I'm glad those girls are not
me!"

GOOD FORM FOR FRESHMEN

CRUSHES "EN FACULTATE."

I am "head over heels" in love with my Latin teacher and she seems to be rather fond of me, too. Is it good form for me to show my affections by bringing her flowers and wilt when they are available?—FRANCES J.

This is permissible to a certain extent when you are sure your devotion is returned, but there is danger in carrying it to the extreme.

'CAUSE MY FEELINGS ARE HURT"

I have very tender feelings and am inclined to weep when they are wounded and especially on Math. class. Is it proper to give way to feelings or what should I do when I feel that I can't keep the tears back?—L. O.

On first thought, it would seem that your conduct was rather childish and undignified, but since I have noticed that your friend in the Senior Class is guilty of the same, suppose it is all right for you, as they seem to be your criterions.

PROPRIETY OF A VEIL FOR A YOUNG GIRL

At what age is it correct for a young girl, a Freshman, to wear a black net veil?—M. HIGGINSMITH.

Opinions differ in regard to this. Some say that under no circumstances should a Freshman wear a veil. But with schoolgirls it is usually restricted to the good taste of the girl herself, and of her Junior friend. However, a pretty Freshie's face is considered more beautiful when not shadowed by a black veil.

WHEN A MAN SENDS FLOWERS.

Is it proper for me to accept flowers from young gentlemen while I am a Freshman at college? I am sixteen years old.—EDNA.

No, not even if he is your most intimate friend. You are entirely too young for such things, and young and giddy Freshmen should not let their thoughts turn to the language of flowers. You will have enough time for "flowers" when you become a learned Sophomore.

WHEN TWO JUNIORS ARE RIVALRS

How shall I, a poor little Freshman, conduct myself toward two Juniors who go with me a great deal, but who are inclined to be jealous?—EUNICE.

This is rather a trying position, but by showing tact and forethought you will be able to allay this feeling to some extent. Be friendly and straightforward in your relations to each and soon they will see that you take no notice of their petty jealousy.

A COMMON BREACH OF ETIQUETTE

Will you please tell me if it is proper for a Freshman to kiss a Junior good night in the halls between the room bells?—VIRGINIA W.

It is not customary to display one's feeling in public; but if you are intimate friends, the Junior should accompany the Freshman to her room and there bid her good night.

A PERPLEXING PROBLEM.

Would you kindly help a Freshman decide a question which has been weighing on her mind for a long time? Is it considered the best taste to sit on Miss Colton's trunk from nine-thirty until first room bell with my darling Junior?—MARVEL C.

No, my dear, I see that your conscience troubles you just a little, which it should; for you are infringing on your friend's time by keeping her during study hour. Besides, that end of the hall is entirely too dark and you subject yourself to adverse criticism. The president of the class should be more dignified and careful of her conduct.

WHEN PLAYING TENNIS

When two Freshmen are playing tennis and the Sophomore Tennis Team wants the court, what is the proper thing to do?—MILDRED.

Certainly you should leave immediately, for you should always give up to your superiors, and your class cannot even compare with the "Soph owl." Do not get angry but act very meekly when in their presence. Perhaps you would learn something about the game, if you would only watch them.

FRESHMAN BANQUET.

Is it in accord with the rules of etiquette for the Freshman Class not to have a banquet during the whole session? We are "scared to death" that the Sophs. will come in and break it up if we attempt it?—LELIA G.

No! No! No! by all means every Freshman Class should at least attempt to have a banquet toward the beginning. It is quite probable that such an enterprising Sophomore Class, as the one to which you refer, would spoil all your plans for a good time; but surely you can summon up enough courage to make a beginning. The night of the Sopho-

more banquet was an excellent time. Why did you let such a glorious opportunity pass without taking advantage of it?

A FRESHMAN'S INTERPRETATION

November 20: My daughter, your report card has at last reached me; and why after each subject do I find the letter "C"?

Father, "C" means that of all the rest my class and exam work is "considered best."

January 30: And will you explain to me, my daughter, why there's a "D" after your studies every autumn?

The reason is quite plain, father dear; I "Deserve" better marks than anyone here.

April 1: We read your report with great interest. But what does the letter "F" suggest?

Father, trust me to do my self proud; "F" means the "finest" student in the crowd.

June 16: And what, my studious, intellectual daughter, is the distinction that you wish "FF" foster?

Father, dear father, congratulate me; Fine, finer, finest, superlative degree.—Ex.

Wanted—To know what class you would be in if you took the M. A. degree.—Junior Nance.

Wanted—An immediate remedy to cure Mamie Highsmith of her "high-tones".—Whole School.

Wanted—A safe guard against Lela Gatewood's eternal question—"What's the lesson?"—All her Classmates.

Lost—The efforts of the tutors of the Freshman Class.

Found—A new affinity in the vicinity of Wake Forest College by MARVEL CARTER.

Jennie Fleming has a quantity of dry grins on hand at present. The formula for producing them is quite simple and when applied to a self-confident person (like Jennie) the effect is marvelous. Let the person in question say very slowly: "What-am-I-doing?" three times. At the end of the second repetition let some one inform her: "Only making a fool of yourself," and the dry grins will appear.

Stop! Look! Listen! This may be your last chance—as it was hers!

Eunice Edmundson very effectively manipulates the "West Electric Hair Curler." Anyone desiring to learn the art may apply to Miss Edmundson.

PRETTY GIRL QUESTIONS

All questions meant to be answered in this column should be addressed to the Sophomore Class. Not more than two questions will be answered by one inquirer.

Is it fashionable to use the black velvet band in arranging extremely tight hair?—MAMIE HIGHSMITH.
You should always be governed by what is becoming to you. Is it becoming? If so, wear it.

For several years I have been troubled with "winking eyes." I think it must be due to force of habit and am anxious to discover a way of breaking myself of this most unpleasant circumstance?—M. HIGHSMITH.

Suppose you break yourself of the habit, my lady. But "winking eyes" are never considered a bad form of etiquette. Indeed, they are quite attractive and in some cases essential to a college girl's popularity.

For a great many years I have suffered great perplexity on account of my "kinky" locks, and I desire to receive information as to how to remedy this most dreadful pest?—Anxiously, LIDA OLIVE.

As your hair is naturally kinky I think nothing can be done to remedy it. Be careful the arrangement. Do not wear such a large and fluffy pompadour, but fix it rather tight and the result will be marvelous.

Is there any possible way of reducing my height in proportion to my weight. If so, please inform me at your earliest opportunity?—MILDRED EDMUNDSON.

Take gym work every day instead of three times each week. Do every exercise that Miss Royster tells you, especially the "giant stride."

Please tell me the way to win the affection of girls, especially Juniors?—EUNICE EDMUNDSON.

Always select the girl that you know to be "crouchy." Then take her candy and flowers in profusion. Soon you will see the effects and will be able to play hands on class and sleep with her on her little single bed.

Please inform me at the earliest opportunity how to put on airs. I am president of the Freshman Class.—MARVEL CARTER.

From your letter I think you are succeeding very well indeed. Continue to do that nicely, and soon you will be incomparable.

ADS

Ads. in *Sophomore Observer* bring Results!

Important! Just received: Full car loads of admiration for the Junior Class of the Baptist University. This may be your last chance Freshie, come at once.

The Junior Brass Band! You know them by reputation if not personally! This band consists of 30 young ladies well practiced in the art of blowing their own horns, and will give a concert in Mr. Boomhour's class room Saturday afternoon at 4:30.

A 10, 20 and 30 cent show!—(Freshmen 10 cents).

LATELY DISCARDED.

Marvel Carter will be delighted to retrace the wanderings of "Nance" with anyone who is desirous of taking the trip. There are a great many advantages with Miss Carter as she takes the journey on horseback.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup price 25c per bottle, whose various merits have been so highly praised and warmly recommended by the Wake Forest Glee Club for the last few years, has been sufficiently tested and proved a satisfactory remedy for such disorders as are usual to Freshmen. We recommend this as an effective cure for a Freshman Class which in any way resembles this at B. U. W. Especially effective if given on Hallowe'en night.

A Sophy knew a Freshman, Whose brain was soft as dough, And everywhere the "Sophy" went The "Fresh" was sure to go.

She followed her to "Lab." one day Which was against the rule. It made the bugs all run away And jump into a pool.

"Why does 'Fresh' love 'Sophy' So?" The eager girls did cry. "She fears that she'll get loat, yo' know."

The teacher did reply.

Miss Chronkhitte wishes to know if there will be a Senior Class next year. Wake up, Juniors, and give the desired information!

Will some one quietly ally the mistress of Virginia Williamson and prescribe some apical gymnastic exercise to reduce her superfluous flesh?

Sophomore Class Poem

Learned Sophs! whose chief delight
Rests in the fact that we are "*Bright.*"
Glorious name,
With widespread fame!
Ever delight in our books,
Never casting disapproving looks
In childish mirth
On things of earth.

Oh, fellow Sophs! Oh, gay, glad days!
For all the weary work it pays
To have such fun
As we have won
By every single ghostly raid,
And every Freshman joke we've made
In laughter's roar
All *twenty-four*.

And now, farewell, ye jolly times,
Of Sophomore joy and gladsome rhymes,
For Junior- we
Next fall shall be!
Alas, then we shall have no fun—
Though we welcome the star, we love the sun,
Classward each Soph
Her cap does doff.

POET.

Sophomore Class History

WE of 1911 have realized our highest aim and ambition—Sophomores at last—wise and learned Sophomores, for the importance and sophistication of Sophomority is the greatest thing in the world. Although many and varied were the happenings of our Freshmanism, yet we can not stop to discuss them here, for the course of events in the history of the Sophomore year must now be recorded.

Our class began with only eleven members, but these few were such ardent workers that it has now increased in number from eleven to twenty-four. Though it does not exceed in number, still it excels in many qualities which make the successful class that means to stand for the best there is in college life. By our united efforts we intend that the achievements of our class shall be many, ever living up to our motto, "Womanliness, worth and wisdom."

On the ghostly eve of Hallowe'en, all the school—the poor little "newish" in particular—was terror stricken at the sight of the awe-inspiring body of ghosts, as we marched through the halls. Each poor little Freshman was trembling in her boots, and hiding in some nook or corner. One was heard to say that she almost regretted having joined the class! Even the strong arms of the Juniors could not defend them, for they were not so powerful as they boasted.

Although we have played but comparatively few games of basket-ball and tennis, still we have organized teams and the games we have played have helped to make our class stronger. We are looking forward to the inter-class debates, to bring the college classes together.

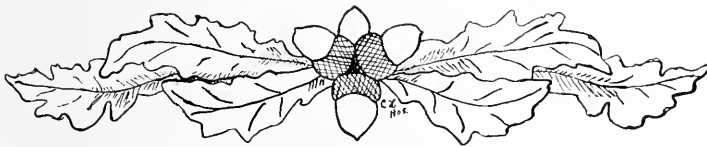
Then soon after the Fall Term examinations were over we gave a dinner party to our loyal friends, the Seniors. The parlors were beautifully decorated in the class colors, and there we spent a most pleasant hour playing hearts, and enjoying ourselves in general. From there our guests were taken to the dining room, where an elegant course dinner was served. And we indeed hope our "elder sisters" enjoyed the evening as much as we enjoyed having them.

We count ourselves fortunate, indeed, in being the first class in school to adopt a class cap, which has greatly added to unity in the class. The pretty little white cap with a blue eleven has won the admiration of the student

body, especially the Juniors, who considered it so attractive that they visited all Sophomore rooms, relieving them of the '11 caps, during chapel one morning, and made of them a most touching military display in front of the chapel door.

Such has been the history of the Sophomore class. Although much has been accomplished, for the future we have made nobler plans which if carried out will make our Alma Mater long remember the Class of '11.

HISTORIAN.





FRESHMAN





Freshman Class

MOTTO: "Follow it, follow it, follow the gleam"

COLOR: Red

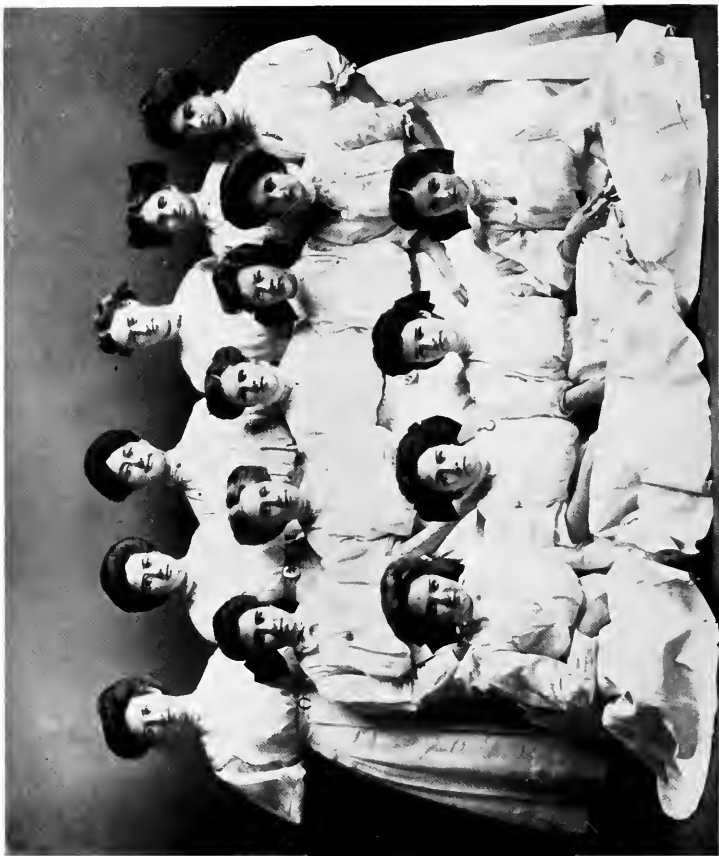
FLOWER: Crimson Rambler

OFFICERS

MARVEL CARTER.....	PRESIDENT
MAMIE HIGHSMITH.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
KATE WATSON.....	SECRETARY
FRANCES JOHNSON.....	TREASURER
VIRGINIA WILKINSON.....	HISTORIAN
SALLIE JONES.....	POET
Miss COLTON.....	FACULTY MEMBER

CLASS ROLL

MILDRED EDMUNDSON
SALLIE JONES
KATE WATSON
MARVEL CARTER
VIRGINIA WILKINSON
ETHEL UPCHURCH
LELIA GATEWOOD
MAMIE HIGHSMITH
FRANCES JOHNSON
EUNICE EDMUNDSON
LIDA OLIVE
EMMA GOLDSTON
JULIA STROUD
PEARL GOODWIN



FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class History

TO write the history of so wonderful and important a class as the Seniors of 1912 will prove to be would seem a task beyond the ability of an ordinary mortal. Let us consider for a few moments the attributes of this daughter of B. U. W. Before our advent into Raleigh, it did not occur to us that we would be so popular; but our arrival was of such importance that we were met at the station by a committee of Seniors who had been sent for our sole benefit. These have found favor in our sight by the continued attention which we have permitted them to bestow upon us. Nor did our popularity end with our arrival; it continued to such an extent that we began to fear that the faculty would be displeased with our achievements in our school work. This august body, however, has been so charmed with us that very few of us have failed to have at least one interview with said body.

