

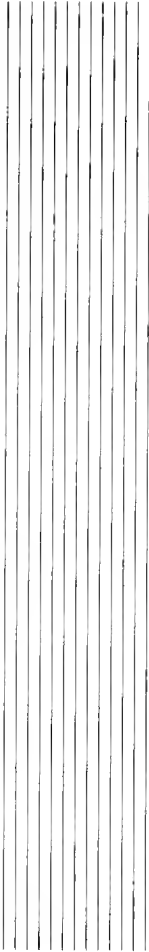
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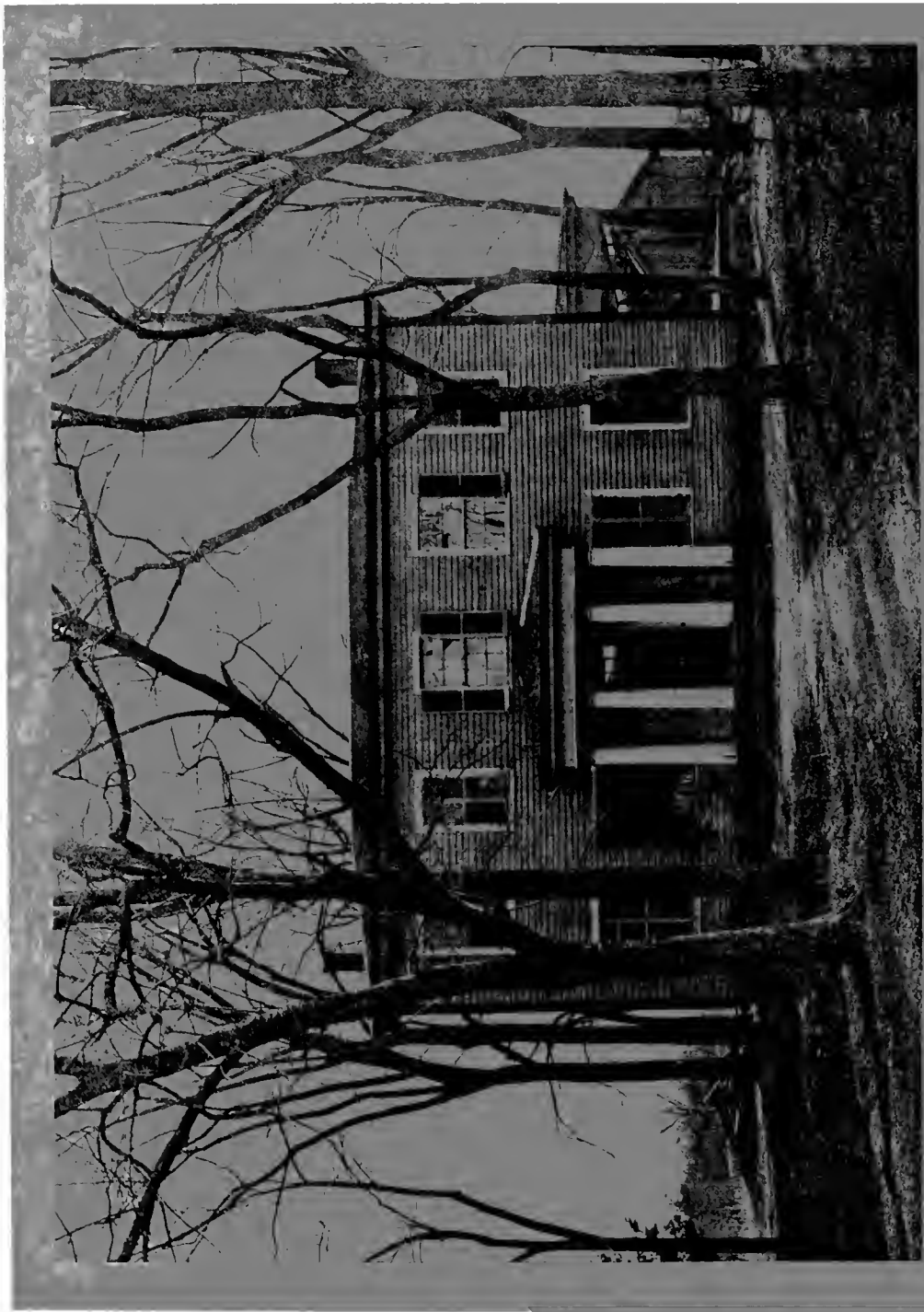
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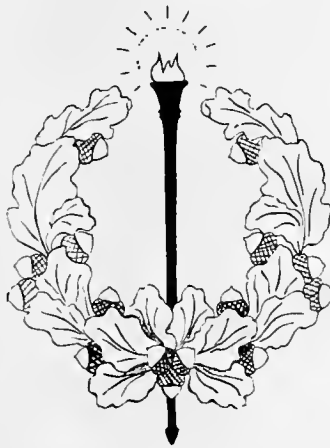


HOME OF THOMAS MEREDITH

Oak Leaves

Vol. 7

No. 1



MCMX

*Edited and Published by the Astrotekton and Philaretian
Literary Societies*

MEREDITH COLLEGE, RALEIGH, N. C.

Illustrations by the Students of the Art Department



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This book is dedicated to the memory
of
Thomas Meredith

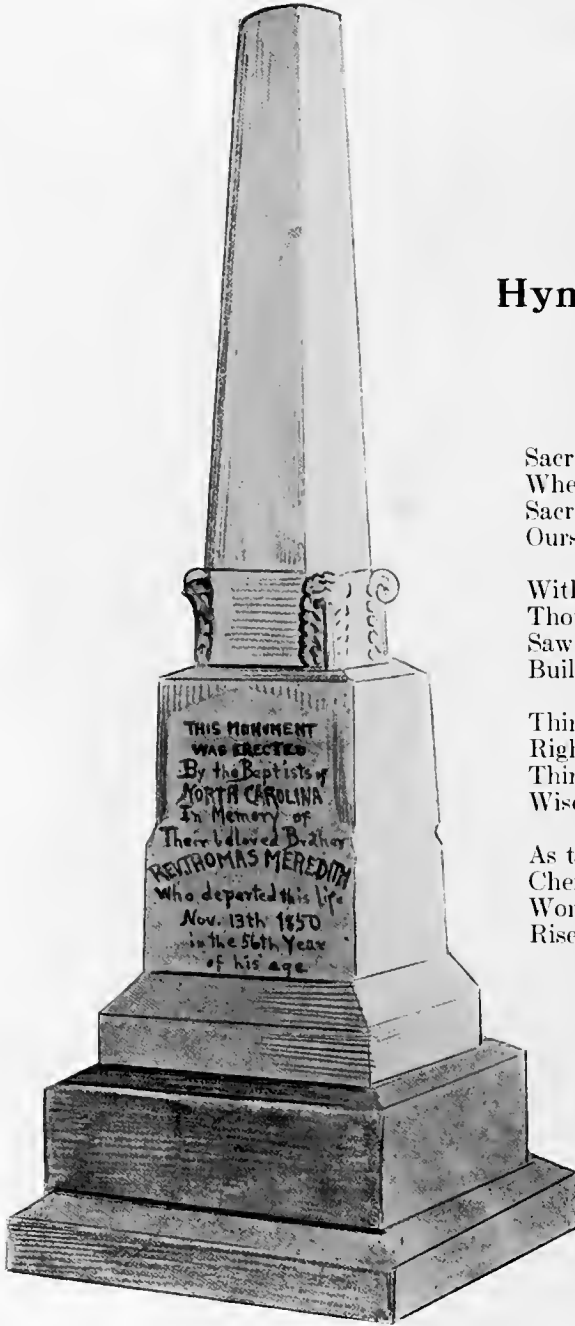


While others slept below, he climbed the height.
He stood alone, with vision strained afar,
And peering long into the lingering night,
He saw the morning star.

R. T. VANN.



THOMAS MEREDITH



Hymn Dedicated to Thomas Meredith



Sacred be the adopted soil
Where thou restest from thy toil,
Sacred be to us thy name,
Ours the keeping of thy fame.

With thy dreamer's vision clear,
Thou didst see this far off year,
Saw'st our Alma Mater rise
Built in tears and sacrifice.

Thine the faith which could not fail,
Righteous prayers which must avail,
Thine the hero's rugged strength,
Wisdom justified at length.

As the years pass on to God,
Cherish we this hallowed sod;
Womanhood shall guard thy rest,
Rise and call thy memory blest.

S. Elizabeth Davis.

Thomas Meredith



THOMAS MEREDITH, the oldest of ten children, was born in Pennsylvania, probably in 1795. His father was John Meredith, whose ancestor, Simon Meredith, emigrated to this country from Wales, in 1707, and settled in Chester County, Pennsylvania. The Merediths in England appear to have been people of considerable social and intellectual standing. Their coat-of-arms, now in possession of Thomas Meredith's grandson, was a gaunt lion on a shield. John Meredith, a pronounced Episcopalian, married Charlotte Hough, a Quakeress, who became the mother of Thomas Meredith. Mrs. Meredith is said to have been a woman of exceptional mental ability and accomplishments, speaking several languages.

Of Thomas as a lad, his teacher said he "feasted on Latin." In 1812 he entered the University of Pennsylvania and took the degree of A.M. from that institution in 1816. While at the University he seems also to have taken a course in law, although there was then no regular law school in that institution. Mr. Meredith became an accomplished scholar, being able to converse in several languages, proficient in music and a writer of verse. Though greatly impressed by his mother's religious life, and by her death, he seems not to have been converted until he entered the University, which was some time after her death. After his conversion an independent study of the Bible brought him to the Baptist faith, and he consecrated his life to the ministry, in spite of the persuasions of his law teacher, who urged him to follow that profession.

At the age of twenty-four, he came to Edenton, N. C. Not long after his arrival there, he married Miss Georgia Sears, who, he said, was the only perfectly beautiful woman that he ever saw.

His character, culture, and masterly leadership soon set him in the front rank of North Carolina Baptists. He was among the fourteen fathers who founded the Baptist State Convention in 1830, and he wrote the constitution of that body. At the request of the convention he wrote an address to the Baptists of the State, then a feeble, ignorant and disorganized body, many of whom openly antagonized the new movement; this service he performed in so masterly a paper that the reading of it thrills one to this day.

In 1833 he established the "Baptist Interpreter," a religious journal which in 1835 became the "Biblical Recorder," and of which he remained editor until his death. In 1835, and again in 1836, he was one of a committee of three appointed by the State Convention on the feasibility of establishing in Raleigh a Seminary of high grade for women. In 1838, he was chairman of the third committee on this subject, and presented an extended report strongly urging the establishment of such a school and outlining its work and policy. But the project failed because the Convention felt that with the burden of Wake Forest on them, to build and equip another college at that time would have crippled and probably have destroyed both institutions.

Strong, decided, scholarly, and fearless, he was foremost and powerful in the controversies of the period, and easily maintained the primacy among his brethren until his death in his fifty-sixth year.

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Editorial



THE little gray squirrel whisked his fluffy tail up the big old oak on the campus and was lost among the leaves, which were first becoming glorified with tales of yellow and crimson, as Autumn wrote her magic story. His eyes glistened, and the nut fell from his fore paws in his excitement. "The girls—eleven of them"—he told his eager mate—"are working in that window framed with ivy—and do you know"—he almost fell off the limb—"they are making OAK LEAVES." The bunch of oak leaves we are making grows slowly in our hands, for the tricks are new and strange. But each leaf is dipped in a thought, and touched by the mystery of loyalty and love until it means to us a thing most vital. And, fellow students, in the stories and the rhymes, in suggestions and in jokes, we have aimed to stir within you—within us all—a deeper loyalty to our Alma Mater, which in the years to come, shall thrill us as we turn these pages.



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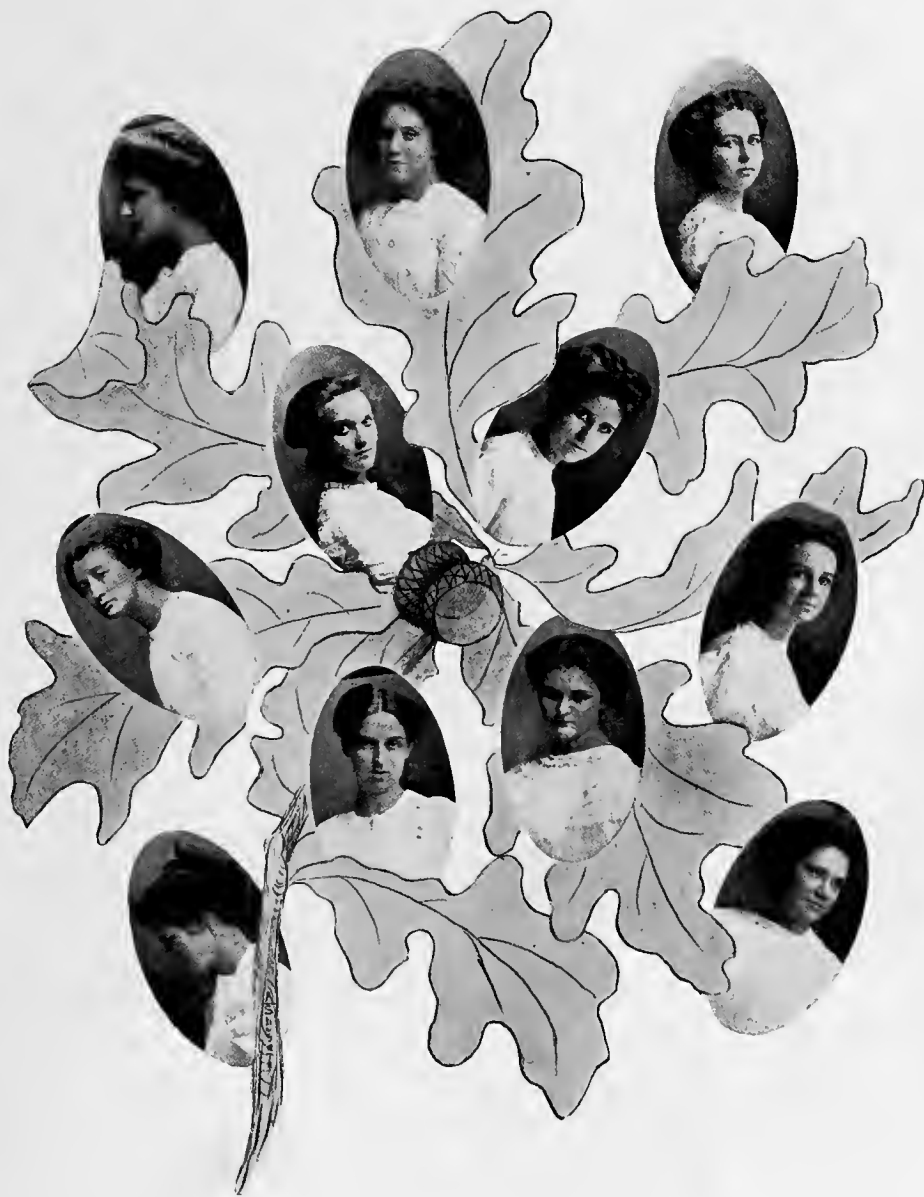
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Freshman Editors



Alma Mater



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

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

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

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

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

R. T. VANN.







Senior Class



MOTTO: *Conquer or die*

COLOR: *Old Rose*

FLOWER: *Paul Neyron Rose*

Officers

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MARY MACCULLERS.....	<i>Prophet</i>

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EMMA CARLETON	AMORETTE JENKINS
ELEANOR CHAPPELL	PEARL JORDAN
ANNIE LAURA COUNCIL	MARY MACCULLERS
GRACE COUNCIL	PEARL NANCE
MAUDE DAVIS	FLORENCE PAGE
LULIE DICKSON	KATHARINE PARKER
LILLIAN DRAUGHAN	FLORINE PRITCHETT
JENNIE FLEMING	ELLA THOMPSON
ANNIE GARDNER	ELVA WALL
MADGE GREGORY	MAUDE WALL
ELOISE GRIFFIN	JEANETTE WATSON
	RUTH WILLIAMS



DR. ELIZABETH DELIA DIXON-CARROLL
Faculty Member of the Senior Class



BLANCHE JOSEPHINE BARRUS, *Phi.*
POLLOCKSVILLE, N. C.

Your soul was pure and true,
The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire and dew.

EMMA GRACE CARLETON, *Astro.*
WARSAW, N. C.

Gentlest in mien and mind
Of gentle womankind.





ANNIE LAURA COUNCIL, *Astro*.
HIGH POINT, N. C.

A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet.

LUCINDA GRACE COUNCIL, *Astro*.
HIGH POINT, N. C.

Wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly, like a flower.





ANNIE MAUDE DAVIS, *Phi.*
WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

Her character was not complex, but most simple, as if God had told her merely to be good.

LULIE DICKSON, *Astro.*
WAKE FOREST, N. C.

So gracious was her tact and tenderness.





LILLIAN ALDERMAN DRAUGHAN, *Astro*.
DUNN, N. C.

Modest and simple and sweet.

JENNIE YANCEY FLEMING, *Astro*.
MIDDLEBURG, N. C.

A merry heart goes all the day.





MARY ANNIE GARDNER, *Astro.*
MACON, N. C.

Infinite riches in a little room.

ANNIE MARGARET GREGORY, *Phi.*
HERTFORD, N. C.

Signs of nobleness, like stars shall shine,
On all deservers.





ELOISE GRIFFIN, *Phi.*
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

LONIE HOCUTT, *Astro.*
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience.





AMORETTE HENRIETTA JENKINS, *Phi.*
AULANDER, N. C.

Ah, wasteful woman—she who may
On her sweet self set her own price.

MARGARET PEARL JORDAN, *Phi.*
LAURINBURG, N. C.

Calm, whatsoever storms may
shake the world.





MARY ELIZABETH MACCULLERS, *Astro*.
SMITHFIELD, N. C.

. . . One made up of loveliness alone.



GEORGIE PEARL NANCE, *Astro*.
MONROE, N. C.

Taught—
Never to blend our pleasure or our
pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing
that feels.



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE PAGE, *Phi.*
WILSON, N. C.

Then nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown,
This child I to myself will take,
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own."

KATHARINE PARKER, *Astro.*
RALEIGH, N. C.

Wearing the white flower of a
blameless life.





FLORINE MALONE PRITCHETT, *Astro.*
EVERGREEN, ALA.

. . . . Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues.

ELLA GRAVES THOMPSON, *Phi.*
LEASBURG, N. C.

The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill.





ELVA MARTHA WALL, *Astro.*
WALLBURG, N. C.

. . . . Those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways
of honor.



MAUDE NOVELLA WALL, *Astro.*
WALLBURG, N. C.

. . . . Wrought
All kinds of service with a noble ease
That graced the lowliest act in doing it.



JEANETTE TAZEWELL WATSON, *Astro*.
GEORGETOWN, GA.

It is a fine thing to be able to see the
purple in the shadows, little god.

LILLIAN RUTH WILLIAMS, *Astro*.
MONROE, N. C.

Thou wouldst be loved? Then let thy heart
From its present pathway part not.



Class History



"RALEIGH! next station, Raleigh!" and the porter passed on to the next coach. Raleigh at last had been reached, and the Baptist University for Women—the place of which we had so often dreamed, the place for four of the best years of our lives in good, solid work, four years of gay, record-breaking fun, times long to be remembered—we were here.

Yes, we were here, not over-confident and really not quite so cheerful in a day or two as we were when we landed. It seemed as if every member of the faculty had conspired to classify us as Preps. Seven of us managed to win their good favor, whether owing to our good looks or intelligence the historian has never been able to decide. Perhaps both—for even the Sophomores were impressed, and our organization took place without so much as a derisive smile from the aforesaid class. A feast—such a relaxation from Virgil—stands out as one of the most conspicuous events of the year. At Commencement, we received from the Senior class a rarely appropriate gift. A shoe with dolls inside—"the old woman who lived in a shoe," prophesying, as it were, the magic increase of our number, when September should come again.

Imagine what an atmosphere of learning pervaded B. U. W. the session of 1907-'08, when twenty-nine Sophomores diffused knowledge and wisdom through the College halls! *And we impressed the Freshmen.* The year was characterized by usual and unusual Sophomoric feats, dominated by a spirit of self-satisfaction even extraordinary. Our joyous achievements reached their height when we entertained our Seniors, and were ourselves royally entertained at the home of our class president in the city. It was great fun, being a Sophomore. One feels so ecstatically intellectual dealing with history foot-notes, microscopes and Latin prose. Commencement came at last, and, having blissfully borne the chain of crimson ramblers, we departed to our homes.

September again rolled around; and with its advent thirty-one Juniors were found at B. U. W. Our youthful Alma Mater viewed with pride and pleasure

the largest class in her history. Miss Meserve, our member in facultate, entertained us immediately, in sheer delight. On account of sickness, two of our number were compelled to discontinue their work, but twenty-nine managed to emerge from the vaporous ruins of a laboratory redolent with fumes of chlorine. In spite of "ups and downs," in spite of broken bottles of H_2SO_4 , in spite of horrible psychological nightmares, we survived. Nor did we forget our social duties, and one afternoon we were "at home" to the faculty and all the college classes.

Shall I mention the baffling mystery of our Juniorhood, the goal of all our hopes, the phantom pursued through many sleepless nights—nights when real phantoms walked the earth and disappeared in shadows of corners, behind curtains perhaps—that marvelous Crook, which was finally ours—at Commencement?

Now we were Seniors! Right royally our Alma Mater made ready for us. Upon our going into office in our Junior spring, gloriously she burst from her Baptist-University-for-Women chrysalis into the larger splendor of MEREDITH COLLEGE, and when her loyal class reassembled in the fall there were elegant, newly furnished parlors awaiting them, a library twice its original size, and plans rapidly advancing to beautify the corridors with famous old paintings and sculpture.

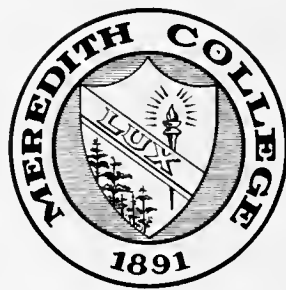
Other things, too, demanded our happy attention. Dr. Dixon-Carroll, our honorary member (for Miss Meserve had abandoned us to pursue knowledge) invited us to her home on our return. Another social event of the year was the trip to Wake Forest. At five p. m., November 15, 1909, a train of automobiles bore the Meredith Seniors away from admiring hundreds to attend a Baraca banquet at Wake Forest College. Sahara's sand could not have been worse than the dust endured on the way. Yet we arrived safely and were welcomed by huge bonfires and other typical greetings, not less enthusiastic, though rather less obvious. The evening passed all too quickly—and thereby hangs a tale—and more than one—

Possibly on St. Valentine's night, when we were entertained by our loyal Sophomores, in the midst of fluttering hearts, there may have been a fleeting thought of the last great social function. We say possibly there may have been. One never can tell about such things—and the little life-books told wonderful

tales on us all. However it may be, we shall always give the Sophomores the love and honor due to wise and charming hostesses.

And to-day we stand at the door of the future. The coming year will mark an era in our lives, for most of us for the first time must face the world which they say is selfish and cynical. Cynical and selfish it may be, but the class of 1910 is willing to face the facts—four years at Meredith have taught us that it is all magnificently worth while. Work wonders? Of course we shall. Higher hopes were never embedded in the hearts of twenty-five girls. Few of us are cross and pessimistic, many of us are good-looking and happy, and all of us, we hope, are grounded firm in our grand old motto: "Conquer or die."

And, conquering, we fully expect at last to come into our own, the unspeakable beauty of true womanhood, as each of us conceives it.



Class Poem



From out the dreams of long ago—
The dreams of praise and worldly fame,
We heard a voice—deep, sweet, and low,
Our Alma Mater called our name.

We saw, with half-awakened soul,
The path, unknown, that led to life,—
The guide-post, pointing toward the goal,
Beyond the realm of toil and strife.

“The quest is thine!”—again the voice
“But thou awhile must tarry here,
Till Truth shall every heart rejoice
And thou shalt see the vision clear.”

