

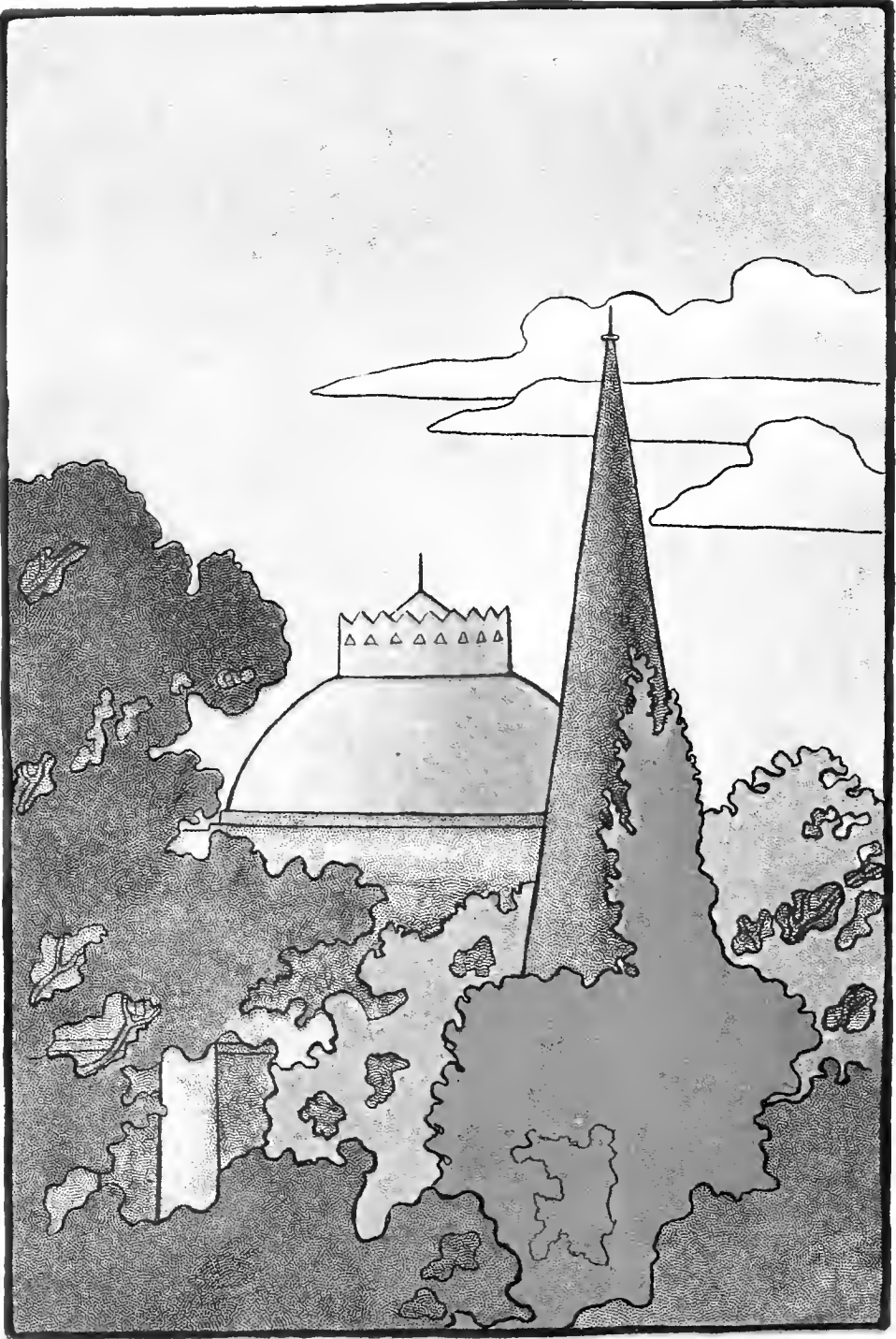
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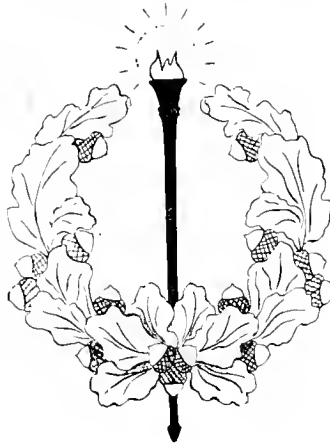




1914

OAK LEAVES

VOL. 11 — MCMXIV



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

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ART DEPARTMENT AND STUDENTS

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To

John Edwin Ray

in grateful appreciation of his loving service to
each Meredith girl

- and as a

Tribute to a True Follower of Christ

We Dedicate

the Eleventh Volume of

“The Oak Leaves”



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Brownsville Female College, A.M.; Student at Leipzig and Berlin
Professor of Modern Languages

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Theological Seminary; Student at University of Chicago
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Instructor in English

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Philadelphia; Pupil of Mounier; Chase Class, London

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LUCY WEST LITCHFORD, ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR
Student Meredith College; Miss Mason, New York; Special Work in Paris

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(Five Years); Pupil of Issay Barnas and Edgar Stillman-Kelley, Berlin
Dean—Professor of Violin, Orchestral Instruments, Harmony, Counterpoint

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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

†On leave of absence

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

***RUTH J. L. ROBBINS**

Pupil of Rafael Joseffy and William H. Sherwood; Late Teacher at Sherwood School of Music,
Chicago, Illinois

Professor of Pianoforte, Musical Analysis, Counterpoint

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Conservatory of Music

Professor of Piano and Ensemble Playing

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Pupil of Mrs. Humphrey Allen; Arthur J. Hubbard, Boston; Mme. Natza von Niesson Stone,
Berlin

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RUBY GENEVIEVE PENNY

Graduate Meredith College School of Music; Pupil New England Conservatory of Music

Instructor in Piano

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Wake Forest College, A.B.; Student Cornell University

Bursar

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Grenada College, Simmons College

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Stewardess for Main Building

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

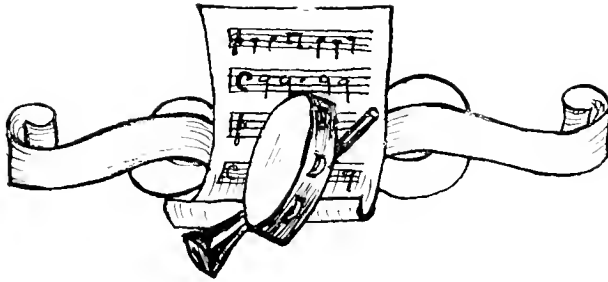
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Stewardess for East Building

MRS. J. W. BLACK
Housekeeper

MRS. OCTAVIA SCARBOROUGH NORWOOD
Nurse

SALLIE EMMA MARTIN
Student Assistant in Physical Education

ANNE PATRICIA McKAUGHAN
Student Assistant Librarian





"Now listen to me, children" said the Black Cat, "for I have a very interesting tale to tell you.

"Once upon a time the oldest daughter of old King Meredith got married to Prince Wisdom, and that left all the responsibility of helping King Meredith with managing his household on his next oldest daughter, Princess Fourteen. Now Princess Fourteen was a very bright little girl, but her older sisters had always done everything for her; so now that they were all married she felt very helpless and began to cry.

" 'There, there, don't cry,' comforted her old nurse, Student Government, 'for I will help you manage the children and punish them when they behave badly.'

" 'And we will help you train them to be useful,' said the kindhearted little maids, Astrotekton, Philaretian and Sorosis.

" 'I will teach them what is right, so that they will never wish to be naughty,' chimed in Y. W. C. A.

" 'You are so very kind,' said the Princess gratefully, brushing away her tears. 'But what shall I do with the Oak Tree? My sisters charged me to tend it carefully, for it is still young, and unless it proves fruitful my father will have it cut down. He does not know how much we love the

Oak Leaves which it bears every spring. Is there no one to help me with the Oak Tree? I am sure it will die!' and the Princess again burst out weeping.

"Then I came forward. 'Princess,' I said, 'listen to the wisdom of your Black Cat. I will be your Puss in Boots. Only give me a stout pair of shoes, for I have much walking to do, and leave this matter to me. All will be well. The Tree shall not die and in the spring the Oak Leaves will be more beautiful than ever.' The Princess did not put much faith in the words of her Black Cat, but I had helped her out of so many difficulties that she no longer despaired. I bravely buttoned up my boots, took my traveling bag and walking stick, and, having called together all the King's children, spoke thus to them before setting out: 'Children of the King, while I am away finding the things which will make the tree grow, you must tend it carefully. The things you put into it are the things that will show on its magic memory leaves. So water it with your brightest and most original thoughts and lavish your attentions and labors upon it, and it will flourish.'

"I then bade the Princess farewell and started on my journey. Before I had gone very far along the road I met an enormously fat man, riding in a fine coach drawn by four horses. The coach was loaded down with bags of money, so I knew at once that it was Lord Merchants' Association. I stopped his coach and said: 'Great Lord, my Mistress, the Princess Fourteen, solicits a contribution from you to be used for the great Oak Tree, so that the magic Oak Leaves will bud in the spring.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'I have heard of the Oak Tree and its Leaves. But I gave to it last year and I am poor. I will give no more.' Then I said, 'Very well, but the King's Household will no longer buy from you.' With that Lord Merchants became very much frightened, so he took from his pile of money bags a very small one which he threw into my hands and drove rapidly away.

"I stowed the money carefully away in my sack and went on into the village. Here there lived three wise men named Photographer, Engraver, and Printer. To them I went and said, 'Come with me to the Palace of the Princess, for we have heard that your wisdom is great. Your services are desired for the great Oak Tree. You shall receive much money.' So they followed me, and together we returned to the Princess.

"And then for long weeks and months we worked over the tree. We watered it with printers' ink, fertilized it with zinc etchings and copper half tones, while photographs rained down on it from the sky. And the tree flourished and in the spring it brought forth the most wonderful big green Leaves——!

"And now, my dears, what do you think of the OAK LEAVES?"

ANNE MCKAGHAN, Editor-in-Chief
 VANN EDDINGS, Art Editor
 LAVIECE CHAMBLISS | Junior Editors
 FLOSSIE MARSHBANKS

CORA TYNER, Associate Editor-in-Chief
 MARGARET GULLEY, Business Manager
 ADA BRIGGS | Sophomore Editors
 ROBERTA PRIDGEN





OUR PRESIDENT



SENIORS—THOSE WHO ARE LEFT!

Senior Class

COLORS: Old gold and black

MASCOT: Black cat

FLOWER: Black-eyed Susan

Officers

MARGARET GULLEY	<i>President</i>
MAE GRIMMER	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARY ELLIOTT	<i>Secretary</i>
CALLIE PERRY	<i>Treasurer</i>
KATE JOHNSON	<i>Poet</i>
SALLIE MARTIN	<i>Historian</i>
LOUISE BENNETT	<i>Testator</i>
ANNE MCKAUGHAN	<i>Prophet</i>

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A. B.

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MABEL BALLENTINE
LOUISE BENNETT
EUNICE BENTON
SALLIE BULLARD
NORA EDDINGS
MINNIE FARRIOR
MYRTHA FLEMING

LOUISE FUTRELL
MINNIE GOSNEY
MARGARET GULLEY
KATE JONES
SALLIE MARTIN
ANNE MCKAUGHAN
CALLIE PERRY
ALMA STONE

CORA TYNER

Music

MARY ELLIOTT
LINA GOUGH
MAE GRIMMER
KATE JOHNSON
KATHERINE KNOWLES



MEDA ELIZABETH ANDERSON
Mars Hill, N. C.

*My heart
 Is true as steel.*

Treasurer Junior Class.....'12-'13
 Member Astrotekton Society.

*To look up and not down,
 To look forward and not back,
 To look out and not in, and
 To lend a hand.*

Captain Basketball Team '12-'13
 Basketball Team.....'12-'14
 Secretary-Treasurer of Sorosis.....'12-'13
 Chairman of Sorosis '13-'14
 Member Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.....'12-'14
 House President of Faircloth Hall.....'13-'14
 Member Astrotekton Society.



LILIAN MABEL BALLENTINE
Cardenas, N. C.



AGNES LOUISE BENNETT
Middleburg, N. C.

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

- Captain Basketball Team '10-'11, '11-'12
- Basketball Team..... '10-'14
- Sophomore Class Treasurer '11-'12
- Treasurer Athletic Association '11-'12
- Chaplain Astrotekton Society..... '12-'13
- Vice-President Y. W. C. A..... '12-'13
- Member Y. W. C. A. Cabinet..... '12-'14
- President Y. W. C. A. '13-'14
- Member Astrotekton Society.

*He had a head to contrive, a tongue to per-
 suade, and a hand to execute any mischief.*

- Class Poet '12-'13
- Captain F. A. T.'s '12-'13
- Basketball '12-'14
- President Athletic Association..... '13-'14
- Historian Astrotekton Society..... '13-'14
- Testator '14
- Member Astrotekton Society.



EUNICE GERTRUDE BENTON
Mouroe, N. C.



SALLIE BULLARD
Fayetteville, N. C.

*I am sure care's
An enemy to life.*

Vice-President Athletic Association. . . . '13-'14
Member Philaretian Society.

*I love tranquil solitude
And such society
As is quiet, wise and good.*

Member Astrotekton Society.



NORA PAGE EDDINGS
Palmerville, N. C.



MARY ALMA ELLIOTT
Mackey's Ferry, N. C.

Infinite riches in a little room.

- Secretary Senior Class.....'13-'14
- Vice-President Philaretian Society
(Spring Semester).....'13-'14
- Member Philaretian Society.

I hate nobody; I am in charity with the world.

Member Astrotekton Society.



MINNIE BRYAN FARNIOR
Raleigh, N. C.



MYRTHA FRANCES FLEMING
Raleigh, N. C.

*Ah, why
 Should life all labor be?*

- Freshman Class President '10-'11
- College Choir '10-'14
- Orchestra '10-'14
- Basketball Team '11-'13
- Historian Sophomore Class '11-'12
- Sophomore Editor OAK LEAVES '11-'12
- Critic Astrotekton Society '12-'13
- Vice-President Student Government '12-'13
- College Usher '12-'13
- Treasurer Student Government '13-'14
- President Astrotekton Society '13-'14

The gentle mind by gentle deeds is knowne.



LOUISE FUTRELL
Scotland Neck, N. C.



MINNIE STAMPS GOSNEY
Raleigh, N. C.

I laugh, for hope hath happy place with me.

Secretary Sophomore Class '11-'12
 Member Astrotekton Society.

*Is she not more than painting can express,
 Or youthful poets fancy when they love?*

College Usher..... '10-'14
 College Choir..... '10-'14
 Commencement Marshal '12, '13
 Assistant Treasurer Senior Class..... '14
 Member Philaretian Society.



CAROLINE MELKE GOUGH
Lumberton, N. C.



MAE FRANCES GRIMMER
Cape Charles, Va.

*As good be out of the world as out of fashion!
I never saw so many shocking bad hats in my
life!*

- Treasurer Athletic Association.....'10-'11
- Corresponding Secretary Astrotekton
Society.....'10-'11
- College Usher.....'11-'13
- Historian Astrotekton Society.....'11-'12
- Commencement Chief Marshal.....'13
- Critic of Astrotekton Society.....'13-'14
- Business Manager OAK LEAVES.....'13-'14
- President Senior Class.....'13-'14
- Member Astrotekton Society.

*In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;
Hast so much wit and mirth and spleen about
thee,
There's no living with thee, or without thee.*

- College Choir.....'12-'14
- Orchestra.....'12-'14
- College Usher.....'13-'14
- Vice-President Astrotekton Society.....'13-'14
- Vice-President Senior Class.....'13-'14
- Member Astrotekton Society.



MARGARET GULLEY
Wake Forest, N. C.



KATHERINE CAMPBELL JOHNSON
Thomasville, N. C.

*The surest pledge of a deathless name
Is the silent homage of thoughts unspoken.*

- Sophomore Class Poet.....'11-'12
- Sophomore Editor of *Acorn*.....'11-'12
- Treasurer Astrotekton Society.....'12-'13
- Secretary Student Government.....'12-'13
- Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.....'12-'13
- Junior Editor of *Acorn*.....'12-'13
- Junior Class President.....'12-'13
- Basketball Team.....'11-'14
- College Choir.....'11-'14
- College Usher.....'12-'14
- Senior Class Poet.....'14
- Associate Editor-in-Chief *Acorn*.....'13-'14
- President Student Government Associ-
ation.....'13-'14
- Member Astrotekton Society.



KATE BERNARD JONES
Raleigh, N. C.

*If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face and you'll forget them all.*



KATHERINE PARKER KNOWLES
Mount Olive, N. C.

*It would talk—
 Lord! how it talked!*

- College Choir.....'11-'14
- Orchestra.....'12-'14
- Secretary Junior Class.....'12-'13
- Member Astrotekton Society.

We have met the enemy and he is ours!

- Secretary Freshman Class.....'10-'11
- Basketball team.....'10-'12
- Historian Junior Class.....'12-'13
- Junior Editor Annual.....'12-'13
- College Choir.....'12-'14
- Medal Winner.....'12-'13
- Historian Senior Class.....'14
- Critic Philaretian Society.....'13-'14
- Basketball Coach.....'13-'14
- Vice-Chairman Sorosis.....'13-'14
- Editor-in-Chief *Acorn*.....'13-'14
- Member Philaretian Society.



SALLIE EMMA MARTIN
Mount Airy, N. C.



ANNE PATRICIA MCKAUGHAN
Norfolk, Va.

Much may be said on both sides.

- Vice-President Sophomore Class..... '11-'12
- Basketball Team..... '11-'14
- Student Assistant in Library..... '12-'14
- Junior Editor OAK LEAVES..... '12-'13
- Business Manager OAK LEAVES..... '12-'13
- Y. W. C. A. Cabinet..... '13-'14
- Secretary Astrotekton Society..... '13-'14
- College Usher..... '13-'14
- Prophet Senior Class..... '13-'14
- Editor-in-Chief of OAK LEAVES..... '13-'14
- Member Astrotekton Society.

I have lived and loved.

- Treasurer Senior Class..... '14
- College Choir..... '14
- College Usher..... '14
- Member Philaretian Society.



OCALA DOROTHY PERRY
Elizabeth City, N. C.



ALMA IRENE STONE
Chapel Hill, N. C.

*Those about her
From her shall learn the perfect ways of
honor.*

- Sophomore Editor of *Acorn*..... '11-'12
- Junior Editor of *Acorn*..... '12-'13
- Vice-President Junior Class..... '12-'13
- Treasurer Philaretian Society..... '13-'14
- Captain Basketball Team..... '13-'14
- Associate Editor-in-Chief OAK LEAVES... '13-'14
- Member Philaretian Society.

Wise to resolve, and patient to perform.

- Basketball..... '12-'14
- Y. W. C. A. Cabinet..... '13-'14
- Member Astrotekton Society.



CORA LEIGH TYNER
Buies, N. C.