Our class is composed of fifteen girls noted for various things. On account of space we can consider only a very few here. In our president we have a "Marvel," noted for her large amount of goodness; and our vice-president is especially popular with the Sophomores. Our poet is noted all over the college for her winning smile. Miss Edmundson amazes even the Seniors with her Latin quotations. But none can equal our "Star of Wisdom," Miss Johnson.

In conclusion, if our reader is an observant person he can not fail to have noted the superiority of the Freshman class over all other such organizations.

HISTORIAN.



Diploma Graduates in the
School of Elocution



GRACE DAPHNE ROGERS.*

*Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.*

*Finished diploma work in School of Elocution,
but only one degree being granted at a time,
the A. B. was taken.



MARGARET BRIGHT, A. B.

*Her air, her manners, all he saw, admired;
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired.*

Certificate Graduates in the
School of Elocution



SALLIE SPRUILL BAKER.

She is a woman; therefore to be won.

SALLIE OLDHAM.

*We must not always ask for beauty when a good
God has seen fit to make an excellent young woman
without it.*

ANNIE THOMPSON.

*When a person is known intimately, each of her
movements and gestures bears a characteristic stamp.
Even a garment she has worn becomes instinct with
life and individuality; it suggests the familiar face,
it is filled out with the well-known form—This, we
say, belonged to her.*



Dramatic Club

MOTTO: Naturalness—"To thine own self be true"

COLORS: Sea-foam Green and Garnet

OFFICERS

MARGARET BRIGHT.....	PRESIDENT
ANNIE THOMPSON.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
ELIZABETH LOVILL.....	SECRETARY
SALLIE BAKER.....	TREASURER

MEMBERS

SALLIE OLDHAM	GRACE ROGERS
VIOLA PINNER	JANIE BIVENS
BESSIE WOODHOUSE	EDNA PREVATT
FRANCES BENFROW	DOVIE PREVATT
ANNA KELLEY	SADIE BLALOCK

PLAYS PRESENTED

IN 1906:	As You Like It
IN 1907:	Twelfth Night
IN 1908:	A Winter's Tale
IN 1909:	The Merchant of Venice

Post Graduates in the School of Music



EDITH MAY HALL



PHYLLIS WOODALL



MARGARET FAWCETT



LEILA MEMORY
PRES.



ALICE B. NEWCOMB
VICE PRES.

DIPLOMA GRADUATES IN PIANO

- LEILA MEMORY
- ALICE B. NEWCOMB
- DAPHNE WILLIAMS



DAPHNE WILLIAMS



MARY CARTER RAY
SEC. & TREAS.



MUSA C. ELLISON

CERTIFICATES IN VOICE

- MARY CARTER RAY
- MUSA C. ELLISON



LEILA MCNEILL MEMORY, WHITEVILLE, N. C.
ASTROTEKTON SOCIETY.



ALICE BAYARD NEWCOMBE, RALEIGH, N. C.
PHILARETIAN SOCIETY.



DAPHNE LOUISE WILLIAMS, CLAYTON, N. C.
PHILARETION SOCIETY.

Certificate Graduates in the School of Music

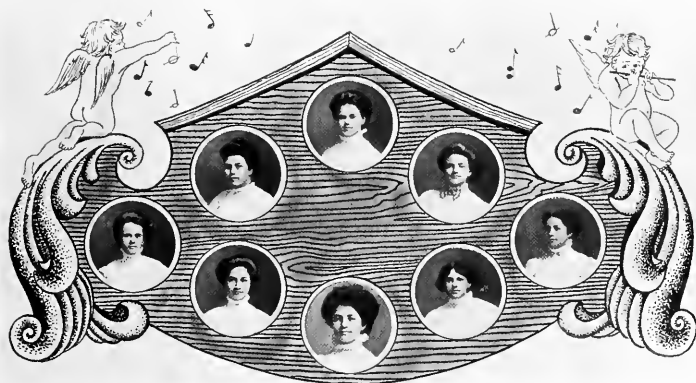


*MARY CARTER RAY, RALEIGH, N. C.

*Unable to complete the course on account of illness.



MUSA ELLISON, RALEIGH, N. C.



Junior Music Class

OFFICERS

RENA CAMP	PRESIDENT
JULIETTE LOVING.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
ETHEL JOHNSON.....	SECRETARY
MYRTLE JONES.....	TREASURER
PROF. WADE R. BROWN.....	FACULTY MEMBER

FLOWER: Yellow Jessamine

COLOR: Yellow

MOTIF OF SYMPATHY



—From Wagner's "Die Valkyr"

MEMBERS

RENA CAMP
 JULIETTE LOVING
 MYRTLE JONES
 ETHEL JOHNSON

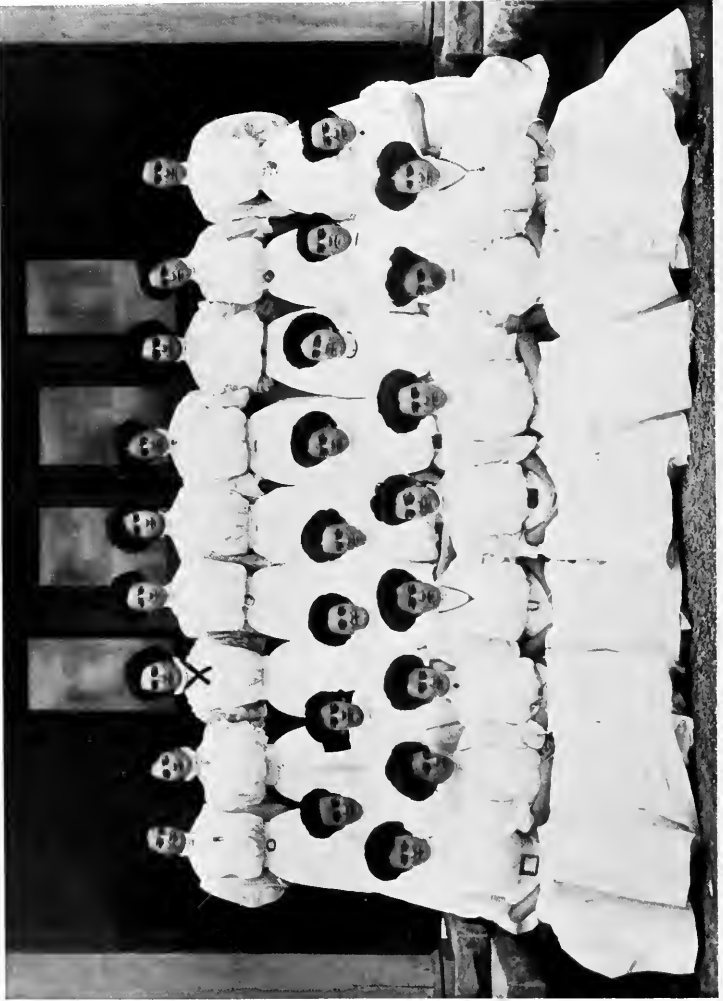
BERNICE STRINGFIELD
 SALLIE OLDHAM
 ELEANOR CHAPPELL
 MARY McCULLERS



VIOLIN DEPARTMENT



COLLEGE CHOIR



UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB



OUR ARTISTS
"NON SINE PULVERE"

K. K. K.

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

BOSSSES

I. ISABELLA P.	"MAX WITH THE RED TIE"
LOIS C.	CRITIC
K. LOUISE F.	EX OFFICIO

MEMBERS

L. MARY K.	THE TITIANITE
C. LOUISE L.	ART EDITOR
MARGARET M.	"THE WHITE GIRL"
M. SUSAN M.	SCULPTOR
ROBBIE S.	"THE IRIS"
ALICE S.	MOUNTAIN LAUREL
M. HOUCK	"ISIS"
M. DAVIS W.	THE PHILOSOPHER

KALENDAR

- September—"Confab"
- October—English Portrait Painters
- November—Study of Hokusai
- December—St. Gauden's Exhibit
- January—Modern Sculptors
- February—The Art of Pompeii
- March—The Art of the Roman Forum
- April—American Land-cape
- May—Social Meeting

KONSOLATION

Konsistency is the hobgoblin of little minds





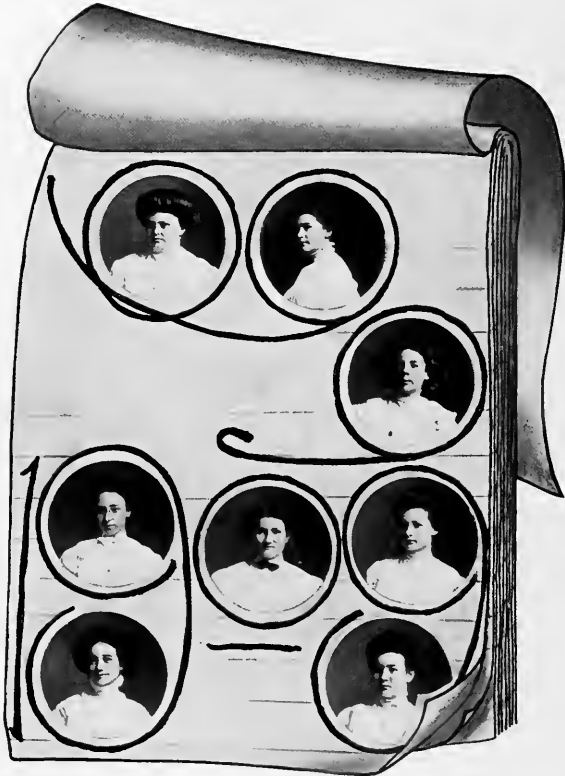
F. D. B.

(FLOURISHERS OF THE BRUSH)

MOTTO: "If we can't paint, we can try"

MEMBERS

LILA KEITH.....	Wilmington, N. C.
CHIEF FLOURISHER. Favorite Artist: Titian. Color: Orange Chrome	
CLARA LAWRENCE.....	Apex, N. C.
PERSISTENT FLOURISHER. Favorite Artist: Raphael. Color: Cerulean Blue	
MARGARET MYATT.....	Raleigh, N. C.
GRACEFUL FLOURISHER. Favorite Artist: Leonardo. Color: Carmine	
ROBBIE SINGLETON.....	Augusta, Ga.
GENTLE FLOURISHER. Favorite Artist: Murillo. Color: Mauve	
ALICE SHUGART.....	Jonesville, N. C.
STEADY FLOURISHER. Favorite Artist: Guido Reni. Color: Light Red	
RUTH IVEY.....	Raleigh, N. C.
AMBITIOUS FLOURISHER. Favorite Artist: Botticelli. Color: Chinese Vermillion	
SEARLES OWEN.....	Lexington, N. C.
UNVARYING FLOURISHER. Favorite Artist: Giorgione. Color: Rose Madder	
MATTIE HOUCK.....	Hickory, N. C.
— FLOURISHER. Favorite Artist: Chase. Color: Violet	
EDNA SPEIGHT.....	New Bern, N. C.
FLIGHTY FLOURISHER. Favorite Artist: Whistler. Color: Pearl Gray	
"Not failure, but low aim, is crime"	



Business Class of 1908-1909

Motto: "Through perseverance we conquer"