With faltering steps, but firm at last,
We followed,—thou did'st hold our hand—
At founts of knowledge, deep and vast
Did'st bid us drink and understand.

Through years of doubt, thy strength was sure,
Spirit of light, thy vision stood,
And bade our souls be strong and pure
For highest, holiest womanhood.

Dear Alma Mater, loved and blest,
Thy hand shall bind our armor on,
And lead us forth upon the quest—
Where aim and purpose in life are won.

Upon our hearts we wear thy sign,
With courage which shall never fail,
Lo! nineteen-ten, her hand in thine
Shall find, at last, the Holy Grail.



Junior Class



MOTTO: "Womanliness, worth and wisdom"

FLOWER: *Sweet Pea*

SYMBOL: *Three-quarter-moon*

COLORS: *Light blue and white*

Officers

BESSIE E. LANE	<i>President</i>
BEULAH COPPLE	<i>Vice-President</i>
EMILY HUNTLEY	<i>Secretary</i>
LILA KEITH	<i>Treasurer</i>
ESSIE HUNTER	<i>Poet</i>
EMMA BYRUM	<i>Historian</i>
FAY MEMORY	<i>Press Correspondent</i>
MISS MARGARET BRIGHT	}	<i>Faculty Members</i>
PROF. L. D. WATSON, JR.		

Class Roll

ALLEN, LILIAN

BENNETT, HARRIET

BOYD, EMILY

BYRUM, EMMA

CARROLL, GEORGIA

COPPLE, BEULAH

HOWARD, PEARL

IVEY, RUTH

KEITH, LILA

LANE, BESSIE

MEMORY, FAY

MIDDLETON, ADA

MIDDLETON, MINNIE

PUREFOY, LUCY

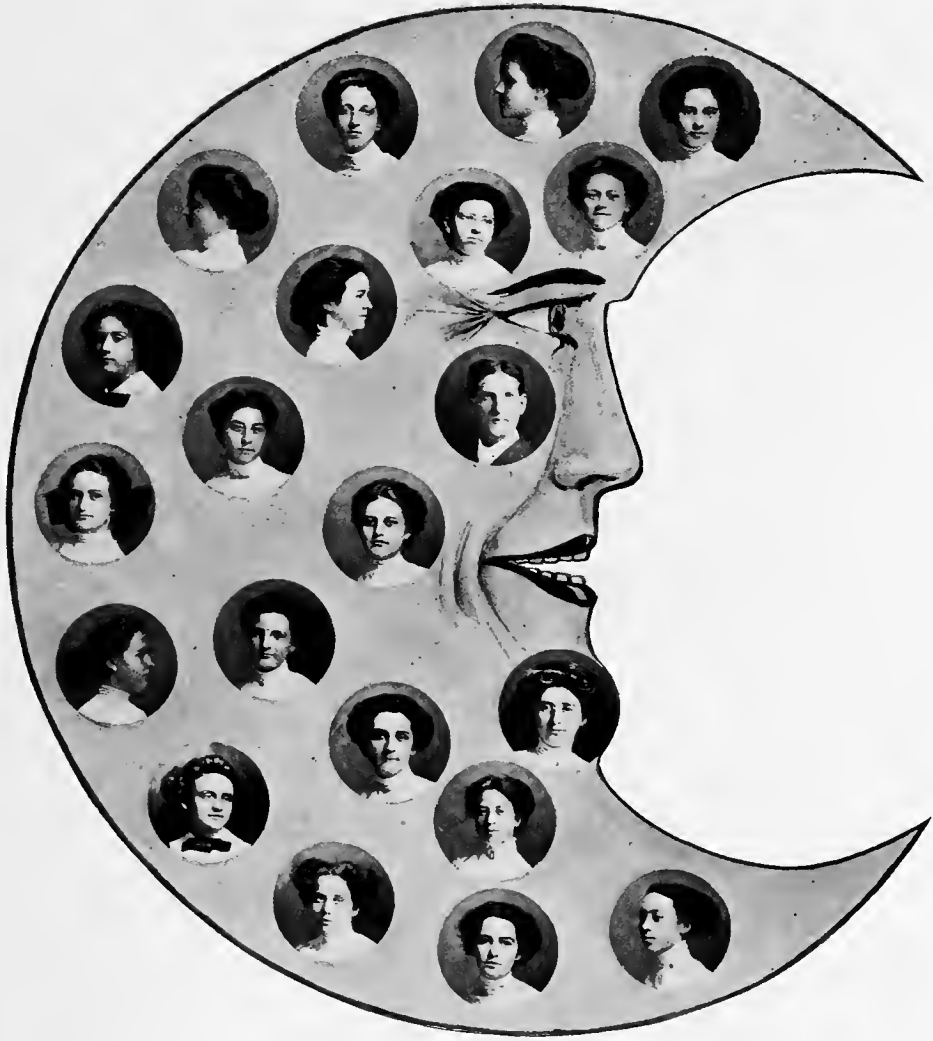
HUNTER, ESSIE

HUNTLEY, EMILY

STONE, LILA

WEATHERS, WILLA

WILLIAMS, LILLIAN



Class History



MINGLED with the sadness at seeing *our* Seniors leave last Commencement was the happy thought that we were at last Juniors. It was so hard at first to call ourselves Juniors. Repeatedly we told the "newish" that we were Sophomores, loath to drop the name which seemed to embody so much happiness.

This year has been a very happy one for our class in spite of the many trials and the hard work. At our first meeting we decided to have a social class meeting once a month, so that we might become better acquainted with each other. The first of these was a "crook party," given us by our president. After searching for and finding so many crooks there, we were inspired with fresh courage to hunt the real thing. Since then our social meetings have been a source of pleasure to every one of us.

Our younger sisters, the Freshmen, have kept us from mourning the departed Seniors, because, unlike other Freshmen, they do not depend on the Juniors for aid, but even organized before any one could disturb them and without help from us. The Mother Goose party we gave them on Valentine night was a great success. To look at the crowd assembled that night, one would, indeed, think that the real Mother Goose characters had come to life.

Our entertainment for the Seniors was enjoyed so thoroughly by all that we would like to repeat it. Their launch ride up the Neuse will never be forgotten.

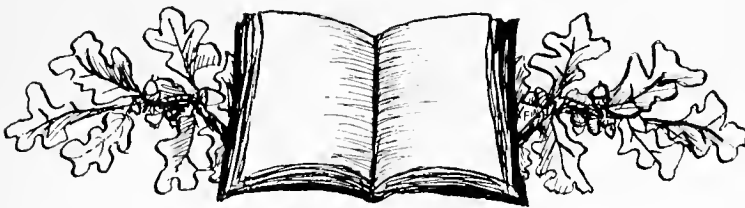
We were lucky enough to get our pins before Christmas. Such a pin too! A symbolical gold crescent, set with stones of blue.

When we learned that three from our class would not be with us this year, and one other had to leave soon after coming, we were very sad, and did not think we could ever do without them. But now, although we shall miss them and wish

for them, we have added several more to our number, which makes that loss easier to bear.

We organized our basket-ball team before Christmas and, although we could not practice so much as we should have liked to on account of the rainy weather, we have a strong team—the strongest we have ever had—and it grows stronger with each game played.

And now we are drawing near the great goal which, in our Freshman year, we looked on with awe, in our Sophomore year with hope, and in our Junior with almost certainty—Seniority.





ophomore Class



MOTTO: "After it, Follow it, Follow the Gleam"

COLORS: *Red and White*

FLOWER: *Crimson Rambler*

Officers

EUNICE L. EDMUNDSON*President*
KATE McARN WATSON.....*Vice-President*
MILDRED EDMUNDSON*Secretary and Treasurer*
FRANCES L. JOHNSON.....*Historian*
MARVEL CARTER.....*Poet*

Class Roll

MISS ELIZABETH AVERY COLTON, *Faculty Member*

ELIZABETH BASS

MARVEL CARTER

MARY COLE

LULA DITMORE

PHOEBE EATON

EUNICE EDMUNDSON

MILDRED EDMUNDSON

EDNA ERVIN

LELIA GATEWOOD

EMMA GOLDSTON

MAMIE HIGHSMITH

ALMA HOLLAND

FRANCES JOHNSON

SALLIE JONES

LIDA OLIVE

WALLACE TUCKER

MALLIE UNDERWOOD

KATE WATSON

FRANCES WEBB

VIRGINIA WILKINSON



Class History



IN THE year 1908 an event of great importance in the history of Meredith College took place; namely the entrance of the Class of 1912, as Freshmen. Perhaps we ourselves did not realize it as fully as we do now. This year everybody admits that we are the most remarkable class that has ever been to college.

In our Freshman year we broke the records of all preceding classes. We were the first class to organize in peace, and for that alone, if for nothing else, we should go down in history as a wonderful class. While we were electing our officers at that memorable meeting we could look out of the window and see Sophs strolling by unconcernedly, never suspecting what interesting proceedings were going on. Then, too, we never had a class meeting broken up by the Sophs. We were such models that they never considered it necessary to teach us how Freshmen should conduct themselves. The only time that anything of an unpleasant nature happened was on Hallowe'en, and then only because of a time-honored custom which the Sophs did not have strength of character to break.

This year, after giving the Freshies a rush at their first meeting, and preventing their organizing, we decided that we had sufficiently impressed them with the fact that the *Sophs*, not the *Freshies*, were *the* class, and decided to let them alone. So at Hallowe'en, instead of treating the Freshies as the preceding Sophomores had done, and as they were expecting, to each poor little frightened Freshman we sent a box of candy with our love.

Even as Freshmen, we were noted as marvels of brilliancy, but this year the whole school is distressed for fear that, at the rate we are going, we will complete the four-year's course in three years. Because of this, the faculty is continually urging us to take less work.

The discussion of the high stand our class has taken in college life, in social functions, athletics, the societies, and Y. W. C. A. might be entered upon at great length; but it is desirable to leave the impression that it is for our brilliancy that we are most noted, for it will be because of that, that the world will hear of us, and wonder as the college already does.

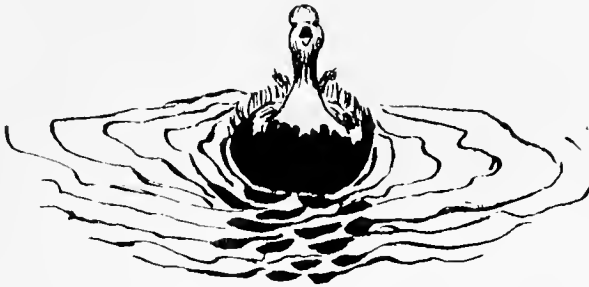
Class Poem

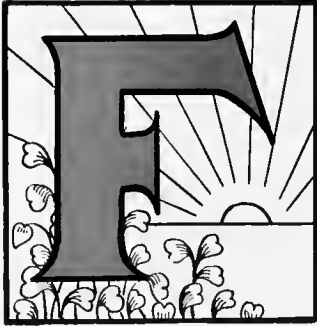


Oh! We yet can almost feel it, though our pride would fain conceal it,
All the shaking and the quaking of that dreadful Freshman year—
How we went to bed misgiving if the morn would find us living,
And each shadow and each corner took on life from out our fear.

But from this, our height of glory, do we scorn this coward-story,
The receiving and achieving of our class has been so great,
Now the tim'rous Freshmen shiver, and their infant voices quiver
As the dreads of organizing their clear memories relate.

The noblest in us to be true to, as we look forth to the future,
On, resistless, never listless, cling we to our high ideal;
Through the clouds a star a-gleaming calls us hoping, ever dreaming,
Till within the world of action hopes are sure and dreams are real.





reshman Class



COLOR: *Fern Green*

GEM: *Emerald*

FLOWER: *Maiden Hair Fern*

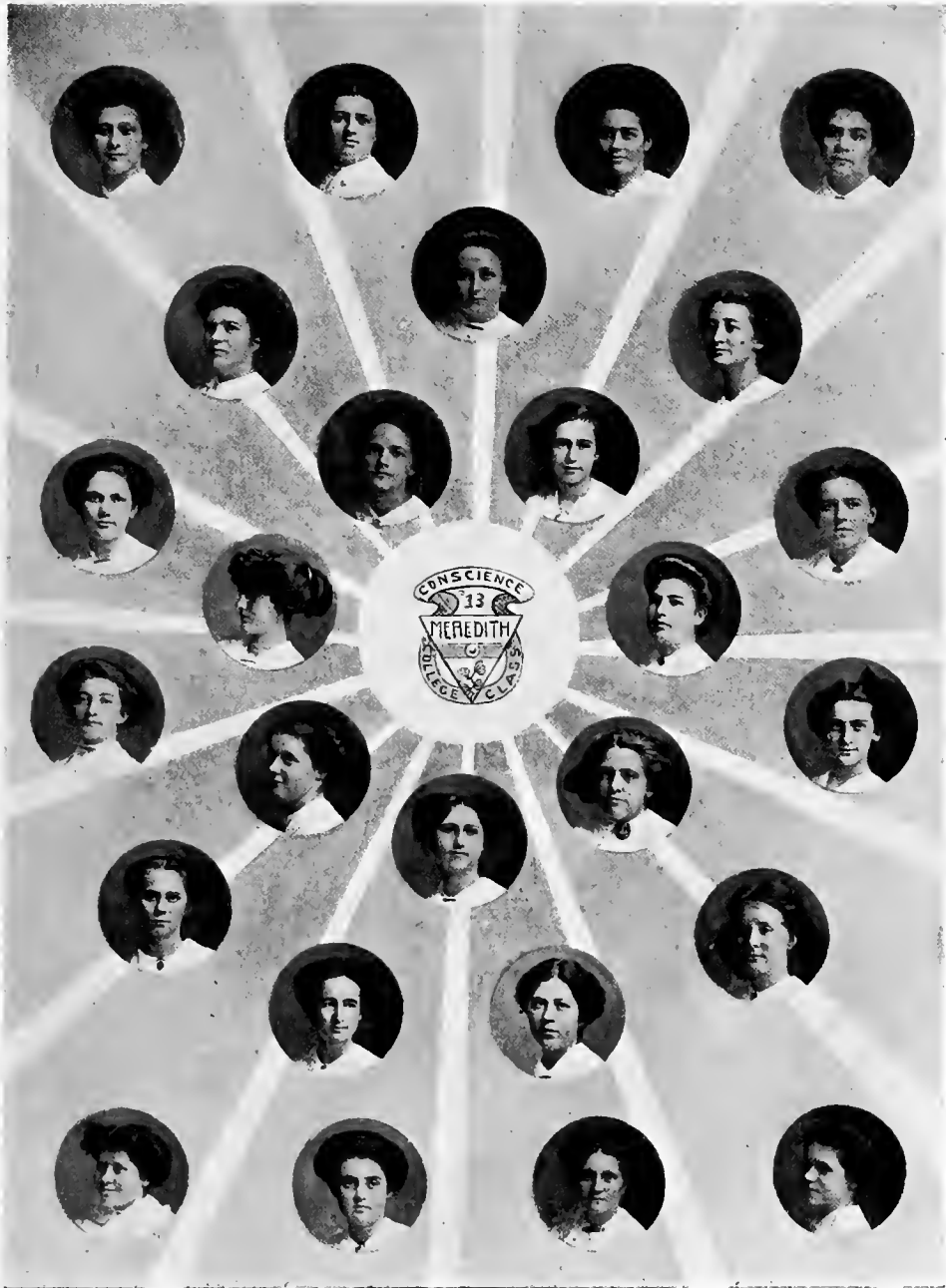
Officers

JULIETTE LOVING *President*
 OLIVE KING *Vice-President*
 KATHLEEN PETTY *Secretary*
 ANNIE HIGHSMITH *Treasurer*
 HALLIE HESTER *Historian*
 BERTHA CARROLL *Poet*

Members

MISS IDA POTEAT, *Faculty Member*

VIOLA ALDERMAN	SALLIE JOSEY
SALLIE CAMP	ANNIE FAY KEITH
BESSIE CARMON	BERNICE KELLY
BERTHA CARROLL	OLIVE KING
GLADYS DEWAR	LOTTIE LINK
MINNIE FARRIOR	JULIETTE LOVING
LUCYE GRINDSTAFF	LINDA NEWTON
HATTIE HERRING	KATHLEEN PETTY
HALLIE HESTER	BLISS PRICE
ANNIE HIGHSMITH	ETHEL SHEARIN
BEULAH HOLTON	MARY STEELE
GERTRUDE HORN	ESTHER WHITENER
LILLIE HOWARD	ETHEL WILLET





Class History



THOUGH the history of the class of '13 is short, it is certainly important; for what class ever entered the doors of our college under more favorable auspices? The very year '13 suggests so many good and lucky things, and then our class roll shows twenty-six members—twice *thirteen*. We hardly thought to have so many and such a jolly, good class, when on that never-to-be-forgotten night of the eleventh of September, we, silent and quaking, trembling in every limb, met in the gymnasium-room to organize. To show our good sense, we elected Miss Poteat for our Faculty member, and we feel that we could not have chosen better. To show our wisdom, we made Juliette president of our class. She, having been here some time, knows the workings and tricks of Sophomores.

No, we have not long been here, but we feel already within us the desire for knowledge. As we go through our course, may the class of '13, always strive for the best and highest things, and may it be marked for its modesty, earnestness and loyalty—"loyalty to college, class, conscience."

Class Poem



Our Call

The morning dawned and in its glowing light
We idly wandered where the flowers grew,
But nature, ever guiding us aright,
Spoke to our hearts in accents strange and new.

Down by the babbling brooklet straight she led
And bade us listen to its wondrous voice.
As in and out among the hills it sped
It whispered low, "In action I rejoice."

Then on and on in never ending flight,
It sang and laughed and sobbed and sang again;
Nor paused by day nor stopped to rest by night,
Nor ended e'er its sweetly murmured strain.

Forth then went we into the forest wide
Where towering trees the mighty breezes blew
To right and left nor ever turned aside
And in them heard we nature's call anew.

"The rippling brooklet bade you onward go,
With purpose fixed. I bid you then be strong;
Thus shall thy life in wider channels flow,
Thus shalt thou ever journey with a song.

"But fix thine eyes upon yon glowing star,
Thy feet upon the upward pathway place,
Then march with courage to the goal afar,
The future shows to thee her smiling face."

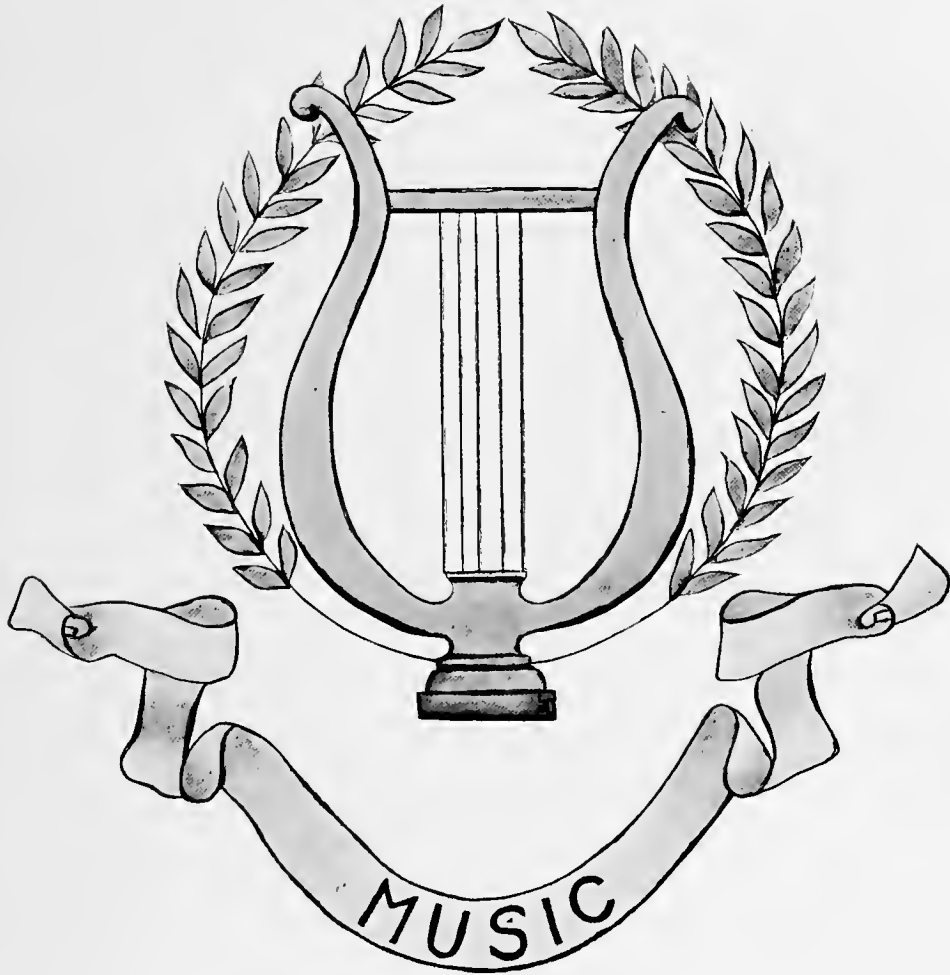


An Ideal



THE title "lady" which has sometimes been abused and often depreciated, is in its truest sense very expressive and well worth striving for. It carries with it the idea of absolute separation from everything that is coarse and rude or unbecoming in a woman, and brings to our mind the picture of all that is admirable. A lady is a woman of good sense, and we unconsciously think of her as having gentle and refined manners, taste in matters of dress and a sense of propriety concerning conduct and affairs in general. There is an indescribable grace and charm about her, and she possesses the tact which secures her against embarrassing blunders, and makes her intercourse with friends, and, when occasion demands, her approach to strangers, free and easy. And above all, she is a woman whose gentle manner has its origin, not in the study of conventional rules of society, though this may be important, but in a heart that is sympathetic and seeks in every way possible to give expression to this feeling—a heart full of Christian grace and love.

PHŒBE EATON.



Senior Class



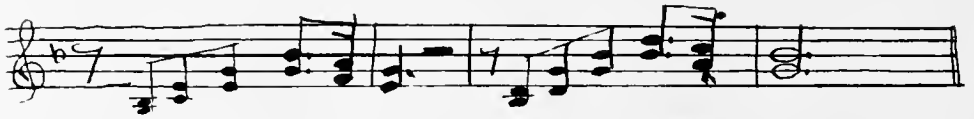
COLOR: *Yellow*

FLOWER: *Yellow Jessamine*

Officers

RENA CAMP	<i>President</i>
ADA SHEARIN	<i>Vice-President</i>
ETHEL JOHNSON	<i>Secretary</i>
MYRTLE JONES	<i>Treasurer</i>
PROF. WADE R. BROWN	<i>Faculty Member</i>

Motif of Sympathy




—From Wagner's "Die Valkyr"

A black and white portrait of a woman with dark hair styled in an updo, looking slightly to the right. She is wearing a light-colored, possibly white, garment.

RENA SAVAGE CAMP, *Astro.*
FRANKLIN, VA.

Dowered with the hate of hate, the
scorn of scorn, the love of love.

A black and white profile portrait of a woman with dark hair styled in an updo, looking to the left. She is wearing a light-colored garment.

ETHEL JOHNSON, *Phi.*
PITTSBORO, N. C.

Who never sold the truth to serve
the hour.



MYRTLE GAYNELLE JONES, *Astro*.
KENANSVILLE, N. C.

She with all the charm of woman.

ADA LOUISE SHEARIN, *Astro*.
ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.

The path to duty was the path to glory.