Flossie '14 Funnies

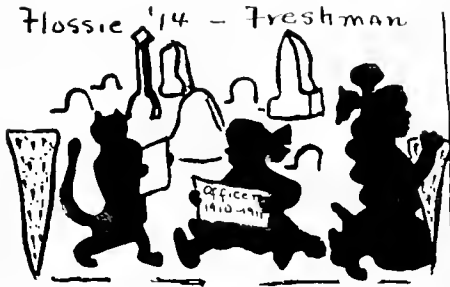
When Flossie came to Meredith College she was greatly bewildered and frightened, because she had never been away from home before. There were many dangers all around her, but good fortune had sent a nice black cat to help her out of her troubles. One of the first things Flossie had to do was to organize herself into a class, in order to be able to plan for the future. So with the help of the Juniors, who watched for the dreaded Sophomores and their hated guardian, the dog Mike, Flossie and the cat were able to organize without disturbance, in the cemetery. After that Flossie was called Flossie '14 and the cat, Blackie. And the Sophomores were very, very cross. So on Hallowe'en night they dressed like horrid ghosts and came near frightening Flossie and Blackie to death. But they had their door securely locked, so nothing came of it, though they did tremble with terror as they watched the ghosts through the keyhole. But Flossie and Blackie had one happy memory of this first year, for it was a very joyous time when they entertained their friends, the Juniors.

The next year many marvelous things happened to Blackie and Flossie. It was exciting as could be to

break up Freshman Class meetings by pouring salt in on them from the windows. And oh, it was just too funny when on Hallowe'en night Flossie, dressed just like Blackie, made the weepy little Newish dance and sing. Blackie nearly laughed himself sick. The whole year only nice things seemed to happen. Blackie helped Flossie write the invitations and make the decorations for the Senior banquet, which was a very happy time. And my! but didn't Flossie fight hard to win the basketball games that spring? And weren't Flossie and Blackie proud as peacocks, for they were the first under-class to ever win the Athletic Cup! But the very nicest, and yet the saddest thing of the whole year was Commencement, when the Seniors marched through the daisy chain which Flossie and Blackie proudly held for them.

Flossie and Blackie felt so very happy and dignified when, as Juniors, they proudly escorted the Seniors to a banquet at the Yarbrough, that they could hardly eat anything. Though it was pouring rain, they had a dandy time. It was during this year that Flossie and Blackie searched all corners of the buildings and grounds for the mysterious Crook. They

Flossie '14 - Freshman



Flossie '14 - Sophomore



were so persistent and bold that the Seniors became alarmed and spent most of their time guarding it against those dreadful "fourteens." One day Flossie and Blackie crept down into a dark hole and found a crook, but it was not the real, tall, beautiful crook, but only a fake one the Seniors had hid to fool them. So at Commencement the Seniors said that Blackie had gone back on Flossie, so they gave her a new black kitten. But he could never take Blackie's place in Flossie's heart, for Blackie had always aided Flossie in everything she did.

The Senior year brought Flossie and Blackie many new and glorious privileges, of which the Juniors were quite envious. Flossie was happy, most of all, in being allowed to entertain company all by herself in the parlors—at night!

Flossie and Blackie remembered the joy they had experienced when they had been entertained in their Sophomore year by the Seniors, so they delighted the Sophomore Bluebirds early in the fall with a delicious,

homelike breakfast. But in spite of these nice things which were taking place, poor Blackie was heart-broken and wept whole buckets of tears when Flossie and the Juniors decided to give up the Crook. It was like parting with an old friend, and he took such pride in guarding it.

One day Blackie was prowling around in an old garet when he found the most wonderful telescope in the world. Through it he and Flossie could see visions of what would happen to them the rest of their Senior year. First there were invitations to glorious Senior parties, then glimpses of basketball victories and the Athletic Cup. Examinations had to put in their horrid appearance, but these were the last ones Flossie and Blackie were ever to stand, so they didn't mind, much. Their hearts were gladdened at the end by the sight of the diploma, which was to be the climax of their adventures at Meredith. Blackie thought he caught sight of a Cupid, but Flossie says he didn't. Who knows?

Hossie '14 - Junior
YARBOROUGH



Flossie '14 - Senior



Flossie '14 - Senior Visions



Senior Class Poem

The task is done which we had thought so hard,
 The distance, looking back, seems scarce a mile,
An April day with clouds and sunshine barred,
 Since we began the work—a little while.

Forgive, O Alma Mater, each mistake,
 Each thing we should have done but did not do.
We little thought how short a time 'twould take,
 How soon the door would shut, we little knew.



Junior Class

COLORS: Yellow and white

MASCOT: The owl

FLOWER: Daisy

Officers

LOIS JOHNSON.....	<i>President</i>
ELIZABETH TOMLINSON.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
MILDRED MCINTYRE.....	<i>Secretary</i>
ALLIE ANN PEARCE.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
HELEN ADAMS.....	<i>Poet</i>

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A. B.

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ANTOINETTE BEASLEY
ALDA GRAYSON
MARGUERITE HIGGS
JOHNNIE HOWARD
LOIS JOHNSON
SUSIE JORDAN

MARTHA LINEBERRY
FLOSSIE MARSHBANKS
ISABEL MCKENZIE
BESSIE MULL
LIDA PAGE
ALLIE ANN PEARCE
LOUISE WATKINS

Music

ANNALEE BEST
ANNIE RUTH CALDWELL
MAUDE HALL
MILDRED MCINTYRE
ELIZABETH TOMLINSON





Junior Class Poem

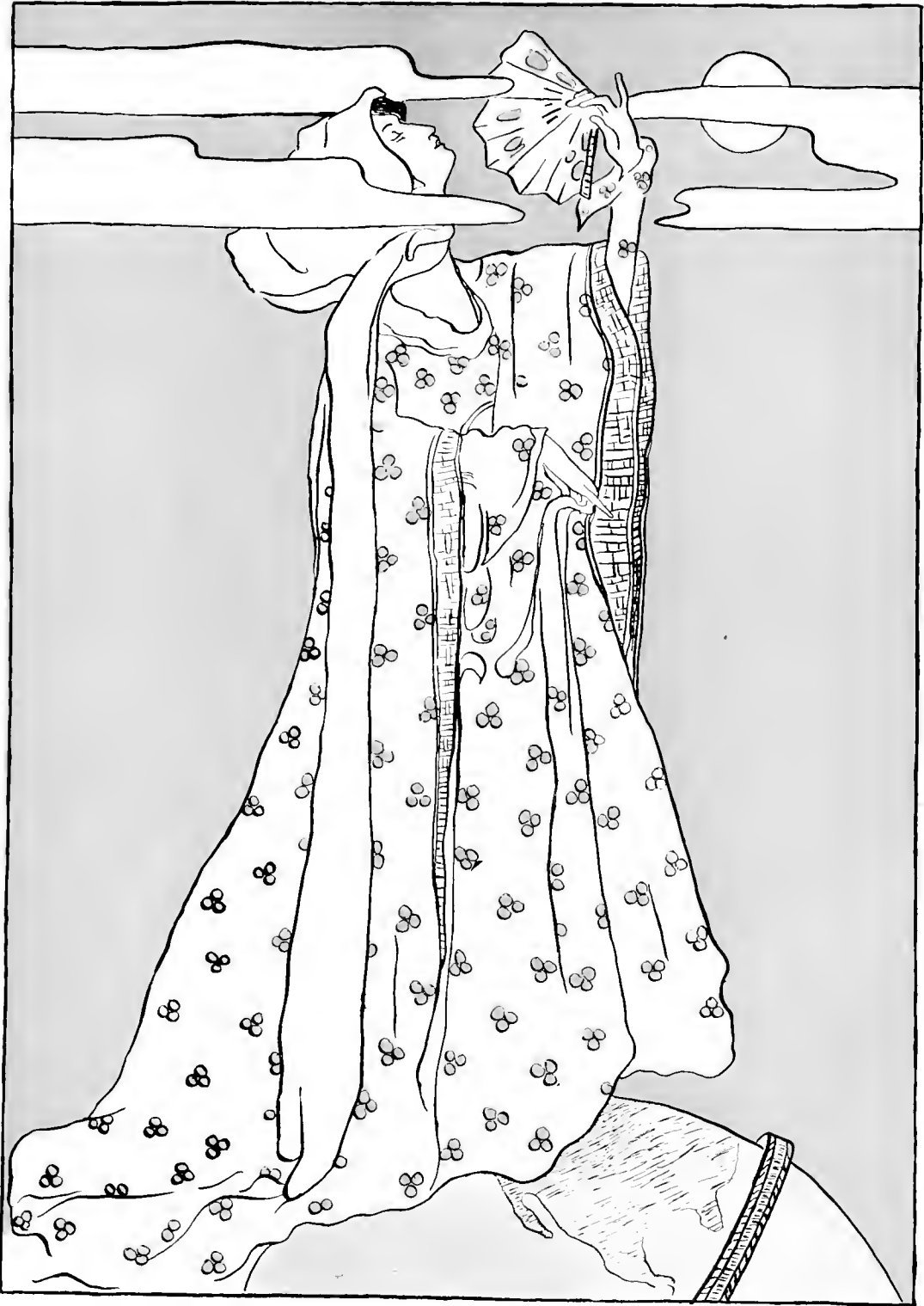
When first you look upon us—
 Juniors few—
You probably will scorn us,
 But don't do
Anything that you'll regret
When our tale of woes you've met,
And a lesson you will get—
 Moral, too!

As freshmen we were happy,
 Till that day
Josiah made us nappy
 By delay.
And we learned that by our lore
Fourteen units we must score,
Or we'd be turned from the door,
 Freshmen? nay!

When as Sophs we'd reached the place
 Of much fame,
And we thought the world lacked space
 For our name,
The faculty was mean,
And not a newish green
Was blacked on Hallowe'en,
 Oh, the shame!

And now when we'd achieved
 Junior year—
With many a blow received
 Many a tear—
The people went and took
Away the Seniors' crook,
Ere we'd our chance to look
 Far and near.

So now you see through what woes
 We have been,
What trials, troubles, hard foes
 We have seen.
But when all is done and said,
And our Senior life is led,
You will see come out ahead—
 Old fifteen!





Sophomore Class

COLORS: Blue and white

FLOWER: Hydrangea

MASCOT: The bluebird

Officers



MARY PRUETTE..... <i>President</i>
LORNA BELL..... <i>Vice-President</i>
ROBERTA PRIDGEN..... <i>Secretary</i>
EDNA BRADSHER..... <i>Treasurer</i>
MARTHA WALL..... <i>Poet</i>





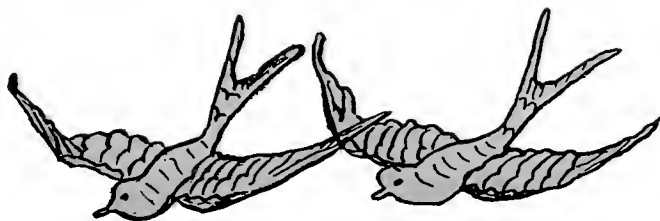
Members

A. B.

ELIZABETH ADAMS
 ADA BRIGGS
 NELL COVINGTON
 BESSIE GADDY
 MARY WILLARD JONES

CLARA NEWTON
 HONTAS NORFLEET
 CULLEN NORFLEET
 ELLA PARKER
 MARJORIE REA

ESTHER ROYSTER
 IRENE THOMPSON
 DOROTHY VANN
 IDA WALL
 MARTHA WALL



Music

LORNA BELL
 EUNICE BRITT
 BESSIE CAMPBELL

MARY FERRELL
 ELIA NORRIS
 LUCY OLIVER

MARY PRUETTE
 MARGARET POPE
 ROBERTA PRIDGEN

Art

EDNA BRADSHER

VANN EDDINGS



Sophomore Class Poem

Of every class of dear M. C.
The Soph's the pride or misery.
In truth we're proud of old '16,
Our pride is merited, we ween.

Green are the Freshies, O!
'Fraid of the Sophomo'.
Many are the hours they spend,
Wishing Soph's their ways would mend.

The class, the fright of us last year,
Neither holds us very dear,
Of them we are the sure despair—
Juniors with supercilious air.

The Senior dear, our noble friend,
Would never wish our ways we'd mend.
She thinks we are the dearest things
And all day long our praise she sings.

We've studied hard to please our peers,
But had our fun with Freshie dears;
Our joy has been to love our class,
And will be till from here we pass.



FRESHMAN + SOPHOMORE = CONSTERNATION



Freshman Class

COLORS: Green and white

MOTTO: "She fieth with her own wings"

FLOWER: Sweet pea



Members

A. B.

ETHEL ALDERMAN
 LUCY ALDERMAN
 ANNIE MAY ASHCRAFT
 LENNA BENTON
 ROSELLE BIRD
 MILDRED BLANCHARD
 MILDRED BRADSHAW
 ELLEN BREWER
 VIOLA CAMPBELL
 AMY CARTER
 MAY CARTER
 ANNIE CRAIG
 EDNA DELLINGER
 TERESSA DEW
 ALEX DRAUGHAN
 RUNDA EBBS
 CLOTA EDWARDS
 NELL FOWLER
 BESSIE GADDY
 MARGARET GARVEY
 MINDA GREEN
 CHLOE GURKIN
 LUCY HAMRICK
 MYRTLE HEINZERLING

LELIA HIGGS
 ROSA HOCUTT
 LOUISE HOLDING
 MARY LYNCH JOHNSON
 MATTIE JONES
 NANCY JOYNER
 SOPHIA KNOTT
 LILLIAN MAYNARD
 ELMA MCINTOSH
 MARY MCKENZIE
 MARGARET McMURRAY
 MARY MEDLIN
 MARY MEMORY
 MINNIE MILLS
 ANNIE NEWTON
 LUCILE NIX
 OMA NORWOOD
 TOMMIE NYE
 MATTIE WOOD OSBORNE
 RUTH OWEN
 NELL PASCHAL
 LUCILE PHILLIPS
 ANNIE LEE POPE

Officers

LELIA HIGGS *President*
 MARY MCKENZIE *Vice-President*
 ANNIE CRAIG *Secretary*
 ANNIE MAY ASHCRAFT *Treasurer*
 LOUISE HOLDING *Poet*



Members

A. B.

JANE RAY
 MARY REDDISH
 LULIE REYNOLDS
 JANIE PEARL ROGERS
 ELIZABETH ROYALL
 BESSIE LEE SELLARS
 ETHEL SMITH
 ANNIE SMITH
 MARY SNIDER
 MAISIE SNOW
 BESSIE STAUNTON
 BLANCHE TADOR
 ELIZABETH VANN
 MILDRED WILLIAMS
 PASSIE WOOD

Music

ALDINE BEST
 MAMIE BRIDGER
 BLANCHE COX
 MATTIE GADDY
 ROXIE HARRIS
 GRACE HAYNES
 MAISIE HENDRON
 EFFIE HERRING
 NAOMI HOCUTT
 NERITA HOLLAND
 SALLIE MAE JOHNSON
 MAY KENDALL
 ANNA KEYES
 OTHELLO MCINTOSH
 ETHEL MILLER
 KATHLEEN MOSS
 JOE NEAL
 GRACE OWEN
 NELLIE PAGE
 IRENE PARKER
 MARY WELLS
 ESTELLA WIGGS

Art

MAY MORGAN

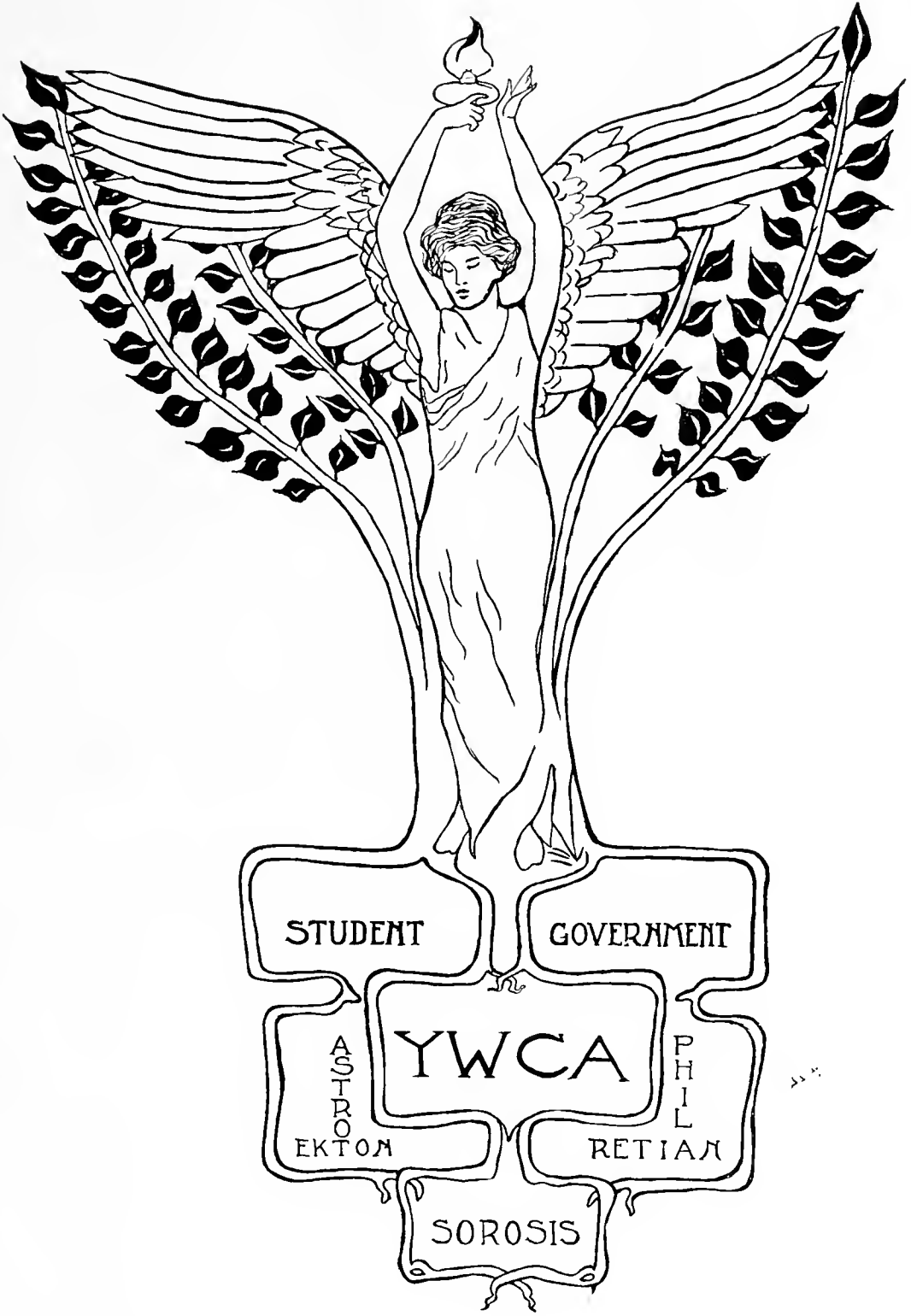
Freshman Class Poem

Upon that famous midnight dreary
While we waited, weak and weary,
Suddenly there came a tapping—
Rapping at our Freshman door.
Ah, yet sober, we recall it was October,
And each paling moonbeam
Wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly we wished the morrow—
Vainly we had sought to borrow
Cloaks to hide our awful fear—
Fear of the dreadful Sophs so near,
Whom the Freshmen so ignore,
Hated here forevermore !

At once the soft, mysterious steps
Of the Sophs who *once* were "preps,"
Thrilled us—filled us—with such terrors
As we'd never felt before.
On they came—the door went shaking
And the Freshmen stood there quaking;
But our fluttering hearts grew stronger—
Hesitating then no longer—we opened wide the door,
Darkness there—and nothing more !
Deep into the ghost-gloom peering
Long we stood there—wondering, fearing
As no Freshman *ever* feared before.
But the silence was unbroken—the stillness gave no token,
Not a sigh or word was spoken.

