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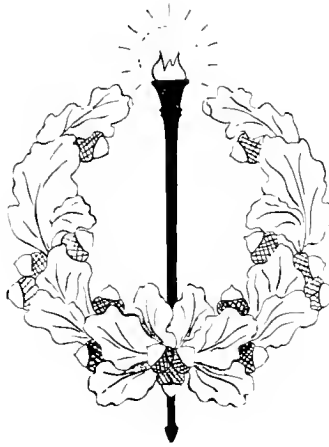
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1913

OAK LEAVES



VOL. 10

MCMXIII

*Edited and Published by the
Philaretian and Astrotekton Societies
Meredith College
Raleigh, N. C.*

Illustrations by Students

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To

Dr. James Yadkin Joyner

*whose character is as gentle as his life has been forceful
whose work is as famous as his nature is modest;
the one surviving chieftain of the great crusading trio—
Aycock, McTeer, Joyner—whose victory is
that North Carolina now recognizes the worth
of her every child and bids him “burgoon
out all there is within him.”*

This Book is Dedicated



*"Whoever writes the educational history of this decade
will be the biographer of James Yadkin Joyner."*

—Prof. E. C. Brooks, 1912.

Faculty

School of Liberal Arts

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Wake Forest College, A.B.; Southern Baptist Theological Seminary; Furman University, D.D.

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Meredith College, A.B.; Student University of Chicago

Lady Principal

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Colgate University; University of Chicago

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Brownsville Female College, A.M.; Student at Leipzig and Berlin

Professor of Modern Languages

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Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary

Professor of Physiology—College Physician

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Cornell University.

Professor of Mathematics

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Student Mount Holyoke College; Columbia University, A.M.

Professor of English

MARY SHANNON SMITH, A.B.

Student Radcliffe College; Leland Stanford Junior University, A.B.;

Student Columbia University

Professor of History and Education

LEMUEL ELMER McMILLAN FREEMAN, A.B., A.M., B.D., Th.D.
Furman University; Harvard University; Newton Theological Institution; Southern Baptist
Theological Seminary; Student at University of Chicago
Professor of Bible and Philosophy

BERTHA LILLIAN LOOMIS, A.B.
Keuka College, A.B.; Student Cornell University
Professor of Latin

ELLA GRAVES THOMPSON, A.B.
Meredith College, A.B.
Instructor in English

School of Elocution

*CAROLINE BERRY PHELPS, O.M., A.M.
Student Boston University; Emerson College of Oratory, O.M.; Adrian College, A.M.;
Student Cornell University
Professor

School of Art

*IDA ISABELLA POTEAT
New York School of Art; Cooper Union Art School, New York; School of Applied Design-
Philadelphia; Pupil of Mounier; Chase Class, London
Professor

ANNA HARDEE PRIDGEN
Meredith College School of Art; Special Art Student Columbia University; Pupil of
Miss M. M. Mason and Mrs. Benjamin Pearce Vanderhoof, New York
Assistant

School of Music

*GUSTAV HAGEDORN
Pupil of Adolf Hahn and Leopold Lichtenberg; Late Member of Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra
(Five Years); Pupil of Issay Barnas and Edgar Stillman-Kelley, Berlin
Dean—Professor of Violin, Orchestral Instruments, Harmony, Counterpoint

*Offering one or more courses counting toward A.B. degree.

HELEN MARIE DAY

Pupil of Chas. B. Stevens and Arthur J. Hubbard, Boston; Chas. McKinley, New York; Mme. Matza von Niesson Stone, Berlin; Clerbois, Paris
Professor of Voice Culture and Art of Singing

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Graduate Meredith College School of Music; Artist's and Teacher's Diploma, New England Conservatory of Music
Professor of Piano and Ensemble Playing

GERTRUDE SOUSLEY*

Artist's and Teacher's Diploma, New England Conservatory of Music; Pupil of I. Philipp, Paris
Associate Professor of Piano, History of Music, Analysis

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Director of Physical Education

*Giving one or more courses counting toward A.B. degree.

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Nurse

BERTHA LUCRETIA CARROLL
Student Assistant in Physical Education



EDITORIAL

An Annual is a queerish book, as you will see with just one look within the *OAK LEAVES'* pages—a foolish sort of way it is in which to spend the energies of all the college sages. For we, the 1913 Eds, have worried much our several heads for scintillating ideas. But as you turn its pages scant, I fear me you'll not rip and rant about its brilliance, my dears. There's much that is the same old thing—it never seems to change a ding throughout a generation—for always there must classes be, associations, societee, for our felicitation. But then on 'magnations' wings to sundry hits and divers things, our wits did fly awhile. With some most gently did we deal, and some, we pricked to hear them squeal and make the others smile. We hope that you will like this book, which, oddcomesHORTS, by hook and crook this staff has tried to edit; and if you do, amid the darts, we hope that you will have the hearts to say so, when you've read it.

HATTIE HERRING

Poet Philosopher

HATTIE HERRING, Editor in Chief
LUCY MIDDLETON, Art Editor
SALLIE MARTIN } Junior Editors
ANNE MCKAUGHAN }

MAY STEELE, Associate Editor in Chief
LILIAN WILKINSON, Business Manager
BERT BROWN } Sophomore Editors
LOUISE WATKINS }



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OUR PRESIDENT



Senior Class

"College, Class, Conscience"

FLOWER : *Maiden Hair Fern*

COLOR : *Green*

Officers

SALLIE CAMP, PRESIDENT
IVA PEARSON, VICE-PRESIDENT
LUCY MIDDLETON, SECRETARY
SALLIE JOSEY, TREASURER
BERNICE KELLY, POET
MAY STEELE, HISTORIAN
BESSIE JOHNSON, TESTATOR
MINNIE NASH, STATISTICIAN

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A. B.

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SALLIE CAMP
BERTHA CARROLL
LUCY GRINDSTAFF
HATTIE HERRING

HALLY HESTER
ANNIE HIGHSMITH
GERTRUDE HORN
BESSIE JOHNSON
SALLIE JOSEY

BERENICE KELLY
MAUD MEMORY
MINNIE NASH
LINDA NEWTON
MAY STEELE

Elocution

EDNA PREVATTE

Art

LUCY MIDDLETON
EULIE WATSON

Music

HALLIE NEAL
IVA PEARSON
KITTY POOLE



MINNIE VIOLA ALDERMAN
Edenton, N. C.

Her word, her action, and her phrase were kindly.

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



SALLIE SHEPHERD CAMP
Franklin, Va.



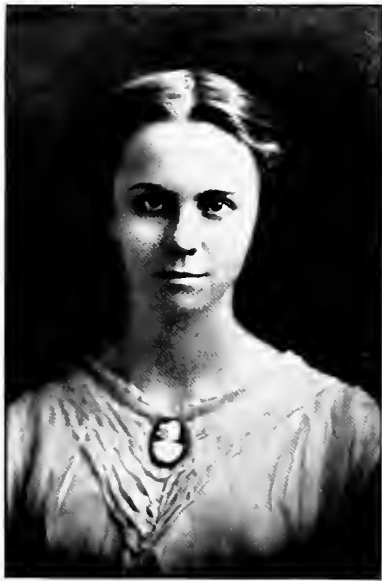
BERTHA LUCRETIA CARROLL
Winterville, N. C.

A woman with frank eyes of blue,
With glossy hair of ebon hue,
And with a heart both tried and true.

A woman is the most inconsistent compound
of obstinacy and self-sacrifice that I am
acquainted with.



LUCYE EVELYN GRINDSTAFF
Sylva, N. C.



HATTIE HERRING
Kinston, N. C.

He that questioneth much shall learn much.

There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face.



HALLY ELIZABETH HESTER
Tryon, N. C.



ANNIE HIGSMITH
Fayetteville, N. C.

With every charm that wins the heart,
By nature given.



GERTRUDE CECILIA HORN
Winston-Salem, N. C.

The heart to conceive, the understanding to
direct, and the hand to execute.



BESSIE FRANK JOHNSON
Delway, N. C.

Through her forced, abnormal quiet
Flashed the soul of frolic riot.

That fawn-skin-dappled hair of hers,
And the blue eye,
Dear and dewy,
And that infantine fresh air of hers.



SALLIE MERRIAM JOSEY
Scotland Neck, N. C.



BERNICE CHRISTIANA KELLY
Clayton, N. C.

A rosebud set with little wilful thorns.



MAUD MEMORY
Whitville, N. C.

Full oft her doting sire would call
His Maud the merriest of them all.



LUCY MIDDLETON
Warsaw, N. C.

From her youth was fostered evermore
With the vertue's foode, and taught in school
of wisdom's skilful lore.

Often fineness compensated size.



MINNIE NASH
Elizabeth City, N. C.



HALLY MAY NEAL
Mourne, N. C.

Her mellow notes awhile prolong
The cadence of the flowing song.



MARGARET OLINDA NEWTON
Salemburg, N. C.

He had kept
The whiteness of his soul.



IVA LANIER PEARSON
Dunn, N. C.

Thou art not voice alone, but hast beside
Both heart and head.

Sweet-voiced, like a mortal nightingale.



KAREN ANN ELLINGTON POOLE
Clayton, N. C.



EDNA PREVATTE
Lumberton, N. C.

I had rather seal my lips than to my peril
speak that which is not.



MARY STEELE
Wagram, N. C.


We grant although he had much wit
He was very shy of using it.



She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or despise.

EUPHEMIA LIVINGSTON WATSON
Marion, N. C.






*A Pilgrimage of One and Twenty Maydens
to the Shrine of Knowledge*

In that Autonne with its recordes deere,
Whiche clepen men the greatest tyme of yeere,
Befel that six and twenty Freshës greene
As lustye as in contree e'er were scene,
From ev'ry towne and ev'ry shires ende
Of Carolyne to Raleygh did wende,
The holy blisful knowledge for to seke,
That them would holpen when that they were weke.

Befel that in that sesoun on a nyghte
In Fairelothe Halle, in divers garments dyghte,
Redy to wenden on their pilgrimage,
A classe dyd forme with ful devout corage;
Whyl at the walls the Sophomores dyd beete
Ful doughty battle with their mouthes and feete,
But natheless, whyl I have tyme and space
Er that I ferther in this tale pace,
Methinketh it acordaunt to resoun,
To telle you al the condicioun
Of chief of them, so as it seemèd me,
And whiche they weren, and of what degree.

At President than wol I first beginne
Who for a yeere should lede the yonge women,
'Twas Loving that their president was naymed,
And for hir music ful she was y-faymed.



Miss Ida did they pick to holde them straighte,
For with the facultee did she have weighte.
At Rome she hadde been, and at Boloigne,
In Galice at Seint Iame, and at Coloigne.

For Patrone Sēyat they chosèd Irish Pat,
And aide he gave them more than a curat;
For on hys owne daye, in droghte of Marche
The Freshhēs greene, with kerchiefs full of starche,
Their Junior friends dyd have to compaignye,
And entertainèd them ful merilye.
They workèd on until the sommer somme
Stoode over them, and theire exams. were donne.
Each Freshe hied hir then to hir owne doore,
In automne wended back a Sophomore,
Save seven maydes, who by the waysyde felle,
And of them ther is nothyng more to telle.

But thys parte of theire pilgrimage was harde,
And from it theye departed battle-seaured.
Ful manye ponye nigh to dethe theye rode,
And the library was theire constante abode.
Math was a thorne that prickèd them ful sore,
Coltonic English prickèd them the more.

But from thys warfare hadde theye a reste
When prankies on the Freshē cheered theire breste,
And whan on contree jaunte dyd theye y-ryde,
Ech Sophe with a Seniore by hir syde.
Theye knew whan two more yeeres hadde rolled arounde

With al of knowledge woulde theye be crowned;
Thot warme and bryghte another sommer's sonne
Would finde, theye thoghte, their pilgrimage nigh donne.

Another yeare ther followèd ful soone,
Whan back upon their pilgrimage they goone,
And as they journeyed, dyd they scorne to looke,
Save in the open daylighte for the crooke,
Whan in one Senior's roome they brake the walle
And lookèd in; ther was no Crooke at alle.
Some Fresshüs newe hadde joynd the pilgrimage;
They watchèd them to see that noe damage
Was donne by Sophs, who locked as in a cloistre—
Their chaunce to harme was held nat worth an oistre;
And since with braine insted of braun they fougte,
With Sophs their chaunce at game of balle was nough:e.

But conflicts dyd nat fil quyte al their dayes;
Sometyms they journeyed thugh more plesant wayes:
Once to a contree Inne their way did wend,
Where theye a Senior brekfaste outen ende
Dyd eat arounde a *miniature* hat
Ful byg enough to holde their owne Sÿnte Pat!

Eftsones to Senior state dyd they aspire,
On wisdom's pathway clomb they ever higher,
Of Senior rights, what they could dee and be,
They founde ther was no superfluitee.
But dire and manye were their tribulaciouns
And trewely al hadde their significaciouns.

Now one and twenty maydes—ther were namo—
Still ferther on towards Wisdom's shryne dyd go;
But whan theye neared their last triumphaunte daye—
Hir altar faire hadde faded al awaye!

Now have I told you shortly in a clause,
Thestat, tharray, the nombre, and eek the cause
Why that assembled was this compaignye
Toward holy, blisful Knowledge to journey.

**Here endeth the storye of the pilgrimage of the one and twentye maydens
to the shryne of Knowledge.**





Senior Class Poem

The mind soars high in balmy air,
And breathes in joy unmixed with care,
For lo, the future promise fair
 Uplifts the veil.

How earth's low mountains topple down
As nearer draws long-sought renown!
As fades the cross, bright dreams of crown
 Have sweet prevail.

And oh, there are dreams of Heights of Day
That change stale earth's drear humdrum way,
Since warmed in light the coarser clay
 Felt wisdom's hand!

The clay, content to mould apart,
Builds high her lordly halls of art,
And bars and bans impulse of heart
 From her fair land.

Another vision dark and slow
Moves through live joy with shades of woe;
In vales strive men with thoughts bound low
 On naught but earth.

No sight of crown beyond the cross,
Content therewith to reap but dross,
To seek no gain nor care for loss
 Nor future worth.

Once more there gleams far nobler Heights,
Where wise commune brings high delights;
The Patmos passes then, and rights
 Of men appeal.