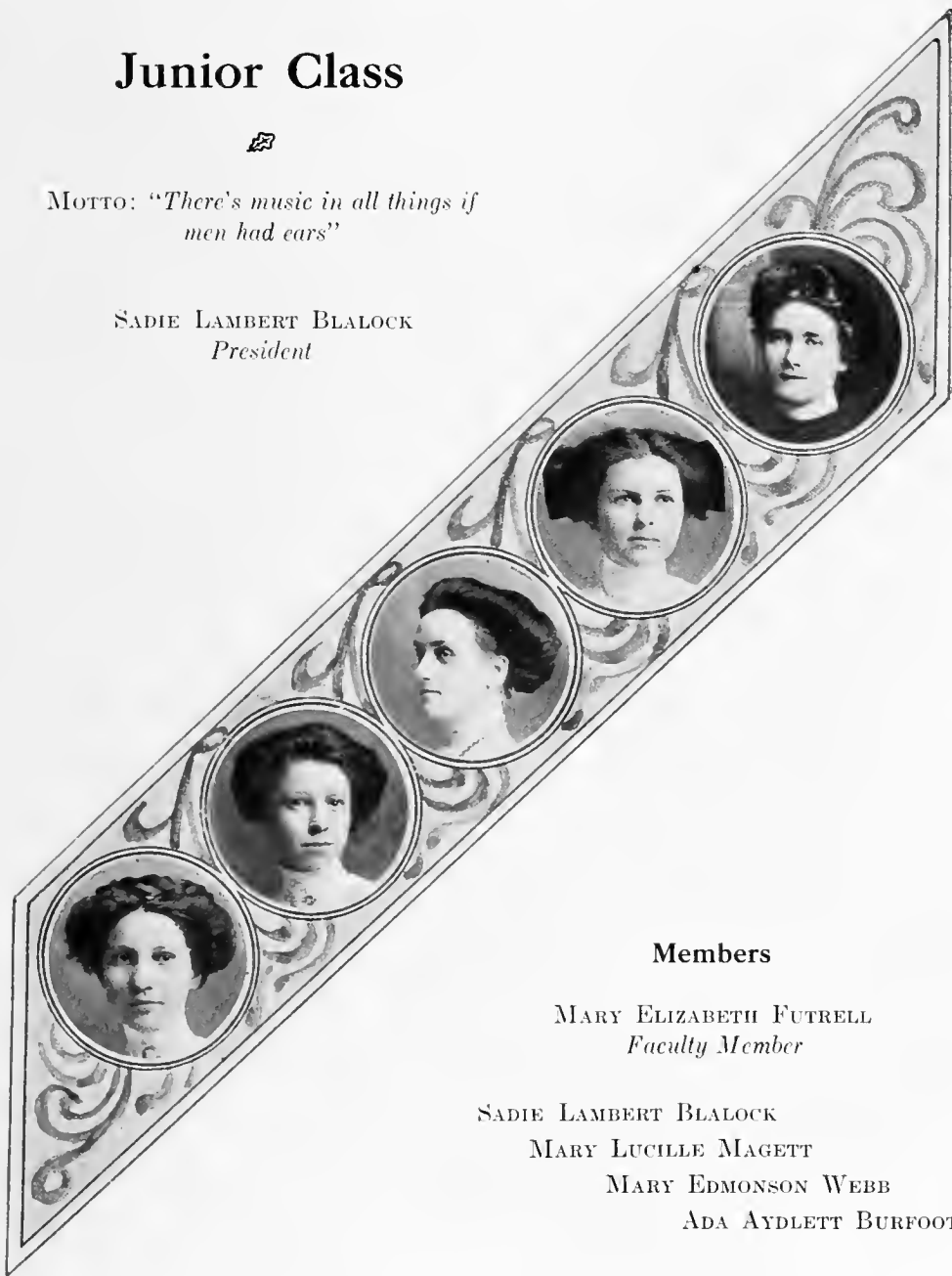


Junior Class



MOTTO: "There's music in all things if
men had ears"

SADIE LAMBERT BLALOCK
President



Members

MARY ELIZABETH FUTRELL
Faculty Member

SADIE LAMBERT BLALOCK
MARY LUCILLE MAGETT
MARY EDMONSON WEBB
ADA AYDLETT BURFOOT



Sophomore Class



Not every craft that sails from the musical harbor can bring back treasures, but it is better to sail than to remain idle in the port.

Officers

MATTIE ELMORE.....*President*
 MYRTLE ASHCRAFT.....*Vice President*
 ALLEINE MINOR.....*Secretary and Treasurer*
 MRS. W. J. FERRELL.....*Faculty Member*

Members

MATTIE ELMORE
 MYRTLE ASHCRAFT
 ALLEINE MINOR
 LOUISE CARROLL
 RUTH COOK
 VIRGINIA WILKINSON



Freshman Class



FLOWER: *Forget-me-not*

COLORS: *Blue and Yellow*

MOTTO: *Erst überlegen, dann handeln*

Officers

ROSA GOODWIN.....	<i>President</i>
MAUDE BRITT.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARY ASKEW.....	<i>Secretary</i>
LOTTIE CANNADY.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

Members

MARY ASKEW

LILLIAN BARKER

OLIVE BOONE

MAUDE BRITT

LOTTIE CANNADY

MARY ELLIOT

PEARL FLEMING

ROSA GOODWIN

LINA GOUGH

PEARL HUDSON

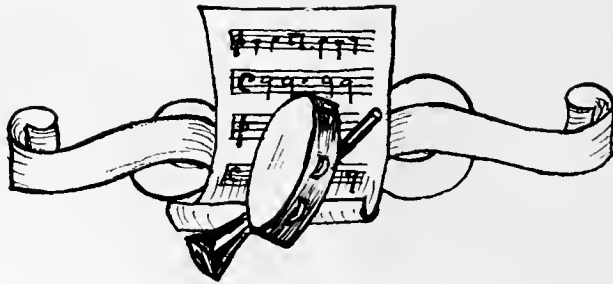
HALLIE NEAL

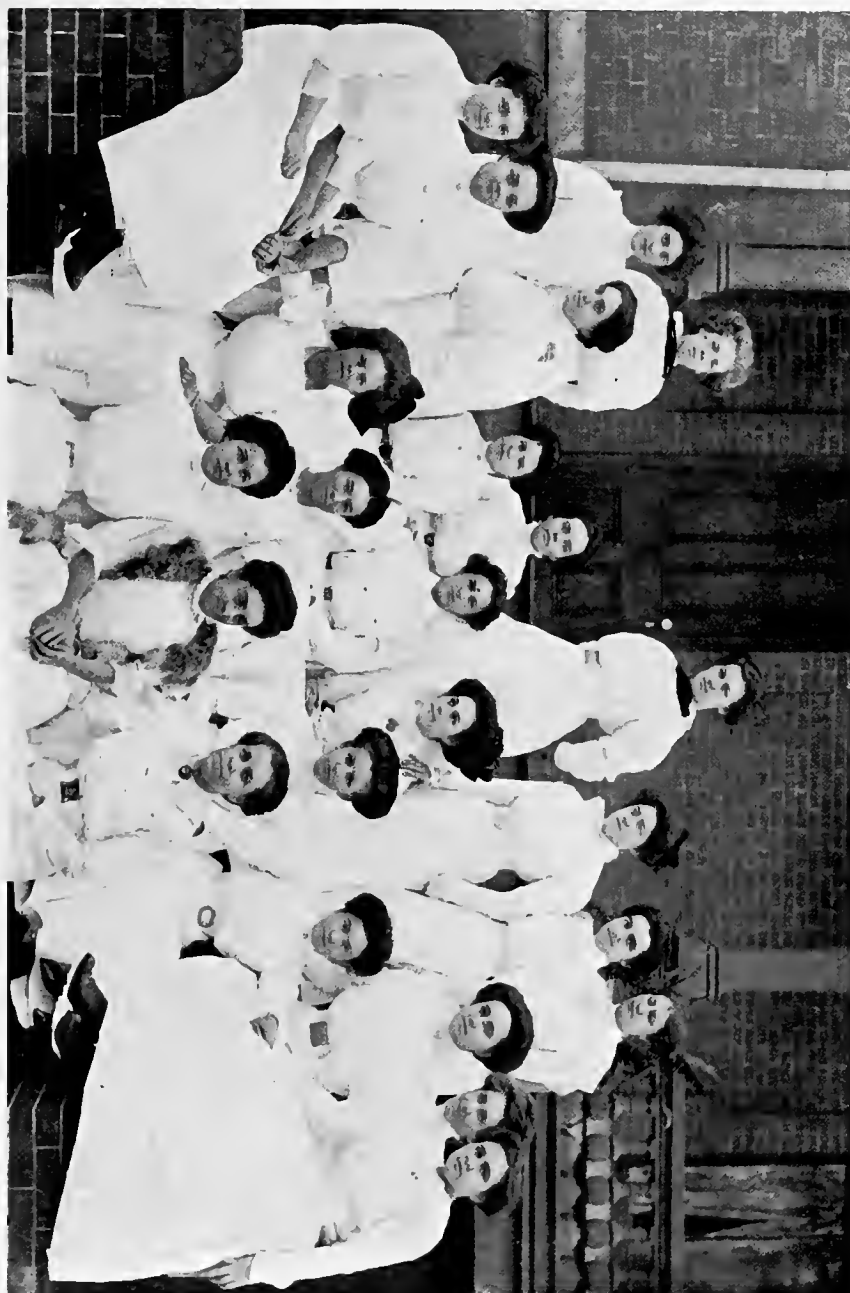
ETHEL WILLIAMS

Glee Club



HALLY HESTER
EDNA ERVIN
EDNA TYNER
ROSA GOODWIN
MAY LINCOLN
JENNIE FLEMING
RUTH COOK
LUCY GRINDSTAFF
KATHLEEN PETTY
ADA SHEARIN
LOTTIE CANADY
MINNIE HAYNES
KITTY POOL
OLIVE BOONE
RUTH WHALEY
LILLIE BARKER
MARIA SMITH
PAULINE GRIFFIN
MARGARET NORMAN
MARY ASKEW
LINA GOUGH
MATTIE UNDERWOOD
MISS HELEN DAY







Meredith College Choir



WADE R. BROWN

Organist and Choirmaster

<i>First Sopranos</i>	<i>Second Sopranos</i>	<i>First Altos</i>	<i>Second Altos</i>
ALDERMAN, VIOLA	ASKEW, MARY	CHAPPELL, ELEANOR	ASHCRAFT, MYRTLE
BENNETT, HARRIET	BARKER, LILLIE	COOK, RUTH	BRITT, MAUD
BOONE, OLIVE	BUTLER, FLOY	DAVIS, EULA	CAMP, RENA
COGGIN, FANNIE	CANNADY, LOTTIE	EDMUNSON, EUNICE	CARLTON, JANIE
COPPLE, BEULAH	CARROLL, LOUISE	FLEMING, JENNIE	DAVIS, MAUDE
GOODWIN, ROSA	DANIEL, EVA	FUTRELL, LOUISE	DITMORE, LULA
GRIFFIN, PAULINE	GWYNN, BESSIE	HOCUTT, LONIE	EDWARDS, DORCAS
HAYNES, MINNIE	HENRY, BRIGHT	MINOR, ALLEINE	LINCOLN, MAY
JONES, MYRTLE	JOHNSON, ETHEL	PICKETT, BLANCHE	MAGETT, LUCILE
KEITH, ANNIE FAY	McCULLERS, MARY	STRINGFIELD, BERNICE	ROSSER, DAISY
LOVILL, ELIZABETH	MEMORY, FAY	TILLERY, PAULINE	SHEARIN, ADA
POOLE, KITTIE	TYNER, EDNA	WILLIAMS, RUTH	WILLIAMS, ETHEL
SMITH, MARIA	UNDERWOOD, MALLIE		
YELVINGTON, JESSAMINE	WEBB, MARY		



Dramatic Club



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

Officers

SADIE LAMBERT BLALOCK.....*President*
FRANCES BLOUNT RENFROW.....*Vice-President*
EDNA PREVATT.....*Secretary-Treasurer*
ANNIE THOMPSON.....*Dramatic Critic*

Members

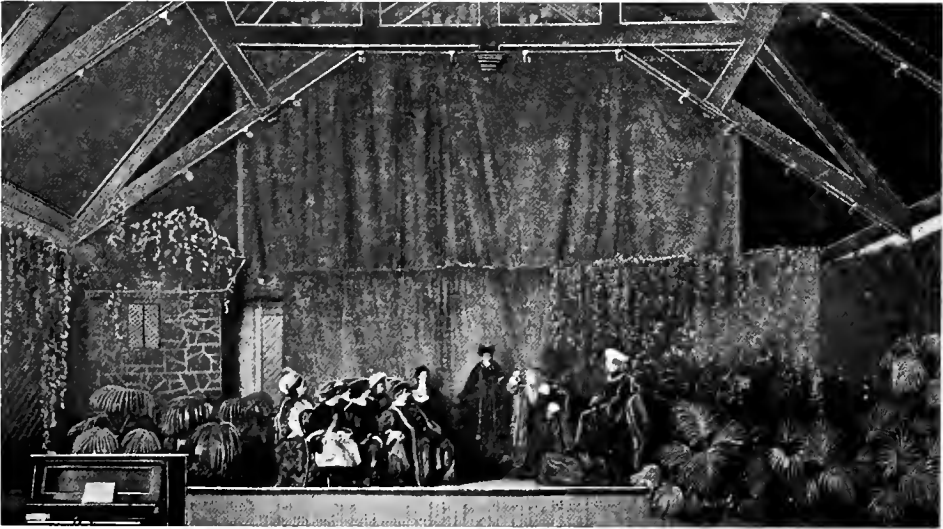
ELSIE BARKER	EDNA PREVATT
SADIE LAMBERT BLALOCK	BLISS PRICE
FLOY BUTLER	MARGARET PITMAN
MARGARET CARTER	ANNIE THOMPSON
JENNIE FLEMING	CLYDE WILLIAMS
IONE FULLER	JESSIE WOODALL
SADIE HARWOOD	FRANCES RENFROW
ELIZABETH LOVILL	MAUDE WALL
VIOLA PINNER	ELVA WALL
DOVIE PREVATT	RUTH WILLIAMS

Plays Presented

IN 1906—*As You Like It*
IN 1907—*Twelfth Night*
IN 1908—*A Winter's Tale*
IN 1909—*The Merchant of Venice*
IN 1910—*Hamlet*



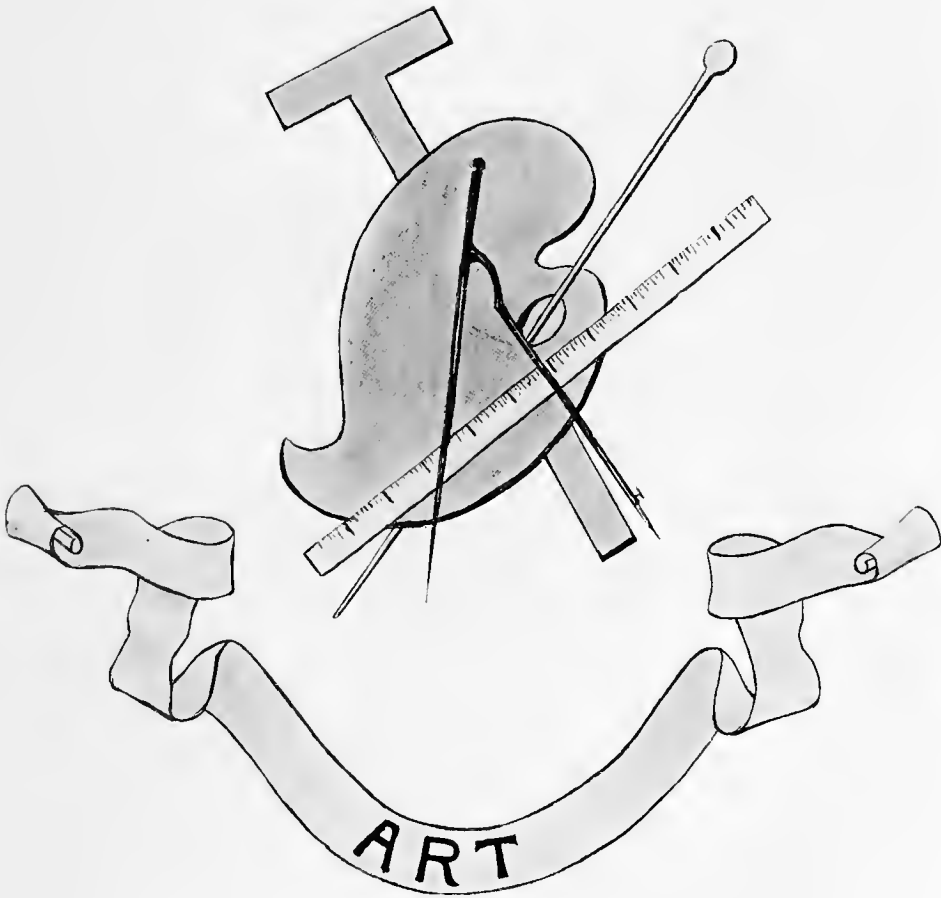
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE—ACT II, SCENE VI



THE MERCHANT OF VENICE—ACT IV, SCENE I



SCENES FROM TWELFTH NIGHT





LILA MAY KEITH, *Astro.*
WILMINGTON, N. C.

For if she will, she will, you may
depend on 't;
And if she won't, she won't,
so here's an end on 't.



CLARA LOUISE LAWRENCE, *Phi.*
APEX, N. C.

Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel.



Sophomore Class



ALICE SHUGART

FANNIE WEBB

OLIVE KING



K. K. K.



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

Bosses

I. ISABELLE P. "*Man with the Red Tie*"
K. LOUISE F. "*Craftsman*"

Members

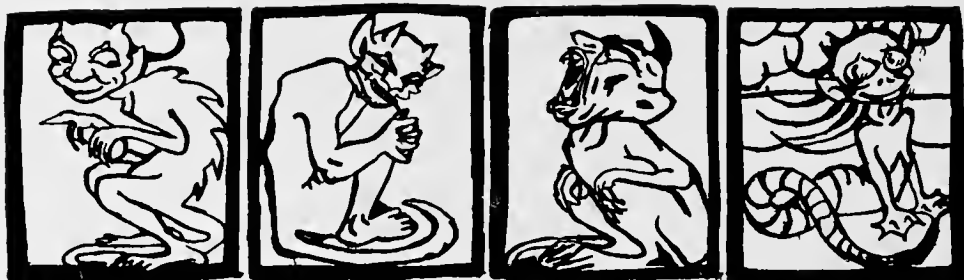
L. MAY K. *Art Editor*
C. LOUISE L. "*The Little Teacher*"
S. CLARK J. "*Post-Grad.*"
MARY A. G. *Business M.*
FAY M. *Seer*
ALICE S. *Mountain Laurel*
ANNA E. R. *Visitor from Mars*
EMMA B. *Optimist*
E. LUCINDA S. "*Maid of the Halo*"

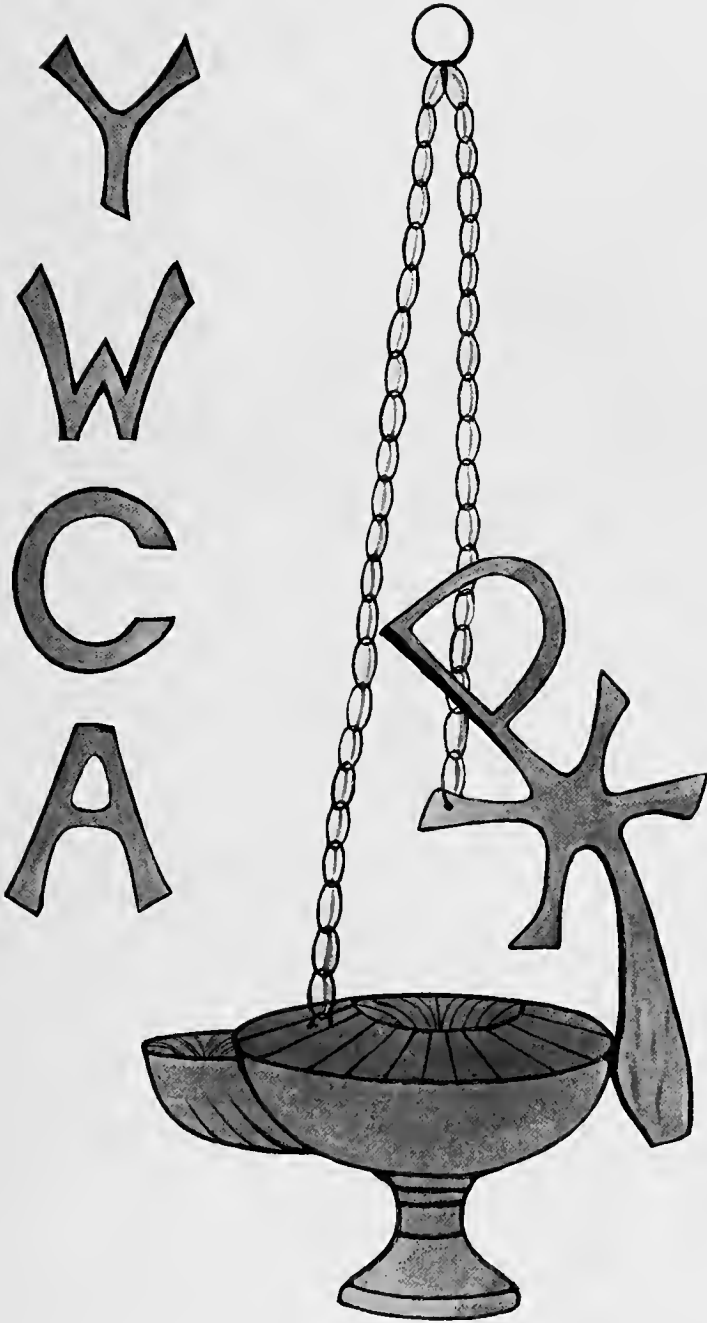
Kalendar

SEPTEMBER—"The Trend of American Art"
OCTOBER—"The Hudson-Fulton Pictures"
NOVEMBER—"The New Art of Japan"
DECEMBER—"The Girl of Antium"
JANUARY—"Japanese Prototype of Rodin's Balzac"
FEBRUARY—"Additions to Metropolitan Museum"
MARCH—"The Art Exhibits"
APRIL—"The Art Students' Inn, New York"
MAY—Social Meeting

Konsolation

"*Konsistency is the hobgoblin of little minds*"





Y. W. C. A.



Officers

BLANCHE BARRUS	<i>President</i>
FLORINE PRITCHETT	<i>Vice-President</i>
ADA MIDDLETON	<i>Secretary</i>
MAUDE DAVIS	<i>Treasurer</i>



THE year 1909-10 stands unique in the history of the Association, as a year of unparalleled opportunity, and of vision.

At the beginning of the Associational year, we had the pleasure of entertaining in our college, one of the three Student Councils of the Virginia-Carolina territory. At this meeting, we had with us a number of our traveling secretaries, and delegates from ten of our sister colleges. The spirit and influence of the Council, together with that of the Richmond

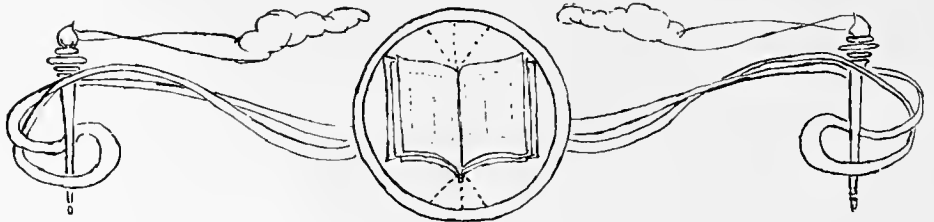
Conference, in November, and the excellent work of our Intercollegiate Committee, has met a long felt need of our Association to come into closer touch with the work of our Territorial Committee, and with that of the other colleges.

Among the most marked advances in the year's work has been the growth of a broader and deeper missionary interest. This spirit has been shown in the workings of the missionary committee, in an increase of missionary giving, and in the growth of the Student Volunteer Band. We counted it an especial privilege to send three delegates to the World's Student Volunteer Convention at Rochester during the Christmas Holidays. We believe that the influence and inspiration of this great meeting will continue to grow, until many from our own number shall witness for Him among all the nations of the earth.

As we count over the blessings of the year, we feel that the greatest has been the work which we have not seen but which, we trust, will bring forth a fuller harvest in the years to come. The work of the different committees has been done faithfully and well, and their labor has been rewarded by a deepening spirit of loyalty among the students, and a ready response to service.