Back into our rooms we went—weary, worn and spent.
Soon again we heard a tapping—louder than before.
"Surely," said we, "that is something at the window lock,
It can't be just a common knock."
Nothing there to hinder, we opened wide the window
And in there flew a spirit, with a motion swift and lyric.
Not the least noise made it, nor could we stop nor stay it;
In it flew with gliding motion
And breathed on us a mystic potion.
"Ghastly, grim and white-robed spirit,
Wandering from the Future's shore,
Tell us what thy secret name is,
Tell us Spirit, we ask—implore !"
It uttered, "Next year's Sophomore !"

Then we thought the air grew denser,
Perfumed from an unseen censer,
"Prophet !" cried we, "thing so near,
Prophet still, white-robed and drear,
Wandering in this Room of Fear;
Whether Future sent or whether
Past years tossed thee here ashore.
Desolate, yet all undaunted
In this Freshman room so haunted,
Tell us truly, we implore,
Is there—is there fun next year
And release from this awful fear?
Tell us !—tell us, we implore—"
Quoth the Spirit, "Sophomore !"



STUDENT

GOVERNMENT

ASTRO

YWCA

PHIL

EKTON

RETIAN

SOROSIS

Officers Student Government Association



KATE JOHNSON, President



MARGUERITE HIGGS, Vice-President



ELIZABETH TOMLINSON, Secretary



LOUISE FUTRELL, Treasurer



Student Government Association

1913-1914

Although the Students' Association for 1913-14 has made no decided step forward, we have held the ground we had already gained, and we feel that, after last year's vigorously progressive measures, it was well enough for us to pause for breath and a firm footing so as to be ready to move on again next year. We have reaped the benefits of the reforms and general improvements of 1913 in an unusually quiet and peaceful term, and we believe the spirit of the association has been gradually permeating the entire student body more and more thoroughly, and the girls are realizing much more fully than they once did the real object of student government. They take a genuine pride in its work and a vital interest in all its affairs, and they now feel that it is one of the most important organizations in school and that it belongs entirely to them.

Y. W. C. A. Officers



EUNICE BENTON, President



SARAH WATKINS, Vice-President



FLOSSIE MARSHBANKS, Secretary



ANNIE RUTH CALDWELL, Treasurer




YWCA











Cabinet

TOMLINSON - MUSIC

STONE - RELIGIOUS MEETINGS

ANDERSON - MISSION STUDY

RAE - ALUMNAE

MCINTOSH - ASSIST. TREASURER

WATKINS - MEMBERSHIP

HIGG - INTER-COLLEGIATE

BELL - SOCIAL SERVICE

MCKAUGHAN - BUILDING

ADAMS - SOCIAL

LUNN - BIBLE STUDY

Young Women's Christian Association

1913-1914

The Young Women's Christian Association was organized in 1901, and, by its growth from year to year, has come to be a very vital part of nearly every girl's college life.

This year has been an unusually busy one in Y. W. C. A. work and has been equally as beneficial. All the regular committees have had a definite policy and have striven earnestly to live up to them and carry them out. Another important committee has been organized, the Social Service Committee. The very name of this suggests its purpose. One of the most important things that this committee has done was to send a Christmas box, valued at about twenty-five dollars, to the Watson boys of the Thomasville Orphanage. The Social Committee has put forth unusual efforts to uplift the social atmosphere of the school, through the social gatherings and teas at the Tea Room in South Cottage. The Association News Committee also deserves credit for its wide-awake and energetic services.

In order that more girls might have the privilege and opportunity of taking both a Bible Study and Mission Study Class the Bible classes were offered in the fall, and mission classes in the spring. The enrollment in both these has exceeded previous years.

But perhaps the crowning success of the year's work was the presentation of the Association pageant, "The Ministering of the Gift," when we had as our guests about forty delegates from the various institutions and colleges of the State assembled for the State Student Council. Every girl in school had a part in this pageant, which represented the fourfold purpose of the Association, physical, mental, social and spiritual development of young women. We feel that each girl was made to love her Association more and to realize more than ever her opportunity in serving it.

And thus being knit together in love we have tried to

"Make Christ the pith of every thought,
The ring of every word,
The spring of every action.
From Christ to everything,
To Christ with everything,
Face to face with Christ in everything."



Astrotekton Officers



LOUISE FUTRELL, President



MAE GRIMMER, Vice-President



ANNE MCKAUGHAN, Secretary



LOIS JOHNSON, Treasurer

Astrotekton Hall



Chairmen of Committees, 1913-1914

PROGRAM COMMITTEE.....	LOUISE WATKINS
SOCIAL COMMITTEE.....	MARY PRUETTE
FINANCE COMMITTEE.....	LOIS JOHNSON
PRESS COMMITTEE.....	MARGUERITE HIGGS

Members

ADAMS, ELIZABETH	CRAIG, ANNIE
ADAMS, HELEN	DEATON, RUTH
ALDERMAN, ETHEL	DEW, TERESSA
ALDERMAN, LUCY	DELOATCHE, MARY
ALLRED, NETTIE	EDDINGS, VANN
ANDERSON, ELIZABETH	EDDINGS, NORA
ASHCRAFT, ANNIE MAY	EDWARDS, CLOTA
AYDLETT, HELEN BYRD	FALES, LOTTIE
BARRETT, MARY	FARRIOR, MINNIE
BAILEY, BEULAH	FERRELL, MARY
BALLENTINE, LILLIAN	FOWLER, NELL
BALLENTINE, MABEL	FREEMAN, JANIE
BENNETT, LOUISE	FUTRELL, LOUISE
BENTON, EUNICE	GOSNEY, MINNIE
BEST, ANNA LEE	GRIFFIN, LILLIE
BEST, ALDINE	GRIMES, ADDIE LEIGH
BIRD, ROSELLE	GRIMMER, MAY
BIGGERS, CAROLINE	GULLEY, MARGARET
BLANCHARD, MILDRED	HALL, MAUDE
BREWER, ELLEN	HARDISON, ETHEL
BRIDGER, MAMIE	HARRELL, LILLIAN
BROOKS, HELEN	HARRILL, NELL
CAMPBELL, BESSIE	HARRIS, ROXIE
CARTER, AMY	HEINZERLING, AMY
CARTER, MAY	HEINZERLING, MYRTLE
COX, BLANCHE	HIGGS, LELIA
COVINGTON, NELL	HIGGS, MARGUERITE
CONYERS, SARA	HOLDING, LOUISE

HOCUTT, NAOMI
HOCUTT, ROSA
HOOVER, SHASTA
HOWARD, JOHNNY
JOHNSON, KATE
JOHNSON, LOIS
JOHNSON, MARY LYNCH
JOHNSON, SALLIE MAY
JOYNER, NANCY
KNOTT, SOPHIA
KNOWLES, KATHERINE
LANE, EVA
LOWRY, CARRIE
LOWRY, ANNIE
LUNN, SADIE
MARSHBANKS, FLOSSIE
MEMORY, MARY
MILLS, MINNIE
MITCHELL, ZEULA
MCKAUGHAN, ANNE
MCKENZIE, ISABEL
MCKENZIE, MARY
MCINTOSH, OTHELLO
MCINTOSH, ELMA
NEAL, JOE
NEWTON, CLARA
NORFLEET, CULLEN
NORFLEET, HONTAS
NORRIS, ELIA
OLIVER, LUCY

OWEN, GRACE
O'NEAL, EMMA
PHILLIPS, LUCILE
POPE, ANNIE LEE
POPE, MARGARET
POTEAT, HELEN
PRIDGEN, ROBERTA
PRUETTE, MARY
ROGERS, JANIE PEARL
ROYALL, ELIZABETH
ROYSTER, ESTHER
SMITH, ETHEL
SMITH, GRACE
SNOW, MAISIE
STONE, ALMA
SPIGENER, LUCILE
STEWART, VADA
THOMPSON, IRENE
VANN, DOROTHY
VANN, ELIZABETH
WALL, CLAUDIA
WALL, IDA
WALL, MARTHA
WATKINS, LOUISE
WEBB, ELODIE
WEST, EVELYN
WELLS, CARRIE
WHITE, MARY
WHITAKER, ALINE
WILLIAMS, CLYDE

WOOD, PASSIE



Philaretian Officers



ANNIE RUTH CALDWELL, President



ELIZABETH TOMLINSON, Vice-President



DIXIE LAMM, Secretary

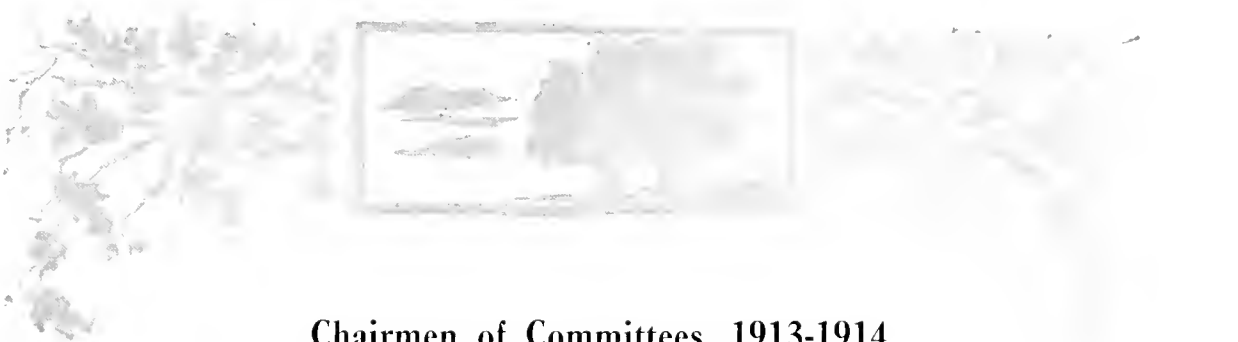


CORA TYNER, Treasurer



Philaretian Hall





Chairmen of Committees, 1913-1914

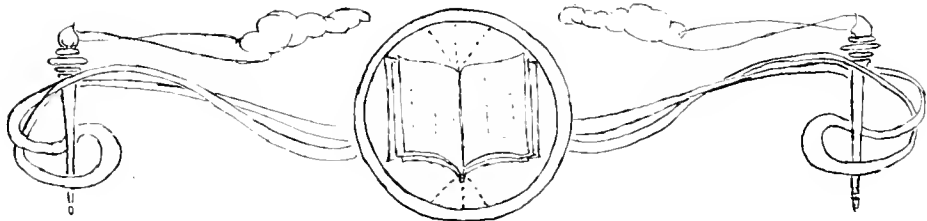
PROGRAM COMMITTEE	MARY ELLIOTT
SOCIAL COMMITTEE	MILDRED MCINTYRE
FINANCE COMMITTEE	CORA TYNER
PRESS COMMITTEE	DIXIE LAMM

Members

AYERS, BESSIE	HENDREN, MASIE
BARNES, BERTHA	HERRING, EFFIE MAE
BARNES, ANDREW	JONES, ADDIE
BEASLEY, ANTOINETTE	JONES, LILLY
BEASLEY, HATTIE	JONES, MARY
BRADSHER, EDNA	JORDAN, ANNIE
BRADSHER, MILDRED	JORDAN, SUSIE
BRIGGS, ADA	KENDALL, MAY
BRITT, EUNICE	LAMM, DIXIE
BROWN, ETHEL	LINEBERRY, MARTHA
BULLARD, SALLIE	LINKHAW, MARIE
CALDWELL, ANNIE RUTH	MARTIN, SALLIE
CAMPBELL, VIOLA	MASSEY, WILLIE
CHAMBLISS, LAVIECE	MAYNARD, LILLIAN
DIXON, LALA	MILLER, ETHEL
DOVER, LILA	MOSS, KATHLEEN
ELLIOTT, MARY	MULL, BESSIE
FIELDS, VELLA	MCINTYRE, MILDRED
FLOYD, WRENNIE	McMURRAY, MARGARET
GADDY, BESSIE	NEWTON, ANNA
GADDY, MATTIE	NIX, LUCILE
GORDON, CORINNE	NORWOOD, OMA
GOUGH, LINA	NYE, TOMMIE
GRAYSON, ALDA	OLIVE, GRACE
GREEN, MINDA	OSBOURNE, KATHERINE
HAMRICK, LUCY	OSBOURNE, MATTIE KATE
HAMRICK, ELAINE	OSBOURNE, MATTIE WOOD
HAYNES, GRACE	OWEN, RUTH

PAGE, ALYCE
PAGE, LIDA
PAGE, NELLIE
PARKER, ELLA
PARKER, IRENE
PASCHAL, NELL
PEARSON, ETHEL RUTH
PEARCE, ALLIE ANN
PEARCE, MARY
PERRY, CALLIE
RAY, JANE
REA, MARJORIE
REDDISH, MARY
SELLARS, BESSIE LEE
SMITH, ANNIE

SNYDER, MARY
STANTON, BESSIE
TALTON, SALLIE
TOMLINSON, BESSIE
TOWNSEND, LOUISE
TYNER, CORA
VERNON, CARRIE SUE
WALTON, ANNIE LEE
WATKINS, SARAH
WILLIAMS, JESSIE
WILLIAMS, MILDRED
WILLIAMS, RUBY
WOODLEY, ESTELLE
WRIGHT, HAZEL



Commencement Marshals

Astrotekton

MARGARET GULLEY, Chief
LALIAH STILLWELL
GERTRUDE FAGGE
MAUDE HALL



Philaretian

LALA DIXON, Chief
LINA GOUGH
DIXIE LAMM
ELIZABETH TOMLINSON





Medal Winners



MARY STEELE

Carter Memorial Medal

The Celtic Renaissance and Some
Representative Irish Plays.



SALLIE MARTIN

Bowling Memorial Medal

The Influence of Literature on the
French Revolution.

SALLIE MARTIN, Editor-in-Chief
LIDA PAGE
MARGUERITE HIGGS

Junior Editors

KATE JOHNSON, Associate Editor-in-Chief

MARTHA WALL
MARY JONES

Sophomore Editors

LAVIECE CHAMBLISS, Business Manager





Sorosis

Sorosis was organized in February, 1906, in order to meet the need for organized research work, parliamentary study, and platform training other than that of the literary societies. Since this time it has tried to maintain this standard. The membership is limited to thirty girls who are eligible to college classes. Preference is shown the members of the upper classes. During the past year some good work has been done along literary lines. Topics of vital current interest have been discussed. A new feature of this year's work is the social evening. One meeting during each month is turned over entirely to social enjoyment. The programs for these meetings have been varied and attractive. Miss Vann is our excellent critic and comrade. The future of the organization appears very inviting.

Officers

ELIZABETH ANDERSON.....Chairman
SALLIE MARTIN.....Sub-Chairman
CAROLINE BIGGERS.....Secretary-Treasurer
MISS VANN.....Critic

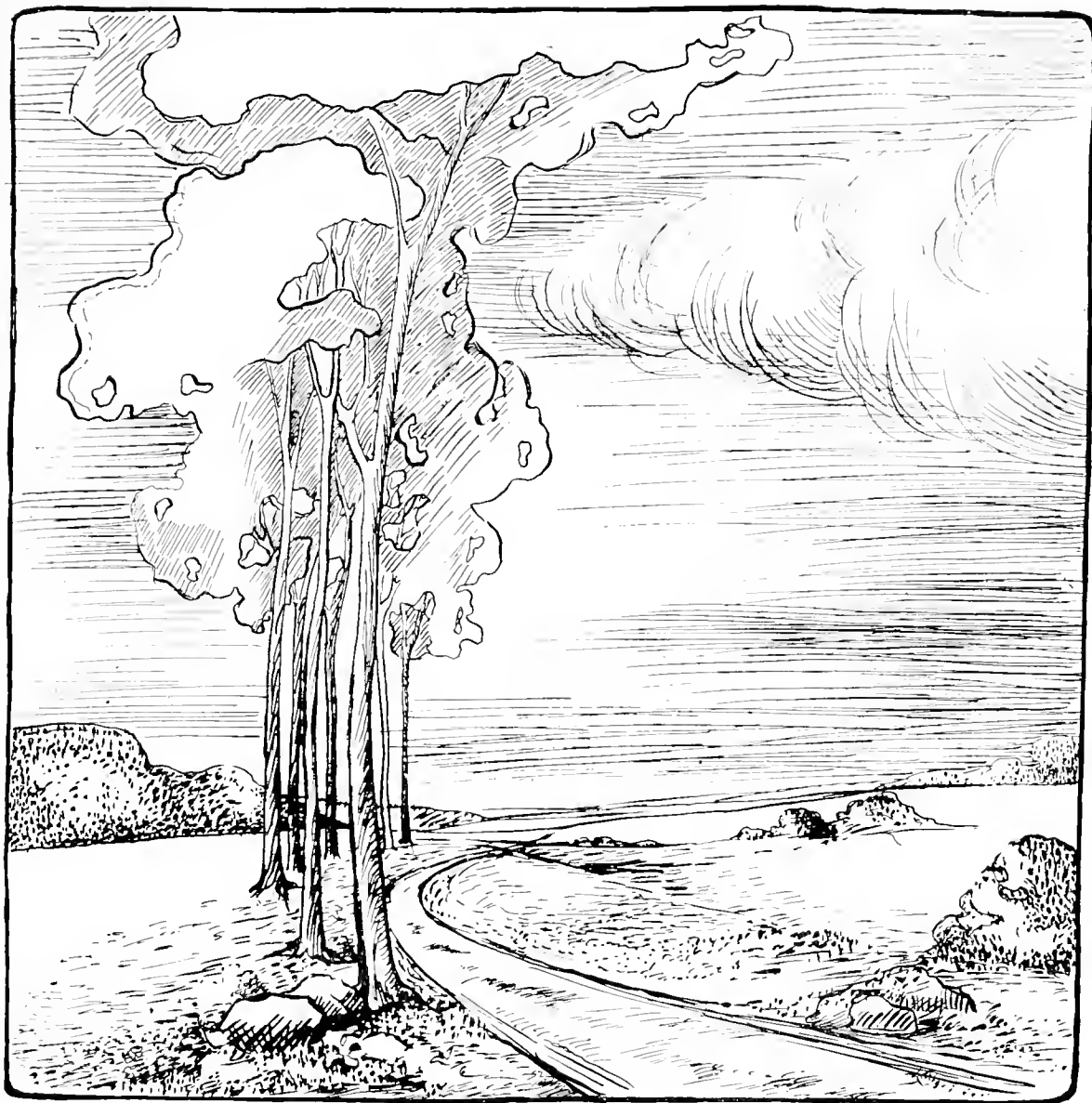
Members

HELEN ADAMS
 ELIZABETH ANDERSON
 ANTOINETTE BEASLEY
 CAROLINE BIGGERS
 LOUISE BENNETT
 MARY JONES

SALLIE MAY JOHNSON
 MARTHA LINEBERRY
 OTHELLO MCINTOSH
 FLOSSIE MARSHBANKS
 SALLIE MARTIN
 RUTH OWEN

CALLIE PERRY
 LIDA PAGE
 SARAH WATKINS
 IDA WALL
 MARTHA WALL





GET YOU ON THE
HIGHROAD OF ART
IT LEADS TO THE
IMMENSITIES ⁹²
Haldane Macfall



K. K. K.

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

Kaptains of the Klan

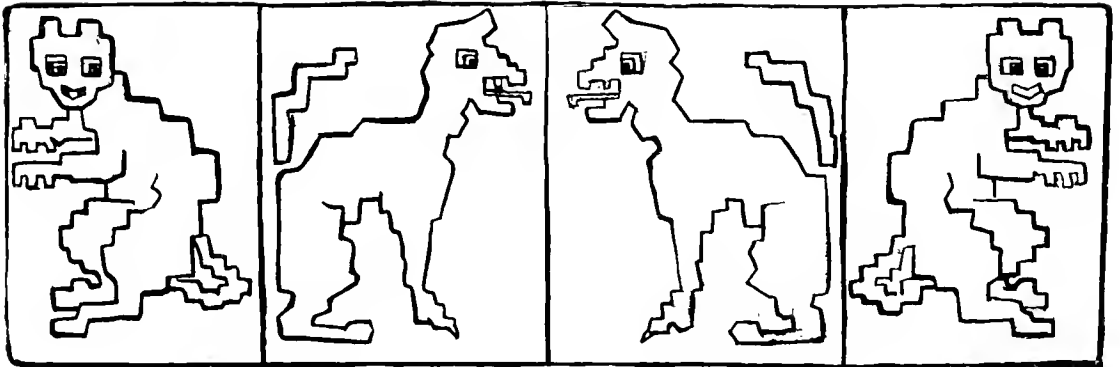
- I. ISABELLA P—T : "The Man with the Red Tie."
- L. ETHEL P—T : "Boss protem."
- L. WEST L—D : "Lady Beautiful."