Into the valley's welcome ills
The mind descends from lordly hills,
And in those baser lives instills
 Her dream ideal.

The years creep on, the vision's hue
Dimmed by the valley's narrow view,
Seems lost for naught, the mind as true
 Seeks still to win;

A voice comes clear, "And is it naught
To lift a life? This thing you've wrought
Call much, for through it you have brought
 The Heights to men."



There is at M. C. a famed crook,
For which Juniors most earnestly look.
But in vain do they peep!
Great tears do they weep
'Til of them is formed quite a brook.



WATER

Junior Class

COLORS: *Old Gold and Black*

FLOWER: *Black-eyed Susan*

MASCOT: *Black Cat*

Officers

KATE CAMPBELL JOHNSON, PRESIDENT

KATHERINE KNOWLES, SECRETARY

CORA TYNER, VICE-PRESIDENT

MABEL BALLENTINE, TREASURER

LOUISE BENNETT, POET

Members

A. B.

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LOUISE FUTRELL

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MINNIE GOSNEY

LOUISE BENNETT

MARGARET GULLEY

EUNICE BENTON

SALLIE MARTIN

SALLIE BULLARD

ANNE MCKAUGHAN

GWENDOLEN ENGLISH

ALMA STONE

MINNIE FARRIOR

CORA TYNER

MYRTHA FLEMING

LILIAN WILKINSON

Music

MARY DE LOACHE

LALA DIXON

MARY ELLIOTT

MAE GRIMMER

KATE JOHNSON

KATHERINE KNOWLES

BERTHA NEWTON

JANIE PARKER





Junior Class Poem

As Freshmen we were wary,
As Soph'mores we did vary,
As Juniors we are just the
 link between;
When we shall all be Seniors,
We each will be a genius,
Just watch out for the Class
 of Old '14!

Our Freshman year was noted
(As I think I have just quoted),
For the prudence and the caution
 shown by all;
But the next year we made up,
For we won the Loving Cup
From each and every class in
 basketball!

When you hear that we have passed,
And are Seniors now at last —
We will not always be the
 “link between”—
You will hear of the Junior host
As indeed the pride, the boast
Of Meredith,—the Class of
 Old '14!





Sophomore Class

COLORS: *Yellow and White*

FLOWER: *Daisy*

MASCOT: *The Owl*

Officers

ALBERTA NEWTON BROWN, PRESIDENT

HELEN ADAMS, SECRETARY

LOIS JOHNSON, VICE-PRESIDENT

RUTH ALLEN, TREASURER

LOUISE WATKINS, POET

Members

A. B.

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ALBERTA BROWN
RUTH GLOVER
ALDA GRAYSON
BERENICE HURLEY
MARGUERITE HIGGS

JOHNNIE HOWARD
JEANNETTE JOHNSON
LOIS JOHNSON
SUSIE JORDAN
DIXIE LAMM
MARTHA LINEBERRY

BESSIE MULL
ISABELLE MCKENZIE
FLORENCE MARSHBANKS
ELEANOR MOORE
ALLIE ANN PIERCE
GENIEVIEVE THOMAS

ALENE WHITAKER
LEILA WOODCOCK
LOUISE WATKINS
SARAH WATKINS
MARGARET WADE

Art

MARY DANA

Music

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GERTRUDE FAGGE
KATHERINE HANCOCK
ALICE LAMBERT
ELIZABETH TOMLINSON

Elocution

BEULAH NANCE



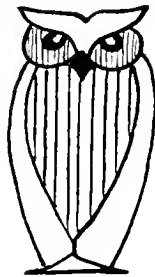


Sophomore Class Poem

Away, ye loathed names, away—
No more with us do take a stay!
We've borne you long and suffered much,
The names of "Fresh" and all as such,
'Twas wrong, we know, to do us thus,
But we knew better than to fuss;
And now we've reached that looked for year,
When from all Newish we do hear
"She is a Sophomore."

The Freshman wonders why we're wise,
The Junior watches with surprise,
The Senior, dear, looks on with pride,
And marvels at our every stride.
The wonder came and daily grew,
How one such class knew all we knew,
We each were proud of our wise class,
And gladly heard as we did pass,
"She is a Sophomore."

'Tis from this, that they all may know,
That 'tis the owl that loves us so;
And as to Seniorship we haste
None of our wisdom will we waste,
But with it strive a class, as whole,
At last to reach the Senior's goal,
And there, the final day, to hear
A new faint whisper in our ear,
"She was a Sophomore."





Freshman Class

FLOWER: *Violet*

COLORS: *Lavender and Green*

Officers

BESSIE CAMPBELL, PRESIDENT
ESTHER ROYSTER, VICE-PRESIDENT
SALLIE GRAY IVIE, SECRETARY
ROXIE HARRIS, TREASURER

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A. B.

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FANNIE BLACKMAN	NAOMI HOCUTT	LUCILE PHILLIPS
ADA BRIGGS	BRUNICE JENKINS	MARGARET POPE
LULA COOPER	HELEN JOHNSON	MARJORIE REA
ALMA COLE	SALLIE JOHNSON	ESTHER ROYSTER
CLOTA EDWARDS	BEULAH JONES	BESSIE STANTON
JEANETTE FREDERICK	MARY JONES	SUE THOMAS
BESSIE GADDY	HEMANS KELLY	IRENE THOMPSON
MALLIE GARNER	AVA LYONS	IDA WALL
PERMELIA GWYNN	ETHEL MCGILLIARD	MARTHA WALL
LUCY HAMRICK	CLARA NEWTON	CORA WARREN
ROXIE HARRIS	OMA NORWOOD	MARY WARREN
VANNIE HAWLEY	MATTIE W. OSBORNE	MAE D. WOOTEN

Music

LORENA BLAND	BESSIE HOBBS
EUNICE BRITT	SALLIE GRAY IVIE
LORNA BELL	ETHEL MILLER
BESSIE CAMPBELL	BEULAH MUMFORD
CALLIE DUNLAP	JOE NEAL
MATTIE GADDY	ELIA NORRIS
MAY GARNER	HONTAS NORFLEET
MARY HAMILTON	MARY PRUETTE
MATTIE HERRING	ROBERTA PRIDGEN
ROSA HOCUTT	ANNIE SHORT

Elocution

DUREMA WATSON

Art

EDNA BRADSHER

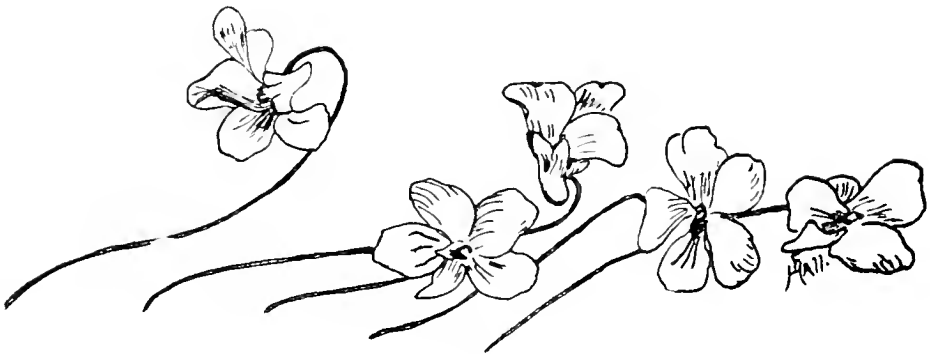


Freshman Class Poem

We are just now beginning,
But we'll move on fast enough,
For we're in for pulls and struggles,
Things easy and things tough.
We are studying hard on Latin
Stumbling o'er an English theme,
Working in the Lab., and finding
"Things aren't always what they seem."

Mathematics gives some headache,
History papers make some grunt,
And it's wonderful to see the
Music girls perform their stunt.
But there's time for fun and pleasure,
It's not all worry, not all work;
We can joke, have pillow fights, too,
Or sometimes a duty shirk.

But the worst of all is hearing
Proctors say, "The light bell's rung."
Or, "Now, girls, have you permission?"
Then we gently whisper, "stung"!
But we live in hopes of brighter
Days when we will hail the hour
That we pass from out these portals
Into realms of greater power.



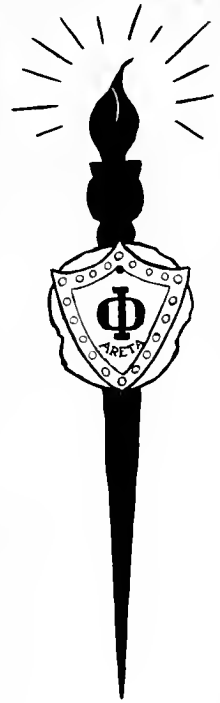
STUDENT



GOVERNMENT



Y
W
C
A



SOROSIS





HATTIE HERRING, PRESIDENT



LOUISE FUTRELL, VICE-PRESIDENT



KATE JOHNSON, SECRETARY



BERTHA CARROLL, TREASURER

Officers Student Government Association

House Presidents



ALTHOUGH the Executive Committee of 1912-'13 has had to deal with many propositions which at times we felt were far beyond our years and ability to judge, we feel that on the whole the year has been a triumph for the cause of self-government in our college. There have been some unpleasant circumstances, some severe punishments to be meted out, but we have felt the cooperation of the student body and have been strengthened by its approval in all our undertakings. For it seems to us that the girls are taking a more personal interest in the Association than ever before, and that they have an increasing faith in it as a source of discipline and justice.

The signal success of the year has been the incorporation among our rights of the power of the Executive Committee to accept or reject any regulation which the Senate of the College may pass concerning the government of the student body. That the Senate, naturally a conservative element, should grant such a power is an index of the respect which the Association has won among our Faculty.

Of course our rules are broken—some one every day, most probably. But so it is with any law. What must be considered in determining the success or non-success of any system is the general tone it creates and the general attitude toward it, and in view of these things, the Student Government Association is a success.



MORN
-PRESIDENT-



BENTON
-VICE-PRESIDENT-

Y M C A



NEWTON
-SECRETARY-



MEMORY
-TREASURER-



Anderson
Press



S. WATKINS
ALUMNAE



Collins - Social



B. Johnson
Bible Study



Kelly
Religious Meetings

YWCA Cabinet



CARROLL
MISSIONARY



K. Johnson
Music



WATSON
College News

Young Women's Christian Association

1912-1913

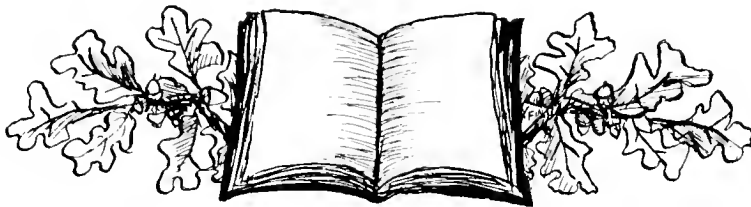
The Young Women's Christian Association was organized in 1901, and year by year it has been growing in opportunities. Each year opportunities for service have been given to more girls than ever before. Each committee furnishes practical training for future service. As a fuller realization of the practical, as well as spiritual, value of the Association has come, committees have been added so that more girls may be used.

All of the regular committees have worked faithfully and well so that the work has gone on smoothly. Both the enrollment and the systematic giving have surpassed all previous years. The Social Committee has put forth more effort to uplift the social atmosphere of the college.

Heretofore our work has been largely intensive, but this year we have tried to make it more extensive, to go outside ourselves and help others. An Alumnae Committee has been added to keep in touch with those who have left our walls and make them feel that we are, indeed, interested in them.

Probably the foremost feature of the year's work, however, because of the helpfulness to so many, was the Christmas Tree given to two hundred mill children of our city—a small gift in itself, but one that made many a child happy and at the same time gave the Association members a pleasure which will not be forgotten soon. It was such a pleasure, in fact, that we hope to make this an annual feature of our work.

And thus through our committees and personal work we have striven to make Christ real to every girl in school, realizing all the while our utter dependence upon Him for strength and guidance.





Volunteer Band

The Student Volunteer Band of our college is a group of girls whose purpose is to become foreign missionaries, and who are preparing themselves for this form of work. For the year 1912-'13 the members of the Band number ten, this being the second largest number in its history. During the year we have had regular weekly meetings, in which various mission topics have been discussed. In addition to these a regular study of books pertaining to missionary preparation has been pursued. Through these meetings we have not only kept in touch with the missionary activities of the day, but we feel that to each girl has come a greater vision and a deepening of her own spiritual life.

Four members of the Band attended the Conference of the North Carolina Student Volunteer Union which met with the State Normal College at Greensboro, February 21-23. Here they received new inspiration and practical suggestions, by which the Band hopes to be able to do greater things in the future.