And now, at the close, we stand together and look back over this year of splendid opportunity. There have been mistakes too, and failures, but we rejoice that it has been given to us, to do even a small part for the upbuilding of His kingdom,—and as we stand upon the mount of vision and look forward to the greater things to come, we stand not in our own strength, but in the strength of our Leader, as we keep always before us our motto: "*Not by might nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.*"

B. J. B.





Alma Mater! Greet thy foster child,
One who long without thy walls has stood.
Years ago she left thee brave and good,
And labored long, and thou upon her smiled.
She traveled far in countries wide and wild,
And sought to do the best that mortal could.
Privations, pains, and trials all withstood,
But always to her hardships reconciled,
She stands afar a shining light for thee.
In a land of ancient darkness and of need
She toils, her face alight, her soul aglow
With a message from her country o'er the sea:—
A foster daughter worthy of thy need,
O Alma Mater, now thy praise bestow.

H. H. '13



MISS SOPHIE LANNEAU, '02
Missionary to China



Students' Association



Officers

LONIE HOCUTT.....	<i>President</i>
ADA MIDDLETON	<i>Vice-President</i>
LILIAN ALLEN	<i>Secretary</i>
BERNICE STRINGFIELD.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

Executive Committee

LILIAN ALLEN
 MAUDE DAVIS
 LONIE HOCUTT
 CLARA LAWRENCE
 ADA MIDDLETON
 MINNIE MIDDLETON
 FLORENCE PAGE
 BERNICE STRINGFIELD
 EDNA TYNER
 RUTH WILLIAMS

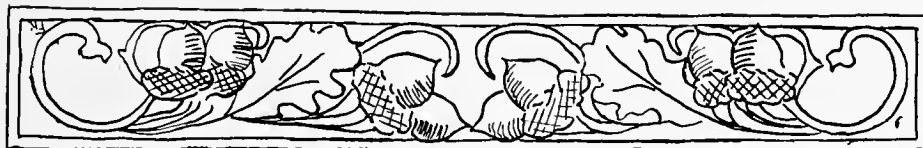
Students' Association



THE year of 1909-10 has brought with it an almost complete revolution of methods in the Students Association. Even the system of becoming members has changed, for each student who registers as a resident of the college is immediately given a place in the Association. This, of course, makes it the broadest organization in the institution in numbers, and we believe the time is soon coming when it will be equally as broad in other ways. Moreover, the old plan of holding each pupil responsible for the other has given place to a thorough organization of each house, in which there is a house president and as many proctors as are needed. In this way the responsibilities are shared by such a large number that the burdens do not rest so heavily on one girl. The house-presidents, the officers of the Association and a representative member from each house constitute an executive committee, which, with the assistance of a faculty advisory committee, largely has the government of the college in its hands.

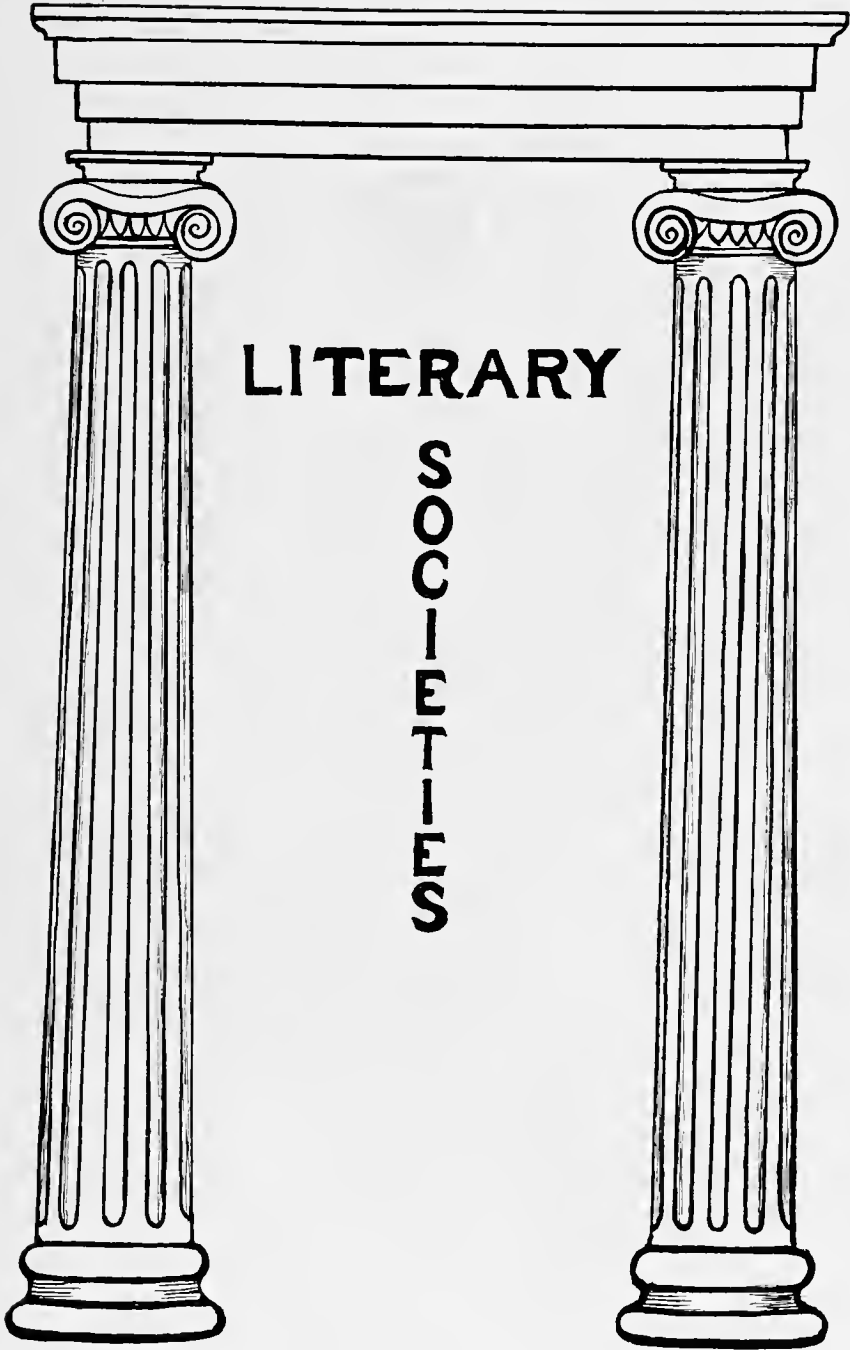
There have been mistakes, of course, in this year of change, but no one expected that a system so entirely new could be established without some errors. And, after all, we feel that the girls as a whole have looked on the plans in a serious way, and have really tried to prove themselves worthy of being called a self-governing body which stands for the development of well-rounded, moral students.

The coming year promises far more than the past, a rapid advance in that broad-minded attitude of respect which our Association needs and deserves. Girls, we must throw ourselves into this work with whole-hearted enthusiasm and a determination to do something for its upbuilding. Never before in the history of our college has there been so good an opportunity to show yourself a woman in the best sense of the word. Let us, every one, put our shoulders to the wheel, and with steady pushing, not jerks, send it to the very top of the hill for 1910-11.



*“Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,—
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.”*

—TENNYSON.



LITERARY

SOCIETIES



Astrotekton Literary Society



MOTTO: "*Too low he builds who builds beneath the stars*"

COLORS: *Gold and white*

FLOWER: *Narcissus*

Officers

LULIE DICKSON *President*
RENA CAMP *Vice-President*
LILIAN ALLEN *Secretary*
ESSIE HUNTER *Treasurer*
JULIETTE LOVING *Corresponding Secretary*



DICKSON



CAMP



HUNTER



ALLEN



Philaretian Literary Society



MOTTO: *"Plain living and high thinking"*

COLORS: *Violet and White*

FLOWER: *Violet*

Officers

MAUDE DAVIS.....*President*
ELLA THOMPSON.....*Vice-President*
BERNICE STRINGFIELD.....*Secretary*
CLARA LAWRENCE.....*Treasurer*



DAVIS



THOMPSON



STRINGFIELD



LAWRENCE

Sorosis



Officers

MISS PHELPS.....	<i>Supervisor</i>
FLORINE PRITCHETT.....	<i>Chairman</i>
ANNIE LAURA COUNCIL.....	<i>Vice-Chairman</i>
BESSIE LANE.....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

Members

LILIAN ALLEN	BESSIE LANE
EMILY BOYD	ELIZABETH LOVILL
BLANCHIE BARRUS	FAY MEMORY
ELEANOR CHAPPELL	ADA MIDDLETON
GRACE COUNCIL	MINNIE MIDDLETON
ANNIE LAURA COUNCIL	PEARL NANCE
MAUDE DAVIS	FLORENCE PAGE
LULIE DICKSON	FLORINE PRITCHETT
LILLIAN DRAUGHAN	LILA STONE
JENNIE FLEMING	ELLA THOMPSON
ANNIE GARDNER	ELVA WALL
MADGE GREGORY	MAUDE WALL
ELOISE GRIFFIN	JEANNETTE WATSON
LONIE HOCUTT	WILLA WEATHERS
PEARL HOWARD	RUTH WILLIAMS

The purpose of the Sorosis is to give training in independent investigation in platform deportment, and in parliamentary rules. The membership is restricted to thirty girls, who must be eligible to one of the college classes.

The work during the past year has been of unusual breadth and culture. Some of the subjects studied were: the Development of the Study of History, the Drama, and the Universities of Great Britain. The first meeting in each month was devoted to a discussion of vital topics of to-day. During the year the Sorosis has been addressed several times by members of the faculty, whose discussions of the subjects studied have added greatly to the interest of the work.

That the students realize the worth of this training is proved by the fact that every vacancy has been filled throughout the year and a number of applicants are waiting for admission.





ACORN STAFF



Savage, Astro., Chief



Griffin, Phi., Chief



Keith, Astro.



Tucker, Phi.



Haynes, Phi.



Tillery, Astro.



Jones, Astro.

COMMENCEMENT MARSHALS



From the Studio Window



FROM the fourth floor studio window, one looked out over the "City of Oaks." The miniature houses beneath, and the clustering tops of trees made one feel especially elevated, and, after a fashion, *high-minded*.

Looking down, it seemed that the city had gone into the country and brought back with it the autumn woods, and was holding the billowing, color-splotched trees in its arms. There, amid the grime and dust, the dashes and tones of red, yellow and dusty orange pulsed with the passionate beauty of the fall and banked thickly about the time-grayed dome of the capitol. Above, a sky of cool blue looked down unconcerned and dispassionate in its height. A fluffy white cloud moved in calmness by, and the trees in brilliance and warmth clustered about the quaint, ruddy steeple of the church, and about the bald-faced dome, that showed a glint of gray and a haze of lavender.

F. M. '11.



**RAH
RAH
RAH**



Athletic Association



Officers

MAUDE DAVIS.....*President*
BERNICE STRINGFIELD.....*Vice-President*
MARVEL CARTER.....*Secretary*
JULIETTE LOVING.....*Treasurer*



Senior Basket-ball Team



JEANETTE WATSON.....	<i>Captain</i>
LULIE DICKSON.....	<i>Right Forward</i>
KATHERINE PARKER.....	<i>Left Forward</i>
ELOISE GRIFFIN.....	<i>Center</i>
JEANETTE WATSON.....	<i>Right Guard</i>
MAUDE DAVIS.....	<i>Left Guard</i>
ANNIE GARDNER.....	<i>Substitute</i>
MAUDE WALL.....	<i>Substitute</i>



Junior Basket-ball Team



LILA STONE	<i>Captain</i>
WILLA WEATHERS	<i>Forward</i>
BEULAH COPPLE	<i>Forward</i>
EMILY HUNTLEY	<i>Center</i>
LILA STONE	<i>Guard</i>
FAY MEMORY	<i>Guard</i>
PEARL HOWARD	<i>Substitute</i>
EMILY BOYD	<i>Substitute</i>



Sophomore Basket-ball Team



KATE WATSON.....*Captain*
 FANNIE WEBB*Center*
 EUNICE EDMUNDSON.....*Right Forward*
 KATE WATSON.....*Left Forward*
 LIDA OLIVE*Right Guard*
 MILDRED EDMUNDSON*Left Guard*
 EDNA ERVIN*Substitute*
 MALLIE UNDERWOOD.....*Substitute*



Freshman Basket-ball Team



ETHEL SHEARIN.....	<i>Captain</i>
ETHEL SHEARIN.....	<i>Center</i>
SALLIE JOSEY.....	<i>Forward</i>
ETHEL WILLET.....	<i>Forward</i>
KATHLEEN PETTY.....	<i>Guard</i>
HATTIE HERRING.....	<i>Guard</i>
HALLIE HESTER } .. <i>Substitutes</i> .. {	BERNICE KELLY
ANNIE FAYE KEITH }	ANNIE HIGHSMITH

Yell

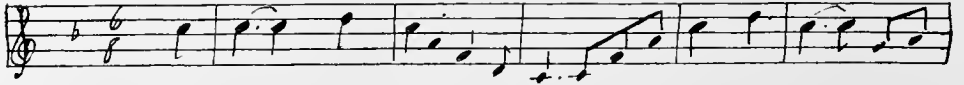
Rah, rah, rah!
 Rah, rah, rah!
 Hear us, hear us, what we are!
 We are only what we seem,
 Freshman, Freshman, Freshman team.



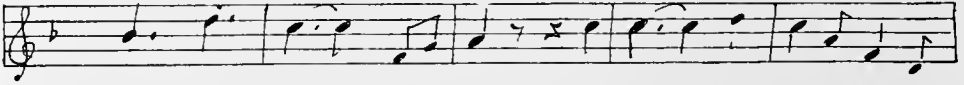
TENNIS CLUB

M. C.!

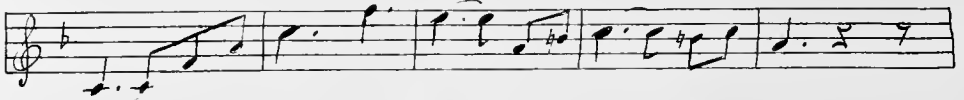
[TUNE—Naney Lee.]



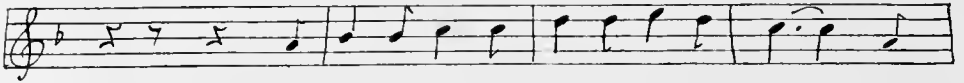
-Of all the schools in all this land of the free, La la la la.



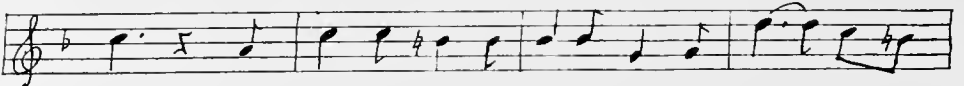
la! La la la la la! Our own M. C is the



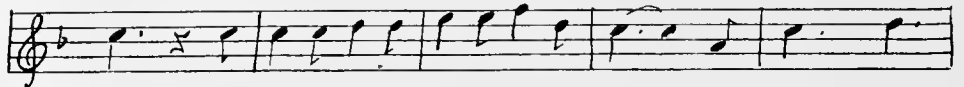
school for me, M. C! M. C! M. C!



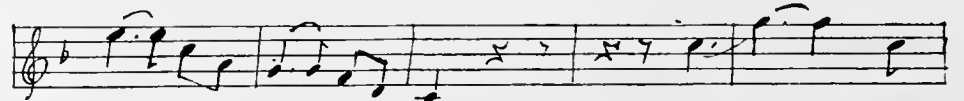
And here we pledge de - vo - tion where-so - e'er we



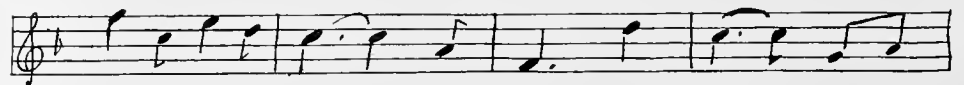
rove, Ma - roon's the ban - ner floating loy - al hearts a



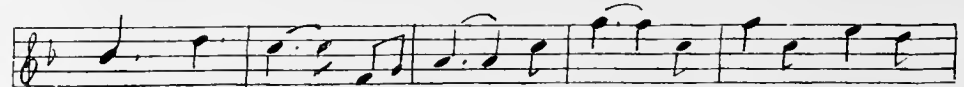
bove, O Mer - e - dith's the college we will al - ways love, M.



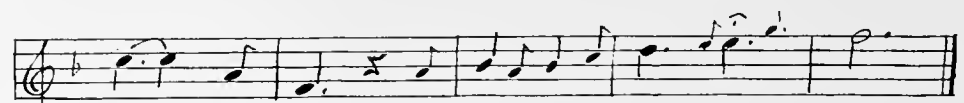
C! M. C! M. C! O Mer - e



dith, it is the school for me, M C! M.



C! M. C! M. C! O Mer - e - dith, it is the



school for me, O merry, merry, mer - ry - dith!

The Redemption of the Phoenix



ELSIE WRIGHT sat in a thoughtful attitude in her favorite window seat, looking fixedly out at the beloved view, a part of her daily portion for the past three and a half years. She gazed and gazed, as if the scene without could help to solve her problem. She was puzzled, perplexed, "worried to death," in school-girl phrase, about the college monthly, of which she was chief editor, and for which naturally, she was chiefly responsible. The magazine, the product of the literary society of the college, the *Literati*, had fallen into disgrace and disrepute with the "powers that were," and was threatened with being put out of existence. The reason given was its failure to meet certain literary requirements, and also its lack of success as a financial enterprise. Hence the concern of the chief editor. She was passionately devoted to that magazine, her college career would be a failure if it should be discontinued in the middle of her Senior year—and the *Literati*—The door opened, and her roommate, Miriam Haywood, entered the room. One glance revealed the state of Elsie's mind. "Elsie, my dear child, do stop all that worrying. If they *will* take *The Phoenix* away from us, why they will, I suppose, and you and I can't help it. You have no right to take all the blame to yourself. You've done *your* best; every girl in school will testify to that. Then I feel, and have felt all the year that it isn't right for one girl to bear all the burden while practically all the others are indifferent. We don't work much—we aren't literary, even if we do call ourselves *Literati*. Most of us don't deserve a college magazine. For my part, I stop short with the business affairs—literary productions aren't in my line."

"But you don't know what the magazine has meant to me through all these years. I was a Freshman when it was begun—how proud we were of it!—and how the lower classes felt their responsibility then! I wish they did now. We didn't get it without a struggle, I can tell you. The upper classmen pleaded, worked and planned, made friends of the business men to secure support, then represented their plans to the Faculty, who at last decided to let us try it. There was general rejoicing that evening when we were informed that we might go to work. Even we Freshmen felt it keenly and pledged our very best effort to it so long as we should be connected with the college."

"Then the meeting of the *Literati*! How we cheered when our president arose and spoke of the charge that was committed to us—and the privilege granted us! The question of a name for it came up next. Every one put on her thinking cap and went to work, for it was to be a great honor to suggest the winning name. The next meeting was a very enthusiastic one—you know that the new magazine was christened *The Phoenix*."

"Yes; and the *Literati* are going to have another enthusiastic meeting and ask if they can't christen *The Phoenix* anew—and, Elsie,"—Miriam was anxious to divert her friend's mind from the subject—"what do you think about dropping the names of those girls? You know they never have done the society any good, they always manage to get out of everything. Lora Jackson isn't a bit literary and never has done any work on the magazine since I've been here. Her uncle had to promise her a handsome sum when she finished to induce her to come at all."

"Oh! I remember that it was the very night that we named *The Phoenix* that Lora was voted in. Several were against her, for she had not proved herself studious, but I—I roomed with Lora that first semester—I worked for her, for I felt sure that she was a more earnest girl than she was generally thought to be. And she *has* helped me a lot—done the dry-as-dust part every time I would let her. But it's true—I don't believe that either she or Ethel are doing what they ought for the society—no more are any of us, it seems. Isn't it a shame that a college with a Society of *Literati* can't keep up a college monthly? But it *has* been an unfortunate year, Miriam, every one knows that. With Wilma, our best girl, kept at home, and Gertrude, who certainly was next, sick with fever, they might not expect so much just this year. Then as for the financial part—"

"That is my fault. It can rest with no one else. I have been afraid that I couldn't run the business affairs of *The Phoenix* ever since I began, but you all just would make me try. Still—"

"Miriam," in a tone of reproach, "you know that you've done just as well by *The Phoenix* as any girl in school could have possibly done. The town people, we all know, were alienated from the school on account of scarlet fever in the fall, and so the ads. have suffered some. If people won't advertise, they won't, so there's an end, I suppose. Perhaps if you'd make a jingle, Miriam, to the effect that

'He who will not advertise'—

"Elsie Wright! You know that you're renowned for your lack of ability to administer to your own estate, so please don't suggest impracticable things."

"I wish I could suggest a practicable plan, but it seems that it's very hard, almost impossible, in fact, to devise any means of getting out of the financial trouble. As for the literary part, some one might have a ray of genius dawn upon her. I'll tell you, Miriam, I believe the *Literati*, if we're to run a 'paper,' need more members of your type—rather businesslike girls. You know they say literary talents and the more practical qualities seldom find lodging in one small head, so perhaps we'd better change our name and admit people of different talents. They might inaugurate a new era for our precious magazine. My! there's the dinner bell. Come, let's go down."

The members of the *Literati* looked weary and perplexed as they gathered for the important meeting that was to decide the fate of *The Phoenix*. Must it go? Could they not possibly devise some plan to raise enough money to save it? Surely, if the salvation could be effected, the girls would rally to the support of the literary part. The meeting, it was expected, would be long and tiresome, so

they took up the less important items first. Among other things, there came up the matter of the two girls who, it was felt, did not deserve the name of the society, and their names were dropped.

"The Secretary will inform these young ladies, Misses Lora Jackson and Ethel Simpson, of the step taken by the society. We have now to consider the matter of our college magazine." The president spoke rather hopelessly; the society felt almost hopeless, too. Many plans were proposed; long discussions followed, but nothing was resolved upon as feasible. Finally, just as they were about to adjourn, having reached the conclusion that nothing could be done, there came a tap at the door, and President Harrington walked in with the glad tidings that *The Phoenix* had been saved; some friend, who insisted on remaining unknown, had sent a check for five hundred dollars! The President concluded by congratulating the society, and urging them, since some one else had been the means of the financial redemption, that they should assume a most sacred responsibility for its keeping up to the literary standard set by the Faculty. The enthusiastic girls very heartily promised to do their best, at whatever cost, to keep up and improve *The Phoenix*.

Elsie Wright, more than all others, was relieved and rejoiced. Girls flocked to her room until bed-time to congratulate her and themselves on their unexpected good fortune. There was a spirit of joyous hilarity all over the dormitories; but Elsie's room was the center. It was not until a late hour that she and Miriam found themselves at liberty to retire. Then Elsie thought of her bracelet.

"Oh! Miriam!" she exclaimed, "my bracelet is gone. Where could I have left it? Where have I been to-day? I don't remember having it this afternoon at all. Maybe I left it in the parlor this morning when Aunt Jessie was here."

Elsie ran away to the parlor, soon returning with the bracelet and, besides, a folded paper.

"Oh, you did find it. I'm so glad!" said Miriam. "What's that?"

"A check of Lora Jackson's that I found on the floor. How do you suppose it came to be in the parlor?"

"Why, Mr. Harrington came to see her this evening. Didn't you know about her not being at the meeting? The officers were so relieved. It seems that Mr. Harrington is a frequent visitor."

"Truly, I must take this to her; she may be looking everywhere for it."

Elsie was greeted with a cheer at Lora's room, for the girls had been searching all around for the lost check.

"This is my twentieth birthday, you know, and this is the check that Uncle has promised me for so long. I was so worried about losing it. It's for a diamond ring, Elsie. But where did you find it?"

"By the parlor table, when I went to find my bracelet. So you have been in the parlor entertaining the honorable nephew of the President. Pleasant birthday call, I see."