Komrades

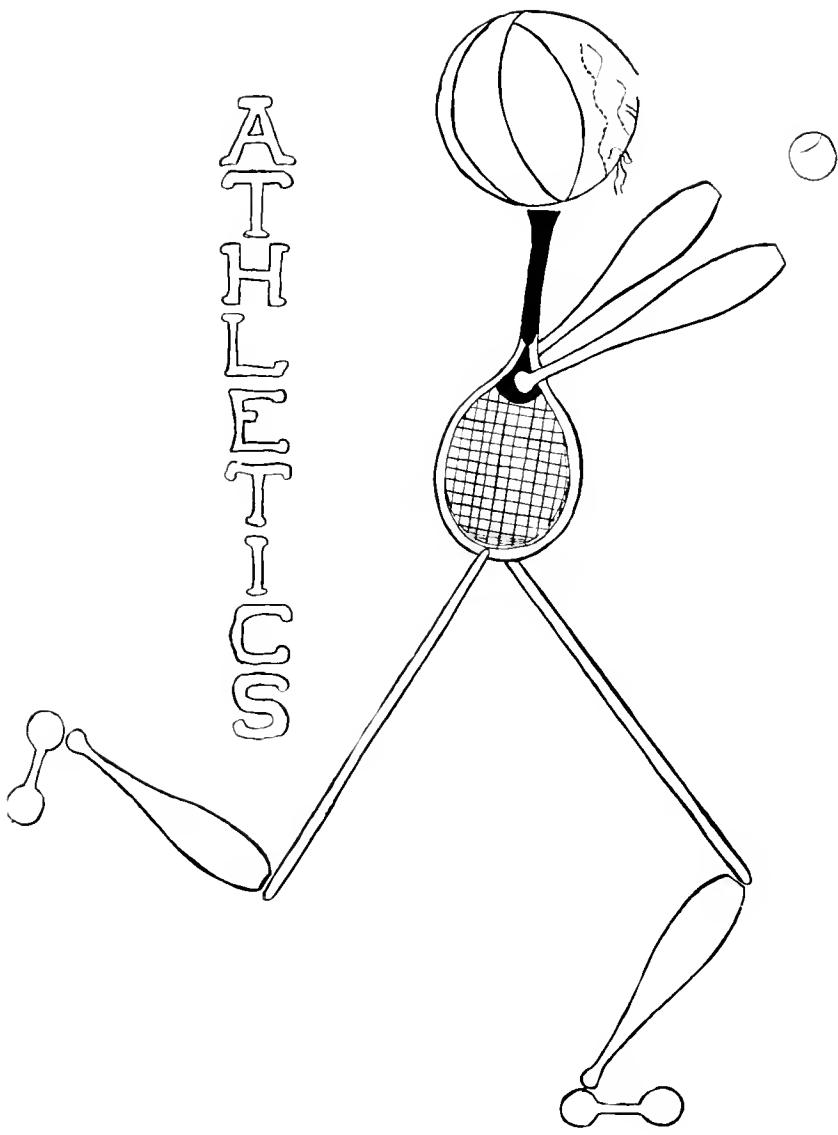
- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---|
| JANET MAC—D: Our genial Scotch lady. | EDNA B—R: The miniature. |
| VANN E—S: Young reliable. | SALLIE H—L: Unknown but promising. |
| HALLIE S—S: One of our "live sparks." | CARRIE SUE V—N: "Dainty dark-eyed Sue." |
| ALDA G—N: The wide-awake. | MAY C—R: Impressionistic color. |
| CAROLINE B—S: The idealist. | |

Kalendar

- | | |
|----------|--|
| December | 15 : Kalled to order. |
| January | 15 : Memier, the Sculptor who Glorified Labor. |
| January | 30 : The Mona Lisa, Pro and Kon. |
| February | 15 : In Flickering Firelight; A Korn Popping; "The Modernists," by the "Man with the Red Tie." |
| March | 15 : Mural Decorations. |
| April | 15 : A Study of Impressionistic Painting. |
| May | 15 : Social Meeting. |



"Konsistency is the hobgoblin of little minds."



The Athletic Association

1913-1914

Saturday evening, January 31, 1914, the students met and elected the officers of the Athletic Association for 1914. Louise Bennett was chosen president; Sallie Bullard, vice-president; Nell Covington, secretary, and Laviece Chambliss, treasurer. It is the purpose of these officers to make the Athletic Association a living factor in the college. Heretofore it has been, for the most part, just a name. While the girls have always been interested in athletics, the class basketball teams individually have been the ones most interested. Now, we are glad to see that they are taking more interest in tennis. Here they are almost rivaled by the faculty! We hope to see Faculty v. Student, as well as inter-class, tennis games this spring.

The baseball season for the boys' colleges has now opened. That means serenades for us. In preparation for this Miss Mary Pruette has been elected chief roofer. We intend to have this year well-learned songs and yells, so that when we stand in the glare of the torches we can make a noise we are not ashamed of!

But that is not the only thing. The Athletic Association is doing "different" this year. It is also going to confer monograms. That sounds a little curious for a girls' school and perhaps seems impracticable for just girls, doesn't it? But it also seems reasonable that girls should deserve some recognition of their ability to play a clean, straight game of basketball or tennis. The best form of this recognition that we could possibly have would be initials of our college. The M. C. will be conferred on those girls from each class who are judged to be worthy of this honor. No other girls in school will have the right to wear these monograms, and it is hoped that the "wearers of the monograms" will feel that it is an honor greatly to be appreciated and even coveted, because of the significant meaning that a monogram has.

Athletic Association



Officers

LOUISE BENNETT.....	<i>President</i>
SALLIE BULLARD.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
NELL COVINGTON.....	<i>Secretary</i>
LAVIECE CHAMBLISS.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
MARY PRUETTE.....	<i>Chief Rooter</i>



Senior Basketball

CORA TYNER, Captain

Team

ELIZABETH ANDERSON
EUNICE BENTON
KATE JOHNSON
ANNE MCKAUGHAN
LOUISE FUTRELL
LOUISE BENNETT
ALMA STONE
MABEL BALLENTINE
SALLIE BULLARD

Junior Basketball



Team

LOUISE WATKINS, Captain
ISABEL MCKENZIE
LOIS JOHNSON 4
ALDA GRAYSON
HELEN ADAMS



Sophomore Basketball

IDA WALL, Captain

Team

MARTHA WALL
ESTHER ROYSTER
ELIA NORRIS
DOROTHY VANN
ADA BRIGGS
MARY JONES
OTHELLO MCINTOSH
RUTH OWEN
BESSIE GADDY

Freshman Basketball



NELL FOWLER, Captain

Team

ANNIE CRAIG
ANNIE MAY ASHCRAFT
MAY CARTER
ETHEL SMITH
ELMA MCINTOSH

MARY MCKENZIE
TERESSA DEW
MARY REDDISH
GRACE OWEN

Ribbon Winners in Gymnastic Exhibition

April 28, 1913

First Honor		Second Honor
	<i>Wands</i>	
ALDA GRAYSON		LALEAH STILLWELL
	<i>Rings</i>	
NELL COVINGTON		LUCY REECE
	<i>Dumb-bells</i>	
MAUDE UPCHURCH		RUTH GLOVER
	<i>Flower Mazurka</i>	
LALEAH STILLWELL		CULLEN NORFLEET
	<i>High Jump</i>	
ANNE MCKAUGHAN		VIOLA ALDERMAN
	<i>Horizontal Bar</i>	
LUCY REECE		NELL COVINGTON
	<i>Teeter Ladders</i>	
PAULINE WILLIAMS		RUTH GLOVER
	<i>Broad Jump</i>	
VIOLA ALDERMAN		SUSIE JORDAN
	<i>Medicine Balls</i>	
BERTHA NEWTON		JOE DUNN
	<i>"Skinning the Snake"</i>	
	Won by "LEAN TEAM"	

Honor ribbon presented to Gertrude Horne for perfect attendance for three years.





茶

Tolly put the kettle on
 - we'll all take tea.

Drinkers

- M. Smiley
- A. McLaughlin
- K. Johnson
- E. Ketch
- H. Roberts
- The Faculty - E.A. Colton



CLOSING OUT SALE!

ALL GOODS MUST BE SOLD BEFORE SEPTEMBER, 1914

THIS BUILDING WILL THEN BE OCCUPIED BY THE CLASS OF 1915

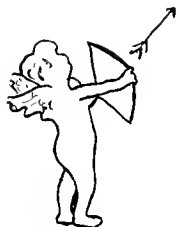
TWENTY-TWO TEMPTING BARGAINS OF UNUSUAL BEAUTY, UTILITY, AMIABILITY AND INDUSTRY GOING AT HALF PRICE

PRICES WILL ASTOUND
AND DELIGHT YOU!

Opposite are samples of the lot which, owing to the demand, have gone to the buyers before they were finished products.



For testimonials concerning the complete satisfaction given by these articles, apply to W. B. Boschen and Tal Stafford.



For ever and a day!

BARGAINS! BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

MEN, SAVE MONEY!
OUR LOSS — YOUR GAIN



Come
early and
avoid
the rush
Get
the
pick
of
the
stock!

Man loves not with the heart,
But with the eyes.



Such duty as the subject owes the prince
Even such a woman oweth to her husband.

The
opportunity
of a
lifetime
to make
your
money
do
double
duty!



MOST DISTINCTIVE VALUES EVER OFFERED

EVERYTHING GOING AT A SACRIFICE!



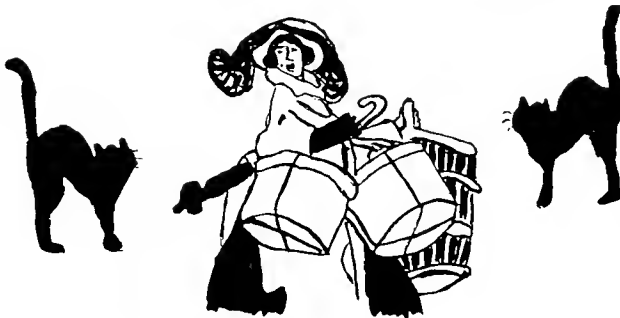
A man, a man, my kingdom for a man!

Your
last
chance
for
such a
wife
Only
a limited
number
left!

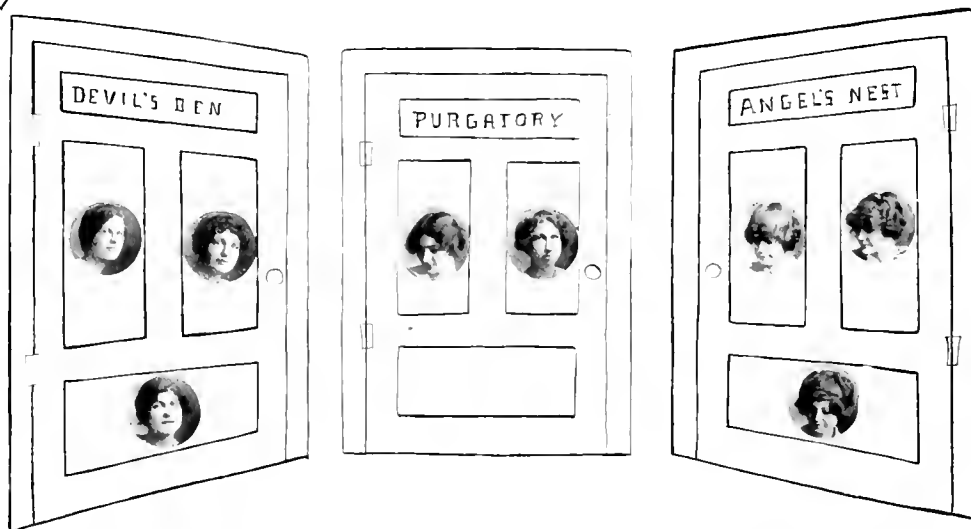


The way to a man's heart—the hungry sinner—
Since Eve ate the apple, is by a good dinner.

Battering
prices
to pieces
Warranted
to please
Equal
prices
to all
Prompt
service



HERE'S A PLACE FOR ALL. WELCOME!



"PETE" "MIKE"
"TEWESS"

"LUVIECE" "KATY-DID"

"WISA" "SISTER"
"MARGYRITY"

COUNTERSIGN: "All is quiet on the Potomac."

MOTTO: "Life's a jest, and all things show it;
We thought so once, and now we know it."
But—

"There comes a reckoning when the feast is o'er,
That dreadful reckoning, and *imps* smile no more."

By-Word: "One to twenty-seven inclusive !!!"

Wake Forest Club



HELEN POTEAT
MARGARET GULLEY
ELLEN BREWER

MINNIE MILLS
LOUISE HOLDING
ELIZABETH ROYALL



DELIGHTFUL SOCIAL FUNCTION

The Rook Club Meets

(Special to OAK LEAVES)

Meredith, N. C., Feb. 14, 1914.—The final meeting, under the present arrangement, of the Meredith Rook Club was held last evening with Miss Carrie Sue Vernon as hostess.

The members have entertained fortnightly in alphabetical order as to their names, until the last name has been reached. However these meetings have proved so successful socially and intellectually that arrangements will be made to continue them. The meeting yesterday, while it was presumably the last, was by no means the least in either attendance or interest; on the contrary it was exceptional in both instances. The

Proctors, House President and Student Government President all tried to add amusement and interest to the occasion. After a short business meeting the tables were brought out and all engaged in playing Rook.

The first prize, a beautiful little book bound in white leather and entitled "Meredith College Hand Book of Regulations," was won by Miss Nell Paschal. Miss Lelia Higgs took the booby, which was an Honor-roll slip, presented later in the evening. The regular members, Misses Sophia Knott, Mildred and Edna Bradsher, Irene Thompson, Lelia Higgs, Nell Paschal and Carrie Sue Vernon, were present. Very dainty refreshments were served at light bell, consisting of (R) Oyster stew and cold glances.



Ye Virginia Folk



ADA BRIGGS

MARY DELOATCH

CORINNE GORDON

MAE GRIMMER

ANNE MCKAUGHAN

CULLEN NORFLEET

HONTAS NORFLEET

RUTH OWEN

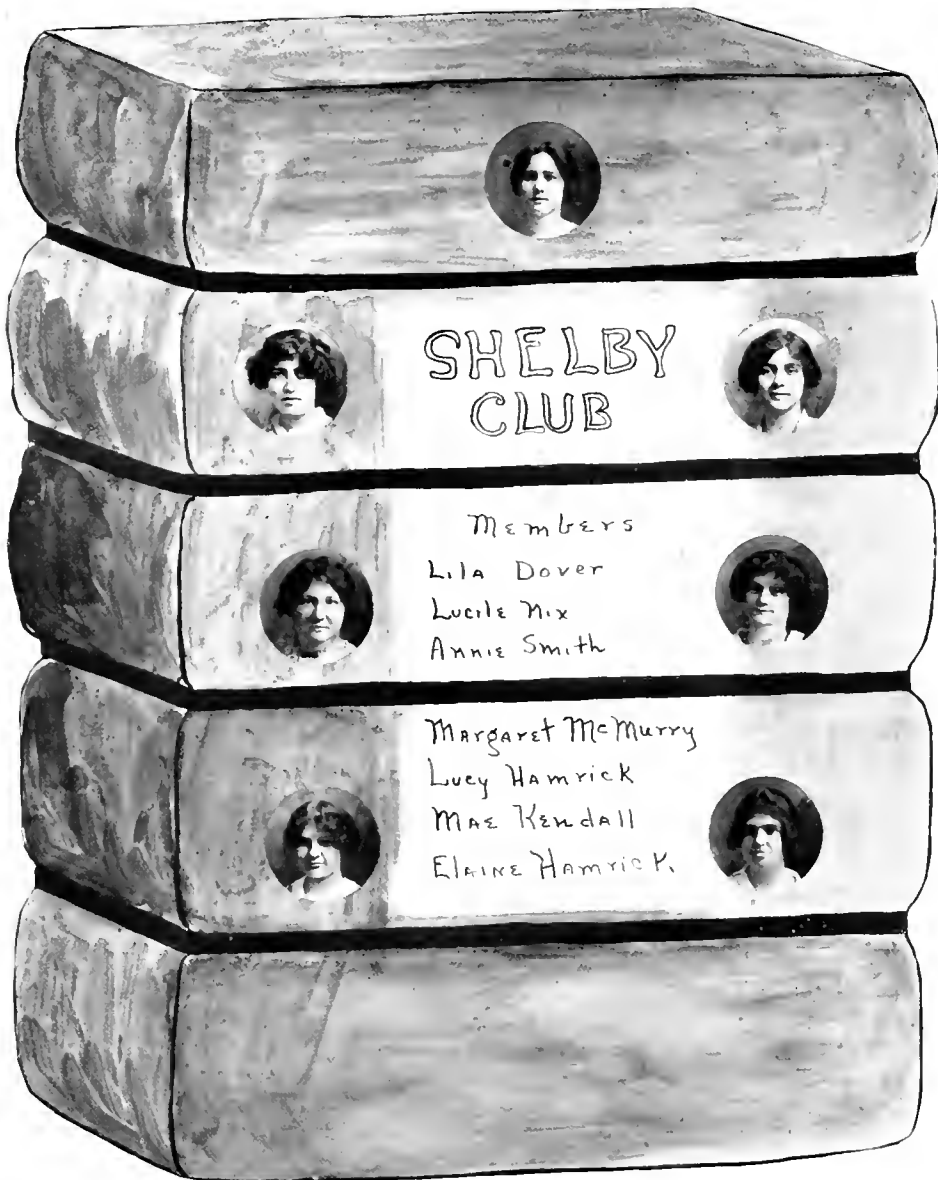
Virginia

I love the mountains wreathed in mist,
 The twilight skies of amethyst,
 The groves of ancient oaks sun-kissed,
 In Old Virginia.

I love the gorgeous trumpet flowers,
 Wild rose and honeysuckle bowers,
 The woodland incense after showers,
 In Old Virginia.

I love the modest maidenhood,
 The deference paid to womanhood,
 The chivalric and gentle blood,
 In Old Virginia.