Colors: Old Gold and Purple

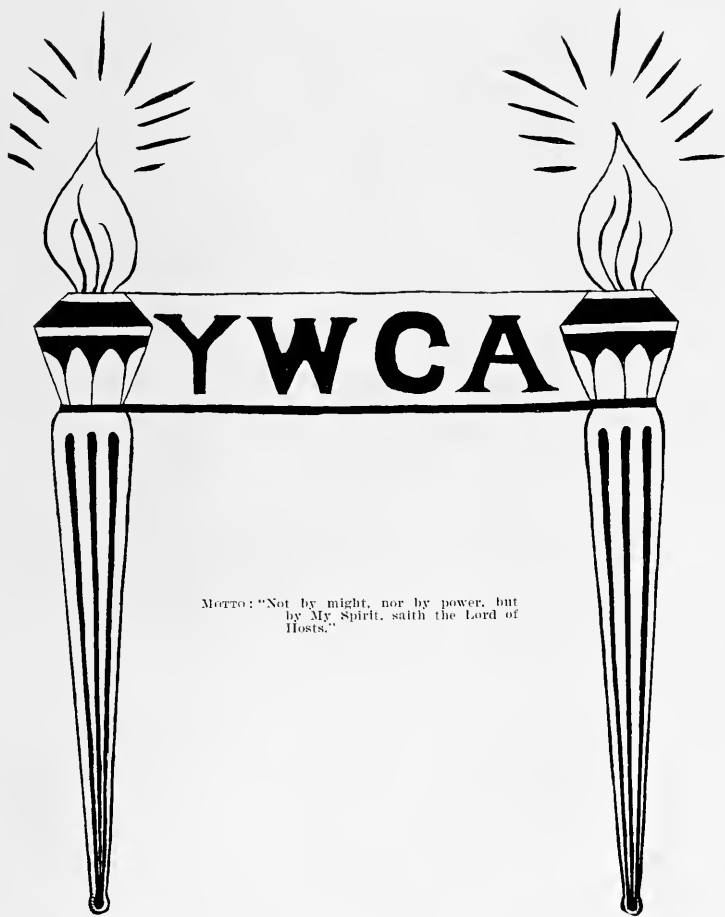
Flower: Violet

CLASS OFFICERS

EVELYN HUNT PRESIDENT
 LILLIE WILKINS..... SECRETARY AND TREASURER

MEMBERS

BERTA BRADY	ELSIE WESTCOTT
EVELYN HUNT	ETHEL SWINDELL
HELEN BRIGGS	LILLIE WILKINS
ORA ARMFIELD	MALLIE UNDERWOOD
LILLIE BELL ASHWORTH	



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



HATTIE SUE HALE
PRESIDENT



LULIE DICKSON
VICE PRESIDENT



BLANCHE BARRUS
SECRETARY



JENNIE FLEMING
TREASURER

Y. W. C. A., '08-'09

OFFICERS

HATTIE SUE HALE.....	PRESIDENT
LULIE DICKSON.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
BLANCHE BARRUS.....	SECRETARY
JENNIE FLEMING.....	TREASURER

The organized work of the Young Women's Christian Association, which was established in our institution in 1901, is carried on by the following committees:

1. **DEVOTIONAL**—With Mimie Cox as chairman and Ruth Williams as sub-chairman, this committee arranges programmes for all public meetings of the Association, including daily morning prayer-meetings, weekly Association meetings on Sunday evenings, and one revival meeting during the season.

2. **MISSIONARY**—With Maude Davis as chairman and Minnie Middleton as sub-chairman, this committee has done much during the past year to create a deeper missionary spirit in school. Over 160 girls have enrolled in Mission study classes; about 35 new books have been added to the Missionary Library; and \$150 has been raised for the support of our Missionary to China, Miss Lanneau, once a student here.

3. **BIBLE STUDY**—This committee, with Lucy Hayes as chairman, and Juanita Williams as sub-chairman, works with Dr. Thompson, Professor of Bible, at the beginning of each semester, in striving to influence all college classmen to enroll in Bible classes, which count toward the B. A. degree. For those not in regular college classes, the chairman and sub-chairman each conduct a voluntary class, studying the Life of Christ as given by Mark.

4. **MEMBERSHIP**—With the Vice-President as chairman, and Helen Hilliard as sub-chairman, this committee has visited every girl in college, and extended to each a hearty invitation to join our Association. As a result there are less than a dozen girls in school who are not Y. W. C. A. members. This committee was especially active at the opening of school. Its representatives gave to the new girls a cordial welcome into our midst, meeting them at the train, helping to make their rooms more homelike, and arranging their courses for them. The Membership Committee also has the honor of having established what is known as the Y. W. C. A. book store.

5. **FINANCE**—This committee, with Janie Bivens at its head, at the beginning of the year prepared a budget of estimated expenses for the year, including special objects, such as the Asheville Conference, Missions, etc., and devised plans for raising the necessary funds. They assist the Treasurer in collecting the regular membership fees, approve all her expenditures, and cooperate with the Territorial Committee and National Board in all offerings for general work.

6. **SOCIAL**—This committee, with Grace Rogers as chairman, and Lucy Purefoy as sub-chairman, arranges for several social functions throughout the year, the most important of which is in honor of the new girls, at sometime during the first two weeks of school.

7. **SUNSHINE**—Annie Thompson is chairman and Eleanor Chappell sub-chairman of the committee, which, working hand in hand with the Social Committee, is the very life of the

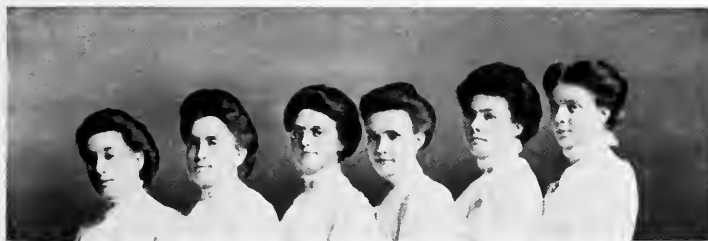
whole Association. The members of this band visit the girls in the infirmary, those in trouble, write notes of condolence and send flowers to homes saddened by Death's angel, and in general do any deeds of kindness to make sad hearts brighter.

8. INTERCOLLEGIATE—This committee, having Margaret Bright as chairman and Clara Lawrence as sub-chairman, keeps up a correspondence with the other associations in the State, and presents new ideas thus obtained to the Cabinet. The sub-chairman prepares a suitable poster for the weekly Association meetings and for the social functions.

9. MUSIC—Undine Futrell is chairman and Louie Poteat sub-chairman of the committee which, with a choir of about thirty voices, furnishes music for all meetings of the Association.

10. ROOM—The Room Committee has as its chairman Swannanoa Horne, and its sub-chairman, Amorette Jenkins. This committee, besides working with the Social Committee in decorating for social affairs, keeps the Y. W. C. A. sitting room in order and sees that the chapel is ready for all public Association meetings. The ambition of this Room Committee is to start a Y. W. C. A. building fund. It is the purpose of our Association to have a building and a resident secretary, as soon as we are educated up to the idea, and this year's Room Committee has started the ball to rolling.





Students' Association

OFFICERS

LULA HOWARD.....	PRESIDENT
MIMIE COX.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
MAMIE COLLIER.....	SECRETARY
LOUIE HOCUTT.....	TREASURER

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

MIMIE E. COX
MAMIE COLLIER
MAUDE DAVIS
LOUIE HOCUTT
LULA HOWARD
JUANITA WILLIAMS

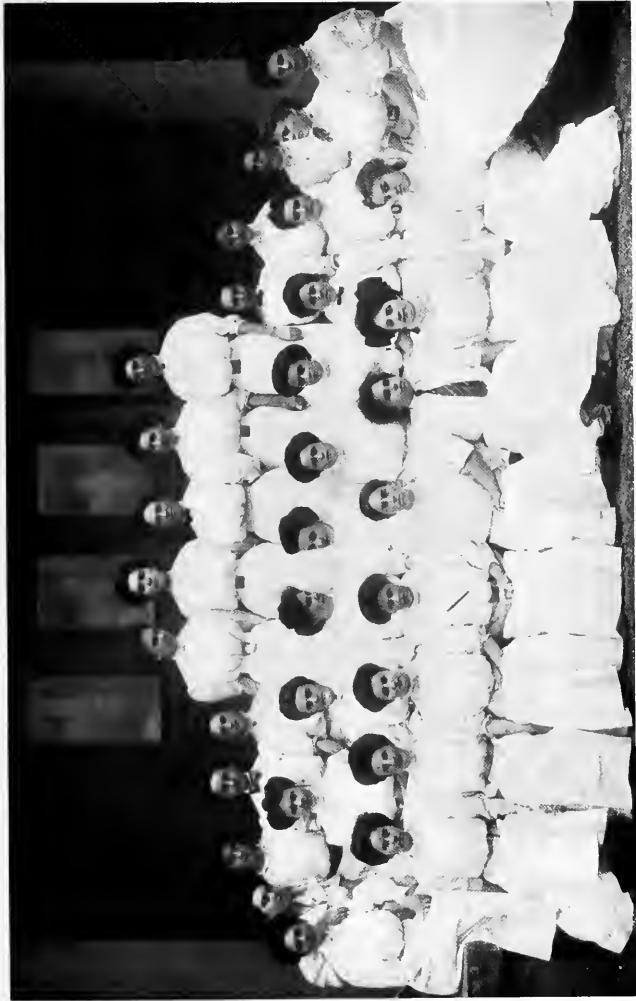
The Students' Association

THAT our system of self-government is the ideal one we do not doubt, but that it is far from ideal in actual practice is a fact well known to our students. Ideal systems, as well as individual ideals, are elusive, and often we imagine that we have attained unto them only to find that the ideal is still receding and still enticing us onward. Ideals are essential to progress and development in the individual. They are just as essential to an institution. An ideal in itself is no good, however, unless we strive to reach it, unless we struggle to attain it. It is the struggle that gives strength and power. It is very well to say that we would like to be thus and so, but no step forward will be taken if our efforts culminate in wishing only.

We realize that our system is good, but if we are satisfied with that fact we had better have no ideal. We are standing still and not advancing. What is needed is a deeper sense of honor among our students, a feeling of individual responsibility and loyalty to individual ideals. To live up to a high standard does not deserve much credit if we do it only when we know that some one is watching. The girl who is true to her honor, who feels that she is responsible for her own self as well as for her friend, to a certain extent, will never do a right thing because it will be found out, or a wrong thing because there is no one to see and know. If the Students' Association is to succeed *we* have got to make it succeed. We want the girls individually to realize that they are a part of the whole, and have many duties and responsibilities resting on them.

The value of self-government is well known. It gives experience, stability and moral stamina that will serve us well in after life. College life is to prepare us for the so-called real life. If self-government adds to the preparation and gives us new equipments that no other college work affords, should we not give it our loyal support and make the real approach more nearly the ideal?

Can we make it a success? We can if we will. Will we?



THE SCORERS

Sorosis

OFFICERS

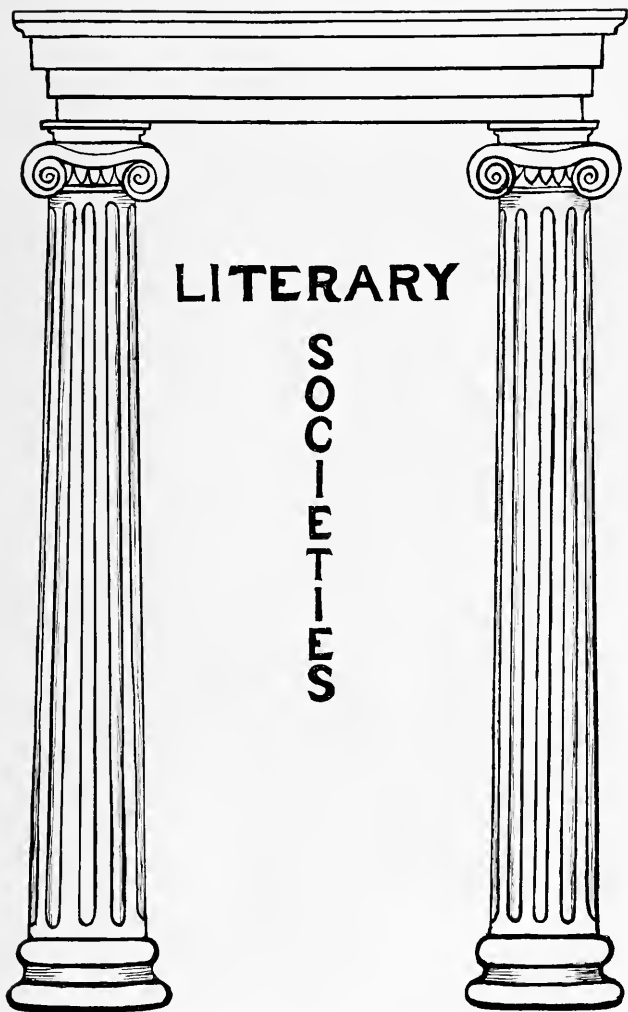
MISS PHELPS.....	SUPERVISOR
LULA HOWARD.....	CHAIRMAN
MIMIE COX.....	VICE-CHAIRMAN
FLORINE PRITCHETT.....	SECRETARY-TREASURER

MEMBERS

LUCILE ARTHUR	HATTIE SUE HALE
SALLIE BAKER	LUCY HAYES
BLANCHE BARRUS	HELEN HILLIARD
EMILY BOYD	LOUIE HOCUTT
MARGARET BRIGHT	LULA HOWARD
ELEANOR CHAPPELL	AMORETTE JENKINS
ANNIE L. COUNCIL	BESSIE LANE
GRACE COUNCIL	MARTHA LAWRENCE
MIMIE COX	MARY McCULLERS
MAUDE DAVIS	ADA MIDDLETON
LULIE DICKSON	FLORINE PRITCHETT
UNDINE FUTRELL	KATHERINE STAPLES
ANNIE GARDNER	ELLA THOMPSON
MADGE GREGORY	WILLA WEATHERS
ELOISE GRIFFIN	JUANITA WILLIAMS

The Sorosis

The growth of the Sorosis since its organization in the fall of 1906, in numbers and in influence, has been almost phenomenal. Only fifteen girls enrolled as charter members, and now every vacancy is filled with a number of applicants waiting for others to occur. The purpose of the organization was to give more thorough training in original research work, in platform department, and in parliamentary rules than could be obtained in the regular society work. Thoroughness and effectiveness demanded that the number of members should be limited. At present the membership is restricted to thirty girls, who are eligible to some College Class, who feel the need of better training, and who are willing to gain it by hard, conscientious labor. Much of our success, perhaps we had better say the greater part, is due to the valuable suggestions and helpful presence of our Supervisor, Miss Phelps. The influence of the Sorosis has increased steadily and is already being felt in the societies, in the classrooms, and in every phase of college life.



LITERARY

SOCIETIES

Philaretion Literary Society

"Plain living and high thinking."—Wordsworth.