GERTRUDE HORN, PRESIDENT



JANIE PARKER, VICE-PRESIDENT



ANNIE RUTH CALDWELL, SECRETARY



MILDRED MCINTYRE, TREASURER

Philaretian Officers

Philaretian Hall



Chairmen of Committees, 1912-1913

Program Committee

ALBERTA BROWN

Social Committee

LINA GOUGH

Press Committee

ANNIE RUTH CALDWELL

Finance Committee

MILDRED McINTYRE

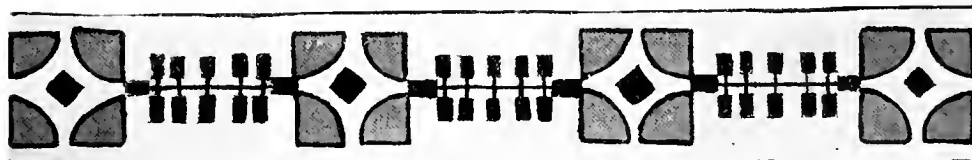
Members

ANDREWS, BEULAH
ARMFIELD, ANNIE
ASHLEY, JESSAMINE
ASHWORTH, LILLIE BELLE
BARNES, ANDREW
BARNES, BERTHA
BEASLEY, ANTOINETTE
BLAND, LORENA
BOONE, OLIVE
BRADSHER, EDNA
BRIGGS, ADA
BRITT, AUGUSTA
BRITT, EUNICE
BROWN, ALBERTA
BULLARD, KATE
BULLARD, SALLIE
BULLOCK, ANNIE
CALDWELL, ANNIE RUTH
CAMPBELL, VIOLA
CHAMBLISS, LAVIECE
COOK, OZA
CRATER, EFFIE
DIXON, LALA
DUNLAP, CALLIE
DUNN, BESSIE JOE

ELAM, WILLIE
ELLIOTT, MARY
FLOYD, LELIA
FLOYD, WRENNIE
GADDY, BESSIE
GADDY, MATTIE
GLOVER, RUTH
GOODWIN, ANNIE
GORDON, CORINNE
GOUGH, LINA
GRAYSON, ALDA
HAMRICK, LUCY
HARRELL, BERTHA
HAWLEY, VANNIE
HAYWOOD, MARY
HERRING, HATTIE
HOLLOWELL, SALLIE
HORN, GERTRUDE
JENKINS, BRUNICE
JONES, BEULAH
JONES, LILLIE
JONES, MARY
JORDAN, ALMA
JORDAN, ANNIE
JORDAN, SUSIE

KELLY, BERNICE
KELLY, HERMANS
LAFFERTY, MARY
LAMBERT, ALICE
LAMM, DIXIE
LINEBERRY, MARTHA
LINKHAW, MARIE
MCINTYRE, LILLIAN
MCINTYRE, MILDRED
MARTIN, SALLIE
MAYNARD, LILLIAN
MILLER, ETHEL
MULL, BESSIE
NANCE, BEULAH
NANCE, LILLIAN
NASH, MINNIE
NEAL, SUE
NORWOOD, OMA
NYE, TOMMIE
ODUM, VERONA
OLIVE, GRACE
OLIVE, LIDA
OSBORNE, KATHERINE
OSBORNE, MATTIE
ORFORD, ORA
OWEN, RUTH
PAGE, LIDA
PAGE, NELLIE
PARKER, ELLA
PARKER, GLADYS

PARKER, INA
PARKER, JANIE
PEARCE, ALLIE
PEARCE, MARY
PERRY, CALLIE
PERRY, GERTRUDE
PREVATTE, BEULAH
PREVATTE, EDNA
RAY, JANE
REA, MARJORIE
REDDISH, MARY
SHEARIN, LUCY
SMITH, UNA
STANTON, BESSIE
THOMAS, GENEVIEVE
THOMPSON, ELGETTIA
TOMLINSON, BESSIE
TYNER, CORA
UPCHURCH, MAUDE
VERNON, CARRIE SUE
WADE, MARGARET
WALTON, ANNIE LEE
WATKINS, SARAH
WHITAKER, NELLIE
WILKINS, MARGARET
WILLIAMS, JESSIE
WILLIAMS, MILDRED
WOODLEY, ESTELLE
WRIGHT, CARRIE





MAUD MEMORY, PRESIDENT



KAREN ANN ELLINGTON POOLE, VICE-PRESIDENT



LUCIE GRINDSTAFF, SECRETARY



LILIAN WILKINSON, TREASURER

Astrotekton Officers

Astrotekton Hall



Chairmen of Committees, 1912-1913

Program Committee

MARGARET HIGGS

Music Committee

LALEAH STILLWELL

Social Committee

LOUISE FUTRELL

Room Committee

JEANNETTE JOHNSON

Press Committee

EUPHEMIA WATSON

Members

ADAMS, ELIZABETH
ADAMS, HELEN
ALDERMAN, VIOLA
ALLEN, RUTH
ANDERSON, ELIZABETH
BALLENTINE, MABEL
BELL, LORNA
BENNETT, LOUISE
BENTON, EUNICE
BEST, ANNALEE
BIGGERS, CAROLINE
BIRD, ROSELLE
BRYAN, PAULINE
CAMP, SALLIE
CAMPBELL, BESSIE
CARROLL, BERTHA
COLLINS, INDA
COVINGTON, NELL
DANA, MARY
DAVIS, ANNIE
DE LOATCHE, MARY
EDDINS, NORA
EDWARDS, CLOTA
EDWARDS, MILDRED


ENGLISH, GWENDOLEN
FAGGE, GERTRUDE
FERRELL, MARY
FISHER, CROSBY
FREDERICK, JEANETTE
FUTRELL, LOUISE
GARNER, MALLIE
GARNER, MAY
GOSNEY, MINNIE
GRIFFIN, PAULINE
GRIMMER, MAE
GRINDSTAFF, LUCY
GULLEY, MARGARET
GWYNN, PEARL
HALL, MAUD
HAMILTON, MARY
HANCOCK, CATHERINE
HARPER, HELEN
HARRIS, ROXIE
HARTZOG, WILLIE
HERRING, MATTIE
HESTER, HALLY
HIGGS, MARGUERITE
HIGHSMITH, ANNIE

HOBBS, ELIZABETH
HOCUTT, NAOMI
HOCUTT, ROSA
HOOKER, LINA
HOSIER, FANNIE
HOWARD, JOHNNIE
HURLEY, BERNICE
IVIE, SALLIE GRAY
JOHNSON, BESSIE
JOHNSON, HELEN
JOHNSON, JEANNETTE
JOHNSON, KATE
JOHNSON, LOIS
JOHNSON, MARY
JOHNSON, SALLIE MAY
JOSEY, SALLIE
KEITH, ADELINE
KNOWLES, CATHERINE
LANE, EVA
LIS, ERNESTINA
LLOYD, ANNIE TAZEWELL
LOWRY, ANNIE
LOWRY, CARRIE
LUNN, SADIE
LYON, AVA LEE
MCKAUGHAN, ANNE

MCKENZIE, ISABEL
MARSH, LORENA
MARSHBANKS, FLOSSIE
MAY, RUTH
MEMORY, MAUD
MIDDLETON, LUCY
MOORE, ELEANOR
MUMFORD, BEULAH
MURPHY, MARY
NEAL, HALLIE
NEAL, JOE
NEWTON, BERTHA
NEWTON, CLARA
NEWTON, LINDA
NORFLEET, CULLEN
NORFLEET, HONTAS
NORRIS, ELIA
OWEN, GRACE
PEARSON, IVA
PHILLIPS, LUCILE
POOLE, BELLE
POOLE, KITTY
POPE, MARGARET
POTEAT, HELEN
PRIDGEN, ROBERTA
PRUETTE, MARY
REECE, LUCYE

ROYSTER, ESTHER
SAUNDERS, MYRTLE
SHORT, ANNIE
SPIGENER, LUCILE
STEELE, MAY
STILLWELL, LALEAH
STONE, ALMA
THOMAS, SUE
THOMPSON, IRENE
VANN, DOROTHY
VANN, ELIZABETH
WALL, MARTHA
WALL, IDA
WARREN, CORA
WARREN, MARY
WATKINS, LOUISE
WATSON, EUPHEMIA
WATSON, LOUINE
WEBB, ELODIE
WHITAKER, ALINE
WHITE, MARY
WILKINSON, LILIAN
WILLIAMS, CLYDE
WILLIAMS, PAULINE
WOODCOCK, LEILA
WOOTEN, MAY DEE





Commencement Marshals

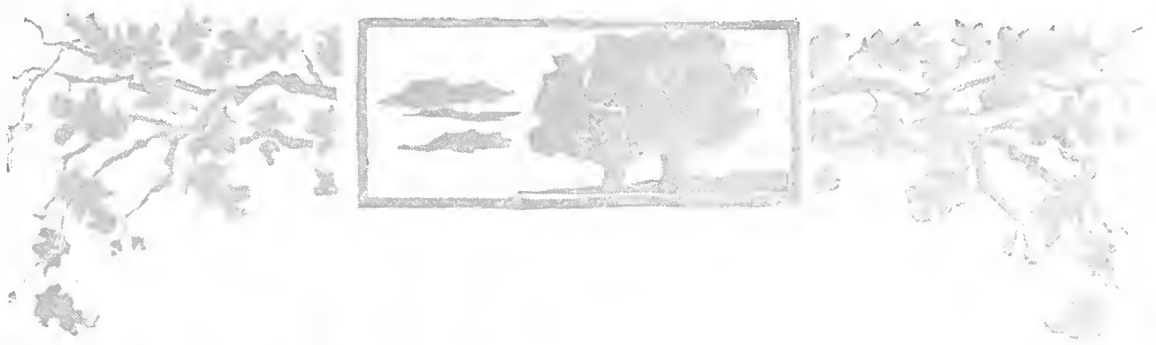


Philaretians

OLIVE BOONE, CHIEF
FLORENCE SAWYER
MINNIE NASH
ANNIE RUTH CALDWELL

Astrotektons

SALLIE CAMP, CHIEF
RUTH ALLEN
VIOLA ALDERMAN
KATHERINE HANCOCK



HATTIE HERRING

Bowling Memorial Medal

Economic Effects of Slave and Free Labor
in the South.



Carter Memorial Medal

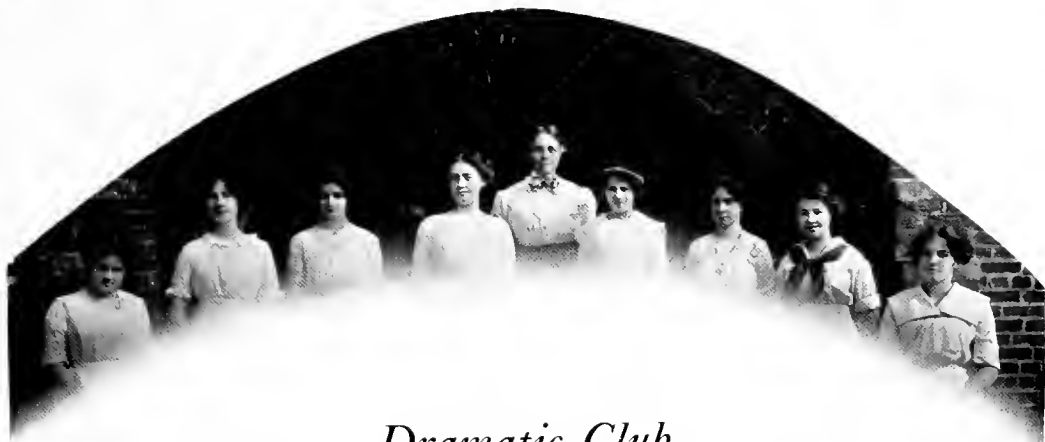
Art in the South.

RUBY JOHNSON



The
Acorn





Dramatic Club

Officers

EDNA PREVATE.....	PRESIDENT
OZA COOK.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
BEULAH NANCE.....	SECRETARY
BERT BROWN.....	TREASURER

Members

LOUISE BENNETT	BESSIE HOBBS
ANTOINETTE BEASLEY	JOHNNIE HOWARD
SALLIE BULLARD	BRUNICE JENKINS
ANNIE RUTH CALDWELL	KATE JONES
INDA COLLINS	LILLIE JONES
LAVIECE CHAMBLISS	LYDA OLIVE
LALA DIXON	GRACE OLIVE
LUCY GRINDSTAFF	GERTRUDE PERRY
MINNIE GOSNEY	PAULINE WILLIAMS



Sorosis

Sorosis was organized in February, 1906, in answer to the need for organized research work, for parliamentary study, and for platform training felt in the two literary societies. Since that time it has endeavored to raise the standard of the work done in the societies to a higher literary plane. The membership of Sorosis is limited to thirty girls who are eligible to college classes. In this small but select group, work superior to that done by any other organization in college along literary lines is done, and Sorosis is fulfilling its mission. During the past year topics of vital current interest have been studied. Miss Jones has proved to be an ideal critic, and love and loyalty for the organization have made the hearty cooperation of officers and members result in splendid work.

Officers

BERTHA CARROLL, CHAIRMAN
BESSIE JOHNSON, VICE-CHAIRMAN
ELIZABETH ANDERSON, SECRETARY-TREASURER
MISS JONES, CRITIC

Members

HELEN ADAMS
ELIZARETH ANDERSON
ANTOINETTE BEASLEY
ALBERTA BROWN
EUNICE BENTON
CAROLINE BIGGERS
BERTHA CARROLL
RUTH GLOVER
GERTRUDE HORN
BESSIE JOHNSON
SALLIE MAE JOHNSON
JEANNETTE JOHNSON
BERNICE KELLY

SADIE LUNN
MAUD MEMORY
SALLIE MARTIN
BEULAH NANCE
LINDA NEWTON
LILLIAN NANCE
JANIE PARKER
LIDA PAGE
EDNA PREVATTE
ALMA STONE
MARY STEELE
MARTHA WALL
IDA WALL



ART IS NOT
A THING. ART
IS A WAY—
THE BEAUTIFUL
WAY—



K. K. K.

"It is pretty, but is it art?"—*Kipling.*

Kaptains of the Klan

I. ISABELLA P—T :

"The man with the red tie."

ANNA P—N :

"A bit of Dresden."

Komrades

LUCY M—N, a Senior member.

EUPHEMIA W—N, a Senior member.

LUCY R—E, a study in perspective.

Mrs. C. R. B—E, la Madame.

MARY D—A, life specialist.

NITA D—K, paint putter of 1911.

FLORA B—E, from "town."

ELGETTE T—N, the blonde maiden.

Kalendar

September	28 : Kalled to order.
October	15 : Life and Death of Millet.
November	11 : The Caffin lecture, <i>Italian Idealism</i>
November	12 : The Caffin lecture, <i>Modern Realism.</i>
December	15 : The Passing of Alma Tadema.
January	15 : Reports of Old Members.
February	14 : Off to New York.
March	15 : Discussion of Art Seen in New York.
April	15 : Another Study of Cubists and Futurists.
May	15 : Social Meeting.

"Konsistency is the hobgoblin of little minds."