I love the love of native sod,
 The simple faith that trusts in God,
 The head bowed 'neath the chastening rod,
 In Old Virginia.



("WE ARE SEVEN")

Can any one tell from whence we hail
 With our heads sticking out of a large cotton bale?
 It's Shelby! The dearest spot on earth!
 The place of our own Dr. Dixon's birth.
 And of this town we're all so proud,
 We're usually styled that "Shelby Crowd."
 We've organized a club—how many? Not eleven—
 Name and number both we'll tell you—"We are Seven."



Up Against It!

TONY

HATTIE

PAT

LOUISE

IDA

Ich Gebibble!





Big Crazy Cranks



Lorna Bell's the worst crank in creation;
 She crams, morn, noon and night—no cessation.
 "Let 'em gubblin' 'n' says she,
 "I'll look 'em in the eye,
 "In my fat—while ye'll look like damnation."

To Mary, a dancier quite charming;
 The boys flock in crowds. It's alarming!
 She's so crazy about 'em
 She can't live without 'em—
 Though their hearts she is not after harming.



Ann, a horrid old maid, sour, sedate,
 Is just silly about her own state—
 She still thinks she's a beauty!
 It's somebody's duty
 To tell her the truth, ere too late.



Sponsor's Club

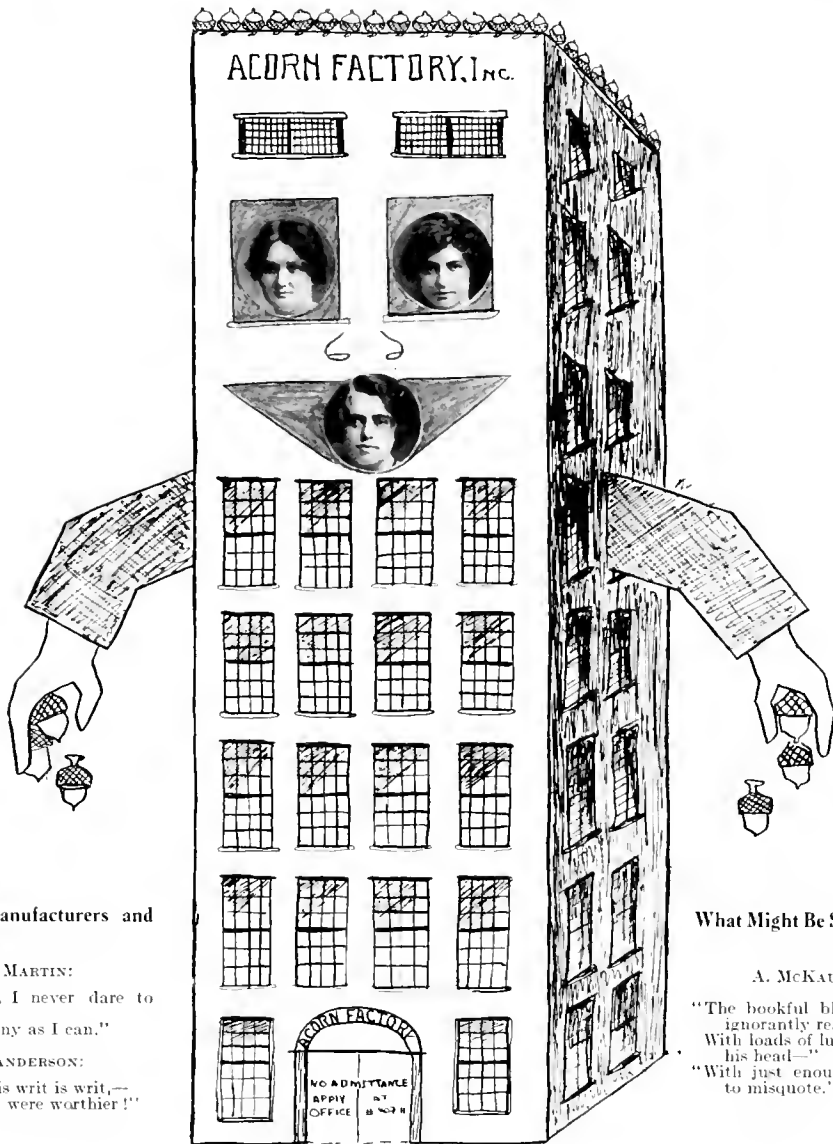


THOSE WHO ARE SPONSORS

NELL COVINGTON.....	W. F. C. Freshman Class
LORNA BELL.....	W. F. C. Sophomore Class
LUCY OLIVER.....	W. F. C. Junior Class
ANNIE RUTH CALDWELL.....	W. F. C. Senior Class
LOUISE HOLDING.....	W. F. C. Teachers' Class
HELEN POTEAT.....	W. F. C. Football Team
MARGARET GULLEY.....	W. F. C. Law Class, '13



THOSE WHO WOULD LIKE TO BE



Chief Manufacturers and

S. MARTIN:

'And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can.'

E. ANDERSON:

"And what is writ is writ,—
Would it were worthier!"

What Might Be Said of 'Em

A. MCKAUGHAN:

"The bookful blockhead,
ignorantly read,
With loads of lumber in
his head—"
"With just enough learning
to misquote."

ACORN FACTORY=COMPOSITION 3 + 3 COMPOSITIONS

My Poet of the Snow

“All beautiful !” the artist said,
When waking found he tree and shed
With softest downy snow was spread.

The minister his window shade
Adjusted; calmly knelt and prayed:
“O God, thus pure may I be made.”

Children of fortune onward sped
With happy laughter, rosy-red,
On jingling sleigh and painted sled.

The early violets by the wall
Nodded blue heads with whispered call:
“Who let such cozy blankets fall ?”

At evening in a garret high
I found him with the waif close by
And gladsome laughter in each eye.

But there upon the wintry street
A ragged newsboy, half-shod feet,
Was crying for a bite to eat.

He faintly sighed: “When the earth was white
This morn I said, ‘O I shall write
My poem great to-day !’ ’Tis night

The thoughts came swiftly: why the snow
That brings such gladness some hearts know
To make the street waifs suffer so?

And on the paper there no rhyme
Of accent sweet or thought sublime—
So is it ever, time on time.”

While pondering I did idly stare,
A stranger man with iron-gray hair
Soft led the lad away from there.

Loud beat my heart. I took his hand—
It may be thus on that far strand
The angels greet and understand.

The truth burst forth. All day I sought
That man, to tell the answer brought
To me by deed that he had wrought.

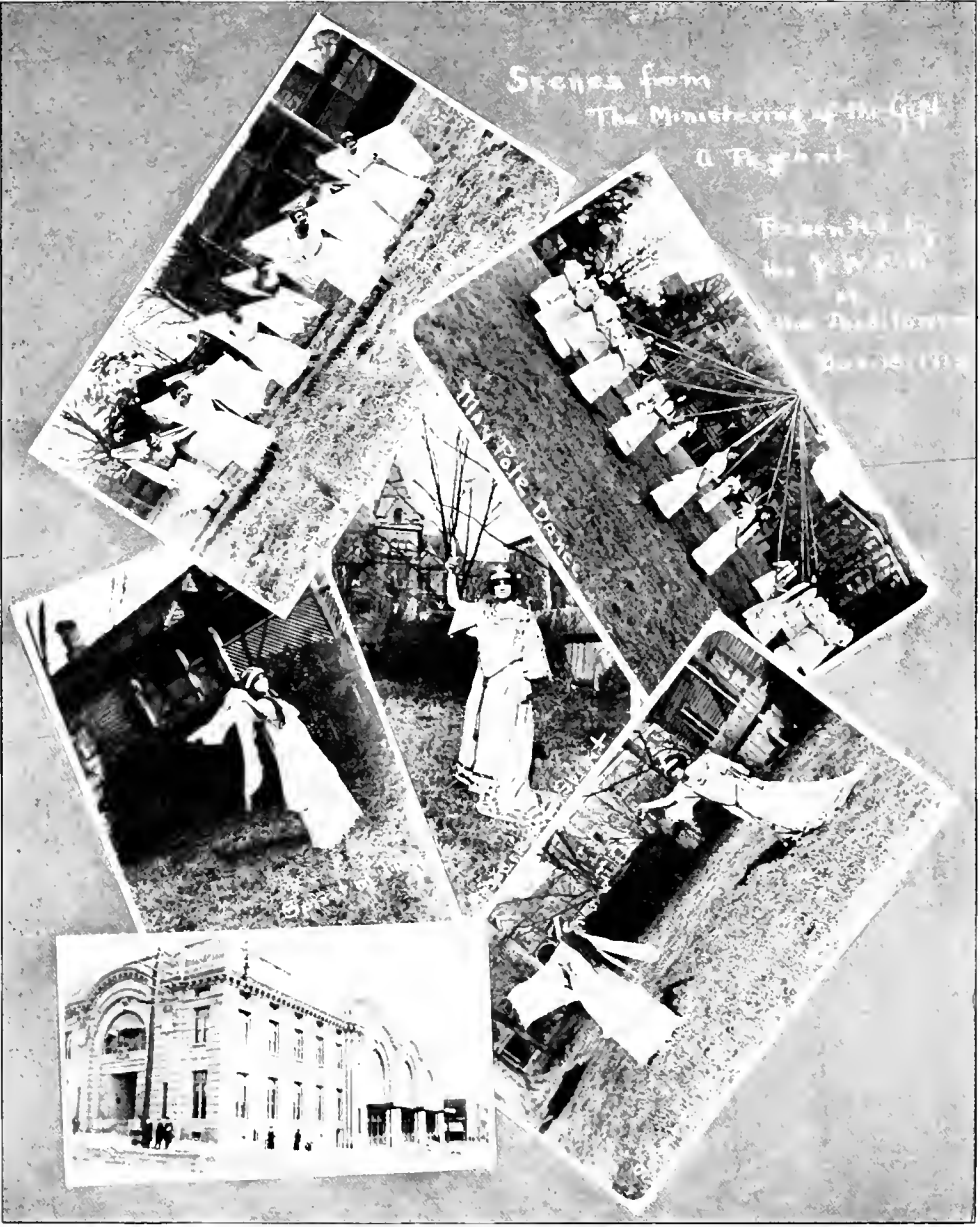
And when my eyes with tears ’gan fill,
My lips could speak that first were still;
“The meaning of the Winty Chill,

Your poem is; to-day you told
God sends the snow and bitter cold
That shepherds glad may house the fold.

A masterpiece ! Now forth I go
To sing it out that all may know
My Poet of the Chill and snow.”

Screens from
The Ministering of the Geth
A Play

Presented by
The Y.M.C.A.
at the Auditorium
June 1912



As a Tale That is Told

George Lee, in his over-alls, came rushing up to the kitchen door, just as the last dinner bell was ringing.

“What’s the news, Ann, from Newport? Did you hear from Mary to-day?”

“Yes! I heard. Come in to dinner. I hear father calling us.”

“No, thank you, I have had dinner down at the mill. I run up to see if there was any message from Mary.”

“Ran, George Lee, ran,” she corrected. “But wait here until I tell papa what’s keeping me.”

George sank down on a back porch chair and played with the pump handle until Ann reappeared.

“George, I believe luck will be with you, this time. Mary got her diploma yesterday, and she’s coming to Murphy to-morrow.”


Ann spoke hurriedly and confidentially; for she was the best friend in the world to this big, strapping mountain boy, all in the rough in regard to speech and manners; but full of enterprise, and possessing a heart of gold.

“Let me tell you, George, if you really want to win Mary, you’ve got to look your best and speak correctly. You know she has been out with people who —”

“Yes, I know, and I don’t care a snap what they think. But I reckon I will have to mind out — are you sure Mary isn’t crazy about any of those boys she’s been writing you about?” anxiously asked the boy, as he pushed back his hair with his big, rough, and work-stained hand.

“Perfectly sure,” returned Ann, “and besides, George, she wrote me she had just heard Nordica, and that she didn’t believe she ever could try to sing again. You see she is coming down some. She has found out that she isn’t a ‘diamond in the rough’ as she used to try to impress us.”

“Bless her heart; she is the dearest girl in the world, and I wouldn’t allow any one to speak of her in that way, except you, Ann.”



“Now you’d better go slow,” saucily answered Ann. “I don’t know that she would in the least appreciate your sympathy.”

“Come, Ann, what did you say about luck with me?”

“O, yes. It’s this. Mary was awfully disappointed because none of us was at the graduation. Mother got sick and couldn’t go, and even kept father from going. And I, well, I just did not want to go, and didn’t. More than this, she has had a terrible longing and disappointed feeling ever since she heard that sure-enough swell singer. I believe her ambition will all melt this time.”

“You know a lot about her, Ann. But do you know how determined she is, once she sets her head? I never will forget how I tried to get her to promise to write to me. She was afraid she would think too much about us, and not do all she might with her work.”

“You might have said me instead of us, if you’d wanted to.”

“But the luck part?”

“O, yes. You can go and meet Mary, at Murphy, because father cannot go away and leave mother. Now you dress up your best, and put on your party manners. There goes your whistle.”

“Yes, but I’m the boss. I’ll see you to-morrow evening. Thanks so very much for your part.”

“It’s nothing. Good luck to you,” and she waved her hand, as she darted back into the kitchen.


The boy turned and ran all the way back to his mill. He was happy now, supremely happy. He was soon to have the opportunity of seeing the girl of his choice, and he was fully confident of himself and of his success. He had always been successful, why should he fail with a little, weak girl, even if she had been away to college and he had not? But he saw only one side, the bright side.

The next day, about two o’clock, the little train pulled up at Murphy, and Mary got off with all her belongings. The whistle blew, and the last car pulled around the curve as she turned and faced the station master, the only visible human being.

“Howdy, Miss Mary, we’re powerfully glad to see you back. That young feller of yours was here jest a minute ago. I reckon he has went up to the store for somethin’.”

A wave of rebellious color passed over the girl’s delicate features.

“Air you tired, little girl? You don’t look so powerful peart.”



“No, Uncle Sam, I’m all right. I have been sitting up and losing sleep; and I am tired from my journey.”

“There’s the boy. I guess the last part of your journey’ll be heaps pleasanter.” The old man’s face wrinkled into a smile, and his kindly old eyes twinkled with joy.

“Hello, Mary, glad to see you,” said the boy as he shook her fragile little hand in a vigorous, whole-hearted way.

“And you’ve come to meet me,” she said with no pretense whatever of courtesy.

“The carriage is just back of the station. If you’ll sit down Uncle Sam and—I—will soon have everything ready to start.”

She turned her head and stared at the back of the broad-shouldered boy, as he went out the door. The correct use of the first pronoun completely mystified her. She was secretly so pleased to have George unexpectedly come to meet her that she was scared to death she would let it be known.

“All’s ready,” he called out in his cheeriest and most inviting tone, as he snatched up her suitcase in one hand and helped her along with the other.

Uncle Sam was standing beside the conveyance to see that Miss Mary was comfortably stowed away, and to give George advice about the best road to take. His last word had reluctantly rolled out as George cracked his whip over the bays’ heads and away they sailed.

They had not gone very far, just out to the old woods road, before George pulled in the horses to a slower gait.

“Well, Mary, what have you planned to do, now that you are through school?” He spoke in a tone encouraging confidence, and Mary was in the right mood to pour out her thoughts to some one.

“George, I don’t know yet just what I shall do. You don’t know — I have never talked to any one before like this; but I feel as if I am not so gifted as I once thought I was. I feel that I must, however, go on with my voice training. I don’t see how I could ever give it up. Why, I fairly live for it!”

George looked at her with the most sympathetic expression.

“It’s so hard to make any one realize that you want to do something worth while,” she went on. “The girls in school are all so low in their ideals. One of my classmates actually told me yesterday that she would rather get married to the boy she loved than to be Nordica, or any other person of prominence. Any-

body can get married; but only a very few can be world-famous! O, I would be so happy, if I could go about to different countries, and have everybody talking about me!"

She stopped and took a deep breath as if she already had a foretaste of what such a life would be.

"But, Mary, have you ever thought of what it takes to be 'world-famous,' as you say? There are already crowds of people trying their hands at the singing business, and failing. Do you know whether or not you have the capital for making a first rate singer?"

The question had never presented itself to her in quite that way before. She was staggered as by a blow; she had not a word to reply, for Miss Thompson, her teacher, had told her that her voice was only ordinarily good, although it was capable of being trained.

George saw how far the thrust had gone, and tried to turn her thoughts in other directions.

"Ann told me all about the beaux you were having. When are they coming over to see you?"

She looked at him closely to see if he were teasing to find out something, or if he were merely indifferent and wanted something to talk about. The suspicion that he was liking Ann now, because she herself had always disregarded him so, crossed her troubled brain.

"George, I have never seen a boy at college except when they were invited to a banquet or some social function. I have met quite a number and written to some of them; but I have not met any I really care for. They are nice, jolly fellows; but I am interested more in my —."

"Now, Mary, I want to know why you have never given me any chance then, if there's no one else?" His voice was firm, but showed great earnestness.

"You know I have loved you for a long time. I have tried to show you, and you have absolutely ignored me. Won't you tell me why it is? You needn't feel that I am going to be hurt over what you say. I would enough sigh rather you'd say something than to treat me as you do, and give no earthly reason for it."

She tried to speak, but her voice gave way in a choke. Pride and ambition held sway over her.

"George, you're not educated." She got it out, but every word seemed to burn her tongue as she uttered it.

“So that’s the reason. You don’t think I am as good as you are because you have taken some of your father’s money and gone off to school, and ‘piddled’ away your time getting culture.” His voice was low and musical, but full of suppressed emotion.

The long ride, the sleepless nights, the disappointed feeling, and the fully justified rebuke were too much for Mary’s sensitive feelings. She fell over on the back of the seat and wept.

Thus far luck had indeed been with the lad, but would it go on?

“Mary, dear, I beg your pardon for speaking so plainly. I was so hurt that my feelings ran away with my judgment. Please do forgive me, and stop crying. I wouldn’t say anything to hurt you for the world.”

He spoke so tenderly and pleadingly that she broke out weeping only the more. But she reached out her hand as a flag of truce until she got enough control of herself to speak.

The horses had been barely moving all during the conversation, and now came to a full stand-still.

“George, have you lost all respect for me, because I said what I did?” she tremulously inquired.

“Not a bit in the world. You are the one woman for me, and I adore you so much that I can never cease to love you no matter what you say and do.”

The ring of sincerity and truth in his voice swept away all further resistance, and she uncovered her tear-stained eyes, and put that hand beside the other one in his.

“You are such a noble fellow!”

The angels stooping down to earth could not have spoken words sweeter to his ear. He reverently gathered her hands and tenderly kissed them.

ELIZABETH ANDERSON, '14.



A Spring Sonnet

All nature welcomes back the lovely spring,
When fields and woods are clothed in tender green,
And buttercups and daffodils are seen,
When from the pasture cow-bells gaily ring
And make of life a sweet and joyful thing.
The young corn lifts its blades so sharp and keen,
The graceful weeping willows sweep and lean;
From tree to tree the wild birds flit and sing;
The cold and stormy days are at an end,
Forget-me-nots and violets of blue
Their fragrance and their gracious beauty lend,
While fresh with morning hours appears the dew
Which God through love for one and all doth send
To cheer and start our hearts with hope anew.