GRACE ROGERS
PRESIDENT



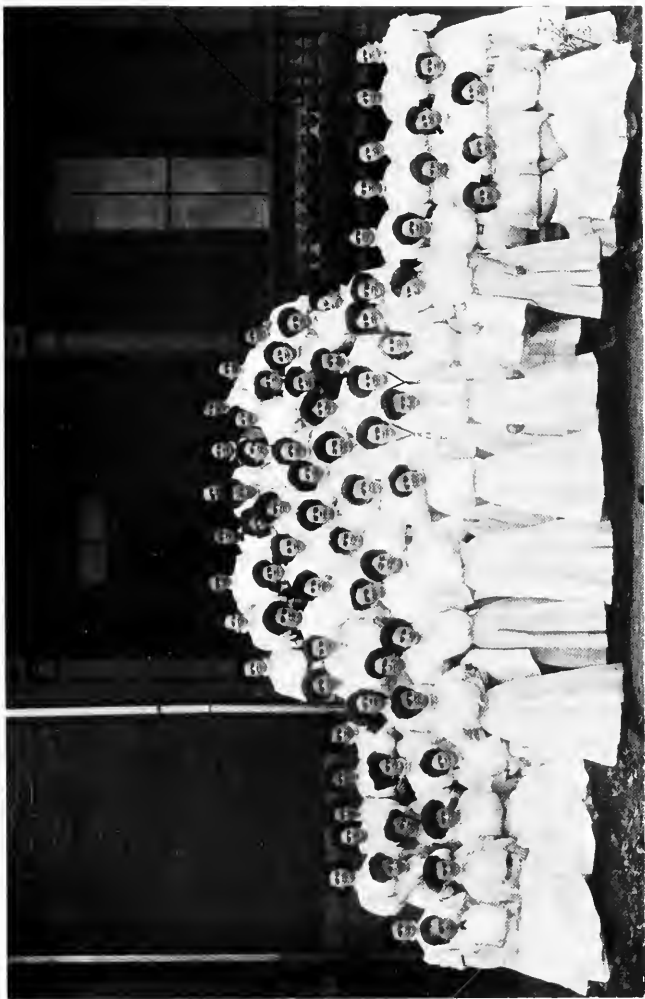
LULA HOWARD
VICE PRESIDENT



LUCY HAYES
SECRETARY



JUANITA WILLIAMS
TREASURER



PHILARETOS LITERARY SOCIETY

Astrotekton Literary Society

"He builds too low who builds beneath the stars."



UNDINE FUTRELL
PRESIDENT



LOUIE POTEAT
VICE PRESIDENT



FLORINE PRITCHETT
SECRETARY



ANNIE GARDNER
TREASURER



ASTOR-TEKTON LITERARY SOCIETY



ACORN STAFF



Commencement Marshals

Happy rhymes
Of commencement times
Hum in my ears.

Sadie Lou,
Swammaea too,
(The pretty dears)!

Breath of flowers,
Girls in showers,
Fill every space.

With dainty air,
Bright and fair,
Leila and Grace.

Blanche flits there
And Fannie here,
Sweet of mould.

'Mong crowds in white,
Like meteors bright,
Now *violet*—now *gold*.

The Crook

ONCE upon a time there was a shining, brand-new crook. It stood with proudly arching neck, ready to be carried up on the Commencement stage, wondering at all the white-robed girls that came to admire it. *Everything* was new to the crook, for it had just come from the wee shop on the little red hill to be a treasured trophy handed down from class to class, and to be hidden in mysterious seclusion except at Commencement times, that no inquisitive eyes might spy it.

At last the day was over and trembling hands had tucked the beribboned treasure away in a certain faraway place where it was very comfortable and secure, then settling down in the nook this object of vain search, chuckling, breathed out, "Well, this day of excitement is over and I'm glad I must say, for it *is* nice to be hid from those staring Juniors and Freshmen. But here in this hiding place I am as 'snug as a bug in a rug.'"

Days, weeks and months flitted by and still the crook lay in undisturbed and cobwebby seclusion; until one night when a small band of midnight searchers came! Oh, woe for the crook, who boasting in his hiding place was reveling in peace and quiet, but who, at the sound of the footsteps nearby, thrilled with a cold, awful anxiety! Just within a few inches of the crevice where the poor crook lay trembling the searchers panned, and after a mumbled consultation peeped into holes and corners around, but neglecting the unpretentious-looking wall crevice which would have delighted their souls had they gazed within. Presently they trooped away, leaving the crook limp with fear.

At last, the night before 1909 Commencement, the great old Seniors, who with trembling hands had hidden it a year before, returned to get it out for class day. With the happy eyes of these girls beaming upon it the crook laughed in his ribbons and gaily whispered, "Ah, it's good to have you bring me out again! I can almost *smell* the breath of the roses that will come to you Seniors to-morrow—to-morrow, when I'll have another set of class ribbons; green and white this time, and how gay I'll look when I'm presented to the next Senior class!" And the crook laughed and *laughed* till the ribbons of the classes of Auld Lang Syne quivered with happiness, and fluttered against the rosy cheek of the Senior who was brushing the cobwebs off.



**RAH
RAH
RAH**



Athletic Association

OFFICERS

JENNIE Y. FLEMING.....PRESIDENT
LULIE DICKSON.....VICE-PRESIDENT
HATTIE SUE HALE.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER

TOAST TO ATHLETICS

To tennis and to basket-ball
A college toast give we;
When to the field of sport they call
We go with jollity.



Senior Basket-Ball Team

OFFICERS

SADIE LOU BRITT.....MANAGER
 HATTIE SUE HALE.....CAPTAIN

TEAM

JUANITA WILLIAMS.....JUMPING CENTER
 LOUIE POTEAT.....ASSISTANT CENTER
 HELEN HILLIARD.....GUARD
 HATTIE SUE HALE.....FORWARD
 MARTHA LAWRENCE.....FORWARD
 SADIE LOU BRITT.....GUARD
 UNDINE FUTRELL.....SUBSTITUTE
 LUCY HAYES.....SUBSTITUTE



Junior Basket-Ball Team

GRACE COUNCIL.....	MANAGER
LULIE DICKSON.....	LEFT FORWARD
MATTIE SAVAGE.....	RIGHT FORWARD
ELOISE GRIFFIN.....	CENTER
JEANNETTE WATSON.....	LEFT GUARD
MAUDE DAVIS.....	RIGHT GUARD
ANNIE LAURIE COUNCIL.....	SUBSTITUTE
JENNIE FLEMING.....	SUBSTITUTE



Sophomore Basket-Ball Team

OFFICERS

BEULAH COPPLE.....	CAPTAIN
ADA MIDDLETON.....	MANAGER
MR. L. D. WATSON.....	COACH

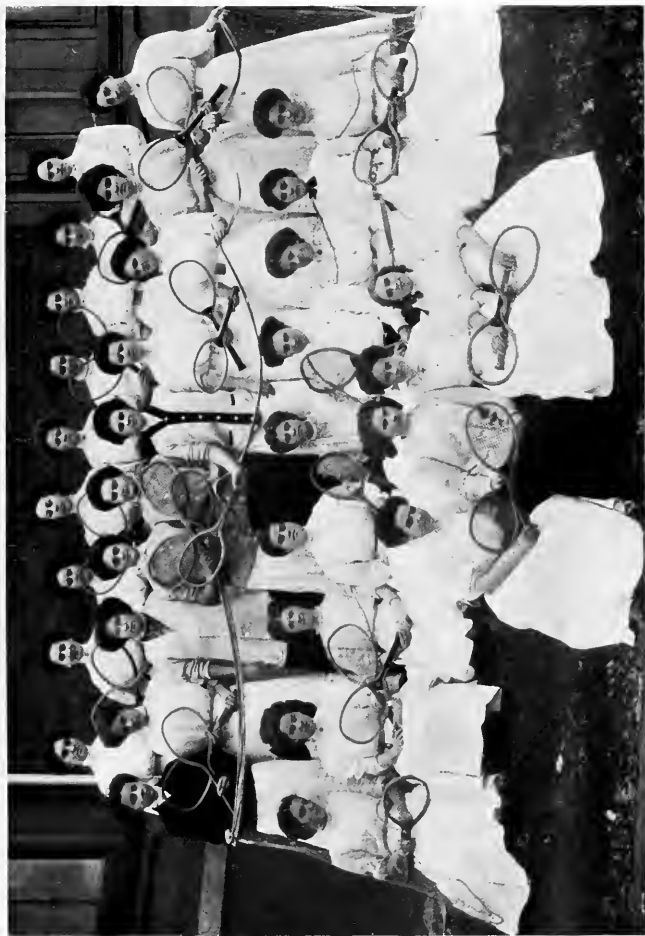
TEAM

WILLA WEATHERS.....	CENTER
PEARL HOWARD, MINNIE MIDDLETON.....	GUARDS
BESSIE JOHNSON, LILA STONE.....	FORWARDS
ADA MIDDLETON, MADA TILSON.....	SUBSTITUTES

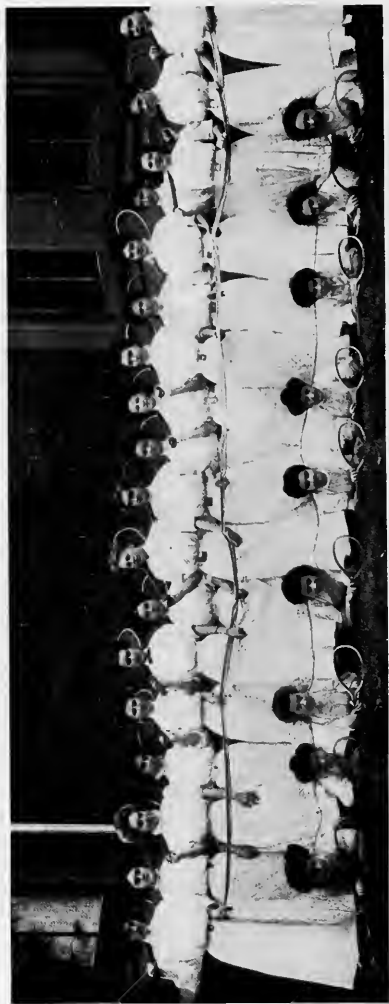


Special Basketball Team

MARGARET WARD CAPTAIN
 PATSY SHEEK CENTER
 RUTH COOK, FRANCIS PICKETT GUARDS
 ELIZABETH LOVELL, SALLIE OLDIAM FORWARDS
 VIRGINIA HAYNES, MARY RAY SUBSTITUTES



TENNIS, SECTION A



TENNIS, SECTION II

The Conqueror

IN Stanton and Anderson colleges excitement ran high, for the first match tennis game was to be played in a few days. Mary Ainslee, the representative of Anderson, was entirely approved of by her classmates, for she had represented her college and her class successfully many times. But Clara Smith also had won renown, so all things pointed toward a close match and a hard-won victory.

At the beginning of the year a quiet, pale little girl had entered college, and to the astonishment of all the students had entered the Junior class; but popularity did not come her way, for she was very reticent, and exceedingly homely. She had taken a deep fancy to Mary Ainslee, but the latter, being very popular, and very busy, paid little attention to the quiet child. Often she noticed the wistful eyes and felt kindly disposed toward the little Junior; but other things intervened, and she always passed on with only a smile. So the weeks rolled by and the new girl had been almost forgotten, ignored, because of her lack of beauty and her quietness.

Mary Ainslee often noticed her on the tennis court, and was heard to remark, "That child certainly must have played before, for without much practice she keeps me busy trying to hold her on even hand."

Just when excitement in Anderson College was at its height and everybody was trying to write yells that would tell of victory and glory, a most unexpected and disastrous thing occurred. Mary contracted a deep cold and had to go to the Infirmary, where the Doctor said she would stay for at least two weeks. Consternation and grief reigned. "Who could take Mary's place in the game?" "What would the Stanton girls think?" were some of the expressions heard on every hall. Mary pondered the matter, then called her classmates together and said: "Girls, I am going to suggest something that will not meet your approval, but our little Junior is the very girl in college that I want to take my place in the game. She has four brothers, and they are all fine tennis players,—one is a 'star' at Harvard; they have taught her to play. All this she has told in her efforts to entertain me up here. Come, girls, trust to my judgment, and her ability, and let's beat Stanton yet! What do you say?" There was a long pause and the president of the class said: "Girls, we will do it, and let's do it with our whole hearts, for the child has not been treated fairly, anyway."

And so the day came. Mary, with a pennant almost as large as her small self, was wheeled to the grandstand, and around her the enthusiastic girls clustered. At the other end of the stand were the equally excited Stanton girls, with a look on their faces that showed great confidence.

The balls sped rapidly back and forth across the net, with now a cheer from one side, now a yell or song from the other, till the score stood so that the game then in progress would decide the victory. Both girls were breathing hard, but each had a look of determination on her livid, dusty face.

The game was almost over, for the score stood at 30 to 40 in favor of Stanton. The little Junior served. Both sides were now almost holding their breath, but she made her point. Still silence reigned; again she served and lost; cheers broke from the breathless Stanton girls. Again the racket was poised, and the ball sped over the net; the point was Anderson's. But when just in the act of returning the ball a loose stone tripped the Anderson girl and she fell heavily to the ground. Pluckily she scrambled to her feet, but with a look, almost of agony, on her face. Time was called, but she stood still and declared that she could finish the game.

At last the score stood advantage in, and she knew that if she could only have the strength and skill to make the next point the game was hers. She served, then closed her eyes and sank down on the ground, feeling that she could do no more. But the ball just missed the net and struck true, the Stanton girl missing it only by the fraction of an inch. But that little fraction meant victory for Anderson; and with a wild shout the girls and the spectators flashed on to the court and gathered up the tired little girl, who opened her eyes and said happily, "Oh, I am so glad that we won; perhaps you will all feel now that I am one of you." Tears dimmed many eyes, but Mary, who had commanded that she be wheeled to the center of the interest, laughed rather shakily and exclaimed, "You brave little goose, we worship you now."