"She won't tell us a thing about his present, Elsie, isn't she naughty? *It* must be a ring, too," said one of the girls.

"We'll have to believe it if she won't tell. Well, I must go to bed. How late it is! Good night."

The editors of *The Phœnix* were busily working on their last number. The girls had come bravely to the rescue, and the magazine had been especially good since its "redemption" as Elsie and Miriam fondly called it. They had exercised their girlish brains not a little about the unknown benefactor, "or 'tress" Miriam would add; "for we want to be fair, you know." They did not find out, but they rejoiced a great deal just the same—especially Elsie.

"The unknown benefactor, or 'tress,'" she added quickly, "will never know how much she added to the happiness of my Senior year. Really, Miriam, I feel as if I shouldn't have wanted my diploma if *The Phœnix* had had to go. I know you are devoted to it, but nobody knows how much of my college life has been bound up with that magazine. I simply love it. And this is the last number—we must make it so good."

Miriam left the room, but Elsie's mind was still on the monthly. "I wish I could find out who gave that money. Who could it have been?" Elsie went to work, brain and pencil, and was busily engaged when Miriam returned to put on her wraps for a walk. Elsie looked up. "Don't ask me to go for a walk, dear, I'm engaged on a sort of business proposition."

Miriam went out alone and Elsie kept up her work until nearly dinner time. Her scheme was a rather wild one. She was writing the story of *The Phœnix* under another name, and was going to give some solutions of the problem—she had no idea what. But she had begun. She felt desperate, some way, about solving that mystery. She would at least discover if it were any of the girls. How she would end it she did not know—but inspiration would come.

She was deep in thought when Lora Jackson entered. Lora had seemed unusually interested in the *Phœnix* that spring—since her expulsion from the *Literati*. She had even written a few little things for it. But as for that affair of the society, she had not seemed to care at all. Lora was interested in dress and styles that spring, and between that and her lustrous diamond that shone on her pretty left hand there was no room left for worry. Then Lora was in love—report said that she and Boyce Harrington were to be married soon after commencement. If the action of the *Literati* hurt her, she gave no sign. Perhaps it was a good thing; at least, so the editors thought.

"Hard at work on your last number, Elsie?" asked Lora, as she entered. "How's it coming out this time?"

"All right, I think we'll have a real good number. I'm writing something now that I may use. It's about that lucky check. I'm so puzzled over that, Lora. Let me read you what I've written, then you may suggest an ending."

Elsie had gotten the story to the point where she must attribute the gift to some one or another, but Lora would make no suggestion. "I never could do anything on a story, Elsie—and—besides, I've got to dress for dinner."

When Miriam came in from her walk Elsie was busier than ever. She kept writing for awhile, then threw down the pen and exclaimed: "Miriam, I've worked

that matter out. The benefactor—or 'tress, is no longer unknown—and it's a 'tress!"

"How in the world—worked it out? How could you?"

"Simply by putting two and two together. Listen. Given these facts: a girl who never cared very much about a college magazine begins to show a marked interest in it; this plus the fact that the very night on which said magazine received a certain donation was the girl's birthday, when she received a check for that amount; this plus her confusion when I asked her to help me solve the mystery—all this convinces me. Add to this the fact that a girl who is going to get married would have a diamond ring anyway and—of course she would, for don't you remember about my bracelet, and Boyce Harrington's being here that very evening? And I remember now that she couldn't be coaxed to tell us what his birthday present to her was. Miriam, I must be right. The benefactress is Lora Jackson."

"How perfectly lovely of her! But the *Literati*? What shall I do?"

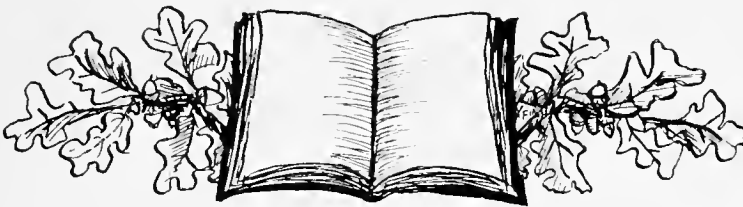
"Couldn't I read this story to the *Literati* tonight, completed with Lora as the heroine? I don't think it would be too bad. Every one knows about her engagement anyway, and her uncle's gift. I'll put in the ring and the lover as delicately as possible." After dinner Elsie read her story to a very modest, unwilling girl. Lora insisted that it should not be told, but Elsie declared that it should.

"Well, if you must, uncle advised me to do something worthy with the money. I hope I have. But I couldn't bear to walk up and give it openly. Mr. Harrington managed it for me."

"You precious, modest girlie!"

The *Literati* heard the story read with much interest and very hearty applause. After it was finished, Miriam Haywood rose and proposed that, in behalf of what she had done for the society, Miss Lora Jackson be reinstated with the society, as an honorary member. Of course the *Literati* agreed.

FLORENCE PAGE.



Current Events



'DEEP WATERWAY JULEP,' THE NEW TOAST OF THE SOUTH



BUNCOED AGAIN





Billiken Club



MASCOT: *Billiken—God of things as they ought to be*

MOTTO: *Never wait to laugh tomorrow, when you can laugh today*

Members

LILIAN WILKINSON

LULA DITMORE

MATTIE ELMORE



The Murphy Branch



Officers

- OLIVE BOONE *President*
- KATHERINE OSBORNE *Vice-President*
- LUCY GRINDSTAFF *Secretary*
- ELIZABETH MORGAN *Treasurer*

Members

- LILIAN ALLEN
- OLIVE BOONE
- LULA DITMORE
- MATTIE ELMORE
- ELIZABETH MORGAN
- KATHERINE OSBORNE
- LUCY GRINDSTAFF
- JESSIE WOODALL

THE
 ROBBERSON
 GIRLS

“Lacking his power, we shared his dream of perfect things”
 JOHN CHARLES McNEILL

FAVORITE PLACE—“*Away Down Home*”

FAVORITE OCCUPATION—*Fishing in the Old Lumbee River*

Officers

DOVIE PREVATT *President*
 LILLIAN BARKER *Vice-President*
 EDNA TYNER *Secretary and Treasurer*

Members

MAUDE BRITT	BELLE JOHNSON
AUGUSTA BRITT	DOVIE PREVATT
LILLIAN BARKER	EDNA PREVATT
V. DARE CASHWELL	LESLIE PROCTOR
ETHEL CASHWELL	MARGARET PITMAN
LINA GOUGH	EDNA TYNER
ANNA BELL HUMPHREY	ETHEL WILLIAMS
ALICE HUMPHREY	RUTH WHALEY



Asheville Conference Club



AIM: To go every time we get a chance and to make a chance for every other girl to go

FLOWER: Rhododendron

COLOR: Maroon

Our Toast

Asheville, Asheville, we wish we were in Asheville,
Asheville's the place we all want to go.
From city and village and college too,
There's where we go for both work and play,
For days full of study and times so gay.
Once we are there, we would always stay,
In Asheville, the "Land of the Sky."

Members

MAUD WALL

LULIE DICKSON

DOVIE PREVATT

MAUDE DAVIS

ELVA WALL

RUTH WILLIAMS

ANNIE GARDNER

KATHERINE PARKER

EMILY BOYD

MISS MARGARET BRIGHT

MISS BESSIE FUTRELL

The Bohemian Girls



Lala, the girl of the auburn hair,
Who frisks around without a care,
She's very deft with brush and pen
And has an eye for handsome men.



Lucy, dainty, sedate and wise,
With delicate features and twinkling eyes.
She bosses us all with iron rule,
And says she hates and despises school.



Sallie, loving, trustful and true,
Spied an auto red of hue.
"Gee," she cried with great delight,
"I believe that is a ray of light."



I hate to be so very tall,
('Tis Miriam's regret)
Because he is so very small—
The best man I have met.



Allie, the dearest girl to be found,
Whose great ambition is to play
like Herr Brown;
She has a voice most marvelous to
hear,
Which causes her friends many a
groan and a tear.



That sweet quaintness all her own—
You'd suppose
Her face had on old canvas grown—
Ruth, our Rose.



Hallie has a voice exceedingly rare,
Which she exercises daily with
great care;
She says she cares not for the mas-
culine sex—
(Tho' they never her sorely harass
and vex.)



Wallace is pure, gentle and court-
eous,
Inclined to be quiet and exceed-
ingly studious;
But when study is over and visit-
ing bell rings
Ynu'll find her merry and ready
for things.



Lou is twice with dimples blest,
Kind of heart and all the rest;
But always is she sorely—?
Because her nap she has not got.



Rena, the bright, blue-eyed one,
Has played with the heart of more
than one;
But now she has stopped her fool-
ish way
And plays with the heart of one
young jay.



Charming Lill, with many *crushes*,
Whom she confesses with rosy
blushes;
She's quite merry, just like a *Fay*,
Dainty and polite, joyous and gay.

The Triangle



"We have heard some of the hollow notes of Pan's music."



Molly Cottontail Club



Around the China Kiln. On the cold gray dawn of the morning after firing.
"Mawnin."

"How duz yo' china seem to segashuate," sez Edna, sez she.

"I sorter manage to pick up a livin' now and then," sez Clara.

"Sorter lingering twixt a bank and a break-down," sez Anna.

"Po'ly, thank you," sez Shep.

"I done got so I can't eat no chicken now-a-days 'cept its seasoned up with
painting medium," sez Maria.

Then, Mary, she lope off.

Sis Ford, she aint see no peace w'atsumever.





Sampson Girls



Ready for the Huckleberry Pond

FRUIT: *Big Blue*

FAVORITE RESORT: *The Huckleberry Pond*

OUR CRY: *"Found Any?"*

Members

HARRIET BENNETT

CLYDA HOWARD

FLOY BUTLER

LILLIE HOWARD

OSSIE BUTLER

PEARL HOWARD

GEORGIA CARROLL

LUTIE UNDERWOOD

LOUISE CARROLL

MALLIE UNDERWOOD

EVA DANIEL

JONNIE HOWARD

LILLIAN DRAUGHAN

LULA HOWARD—in facultate



The Saints of Alcove 1

(Saintly Qualities)



EULA DAVIS—never—spends silent hour in room next door.

EUNICE EDMUNDSON—never—advocates procrastination.

MATTIE ELMORE — never — throws water on the proctor.

LULA DITMORE—never—gets up before six a. m.

LILIAN WILKINSON — never—makes candy by the moonlight.

MILDRED EDMUNDSON—never—partakes of midnight feasts.

KATHLEEN PETTY — never — speaks above a whisper.

LUCY GRINDSTAFF — never — sleeps through breakfast and chapel.

MARY WEBB—never—spends study hour out of her room.

FANNIE WEBB — never—smiles out loud.

My Bride-to-Be



She thinks—I wonder what—
From morn 'till night;
Her sewing light
So idle in her hand.
Dare me to ask her? Better not?
I take the dare and stand
Looking in her eyes—they're blue—
“Thinking,” hear her say, “of you.”

I wonder what she dreams,
Awake, asleep.
Now you must keep
This secret close; I tell
To you alone; some days it seems
My heart must know. Eh? Well,
What need to question her? So true,
“Dreaming”—she will smile—“of you.”

She wishes—wonder what
Her heart can crave.
I toil, her slave,
Forevermore to give
Her joy. “Forget-her-not”
Is written in my soul. I live
To hear what this long time I knew:
“Wishing”—see her blush—“for you.”
E. M. C. '07.

In the "Seats of the Mighty"



CHAPTER I.

1. The Faculty is a complex thing—fearfully and wonderfully made; swift in judgment, and mighty in wrath.

2. Wherefore be not cast down, O college maids, but hearken unto the words of the sages; hearken, and *get understanding*.



¶ 3. As an alarm clock that goeth off at five a. m., so is he that sayeth continually: read the question.

4. Lo, he pursueth the even tenor of his ways,—he looketh neither to the right hand, not to the left, though the *Biology people* weep and the *Chemistry people* rave in wild despair.

5. And it shall come to pass that whensoever a wretched damsel shall gaze long into the microscope in the vain hope of finding an *Amaba*, a still small voice shall cheer her mightily: Focus carefully up and down.

¶ 6. As the north wind that biteth thy cheek in winter, is she who sayeth unto her sorrowful maidens:

7. The skillful use of sarcasm is a rare gift; yea few there be that excel it in excellency:

8. Yet be ye careful to discriminate, for often, *as in my own case*, that which is mistakenly called sarcasm, is *sheer wit*."



CHAPTER II.

¶ 1. A woman famed in history, cometh and lectureth to the Sophomores thus:

2. Slothful is she who keepeth not her note-book *neatly*, and the use of a pencil is an abomination unto me.

3. She sayeth: Lo, *foot-notes* should be a delight unto thy soul, and in bibliographies shouldst thou revel; but a girl who *writeth illegibly*—she shall fail.



¶ 4. Is there a damsel who compelleth thee to write daily themes? Hear my words and heed them:

5. She is as a drop of cold water, trickling down the neck, and evil shall surely befall *her*.

6. She thinketh in her heart—on English IV will I flunk thee, and thou shalt not get thy “*dip*.”; but take courage—for the future doth not reveal itself, and *you never can tell!*

¶ 7. And there went forth a call into the west, and in answer came a man proclaiming doom to whosoever playeth ragtime.

8. He hideth the *Annual*, suppressing many things in his heart, and to the Senate he declareth: Behold, how I make the editors work.



CHAPTER III.

¶ 1. The fool saith to her companion, let us *cut* Bible,—perchance she will think we are ill.

2. But the wise virgin yieldeth not to temptation and is admonished after this fashion:

3. Behold, *rats* are an abomination to the wise; blessed is she who escheweth them, that her brain may be unfettered.

¶ 4. In the midst of chapel service, came a voice, as of one crying from afar:

5. Woe unto her who handeth not in her *Matriculation card*, and she who *surreptitiously and unbeknownst* keepeth on her light, shall be cast into outer darkness.

¶ 6. There came a woman, flourishing the brush, and saying within herself:

7. Marriage is like unto a besieged fortress; he who is on the outside desireth to enter and he who is within struggleth mightily to escape.





¶ 8. Harken unto me, O ye damsels whose hearts desire a swain:

9. *Elect* not Senior physiology, for verily thy joy shall be turned into mourning, and thy songs into lamentations.

10. For strange things shalt thou hear thereby—even on this wise:

11. No man knoweth where be the seat of his affections—verily I say unto you they are less likely to lie in the *heart* than in the *solar plexus*, back of the stomach.

¶ 12. One there is who haunteth thy dreams continually.

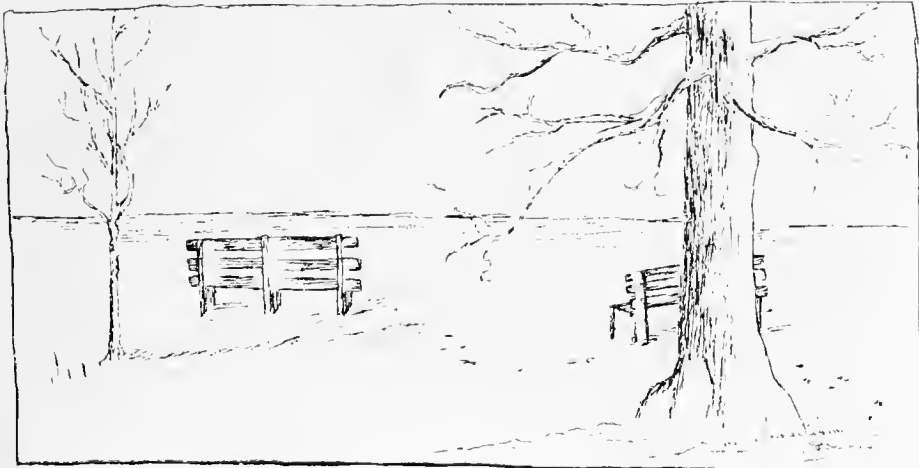
13. She riseth up *early* to speak in Chapel, and lieth not down till all the lights be extinguished.

14. She saith, Lo, it is not seemly for a young man to pay a maid's car fare, and when thou seest thy *cousin* in the street thou shalt pass by on the other side.

¶ 15. Finally, O ye maidens, of these things be admonished: much study is a weariness of the flesh, and the faculty can be *worked*.

16. Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter:

17. Inasmuch as lieth in you, *be good*, and if ye fail in this, *be careful*.



Two Weeks at Nag's Head



NELLIE sat with her head leaning upon her hand; she was too tired to look out of the window. The day had been very clear and the water unusually smooth. She felt very thankful for this, because it was her first trip upon the water and she had looked forward to it with much dread as well as pleasure. It was now dark and she had begun to wonder how much farther she would have to go, when a fat, red-faced man came into the cabin and with a squeaky little voice that ill-befitted such a stout person said, as he helped gather up the bundles, "Mariah, here's Nag's Head." Nellie rose quickly and put her head out of the window. There was the pier lighted by four dirty lanterns, three of which were hanging upon nails driven high up in the pier posts, and the fourth was being swung in the hand of a man who walked leisurely up and down the pier. About a dozen girls and boys, among whom Nellie recognized her own friend Grace, were talking and laughing excitedly as they gazed at the ship.

"Here I am, Grace!" shouted Nellie as she ran out on deck.

"O, Nellie, Nellie!" screamed Grace clapping her hands in delight. "See there, girls, isn't she just like I said—the very sweetest girl on earth? Captain Bob, if that ship doesn't land in one minute, I'll have you handcuffed."

"Just one minute, Miss Grace,—all right here for passengers!"

"O, Grace, you'll choke me!"

"Yes, I will, if I want to. You don't seem to remember that I haven't seen you for two whole months. Come on, everybody. You all know this is Nellie Castleton, and I'll tell her who everybody else is when we get home, where she can see you."

Nellie found it almost impossible to keep up with Grace as they walked arm-in-arm over the long board walk a little in advance of the others. Grace chatted merrily, but she seldom called for an answer, and Nellie hardly knew what she was talking about. Grace, her roommate at college, was spending the summer at Nag's Head and she had invited Nellie down to spend the first two weeks of August. Certainly Nellie had been told of the strip of land with its great sand-hills that separate, the sound from the ocean, and she knew also that the houses, for the most part, were the smallest of wooden cottages; but she could not help being impressed with the spirit of loneliness. The moon was shining brightly and by its light she saw a row of these cottages widely separated, all facing the sand-hills with the sound in the rear. She asked Grace if that were all the cottages at Nag's Head, and upon being told that there were many more on the ocean side, she breathed a sigh of relief, for she hoped that her friend's home might be at least a little more comfortable looking. Above the merry voices, and the patter of feet upon the walk, she could hear the mighty roar of the ocean. This brought a little feeling of contentment. She was really going to see the great ocean and be right where she could look at it as long as she might desire. They had now come to a high sand-hill and Nellie was wondering if she would be expected to climb over it when Grace said:

"If I didn't know you are tired almost to death, I'd pull you over this hill, but I won't let my impoliteness shock you at the very off-start."

"No time so good as the present for learning how," laughed a manly-looking fellow, who stepped up beside them. "You and I are good teachers, Grace, let's help her over."

"Will you go, Nellie?"

"I don't see how I'm going to help it—is there any way of going around?"

"O yes, but it's much better to climb over, isn't it, Richard? Come on."

Up they went. At one step forward, Nellie would have taken two backward had she not been supported by two so much accustomed to sand-hill climbing, but when the top was reached and they started down on the other side, she broke away from the others and ran as if she had been running down sand-hills all her life.

"Good for you!" said Richard, but Nellie hardly noticed him, for she stood with both hands pressed to her throat, gazing at the ocean. As the waves dashed upon the shore and the white foam glistened in the moonlight, she was overcome with its beauty.

"What's the matter with you, Piggy?" laughed Grace, as she threw her arms around her friend.

"O Grace, I'm so glad I have seen it for the first time in the moonlight. I know it isn't half so lovely at any other time."

"Just do listen at my little sentimental Piggy. You shall look at it a million times while you are here, but come on now, for here is our hut."

It certainly was a hut in Nellie's estimation. She could hardly believe that a girl who had lived all her life in luxury could be happy in such a place even for three months. But she would try to have a pleasant time with Grace, even in a hut, for there must be something attractive, or Grace would not seem so contented.

She felt relieved when the girls and boys who accompanied her from the ship were gone and she found herself alone with Grace in their own little room. Together they talked of almost everything imaginable until Nellie said:

"It's getting so late, dear, we really must go to sleep, but I want to ask you just one question."

"What is it, Piggy?" asked Grace, laying her hand upon Nellie's.

"What is that Richard's name?"

"His name is Richard Morris—why?"

"Well, I just don't like him, that's all."

"Is that all?" laughed Grace. "All the girls here are crazy 'bout him, and he won't notice a single one of them. I just selected him for you, Nellie—why don't you like him?"

"He looks so stuck on himself. Look here, Grace, don't you dare invite him here or carry me into his presence while I'm at Nag's Head, if you want to be a friend of mine."

"Now, Piggy, I never did hear you speak so positively to me. You have some other reason for not seeing him, I just know you have—tell me all about it—won't you?"

"Grace I know you won't breathe it—will you? He has been my bitterest enemy for more than two years."

"Nellie Castleton! you don't mean you have known Richard Morris two years?"

"Yes, I have too, but he hasn't known me and must not know me now."

"But he does know you—he met you to-night."

"He only knows me as Nellie Castleton. Don't ask me about it Grace dear—I'll tell you some day. He's just a blind, ugly, unappreciative old goose, and I hope I shall not see him again in a thousand years!"

"Well, I won't ask you to tell me more to-night. We have been thinking Richard is a very fine boy, but of course he isn't if you don't think so. Now you just rest that little brain of yours, for you shall certainly be spared any troublesome contact with Mr. Richard Morris. Good night, my little Piggy."

"Good night."

Grace turned over and tried to think. What could it all mean? The idea of Nellie's having a secret and not telling her most intimate friend! Yes, there was certainly some terrible secret; and now a new thought struck her—that was just what Richard must have had in mind, when he asked her if she knew a girl at Cheshire whose name was Priscilla Cleveland. She had said at once, "No, there is no such girl in school," and when he had answered, "I think she is assuming a fictitious name—do you know any one whose initials are P. C.?" she had thought a long time then laughingly replied, "Nobody but my own Piggy Castleton, but of course it isn't Piggy, for her real name is Nellie." All this came back to her like a flash. Yes, she was sure she had betrayed

her dearest friend. She had not thought to ask Richard about his experience with this Priscilla. She had not been at all interested in it since she knew no one by that name, and now she was really glad that she had not asked him—she would wait and hear it all from Nellie's own truthful lips. "I won't believe anything wrong of Nellie—I know it is all his fault," said Grace half aloud as she closed her eyes in sleep.

The visit wore on. Nellie learned to enjoy the sports at the seashore quite as much as Grace, and each day found her once fair face a bit browner. She carefully avoided Richard, and on several occasions when he approached her she ran away very impolitely in search of Grace. He noticed her embarrassment when he was near, and as he had no desire to force himself upon her, it was the last day of her visit before he had spoken half a dozen words to her. The first time he had accompanied a party of which Nellie and Grace were members was on a fishing tour to Oregon Inlet, fifteen miles away, and even then he seemed not to notice them until when within sight of the lighthouse, Nellie exclaimed:

"That's the very first lighthouse I ever did see—can't we stop there a while, Grace?"

"Certainly—Captain Edd, let us stop half an hour at the lighthouse," replied Richard. If he saw the curl in Nellie's lip and the look she gave Grace he paid no attention, and said not another word until the boat had landed and the party was walking up the beach. Then he and Jack Nelson walked up beside the girls—Richard beside Nellie, and Jack beside Grace. Nellie clung to Grace's arm as if her life depended on it. For lack of something better to say Jack asked;

"Miss Grace, how does Miss Castleton like Nag's Head?"

"O, I think she has been getting on remarkably well, Mr. Nelson, considering the fact that she has had three fierce battles with sand-fiddlers," then, after a foolish little giggle, "but I think she came off victorious."

"Do you fear sand-fiddlers more than anything else you have found at Nag's Head?" asked Richard.

"No-yes-hardly."