SCENES FROM THE FOUNDERS' DAY RECEPTION

When Polly Died

When Polly died the neighbors cried,
A-settin' round on every side,
On door-step, roots of trees and such;
I hadn't thought 'twould matter much—
It didn't seem that she could touch
So many lives. But then who knows
How many stop to smell the rose
A-blooming' where its fragrance goes?

And Miss Jones said: "When folks is dead
The things they've done comes to our head.
You 'member, maybe, when my Jim
Wuz pickin' cherries, and the lim'
Give way. The last of him
I thought; he wuz so white
I almost died myself of fright
Till Polly come—she stayed all night."

Then old Miss Crew says: "None of you
Know'd Polly as I 'low I do.
When my Liz died I never smiled
For full a year, I wuz that wild
With grief. 'I'll be yore child,'
Says Polly. Forty year ago
It wuz: Through sleet and snow
She'd come to cook or milk or sew."

Old Nathan Hale, who smelt of ale
And smokin' 'bacco cheap and stale,
Wuz talkin' out there by the well,
And sayin': "I can't ever tell
What I owes Polly. Sary Bell
She left me once, fore John wuz born,
And Polly fetched her back one morn
A-eryin'—I wuz hoein' corn."

I passed the mound of clayey ground
With roses scattered all around
Next day at sunset; and I said:
"Nobody'll cry when I am dead";
And then this thought shot through my head:
I'll go back home—the harvest's through—
I'll start now while this very dew
Is on her grave. So back to you

I come again. We'll blot the stain
Of that last quarrel, and the pain
You must forget. And don't you fear
But when you die somebody near
Besides the kids will drop a tear.
Now what's the matter, Molly? Why
I never meant to make you cry—
It ain't time yet for me to die!

E. C. S. '07.

Because!

Sue Bunting dropped the broom, snatched her history from the table, looked around in vain for her fountain pen, and rushed down stairs to Chapel, every minute expecting the bell to stop ringing. Only every other button on her shoes was fastened, and they needed a shine. Her skirt didn't hang evenly and her middy blouse was far from having a spick and span appearance; the red tie had seen better days. Sue's hair was not artistically arranged, being higher over one ear than the other, and her face was innocent of powder.

This was everyday-Sue.

Susie Clarvoe Bunting heard with a thrill the last eight-thirty bell ring. She carefully picked her way among bureaus, tables, screen, washstand, chairs and four single beds, and calmly and slowly made her way downstairs, where Henry was waiting somewhere among the palms and music. Her slippers were French-heeled and small. Her dress fitted perfectly and was new. The pink of the flowers matched the pink of her cheeks, and slightly darkened eye-brows emphasized the blue of her eyes. Sue's hair was truly a work of art, being arranged in just the right angle over each ear and low over the forehead.

This was party-Susie Clarvoe.

A. B. '15.



Triolet

A little verse
Was needed here:
A blank's a curse—
A little verse
Cannot be worse.
Why'd this appear?
A little verse
Was needed here !

VOL. 27

RALEIGH, N. C., SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1914

Price, Laughter

MEREDITH SOPHOMORES ENTERTAIN SENIORS

(Special from the Raleigh News and Observer.)

On Monday evening, March 9, the seniors of Meredith College were given a most delightfully unusual dinner by the sophomore class. Promptly at 7:30 the seniors, with Miss Paschal as guest of honor, appeared at the main building parlors and were welcomed by Miss Mary Pruett, president of the sophomore class, who then proceeded to lead them through the five stages of a girl's life and incidentally through the five courses of the dinner.

Soup was served in the back parlor by a group of the sophomores dressed as little girls, with their short dresses and long curls. Across the hall college girls in typical costume served a salad course, and so on from building to building—each age becoming more and more attractive to the enthusiastic guests. A bride and her attendants in full wedding array received the party in East building and helped them cut the wedding cake. The bride's bouquet was distributed to them when the time came to go. Delightful punch was the contribution of middle-aged society women in evening gowns, and the last stop was with the quaint old white-haired grandmothers in South Cottage, where they treated the company to coffee, mints, and salted nuts before a cheerful open fire.

Such a pleasant event as this one has seldom been enjoyed by the seniors, and to Miss Prunette and her class was accorded much praise for their originality and hospitality.

Did you know that there are two girls in Meredith College named Heizerling? You wouldn't if they didn't have a good-looking brother!

SOPHOMORES THREATENED WITH DIRE CALAMITY

AVERTED BY QUICK ACTION

Raleigh, N. C.—On the morning of February the ninth, Irene Thompson, a prominent member of the Sophomore class alarmed, everybody at the breakfast table by her strange actions. The meal was proceeding as usual when Irene, suddenly becoming as pale as death threw up her hands as if in extreme peril and not waiting to be excused rushed from the table, turning her chair in her haste. By the time she had reached the door in her flight everybody in the dining room was silent. She could be heard making her way up to the third floor two or three steps at a time.

In about three minutes she returned with a calm, happy face, looking as if she had narrowly escaped some dreadful event.

When everybody inquired about the cause of all the disturbance, Irene replied with a happy smile, "I suddenly remembered that I had carelessly forgotten to bring down Miss Colton's water bottle. Thank Heaven, I remembered it in time!"

THE NIGHT OF THE SOPHS.

On Hallowe'en night at the first sound of visiting bell the long suppressed excitement of the Sophomores seemed to burst forth. Their hour had at last arrived. Through corridors, up and down stairs, from every direction, rushed the mystic Sophomores, eager to be among the first at the appointed place of meeting, the business hall on the fourth floor of Faircloth Hall. The room, dimly lighted by jack-o'-lanterns, had a wierd and ghostly appearance. The sight of the sumptuous feast spread on the floor in picnic style brought forth many war-whoops of delight. Soon

the energy that had been expended in war-whooping was turned into even more enjoyable channels—for the feast had begun.

The scene presented was very picturesque, thirty girls in various colored kimonos seated on sofa pillows around the tempting feast. Fried chicken rapidly disappeared—all but the bones which were buried among the autumn leaves on the floor.

Just before the ice-cream was served, and while the excitement was at its height, there was a hush; a gentle tap on the door arrested everybody's attention. Being prepared for almost anything, someone ventured a faint "Come." In walked—not a spook—but Miss Paschal. The pressure was so tense that no one was able to take in her message, and she departed as silently as she had come. When they had recovered from this shock the merriment was renewed by ice-cream, war dances, and college songs appropriate to the occasion. Until the wee small hours all care was forgotten. When they came down to earth again, the Sophomores found everything dark and silent.

Midnight—and all is well with the Newish.

NOTICE: All incoming Juniors who expect to have younger sisters at Meredith next fall will meet in the Astrotekton Society Hall, May 15 at five o'clock to elect the Freshman Class officers for next year. If there is any doubt as to the efficiency of this method apply to M. Higgs and I. McKenzie, its originators, for information.

Have you a little Crush under your thumb?

If not, Annie Craig will point out the quickest and surest way of obtaining one.

Ask Ellen Brewer what Newish washed her teeth in cold water to keep them from chapping.

The Blue Bird Tattler

Published when proper material presents it self.

(By class of '16.)

B. PRIDGEN }
A. BRIGGS } *Editors.*

Entered as second class matter in the "Oak Leaves" under the decree of the Sophomore Class, March 14, 1914.

EDITORIAL

For ages past it has been the undisputed right and pleasure of the Sophomores to take charge of the Freshmen and make it plain to them the exalted(?) place they are to hold during the first year of their college life. Many of the Newish come to college fresh from being High School Seniors and their heads are filled with nothing but their own praises; of course each one expects to be distinguished from the rest. Nothing could be more proper than that the Sophomores who have traveled along the same road should give the Newish the benefit of their experience. It is best for the new girl to learn as soon as possible that she is really nothing but a little Newish—very unimportant and inconspicuous. There is danger of her becoming fresh unless she is made to realize a few things at first. The Sophomores are the ones that are fitted for this position.

Now "making the Freshmen realize a few things" does not mean hazing them or even near-hazing them. It can be accomplished by simple methods known only to Sophomores.

When this established right of the Sophomores in regard to the Newish was taken away, what was the result? The Newish began to think they had as much influence in school as the Sophomores. They boldly posted class meeting notices on the official bulletin board; they soon learned the one weak

spot in the Sophomores' armor and immediately began to brag, "you can't do nothing. Miss Paschal told us so."

And the Sophs had to "grin and bear it" when they all inwardly raged. Now that the end of the year is nearing they are becoming a little more reconciled; it must be that the Junior spirit is not so very far away. And next year when we are Juniors we'll watch with delight the way in which the incoming Sophs will bravely bear up under the hold-down.

PROVERBS AND PHRASES

(Special to Newish.)

Humble ye must be
When first ye come here;
Then rise in glory
And a Soph. appear.

Be content, my dears, to wade through the disturbing waters betwixt you and glory—the Sophomore Class. English Composition I is all that is essential to calm the turbulent tide and prepare you for the victory.

THE FRESHMAN'S WAIL.

De' ain't nobody to care if I do;
I dess I can jump in the well;
My doll's down there, 'cept all but
her hair
An dess not anybody to tell.
I dess I'll jump in the well—boo!
hoo!
Nobody will care if I do.

LATEST SONG HITS

"The Freshman Class is Green is Green
(But Moss is All the Greener.)"

"I've a Penny in My Purse for You,
J. P. (To help You Get to Durham, N. C.)"

"Oh, Miss Nancy, Sweet Miss Nancy,
Where Would the Freshman Class
Be if Their Giftie Had Not Come?"

"How'd You Get Those A & M
Kisses? (Oh, You Lucky Herring!)"

BOOK SHELF

POISE—HOW TO ATTAIN IT AND KEEP IT

(By L. Higgs.)

This is an excellent book which is necessary to the modern girl. It is highly recommended, being written by one who has made it her life study.

GREEN BACK SPELLER

B. Lea Sellars, who has completed a special course in English Composition under Miss E. G. Thompson, now offers to the public the above mentioned book which will be especially beneficial to the M. C. Freshies.

MY LOVE AFFAIRS

(By E. Hardison.)

This book will prove indispensable to the girl of today. All sorts of complications which may arise in a love affair are told in a comprehensive as well as interesting manner.

THE EVILS OF BORROW- ING AND LENDING

A brilliant new treatise on this subject. Especially treats of conditions of school life, and takes up the hygienic as well as the moral phases of the problem.

Louise Townsend,
Author.

Published by the Lumberton Co.

Have you seen the latest book by Mildred Bradsher, Freshman—

BE BOSS IN YOUR OWN FAMILY

It's great! Applies to all cases where family feuds exist. Buy a copy!

PROGRESSION BY AGGRESSIVENESS.

Ethel Brown, better known as Jane Addams Emmeline Pankhurst Mary Shannon Smith-Brown. Her book is worthy of such advanced author. This book deals with the vital problems which are agitating the minds of women to-day, suggesting possible solutions and methods of reform.

THE HALLOWE'EN BREAKFAST.

SENIORS ENTERTAIN SOPHS.

On the day before Hallowe'en the Sophomores were surprised when they came from class and found waiting for them an invitation sealed with a black cat seal. We were bidden to:

"Come softly and stealthily to an early gathering of the Black Cats. Place, Main Building Dining-room. Time, Friday, seventy-thirty a. m."

A minute after the first breakfast bell rang there was an excited crowd standing at the dining-room door. When it was finally opened, we saw a table long enough for about fifty people, everything suggestive of Hallowe'en. Two little black cats were in the center—one looking towards the Senior President, the other looking towards the Sophomore President. Just over these was a jack-o'-lantern from which ribbon bands of yellow extended to the table, forming a circle. Scattered around on the table were pumpkins, and black cats grinning at us. The place-cards were decorated with black cats and jack-o'-lantern pins. When we took our seats Hallowe'en faces carved on oranges looked up at us.

The breakfast was such that it delighted our very souls. The first course, grapes and oranges, made us think of Hallowe'en, and the fried chicken and hot rolls made us think of home—or something else just about as inspiring. From seven-thirty until eight-thirty seemed only a little while, we so thoroughly enjoyed every minute of the breakfast. When Chapel bell rang we pinned the black cats on our backs and the pumpkins and place-cards on our ties and came down to earth again.

After this we are more than ever in love with "our Seniors"; in fact, we know that there never was such a Senior Class.

Miss Snyder has a statement to make:

When I first came to Meredith, all the Bows I had I wore on my head. By my ardent endeavors, I now have Beaux at my feet. (It's all in the wink!)

SPONSOR RECEPTION

(In honor of the W. F. C. Freshmen)

Special from Raleigh News and Observer.—On Saturday evening, March 21st, a reception, one of the most delightful of the season, was given to the Wake Forest Freshmen by their chosen Sponsor, Nell Covington. The guests received cordial greetings at the front door by Miss Louise Watkins, whereupon Miss Teresa Dew, after showing them to the cloak room, introduced them to the receiving line, composed of Miss Paschal, Dr. Poteat (President of Wake Forest College), Misses Nell Covington, Lucy Oliver, Helen Poteat and Louise Holding, who awaited the guests in the West Parlor. At the foot of the receiving line Misses Laviece Chambliss and Isabel McKenzie distributed Tete-a-tete Program cards in the form of dance cards. The monotony of the usual formal reception was hereupon relieved and the guests after being served to punch in the East Parlor began the delightful task of filling out their cards and in the same time becoming acquainted with the numerous friends of their hostess. Strains of music coming from an orchestra half secluded by palms added to the enjoyment of the evening. Misses Hontas Norfleet and Josephine Neal served punch at the end of the Main Corridor in an attractive looking retreat. After the refreshments, consisting of cream and cake, were served all gathered around the Sponsor as she in a very attractive manner quoted poetry, written for the occasion, and pinned the class colors on the president and declared the class to be "Our heroes of the years to come." Applause after applause went up and the president in a very entertaining manner made a "farewell address," declaring, in behalf of the W. F. C. Freshman Class, Miss Covington to be an ideal Sponsor.

What do you think? Mildred McIntyre shed tears more copiously than any Freshman when Miss Paschal refused to accept a bribe to let her sit at Miss Robbins' table!!

WE SHOULD WORRY!

When we have five lessons on Thursday and spend all study hour Wednesday night writing to A & M.

When we have two ardent lovers and can't decide between them.

When on Sunday we wait in vain for the special delivery which never comes.

When we never make a mash at a reception in spite of our attempts.

SONG OF THE NEWISH

When all my labors and trials are o'er,
And I've become a bold Sophomore,
Just to see Freshmen bow down and adore,

Will throughout College be glory
for me!

How long do you suppose it took
V. Stewart to grow her dimples? She
must have planted 'em awfully deep.

What it takes to be popular, I've
got it! Eats, candy, pictures for the
Newish, good-night kisses, love-notes,
plenty of smiles, pretty clothes to lend
to any one in an emergency.

Annie Ruth C.

The TATTLER wishes to congratulate the Freshman Class on possessing at least one brilliant member—Miss Maisie Hendren. Testimonials to this effect furnished by Miss Robbins without application.

Speaking of brilliancy—: In our midst we have discovered a prodigy for memory work, Dr. Freeman's star pupil. The contents of her brain are organized into regular Romans and Arabics, a's and b's, and she remembers it all. You'd never guess—*i. e.* Bessie (Mull)!

If you are troubled with iusommia apply for a room opposite the McKenzies, where you will be lulled to sleep each night by their whispered recitals of the day's procedures.

Ads

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE.
IT PAYS TO READ THE ADS.

The Shelley Company, Dealers in Juicy Fruit chewing gum. Order taken day or night. Goods delivered either to your room or practice hall. Special attention to crushes.

Exclusive Agents.

M. McMURRY L. DOVER
Headquarters "Dew Drop Inn."

ARE YOU NERVOUS?

Why suffer with that uncomfortable feeling of timidity and embarrassment when by following a few simple rules you may obtain the brazen art offered by perfect nerve.

DR. M. SNIDER,
Nerve Specialist.
Office hours, 11:15 p. m.

FOR SALE!

Fresh Herring—
By M. C. NEWISH & Co.
Phone 36 F. H.

BE BEAUTIFUL!

Why suffer longer the torture of a bad complexion? Visit my beauty parlors and learn my beauty secrets.

MME. ETHEL HARDISON,
Suite No. 305.
Apartments, Main Building.

TOWNSEND'S HAIR RESTORER!

Guaranteed to give to the hair a natural gloss and fluffiness; to make it long and thick within one week. Money back if not satisfactory.

Agent's headquarters,
Faireloth Hall, Meredith College.

WANTED—To know how any body can sleep after four o'clock.—I was raised in the country.

Sara Conyers.

WANTED—To know approximately how many hearts Mary MacKenzie broke while spending the week-end at Wake Forest.

WANTED—One Crush: By
Helen Bird Aydlette.

FREE! FREE!

Information as to new method of taking baths! Greatest labor-saving device ever discovered! Scrub your bath room while you bathe! For particulars apply to Lelia Higgs, Specialist, Main Building.

SINGING TAUGHT BY MAIL

This is your opportunity. Thousands of voices are ruined by the wrong start. Breathing, pronunciation, quality, power, vocalizzis, mezza di voce, specialties. Money refunded after two lessons if not satisfied. Further particulars furnished by
Miss Ruth Deaton,
Meredith College.

FREE! FREE! FREE!

Pamphlet containing valuable information on how to take life easy at Meredith. Your room will be cleaned, fresh water brought daily, all errands done willingly and cheerfully, and all service done promptly.

Send your name, address, and a two-cent stamp to

Miss Irene Parker.
(Maid of all work, B. Lea.)

L. HARRELL
JEWELER.

Diamonds a Speciality.

WANTED—A soda fountain beau who sends cream two nights out of the week, Nunnally's the remaining four and carnations on Sunday. Special deliveries thrown in for good measure. Lillian Ballentine has one.

LOST—A handsome bouquet of pink carnations. Owner is frantic with grief and will give rich reward on return of the valuable property.

J. P. Rogers.

WANTED—To learn the art of table talk. Will some Sophomore help me?
Annie Mae Asheraft.

LOST—My heart at the Wake Forest Freshman reception, Saturday evening, March 21. Finder is welcome to keep the same.

Sophia J. Knott.

Why is Ruth Deaton called "Mrs. Malaprop" by English Literature I students? Refer to Sheridan's famous play, "The Rivals."

What Newish had the audacity to chuck Miss Paschal under the chin and inquire concerning her health?

TO BESSIE LEE SELLARS.

"Still they gazed and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all she knew."

S. CONYERS: "Mr. Reavis, please go up to No. 215 M. B. and fix my light. I don't know what is the matter with it unless the oil is burnt out."

—"And a loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind—".

Nell Paschal.

TO SARA C——S

There was a young lady—a giftie;
The clothes that she wore were quite nifty,

The hat from up North,
Her suit brocade cloth—
Altogether they must have cost 50!

What Newish has the broad grin that won't come off?
Sunny Louisa Holding.

NOTICE—I wish to bring before the public as a candidate for Editor-in-Chief of the OAK LEAVES, President Philaretian Society, President Senior Class and President of the Athletic Association, the Illustrious Miss Laviece Chambliss—She has such cute ideas!

Margaret Gulley,
Campaign Manager.

WANTED—To know what Freshman personifies the Shakesporean stanza, "With linked sweetness long drawn out?" Ask Teresa Dew.

LOST—My tongue

Lottie Falls.

Cloud Castles

I lay on my back at harvest-time
And minded the corn-field gate,
While over my head the billowy clouds
Were building my gorgeous fate.
I watched enraptured—a child of seven—
Those moving pictures on the heaven.