Athletics



Athletic Association



Officers

SALLIE JOSEY.....	PRESIDENT
INDA COLLINS.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
JEANNETTE JOHNSON.....	SECRETARY
BERT BROWN.....	TREASURER

Sophomore Basketball



ALDA GRAYSON.....CAPTAIN

Team

DIXIE LAMM
MARTHA LINEBERRY
LOUISE WATKINS
ISABEL MCKENZIE

ALBERTA BROWN
LOIS JOHNSON
JEANNETTE JOHNSON
MARY DANA

Freshman Basketball



MARTHA WALL, CAPTAIN

Team

ELIA NORRIS
MARY PRUETTE
IDA WALL
PERMELIA GWYNN
MARTHA WALL

BESSIE STAUNTON
SALLIE GRAY IVIE
ROXIE HARRIS
JOE NEAL

Famous Avoirdupois Teams



ANTOINETTE BEASLEY, CAPTAIN

Team

ESTELLE WOODLEY
MAUD UPCHURCH
BELLE POOLE
ESTHER ROYSTER

LOUISE BENNETT, CAPTAIN

Team

WILLIE HARTZOG
PAULINE WILLIAMS
CORINNE GORDON
CAROLINE BIGGERS

Ribbon Winners in Gymnastic Exhibition, May, 1912

<i>First Honor</i>		<i>Second Honor</i>
	<i>Swedish Gymnastics</i>	
NANNIE BETT WILLIAMS		LUCYE REESE
	<i>Ring Work</i>	
LUCYE REESE		MINNIE NASH
	<i>Quickstep Roundel</i>	
MAE GRIMMER		WILLIE ELAM
	<i>Horizontal Bar</i>	
LUCYE REESE		WILLIE ELAM
	<i>Teter Ladders</i>	
LINDA NEWTON		WILLIE ELAM
	<i>Wand Drill</i>	
LALEAH STILLWELL		LINDA NEWTON
	<i>High Jump</i>	
VELLA FIELDS		ANNE MCKAUGHAN
	<i>Broad Jump</i>	
VELLA FIELDS		VIOLA ALDERMAN
	<i>Dumb-bell Exercises</i>	
LALEAH STILLWELL		ELIZABETH TOMLINSON



CLUBS



Senior Club



O, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as the Senate sees us!



Senior Club



O, wad some power the giftie gie 'em
To see the Seniors as ithers see 'em!





That Reminds Me

*Bright things of all times that people
have laughed over*



M. Gully was so very vain
That merely to walk in the rain
She prinked at her clothes,
And powdered her nose,
'Till it gave every girl a *bias pain*.



Annie Highsmith, a lassie loquacious,
Tells scandalous tales most audacious;
To those at her feet
The news is a treat
Her knowledge of life is so spacious.



Who'd think, meek and mild heretofore,
Little Bob would have crushes fourscore?
When she first got to school,
Every girl, like a fool,
Sat down at her feet to adore.



The entrancing young girl, Laleah Pratt,
To whom every man doffs his hat,
Falls in love once a day
With some handsome young jay,
But—in less than a week there's a spat.



As to the small Minnie Nash,
Who survived for three years on beef hash,
She went home from college,
Her head full of knowledge—
But now she buys pills with her cash.

Here's to Lumberton!

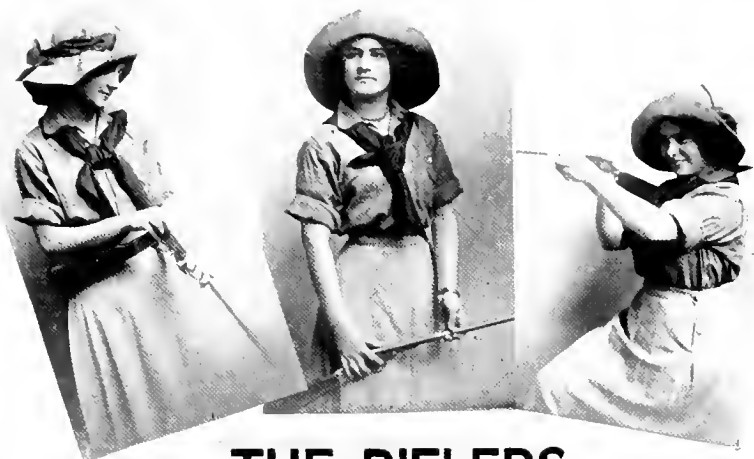


By the old Lumbee!
Where the air is fresh and pure and free;
Where health is borne on every breeze
And song-birds sing in all the trees;
Where brightest, greenest herbage grows
And clearest water overflows;
Where friendship, passing, man to man,
Is felt in the grasp of every hand;
Where loser never curses luck
But seeks regain with vim and pluck
And feels with spirit of content
That life is thereby wisest spent;
Where men with fearless eye meet fate,
And hold the County that saved the State;
Where true ambition fills their veins
And wisdom leads and justice reigns.
So with true hearts well glasses click,
We'll boast-and boast-and toast-and drink
to Lumberton! — May the sun ever shine
On THE TOWN of "The land of the long-leaf pine."



Sophomore Club





THE RIFLERS





“Longshoremen”

MARIAN KIRKPATRICK, New York, N. Y.

HELEN HARPER, Baltimore, Md.

MAE GRIMMER, Cape Charles, Va.

MARY DE LOATCHE, Norfolk, Va.

CULLEN NORFLEET, Norfolk, Va.

HONTAS NORFLEET, Norfolk, Va.

MINNIE NASH, Nag's Head, N. C.

ELODIE WEBB, Morehead City, N. C.

PAULINE WILLIAMS, Wilmington, N. C.

LELIA WOODCOCK, Wilmington, N. C.

MARY DANA, Savannah, Ga.

LALEAH STILLWELL, Savannah, Ga.

ERNESTINA LIS, Jiguani, Cuba.



“But on and up, where Nature’s heart
Beats strong amid the hills.”

The Mountain Girls

FLOWER: *Rhododendron*

BETTIE ANDERSON
BERT BROWN
CLOTA EDWARDS
ALDA GRAYSON
LUCY GRINDSTAFF
ANNIE JORDAN
SUSIE JORDAN

FLOSSIE MARSHBANKS
SALLIE MARTIN
ANNIE MCKAUGHAN
KATHERINE OSBORNE
MATTIE WOOD OSBORNE
LUCY REESE
IRENE THOMPSON

In Facultate

MISS HAYNES
MISS SAMS



"Carry me back to old Virginia."

The Virginians

ADA BRIGGS

SALLIE CAMP

MARY DE LOATCHE

CORINNE GORDON

MAE GRIMMER

FANNIE HOSIER

ALICE LAMBERT

ANNE MCKAUGHAN

CULLEN NORFLEET

HONTAS NORFLEET

RUTH OWEN



FAVORITE MEETING PLACE : ON TOP OF KITAZUMA

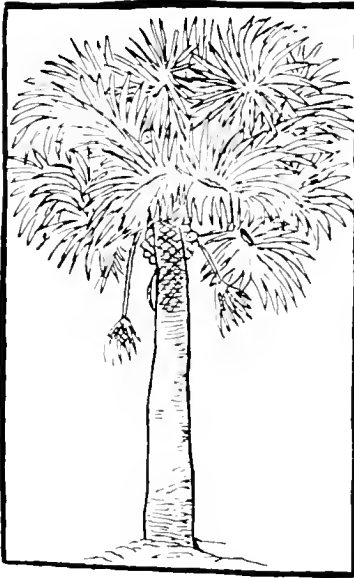
The Ridgecresters

SALLIE CAMP
NELL COVINGTON
HALLIE HESTER

ANNIE HIGHSMITH
ROBERTA PRIDGEN
HELEN POTTEAT

LALEAH STILLWELL

Ridgecrest, Ridgecrest, dear old, dear old Ridgecrest!
Riding and tennis and lovers' lane!
Oh, to leave them does seem such a shame.
 You were my helper up the hill,
 (Oh! how I long to be there still!)
And you said in my ear "I love you dear,"
 That summer at Ridgecrest, N. C.



South
Carolina



NELL COVINGTON

EVA LANE

WILLIE HARTZOG

SADIE LUNN

LUCILE SPIGNER

“Ursa Major”



MOTTO: *Ad astra per aspera*

Designation

Name

A *in facultate*

MARY VANN

B

MABEL BALLENTINE

F

EUNICE BENTON

Δ

BERT BROWN

E

GERTRUDE HORN


Z

BESSIE JOHNSON

H

SALLIE JOSEY





Four Foolish Fat Folks



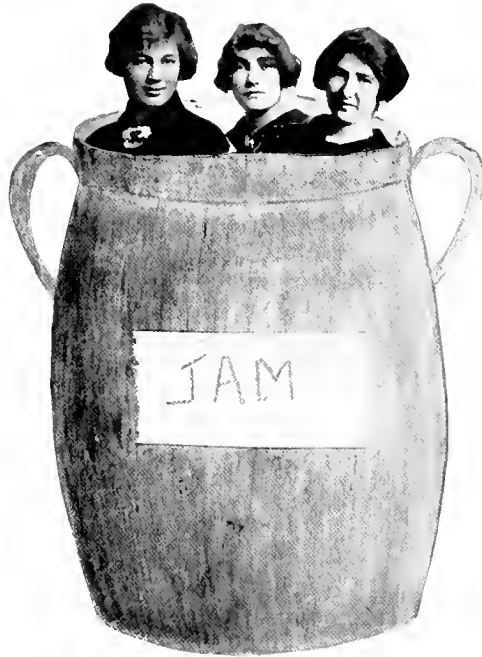
and

LOUISE BENNETT
ANTIONETTE BEASLEY
CAROLINE BIGGERS
MARY ELLIOT
RUTH GLOVER



*“Hang Sorrow!
Care once killed a cat!”*

One Foolish Fence Rail



JOE: here's to her, the faithful one,
Who stands just outside to warn us to run.

ANNIE: so brave, ventures quite near.
What does she care who may hear?

MYRTLE'S the last one. She is quite tall
And wakes up the house with the noise from her fall.

The Whip-poor-will

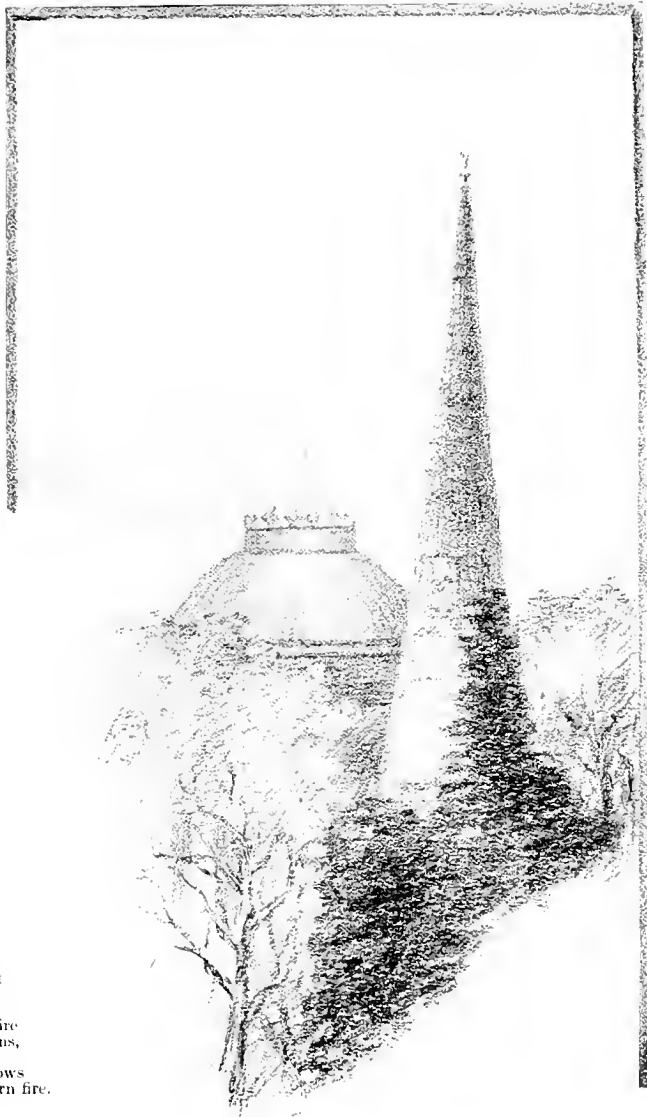
'Twas a night in May,
And the virgin moon
Spread a silver shimmering sheen
Like the end of day
O'er the old pathway
'Twixt the school and her cottage green;
And soft over tree and grass and flower
Were the silent night-tears falling,
And deep in the wood from her leafy bower,
Oh, the whip-poor-will was calling;

For the school was o'er,
And the morrow's dawn
Would the boy call far away.
With a stifled sigh
And a mournful eye,
Slowly went they on their way;
While soft over tree and grass and flower
Were the silent night-tears falling,
And deep in the wood from her leafy bower,
Oh, the whip-poor-will was calling.

Scarce a word was said
And the kindly night
Hid the pain they dared not own.
Then the low good-by
With a misty eye,
And the maid was left alone;
While soft over tree and grass and flower
Were the silent night-tears falling,
And deep in the wood from her leafy bower
Oh, the whip-poor-will was calling.

So your mate was gone,
Little lonely bird,
Calling sad in the silver light;
But he called for you
With a sad call too,
Far away in the gloom of night;
While soft over tree and grass and flower
Were the silent night-tears falling,
And deep in the wood from her leafy bower,
Oh, the whip-poor-will was calling.

B. L. C. '13.



'Tis sunset; and against
a thousand hues
A stately dome,
a graceful Gothic spire
Loom up in the heavens,
unwilling to lose
The radiance which flows
from the great western fire.

The Flowers of God

In the fields and gardens of God tonight,
'Tis summer, and Angels sing
As they busily gather the flow'rets bright,
Near the palace of their King.

Then gently they drop them one and all,
From the sky to the earth below,
And smile as they watch them silently fall—
The little white flowers of snow.

Now the dark earth lies with its dirt and sin,
All hid by the purest white;
While silently covering o'er the din,
Drift the snow flakes in the night.

And over the great, wide earth, I know,
In the paths where men have trod,
Lie the silent flakes of the drifting snow—
The little white flowers of God.

Cupid on Toast

"That's jest one o' your finickin' notions, gal, you got from that everlastin' school."

"But I always felt that way, Mur, and you know it."

"Yes, but you're worse'n you used to be. I mind how you allers had quare notions about eatin', cause you'r allers been puny yourself, I reckon."

"It's enough to make anybody puny to see folks devour food like that's all they live for."

"Folks has to eat to live, and men has to work, and workin' takes eatin' and you hain't no call to be complainin' about the amount as long as you don't have to foot the bill."

"But that ain't excusin' nobody for eatin' like hogs. I hated that before I ever got my schoolin', but I jest accepted it as one of the charactistics of mankind along with their whiskers and long tongues. I know now, though, there is men that has as much manners about their eatin' as women."