E. G., '10.





The World Below

I sing of the Stygian wave, of Charon grim,
Of a sunless realm with caverns low and dim,
Which I, allowed by the gods to roam at will,
Beheld with quakings dire and deadly chill,
O Muse, relate for me the horror dread,
The sin and fate of the departed dead,
Consigned by human law to realms below
To drag out an existence, weary, slow.
"Facilis descensus Averna," the gate opens wide,
But to retrace one's footsteps o'er the Stygian tide,
Here is the labor, this the toil, so few
Of mortal men see Hades and live anew.
I passed the entrance, dire with horrid shades,
Here live the curse of earth, three cruel maids,
Stern Rule, avenging Zero, dread Exams,
The last of awful mien, with handmaid, Cram,
And petty curses blitted through the air,
Soup, Pudding, Liver, Hash, and Beef most "rare,"
I shuddered, recalling things of early life,
And hastened to the Styx, a scene of strife,
For lo! the throng of shades, so dense and wide,
Fought for first transport to the other side,
I crossed the stream; there at the threshold dark
Stood Cerberus, waiting to receive our bark,
Cerberus, not a dog as folks suppose,
But a woman with eyes that see and brain that knows,
A field spread out before my eyes so full
Of the din of battle that there seemed no lull;
The souls of warriors long since dead and gone
Still yearned for war and now fought on and on,
Even in death, their weapons, not arms but books,
Against man's ignorance with pitying looks,
"College Faculties," they said, and pointed out
Shades loaded down with books, which moved about,
"Old friends of yours, perchance," I recognized
Tyrants of days whose memories are unprized,
"Ye gods," I cried, "remove from me this sight."
At once the vision faded from the light,
One shade stood out among the others clear,
A face that caused my limbs to shake with fear,
And as the scene continued to disappear,
"Read the question" floated through the air,
A gasp—I knew—the recollection plain

Of Chemistry quizzes, came to me again,
Sudden I looked, and lo! upon my right
A yawning wall, a region black as night,
Most gloomy Tartarus, horrid with the loom
Of fiery rivers lighting up the gloom.
I stood aghast, my voice stuck in my throat,
The place of torture was not hard to note,
Filled it was with noise and din of strife
Of evil-doers, famous in their life.
"In this place," said my guide, "you may behold
More friends belonging to your life of old."
Too true, the faces of a shivering throng,
Doomed to be frozen all the ages long,
Seemed familiar. "Who are these?" I cried,
"Those who in other days," the guide replied,
"Extinguished not their light when rang the bell,
Here you may see what fate to them befell."
A group of miserable wretches next I spied,
"And these were late at table," said my guide,
And lastly those, most wretched of them all,
Were gathered in a spacious banquet hall,
But as they reached to seize the dainties rare,
Both feast and table vanished in thin air.
"What sin did those poor mortals?" I exclaimed,
The countenance of the guide was stern, though pained,
"Oh, horrible," he said, "these maids were found
Communicating by word or sign from the college ground
Beyond simple recognition, with some man,
Expelled or reprimanded in your land,
At the discretion of the faculty; so they
Are doomed by fate forever here to stay."
"Enough, enough," faint and distressed, I cried,
"Where is the realm of those who happy died?"
Shades threw wide ope the portals of the blest,
Where those of pious life abode in rest,
In the Elysian fields were those, they said,
Who at ten-fifteen promptly went to bed;
Those who never food from table took,
Or ever tried to beg it from the cook,
High seats in the synagogue for those who ran
With full speed at the mere sight of man,
There are the gates of sleep through which I passed
To the sunlit world from this drear region vast;
From gloomy Tartarus, with its wicked throng,
The bright Elysian fields of peace and song,
To bear this message unto those who wait
For transportation through the fatal gate:
"You had better think before this life is o'er,
For the boat of Charon standeth at the shore."



CLUBS



Palmetto State Club

TOAST TO SOUTH CAROLINA

She's little, but she's plucky,
 She's daring, but she's lucky,
 She stood for nullification,
 She was foremost in secession;
 She's first in all things free,
 She's a giant, not a pixie,
 She's the heart and soul of Dixie,
 She is God's own countree.

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LUCILE RHODES.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
LILLIE WILKINS.....	SECRETARY
OLA DANIEL.....	TREASURER

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 OLA DANIEL
 BESSIE LANE
 LULA PEELE
 LILLIE WILKINS

FACULTY MEMBERS

ELIZABETH HARLLEE MACCALL
 KATHERINE L. FORD

HALL OF FAME.....	{ JOHN C. CALHOUN
LOOKING TOWARDS THE HALL OF FAME.....	{ WADE HAMPTON
Motto: "Dum spiro, spero"	"PITCHFORK TILLMAN"



Nowhere the maidens are quite so fair
 As in Virginia,
 So full of song, so free of care,
 As in Virginia,
 And I believe this happy band
 Will always have at their command
 The worship of some noble man
 In old Virginia.

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SALLIE SHEPHERD CAMP.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
MATTIE SAVAGE.....	SECRETARY
JULIETTE LOVING.....	TREASURER

MEMBERS

KATHARINE STAPLES.....	RENA CAMP.....	RUTH COOKE.....
ELIZABETH VANN.....		MASCOT.....



Die Deutschen

Morro: "Reinheit, Wahrheit, Weiblichkeit"
 Flower: Vergis-meinicht

MEMBERS

EDITH BRADY
 EMMA BYRUM
 MIMIE COX
 LILLIAN DRAUGHAN
 UNDINE FUTRELL

PEARL HOWARD
 HELEN HILLIARD
 AMORETTE JENKINS
 MARTHA LAWRENCE

HATTIE LEGGETT
 LEILA MEMORY
 FLORINE PRITCHETT
 ELLA THOMPSON
 VIRGINIA WILKINSON



SOPH. SPIRITS

A Portrait Exhibit of Famous Women

By Famous Masters of the Directoire Period



MRS. SIDONS
(after Sir Joshua Reynolds)
*Her noble soul looked out from her
curls of hair and effulgent eyes.*
RENA CAMP



MADAME MOLE RAYMOND
(after Madame Le Brun)
*Along with this brightness she has
seriousness: the sister of her pity.*
LUCY PUREFOY



A 20TH CENTURY PORTRAIT
(à la Directoire, after Tyssé)
*As subtle of intellect as she is
lovely: a wild pomegranate flower
of a girl.*

GRACE ROGERS



MARIE ANTOINETTE
(after Dumont)
*The royal love in her heart is the
master of the moment.*
LOUIE POTEAU



HON. MRS. ROBINSON
(after Romney)
*Turning upon us as a face of coy and
piquant charm.*
SWANNAHOA HORNE



LADY PEEL

(after Lawrence)

The captivating smile of this clever and fascinating woman.

SALLIE CAMP



DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

(after Gainsborough)

With a face where to my mind centered all beauties I ever saw or ever shall see, the Duchess!

SADIE LOU BRITT



DUCHESS POLIGNAC

(after Madame Le Brun)

In her unconsciousness is the fountain of her charm.

WALLACE TUCKER



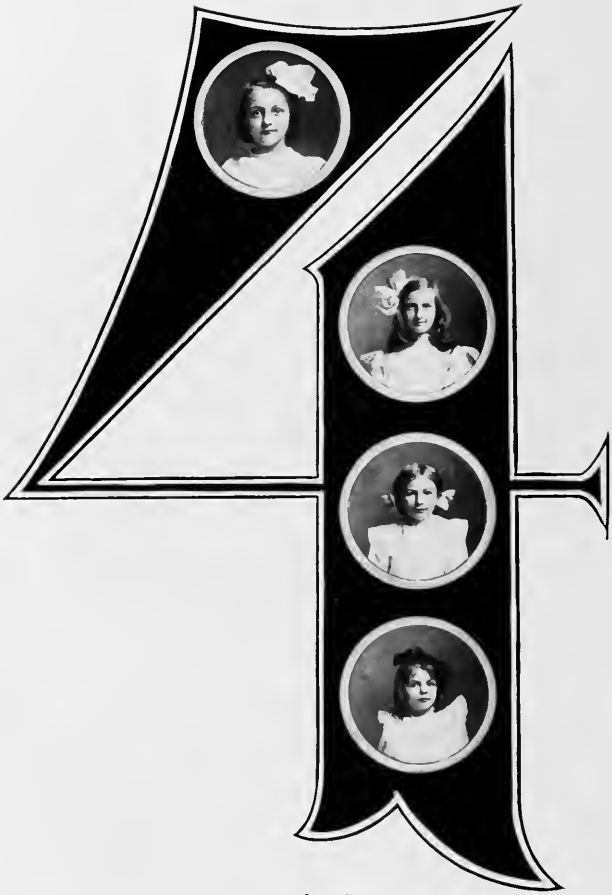
ANGELICA KAUFFMAN

(after A. Kauffman)

Made of the finest clay, exquisite, and of delicate grain.

ALLEINE MINOR

"Having the power to express on canvas the charm, the beauty, and the true character of woman:—what a series of portraits they have given to the world! What elegance, nobility and grace are theirs! "



The Big Four

BIG DESTINATION Womanhood
 BIG THOUGHT..... "Tall oaks from little acorns grow"
 BIG PLEASURE..... Being together
 "Us four and no more"

MILDRED MYATT
 HETTIE FARRIOR

MARY FARRIOR
 ELIZABETH VANN



The Spinners

From day to day we spin and spin—
A goal we have in view.
Now, Ada, small, is well content
To spin a Web(b) or two;
But Lottie is not satisfied
Till she has spun a yarn,
Since spinners are as spiders oft,
And can't refrain from harm;
Katharine, with her charms and wile,
Quite often spins a heart;
And as for smiles, well—Lulie is
An adept at the art,
Anna has her hobby, too,
And spins real "Staple" goods,
Virginia 'round and 'round her friends
Spins many generous moods,
But Web(bs), and yarns and hearts are nought
When autos run about;
We'd like to spin *them* all the time
Till each one has—spun—out!



"Little Girls"

FLOWER: Forget-Me-Not

MOTTO: "Youth's a stuff will not endure"

PLACE: Sand Pile

TIME: All the Time

CHIEF OBJECT IN LAPEL: To get "bigger"

SONG: "Rock-a-hye, baby"

MEMBERS

ANA BURROD	Baby	To see mamma	CHIEF DESIRE
MARLETTA CAIN	Pea	To learn to button her dress	
BESSIE CARMEN	Bess	To see Santa Claus	
MARY ELLIOT	Little Daughter	To play dolls always	
PEARL HOWARD	Buster	To see my papa	
BESSIE LANE	Gretchen	To keep the baby quiet	
ELIZABETH LOVELL	Betty	To grow tall	
MEXIEE MIDDLETON	Girlie	To make tandy "houses"	
KATHLEEN PETTY	Infant	To know how to comb her hair	
ANNA PRIGEN	Cyrcel	To wear her hair "done up"	
EDNA SPERIGHT	Sis	To make good pies	
DOROTHY VANN	Dot	To be a primak donna	
KATE WATSON	Little Lady	To put on long dresses	
FLORENCE WYATT	Aunt Sullie	To weigh one hundred pounds	



Crammers

YELL: Cram! Cram!! Cram!!!
 Candy! Pickles!! Ham!!!
 We do not mind the exam.,
 We can Cram! Cram!! Cram!!!

EXCUSE FOR BEING: To cram everything from early to evening.

PLACE OF MEETING: With girl who received last box

TIME FOR MEETING: As long as box lasts

SONG: "Pass It Around and We'll All Take a Bite," or "Give Me the Livings When You Get Through," if the "left-overs" have not this

FLOWER: Cauliflower

COLORS: Olive Green and Turkey Red

A FRIEND IN NEED: Richard

INDIVIDUAL CRAVINGS

MAMIE HIGHSMITH COARSE DINNER
VIRGINIA WILKINSON BOX FROM HOME
ADA BURFOOT WEDDING BREAKFAST
ANNA PRIDGEN FIVE-O'CLOCK TEA
LOTTIE CANADY HIGH NOON LUNCHEON
EUNICE EDMUNDSON MIDNIGHT FEAST

Six Tall Maids



Once in thee dayes of Auld Lang Syre,
There lived six maidenis faire,
With hearts as gaye as c'er beate thine,
Ande freee frome worldly caire,
But, alas, alas theye were sent to schoole,
To sober their braines with the sense,
Acte trew to thee college's lofty rule,
Ande to thee lessons dense,
Now you see what came of that:
Doleful faces, and snow-white haire!
Let this bee thee moral—now get it down pat,
To all young maidenis of college, beware!





ETERNAL QUESTION

"When shall we all meet again?
When the hurly burly's done,
When the battle's lost or won."



and things
 town, 1907, may be registered as to pr
 bonds remaining uncancelled.

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MAROONING PARTY

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 variety. Throughout the week, their cot-

age was the scene of much merry-mak-
 ing. often did their gleeful laughter, or
 the echoing strains of college or class
 songs ring out above the hum of sub-
 urban cars, or the roar of the breakers.
 Frequently they took moonlight strolls,
 hunting for turtle eggs, or chasing sand-
 fiddlers to their homes. The people on
 the beach express sincere regret at their
 departure, for truly, they were the very
 life of the place, as they earnestly lab-
 ored to live up to their motto: "Eat,
 drink, and be merry, for tomorrow ye
 may die."
 The participants of this delightful
 occasion were Misses Edith and Berca
 Brady, Hattie Sue Hale, Lila Keith, Bes-
 sie Lathrop, Sallie Oldham—with Misses
 Burr and Wallace as chaperons.

Third. The
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Form No. 1. M. T.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO.

ROBERT C. GLORY, PRES. AND GEN'L MGR.