A castle I saw and 'twas wondrous fine
With burnished dome and towers,
While beautiful around the door
Clung a vine with creamy flowers.
I fancied the inside with gold did shine,
And idly dreamed that it all was mine.

O, I was a king, and a queen there was—
We sat on a golden throne,
Or rode a white steed with his trappings gay
That glittered and gleamed and shone.
Loud cried a voice that I dared not scorn,
Crashing my castle—Cows in the corn!



Propinquity

Said Clara, "If I could just get him off to myself I believe he would make love beautifully. I am a firm believer in propinquity."

Said Bob. "I haven't been with her alone at all, but in a crowd she's a peach!"

The crowd was a merry one. The big porch was filled, and the young people spilled over on the lawn, all velvety green with the new grass. The night was ideal, the moon and stars giving just exactly the right amount of light for a party in May.

Clara maneuvered so that Bob, the unsuspecting, should ask her to stroll with him. They sauntered carelessly down toward the big gate. On the left was an enormous oak, under which Bob proposed they sit down. As this was what Clara had been saying under her breath ever since they had left the porch—trying mental telepathy on Bob—she obeyed with alacrity.

All was going nicely. Bob even had one of Clara's little hands imprisoned between his big brown ones. He was certainly going to warrant her belief in him and propinquity in a mighty short time when she inadvertently lowered her head too quickly—and her false curls dropped off. Bob considerably arose and strode away.

Propinquity didn't pro-pinque.

L. B. '14.

Toast—The Senior

I toast her not as she is today,
For who can tell what she is, I pray?
When into her deep eyes I go prying,
I can't see what back of them there is lying.



I toast her not as she yet may be;
The picture unpainted I cannot see:
Will her hair be absent or white or what,
Will her teeth be many or few or not?

I toast her as one of the used-to be's
With prim white pinafore up to her knees,
With little girl sashes, smart and smack,
And pig-tails hanging adown her back.





THE COLLEGE CHOIR

The West Wind's Tale

The day was fearfully warm for even the last of May. I was doing all I could in the way of making a breeze. I had all those old trees on the Carson lawn bending and swaying like darkies at a dance. I had tried to chase that little cloud hanging over Mt. Kimball down into the valley, but the stubborn little thing just clung all the tighter to the mountain's hoary head. I did get its left wing tilted a little, but Big Brother East Wind angrily shoved it back. Sister South Wind whispered drowsily,

"Now, Sister West Wind, just you go on back down there and do the best you can. Let Rain Cloud alone if he doesn't want to go."

"I wish Brother North Wind would help me a little," I sighed. "But I guess he is busy elsewhere. He's very seldom in North Carolina this late in the spring."

Then I took Sister South Wind's advice, and blew myself softly down in the valley. And, as I said, I was really making quite a commotion for one so gentle as I. The big oak by the gate, the one that shadowed the right side of the tennis court, muttered impatiently:

"Oh, let me alone, can't you? I was just congratulating myself on having one whole afternoon of undisturbed peace."

I slowed down considerably. The oak had always been my friend because he furnished the shade Garah and Betty loved to play tennis in. But for that matter, Betty would play tennis regardless of sun or shadow, and Garah,—well, anything that Betty was a part of suited Garah. Consequently, I was not surprised when I saw them leave the porch and stroll toward the court. I confess I had been a little worried earlier, because I knew this was Garah's last chance—Commencement was over the next day. Still, as I said, I was really not surprised.

Big Garah Winters wore white flannels and carried his racket and two porch pillows. Betty wore the trimmest of little white dresses and carried her own racket. She always did—carry her own racket, I mean—and, yes, she nearly always wore white. This afternoon she had wavered a little between white and a fresh little green thing she had just made. (I pushed her curtain aside and

peeped.) Now, I knew that Garah loved her best in white—liked her best, perhaps I should say, because he undoubtedly loved her in any color—for hadn't I heard him say, not quite a week ago, as he watched her coming down to his buggy,

“You Beautiful! White is your color!”

(He just breathed this to me. What he said to her was: “Betty, you look as fresh as a sweet pea! Hop in by yourself, won't you? Dandy's restless to-day.”)

So when she was dressing, I had contemptuously tossed the green dress aside, blowing it just hard enough to make it slip off the chair. Betty must have understood me, because she put on the white one.

Garah threw the pillows under the oak and took the sunny side of the court. In another minute his hearty “Ready?” rang out. Betty's “Serve!” flashed back quite as swiftly.

Not until then did I realize what a terrible mistake I had made. Sister South Wind has told me time and again that I was a meddler, that I concerned myself entirely too much with other people's business. Here it was Garah's last day and they were playing tennis, when all the time he wanted her to himself under the oak! Why hadn't I kept still? I guess even Betty's temerity would have quailed before tennis without my occasional breeziness. Of course Garah was too good a sport ever to suggest resting before Betty did, but once he murmured quite distinctly (to me), as he stooped for a ball, “Darn!” Well, I would try to undo the mistake I had so thoughtlessly committed. Then I began to blow so hard you could almost believe Big Brother East Wind was present.


“I shall blow their balls away!” I panted fiercely. The strain began to tell on me fearfully.

“Rest! Rest!” I wheezed painfully in Betty's ear. I caught the few strands of her hair that she occasionally let escape and whipped them around until I had that whole glorious red mop of hers looking tumbled and heavenly.

“Garah, we simply can't play in this wind. Come on, let's rest awhile under the oak. Maybe it will die down presently.”

But I had no intention of dying down for some time to come. If I was going to help Garah I was going to do it thoroughly, and I couldn't trust Betty to stay off the court yet.

Betty sat down and leaned back against the oak. Garah dropped down on her right, clasped his hands and drew his knees up, resting his chin on them.



His face was not so very far from the top of Betty's head, so I tried a little experiment of my own. While she was industriously shoving in hair pins and trying to subdue riotous locks, I took a particularly long strand and whipped it across his cheeks. The blood poured into his face, and as quickly left, leaving him pale, for all of his sunburn, and his eyes were as black as blue eyes can be. He threw back his head.

"Betty!" He said it rather queerly.

"Um-m-m?" There were three hair pins in Betty's mouth, and her head was bent over so her arms would reach the back of her neck, where she kept most of her hair.

Garah did not speak for a moment. When she had pushed in the last hair pin, Betty looked up.

"Yes?" she smiled, conversationally inclined.

"Do you know I am going to leave to-morrow?"

"I'm sorry." Betty spoke very simply and looked steadily into his eyes.

"Really sorry, Betty? So sorry you want me to come back again?" Garah, leaning forward, read a question in the eyes raised so frankly to his.

"You know I love you, don't you, Betty? You know I haven't spoken before because I wasn't sure about that position until this morning; and when I told you that, I wanted it to mean to you what it does to me." Garah's face was still rather pale and his fine young eyes looked a little troubled.

I thought I could rest now—there was no fear of Betty thinking tennis for some time. Then, too, I wanted to listen. (I guess I shall have to own up to being what Sister South Wind calls me.)

"You see, there were Jim and Bob," Garah went on. "I knew you liked them pretty well, and of course they worshiped you. I wonder if you ever realized how it hurt me that night you went with Jim to Crowder's Pond."

"You went with Edith—and appeared consoled." Betty poked her fingers through her racket one at a time. She didn't look up.

"Betty!" Garah tried to look in her eyes turned so wilfully downward.

"If—if you don't take your head away, I'll run my fingers through your hair!" Betty spoke breathlessly. "And I've heard boys don't like that. But it's t-tempted me so long!"

And well it might. It was a particular delight of mine—rumpling up that black hair of his. It wasn't exactly curly, but it undeniably had wavy propensities.

"You darling!" Garah reached down and took both her hands in one of his. "Look at me," he commanded.

Instead she looked at her hands, or rather at his, for hers were not visible—Garah played baseball.

He could resist no longer. The appeal of that little chin was maddening, so he cupped his other hand and raised her head.

"Dearness, do you think you could care?" he asked unsteadily.

Betty's face was flushed, but her eyes did not waver as she looked at him.

"Say it, won't you?" wistfully.

"I love you," said Betty.

"God bless the West Wind!" Garah said softly before he kissed her.

I always like to be appreciated by my friends.

LOUISE BENNETT, '14.



June Roses

Each June the world-old question lives again:
Whether to gather roses, knowing
The fading time to follow, with its pain,
Its anguish overflowing;

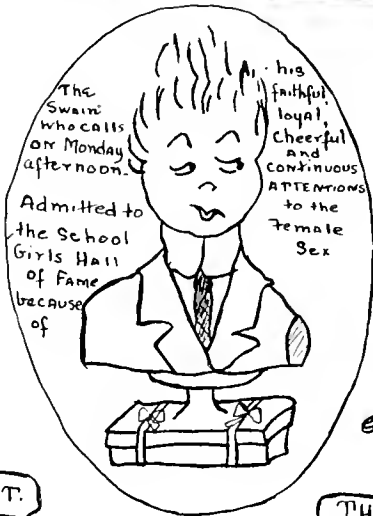
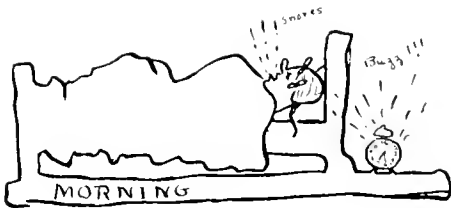
Knowing that rose wreaths wither in the hair,
Their petals bright to ashes burning,
Each wreath an ashen chaplet of despair
For beauties ne'er returning.

And yet the sturdy heart must needs despise
To tremble for the morrow.
Strike out! Twine in your hair June's fairest prize;
Dare Time to cheat you with his greyest sorrow.



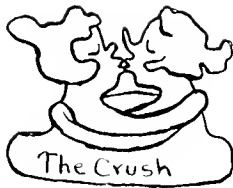
School Girls' Hall of Fame

ANNE MCKAUGHAN, Sculptor





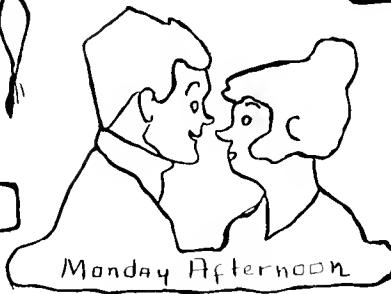
The Costume



The Crush



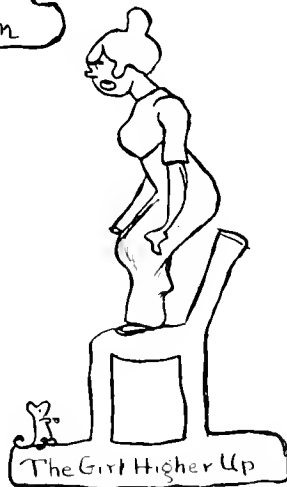
Taking Off The Shine



Monday Afternoon



In The Drug-Store - Dont Take Hers , Boy



The Girl Higher Up

Ye Blessed Damozel

Ther ys a mayde of high degre
& eke of fair renowne,
Ye Senyor mayde y-clept ys she
By ye admiring towne.
Ye world her oyster ys, I knowe—
I would her cinch were mine—
For what she chuseth here below
She hooketh on her line.

Hath she a mind to shopping goe?
A-shopping goeth she,
No chaperon to cause her woe
& indiscretions see.
Or is she bid to dine outside?
She dons her Sabbath froek
& sallies forth, & doth abide
Till ten p. m. o'clocke.

Or doth her classe chuse her for pote?
Then when she getteth stuek
She'll make some relative ye goat
& to him passe ye bucke,
& al she doth to this attain—
Or so ye teacher saith—
Ys try 4 yeares with might & main
To werke herself to death.

A Forecast of Publications for Coming Issues of the *Fourteen* The Magazine of Imagination

HOW A GIRL MAY KNOW WHEN SHE MEETS THE RIGHT MAN: Sallie E. Martin. This is a new book by the popular novel writer, and fully measures up to her usual standard of excellence. The reality of love and its place in courtship is the keynote of the book.

EVILS RESULTING FROM THE NON-OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH: Anne McKaughan. This book is based on psychology. It is also enriched by the author's own observation of study on Sunday and its evil results among school girls. It is convincing and full of warning. Every person interested in modern problems and their correction must read this book, written by the best authority on this subject.

NIGHTINGALE VOICE: HOW SECURED: Mabel Lillian Ballentine. This is a practical book, dealing with the technicalities of the art. It is well written, and contains a wonderful store of advice and warning against the pitfalls occasioned in the cultivation of the voice.

EVOLUTION OF CRUSHING: Eunice G. Benton. This treatise upon the origin and development of Crushing at Meredith has the concurrence of all authorities upon the subject. It may be taken as a perfectly true and reliable account.

EMPHATIC SPEECH AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHARACTER: Margaret Gulley. The personality of the author clearly shown. Bright, witty, and entertaining throughout. All slang words seldom used by college girls are explained in the foot-notes.

NEW MUSIC: ITS POPULARITY AND INTERPRETATION: Compiled by Katherine Knowles. This book heralds a revolution in the ragtime music world. Mary Elliott, Mae Grimmer, Lina Gough, noted critics, are contributors. The judgment of these authorities is destined to have great effect, because of their entire ignorance of this kind of music.

CONSERVATION OF ENERGY: Sallie Bullard. This is a plea for less activity. The author has spent her life trying to preach this doctrine. This is her latest publication and it deserves a high place on all library shelves.

DISCRIMINATIONS AGAINST TOWN GIRLS: Compiled by Minnie Farrior: Among the notable contributors are Minnie Gosney, Kate Jones, and Myrtha Fleming. No new book on the market can equal the denunciation of present practices, and show them in a clearer light than this excellent book.

THE PREVALENCE OF HALTING SPEECH: Elizabeth Anderson. A most helpful book for mothers and primary teachers. It deals especially with the reasons for, and the proper ways of removing, all tendencies to make slips in the speech.

SOCIAL WORLD OF TO-DAY: Louise Bennett. Miss Bennett, through her romantic and varied experiences, has been able to include in her books all phases of social life. The predominant feature of this one is "Propinquity did not propinque."

METHODS OF SECURING WELL-REGULATED SCHOOLS: Misses Kate C. Johnson and Louise Futrell. The devices set forth are in full sympathy with modern psychology and school discipline. Both authors have had much experience, and held positions requiring knowledge of this kind.

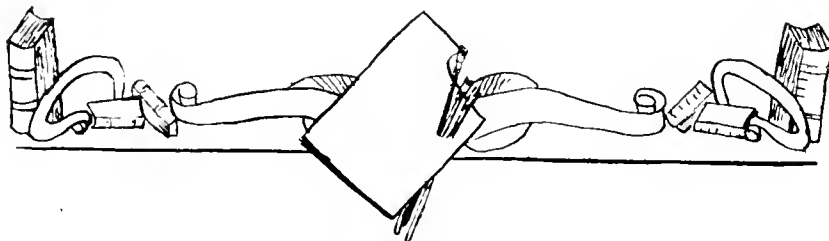
In Lighter Vein

THE GIRL WITH TOO MUCH SOUL: Alma Stone. Imaginative element predominant.

BLUE CLOUDS OF GLORY: Cora Leigh Tyner. The fanciful and hyperromantic spirit of the author is transposed to the heroine. The plot is ingenious, captivating.

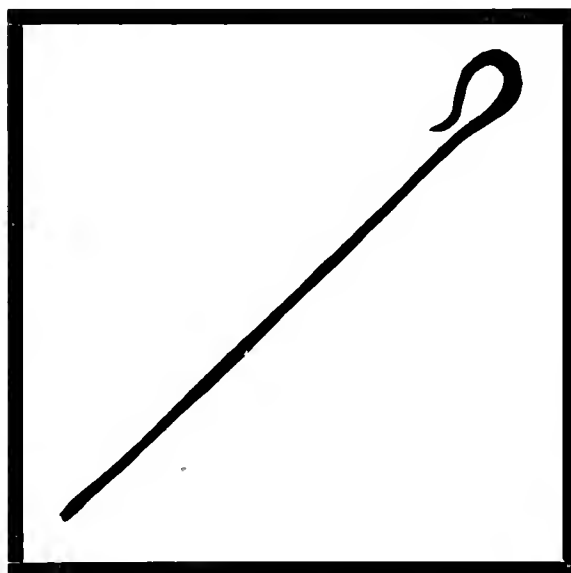
LUCK IN A THIMBLE: Nora Eddins. Setting of this story is unique. The characters are charming. Biographical element gives spice to the story.

THE WIDER CIRCLE: Callie Perry. This story grips the reader from the outset. Scenes laid in the mountains, at Biltmore House, near Asheville. The author shows an intimate knowledge of the "Four Hundred."



Soliloquy of an A & M Youth

To go or not to go: that is the question;
Whether 'tis better in the end to worry
For fear some other in her smiles so joyous
Will warm his fluttering heart, and her affection
From me will win, in spite of flowers, fruit,
And tender words, and tones so honey sweet
Accomp'ning them that e'en would blush the candy
At being thus excelled in its own sphere;
Or whether, when the youths, my comrades, friends,
Shall gaily journey down the well-known way,
Nor stop, nor pause till foremost in the ranks
That form so swiftly, promptly, in the streets—
Shall I with sorrow watch them thus depart;
To the Parade Ground hurr'ing take myself,
And drill and drill and drill on Saturday—
Because I went to Meredith on Monday?



TO THE MEMORY
OF THE
CROOK
ABOLISHED NOVEMBER 11, 1913
BY
JOINT ACTION
OF THE
SENIOR AND JUNIOR CLASSES

Why the Crook Was Abolished

1. The search for the crook made it a matter of class loyalty for the girls to be up late at night looking for it. This was not only highly injurious to their health, but it was also dangerous and unwise for girls to go in small groups or alone about the campus, or from building to building, in the dead of night. In addition, as commencement approached, the nerve tension became fearful, and this strain fell on the girls most in need of rest.

2. The search for the crook made invalid all the laws governing personal conduct. It not only gave a girl license to break the rules of Student Government, but also gave her the right to go through another person's property without restriction. This was not right.

3. The search for the crook, when it created any spirit at all, created one of antagonism and hatred between the classes. There have been years when the crook created no spirit at all. But there have been times when it has caused unbelievable bitterness, not only between classes, but individual girls. Friendships have been broken up, and shameful things have been said and done in the cause of the crook which can probably never be undone.

4. The search for the crook was not one which could be limited. A choice was necessary. And while for many reasons it was hard for the Junior and Senior classes to give it up, we feel that we have chosen the better part; and are we not fully justified in this belief by the wonderful new spirit of friendliness now existing between us?



I'm the Senior Cat and I'm feeling gay!

See, my eyes shine.
Observe the angle of my bow;
Its very jauntiness will show—
As any one who looks must know—

I'm feeling fine.
I do not always give my head
This saucy tip,
Nor wear so all-round fit an air.
The secret of my looks I'll share
If you to know it now would care—
I've got my "dip."