"Yes, and I reckon they're as delikit as babies too. They don't have no work to do, I reckon."

"Yes, Mur, they do; and the men down there ain't delikit neither. My professor was as strong as a mule, and he eat toast every morning. That's what makes people have so much sense. And the men down there didn't have such outlandish appetites; they seemed intrusted in somethin' besides eatin' and crammin'."

"I'll tell you right now, Betsey, if you let a thing like that keep you from marryin' Bill Barnes, you're a bigger goose than I thought."

"I e'n tell *you* right now I ain't intendin' to marry that Bill Barnes, I e'n sorter stand him until I imagine how it would sound for him to say, 'Betsey, meat's about out; reckon I'd better get some today,' and then I'd jest want to drop. No harm to nobody, Mur, but I shore do want a man that can talk about stars, and flowers, and love; there ain't no poetry about bread and meat. Till I find a man that actually despises common things like food, I'll be Betsey Stopford, and you can watch out."

"Most wish sometimes we had never sent you to school a day. It's time to start supper; Bil'll jest about stop by with the boys, I spec'."

Betsey walked into the plain little kitchen with the light of battle in her eyes. Not that she was angry with her mother, for she felt only pity for each

member of her benighted family, and contempt for Bill Barnes. She reached a sudden determination to prepare some toast for supper, and thereby decide Bill's fate. If he could not eat toast, he was out of the question, for she had been planning since she first knew the virtues of toast to have it every day on her sometime table, in her sometime home, for her sometime husband.

Most unhappily for Bill, however, he did not know that the harmless looking plate of burnt bread, as he interpreted it, had so important a mission, or he would never have joined in the teasing laugh that followed Mr. Stopford's command, to "take that burnt stuff to the hounds." Somehow Bill was sorry after he had laughed and sorrier still when Betsey deliberately absented herself from his company the remainder of the evening. For Bill had never cared for any girl but Betsey.

Betsey's feelings, however, were not hurt that her beloved toast had been ridiculed. She accepted it with calm optimism, thankful that she had found Bill out so easily. Still, she could not help feeling a little gloomy as she thought over the situation next morning; for even Bill was better than nobody, and she had renounced him forever. So she turned for comfort to her reader, chief relief of the school life she had known so little of and yet had loved so well. She laid the book down as she recognized her Cousin Lou coming down the road, and went to meet her.

"Why, hello there, Lou, where've you been keepin' yourself? Ain't seen you for quite a spell."

"Law, child, I've been too busy for the last ten days to breathe good, but the worst is over, I reckon."

"The worst! Has anybody been sick?"

"Not that. Wait till I get to that bench on your piazza, and I'll tell you the news. Well, about two weeks ago, Ma got a letter from somebody that signed up as A. G. Garstron, saying as how he wanted to come up to these parts for about two months, or longer, accordin' to how he liked the place. Said it had been recommended to him, and he had hearn as how Ma took in boarders. So Ma, she sot down and told him to come along and she'd resarve a room for him as long as he choosed to stay. Well, we began to get ready for him and day before yesterday he come."

"What else?"

"Law, he's the most intrustin' gentleman I seen in years; tolerable young, long, lank, and pale, and big bright eyes, and he dresses mighty fine, a regular

big bug, Ma thinks, and I'm waitin' on him like I hain't a lodger since that rich widow come down here eight year ago with consumption."

"Will I ever see him?"

"Yes, that's what I come for, after you. I want to know your opinion of him; you ought to be a good judge as you've been off," Lou spoke enviously.

"Why didn't his wife come with him?"

"Ma ast him that very thing, and he smiled real sad like and says, 'I have no wife. I'm what you might call alone in the world'; and Ma tried to find out more but he shut up tight, all 'yes's' and 'no's'."

"Didn't you say you come after me?"

"Yes, I forgot to say what for. Ma's heard your Ma say you can cook toas', and we ain't never had no dealin's with any, and Ma wants you to come over and fix some and learn us how. The gentleman says he just has to have toas'. He don't eat scarcely nothin'. Raw eggs and milk I do believe is nearly all he can go. He don't even touch hog meat; he asked yesterday where the nearest beef market is."

"I bet he's a Jew; we had a girl down at school that was a Jew and she wouldn't touch pork."

"I don't know nothin' about his family; he said hog didn't agree with him."

"I'll sure come, and be the gladdest in the world to fix the toast. If nothin' happens, I'll be over before supper tonight."

Betsey evidently waited for nothing to happen, for she arrived at Lou's early after dinner. She saw nothing of the "intrustin'" gentleman, however, till supper. She liked his looks indifferently well, but what she did like violently was his manner of eating. "Why," she thought, "here is one man that actually looks like he despises what he's eatin'." I'll observe you again, young man," she concluded. Her observations were apparently quite satisfactory; each time he ate as if the very thoughts of food disgusted him, and toast was his standby! Soon he became the strict ideal to which all future claimants for the hand of Betsey would have to measure, or, falling short of the standard, would face the inevitable "no."

She had begged for the privilege of preparing his toast, and in some way he found it out.

"Miss Stopford," he said to her one day, "you have no idea how much I appreciate your kindness. Your toast is always splendid. If there is anything a lonely man can do to help you let me know. I'll be waiting."

"Not at all, not at all," Betsey sputtered, "It's a real pleasure to cook toast. They won't let me at home. I'm glad to do it. Yes, sir, it's a real pleasure."

"And your people don't like toast?" He smiled a funny little smile, she thought.

And Betsey, always impulsive, told him the story, tragedy, he called it to himself, of her life. "No, sir, they are prejudiced agin toast 'cause that's somethin' I learned down at school. I went to school a year and a half, three years it's been now, and Pa decided I wan't worth spendin' no more money on, so I come home to stay. I always cared more about schoolin' than the boys, but I reckon my day's over."

"Why over?" Mr. Garstron was impulsive too. "I've a tolerable education. Suppose I turn teacher, and you pupil for awhile, and we'll see what can be done later."

"Wouldn't you mind that a bit, honest now, and wouldn't you charge nothin'?"

"Not a thing. You see I'm indebted to you now, because you made my toast, and I'll pay you this way, provided you will arrange to have your lessons over here; I don't walk much. If you can come over tomorrow, we'll begin."

Nobody, of course, knew of the arrangement, and so there was considerable talk about the two being so much together. Many wondered how plain Betsey had managed to "git" him; others, among whom was Bill Barnes' mother, blamed Mrs. Stopford for allowing Betsey to be so much with a strange gentleman. As for Bill Barnes himself, well, Bill patiently swallowed back the lump that came in his throat when he heard Betsey's name coupled with Garstron, for Bill had never cared for any other girl but Betsey.

As for Betsey, she worshipped the very air Garstron breathed, but it was worship and not love; for she realized he was as much above her as the stars. He talked about the stars, and the flowers, and he could say beautiful things about food too, only he did not call it meat and bread. And Garstron seemed fond of the girl; she was for him, when he had the energy, a psychological study, a type entirely new to him. He was sorry for her, but could not pity the sturdy, capable girl.

"Betsey, I wish you could go to college some time," he said at the close of one of their lessons.

"How come? What do they do there?"

"O, they learn how to do things. And there is no telling what you might do some time, you know."

"Well, I'd like to know lots, but maybe 'twan't intended for me to know much. Seems like you ought to be the happiest person in the world, though."

"Why does it seem so?"

"Because you know so much."

"Ah, child, there are some things that are worth more than knowledge and wealth combined. That one thing is denied me, and I am never happy. Most often I am miserable."

She left him, wondering. What could make him miserable was more than she could fathom. If it was not love, the mystery was indeed beyond her. And she went to sleep trying to decide whether or not to tell him she loved him; not as she might love Bill Barnes if he cared for toast, to be sure, but as the nicest man she had ever known and the man she wanted her husband to be like. All night, however, her sleep was troubled; Garstron seemed to be pursuing her, and turn which way she would, he tried to choke her with toast.

She went to her lesson next morning, as usual, but Lou met her at the door with a whispered caution, "Be easy, he's restin' some better now."

"Who? What? How come?"

"Law, child, I thought that he would be a dead man before now. He mighty nigh passed out last night."

"What in the world? He wan't siek yesterday."

"Yes, but he was more than sick last night, and ain't well yet by no means."

"I'm goin' in to see him then," and before Lou could remonstrate Betsey walked swiftly into Garstron's room. But she was frightened by the pale face now contorted by pain.

"Well, child, you didn't expeet this, did you?"

"No, sir, what did you do it for?"

"And so you blame me too. You remember I told you yesterday I was miserable because the one thing I value most is denied me. That thing is health," and he coughed so violently that Betsey was alarmed. "I'm a consumptive, and consequently have given up many things that I like. My physician gave me suggestions as to food that would act harmoniously with both consumption and acute indigestion that I've had since a boy. I've been so conscientious that I have excluded, partly through my will and partly through necessity, some food

he said would not hurt me. It is a mistake; I have only weakened actually from want of food. And last night," he paused for breath, "last night my appetite mastered me, and I became again the slave. I gave up the struggle, and came pretty near going out; acute indigestion does not work well with weak lungs, you know. But that one meal was worth death and hereafter. Now I've decided to go back home, to the valley air, renounce toast forevermore, eat what and as much as I please, and take the consequences even though I know it will have to be as the doctors say. Tell me though, child, what you want more than anything you can think of. You've given me lots of pleasure and have taken my mind off myself. I'd like to do something handsome for you. Would you like to go back to school?"

Betsey was doing some rapid thinking. "No, sir, I believe not."

"I'll leave my books for you, then."

"Why, I don't know as I'll have much time for reading after this. I can't read much."

"But I am rich; let me at least pay you for your services. I am indebted to you deeply."

"We've got enough, I reckon, much obliged, to buy us meat and bread."

"Well, you've got to take my address. You may relent or something may happen. In either case, don't hesitate to call on me. Perhaps I myself will not be able to answer always, but I'll fix everything right, Betsey, please—"

But Betsey was gone.

Betsey's mother was surprised beyond believing her eyes when Bill Barnes came in after supper that night, surprised most of all because Betsey did not seem surprised or displeased in the least.

"Men is men the world over, and I reckon Bill ain't no heartier than the rest," she explained to the question in her mother's eyes.



JOSHUANA



LEMUELLA

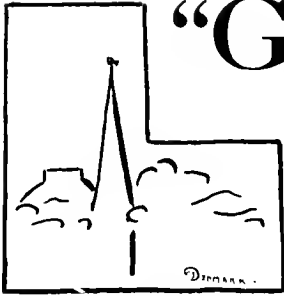


LEMUEL ELMER McMILLAN FREEMAN
A.B., A.M., B.D., Th.D., JR.

The Beggar's Dream Castle

Ah, there it is again,
My castle that I builded when a lad;
It vanished—faded long, long years ago.
I thought I nevermore should see its glow.
I'm dying now, you say?
My mind's no good? Wandering?
Nay, I'm but taking my departure
For my long-lost palace yonder in those hills,
Those western hills, where gleams my castle, crimson, gold, and blue.
Oh, yes, 'tis somewhat changed—
In olden times 'twas near the sunrise
When the first faint beams lit up the eastern hills
And cast long purple shadows in the vales.
It was a rainbow dream, my castle,
'Mid its mountains of pure gold,
Poised on the misty rays of rising sun;
Pure as the flakes of silent, drifting snow
And light as snowflakes too.
Morn after morn the mystic summer through
I gazed upon my palace in the sky,
Beheld and wondered, longing there to fly,
And saw it melt into the glowing east.
Thus passed my youth, and summer's soft blue sky
Was overcast with cold and cheerless gray.
Harsh winds swept o'er the world so warm and bright,
And in the dreary night they drove my castle
Far, far out of sight into the yesterdays.
(The room grows dark, throw ope' the shutters there)
I saw it nevermore until today,
Though long I searched and wandered o'er the earth.
Always the cold, bleak winds blew over me,
And ever has the sky been cheerless—gray.
But now! Ah, now it glows in yonder west!
Drifts lightly in a world of liquid blue—
Those downy hills of yellow, molten gold
All silver tinted, purple, green and red.
My towering castle overlooks it all—
Majestic sits upon the highest peak—
Its walls are made of countless precious stones
And glisten in the last rays of the sun.
'Tis fairer far than in my boyhood day
Yet very like it was.
Well, well, I'm going now.
It's drawing nearer, open wide the door—
Throw ope' the windows—
Hail! my long lost dream!

Uncle John's Account of the Recital



“GOOD morning, Uncle John: I hear you’ve just returned from Raleigh,” exclaimed one of Uncle John’s friends. “Did you have a good time while you were away?”

“Well now, don’t ax me if I had a good time,” answered Uncle John. “I was kep’ so busy dashin’ ’round to so many places that it was all I could do to keep my balance, much less to think whether I was enjoyin’ myself or not. I’ve been thinkin’ ever since I come back of a thing they called a recital

that I went to while I was there, give by one of the Senior graduates in Music at the Meredith College. It warn’t like anything you ever seen, my boy. It beat anything I ever seen before in my whole life.”

“Tell me about it,” said his friend.

Uncle John seated himself in his chair as if about to undertake a painful task and began.

“I had heard that there was good music players there, an’ bein’ fond o’ good music, I says to myself, ‘John Simpkins, now’s your chance to hear some o’ the best,’ so I decided right then and there, on the spot, to go. I went up there the next evenin’ about five o’clock, as that was the time they said the affair was goin’ to be. When I got to the door, a young gal all dressed up met me an’ axed me where I wanted to set. I told her I warn’t in no ways partic’lar, as I had never been a man that was hard to suit, so she took me right down through that long aisle between all them rows o’ fine folks an’ give me a seat on the row next to the very front. Then she handed me a piece o’ paper with the names of all the pieces that was goin’ to be played printed on one side of it. They might a’ been Greek for all I could make out of ’em. I’m sure ’twan’t English, for I ain’t never seen no English words that looked like them, an’ I’ve seen pretty nigh all of ’em. I kep’ puzzlin’ over ’em for some time when all at once ever’body in that house commenced to slap their hands together an’ stomp their

feet on the floor like a reg'lar stampede was comin'. I didn't know what on earth they meant, so I got up an' turned 'round to see if I could see anything to be causin' sich a disturbance.