RECEIVED at RALEIGH, N. C.

(Dated) Waldorf-Astoria, New York, N. Y.
June 30, 19-?

4:30 P. M.

To Oak Leaves.
B. U. W.

The much-talked-of "triple alliance" of B. U. W. "belles" occurred at high noon today. Party sails for Europe on "Columbia" this P. M., accompanied by Miss Annie Gardner, chief match-maker. Particulars furnished later. Contracting parties are:

- A. L. Council--Miss Sallie Oldham.
- F. M. Council--Miss Emily Boyd.
- L. G. Council--Miss Eloise Griffin.
- Match-maker--Miss Annie Gardner.

Money by Telegraph

Cable Office





Shakespeare Society

*I see descriptions of the fairest nights, and beauty making beautiful
old rhyme, in praise of ladies dead.*

JULIET		MARY McCULLERS
	<i>Romco, I come! this do I drink to thee.</i>	
HERMIONE		HATTIE SUE HALE
	<i>Chide me, dear stone, that I may say, indeed, thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she, in thy not chiding, for she was as tender as infancy and grace.</i>	
OPHELIA		BLANCH BARRUS
	<i>Let us be patient; all will yet be well.</i>	
MIRANDA		FLORINE PRITCHETT
	<i>I might call him a thing divine, for nothing natural I ever saw so noble.</i>	..
VIOLA		ANNIE GARDNER
	<i>O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!</i>	
JESSICA		LUCILE ARTHUR
	<i>But love is blind, and lovers can not see the petty follies that themselves commit: for if they could, Cupid himself would blush to see me thus transformed into a boy.</i>	
PORTIA		LOUIE HOCUTT
	<i>The quality of mercy is not strained, it droppeth as the gentle rain from heav'n.</i>	
KATHARINE		KATHERINE PARKER
	<i>If I be waspish, best beware my sting.</i>	
LADY MACBETH		ANNIE THOMPSON
	<i>What's done, can not be undone. My eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stell'd thy beauty's form in table of my heart.</i>	



OUR SENIORS

Seniors' Troubled Dreams

Lulie



Please let me get to the mirror quick. It's just five minutes till the last breakfast bell, and I know I shall be late. Oh—o—o—o, do get out of my way! It'll take me half an hour to fix these few stringy locks. If I just did have a little more hair! And if it just wasn't quite so straight! Oh! I know I'll never get to breakfast on time this morning.

Oh, Virginia, come here quick! Do look! Is this actually Lulie Marshall? It can't be. Please, do but behold this hair! This is what Herpicide did in a single night. If Mamma could only see me now! Um—m—m. I'm so sleepy! Think of it! Thick, long hair—and—oh, Virginia, its actually wavy too! Would you ever have thought it, and I'm not dreaming either, am I?

Come on; I'm ready for breakfast, and won't Miss Minor and Helen be surprised though! And to think Herpicide did it all.

Katharine

Why, all of you seem to have forgotten that it takes two to make a match. I can't get married and no bridegroom even in sight. What! My dress—my bridesmaids! Everybody here! There now, you've simply got to go up there with me—we can't disappoint everybody. I don't know how this all could have happened, any way. I didn't even know that I was engaged. Poor me, poor me; no more shall I ever get gorgeous chrysanthemums and five-pound boxes of Huyler's.—How in the world is it that I have to give up all my grand old beaux and get married and don't even know the man!



Oh, if I could only be dreaming; but that can't be so, for there is Mr.—er—er—a—Mr. — la, I don't even know his name—guess I'll find out before I take it for my own! There, I won't marry him either! That'll be a good excuse, for not a soul knows his name—and then—then; oh, yes, I have it!

I am not even eighteen yet; am—I? My, what a relief to get that fellow off my hands! And now, I just bet I'll get a dozen chrysanthemms Easter, too!

Sadie Lou



when I get there either—oh—me—me! I wish I didn't have to go.

Goodness, what a crowd! We'll never get down these steps. It's as bad as the fair. I sho' do envy those who've already been through the receiving line. I wish I had had my time. La, whatever you do, Louie, don't get away from me. I simply can't go in there. I feel like a dunce. Oh, la, please, let's slip out! Miss M—— won't know it, and then we can get back with the crowd, when they come out. Please, oh, please, don't go in there! I simply can't do it—Lulie, please stay out here with me and don't let's go in! Phew! here we are—well, I guess it's a case of have to—but I know I'll never survive the ordeal!

Gracious! let's get out in the fresh air. Nobody knows how glad I am that it's over with; but it's not quite as bad as I expected. Gee!—but I feel almost like yelling, "Hurrah!" Come on, Miss M——, let's stand out here and watch the rest of the poor unfortunates go in. I think it'll be dead loads of fun—gee, but I'm glad it's not I!

Helen

Wake up, Martha. I just feel in my bones that the Juniors are after the crook. Get up quick! We *must* see. The middle of the night! Who cares? Hurry!!! Mind the stairs. S—h—h—h! Don't keep so much fuss. Come on now to East Building. Here we are, but how in the world can we get to the chimney? Oh—h—h! Martha, Martha,



look! Am I dreaming or is that a skeleton climbing up the side of the chimney? And—Oh, horrible! See that '10 cap on its head! *It's the Junior skeleton after the crook.* What shall we do? But, say, isn't that somebody on the roof? Joy! joy! Another skeleton with—is it possible, a '09 armet? And after the crook, too! Oh, do hurry, you precious angel, and keep the crook for us. Suppose, suppose—No, ours has it! The crook is safe awhile longer anyway.

Grace



Yes, girls, I'll meet you in just ten minutes—at King Crowell's, hear? Now be sure to be there, 'cause it won't take Mr. Tyree three seconds to make that picture.—Yes. Well. All right.—Mr.—Ty-ree.—Mr.—Ty-ree-ee-ee! I'm here. Hurry up. Let's get through this stunt. Posing never was my long suit, anyway. What? No, I don't care how the blooming thing looks just so you hurry— Laugh with my eyes! Well, who ever heard of such a thing! Mr. Tyree, you must be crazy—honestly— Now, I'm ready— Gee! I'd rather study Physics, take a dose of medicine or even—get married! This is awful and really—quite embarrassing. If you would only keep quiet and maybe look the other way. What! Turn my head, raise my chin, look into your eyes and—feel like a fool? Well, all right, I'm doing them all now. Bet this picture is a dandy— My! it's taken a whole hour and a half.

Hattie Sue

"I am perfectly furious, Mr. Boom-hour—to think you would fail me on that pesky little Physics test."

"Go slowly, Miss Hattie, you might not have—"

"Don't tell me what I might not have done. Didn't I sit up till one o'clock last night in Mattie Savage's closet, and cram Newton's Laws, and those old Pressure formulas, by the light of four wee tallow candles! I know I do know everything you asked, and I know I worked the examples right, too. How could you have given me just 74? Boo—hoo— (She begins to weep most



copiously.) Papa will be so disappointed in me—and I'd rather die than have my Papa lose faith in me. I never have failed on anything in all my life, Mr. Boomhour, you know I haven't—"

"But, Miss Hattie, this is just a test; your daily grade will bring—"

"I don't care, I'm disgraced for life. Oh, I just know Papa will never get over it; and I'll bet he won't even let me go to Kemp's again, either.

Dimit



Class Day! Senior trio—an hour hence. Just look at Lulie and Hattie Sue, heads thrown back, singing for dear life. They can learn in a day what it takes me six years of hard digging to get. I can sing it by myself—Hattie Sue knows I can, but, I don't know—but I just can't keep to my part when they begin. You girls stop laughing, I'm in earnest now— Let's go over it once more—and I'm going to get it, sure. If I don't, it won't be my fault, anyway. I know I can sing better than Sis Dora, anyway.

Miss Day, I just can't sing second soprano. Oh, Miss Harriet, and it's just an hour before the class-day exercises begin. Oh, what must I do! I make a bust every time I try to sing it—and I've been practicing it two months. Think of it, Miss Day!

Juanita

Oh, mercy! there goes the 'phone, and the door bell hasn't hardly stopped ringing. How can I answer both at once? Guess I'd better go to the 'phone first. Hello! Katharine Staples? Yes, but she's in Society. Your number, please, 180 Y? All right.

Now, I'd better go see who's at the door before I go for Katharine. "Come right in. Miss Schuster? Have a seat in the parlor, and she will be down in a minute."

What shall I do? One on the fourth floor Faircloth; the other on fourth floor M. B.! Heavens, what a walk! But that poor boy at the drug store is waiting for his 'phone call, so I'll attend to that first. "Miss Schuster, some one wants to speak to you over the 'phone. Call 180 Y." Now, I'll trot up



to the Astro hall for Katharine. "Madame President, excuse me, but is Miss Staples in the hall? Some one in the parlor to see her."

Ten minutes later. Miss Schuster: "Juanita, there is no one at 180 Y, who wishes to speak to me."

Katharine, dashing down hall, shouts: Juanita, what in the world have I done? Who is the man in the parlor? I thought, maybe, it was an mele I'd never seen, so I grasped his hand most cordially and said, with my sweetest smile: 'Well, this is Katharine!' He coldly informed me that he wished to see Miss Schuster. Juanita! How dreadful! I've ruined my reputation. Oh! would that it were only a dream!"

Lucy



Wednesday, 9 a. m. Horrors, look at that dreadful Physiology quiz!

1. Describe wagging of tongue in asking questions.
2. Give muscels of eye employed when looking for a letter from a doctor.
3. State articulation between banana peel and sole of foot.
4. Of what do tears consist, when used to beg for an exempt from Physiology exam?
5. What joints are dislocated when a sneeze is extracted?
6. Describe feeling along spinal column when oral quiz is announced.
7. Effect upon system of winking in church?
8. Describe in full, palpitation of heart, when, arrayed in purple silk, you anxiously await *his* arrival.

Through, at last! But, behold this huge *façet*, developed on my third finger, for articulation with fountain pen! Wonder if Juanita has one!

Andine

Eight o'clock, and not a rag to wear. Oh, my yellow dress! My new yellow silk that Sister Kate was to make for the Anniversary! One scant half-hour and I'll have to be in the Society hall. Think of it, Pauline; what shall I do? I must be there to introduce Dr. Potcat — Oh, for a dress to wear! I wish I wasn't President of the Astrotekton Society! I wish anything and everything — but most of all — for a dress to wear. Oh! I have it! Hurray, girls! Little



Elizabeth Vann has a new yellow dress; I'll borrow that! Oh, isn't it pretty? Humph! not quite long enough; but short dresses are stylish these days. Wish the sleeves were a wee bit longer, they pull so under the arms. Maybe I can squeeze in some way, though. There, it's on—and I'm tired to death; but I must hurry on up to the Society hall, for there comes Dr. Poteat now. How I wish my yellow dress had come! Sister Kate, Sister Kate, why did you treat me so!

Lula



Who can write a Senior Prophecy and keep this library quiet all at once? Gracious me!—It's a job, *but* I'm most through now. Only Grace, Louie and Hattie Sue to "recreate." Bet I make 'em do something rash too, so just watch me! Guess I'll— Wh-a-t! Wh-e-re—am—I—going, anyway—wh-ew! Oh—h, I feel so funny, floating way up here so high in the air. Wonder what *is* happening to me and where— Oh, who is this pulling me aside? He looks so odd and sober. Gee! but I'm chilly! Why—er, yes, I'll be seated. Sir? You're Josiah the Good? Want to have a reckoning of the library books? How sudden! But, if you can wait—oh, now where *are* those books? I have no idea, not the slightest. Let me think. Reckon! Wh-e-w! Would give my hat to remember, you bet I would! Josiah's awful too! I wish I wasn't here—and *those books!* "Oh, Sir Good Josiah, forgive me this once, this once, sir, and I'll—please, please— Where's he gone? Listen—"Just—this—once—but never—again!"

Louie

Gee, New York at last! My! but I had a tiresome trip! Guess I'll find brother waiting for me at the next corner, for of course I had to get off at the wrong place. Yes, there is is—but, *across the street*. My! how'll I get to him! Please—er—Mr.—er—Policeman—won't you have—'em—to stop—er— Yes, sir, to stop some of those cars, autos and things, so—er— "Why—my—dear—lady, *how*"— but here I see my chance, right between here,—who'd have thought it! Oh—h, what have I done! I'll be a dead girl in one second, I know I will—why don't— Oh, there it is, I'll slide under that Dago's little fruit cart, till that great red thing gets by. My! I can hardly get under this thing—wonder why they have it so little, anyway. Whew! It's gone! Thank the goodness,



and so am I! Gee! but that was one narrow escape— Yes, brother, here I am!

Vivian



Gee! But this is interesting! Lucky dog I am, to be a town girl, you bet! This legislature is all to the good, and here I am, right in the midst of this most thrilling and exciting question of ceca-cola. My! but that man has some sense and in only— Oh, you upstart, sit down, nobody wants to hear from you— That's

it! Glorious! Girls, did you hear that? Miss Applewhite's friend— Isn't he grand? I could just live up here—honest, I could! and to think of *me* drinking ceca-cola after that— *No, I'll never do it!* What? Where have those girls come from? Aw, pshaw! Of course, they haven't! Education Exam—over! Why, no, 'tis only— Oh—h, mercy me! Girls, girls, what shall I do, what shall I do? I've missed my exam— Oh—h—h, I'm miserable—Miss Applewhite will kill me, I know she will. Ding this legislature! I hate it! Yes, and I want a glass of ceca-cola right now!