Grace gave her friend a little squeeze of the arm, for she saw her getting into trouble. Richard began talking to relieve her embarrassment, but Nellie heard nothing he said, for just then Jack asked something that caught her ear.

"Miss Grace, why do I see so little of you since Miss Castleton came?"

"Why, Mr. Nelson, I really don't know."

"Don't you?"

"Well, I'll just tell you—I feel that I must stay with Nellie and she doesn't like to be with young men."

"Not even Richard?"

"Not even Richard!" then almost choking herself, "I don't think she likes him any more than the others."

Nellie felt the hot blood rush to her cheeks. At the first second she wanted to give Grace a push and say, "Go on, Grace Harding, I know you are wild to be with that good-for-nothing fellow. I suppose I can walk on here by myself." Then she felt angry at herself for entertaining such a thought. Certainly Grace had told it as kindly as she could, and was what she said not true? How selfish she was! She was keeping Grace from enjoying the society of Jack Nelson, and she would never be guilty of such a thing again. She would not break away now, for her purpose would be apparent, but when they reached the Inlet she would give Grace the whole day to enjoy as she pleased. What if it did throw her with Richard? He would not know her, for how could he?

When they reached the lighthouse, Nellie ran in ahead of Grace, who, as she followed her friend, heard Richard say to Jack, "Yes, I tell you, she is the same girl; I'd know her in Halifax." She did not wait to hear more, but this sentence lingered in her mind until they were again seated in the boat and on their way to Oregon Inlet. Then turning to Nellie who sat beside her she said:

"Piggy, I can't wait a minute longer. What is all this that has passed between you and Richard? You really must tell me, Piggy." Then with many interruptions Nellie told her story.

"Grace, it was during the Christmas holidays of my first year at Cheshire and I was with Cousin Elsie at an entertainment in Clarksboro. We sat just in front of this Richard Morris, I know, for I heard him called 'Richard,' and when I got a good chance I took a look at him. Well, what made me look was what I heard him say. He remarked to the boy 'side of him that he had seen only a few Cheshire girls, but that of those whom he had seen not a single one had a thimbleful of common sense. Now Grace, wasn't that enough to make my blood boil? When I returned to school I wrote the greatest article you ever saw and reminded 'the young gentleman Mr. Richard,' I called him (didn't know his other name), of his remark concerning Cheshire girls on the evening of January first, in Clarksboro, and signed my initials 'P. C.' I sent the article to be published in *The Tryon Times*, for I knew from another remark I had overheard that this boy was in school at Tryon. About two weeks later I went to the library to read the new copy of *The Tryon Times*, and what do you think was the first thing I noticed?—why an article 'to Miss P. C.' It stated that Mr. Richard Morris fully recalled what he said about Cheshire girls on the evening mentioned, and that there was one very important thing that he had forgotten to say, namely, that every one of those who did have any common sense was a most untamable wildeat. Grace, I could have killed him."

"What on earth did you do, Piggy?"

"Instead of letting the thing drop I replied with an article worse than the first, and the next he wrote contained as little encouragement. We kept that up (it's a wonder none of the girls read that paper) until I was ashamed and stopped. Then the funniest thing happened. Last spring not long before the close of school, I was walking down the hall one day and Alice Benton came up with an open letter in her hand. It was from her cousin, Richard Morris, and he had written to ask the name of the Cheshire girl whose initials were P. C. She asked me if I knew one. 'Certainly,' I said, 'it's Priscilla Cleveland.' 'Whose's she?' asked Alice. 'O, she rooms in one of the other buildings and is such a quiet girl you would hardly know she is here unless you happen to be in some of her classes,' I said and ran away without another word." Both girls laughed. "Well, she must have told him. I was careful to deliver the mail after that; so one day when a letter came addressed to Miss 'Priscilla Cleveland' I just kept it. You never saw such a formal apology in your life or such a very pathetic plea for pardon. I paid no attention to it and expected never to see Richard Morris again, so you can imagine my surprise to find him here when I came."

"O, Piggy Castleton!" was all Grace could say.

Nellie was true to her promise, and leaving Grace with Jack Nelson, she spent most of the day with Richard; but very little passed between them until that evening when they returned to Nag's Head and began the long walk across the beach to the Harding cottage. As they walked together a little in the rear of the others Richard asked, "Miss Castleton, do you know know Miss Priscilla Cleveland at Cheshire?"

"Yes indeed, I know her very well—no, not very well, for she holds herself aloof from most of the girls."

"Does she? I suppose that's why nobody else seems to know her, for I have asked every girl I have ever seen from Cheshire about Miss Cleveland, and you are the first who seems to have had any knowledge of her. My cousin, Alice Benton, told me about her, but I think she obtained her knowledge from an indirect source."

Nellie was glad that he could not see her face in the darkness. Richard seemed not to notice her silence, but continued. "Anyway, Miss Castleton, it is such a pleasure to find some one who knows her. I want to tell you about our awful misunderstanding. One winter evening more than two years ago my chum, Bob Thompson, and I sat in a Sunday School auditorium just behind one of the most beautiful girls I have ever seen. She was from Cheshire and she took offense at something Bob said. The worst part of the story is that she attributed the remark to me. I picked up *The Tryon Times* one day and found an article of resentment. I showed it to Bob and he thought it was such a joke he begged my permission to reply. I gave in against my will, and he made a goose of himself and a rascal of me. I found that the young lady was Miss Priscilla Cleveland, so I wrote to beg her pardon, but I did not hear from her again."

Nellie nervously twisted the strings of her wide brimmed hat, but she made no reply. Then Richard asked, "Knowing Miss Cleveland as you do, do you think she would forgive me if I should tell her what I have told you? Would she forgive me for allowing such an unfortunate state of affairs to exist?"

With much effort Nellie replied, "Er—yes, she might—I suppose—er—she would forgive you if she could be convinced that what you say is true—er—there would be little to forgive—er—the fault would be on her side."

"Then if you think she would forgive me, I tell you, Miss Castleton, I know I can convince her of the truth, and I'll do it if I have to carry Bob to Cheshire and let him speak for himself. Miss Castleton, this thing must come to an end. The face of that beautiful girl has haunted me ever since I first saw it, and if I live I will find her and make her know the truth."

Not a word was spoken until they had almost reached the top of the hill over which they had climbed on the evening of her arrival, then being unable to take another step she snatched her hand from his and sank upon the side of the hill.

"O Mr. Morris, I'm so tired!" and she burst into tears.

"Well, never mind, we'll rest here a moment, then the going down will be easy."

Still Nellie sobbed, and Richard was wondering what to do.

"Mr. Morris, I can't go down until I have told you!" she burst forth. Stooping beside her and taking her hand in both his own he said, "Don't worry yourself so, Nellie, don't, I beg you. I know all about it—don't be angry with me—I couldn't help knowing—can you forgive me?"

"O, but there's nothing to forgive, Mr. Morris, I'm the meanest!"—

"No, no, you did no more than any other true college girl would have done. I not only forgive you—I love you," he whispered.

How many minutes they remained quietly seated on the hill neither of them knew. Then he lifted her from the sand, and, unlike most lovers, they ran recklessly down the hill.

"I'm going to leave to-morrow," she said as they neared the cottage.

"Yes, I know it, and so am I."

"You, Piggy!" shouted Grace from the door-way, "hurry up here! This is your last night and I want you for my very own."

There was so much to be told and time was so precious, the girls hardly closed their eyes that night. At daybreak Nellie left. Richard stood on the pier when they came up, and together they watched for the boat. Grace was the first to see it, because she it was who most dreaded its coming.

The good-byes said, Richard and Nellie stood on deck and waved at Grace as long as they could see her. The sun was rising over the tops of the sand-hills and they stood taking their last view of Nag's Head when Nellie said, "Richard, I'm still just a little bit ashamed of myself." Then as she looked at him from the corner of a half closed eye, she continued, "I'll just wager you I don't ever forget that old text, 'be sure your sins will find you out.'"

ROSE GOODWIN.



The Brook

(From the German by Goethe.)

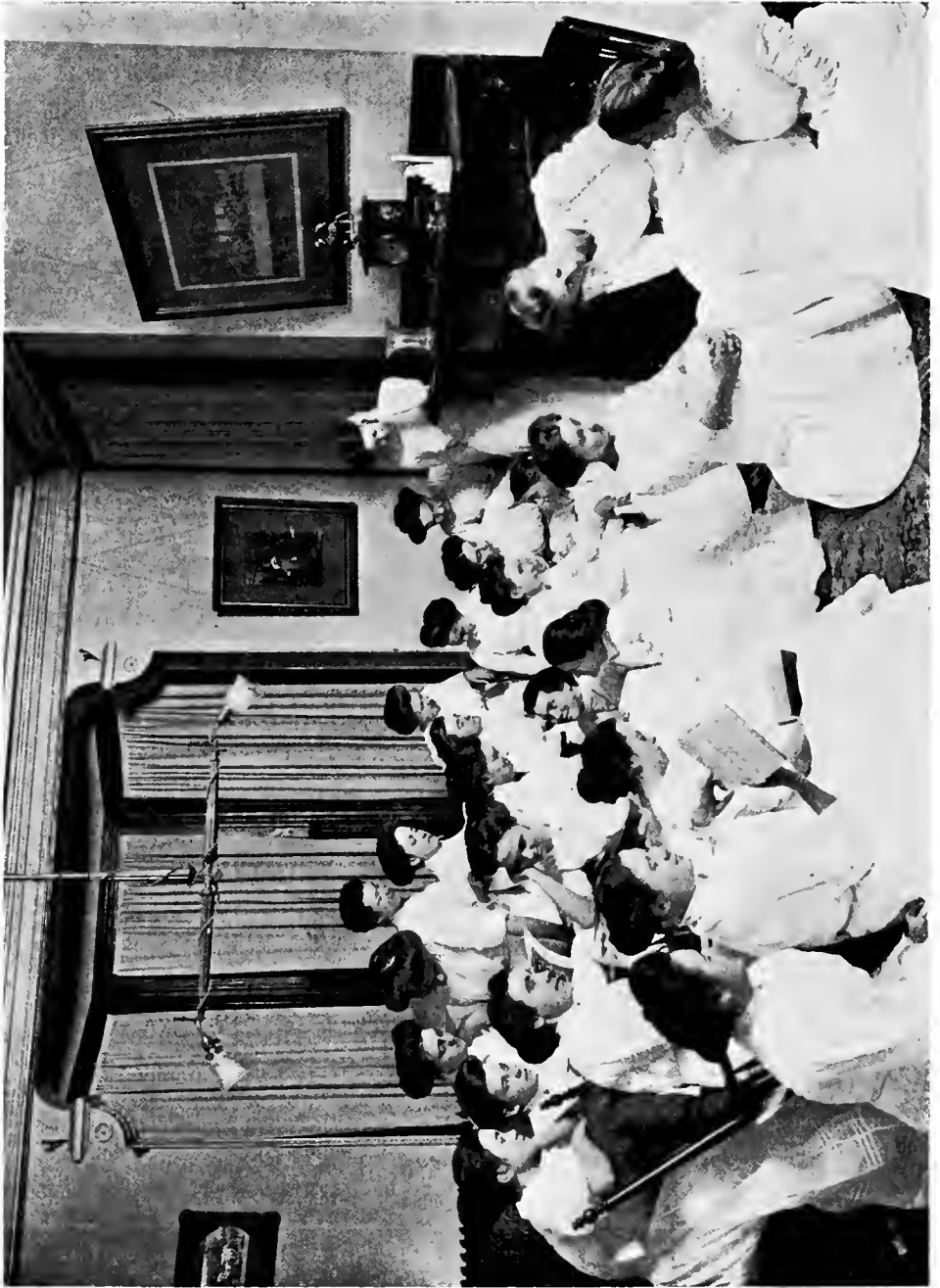


Little streamlet, silver clear,
Hastening ever from the Here,
On your brink, I'm thinking so:
Whence do you come? Where do you go?

Out of the rock's dark breast I come,
My way lies over moss and bloom;
My mirror images the grace
Of the blue heaven's friendly face.

Therefore I'm full of childlike glee,
I know not where 'tis bearing me;
He who has called me from the stone,
He, I am sure, will lead me on.

S. E. D.



THE SENIORS

The Undiscovered



What deep design from hidden causes springs,
What mighty conflicts rise o'er *crooked* things,
I sing—O tragic muse do thou relate
The unknown mysteries held by cruel fate—
Say, what strange motive strong enough to tempt
Maids from their couches, in attire unkempt—
Does feminine mind such faculties afford,
Is there such quenchless thirst for the unexplored?

The night owl on East Building chimney high
Perchance has seen pale, shadowy forms flit by,
And sometimes when the midnight hours fall,
An alarm clock's ring is heard upon the hall;
Whispers, and stealthy steps upon the stair,
An unseen presence seems to fill the air.
The raging north wind howls through swaying trees,
The awful stillness makes the blood to freeze.

Across the town, down from its lofty tower
The old clock chimes the magic midnight hour;
The fireflies flit anon amid the gloom
Like evil spirits of o'ershadowing doom.
Whence rise the terrors reason can not quell?
O ghostly night, whence comes thy horrid spell?
Is friend or foe embodied in yon spot?
The mystic, inky blackness answers not.

The shepherd on the lonely mountain top
Leans weary on his faithful wooden prop;
It serves—he little dreams, the simple soul—
Another purpose than to flocks control;
'Way in another world outside his ken
It is the sought-for prize which victors win,
And unborn ages shall preserve in book
And song, the glory of the magic crook.



MADGE GREGORY
The Grind

For man, you see, must live to study,
Not study how to live;
The girls do make an awful noise,
To study I must strive;
On English VI I've spent six hours,
And only ten on Psy.
If I am called on, I shall flunk,
O me, I'm sure I'll die!

BLANCHE BARRUS
Optimist

The beaming face, cestatic squeal,
The smile that never fades—
"Look o'er the mud, up to the sky,
You will not flunk exams—nor I—
In life there are no shades."



FLORINE PRITCHETT
The Baby

Why I'm s'posed to be dignified,
I'm sure I can not tell;
I only ask a crib wherein
To dream 'til breakfast bell—
So—I shall just be—baby.
And when I'm grown-up—may be—
I may be—dignified.

LONIE HOCUTT
The Sensible Girl

Despite life's round of petty cares,
That catch her fellows unawares,
Tho' Senate-meetings come galore,
And would-be crushes blind adore,
With unmoved calm and steady head,
She puts her roommates soon to bed,
The faculty swear they've found a pearl—
"Lonie is such a sensible girl."





ANNIE GARDNER
The Old Maid

I seek no praise from tongue or pen,
Of one so low as *man*;
My soul, a lone star, dwells apart,
In scorn of such a clan;
And when I soar, an angel,
To regions far above,
My plea shall be, on bended knee,
"I never felt the kiss of love."

ELOISE GRIFFIN
The Coquette

My trophies are a string of hearts,
And each one from a man,
Collected where I've traveled e'er
Since my short life began;
For only one thing do I pray:
A heart to throw away each day.



GRACE COUNCIL
Pure Sarcasm

O passing fair was Council G—
A fairer maid I ne'er did, see,
Yet, as the thorn lurks 'neath the rose,
Sarcasm spake in the up-turned nose.

ANNIE LAURA COUNCIL
The Beauty

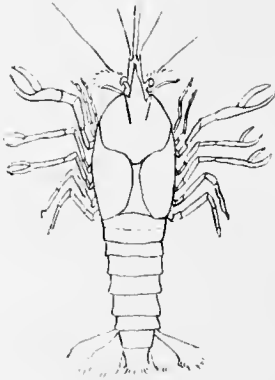
What is your fortune, my pretty maid?
My face is my fortune, sir, she said;
How did you win it, my pretty maid?
Pompeian massage cream, sir, she said.



Per Scientiam



SOPHOMORE



The way which leads to the garden spot of Meredith is beautifully green with *Marehantia Hepatica*, and *Jungermania*—Murmuring brooks at whose bottom may be found the mysteries of amoeba, vorticella and spirogyra, flow gently by its side, and from behind the door which shuts out the rest of the busy world, one can catch in passing the hum of girls' voices, perhaps a merry laugh, and then the gentle remonstrance of him who presides, suggesting that "too much visiting interferes with good work."

If one is fortunate enough to gain admission to this realm of nature, one finds that in spite of much teasing out of the mind by the instructor, very often both mind and specimen have failed to impress each other in the right manner. For instance the following incidents of misdirected brilliancy were noted in the Sophomore year of the Senior Class:

Mr. Boomhour—Miss Davis, what service do crayfish render to nature?

Miss D.—Keep brooks clean, Mr. Boomhour.

Mr. B.—Very good. How?

Miss D.—Sweep 'em with their tails, I reckon.

Mr. B.—Miss Jordan, give the characteristics of the Arthropoda.

Miss J.—They have no backbones and jointed legs.

Mr. B.—Give an example.

Miss J.—The dog.

In this garden of Eden peace and tranquillity do not always reign. A fair example of the disturbed state of affairs that occasionally exists will be found in the following which escaped from the diary of the Professor.

Extract from the diary of "Josiah," April 1, 1908.

The morning of All Fools' Day dawned clear and beautiful, and with a light heart and a song on my lips, I betook myself to Meredith College. But when I entered the lecture room and beheld all the seats empty and bare, behold, my anger was kindled within me, and I said, "I will be avenged, for lo, for countless days have I labored diligently with thankless Sophomores, and with the patience of Job have I filed bones and cut *cross-sections*—and is *this* my reward?"

"Behold, to every one who *cut* my class, I will give a *zero* and I will put a black mark beside her name; she shall be in disgrace before me and when I meet her in the hall, I will turn my face far from her and will not smile upon her as of old. Thus I spake and appeased my wrath, and my disquieted heart echoed—*it is well.*"

JUNIOR.

And amidst gases, fumes and explosions, phosphorescent gleams of brilliancy from the minds of Juniors illumine the pervading gloom. Miss Pritchett hunts for Hel gas on the sodium shelf, and Miss A. L. Council opens the window and remarks gravely that she's most suffocated and "Let's have a little fresh H_2O in the room." Elva Wall approaches Mr. Boomhour with despair written in her face, declaring that she has hunted on every shelf and in every drawer, but she can't find the hydrant water.

Nor do the phosphorescent minds of the students fail to have their reaction in the Professor's remarks. Give ear to this humorous episode:

Mr. B.—Miss Carlton, why is this true?

Miss C.—Be—ca—use.

Mr. B.—Any other reason, Miss Carlton?

And now, ere we close, there is a wonderful little tale which must be told. In this realm of creeping and growing things, the spirits of the girls range from gay and giddy to sad and doleful in accordance with a most peculiar barometer. If he who presides beams at one over a *bright blue tie*, then all's well. One may turn the laboratory upside down, provided *everything is care-*

fully replaced upon departure, and one is forgiven, although, perhaps, with a deprecating little smile. On the other hand, if a forbidding countenance glowers at you over a *red tie*, "woe be unto you," beware lest you incur his great displeasure. Be sure you replace every stopper in its proper bottle, every bottle on its prearranged spot, leave your desk perfectly clean and scrubbed with the brush provided.

Despite the agony of hours spent over crayfish, the danger of having one's hair and eyelashes disappear in blue smoke or Hel gas, and despite the weather forecasts as indicated by the blue or red signal, when a girl reaches Seniority, ay, even passes the periods of the shoals of Physics, if she does not say honestly that the merriest hours were spent and the pleasantest "visits" were paid in the old "Lab," then she's not a loyal daughter of Meredith and plots to destroy her traditions. Such a person may be suspected, and justly, of treasons, and attempts, though foiled, to demolish this rallying place of tricky Sophs and dignified Juniors and Seniors. Perhaps a few who happened to be near will recall the girl who upset the bottle of phosphorus, whether intentionally or not, none could ever tell. However, she was heard to say that she half hoped the whole blooming thing would explode in the next hour. Nevertheless, she carefully gathered up all the phosphorus to be found, and all that night, at intervals, arose with fear and trembling, from her small bed in the back of Faireloth to see if the hallowed spot was wreathed in flames and smoke. But nothing happened, and it still remains to deal out joy and sorrow unto coming generations.

SENIOR.

A very scientific exploration of Mt. Olympus was undertaken in September, 1909, under the leadership of Josiah the Good. The party included a half dozen prominent and exceedingly enthusiastic scientists. The one great purpose of the exploration was to settle the oft-disputed question of the height of the mountain. This was to be accurately determined by a *water barometer* borne in triumph by Miss Florin.

With what initial velocity must the above mentioned party have been shot upward to reach the top of Olympus by May 24, 1910?

A certain Meredith girl, 167.64 cm. high, sinks 70 cm. in Latin, 120 cm. in Ethies, and is completely immersed in Physics. Find the density of the girl and the density of Physics. Of what substance must the heart of the girl be made to exert buoyancy sufficient for her head to be seen above water?

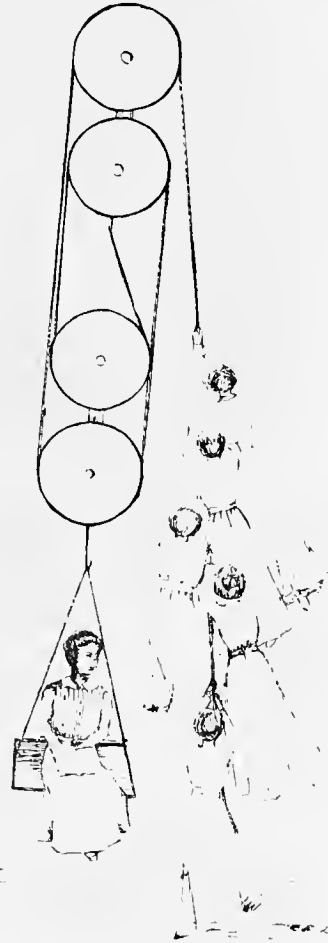
If it is necessary for Misses Draughan, Davis, Parker, Pritchett and Thompson to pull with a force of strenuous, united concentration in order to lift "Pearl's" unfailling store of knowledge, and if the force must move 10 ft. to raise her 2 ft., what is the efficiency of their effort? How many strands of rope must be used to support the weight?

Can Miss Davis explain the reason for the location of the *actual* rainbow in Washington and the *secondary* in Richmond?

Find the wave length of the most joyous note in St. Josiah's ties; the most despairing.

Why on Wednesdays and Fridays does the angle of reflection appear larger than the angle of incidence, and all the world concave?

By experiment upon the Senior Class distinguish between a *noise* and a *musical* sound. Calculate the probable effects on class day.



To a Rat



Huge, rushing, groaning, plundering beast
Who com'st at midnight hours to feast,
And not till break of dawn hast ceased
 To blight my rest.
I fain would gaze at thee deceased—
 Thou cursed pest!

In vain I place my traps and snares
And plan to catch thee unawares;
With poisoned cakes I store thy lairs,
 To no avail.
No will of mine thy strength impairs;
 Devices fail.

Thou gnawest the floor beneath my car,
Thy footfalls close at hand I hear;
My very veins are clogged with fear—
 I long to die.
Each trembling moment seems a year
 When thou art nigh.

At last thou seekest pastures new;
In corners far thou ordain'st to chew.
I courage muster—hurl a shoe—
 It flies the mark!
Thou art quite vanished from view
 Into the dark.

I seek once more long-needed rest,
I strive to calm my fluttering breast.
At last of fears I'm dispossessed.
 A sound I hear!
Again my predatory guest—
 My quaking fear!

Oh Rat! leave off thy darksome ways,
Thy thieving nights, thy shameless days.
Withdraw thee from my affrighted gaze
 And get thee packing!
I'd shout to heaven joyful lays
 To find thee lacking.

ANON.

Extracts from a Freshman's Diary



AUGUST 31st.



I DECIDED that this would be a perfectly splendid time to begin a diary, the night before I leave my home for Meredith. I can hardly realize that I am really and truly going away to College. A lump comes in my throat when I think of going away up to Raleigh by myself. But Mercey! I'm not afraid. I am just tingling to get there and show people what I *can* do. I have always succeeded in everything I have ever tried to do here, and I'll do the same thing there. I am going to wear my reciter's medal right at my throat, where everybody will be sure to see it.