"About half way down the aisle I saw a young gal that looked like she was about nineteen or twenty year old come trippin' along, smilin' from ear to ear. Another gal was walkin along with her, an' a man wuz follerin' 'long behind. I says to myself, 'Sho'ly that can't be the pianer player. The idear of as young a thing as her givin' a big recital right by herself.' But it was her, sure enough. They all went up on the stage, an' the people slapped and stomped worse'n they did when she come in. I set right still in my seat, and I didn't think it was dignified to be carryin' on like a passel of young chillun.

"The gal bowed an' smiled again, an' looked like she was mightily pleased over the way they was actin'. When she set down to the pianer, ever'body hushed an' ever'thing was as silent as the grave. Then she began to play, an' man alive! I hope I will never have to contend with such doin's any more as long as I live. My gal Sue can beat her all to pieces, an' she ain't been takin' music but two year. I wish you could 'a seen her hands dance over them keys. One would go up to one end as hard as it could fly, an' t'other down to the other end. Then they would run together again an' 'pear to run races up an' down, an' 'roun' an' 'roun.' Sometime one would catch up with the other, jump over an' go scootin' down to the other end o' the line as hard as it could. It looked sometime like the very lightnin' itself was goin' to flash out o' that pianer. I set with my feet out in the aisle, an' my hands on the backs o' the seats so's to be ready to run if it did. Sometimes she would play along sorter soft an' dreamy like, then all at once she would git fightin' mad an' come down on them keys with both hands like she was goin' to pull 'em every one out by the roots. Ker-blam-alam-a-lam!

"My piece o' paper didn't do me one bit o' good. I couldn't tell where one piece stopped an' another begun. She stopped ever' once in a while and went back there behind the stage, an' the people would slap their hands agin. I know that was what she stopped for, for ever'time they done it, she would come back an' smile as proud as a turkey gobbler.

“When she left the stage, the folks acted in a plum outlandish fashion. I thought they waz goin’ to tear that buildin’ off’n its pillers. Somebody said they waz tryin’ to git her to come back an’ play some more, an’ I says, ‘Lemme out o’ here before she does’! When I got out into the open air agin, somebody axed me how I enjoyed it. I told ‘em I reckoned she was a pretty good player. I guess I orter told ‘em zactly what I thought of it all, but everybody waz praisin’ an’ goin’ on so ‘bout her that I hated to act quare.”

S. J., '15.

For June and Thee

Blush of roses, petals' snow,
Linger long nor care to go;
Wooing voices, zephyr's boon
Call them not from thee and June.

Warbling songsters burst their throats
With their loudest, sweetest notes;
Luring mates oft bid them flee,
But they stay for June and thee.



BESS, the Chief

Freshie Cutouts

Well, children dear, both far and near,
Again the Fresh are freshing here.
Though on this page all can't be seen,
There are enough for a whole magazine.



MARTHA,
the Army

This book would serious be, no doubt of it,
If we could keep the Freshies out of it;
But if they win notoriety
Don't bother about sobriety.
But we'll tell you about their latest deeds,
How the Juniors came to meet their needs.

They happy were till on one day
Great Sophomores chanced upon their way,
Who scared each little Fresh so bad,
Until a fainting fit she had.



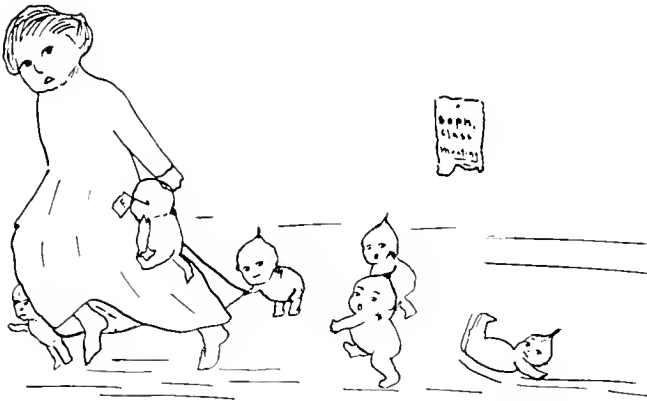
MARY W.
Careful of her Voice



ELIA, wears her
overshoes



But Bessie gave them castor oil,
 So that their nerve would never spoil,
 And they marched again on the great highway
 With Bessie ahead of the noble array.
 The sunshine was gone from each little brow,
 And now to act they knew not how.
 The tears kept coming thick and fast,
 And they shivered like 'twas a wintry blast,
 Then all at once they tumbled o'er,
 For there in the road was a Sophomore.
 The Freshies screamed, but along came fate,
 Whose name, my dears, is only Kate.



She picked up Bess, the chief, in hand,
 And led back home the frightened band.
 And now the Fresh are gay as before
 Except when they see a bold Sophomore.



ROXIE
 the Cook



IRENE, Plain Freshie

The Choice

Who, where the three ways meet, has seen Love wandering?
Did the cool lane allure his loitering feet?
It winds 'twixt maze of vine and boughs, replete
With fragrant green and silent shadows sweet,
Inviting to delay and easeful dalliance.

A-down which road gazed Love as he was pondering?
The narrow path that never turns aside
To linger for delight in outlook wide,
Where for a weary traveler none will bide
But hastens to the goal of his own interest?

Who, where the three ways meet, has seen Love wandering?
Chose he this other drear, forbidding way,
Forever upward, barren, cruel, gray,
Where stone and thorn would work a weary stay?
Is this the path Love chose?—and must I follow on?

And who will say that it might not have been just as famous, even though in a more limited sphere!

Browning, too, would have found in "Miss Ida" a character with ready-made dramatic monologues, for her choppy sentences would have required but slight transposing in his mind in order to be turned into poetry of his most approved style. Merely arrange a rhyme here and there, and see the result:

That your last study hanging on the wall?
Looks rather labored, don't you think? I call
That sky a trifle blue: the oak tree stands
As if not firmly rooted there.
Stand back a bit and look at it. As I say
The sky is blue, too blue. Use red you may
So that it will the look of warmth enhance.
You see that's better at a single glance.
That distant haze of far off blue,
I think it's rather nice, don't you?
Correct what I have pointed out today
And I'll come again before I go away.

And what would have been more appropriate, in the eternal fitness of things than for Byron, the great satirist of the nineteenth century, to have immortalized the greatest satirist of the twentieth century in another stanza to *Don Juan*, *a la* Colton:

Meredith! You're a college, Southern College,
But not, thank heaven, a representative—
Due to my influence and standard-raising knowledge—
Of those nominal absurdities. You're a tentative
Applicant for membership in that
Southern Association of Colleges and
Preparatory Schools. I long have been that
Association's Secretary. To my eye
Particularly able; no other need apply.

Tennyson might have found inspiration for another song in the style of the *Brook*, had he come under the beneficent influence of our oldest teacher:

I come from sunny Tennessee,
Far eastward have I journeyed;
Im Vaterland I settled me;
In *Deutsch* I grew most learned.

By many schools I lightly passed
I slipped by many a college,
For when grown up, I chose at last
To teach to girls some knowledge.

Then Mer'dith College walls arose
And I shall leave them never;
Tho' teacher after teacher goes,
Still I stay on forever.



Monday Morning

An angry snort, a confused murmur, a mumbling growl, and Betty threw off the cover with a chattering shiver and a withering glance up at the sad looking, tearful sun just visible over the top of East Building. One shoe was not quite buttoned before a cloud hid even the apology for a sun that *was* showing.

"There, I knew it!" with a despairing wail. "Midge, did you ever know me to plan anything that came true? And I haven't had a chance to go to Dress Parade before, this year. Get up, we've got a lot to do this morning. Oh, slush! there goes another button!"

With a final jerk Betty stood up and gazed over at the sleeping Midge.

"Woman, first breakfast bell has rung," she cried, giving her a shake.

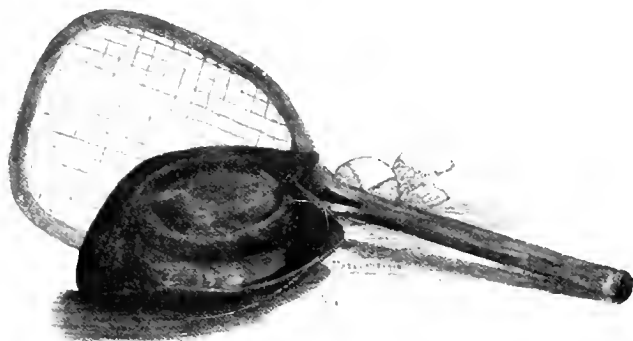
"Well, I don't care. Isn't it Monday?" came a muffled voice.

Betty glanced comprehensively around the room. The disorder was truly appalling.

"Midge does look *so* comfortable," mused Betty, thoughtfully unbuttoning her shoes.

"Oh, well, who cares? It's Monday," she said philosophically, crawling back into bed and pulling the covers up closely under her chin. "I haven't but three lessons tomorrow, anyhow," she defended herself sleepily.

L. B. '14.



Blue Eyes

The blue in your eyes—
Whence came it to you?
O out of the skies;
The far-away skies
Have sent you their far-away blue.

Now a peep again, please,
In your soul-pane true:
Ah, I see stormy seas.
The deep, deep seas
Have given their depths of blue.

And now I espy
A soft, soft hue;
'Tis the violet eye,
For the violets shy
Have offered their toll of blue.

And that blue is what?
O I thought I knew!
The forget-me-not—
And forget you not
I can, while your eyes are blue.

E. M. C. '07.

Senior Recommendations

To whom it may concern :

It gives me pleasure to send from Georgia this recommendation for Miss Bernice Kelly to teach Mathematics. She is eminently fitted, both by training and natural endowment, to give instruction in Geometry, Algebra, and Trigonometry in any high school or college. Miss Kelly is nothing short of a prodigy. For confirmation of this statement see her grades in the Dean's register for the years 1910-'11, 1911-'12.

LARKIN DOUGLAS WATSON, JR.

I count it a rare privilege to recommend to any and all the concert managers of America, Miss Linda Newton, as a finished soloist. Miss Newton's voice is a high soprano of the purest type, and possesses wonderful range and flexibility. You would do well to engage her.

HELEN MARIE DAY.

I can perform no better service for the high schools of North Carolina than to commend to them Miss Bertha Carroll as a young lady whom I confidently expect to become an extraordinary teacher of the difficult and neglected art, Spelling. She has shown unusual proficiency in it in her composition work, and I feel sure that she will do me credit along this line, wherever she may go.

ELIZABETH AVERY COLTON.

It is a happy hour for me when I present one of my young disciples, Miss Mary Steele, to the farm life schools of North Carolina, to aid them in their great work of reseuing our rural population. Miss Steele's specialty is Domestic Science, and it gives me great pleasure to recommend her as a teacher of that subject.

MARY SHANNON SMITH.



Expectation

She, the suffragette, with
the Byron collar,
she of the tailored waist
and the trilling "hollar."
She of the piercing eye
and sleeveless dress,
She of the graceful mien
and auburn tress,




'Thunderation'

Felicitation?



Together wended from the
Chapel to the Library.
Two were stopped by
Gregory. Bribery!
They softly said - well
rape her
She hired him so she'd
get the paper!



Gleanings from Examinations

“Jehovah fed the Israelites in the wilderness on whales and manna.”

“The Greeks stood silent with erect ears.”

“Behold Cassandra, the daughter of Priam, drag the shrine of Minerva by its virgin hair out of the temple!”

“Then the Greeks gathered together on all sides collectively.”

“The Atridae:

A tribe of people in Thessaly.

Twin sons of Priam.

Twin sons of Achilles.

Father of Agememnon and Menelaus.

Dolopum and Atridae were twin brothers.”

“Orcus was a place where people could go to know the future.”

Two translations of the same passage :

“May you estimate your heads and find out their value by asking the Roman state or the Latin allies.”

“Keep covered and find out fully whether you are a Roman citizen or a Latin ally.”

“Here hope, then despair, entangled their minds.”

“Only the prince of her feet.”

“They build and cooed.”

“Macaulay was a very precautious [precoocious] child.”

“Hamlet profaned madness.”

“They established the House of Commons as an extinct body of Parliament.”

“Spenser moved back to London and died in disgust [disgrace].”

“Arthur made his Knights of the Round Table take the following oath :
‘Speak no slang [slander]—no, nor listen to it.’ ”



Is it not remarkable that we manage to preserve even a moderately decorous behavior when guided by such instructions as these?

MISS PHELPS (*To the girls assembled in Chapel, awaiting a distinguished visitor*): "When Mr. Markham comes in, all of you rise and remain in your seats."

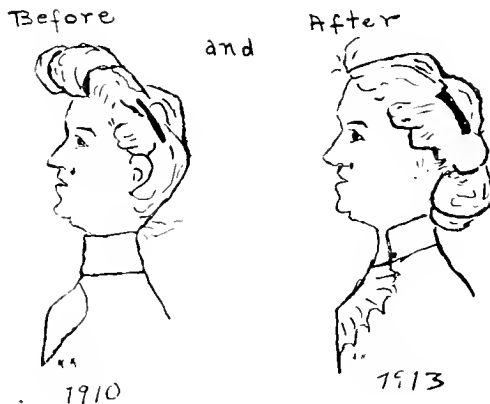
MR. HAGEDORN (*On Bulletin Board*): "Get your tickets for concert tonight at one thirty."

MISS PASCHAL (*On the Bulletin Board*): "When leaving the parlors at night after having had callers, please turn out the lights in case they are on."

MISS PASCHAL (*Just before Concert*): The girls may take off their shirts and shoes and sit with their friends."

MR. HAGEDORN (*In Chapel*): "Open your mouses and sing wiz ensusiasm."

MISS PASCHAL (*In a meeting of the girls*): "It is against your pledge of honor to go in a girl's room during study hour and take off your shirt."



What We Might Have Said

"I'm an off ox at being drivy."

CAMP.

"I'm nothing if not critical."

OR

"'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print,
A book's a book, although there's nothing in 't."

CARROLL.

"Our Garrick's a salad, for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree."

GRINDSTAFF.

"A light to guide, a rod to check the erring and reprove."

HERRING.

"And his tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, the greater ease."

HIGHSMITH.

"Still amorous and fond and billing
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling."

HORN.