Martha

Where's my blooming old trunk key? Rena, have you swallowed it? I want my new white heaver, and my directoire coat. Dog, if I don't make some kind of an impression on those old fogies down street. I bet I'll get \$500.00 worth of ads this afternoon, rigged up like this. I'll start with Hicks—and, bet your life, I'll talk for fair!—Done. Hicks, \$25.00; Johnson and Johnson, \$35.00; California Fruit Store, \$45.00; Alfred Williams, \$55.00; Partin's, \$65.00. Now watch me talk up to Mr. Birdsong, in King Crowell's. Here goes: "Mr. King—excuse me, Mr. Crowell, or whatever your name is, I represent the University animal. May I put you down for a \$75.00 ad?" Oh, just look at that grand pepsin chewing gum over there! I'd rather have that than an ad, any day. Help, I'm choking! Grace! Helen! Bet \$1.00 I've swallowed that ding-busted chewing gum Margaret Bright gave me! Wake up, you all— Gee whiz! but let me tell you what a peach of a dream I had, Minnie, Lula, Sadie Lou, Lulie, think of it! Drumming up ads, and asked for chewing gum! I've disgraced the class. Come on, Lonie, Hattie Sue, Vivian, Katharine, Undine, and you and Lucy, Juanita. You've every one been dreaming, and the first dinner bell has rung.



A Lullaby

Rock-a-bye,
Don't you cry,
Little bird baby
Swinging so high;
Mammy has fastened the nest up so,
It makes no difference if the wind do blow,
So, rock-a-bye, don't cry.

Rock-a-bye,
Don't you cry,
Little bird baby
Sitting so high;
Daddy's comin' with something to eat,
A long old wiggly, nice and sweet,
So open your mouth, don't cry.

Rock-a-bye,
Don't you cry,
Little bird baby
Looking so high;
Mammy'll be comin' 'fore the sun goes down
And the long black shadows come stealin' 'roun',
So, rock-a-bye, don't cry.

Rock-a-bye,
Don't you cry,
Little bird baby
With fast-closed eye;
Mammy is over you safe at last,
So don't you mind if the night comes fast,
So, rock-a-bye, don't cry.

A. T., '09.

The Ruse That Failed

ALL was excitement and rush at Belmont College one evening early in March. It was the night of the annual college reception. The building was all alight, the parlors were splendid in their brave decoration, very nearly perfect now, an artist would have said, yet only waiting for the addition of the smiling, happy girls in their pretty dresses to be quite irresistible. Along the corridors gay little figures flitted, and merry voices echoed in laughter, chatter and song. Now and then a door slammed as a white-clad figure skipped merrily to another building to see if her dearest friend were ready. Soon the receiving committee came down, smiling and elated, radiant and happy, full of anticipation of the evening's pleasure.

It was yet early when there came a ring at the door. The white-robed graces responded. A young man entered, and, asked whom he wished to see, said, "Miss Elaine Matheson."

One of the graces hurried away to call Elaine from a group of merry, chattering girls in the hall. Soon the parlors were full of happy young people, bent on enjoying to the fullest extent this long-expected occasion. Among others there was a second young gentleman who entered and gave as the name of his friend, "Miss Elaine Matheson." Elaine came forward and received him graciously, introducing him to the earlier arrival, who did not look exactly pleased.

About ten minutes later the grace at the door was somewhat startled to hear the name again—"Miss Elaine Matheson." The same thing was experienced at intervals of about ten minutes until there had arrived no less than six gentlemen, each calling for Elaine. At the arrival of the fourth, the girls began to look smilingly suspicious, and all curious to know what it meant. At this juncture the young men, too, began to look a little uneasy, but Elaine relieved them all by suggesting that they all go into the hall. She conducted them to a cozy, charming little corner, enclosed by screens adorned with scenes from Japanese life. Japanese lanterns lent their soft light to the charm of the scene, while flitting about in corners were little Japanese maids in native costume making ready to serve Japanese tea. The four were somewhat astonished to find four charming young ladies to meet them, who proceeded to chat and laugh pleasantly.

What was the secret of this unusual proceeding? How did it happen that Elaine had so many friends present while other girls had but one? It was all the result of a little indulgence in sentimentality. When the reception was announced, and the girls began to invite their friends, Elaine was unable to decide which of two of her "very best friends" she should invite. She pondered and pondered, thought and thought, but at the end of an hour was no nearer a decision than at first. Then she resolved to let chance decide.

"Once to every girl in college

Comes the moment to decide,"

quoth she, gravely, to herself.

"Then, if chance will have him king,

Why, chance may crown him,"

flashed into her mind. Yes, she would let chance decide the question that it seemed impossible for her to settle.

She addressed and stamped two envelopes containing invitations and put them on her dresser in plain view, the last thing at night.

"Now, when I wake," she thought to herself—she had not told her roommate, fearing that she would laugh at her resorting to such a method,—“I shall glance at the dresser, and whichever corner meets my eye first, the letter on that shall be sent. That will be perfectly fair, for the backs of the envelopes are to the front.”

She slept and dreamed of receptions and cavaliers galore. Fairy dresses got mixed in too, and it must have been interesting, for Elaine did not open her eyes until ten minutes before the breakfast bell, when her roommate rushed in from the tennis court and called:

"Elaine, Elaine, arise. Dream no more of thy Lancelot; but be prudent and get dressed in time if you can."

The race to breakfast was won; then a busy day's work began and she had no time to think of the letters until she reached her room after lunch, and saw that they had disappeared from the dresser.

"O Mabel," she cried in dismay, "where—what have you done with my letters?"

"Those you left stamped on your dresser? Mailed them, of course, like the good angel I am to your forgetful self."

"Those letters mailed! What shall I do? Dear, those letters were invitations to Laurence and Jack. Now they're both mailed; what shall I do?"

"What on earth do you want with Laurence and Jack both here at the same time?"

"I don't. That's just the matter."

Then Elaine told her friend the story of her indecision, the letters, and how she had intended to burn one and mail the other next morning—but that fateful rush to breakfast!

"Now there won't be any fun at all, for Laurence would rather Jack wouldn't be here, and Jack—and Jack—I can just see him glower at Laurence now."

Several of the girls heard of the mistake and thought it a jolly joke. There were some girls who envied Elaine her beauty, grace and popularity: these declared that it was good enough for her.

"She's always bragging on her beaux; now let her have them to entertain."

"I wish another would arrive unexpectedly, or something, and let her have her hands quite full entertaining. Oh, girls, the grandest thing has come to me. Just let me tell you." They crowded around and talked low—for school girls. This was the plan: To send invitations to four other friends of Elaine's whose names one and another happened to know, to have them all send replies to the post office box of a certain friend of theirs in the city—number 31—to say on the invitation that that was Elaine's address for a time, so that any mistake or chance of the replies reaching her would be avoided. The invitations were sent, letters of acceptance duly received at box 31, and much merriment indulged in by the perpetrators of the plot.

"She's planning a glorious costume for that evening," said one. "I'm not sure but she'll be too discomforted to enjoy it. Think of six gentlemen, one after the other, calling for one girl!"

"And how mortified she'll be!" exclaimed another.

Their plan bade fair to work out successfully. The five girls who knew it were resolved to keep it secret, and enjoy the fun all by themselves. Later, others would see the joke and share the enjoyment. Probably it would have been a success had it not been that Miss Jackson, one of the teachers whose especial pet Elaine was, heard the girls make their plans through the open transoms. She thought it was mean, but she thought also that the better way, and more satisfactory to manage the affair, was to turn the joke on them. She was passing Elaine's door the day before the reception when she was called in. Elaine told her about Mabel's mistake in mailing the two letters, and her

consequent dilemma. Then Miss Jackson told her the girls' plan and suggested that she make it appear to the young men that they were invited to meet her college chums, and never let them know anything about the two letters or the plan of the envious girls.

She helped Elaine get her little corner ready, made caps for the little Japanese girls, and passed the balls occasionally to see the fun. If you had peeped in behind the Japanese screens that evening about ten o'clock, you would have seen a merry-looking crowd. Elaine was picking sprays from the little cherry trees that bloomed in pots around the little corner. Laughingly she gave one to each, saying:

"I wanted you all to know my chums here, and so—we are here to-night."

They assured her, sincerely, that they had seldom had a better time and Elaine almost forgot the part she was playing—and what she was concealing, and added:

"Really I couldn't have had a better time if things . . ." she stopped, recalled by a look from Mabel, and finished:

"Oh, I was just a little disappointed in some of my arrangements. The . . . cherry trees were not as large as I wanted, that's all."

There was a general laugh, but the anxiety was put down to a schoolgirl's care for such things.

When they were gone, and Miss Jackson, Mabel, and Elaine were talking it over in their rooms, they agreed that the tables had turned very prettily, and the envious girls were the ones to feel discomforted.

"Do you suppose it was very wrong in me to mar their pleasure so?"

"You silly child; of course not," said Miss Jackson, while Mabel added:

"Wrong? I'd rather think not. You ought to sue them for using your name so in those letters."

In another room the conspirators were asking with wondering faces: "Who could've found out our plan?" "Who could have told her?" "It was mean."

"But we have to admit," said one, "that she found a graceful way out of it; a truly charming way. After all, Elaine is a charming girl; really gifted."

FLORENCE PAGE.



“Jes’ a Winter Night”

Oh, what’s the use of talkin’
When the wind comes howlin’ ’round,
An’ you know the snow’s a-fallin’
On the world so big an’ brown;
Ain’t that singin’ wind ’nuff company
’Thout a single nother soum’
’Cept the hickory log a-cracklin’
An’ a-sputterin’ sparks aroun’?

Oh, hush up, Jake, yer talkin’,
Can’t you hear that yellin’ call
Come a-whistlin’ ’round the chimney
An’ a-knockin’ ’gainst the wall?
Jes’ hear them windows rattle,
Jes’ feel this old house shake,
Law, now you’re a-cryin’;
Why, you ain’t seared, Jake?

Why I was jes’ a-talkin’
’Bout the house a-shakin’ so,
An’ then the wind a-howlin’
Why that wind’s a-blowin’ snow;
An’ them old windows rattlin’,
Why, Jake, you oughter know
They’re jes’ a-talkin’ to the wind
That’s a-shakin’ them up so.

Jes’ hear that fire a-crackin’,
Jes’ see them big sparks fall,
Jes’ see ’em make them shadders
Go a-prancin’ up the wall;
I see some things a-hoppin’
In them coals a-burnin’ low,
What can they be a-doin’
An’ where’d that big un go?

I b’lieve it’s them ere woodmen
What Miss Mandy told us ’bout,
That always go a-dancin’
When the fire drives them out:
Wish you’d watch that big un dancing’
An’ jes’ see that little un crawl
Up the back-log to the chimney,
An’ I hear that long un squall.

Now can't you see 'em, Jake?
Why, he's done gone to sleep.
What did you say now, Mammie?
It ain't time to go to bed.
Well, jes' let me see that feller
A-standin' on his head.
Now, Mammie, ain't it ugly
For sech thoughts to come aroun'
When the big North Wind's a-howlin'
An' the snow's a-slidin' down?

A. T., '09.



As Told by a Fairy

ONCE in the dark ages, when you and I were not, there was in the land of Somewhere an immense nursery, wherein there lived lads and lasses of all kinds and descriptions. This was a grand old nursery, so I am told, spacious and with great skylights through which the glorious sun poured by day, and through which the stars peeped and the moon smiled by night, keeping watch over tousled heads of all colors and degrees of curliness and stringiness—on all the walls were written in big letters Mother Goose rhymes, and alluring Mother Goose pictures—Oh, it was a grand old place—each little rascal could do as he liked, and there was always that with which to do. There were sand-piles and pools of water just full of things that sure enough boys gloat over: on the floor, or any old where you chose to look, were books, books galore, from little Red Riding Hood to the story of Tom Thumb, and there were actually greasy poles and bars on which to skin the cat, for those athletically inclined; and pianos—and all this was mixed up in delightful confusion with flowers everywhere, and palms and trees, just an ideal place for young ones to have a glorious good time, roll and tumble and fight, maybe, if they chose.

Now I learned all this from a good little fairy—you know they live always—and listen to what she told me about what she saw one day, when she was carefully perched on a small twig high up in a tree, where no one could see her.

Oh, I know it must have been interesting to see all those youngsters doing varied and sundry things. She said she didn't remember all, so long ago had it been, but she told me about the little men and little women which impressed her most, and promised to develop the most striking personalities sooner or later.

She remembered to have seen sitting on the floor, with two little feet thrust straight out in front, and with chin up at rather an uncomfortable angle, a wee girl with red cheeks, wicked brown eyes, one of which she could wink in a most bewitching manner, and straight brown hair; and this little girl was reading fairy tales from Grimm,—held up to make connection with her eyes, since she did not condescend to lower them to make connection with the book. Sitting near was another girlie, somewhat striking by contrast with her little neighbor. She was decidedly chubby, with black hair, kinking all over her head, and big round black eyes out of which she was intently regarding her of the fairy tales with her head tilted to one side in a manner somewhat

expressive of scorn—she had been reading too, but no fairy tales for her, thank you. It was the history of the Siege of Troy to which she had given her attention. Now, however, as I have just said, she was gazing at her neighbor with such intensity that presently the proud little chin was lowered, and by some force of magnetism her saucy brown eyes just had to come down to the level of the big black ones.

"What you looking at me so hard for?" she questioned the other.

"I don't care nothin' 'bout make-believe things," curly-locks replied with a snort of contempt. "Why don't you read somethin' that's so?"

"You isn't been reading anything, I don't believe, cause you couldn't see what I've been doing, if you had." And with this cutting remark, Grimm's was resumed, quite as if not a single word had been said.

Then across the face of my impudent starrer there broke the sunniest and friendliest of smiles, as she got up, waddled over to the prim little lady with Grimm's and put one arm around the stiff neck. Of course this was irresistible, and when the little fairy turned away they were amiably gurgling over a general mixture of fairy tales and historic Troy.