Going away to College is such a nice, grown-uppy sort of feeling. I have never felt so tall and straight in my life as I did last Sunday at church, when all my friends came up to say good-bye. They seemed to feel like I was changing already, for when big Cousin Tom came by, he didn't pat me on my head and offer to kiss me in his usual teasing way, but held out his hand and said quite properly, "Good-bye, Mary, I hope you'll have a pleasant year."

Now I must go to sleep so I'll feel bright and well tomorrow.

SEPTEMBER 3d.

Oh, its awful, awful; I *hate* it. There are just hundreds and hundreds of girls. They all try to be nice, but they don't love me and I am so miserable! and the teachers are simply heartless. Professor Crab said that I could surely enter Soph and here I am a *conditional* Freshman. I had a dreadful time getting to be even that. I just can not bear to think of those days of classification, they are one whirling jumble in my brain, of examinations, bulletin boards, lunch bells, hour bells, handbooks and hash.

SEPTEMBER 6th.

Well, I have just come from my first Y. W. C. A. reception at Meredith; and I shall never—no never—forget it!! In all my short life I have never been in such a shiver, from the moment I received the invitation until I got back to this blessed room a few minutes ago and locked the door. This terrible trembling was partly due to the delightful anticipation of meeting some of the numerous girls here, but mostly for fear of those horrible Sophs, who I am sure will be the death of me. When the crowd of "newish" with whom I went reached the door of the reception room, we were gayly received by the Seniors, Sophs and Juniors. I have mentioned the Seniors first for they were the spirit of the whole affair. I had a very good time outwardly, but, my gracious, if those *Sophs* could have seen into my heart!

SEPTEMBER 25th.

I have wondered all day how we can possibly get away from those Sophomores, and organize. At last I have thought of a plan which, the Juniors say, is a good one. Before the other girls have left society Saturday night, the Juniors will go into the Gymnasium room and pretend to be having a class meeting—then we will slip in the adjoining room and organize while the Juniors guard the door.

SEPTEMBER 27th.

Well, we tried my plan today, but, much to our sorrow, it failed. We succeeded in getting shut up in the room without being seen, as we thought. But, alas, we had just nominated the girl whom we wanted for president when we heard an awfully terrifying noise in the hall. We all piled against the door and finished electing our president. But, I tell you, we dashed out, when we saw the Sophomores simply pouring in the windows, and ran to our rooms. Finally we went to sleep, but only to dream of organization and Sophomores.

OCTOBER 5th.

Dear Diary:—Would that you had the power of seeing that beautiful angel whom I love better than my life! Her beautiful eyes were the first to smile on me when I reached Raleigh, and often since then I have thrilled and wondered at her beauty. Last night, at the reception, one of those darling Seniors, I think it was Lulie, introduced us. She talked to me for a long time. As she smiled at me, I could feel my soul thrill with ecstasy. I can not write more, for I am to go with her tonight to another reception and I must dress slowly and carefully. I am simply starving for her love. Good-night, dear diary.

OCTOBER 30th.

Tomorrow is Hallowe'en! Oh me! I am sure it must be something dreadful, for the Juniors are trying so hard to shield us. Oh, if they should fail us! What would we ever do without them? But the most awful thing is that the Sophs have already *black*ed one girl or so, one of the Freshmen told me to-day, and she was a member of our class too. I do not see why they let them act so—but it must be *fun*. I wish I were a Sophomore!

Just here Juliette came in and told me to be prepared for the Sophs before rising bell. She says they are planning to come. Oh, I do not know what to do! My key has disappeared, so I can not lock the door. Oh, I know! I can roll my trunk against the door and put the windowse at against the window. Juliette, Lucy, Kathleen and several others are going to sleep in the Infirmary, but it's after room-bell, and I'm afraid to go. There goes light bell.

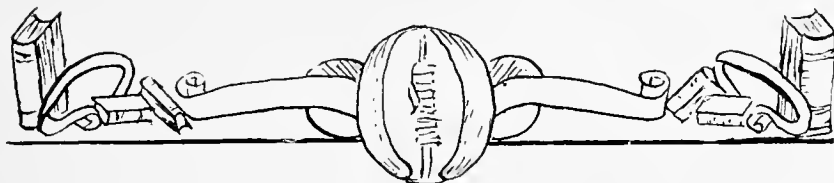
NOVEMBER 1st.

Well, Hallowe'en is over, and what a joke the Sophs did get on us Freshmen and Juniors! After society, the Juniors took us in their charge and went with us to the Y. W. C. A. reception, but I couldn't enjoy it, I was so nervous. There

was not a Sophomore in sight, but I was expecting white-robed, ghostly figures to snatch me away every minute. After the reception, the Juniors took us to our rooms, and Bessie Lane, the president of the Junior class, kept watch through the transom above her door to see that we got safely home. I do not know what she intended to do if we were waylaid, but *something* of course. Not for a moment would I doubt her wisdom.

When I reached my room I barricaded it, turned out my light and waited hours and hours. Surely if ghosts ever walked, they crept all over my room and moaned and whispered in the corners.

Just before the last room bell there came a gentle tap on my door, and some one said there was something for me. For a long time I did not dare open the door—but when I did, I found there a bag of chocolate fudge, and on it was written, "With love from the Sophomores." I will never undervalue the Sophs again, they are so noble and grand. Oh, if only our class can be like them next year I shall be satisfied.





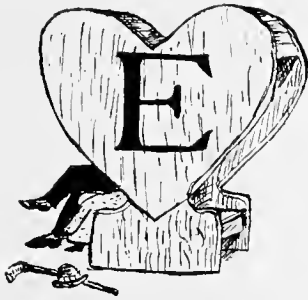
The Passing of the Cinch



Ah! saddest dreams within the world of men,
The ceaseless yearning for the might-have-been.
For now the story goes 'mongst sages old,
That in their palmy days, passed, years untold,
The mighty elders spoke in whispers awed
Of a spirit which walked at large, was king and lord.
The mystery of his potent presence played
Through all, we felt, grew strong and unafraid.
"Take education, that's a cinch, why weep
O'er books?"—Astronomy, good place to sleep;
Or Bible—You need never ope the book—
Or else, deep in peaceful, quiet nook,
Read heavenly English verse"—all this and more
We heard from our alumnæ gone before.

Alas! In youth's own optimistic way
We dreamed, nor thought that e'er the Spirit's sway
Would lift, and lifting leave us all alone,
Our *dips.* gain, not by magic but by moan.
Ah! foolish infants—woe beyond recall—
Who recked not of the Spirit over all,
Elected Education—papers long
Turned to wild terror our triumphant song;
And Bible—we ne'er knew what trouble is!
Astronomy to sleep? We had a quiz;
The *poems* materialized in daily themes—
So thus in smoke went up youth's hopeful dreams.

Glad voices hushed, dark shadows on the floor,
The Cinch has passed, and passed to come no more:
No warrior he with drums and trumpets bold,
But silently, when earth lay in night's fold,
He stole away, as winds steal, soft and slow,
Nor heed our cries of longing from below—
The Cinch now air-sprite, joyous, wild and free
Has passed—and Oh, the difference to me!



Evolution of Love-making

THE MEETYNGE

15th Century After Malory

HIT befell that on a certyn daye there dyd ryde thru the edge of a foreste on horsbak, a manne ful yong and of grete prowessse, and thenne he came into a fayre meadow and he aspyed a damoyssel wepyng and whenne he was comyn to her he sawe that she was passyng fayre and rychely bysene so that he caste grete love to her. And thenne he greted her and assayed to calme her dole. "Fayre syr," sayed the mayden, "ful hevye am I. Please hit you releve my distresse and beare me thyder for I am escapen from yon tour." "Certes," sayd he, "By my knyghtely dedes and vertuous lyving, I wille with a goode will shewe you servyse."

Righte as they thus stode talkyng there came in rydng onne mightye in wrathe in quest of the mayden, whercat she was in grete drede, and fell into a swoun. Therewith the valorous manne turned hym and smote hym a blowe and slewe hym to the erthe. Anone withal he raysed the gentylwoman and dyd ryde ryghte spedely untyl they came to the towne hard by, where they had mery rest and grete chere. Now torne we to a tyme soone after.

THE QUARRELLE

16th Century After Court Romances

Now this maiden was a gentlewoman of more beautie than braine, yet of more braine than breeding. Therefore it happened when the young gallaunt had occasion to goe to hir gardyn to addressse him to hir he perceived that she gave him a cold welcome, whether it were from laek of intereste or louve of indifference, so that he repented him that he was come. He spared to remember that a maiden loveth jesting and jesteth oft in loving so that he became unhappy in hir disdain, and so disdainful in his unhappiness that his perfecte disdain exceeded hir pretended disdain. Then this wrathful gentleman departed in a great quandarie, leaving the maiden distressed wherein she had showne hirsself disdainful and regretful wherein she had rejoiced, and now scorching in the marvelous flame of louve began thus to commune with hirsself. "Ah wretched wench, how art thou undone! As the hare fleeth with haste from the hunter, as the salamander hies hym away at the sound of thunder so speedeth my louve to thee, whose wit hath bewitched me, whose beautie hath beguiled me to yield to louve."

At last when the well of hir teares was dried, the maiden sent a homely swain to hir lover as he sat in the dumps hardby and bade hym come to hir. Then up he rose and gat hym to hir. And when she did hym espy she was so full stomached that she sang this mournful ditty:—

The dove sat on a barren tree,
Mourning her lover gone,
Who'd left her all forlorne:
What I have done
And all for fun
Is to turn thy love from me.

To show himself a natural young man, he kissed her kindly, and sware he loved her well. Then they sate them down and began to discourse their loves.

THE MAN

Ah maiden, thy hair is gold
As are the silks upon the corn,
And clearer is thy voice to me
Than cocks that crow at early morn,

THE MAID

Thy lips are apples red and sweet,
Thy nose turns up the sky to meet,
And like the cooing of the dove
So coos my heart to thee for love.

THE MAN

And as my mouth thy soft mouth hits,
Come kiss me and confound my wits.

AT NIGHT

(Before the Maiden's home.)

THE MAN

**16th Century
After
Shakespeare**

How sweet the moonlight sits upon her home
As the brilliant sunshine melting glows around
The priceless jewel, making it fairer yet,
How far that little candle throws its beams,
So far the luster from her eye doth fall,
Blinding all beholders.

Gables, roofs and towers,
Lend me your ears. By my troth I swear
You spread your dark protection over one
The fairest she, most glorious of her sex,
A shadow on the curtain! Ah my heart
Would burst its prison walls and moorings firm.
It is my lady, O, it is my love!
The quantity of loving is not measured;
It falls upon a man all unawares,
As dreams that fall in sleep.
O blessed sleep!

For in the sleep of night what dreams may come
 To make us laugh aloud—more blest awak'ning
 To see her eyes, twin stars in heaven,
 Gleam on me, shedding opalescent light
 That birds awake and sing as if 'twere morn.
 Now Phoebus 'gins to drive his fiery steeds,
 The lark pierceth the darkness with his note,
 I must away. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes,
 Rest in thy soul, love in thine heart.

THE INTERVIEW

**After Miss
 Edgeworth**

ON Saturday afternoon the gentleman requested an audience with the father of the object of his admiration. When admitted into his presence, after the usual civilities of greeting, he bowed

low and thus began:

“Honoured Sir, my feelings can no longer be repressed; you must allow me to tell you how ardently I esteem and adore your daughter, and if it accord with your respected will I should deem it a great honour to be united—”

“Sir,” thundered the angry father, “your insolence is beyond reparation. Henceforth I forbid you the freedom of this house, which you have hitherto enjoyed by my leniency. I leave you to make a speedy egress from this dwelling while I betake myself to my chamber to compose my agitated feelings as best I may.

ELOPEMENT IN HIGH LIFE

**COUPLE FROM ARISTOCRATIC FAMILIES—
 TRUE LOVE WILL HAVE ITS INNING**

FEB. 15.—One of the most sensational marriages ever known in the city occurred last evening at eleven o'clock. The bride escaped through the window of her room, where she had been confined by the commands of an irate father. Climbing gracefully down the fragrant wistaria which overhangs the west side of her palatial home, she met her eager lover beneath the clustering branches of an old elm. The pale moon shed a soft radiance over the happy pair, as there, in nature's great cathedral, with the elm for

a witness, they were united by the young pastor of the bride, who is also a warm personal friend of the groom. All too soon the sweet and touching ceremony was over, and a closed carriage bore away a joyful couple, rejoicing in their new-found happiness.

The bride is the beautiful and accomplished daughter of one of our wealthiest business men, as well as a member of one of our oldest families. She is greatly loved and admired by young and old of the city, both for her brilliant intellect and her sweetness of disposition.

The groom is a young man of sterling worth and ability, well known as a rising power in business and social circles of the city. The happy pair left on the midnight train for points north, attended by the congratulations and good wishes of their host of friends.

20th
 Century

Forward



Hail, O Spirit of Ambition,
King of progress, King of action,
King of never-tiring action
And endeavor for the goal.
We have heard thee calling, calling,
Long have heard thee, long have listened,
Long have felt thy mighty wooing,
Thy resistless, endless wooing;
And our hearts have stirred within us,
Stirred and roused from idle slumber.
Aye, O Spirit of Ambition,
We have heard thee, singing, calling,
Heard thee singing in the East Wind,
Heard thee singing in the West Wind,
In the North Wind and the South Wind
Heard thee singing in the pine trees,
Heard thee calling in the forests;
"Mount the heights that rise before thee,
Looking to the land of reason,
In the land of life and reason.
Forth to battle! Forth to conquests!
Neither stop nor look behind."
Aye, O King of endless action,
We have heard thee singing, calling,
Heard thee in the rippling brooklet,
Heard thee singing in the brooklet.
Heard thee calling, ever calling,
In the murmuring, flowing brooklet:
"Mount the heights that rise before thee,
Grasp the star that gleams above thee.
Looking to the land of learning,
In the land of life and wisdom.
To the battle! To the conquests!
Neither stop nor look behind."
And our hearts have stirred within us,
Stirred and roused from idle slumbers.
Aye, O King of life and progress,

King of never-ending progress,
We have felt thy mighty wooing,
Thy resistless, endless wooing,
Felt thee in the summer twilight,
In this stilly summer twilight;
Felt thee in the dewy morning,
At the sunrise in the morning;
Felt thee at the sultry noontide,
Felt thee in the shades and sunshine,
In the checkered shades and sunshine;
In our joys and in our sorrows.
And our hearts are strong within us,
Full of hope and dauntless courage.
Aye, O King of life and action,
Ever call us, call us onward;
Ever let us heed thy calling;
Ever lead us forth to battle,
Fearless lead us forth to battle;
For our hearts have stirred within us,
Stirred and roused from idle slumber.

B. L. C. '13.



A Fable



ONCE, long before the naming of blossoms, all sorts of sweet-scented, joy-colored flowers nodded on slender stems and stalwart stalks, away in a winding lane at the end of the rainbow.

Always they had been there, an adorable mass of billowing flower-beauty. There was every possible kind in all the world—big, little, gaudy, delicate, bold and modest—*and yet the harmony!*

It was restful to weary eyes, soothing to aching hearts, and a promise of happiness to old and young. For, you see, this flower-peopled lane did not bloom for nothing. Each tint, warm, red and pale, was reflected radiantly in the rainbow overhead. Isolated from all the world, they bloomed and bloomed with the one purpose of reflecting their beauty in the sky and making mankind the happier and better for having looked upon the rainbow thus made. Not once did a single flower glory in its own beauty, but lost itself in blending with the others into the general beauty far above. So, out of unselfishness was wrought this emblem of joy and tenderness which no flower of its own tints could have produced.

Day by day the rains came, and afterward the wonder-rainbow appeared; little children gazed in open-mouthed admiration and listened to quaint stories about this bow and never guessed that the flowers in the lane far, far away made it. And still, now, the delicate love-vine binds together flower-hearts and the beauty reflected from the bosom of the garden still speaks through the color medium of the rainbow its message of love and cheer.

F. R. M. '11.

A Gypsy Legend



"I AM simply soaking in happiness!" Betty announced emphatically, as she whirled in from an early morning trudge in the meadows.

It was the first day of June, and all the sweetness and youth of the early summer filled the outdoor world. The dry season of parching heat and choking dust had not touched upon this particular bit of the June world. And to one who had been cooped in town during the school months, the very

sight of the sunlight racing over the broad dew-drenched meadowland, all the way to the fringe of woods over patches of wild roses and tangles of jessamine—to see this, while the birds twittered a prophecy of three months of freedom, was enough to send the most prosaic damsel to seize the brushy tail of the nearest demurely-grazing calf and follow in his wake over meadow, ditch and brush.

And so—Betty was panting when she came into the sewing room this June morning, for assuredly in spite of the weight of her nineteen years she had "followed in the line of least resistance."

"Betty does rave so," her sister remarked, as that young lady poked a caramel into one cheek, put several more into her blouse and went into the library for something to read. In these moods she liked Irving's "Alhambra." Somehow she liked the thought of the mountains that were rugged and fierce only to shield deep in their bosoms rich little valleys where she could imagine all sorts of quaint things as she, in thought, passed through with Irving on his donkey. To-day she musingly chewed the caramel and glanced over the numerous book shelves that she had come to know by heart. The middle rows she was really acquainted with; they were good old friends of hers; the top row she never molested; they were wedged in securely, a row of dull bumpy-backed books, that always made Betty feel as if they belonged to the torturous tribe of Math. and Latin books. She mumbled slowly as in contemplation, "I want something old and—curious."

She reached high and unwedged one of the long-disregarded volumes on the top shelf. It was an old, old book, small and almost clumsily thick. She opened it; the type was so large and heavy, and in regular twisted lettering at the top of one page she read "Folk Legends." Betty's eyes simply shone! She suddenly swallowed the caramel and whispered "grand and gorgeous."

It took little time to tumble into the brown and green hammock under the rose vines, and soon she was enjoying the time-yellowed little book of legends. The first one was:

"A Gypsy Legend."

A horde of the tawny-skinned descendants of Tshangani wandered once in their restless, vagabond fashion from their own "Little Egypt" to the mouth of the Indus. The number was composed of fifteen or more families, and when at dusk they arrived at the camp ground all of them, from the old men with gaudy mantles on, to the half-naked babies, were dust-smirched from their travel through the country of deep, dry sand. They were wearied also, plain to see, as they broke the great knots of bread into hunks, one for each person, and sat around silently on the soft grass and munched, alternately, the bread in one hand and the cheese in the other.

It was a balmy night and the clear moonbeams shone softly on the little company as they ate their evening meal. The vivid coloring of their oriental apparel was subdued, and the greens, reds, yellows, and blues melted into mottled dabs here and there, making the scene a quaintly romantic one. The people themselves were interesting also as they jabbered lazily and conversed, not about the beauty of their new camp, with its grove of blooming bay trees, or the big river that flowed so near that they could hear the swish of the water, but about the town they had left the day before, their purchases there, the clever thefts of some of their tribe, and the different romances agoing among the young folks of the tribe. In one place a coquettish beauty in red was amusing a young gallant with a new magic art she had learned, and over there, leaning against a tree trunk, an old woman who looked like a witch, with her deep-sunken eyes, hooked nose and shrunken skin, talked to an old, whiskered fellow who lifted his beard to his mouth with an age-shaking hand. The woman leaned forward enthusiastically, showing the man a large pearl displayed in the palm of her horny hand.

"Ay, ay, woman, it's a beauty, a wonder; a fortune it is going to bring to us when we sell it at the town which we enter to-morrow. Where didst thou come by it, Tascha?"

The woman's face lit with pride, her eyes burned darkly and glittered as she rolled it in her palm and answered, "I stole it from the lady who came to learn her fortune of me yesterday." The man spoke lower as he touched the pearl, in a sort of worship.

"Tascha" he whispered, "take heed and do not let any ear catch the name of its hiding-place. In the folded fringe of thy mantle keep it, ay keep it, woman. And something else—do thou use thy magic arts to turn Khatla's poor, girlish heart from that fellow who's trying to win her."

He pulled his tangled beard in reflection as he spoke about his daughter, and the woman frowned fiercely, and clenched her teeth as she hissed, "Yea, man, she shall die by these hands rather than bend my will. Leave me alone; bide my action; I shall never let her marry Yonto."

The moonlight was pale, but not so pale that a slim, dark, red-frocked girl could not see the look of hate in the woman's eyes as she said those words. A cold feeling of helplessness mixed with resentment came over her.

The lowered lids of her great, dark eyes quivered a second only, and then her small head was tossed back, and again she was explaining to the muscular fellow, slouched his whole length before her, further about the new magic trick. He noticed, though, the quickening of the pulse-beat in her throat, the agitation in her tone, which her effort at gayety could not hide. Her hand, resting on the grass sod in the shadow, clenched a tuft fitfully as she continued her struggle at light-heartedness. Her laughter rang out into the night with the mumble of other voices and the whoops of the romping children. The man beside her, apparently listening, understood, reached out on the grass and crushed the slim, brown hand in his huge grasp, as he whispered under his breath: "Don't, Khatla; believe me, we'll win alright. The pearl is in her mantle fringe. We can escape when I secure that—to-night."

The moon was swimming under a cloud at one o'clock when the camp lay hushed in sleep. The faint rustle of the bay leaves was the only thing audible in the whole breadth of the outdoor night; but one scanning the huddled forms might have noticed a silent, snakelike gliding in one form drawing nearer and nearer a bundle of clothing. Next a lean, handsome face could have been seen lifted, as the fingers deftly twisted a piece of cloth and—withdrew, sliding into the shadow.

Scarcely had he done so when a long, curious yell, keen and piercing, arose from one of the slumberers, and in an instant the great, gaunt form of a woman sprang

across to the still form of the man in the shadow, and grabbed him by the shoulder, shaking him violently. A second, and he was on his feet, and freed himself, and wheeling, gripped the woman's wrists violently in an iron grasp. All the while the cry sounded, rousing the slumberers, "He has stolen my pearl, my pearl, oh, you demon, wizard, infamous one!"

The staring group that gathered around offered no helping hand. Some gazed fearfully at this young man, who they devoutly believed had ever been a magician. At length an old father of the tribe stepped forward and spoke clearly, "Hast thou a pearl by thee, son?" "I have many, father, which the spirits bring me," was the answer.

"Fetch forth the largest, Yonto. I ask not if it be Tascha's; wait for the spirits to show."

The man took the pearl from his knotted scarf and laid it in the hand of the old man. Tascha was drawn creepingly forward involuntarily, hands clenched on her heart, her eyes glittering with eagerness to view her lost treasure.

"Behold," the old man began solemnly, "the decision of the spirits. I shall place in the bark of the bay tree this gem, allowing the half to be exposed to view. The moonlight shall gleam on it, making it more distinguishable. And now, Yonto, do thou withdraw twenty paces and with thy "sling" shoot at the pearl as a mark; if the gem is destroyed, the spirits pronounce the innocence of Yonto. If it is untouched, the treasure is restored to Tascha as the rightful owner, and thou, Yonto, shalt be chained alive to this selfsame tree and left to perish after the departure of the tribe to-morrow."

Yonto glanced around the group. It was an assembly of breathlessly interested people; some of the black eyes glistened with hate, others with an agony of suspense and fear for the outcome. Only one face he marked was turned on him in a glory of confidence—a beautiful, young face. He squared his shoulders, and returned the confident look of the woman he loved.

Like most animals that live an outdoor life, he was lithe and sinewy and fearless. He poised himself lightly and stretched the sling, taking cool aim—(the soft luster was barely distinguishable) a breathless second, not an audible movement, and then the sharp snap of the relaxing rubber, and the instantaneous click of the mark. At the same time a mist of pearly powder clouded the night air and settled on everything.

At last objects were distinguishable, and Yonto holding the hand of Khatla, looked wonderingly at the spot from which a great number of the tribe had mysteriously vanished. Then he perceived that only their friends had been left with Khatla and himself. And the bay trees standing about bore on the lining of their leaves, the silver dust which to this day marks their kind.