"Much can be made of a Scotchman if he be caught young."

MEMORY.

"My life is one dem'd horrid grind."

MIDDLETON.

"It sings: I wish it did not sing."

NEAL.

"Let the singing singers

With vocal voices, most vociferous,

In sweet vociferation, outvociferize even sound itself."

PEARSON.

"Oh, Amos Cottle! Phoebus! What a name!"

KAREN ANN ELLINGTON POOLE.

"A close mouth catches no flies."

STEELE.

"And bid the devil take the hin'most."

WATSON.

Half a Dozen Meredith Favorites

SHADOW SOUP.—Steam one bean above a pot of boiling water for two hours. Add one atom of fine white meal, one of black pepper, three grains of rice, and salt to taste. Serve lukewarm with cold toast.

A GOOD SOUP FOR SCRUBBING DAY.—Boil ten gallons of water and skim carefully. Add as a precipitate: bits of cabbage, beans, celery, carrots, tomatoes, peas, macaroni, cheese, rice, potatoes, hash, and any other scraps you may happen to have on hand.

PEBBLES.—Boil two pecks of army beans five minutes. Add one slice of country bacon and continue to boil for six minutes longer. If this is not sufficient to serve one hundred and fifty, add another peck just before dishing.

FRESHMAN'S TEARS.—Soak tapioca overnight and boil until each ball has the appearance of a baroque pearl. Sweeten to taste. This is a delightful and economical dessert.

A PATRIOTIC DESSERT.—Select fine, red, canned cherries, place thirteen on a white saucer, pour on a small quantity of juice, and serve to blue girls. This dessert is especially suitable for Washington's Birthday.

X. Y. Z.—To make a surprisingly delicious dessert, chop and mix equal quantities of oranges, cocoanut, bananas, canned pears, pineapple, peaches, plums, apricots, and apples. Flavor with a dash of Hoyt's cologne.





The Executive Committee Meets

There was a call meeting of the Executive Committee of the Student Government Association on last Tuesday afternoon at five o'clock, to consider the cases of Misses Susan Smith and Julia Jones. These young ladies were called up for general misdemeanors, and appeared in person to state their own side of the question, as it is the custom of the committee to have them do.

The first case considered was that of Susan Smith, who had been disturbing the peace of her neighborhood by laughing after light bell. The following cross-examination was given her by the President :

PRES. : "Miss Smith, did you not know that it is against our rules for one to laugh after light bell?"

MISS S. : "Yes, but—"

PRES. : "Did you not go directly against this rule and laugh heartily for a few minutes on last Wednesday night at 10:35 o'clock?"

MISS S. : "Yes, I guess I did, but—"

PRES. : "Did you not know that you would be heard by all on your hall, including the proctor?"

MISS S. : "I didn't have time to think."

PRES. : "You did not have time to think, Miss Smith? Well, I very much fear that that is not a valid excuse for such an outbreaking offense. Can you give the committee a better one?"

MISS S. (*sobbing*) : "I don't see how anybody can keep from laughing when somebody tells a good joke."

After discussing the question on all sides, the committee decided that if Miss Smith was seen with a more amused expression on her face than a faint smile for one week, she should be campussed for a month.

Miss Julia Jones was called upon next to give her reasons for wearing her sleeves one inch above regulation height, and not wearing a "dickey" with her blouse.

PRES. : "Have you read the handbook carefully, Miss Jones?"

MISS J. : "I heard it read, but I don't remember anything about dickies being in it."

PRES. : "Please reread College Regulation No. 28 when you go to your

room. Do you realize that the committee has had a great deal of trouble about this very thing of keeping the students properly clothed?"

MISS J. : "I hadn't thought of it."

PRES. : "Did you not go to the Infirmary for sore throat just two days after you did this indiscreet thing?"

MISS J. : "Yes, but I had just been to a ball game the night before, and yelled myself hoarse."

PRES. : "But do you not see that this exercise of your vocal organs at the game may have only aggravated an already sore throat?"

MISS J. : "That may be so, but I hadn't noticed its being sore."

PRES. : "That is not for us to say, Miss Jones, but you must be aware that dire consequences might have been the result of the absence of that dickey and the shortness of those sleeves. Are you not aware of this?"

MISS J. : "Maybe so."

PRES. : "Do you now realize that you did wrong in disregarding the rules, notwithstanding your own personal opinion?"

MISS J. : "Yes."

PRES. : "You may go, if you have nothing further to say."

The committee thought best, since the weather had been unusually warm recently, and there was a strong temptation to go dickeyless, and since Miss Jones had never been called up before, that her privileges should be taken from her for the following week. It was afterward remembered that Miss Jones was already off the honor roll for a month, but this thought was too late in coming.

After a half hour's discussion of the Senate and its dealings with the Association, the committee adjourned for dinner.

H. HERRING, *President.*

K. JOHNSON, *Secretary.*

The "F. A. T.'s"

The "F. A. T.'s" are coming!
You've heard of them, I'm sure,
The "F. A. T.'s" of Meredith,
Who the taunts of all endure,
 The taunts of the "Leans"—
 Long, lanky string-beans!—
The taunts of all endure!

They're working hard, poor dears!
And who shall laugh at them?
They play ball at least twice a week,
And, as for taking gym.—
 One hour each day,
 "O*h, docs* it pay?"
They wail when taking gym.

I might as well proceed
And 'fess up to you now:
I'm one of the "F. A. T.'s",
As such I make my bow,
 Low inclining my cranium,
 Like a graceful geranium,
As to you I make my bow.

Of course you haven't made out
What the mysterious letters mean—
The incomprehensible letters
You never before have seen,
 The letters three,
 A famous key
To what you've never seen.

The "F. A. T.'s" are initials—
They are not what they seem—
They stand for good athletics,
The "Famous Avoir, Teams."
 Sure! Basketball!
 Come one and all!
Watch the "Famous Avoir, Teams."

The "grandstand" groans with girls;
Just let them laugh! who cares?
We *are* right funny objects
Racing around in pairs,
 Caps on askew,
 And middlies, whew!
As we race around in pairs.

The Referee blows her whistle,
We're trained—attention all!
She makes a fruitless effort,
And gasps out, "Bennett ball!"
 She's seen us before,
 But she laughs the more
When she gasps out "Bennett ball!"

A violent effort is made,
But it ends in a robust sigh;
A perfectly gorgeous chance is gone,
And the goal has been passed by.
 Ball swerved to left!
 That side's bereft
Of a goal, for the ball passed by.

We scramble around some more,
We pant and gasp and fall,
Until the whistle blows again
With the Referee's "Beasley ball!"
 At the goal in our places,
 With upturned faces,
We stand at "Beasley ball!"

In vain she stoops and straightens,
In vain the ball she throws;
The Referee's whistle stops the game
In the midst of "Ah's!" and "Oh's!"
 Six on each side,
 And the Fats have tied!
In the midst of the "Ah's!" and "Oh's!"

L. B., '14.



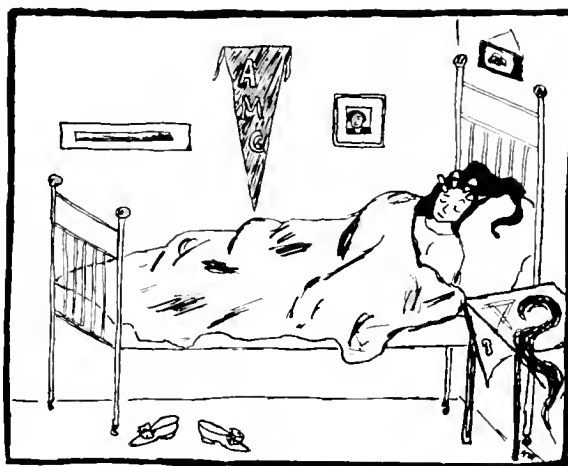
What Would Happen, If—

The Faculty were all on time to breakfast?
'Donis lost his white gloves?
Miss Paschal were to take Voice lessons?
A Chapel visitor failed to pray for this great institution?
The pianola were not used every instant of the day?
Miss English looked through her glasses?
The heat were on during silent hour?
The Lumberton girls kept quiet?


Meredith Fairy Tales



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST



SLEEPING BEAUTY



M. DANA : "I'm going to have to drop some of my work, I have eleven hours!"
C. B. : "Is *that* all! Why, I have sixteen!"
M. D. : "Don't see how you can do it when there are only twelve hours in the day."

What newish in the goodness of her heart tried to help M. Steele get classified?

SENIOR JOHNSON : "Have you ever seen anybody dance the set back?"

B. HOBBS : "You ought to have heard Miss Day sing! Why, everybody encored her to come back and sing again."

Lost, my Chemistry annual! Return to Z. Mitchell.

The sun may grow cold,
The stars may grow old,
But this truth ever rings;
That neat little maid
With the cute little braid,
B. Hobbs, has been to Red Springs.

As it might be in the catalogue :

GERTRUDE ROYSTER

Graduate of St. Mary's School; State Normal College; special student of physical training at Trinity College, Columbia, and Yale; receiver of excuses, Meredith College.

THE SONG OF THE CLASS POET.

Yet once more, O ye Muses, and once more
Ye meters long, with feet so weary worn,
I come to force some rhymes, ungraceful, trite;
Another amateur to write
Verses that shame the name of poetry to adorn.

L. B. A. entered the Chapel which was darkened for a stereopticon lecture, and sat down. Immediately she exclaimed in utmost horror, " Oh, I *beg* your pardon!"

BIBLE PROFESSOR : "Oh, that's all right, that's all right!"

"I went to the oculist today and he put bella donna in my eyes."

"What did he do that for?"

"Why, to dilute the pupil."

THE LAMT !

They took me off the honor roll,
They said I might not shop,
They would not let me leave the school,
And walking I must stop.
They let me eat no more ice cream,
To drugstores I can't go;
I never see the ball games now,
And callers come no mo'.
But I could stand these punishments
And all my wrongs could doctor,
If, on the top of everything,
They hadn't made me proctor.

L. P. (*To Clerk*) : "Have you any invisible hair nets?"

CLERK : "Yes, ma'am."

L. P. : "Let me see them, please."

Either backward, turn backward O time in your flight,
And put me in Red Springs just for tonight,
Or if Miss Helen is where I can't reach her
Send me, ye gods, O send me my preacher!

Sallie Camp said she wrote all that Henty ever read.

MAY STEELE : "I wish somebody would give me a teething ring; I am cutting a wisdom tooth."

MARVELOUS BOY.—Dr. Freeman's three months' old baby says "spizzerinktum!"

MISS YOUNG : "What preposition does this verb take?"

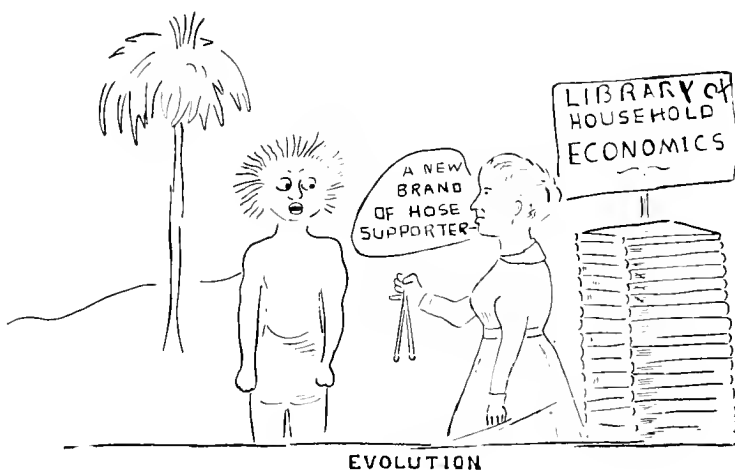
B. L. C. (*rousing from a nap*) : "The dative."

MR. B. (*On Physics*) : "Why is the vacuum in the barometer called the torricellian vacuum?"

M. M. : "Because Torricelli invented it."

"In the fall a newish's fancy crushing turns to thoughts of love."

BOB PRIDGEN.





H. H. (*in combination course, last meeting before Exam.*) : "Miss Colton, will the Composition III girls have the same Exam as the Composition II?"

Miss C. : "Miss Herring, I think I am perfectly capable of making out this examination without any assistance from you. You may be excused."

DR. DIXON (*on Physiology*) : "What do you mean when you say a man has peritonitis?"

B. JOHNSON (*volunteering*) : "It means that he is pretty sick!"

MISS COLTON (*on Literature III*) : "Miss Carroll, spell Shelley."

B. C. (*doubtfully*) : "S-h-e-l-l-y?"

MISS COLTON : "That is just the way you spelled it on your paper."

B. C. (*triumphantly*) : "S-h-e-l-l-i-e!"

WHY NOT?

M. S. (*the night before Physiology Quiz*) : "Well, I must get to studying Gray's *Elegy*."

"I do not crush, O no, not I,"
Said the little Newish fry;
Yet when the Soph passed, head held high,
The little Fresh lay down to die.

R. H. : "Do you suppose that I *can* pass on my physical examination?"

R. H. (*reading from Huxley's Autobiography*) : "He says he was named Thomas Henry from the Apostle Thomas."

BOB P. : "Goodness! I knew there was a Thomas Iscariot but I have never heard of a Thomas Henry."



MISS ENGLISH : "Mr. Boonhour, do you always break something in the Lab.?"

PROF. B. : "Yes, if nothing else, you break the record."

S. L. : "Say, Mabel, have you read *The Last of the Mohicans*?"

M. B. : "No, I haven't read the first of it yet."

D. L. : "Did you know her father was bankrupt?"

NEWISH HOBBS : "But he isn't, he never worked in a bank a minute in his life."

The metronome was ticking away placidly when the Newish entered and exclaimed, "Oh, just look, isn't that the *cutest* clock!"

Wanted! urgently and immediately! a private secretary accustomed to rapid matrimonial correspondence. The demand is great and increasing.

M. WHITE.

M. PIERCE (*looking at list of ads. in an old Annual*) : "Oh, look, here's a mistake in this. They have spelled carriage G-a-r-a-g-e instead of C-a-r-a-g-e."

The Soph'mores had a ljangering pain
With nothing to appease it;
All trials at Campbell's door were vain,
They never could release it.
One day they found a little key
All twined around with magic,
And after that her humbleness
Was nothing short of tragic!