Fairy's attention was next called to a pool of water, which looked for the world like a "sure 'nough creek," where boys just have loads of fun killing frogs and sailing home-made boats. And behold, in the middle of this glorious spot a bit of a boy who looked exactly like a teddy bear. He moved along slowly and ponderously, digging up things from the bottom with his toes, carefully examining them, and if they suited putting them in his pockets, regardless of mud or the fact that they might be frogs or creeeping things. When hailed from the bank and asked what he was doing, he remarked in a gentle tone of voice, and with an air so languid that he was scarcely able to get his mouth open, that "he was learnin' about things that crept and growed, because when he was a grown-up man—never mind, you jest wait and see."

Over under a big spreading tree, two other little girls were simply making things hum with the busy lives they were leading. On numberless beds, made from boxes or most of anything procurable, were dolls, and dolls in various stages of dilapidation, scalped heads, broken arms and legs, terrible holes in poor little bodies out of which poured streams of sawdust—and still they came, brought by disconsolate little mothers. One girlie in a blue gingham dress and white bib and apron received the injured lambs, tenderly putting them to bed, all the time fussing for dear life that children *will* be careless, and take colds and fevers by sitting on the damp ground and by not using parasols.

Moving around from one bed to another was a young lady of a very promi-

ment type—tall for her age, which was not more than seven, with the most determined-looking countenance, from which was pushed back a mop of straight red hair, plaited in a pig-tail down her back; astride her nose was a pair of spectacles, improvised from a piece of rusty wire, procured from the goodness knows where. Each patient was given a soul-searching glance and the decision as to her case pronounced in a most knowing and impressive manner. When the grumbings of the little nurse came to her ears, she turned and in a voice very condescending, and with nose turned up in the air, she remarked that “children would never learn any sense.”

Over in another corner of the room there seemed to be a “really, truly music school,” arranged in three rows of chairs, singing as though their very lives depended on it, in all keys imaginable. One of the members seemed to be a veritable prima donna—when a note was reached which the rest could not take they stopped in open-mouthed astonishment and awe as this youngster airily soared on and up to realms unapproachable by the common herd. Standing before the group, presumably as director, was a sturdy, matter-of-fact little fellow, with the broadest of smiles and merriest of eyes, beating the air wildly with a crooked stick, and turning first to the group of singers then to the accompanist, a grim little maiden pretending to play on a battered old toy piano, and occasionally to a solemn-faced, big-eyed, curly-headed youth, who played as a side issue a fiddle constructed from a tin pan.

And this fairy friend of mine told me of something else she saw very, very interesting. With sleeves tucked back, and armed with scissors, there stood before a table two little girls; one rather dignified and imposing, but with a certain irresistible something, which made you want to hug her, and the other rather small, with blank-looking eyes, like she felt rather lost, but at the same time making you feel like she knew all about you, and just what you were thinking about. Well, now, what do you reckon these young ladies had on the table before them?—A poor little doll from whose head they had already removed the hair as one step in the process by which they hoped to find out what was inside her head and how it looked.

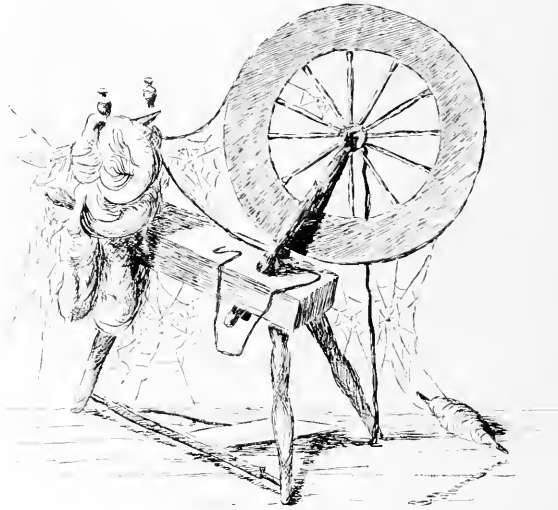
I'm afraid my tale grows long, but just let me merely mention another girl who recited most dramatically and with many graceful gestures, “’Twas the Night Before Christmas,” to an admiring audience. And still another wiry, agile little one, with hair plaited right tightly, attired in bloomers and blouse, hung from a tree by her toes, turned hand springs, skinned the cat, stood on her head, besides doing numerous other stunts, requiring a vast amount of dexterity.

By this time my little friend said that it was growing dusky, shadows began to creep through the skylight, a few stars could be seen twinkling their

eyes saucily, and confusion seemed to be giving place to a drowsy quiet. Presently a tall, gentle-faced lady in blue dress and white apron came quietly in, gathered up a child in her arms, called softly to the others and turned to go out, with the sleepy brood following her. Would you like to know this dear lady's name? It was Mother Nature.

Later when all was still, and the glorious moonlight flooded the peaceful room, my fairy glided noiselessly into the next room, where the light turned low revealed the long rows of little white beds, in each of which there slumbered a little boy or little girl, all spic and span with faces scrubbed until they shone. Across the foot of each bed was written in shining letters the name of its small occupant, and when the good little fairy stooped to kiss each sleeping child, she found, strange to say, that the names of those about whom she told me were: Elizabeth Avery, Mary Shannen, Josiah, Octavia, Elizabeth Delia, Helen Marie, Wade R., Elizabeth Divine, Gustav, Mary K., Effie, Caroline Berry, and Gertrude.

LUCILE ARTHUR.



Oh, will some one brush the cobwebs
From the mind of Dr. Vann,
So that art may have just half a chance
In the brain of that dear man—?

Grins—Mostly Dry

"Say, girls, when Kitchin gets to be Governor, Glenn will be Ex-Governor, then what will Aycock be? Ex²-Governor?"

"No, my dear, Ex-Governors are never raised to such a high power!" What do you know about *that*?

F. Sheck was wondering why on earth "O Promise Me" is sung at so many weddings. "I just can't understand it, that's all. Why, the promising is already done."

"Yes, that's what I think about it," said earnest Luey. "I'm going to have 'em sing 'O Keep Me' when I get married."

Miss A.: "Girls, I want you to buy one more book. It'll cost you the price of only one moving-picture show—a phonic drill book."

L. Hayes (inquiring): "Why, do they give them away at the moving-picture show?"

While describing elaborately the elegant reception given by Mrs. J. B. Pearee, one of our teachers concluded: "Yes, and I was actually driven home."

"What? You don't mean to say they had to *drive* you away!"

"Yes, my dear, Mrs. Hunter drove me home in her carriage."

Miss Young has recently discovered the fact that coffee with whipped cream is identical with hot chocolate—especially when served at a reception where she positively declared that she would not drink coffee.

HOW TRUE.

M. C.: "How did you get along on your educational exam? It must have been terrible."

L. H. O.: "All right, I guess; but I didn't make any brilliant remark."

Teacher: "What is meant by the footnote, 'It was not known that Wm. Sharp and Vione McLeod were the same until after Mr. Sharp's death'?"

Brilliant Pupil (after deep thought): "Why—er—it—er means that they didn't get married until after his death."

Soph. Caps

Sing a song of six-pence,
Happy little girls,
See the blue and white caps
On their dainty curls,
When they go a-strolling
With Josiah Good,
See the dainty Soph. caps
Float o'er field and wood.

Sing a song of six-pence,
Darling little girls,
Now their tears are mingling
With their dainty curls,
On the line there dangling
Before the chapel door,
They see their little Soph. caps
Hanging up galore.

One Sunday evening after Y. W. C. A. some girls were visiting in North College. As the subject of conversation was uninteresting to F. P., she began to look about her at the pictures on the wall. Seeing a large calendar with the pictures of the Presidents of the United States thereon, she startled the other girls by exclaiming: "Oh, here's a picture of the '06 Class at Wake Forest, isn't it?"

One of the most verdant Freshmen calmly informed the Latin instructor, in her preliminary exam., that she had studied *Colaw and Elwood's* "Foundations of Latin."

Who can blame the B. A. Seniors for declaring that the music students are "going too far," when one of them was actually heard to remark, not long since, "I'm going to have Dr. Battle cut the *Duvernoy's* out of my throat."

Miss Colton: "Who was the first essayist of the seventeenth century?"

After a few minutes' pause, in which all were vainly endeavoring to recall, Bessie J., her face beaming with intelligence, ventured: "Mozart."

SUFFICIENT REASON

"But, if you ever meant to play tennis again, what did you sell your other ball for?"

"Twenty-five cents, of course."

Miss Colton: "Interpret the following lines:

'And ever against eating cares

Let me in soft Lydian airs!—"

M. C.: "I—don't—know—really, but—oh, yes, it means he had a heap of trouble because he ate so much."

G. R.: "Heigh, there, Louie, whose handkerchief have you with your name on it?"

Louie: "Mine, of course."

G. R.: "Good gracious, wish I could say that I had one—with *my* name on it! All I possess are decorated with other people's!"

Hattie L.: "I'm in the same fix; but I always name my own handkerchief after my friends."

'Twas pouring down rain as one of the girls started down the street.

"Why don't you take the car?" came a cry from the third-floor window.

"Why—er—why, it's too heavy, of course," came the quick response.

Words To The Wise

"The Melancholy Days are Come," but hearken unto these sayings, and thy soul shall be glad.

1. Fret not thyself because of Education I, but ponder the "Elements" thereof in thine own heart, making thy lamentations with groanings that can not be *heard*.

2. When thou sittest at the table, complain not of *Psychology* to thy hostess, in the vain hope of getting sympathy, for she will surely report thee to thy teacher, and the last state shall be worse than the first.

3. Harden not thy heart when the English teacher saith: "Behold, thy *paper* must be rewritten," though it be for the fortieth time. Say not unto her: "I have done my best, and therefore can do no more," but accept thy fate bravely, and with a smiling countenance, *lest* she become discouraged, and delight no more in correcting thy paper.

4. Complain not of the density of Calkins' Philosophy, but remember the *nice stories* that are to come in the end.

5. Be not discouraged at the lemons handed thee on Bible class, for *verily* they are a part of the course.

6. When thou porest over History for Junior Exams., say not to thyself, "I will pass," for "the future does not reveal itself," and for aught thou knowest Washington may have signed the Declaration of Independence.

7. When thou knockest timidly at the door of 1 Faireloth Hall to know if thou passed on *Arithmetic*, let thy soul be brave, for more than *seventy-two lemons may be* handed out in one day.

8. Finally, when *Chemistry Tests, Physiology Quizzes* and *Junior Exams.* turn thy brain into "a great, big, booming, buzzing confusion," thou shalt not murmur, but "possess thy soul in patience," for in due time we shall pass if we fail not.

9. Moreover, Preps, Freshmen, Sophomores and Juniors, of these things be abolished: "Of making many books there is no end, and too much study is a weariness of the flesh."

10. Wherefore, rise not up at 2.30 a. m. for a final survey of *Profit and Loss* by the light of the waning moon, but "sleep on and take thy rest," for "in much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow."

Editors?

G. Rogers, an editor-in-chief,
Was a maid fair beyond all belief;
 She grew thin and white,
 Begging people to write
For the Annual, no matter how brief.

There was a good Hale named H. S.,
And all her friends do confess
 She would gain renown,
 And praise beyond bound,
If she could be made to talk less.

M. Lawrence, a maid of renown,
Annoyed all the men of the town,
 When with countenance sad
 She 'pl'd for an ad,
And wept when they gave her a frown.

Her noble co-laborer, Ella,
Who ran at the sight of a fellow,
 Never would plead,
 Though sore was the need,
And her comrade to do it did tell her.

There was an artist named Clara,
No girl could ever be fairer;
 In use of her paint
 She showed no restraint,
In the whole realm of art none is rarer.

A. Gardner, a spinster of yore,
Who sported a huge pompadour,
 All gallants did charm,
 Though she intended no harm,
And she threw away hearts by the score.

There was once a maiden, Lucile,
Whose happy laugh made one to feel
 That life was not drear,
 But full of good cheer,
If the blues we'd always conceal.

Fay was a flowery young maid,
Who threw Noah Webster in the shade,
 With words of great length,
 And hyperboles of strength,
Which her friends tried in vain to evade.

A young devotee of Psychology,
Also a student of Biology,
 Was S. Purefoy,
 Who said her chief joy
Was anything ending in "ology."

M. Carter, of serious mien,
Toward all the Juniors did lean;
 But she ends it not here,
 Other crushes appear,
In such throngs as never were seen.

Lyda Olive, a Freshman rare,
Was a maiden of stately air;
 She would dig like a Turk,
 When "Chief-Ed." said "Work,"
The glory of OAK LEAVES to share.

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Adieu

A GAIN, we assemble at our favorite trysting place. But, ah, how different! The springtime of our enthusiasm is replaced by the autumn of our tried efforts. The "Leaves" from our beloved Campus Oak have changed their fresh green tints of coloring into glowing red, brown and purple. No longer are they satisfied to cling the one to the other, as in the spring when all are young, and needed to complete the gorgeous array. But now, each leaf is mature and beautiful, shedding abroad exquisite loveliness, fragrance and good-will as it is rifted away by some gentle wind. Should one have drifted into your midst, fellow-student, may it renew and awaken in you a deeper and more abiding love for your Alma Mater—into yours, dear Alumnae, may it refresh in your souls the enthusiasm and spirit of your college life—and if into yours, gentle friend and reader, may it increase and strengthen your loyalty for our Alma Mater.

As usual, Miss Poteat has been our right-hand man in every way. But especially are we grateful to her for her many artistic and suggestive ideas. Also we wish to thank Mr. Wade R. Brown for his ceaseless energy in making our annual a financial success. He has endeared himself to us all and shown us clearly what kind of work counts. Nor would we forget the earnest endeavors and many suggestions given us by Misses Applewhite, Smith and Davis. These we mention especially, but along with them we wish to thank all those who have contributed in any way, great or small.

Now we bid you a gentle farewell, hoping that this our sixth volume may always remind you of our Alma Mater as it is here represented—indeed, as it is—in its joys, in its sorrows, in its work, in its play.

THE EDITORS.



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