And so, the prophecy of Pope Martin V is told by tradition to have been fulfilled, when he said, "The descendants of Tshangani shall wander for seven years and at last find contentment and rest in the fertile country at the mouth of the Indus."

FAY MEMORY.

Behind the Scenes at Wharton & Tyree's



THE steps leading up to Wharton & Tyree's studio groan under the unusual weight of the bright-eyed, but withal, anxious Meredith girls. It is the day for pictures to be made for the Annual. Mr. Tyree still has his after-breakfast toothpick in his mouth when this breezy and nerve-racking crowd open the door with a jerk and rush in tumultuously.

"O, Mr. Tyree, are we late?" several voices ask at once.

Before he can answer a shrill voice from the crowd squeals out:

"O, Mr. Tyree, *please* let the picture of our club come first!"

Then from somewhere else an indignant voice cries out:

"You're not going to have yours made first! *Ours* is posted for first, and first go it shall be!"

Mr. Tyree looks wild out of his eyes, and, mute with surprise and dread, points to the dressing-room. The girls rush toward the door of the room with *one* accord, but with *many* suit-eases and curious articles with which to form the setting for the various clubs. Of course, before half the swarm is in, the dressing-room is full, packed and jammed, and the rest of the crowd are pushing and crowding to "get in, too." One stalwart damsel plants a resolute pedal appendage over the threshold and absolutely refuses to move, saying that if she can't get in "all the way," she'll, at least, get in "half-way." The girl who has been so fortunate, or unfortunate, as to get before the mirror, would have thrown up her hands in astonishment and chagrin at the reflected wreck of the elaborate coiffure she arose at four o'clock to begin arranging, but alas! she has not space even for the moving of her hands. The air is aquiver with excitement, and the much and loud talking causes the smile on the face of the Billiken, which reposes unconcerned in a girl's arm, to deepen into a broad grin, and a rush of cold air from an open window somewhere freezes the grin on the poor god's face.

Something must be done, and that quickly. Mr. Tyree rushes forward with an armful of pictures and annuals of years past, hoping to allure them away. Jumping up on a chair, he learns that even by screaming at the top of his voice, he can not talk against anything bigger than he is. Finally, his efforts are rewarded and the majority of the crowd march back into the reception room, satisfied to look at pictures until their "time comes."

"Anything to please the children!" Mr. Tyree mutters under his breath. "And now to work! I'll have no more trouble now, I'll warrant!"

But he had reckoned without taking into consideration what he had to deal with—a swarm of girls in all the throes and woes of trying to look "pretty" to have their pictures taken. Snatches of excited talk reach his ears from behind the closed door, as he, already overcome, takes a seat and awaits the result of the preparation, in dread, let it be said.

"I just can't fix my hair to save my life!"

"Stop there! You knocked my curls off and I'll never find them again!"

"Hurry up and have your picture made. I want your switch just as soon as you get through! 'Twon't show in the picture that it's yellow and my hair is black!"

"Who said we couldn't use powder on our faces when we have pictures—"

"Will blacking your eyebrows make you look more stunning in—"

"Let me put some Hudnut's on you! It gives one such an aristocratic air a—"

"Can't somebody unbutton my waist back there? I've got it on front backwards and I'll never get it back on frontwards, I know!"

"Do you reckon Mr. Tyree can put a drop or two of water on my cheeks to represent the tears? You know I'm to represent—"

"You just wait; I'll fix you! I'll put the tears there myself with a medicine-dropper. Mr. Boomhour loaned me one this morning and showed me how to use it!"

"I'm so glad I'm not a Senior! I heard they were going to be draped in that chiffon hanging over the mirror and have nothing but their eyes show!"

"Yes, it's a consolation to be Prep. I, sometimes!"

"Lend me your nose-glasses, M—, glasses *do* make one look so important, and—"

"Don't you know it's exciting to get married, if it's this exciting to have your picture—"

"Lend me your rings, when you get your picture made. My hands won't show, but—"

"Well, we're ready, 'cepting the smile. Let's everybody smile and have that much done!"

There is a tug at the door and Mr. Tyree prepares to see the worst. It comes out in a trio of girls dressed in strange costumes, but with fixed, set smiles on their bepowdered countenances.

"Is this the Bohemian Club?"

"No! They're not ready yet. *We* are—"

As to the trials attending the picture-taking itself, to record the groans which attended it may be more effective. The sufferer was Mr. Tyree.

He groaned, and he groaned, and he groaned, but space forbids the recording of all his groans. A magnifying glass will reveal them on the pictures themselves.



Sometimes at Night



Sometimes at night, when earth is still,
And our restless spirits 'gainst our will
Are hushed into the semblance of repose;
The soul, unfettered, fain would creep
From out the gentle arms of sleep,
Away from the rush of weary feet,
To the shores where earth and heaven meet—
Sometimes at night.

The day knows not, nor understands,
The wonders of the mystic lands
Where night, all-knowing, sits enthroned;
Earth's grief and laughter die away,
And like a truant child at play,
My soul would rest where Lethe's stream
Bids her forget, and sleep and dream—
Sometimes at night.

But memory, wild-eyed, scorning sleep,
Alone, the silent watch would keep,
Wrapt in her sable shroud.
The night grows dark with wakened fears,
The slumbering spirit faintly hears
The sad and well-remembered strain,
That swells from out the heart of pain—
Sometimes at night.

But hark! at last, the light of morn,
A snow-clad angel, Heaven-born,
Lays on my soul the kiss of rest,
As ships upon the ocean's breast
When angry seas grow calm.
And through the gloom and pain of night
My star of Truth and Peace gleams white,
Sometimes at night.

B.

Youth's Transient Dream



IN a summer morning, long, long ago, a child wandered alone in a wood. The earth was gay with the thousand tints of spring-time; the air was sweet with the breath of flowers, and joyous with the music of birds. The woodlands rang with their happy melody, till heaven itself seemed bending down to kiss the earth in her gladness, and the very hand of God seemed to bless and caress the child—the earthly king of all this beauty.

As he wandered on, idly plucking the flowers, the fairies of the wood, in green and gold attire, crept from their coverts and saluted him as their king—a veritable Fairy Prince.

But there was no joy in the child's heart; only a restless longing to know what lay beyond the golden season of childhood.

Strange, indeed, that the fairest and purest of all God's creatures, a little child, should be the only being out of tune with the glad earth, made beautiful for him! With a troubled brow, and heart full of eager questionings, he followed a tangled path, leading to a little stream, whose water, clear as crystal, broke gently over the rocks, adding its glad melody to the joyousness around it. Weary, at last, and filled with delight at the sound of the murmuring stream, the child stopped, sat down to rest, and to dream of the time when as a "grown-up" he should taste of the fullness of life, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge.

All at once a sweet voice sounded behind him, and the child, looking up, beheld a beautiful sea-nymph, clad in silvery raiment, the water gleaming like sunshine in her hair. As he gazed wonderingly at the beautiful vision, the voice again sounded his name—this time in tones sweet and clear: "Drink of this water, my child, and thou shalt know the things thy heart desireth." With a glad cry the child knelt and drank of the water, and soon after fell asleep.

But while he slept, the tiny cloud that had seemed a mere speck in the morning sky, gathered darkly overhead, blotting out the happy sunlight. Only an instant the child slept, but when he awoke it was evening—the day was far spent. The winds were hushed—the birds forgot to sing; the little brook no longer murmured at his feet, a happy stream, but had swelled into a dark river, whose waters stopped

no more, but flowed ever onward into the ocean of life. This time there was needed no voice to tell him he was no longer a child. The miracle of sorrow had unfolded itself in his heart, and clothed him with the fellowship of pain.

Thou, little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height;
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life.

B.



To Richard



Richard, thou king of culinary art,
What matter though thy visage may be browned?
No other college such a cook has found,
Thou master-hand at making cake or tart.

To every girl thou showest a kind heart.
Thou wilt either fix us toast so browned,
Or wilt pass some nice, large apples 'round.
No matter what it is, thou'lt give a part.

Without thee we would soon grow thin and pale.
Thy absence soon would make our spirits sink.
What would we do should'st thou from us depart?

I know this place would seem just like a jail.
All others will agree with me, I think,
Thou dusky king of culinary art!



Time to Laugh



TWO SENIORS were discussing their prospects for next year.
E. THOMPSON, (desperately):—"Well, tell me where you are going to apply *first*."

A. THOMPSON WAS DOING HER CHRISTMAS SHOPPING:—"I want to buy some ties."

POLITE CLERK IN CLOTHING STORE:—"We have the sets—tie, handkerchief and hose to match."

A. T.:—"No, I don't want that," (casually) "I'll give him that next Christmas."

CLERK:—"Expect to be on more intimate terms then, do you?" And she couldn't convince him that she meant her brother.

NEWISH BENNETT has a book for "engagements." She complained, "I can't get a soul to put their names in my engagement book. I know P—— is engaged, but I can't make her admit it."

N. B. (reviewing for English examination):—"Say, May, do you know any poet named *author unknown*?"

SOPHOMORE (reading a head-line in *Current Events*):—"Dr. Cook attacked with Arithmetic. Um, I'm attacked with Algebra, especially with Logarithms."

DIGNIFIED SENIOR:—"I'm very glad to meet you."

TREMBLING FRESHMAN:—"Why-er you are-er welcome."

K. P.:—"Virginia, did you know that I have had the smallpox?"

V. W.:—"Mercy, no. Didn't it kill you?"

A. H.:—"I wonder why mother failed to get my letter Monday; I certainly mailed it"—(in the laundry box).

The following notice appeared on the bulletin board: Lost—A fountain pen, without the top, or the larger part of the pen. Finder please return to Katharine Hancock.

A large poster announced the coming of "The Taming of the Shrew." Girl:—"Are you going to 'The Turning of the Screw'?"

The Sorosis was somewhat surprised when it was reported that President Taft enjoyed his stroll on the Potomac every evening.

ASTRONOMY STUDENT:—"You can't see Venus *now*."

A. L. COUNCIL:—"Do the stars move?" (laugh) "Well, any fool knows they do."

The Y. W. C. A. missionary committee, in the hope of interesting the girls in the foreign countries, posted some Japanese scenes:

YOUNG LADY, GAZING AT THE BULLETIN:—"Are those scenes from the play last night?"

W. W.:—"Say, Bess, we just must have some Royal dressing to make these sandwiches. Please, you and Lila go to the Green Store and get a bottle."

They soon returned with a bottle of *Royal dressing for ladies' and children's boots and shoes*.

SCIENCE PROFESSOR:—"What do we call the tubes used in these experiments?" (neutralization).

E. C.:—"Oh, cigarettes"—(burettes).

Seeing a poster of Victor and his Venetian Band, Myrtle Jones asked: "Are you going to hear Victor Hugo's Band to-night?"

GIRL, BORROWING MEDICINE:—"Do you apply it externally?"

L. BENNETT:—"No, you just rub it on with your fingers."

C. BURTON, WARMING TO HER SUBJECT:—"Yes, she was so good they encored her two or three times to come back."

As the Monday light is waning,
Whether sun shines or 'tis raining,
A throng of boys departs;
At the door a figure standing,
To the boys a sweet smile handing
To heal their broken hearts.

When, after concerts we come filing,
And in the halls stand, smiling, smiling,
A voice as from the tombs,
Through the halls so pleasant breaking,
Sets each boy and girl aquaking—
"Girls, go to your rooms!"

MR. BOOMHOUR:—"Miss Cate, you have studied the paramecium, have you?"

E. CATE, (timidly):—"Yes sir."

MR. B.:—"You saw Cilia, did you?"

E. C.:—"Yes sir."

MR. B.:—"Will you tell us some of the functions of the Cilia?"

E. C.:—"They are red."

Examination Echoes

Discuss Edgar Allan Poe's style.

Answer:—Edgar Allan Poe was a very good poems and tales writer.

Relate the story of *The Vision of Sir Launfal*.

Sentence in answer:—"So he [Sir Launfal] felt bad about the way he had treated the old leopard, so he went back and gave the old leopard a crust of bread and then he felt better."

Name George Eliot's best known works.

Answer:—"O may I sing with the *choir invisible*," etc.

Sentence from Prep. Exposition—title, How to Dress a Chicken:—"Next you should remove the pedal extremities."

The editor lay on her dying bed,
Her friends around with anxious dread,
Her form with agitation shook.
She cried aloud, "The Book! the Book!"
Lower they bend the words to hear,
To know what book she held so dear
A gasp, one last reproachful look—
"In all the world there's but one Book."

Her free soul took its winged flight
Upward to realms of gorgeous light.
St. Peter stood with practiced eye
To inspect credentials of the passers-by;
She paused, and from her bosom took
With trembling hands the precious Book,
And said in tones so meek and slow:
"I was an Annual Ed below...

"Ho! Angel Gabriel, give her a harp—
Her pain on earth was wondrous sharp—
Crown her with Oak Leaves."





This is the Annual of Meredith C.
This is the Grace
Who was Chief Ed.
Of the Annual of Meredith C.

This is the Blanche
Who aided the Grace
Who was Chief Ed.
Of the Annual of Meredith C.

This the Annie with the steadfast heart,
Who got up the Ads.
And worked with the Blanche
Who aided the Grace
Who was Chief Ed.
Of the Annual of Meredith C.

This is the Lillian, who did her part,
And stood by the Annie with steadfast heart
Who got up the Ads.
And worked with the Blanche
Who aided the Grace
Who was Chief Ed.
Of the Annual of Meredith C.

This is the Lila with talent in art,
Who ranked with the Lillian, who did her part,
And stood by the Annie with steadfast heart
Who got up the Ads.

And worked with the Blanche
Who aided the Grace
Who was Chief Ed.
Of the Annual of Meredith C.

This is the Willa, who fain would impart
Jokes to Lila with the talent in art,
Who ranked with the Lillian, who did her part,
Who stood by the Annie with steadfast heart
Who got up the Ads.
And worked with the Blanche
Who aided the Grace
Who was Chief Ed.
Of the Annual of Meredith C.

This is the Minnie, ready and tart,
Who classes with Willa, who fain would impart
Jokes to the Lila with the talent in art,
Who ranked with the Lillian, who did her part,
And stood by the Annie with steadfast heart,
Who got up the Ads.
And worked with the Blanche
Who aided the Grace
Who was Chief Ed.
Of the Annual of Meredith C.

Kate and Sallie, Sophs youthful and smart,
In class beneath Minnie, ready and tart,
Who's in class with Willa who fain would impart
Jokes to Lila with the talent in art,
Who ranked with the Lillian, who did her part,
And stood by the Annie with steadfast heart
Who got up the Ads.
And worked with the Blanche
Who aided the Grace
Who was Chief Ed.
Of the Annual of Meredith C.

The Fresh, Sallie and Gertrude, do now depart
Along with the Sophs youthful and smart,
In class beneath Minnie, who's ready and tart,
Who's in class with Willa, who fain would impart
Jokes to the Lila with talent in art,
Who ranked with the Lillian, who did her part,
And stood by the Annie with steadfast heart
Who got up the Ads.
And worked with the Blanche
Who aided the Grace
Who was Chief Ed.
Of the Annual of Meredith C.

Miss Poteat



She lives among us, so we never think
Of her as great, we only know
We love her, and our eager spirits drink
New faith, unconscious, as we go.

The helpfulness to all, to strong and weak,
The sacrifice her love demands,
We see and reverence, as within we seek,
The heart that prompts the loving hands.

Full many place on canvas rare
Those forms whereby men glory rate,
But few bring brightness out of grief and care,
Make of their lives for God a picture great.

EDITORS.

Au Revoir



“AND so the year's done with!” The scattered oak leaves have been gathered into a cluster, and their once-blank faces have been written over with characters of every kind.

The dreams of Autumn were bright as the colors of her foliage; some have dulled and vanished, but some have been reborn in realizations sweeter. To those who read these pages, we would say: “We have sought to represent truly the life and spirit of our college; count not the faults you find as failures but as marks of striving, for our reach was above our grasp.”

As always, many friends have come forward to help us. We are especially grateful for the time and suggestions that Miss Ida Poteat has given us, for the un-failing patience and aid of the Annual committee throughout the year, and for the energy with which Mr. Wade R. Brown has helped us make our Annual a financial success. To these—and to all who have shown an interest in our book—we wish to express our deepest appreciation.

The little gray squirrel no longer watches the ivy-grown window, for the Annual editors of 1910 have met for the last time.



AU REVOIR

Register



ALDERMAN, VIOLA	Edenton, N. C.
ALLEN, VIRGINIA	Dillon, S. C.
ALLEN, VIRGINIA	Raleigh, N. C.
ALLEN, LILIAN	Waynesville, N. C.
ANDERSON, LUCILE	Raleigh, N. C.
ANDERSON, FANNIE	Fayetteville, N. C.
ARTHUR, LUCILE	Morehead City, N. C.
ASHCRAFT, MYRTLE	Wadesboro, N. C.
ASHWORTH, LILLIE BELLE	Thomasville, N. C.
ASKEW, MARY LOUISE	Harrellsville, N. C.
AYCOCK, JOHN LEE	Raleigh, N. C.
BAKER, LOUISE	Raleigh, N. C.
BARRUS, BLANCHE	Pollocksville, N. C.
BARKER, LILLIAN	Lumberton, N. C.
BASS, ELIZABETH	Raleigh, N. C.
BEASLEY, FLORENCE	Colerain, N. C.
BENNETT, LOUISE	Middleburg, N. C.
BENNETT, HARRIETT C.	Clinton, N. C.
BLALOCK, MRS. SADIE LAMBERT	South Hill, Va.
BLACKWELL, DOVIE	Brevard, N. C.
BOONE, NINA	Gibsonville, N. C.
BOONE, OLIVE WHARTON	Waynesville, N. C.
BOYD, CLAUDE M.	Raleigh, N. C.
BOYD, EMILY	Charlotte, N. C., No. 9.
BRADLEY, MARY	Raleigh, N. C.
BRADSHER, MAMIE	Roxboro, N. C.
BRAY, NELIA	Elkin, N. C.
BRIGGS, LOULA	Raleigh, N. C.
BRITT, MARY ELIZABETH	Raleigh, N. C.
BRITT, MAUDE	Lumberton, N. C.
BRITT, AUGUSTA	Lumberton, N. C.
BROUGHTON, MINNIE	Raleigh, N. C.
BROUGHTON, ROSA	Raleigh, N. C.
BURTON, CARRIE	Henderson, N. C.
BUTLER, OSSIE	Roseboro, N. C.
BUTLER, FLOY	Clinton, N. C.
BYRUM, EMMA	Edenton, N. C.
CAIN, MARIETTA	Mocksville, N. C.
CAMP, SALLIE SHEPHERD	Franklin, Va.
CAMP, RENA	Franklin, Va.
CANNADY, LOTTIE	Kinston, N. C.
CARMEN, BESSIE	New Bern, N. C.
CARLETON, EMMA	Warsaw, N. C.
CARLETON, JANIE	Warsaw, N. C.
CARTER, MARY HELEN	Clayton, N. C.

CARTER, GRACE	Holly Springs, N. C.
CARTER, MARVEL	Apex, N. C.
CARROLL, GEORGIA	Turkey, N. C.
CARROLL, BERTHA	Winterville, N. C.
CARROLL, LOUISE	Turkey, N. C.
CASHWELL, DARE	Parkton, N. C.
CASHWELL, ETHEL	Parkton, N. C.
CATE, ELIZABETH	Chapel Hill, N. C.
CHAPPELL, ELEANOR	Lake City, S. C.
CHEEK, OMA	Ore Hill, N. C.
CLARK, EUGENIA	Raleigh, N. C.
CLAYTON, AWA	Primrose, N. C.
COGGIN, FANNIE	Palmerville, N. C.
COPPLE, BEULAH	Monroe, N. C.
COLE, MARY	Sanford, N. C.
COOK, RUTH	La Crosse, Va.
COOPER, NINA	Raleigh, N. C.
COOPER, N. LOUISE	Raleigh, N. C.
COUNCIL, ANNIE LAURA	High Point, N. C.
COUNCIL, GRACE	High Point, N. C.
DANIEL, EVA	Turkey, N. C.
DAVIS, EULA	Winston-Salem, N. C.
DAVIS, MAUDE	Winston-Salem, N. C.
DRAUGHAN, LILLIAN	Dunn, N. C., No. 6.
DENMARK, LEONITA	Raleigh, N. C.
DEWAR, GLADYS	Raleigh, N. C.
DICKSON, LULIE	Wake Forest, N. C.
DITMORE, LOULA	Bryson City, N. C.
DOUGLASS, CLARANCE	Raleigh, N. C.
DOUGLASS, MARGUERITE	Raleigh, N. C.
DUNN, WALLACE	Raleigh, N. C.
DUNLAP, CALLIE	Causey, N. C.
DURHAM, WALTERS	Raleigh, N. C.
DURHAM, ELLEN	Raleigh, N. C.
DUNNING, JOYCE	Aulander, N. C.
EATON, PHOEBE	Cana, N. C., No. 2.
EDMUNDSON, MILDRED	Goldsboro, N. C.
EDMUNDSON, EUNICE	Goldsboro, N. C.
EDWARDS, SARAH	Raleigh, N. C.
EDWARDS, DORCAS	Raleigh, N. C.
ELMORE, MATTIE	Bryson City, N. C.
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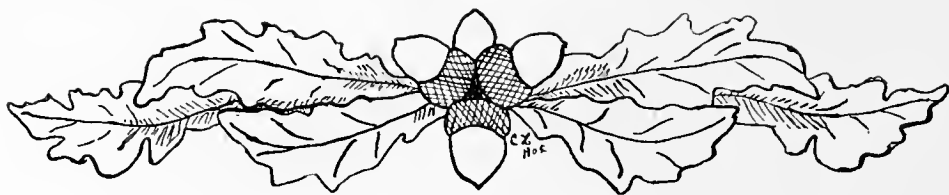
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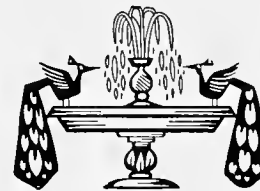
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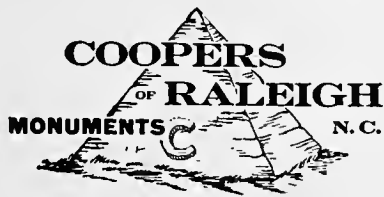
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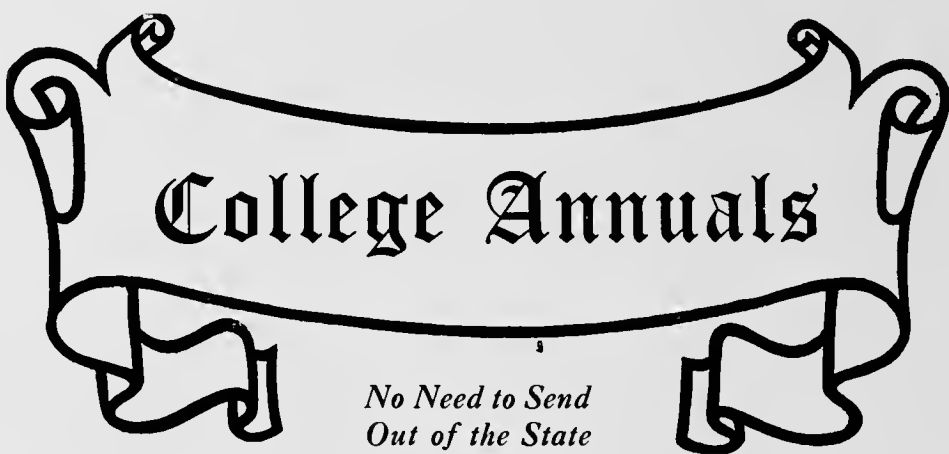
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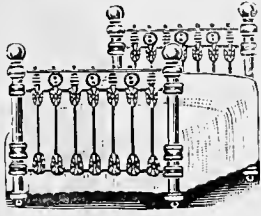
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 I count each sock unto the end, and find
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 See how it looms across my sole
 I grind my teeth, and then in very truth
 I darn that hole, sweetheart, I darn
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