MISS PASCAL (*to Newish at table*) : "Do you like conundrums?"

NEWISH : "I—er—don't know—I never ate any."

MISS WALLACE (*telling the new Latin Professor about the girls' Christmas tree for the Faculty last year*) : "Miss Meserve had a funny little walk, so they gave her a pony to help her trot along better."

NEWISH (*on second Saturday in February*) : "Do you have holiday next Thursday?"

A & M CALLER : "Why, er—no. What for?"

NEWISH : "Why, it's Founders' Day!"

"Nell, to wear that band, 'I'm single, are you?' on your hair, is flirting."

"Well, it's not obligating flirting."



DAY IN AND DAY OUT

*Lines Written on Hearing Strains of Music
Rising from the Kitchen*

The sun is shining,
The ivy twining
The threshold o'er
Where sits the troubadour.
Old melodies ring;
A dusky head appears
Greeted by lusty cheers:
The maidens are praising
The one who is raising
The songs they love to sing—

Nelly Gray!
And Old Dog Tray!
Turkey in the Straw!
Just hear that hee-hee-haw!
We glory in each sound.
Then Old Black Joe,—
He pats his toe,—
The Suwanee River
Well, I never!
Massa in the Cold, Cold Ground.

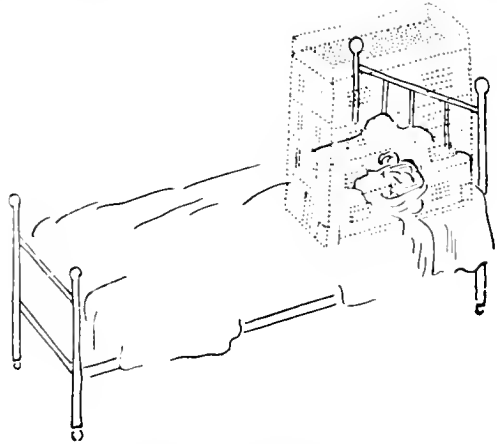
In lighter vein
We hear again
Some classy rag—
His energies never lag.
O You Beautiful Doll!
Then Alexander's Band,
My Little Honey Man,
Moonlight Bay,
No need to say,
The Oceana Roll.

Food forgot,
Glued to the spot,
Bar by bar
Still rings his old guitar;
Sometimes he whistles too
As only darkies can,
Then back where he began,
And o'er and o'er
The troubadour
Plays those melodies through.

The Editors



Our Editor in chief, Hattie Laurie,
For work herself she was sorry;
But the 'ssociate Eds
Must worry their heads
Because of chief Hattie Laurie.



M. Steele was Associate Ed.,
Who had to get stories. 'Tis said
Long and short stories,
Skyscrapers of stories,
Oppressed her at night in her bed.

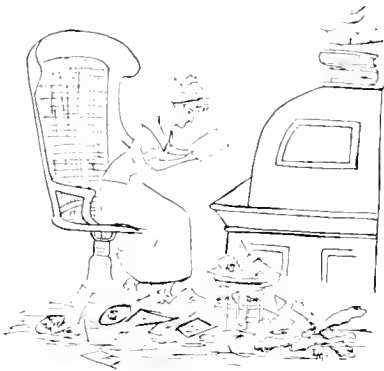


Our Lucy 's a dauber of paint;
Her work makes every one faint,
For Lucy, you see,
Is a truthful ladyee,
And she pictures nobody a saint.



Our manager Lillian is worn
By delays we all did mourn;
Some dynamite quick
She fain would stick
Under Gustav Hagedorn.

The Editors



A maid of all work is McKaughan;
 Look about and see what she's drawn;
 The clubs she's raised
 Just have to be praised,
 As well as her managing brawn.



S. Martin, quite in despair
 Of finding a poet's lair,
 Now grinds her rhyme
 To perfect time—
 That's why we've poems so rare!



Louise, though in tactics well read,
 For lack of a plan was near dead;
 The result was, "You wretch,
 Write me a sketch,
 Or I'll thump you over the head!"



Our Soph, Alberta Brown,
 Has searched this college roun'
 To find a joke
 That will provoke
 A smile and not a frown.

Register of Students: School of Liberal Arts

COLLEGE

Senior Class

ALDERMAN, MINNIE VIOLA	Edenton
CAMP, SALLIE SHEPHERD	Franklin, Va.
CARROLL, BERTHA LUCRETIA	Winterville
GRINDSTAFF, LUCY EVELYN	Sylva
HERRING, HARRIET LAURA	Kinston
HESTER, HALLY ELIZABETH	Tryon
HIGSMITH, ANNIE	Fayetteville
HORN, GERTRUDE CECILIA	Winston-Salem
JOHNSON, BESSIE FRANK	Delway
JOSEY, SALLIE MERRIAM	Scotland Neck
KELLY, BERNICE CHRISTIANA	Clayton
MEMORY, MAUD	Whiteville
NASH, MINNIE	Elizabeth City
NEWTON, MARGARET OLINDA	Salisbury
STEELE, MARY SUSAN	Wagram

Junior Class

ANDERSON, MEDA ELIZABETH	Mars Hill
BALLENTINE, LILLIAN MABEL	Cardenas
BENNETT, AGNES LOUISE	Middleburg
BENTON, EUNICE GERTRUDE	Monroe
BULLARD, SALLIE LEANNA	Fayetteville
EDDINS, NORA PAGE	Palmerville
FARRIOR, MINNIE BRYAN	Raleigh
FLEMING, MYRTHA FRANCES	Raleigh
FUTRELL, MARTHA LOUISE	Scotland Neck
GOSNEY, MINNIE STAMPS	Raleigh
GULLEY, MARGARET	Wake Forest
McKAUGHAN, ANNE	Vinton, Va.
MARTIN, SALLIE EMMA	Mt. Airy
STONE, ALMA IRENE	Chapel Hill
TYNER, CORA LEIGH	Buies

Sophomore Class

BIGGERS, CAROLINE	Monroe
BROWN, ALBERTA NEWTON	Asheville

BULLARD, KATE VICTORIA	Fayetteville
COLLINS, INDA GRAY	Holly Springs
ENGLISH, GWENDOLEN	Shelby
GLOVER, RUTH MITCHELL	Colerain
GRAYSON, ALDA	Rutherfordton
HIGGS, MARGUERITE ANNIE	Greenville
HOWARD, VALERIA JOHNSON	Roseboro
JOHNSON, LOIS	Thomasville
JONES, KATHERINE BERNARD	Raleigh
JORDAN, SUSIE SPURGEON	Calvert
LINEBERRY, MARTHA BENNETT	Colerain
McKENZIE, ISABEL	Red Springs
MARSHBANKS, FLOSSIE	Mars Hill
MULL, BESSIE LOU	Shelby
NANCE, LILLIAN NINA	Lumberton
OSBORNE, KATHERINE ELURA	Clyde
PERRY, CALLIE DOROTHY	Elizabeth City
PIERCE, ALLIE ANN	Colerain
WATKINS, LOUISE FOURMAN	Goldsboro
WHITAKER, GRACE ALINE	Horse Shoe
WILKINSON, LILLIAN AGNES	Pantego
WOODCOCK, LELIA EDNA	Wilmington

Freshman Class

ADAMS, ANGELINE ELIZABETH	Newton
ADAMS, HELEN	Newton
ASHWORTH, LILLIE BELLE	Thomasville
BEASLEY, ANTOINETTE	Monroe
BLACKMAN, FANNIE ESTHER	Goldsboro
BRIGGS, ADA FLORA	Suffolk, Va.
CAMPBELL, BESSIE PEARSON	Buies Creek
CHAMBLISS, LAVIECE MAE	Wilson
COLE, ALMA LEE	Chapel Hill
COOPER, LULA	Raleigh
COVINGTON, CORNELIA EVERMOND	Florence, S. C.
EDWARDS, CLOTA LILLIAN	Mars Hill
EDWARDS, MILDRED HARRINGTON	Scotland Neck
FREDERICK, JEANETTE LUCY	Lilesville
GADDY, CORA BESSIE	Wingate
GARNER, MALLIE OLIVIA	Mount Olive
GWYNN, PERMELIA COBB	Yanceyville
HAMRICK, LUCY WRIGHT	Shelby
HARPER, HELEN EARLE	Baltimore, Md.
HARRIS, ROXIE PEBBLES	Mapleville

HAWLEY, VANNIE MAE.....	Jonesboro
HOCUTT, NAOMI.....	Graham
HORTON, SALLIE RUTH.....	Wakefield
HURLEY, BERNICE ELIZABETH.....	Biscoe
JENKINS, BRUNICE IRENE.....	Aulander
JOHNSON, ELIZABETH HELEN.....	Durham
JOHNSON, JEANETTE EUPHEMIA.....	Wagram
JOHNSON, SALLIE MAY.....	Delway
JONES, BEULAH ELIZA.....	Ore Hill
JONES, MARY WILLARD.....	Wingate
KEITH, ABELINE RULFS.....	Wilmington
KELLY, HEMANS WESTWORTH.....	Yadkinville
LAMM, DIXIE VANCE.....	Lucama
LYONS, AVA LEE.....	Lyons
MCGALLIARD, ETHEL.....	Raleigh
NEAL, SUE MOORE.....	South Boston, Va.
NEWTON, CLARA BARTON.....	Kerr
OSBORNE, MATTIE WOOD.....	Clyde
OWEN, MARY RUTH.....	Clarksville
PAGE, LIDA HOWELL.....	Nelson
PARKER, ELLA.....	Mt. Gilead
PHILLIPS, LUCILLE.....	Durham
POPE, MARGARET MAY.....	Dunn
RAY, JANE NOALLE.....	Raleigh
REA, MARJORIE HELEN.....	New Bern
ROYSTER, ESTHER FRANCES.....	Henderson
STANTON, BESSIE.....	Rowland
THOMAS, GENEVIEVE.....	Louisburg
THOMAS, SUE.....	Shalotte
THOMPSON, IRENE LILLIAN.....	Mt. Airy
VANN, DOROTHY McDOWELL.....	Raleigh
WADE, MARGARET CHRISTIAN.....	Fayetteville
WALL, IDA ETHEL.....	Wallburg
WALL, MARTHA CHRISTINA.....	Wallburg
WARREN, CORA DEANE.....	Dunn
WARREN, MARY DUNN.....	Dunn
WATKINS, SARAH KIRBY.....	Wake Forest
WATSON, FANNIE LOUINE.....	Fayetteville
WOOTEN, MAY DEE.....	Chadbourn
WRIGHT, CARBUE INEZ.....	Bunn

Special Students

BUFFALOE, ETHEL HICKS.....	Raleigh
SHEARON, LUCY LUTIFIELD.....	Wake Forest

Register of Students: Academy

Academy IV

BIRD, ROSELLA.....	Mount Olive
BRITT, AUGUSTA.....	Lumberton
BRYAN, PAULINE MCKAY.....	Buies Creek
CRATER, EFFIE BELLE.....	Elkin
DUNN, BESSIE JO.....	Albemarle
GARVEY, MARGARET HILDA.....	Wilmington
HAYWOOD, MARY LIVINGSTONE.....	Mt. Gilead
HOSIER, FRANCES EVERETT.....	Churchland, Va.
JOHNSON, MARY LYNCH.....	Raleigh
JONES, MATTIE LILLIE.....	Wingate
LUNN, SARAH ISABELLE.....	Timmons ville, S. C.
McLAMB, LULA MAY.....	Huntley
MARSH, LORENA WAYNE.....	Marshville
MAYNARD, MARGARET LILLIAN.....	Apex
MEDLIN, MARY WOODWARD.....	Raleigh
MITCHELL, ZEULA CLYDE.....	Youngsville
NORWOOD, OMA COLA.....	Neuse
NYE, MARY THOMAS.....	Orrum
ODUM, MAE VERONA.....	Pembroke
OLIVE, GRACE CARLTON.....	Apex
REDDISH, MARY LILLIAN.....	R. F. D. No. 1, Raleigh
SMITH, UNA ALLEN.....	Neuse
UPCHURCH, MAUDE LEE.....	Apex
VANN, ELIZABETH ROGERS.....	Raleigh
WEBB, MURIEL ELODIE.....	Morehead City
WEBSTER, CAROLINA CARTER.....	Siler City
WIGGS, ESTELLE THOMAS.....	Raleigh
WILKINS, MARGARET BLOUNT.....	Draughton
WILLIAMS, MILDRED.....	Lumberton
WILLIAMS, PAULINE JEANETTE.....	Belfast, Ga.

Academy III

ALFORD, ORA ALICE	Wakefield
ANDREWS, BEULAH AUGUSTA	Mandale
BAILEY, ESTHER WIGGS	Rogers Store
BARNES, ANDREW VIRGINIA	Barnesville
BARNES, BERTHA	Barnesville
BAUCOM, LILLIAN IRENE	Clayton
BOONE, NINA	Boonesville
CAMPBELL, VIOLA ALLEN	Statesville
DAVIS, ANNIE ESTELLE	Asheville
FERRELL, MARY LOIS	Raleigh
HARRILL, BERTHA	Shelby
HOOKER, SINA POTTER	Alliance
JORDAN, ALMA LORA	Siler City
JORDAN, ANNIE SILTON	Calvert
KING, VERA MARGARET	Raleigh
LINKHAW, MARIE ELLEN	Lumberton
McINTYRE, LILLIAN	Lumberton
MURPHEY, MARY JARVIS	Plymouth
OWEN, GRACE BALDWIN	Mints
PAGE, NELLIE RUTH	Morrisville
PARKER, GLADYS	Albemarle
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WILLIAMS, JESSIE	Apex
WOMBLE, NOY ELLEN	Apex

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BULLOCK, ANNIE BELLE.....	Fairmont
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HUNT, EVA.....	Jonesboro
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MARLEY, CATHERINE HILL.....	Lumber Bridge
MAY, RUTH.....	Beaufort
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RAY, LILLIAN INEZ.....	R. F. D. No. 7, Raleigh
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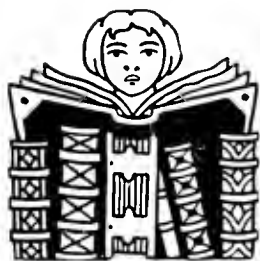
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