What Some Folks Would Take With 'Em in Case of a Fire at Night

- E. WEBB. The latest copy of the *Cosmopolitan*.
A. R. CALDWELL. Her over-alls.
L. WATKINS. Her last can of sausage.
M. GULLEY. The tea-kettle and sugar.
S. BULLARD. A pillow.
S. MARTIN. Her diamond—and Latin "credit" slip.
T. NEAL. A boudoir cap—we hope so at least.
M. SNYDER. Her curl.
L. FUTRELL. Marking book from practice hall.
H. POTEAT. Those beads.
H. B. AYDETT. Lace curtains.
B. PRIDGEN. James Oliver Caldwell, her best doll.
N. COVINGTON. The *Memory Book*.
M. PRUETTE. C. A. G's. picture, letters, fratpin and electric iron.
M. HIGGS. Trigonometry.
M. MCINTYRE. Her blue "middy blouse"—if she could find it.
K. KNOWLES. The powder rag.
L. BELL. The Kewpie.
D. VANN. Iva and Lina.
L. CHAMBLISS. Her electric plate.
L. GOUGH. The pipe organ.
J. HOWARD. Her treatise on "Popularity at Meredith."
D. LAMM. Would be "aiken" to get out, but would wait for "Moore" to come help her.
K. JOHNSON. Her "wedding" dress.
C. BIGGERS. The library.
L. BENNETT. The other B. twin, who is too lazy to get out by herself.
A. MCKAUGHAN. Her Senior night off.
S. CONYERS. The box of shoe polish.
J. P. ROGERS. Her pink carnations.
E. ROYSTER. Would go around to see if the girls were all out of their rooms at the proper time!



The Powers That Be

On the first Tuesday afternoon in November at four o'clock the Senate of Meredith Collegium convened for its regular monthly session. The usual boning business was transacted, each Senator handing in her list of the girls who were flunking in her courses. The resulting heated debate between the members of the Senate as to the relation of the different methods of teaching employed to the number of girls who failed was brought to a close by the speaker, Senator Pasehal from Principalia, who wished the Senators to give their undivided attention to the reading of a request from the Seniori, a small but powerful political faction in the collegium.

Speaker (reading): "To the most august body, the Senate of Meredith Collegium: We the undersigned do most humbly petition that, in view of the following reasons, we may be allowed to use the one night on which we are permitted by your good graces to be absent from the collegium, to attend, with proper chaperons, the *Almo Motion Picture Theatre*.

1. This theatre shows only standard pictures, and is patronized by thoroughly respectable people, among them members of your own body!—

Senator Smith: "Can it be possible—the audacity! One of our body! I'm sure I've never been seen in the place. But it shows the trend of the times—people will—"

Senator Colton: "Miss Speaker."

Speaker: "The Senator from *Literaturia*."

Senator Colton: "I think the request should be entirely read, and then discussed on its merits."

All Senators together: "It has no merits! We have been slandered! We will not hear it read! The nerve," etc.

Speaker (rapping on desk) "Order!" (Absolute silence.) "It appears that there are no valid reasons given here for our granting this request. I have not read them all, but judging from the merits of this first one, it seems unnecessary to do so. But before any general discussion takes place, I wish to state my own opinion. The Seniori now have entirely too many privileges. If they are allowed to acquire any further power, we will soon not be able to hold them in check. As it is, they are becoming lawless with their sense of freedom. One

of this body has been guilty of detaining her caller three seconds after first room bell for two consecutive Saturday nights, and another one actually remained away from church last Sunday because she had the privilege of doing so. Knowing these things as I do, I think it would be the height of folly to increase their powers in any way. But the question is now open for discussion."

Senator Colton: "If what you say is true, the matter of increasing their privileges is indeed one for consideration. However, I still contend that this question should be decided on its own merits. I at least am open to conviction."

Senator Freeman: "It seems to me that the question has a moral side. What effect would constant attendance at the moving picture show have on the character of the young ladies?"

Senator Smith: "Pernicious! It would take their minds entirely *offen* their serious work and strengthen the habit of passive attention, which they ought to inhibit. Then think of the immoral effect of those vile pic——"

Senator Day: "For my part, I don't think the movies so bad—I go to them often to——"

Other Senators (horrified): "You!"

Senator Day: "Yes, and I'm not the only one, either! They rest my mind. Nice people go to them, and I don't see why the girls shouldn't be allowed to."

Senator Boomhour: "The young ladies would behave properly, would they?"

Senator Vann: "Is it true, as I understood, that the privilege was withdrawn because it was abused?"

Senator Young: "It seems to me that the moving picture show is a place entirely improper for any one of refined taste, and especially for young girls."

Speaker: "Order! Are you ready for the vote?"

(Silence.)

Speaker: "All in favor of refusing the petition of the Seniors for any reason whatever will make it known by saying 'aye'."

Several: "Aye."

Speaker: "All opposed for any reason, 'no'."

(Silence.)

Senator Smith: "Miss Speaker."

Speaker: "The Senator from Progressia."

Senator Smith: "I notice that Senators Day and Colton have not voted. This lack of unanimity is deplorable. But however we may be divided among

ourselves behind closed doors, we must present a solid front to the opposition. Now what shall we give to the Seniori as our reason for refusal?"

(Silence)

Senator Young: "Might we not say that a privilege should mean something they have attained to, and that this seems unworthy of being put in that class?"

Speaker: "That is indeed a very worthy sentiment, Senator Young. Secretary Loomis, you will please prepare a report to this effect and submit it to the Seniori."

After the Senators had drawn straws as to who should get to breakfast on time each week for the ensuing month, the assembly adjourned to get the mail.

R. C. PASCHAL, Senator from Principalia,
Speaker.

B. L. LOOMIS, Senator from La Tinia,
Secretary.



Rondeau

My lady's eyes are blue as skies of May
When dancing sunbeams in their far depths play;
And all the earth and heaven can hold for me
Of bliss or bane, or joy or misery
I find within their glances, grave or gay.

There is the cloister where my heart, a gray
World-weary pilgrim, fain would kneel to pray
In deep thanksgiving that 'twas given to see
My lady's eyes.

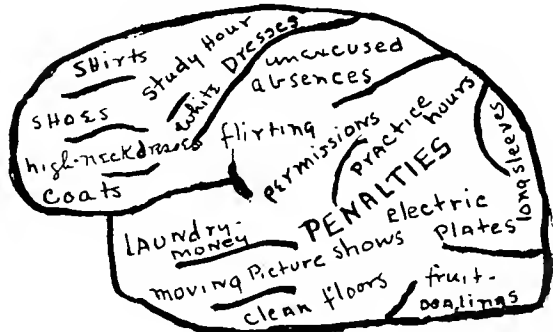
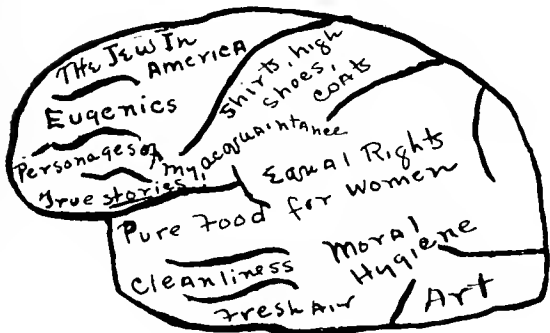
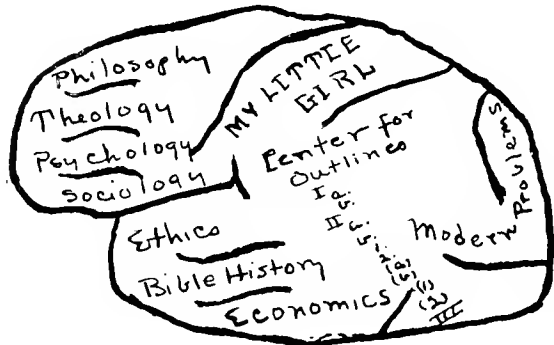
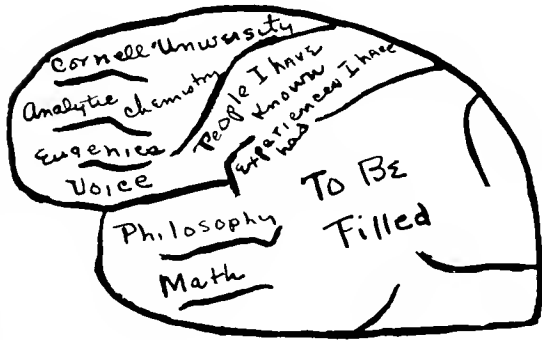
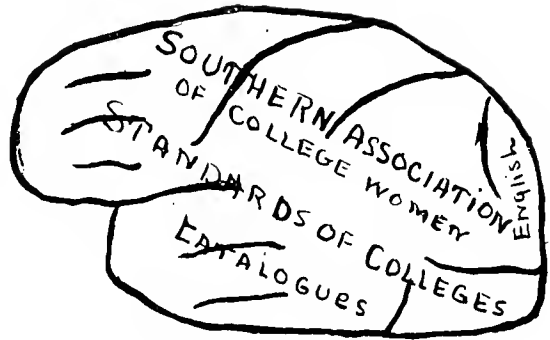
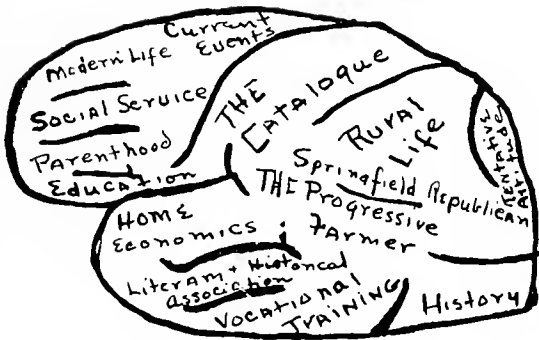
But as the sea, when storm-winds whirl the spray
High up into the skies, grows dark and gray,
So, when her anger kindles, like the sea
Beaten by storms, they darken terribly;
But I, though trembling, worship them alway—
My lady's eyes.

Pet Abominations

MARGARET G. A powderless nose.
ANNIE RUTH C. Being fat.
EUNICE B. First breakfast bell.
IRENE P. Studying.
HELEN P. An unadoring man.
MAE G. Red hair.
NELL C. Not to be in style.
EUNICE B. Crushes.
ELODIE W. Exertion, of any kind.
LOUISE B. Pessimism.
ETHEL B. Being called a "newish."
MARY P. No mail.
LORNA B. Taking gym.
MARY S——R. The Sophomores.
SALLIE B. Straight hair.
ESTHER R. Empty pocket-book.
CORR T. Josiah.
BOB P. Less than five crushes at once.
LILLIAN B. Sunday without a special delivery.
ANNE M. Men.
LOUISE F. Nothing to do.
HELEN BIRD A. Unpopularity.
DOROTHY B. Physiology.
MILDRED M. Harmony.
LELIA H. A hot bath before breakfast.
SHELBY CROWD. Nothing to eat.
SALLIE M. A tight-waddish man.
ALDINE B. Student government rules.
ELIZABETH A. Annual and Acorn eds.
ADA B. The string with no beaux thereon.
LILLIAN H. Silent hour, or anything else silent.

Our Brains Faculty

Which — and How Do You Know?



R. HARRIS: "Oh, guess what? Miss Smith has let Esther enter the baby show at the Fair!"

Junior (in great excitement): "Oh girls! we saw all the show horses coming from choir practice!"

M. HIGGS (returning with the History class from A & M) began to sing in a soft, subdued tone, "Oh love that will not let me go."

Will some one please tell Lorna Bell who wrote Dante's Inferno?

G. HAYNES: "I do believe Miss Robbins wants us to memorize this music history word for word verbatim!"

The Freshman English girls were asked to find as many synonyms as possible for the same word. One girl wrote the following: happiness—joy—pleasure—*posterity!*

There was a little girl
And she had a little curl,
Her name was Mary Snider,
And when she was fresh,
She was very, very fresh,
All over her and inside her!

Clota Edwards put this notice on the bulletin board: "Lost! A little brown fountain pen going to chapel."

A newish rushed frantically into E. Anderson's room. "Do you keep the gymnasium store?" she demanded, "I'm starved to death!"

Sophomore: "Where is that Mary Garden?"

Newish: "I didn't know we had a girl here named that."

Little jars of jelly,
Little squares of cheese
Make the Sunday luncheon
Appetites appease (?)
Shallow plates of soup,
Prunes, or beans or beef,
Form the week-day lunches—
Oh, for some relief!

E. Brewer knocked on the bathroom door.
Senior (inside): "Come in!"
Ellen: "Oh, is someone taking a bath?"

HEARD ON THE BASKETBALL COURT.

COACH (taking gym. numbers): "Ethel, what are you?"
E. SMITH: "1901."
J. HOWARD: "Girl, you're behind the times—this is 1914."

IRENE: "Didn't Miss Smith sit on Edna to-day?"
SOPHIA: "Heavens! Wasn't she mashed to death?"

MARY DES. (translating German): "The river ascended down the mountain."

MR. H. (in music history class): "What opus is the 'Moonlight Sonata'?"
MARY P.: "Beethoven."

"U. N. C." was spoken of at Miss Thompson's table.
MISS T.: "Is U. N. C. at Chapel Hill? Well, girls, I never knew that before."

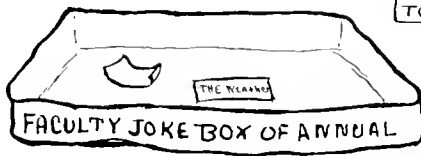
IF



BUT



HENCE — !



EVOLUTION.

On bulletin board 1913:
"Girls may take off their shirts and shoes tonight and sit with their friends."
1914:
"Girls may wear their 'party' dresses tonight and sit with their friends."

HELP!

In Student Government Lelia rose and shook upon her feet.
"Miss Paschal," piped she, "is there any place I can have my Freshmen meet?
I'd planned to have them here in chapel, but the Seniors want that now.
May I wait until to-morrow? What's your opinion?
Somehow
I feel so helpless. Assist me!"

"Who are the three most conceited faculty members?"
"E. A. Colton's one of 'em."
"Miss Vann's the other two!"

Will some one kindly explain to Lucy Oliver that "Dix Hill" is the State Asylum and not "Diek's Hill"—or Meredith College?

E. H. "Margaret, come go to the Y. W. C. A. store with me."
M. McMURRAY: "Sure, but who is going to chaperon us?"

ZEULA M. (in Y. W. C. A. meeting): "I move I withdraw my nomination."

LOST! My bunch of pink carnations! Finder will receive liberal reward if returned immediately to

JANIE PEARL ROGERS.

A LA POE.

Hear the sturdy dinner bells,
 Iron bells !
What a tale of meagerness their tunelessness foretells !
 How they rumble, rumble, rumble,
 In the morning, noon, and night,
And the girls—they grumble, grumble—
 In the dining room they stumble
 Groaning at the scanty sight.
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a beffy, cheesey rhyme,
To the clanking, clanking, clanking that discordantly then swells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells —
 From the rumbling and the mumbling of the bells.

NEWISH: "Is'nt that a pretty medallion (dahlia) in Miss Vann's hair?"

A. BRIGGS (telling about moving picture show): "Then the King was *coronated*."

T. DEW: "Nell, do we get mail on Founders' Day?"

MAUDE H. (to N. Paschal, whom she thought only an ordinary newish): "Has Miss Paschal sorted the mail yet?"

NELL: "I don't think Sister Rosa has sorted it yet."

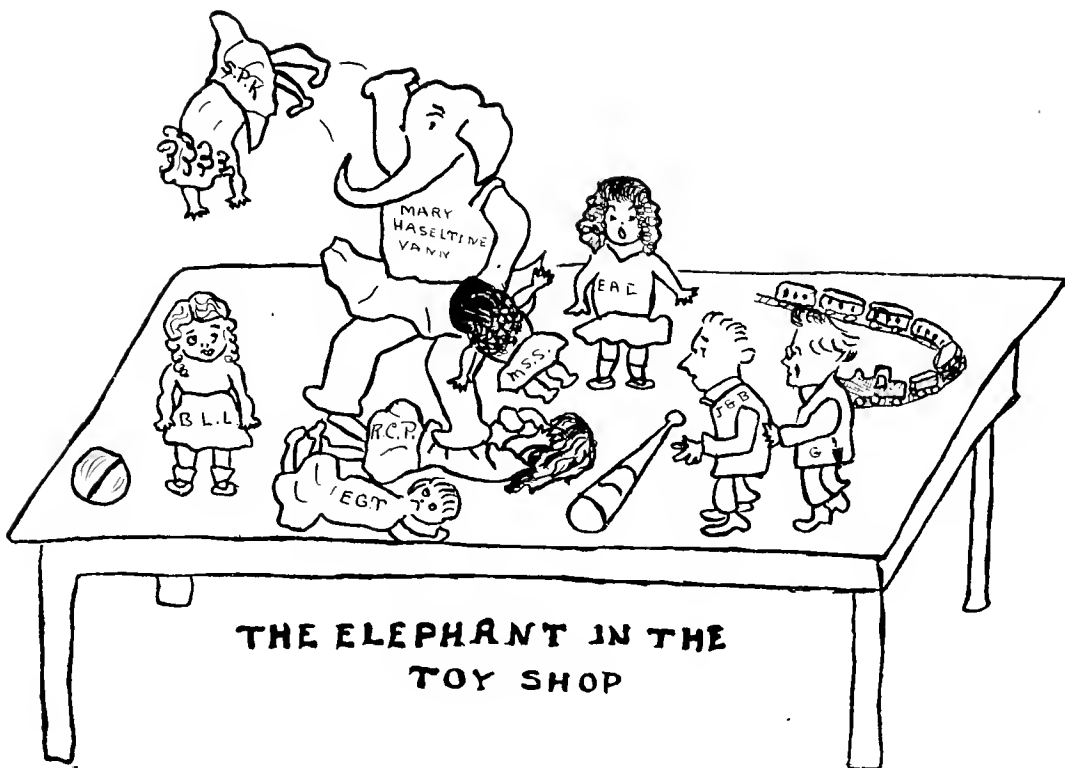
MAUDE: "Have the newish started that already?"

A. R. Caldwell explained elaborately in Soph. English: "In mythology Orpheus disobeyed Pluto and his wife, Eurydice, whom he was bringing from Hades, turned into a pillow of salt."

Elizabeth Royall, sarcastically to Sophomore, "No, I wouldn't disdain to go to your old Sophomore dinner."

“Which side won at the debate at W. F. C.?”
LILA D.: “The infinitive, of course; I knew it would.”

What Senior was it who asked Arthur to bring her a large tablespoon?



THE BULLETIN BOARD.

Go to it fearfully,
Scan it with care;
Thank your good stars if your
Name is not there.

PHYSIOLOGY CLASS (looking out of the window at the snow).

KATE J.: "This snow has smallpox germs in it."

SENIOR: "No it hasn't either—they don't have that in heaven."

ANNA N.: "Mary, where are you taking me?"

M. SNIDER: "To a meeting of the Student Government Association."

ANNA: "Well, I don't belong to that—I haven't joined anything like that."

There is a little boy who comes here to school,
And always he wears a red tie-er,
He's patience personified—that is, as a rule,
And his little name is Josiah.

A Senior was asked to settle a bill for W. Massey at Boylan-Pearce Company's, and upon inquiry found no such name on the book, but a Mrs. W. B. Massey was there. The clerk asked if that was the young lady's mother, whereupon the Senior frowned and said: "Let me see. I know her father's initials are W. B., but"—we are unable to find whether or not she settled the bill.

A. Mc. (speaking of Student Volunteer Conference meeting): "We saw five boys come out of Ada Briggs' window."

TONY B.: "Louise, who wrote Caesar?"

For next Wednesday you will be required to read either:
Brown—*American High School*,
Hollister—*High School Administration*, or
Da Garmo—*Essentials of Method*.

Look over the
Report of the Committee of Seven,
Report of the Committee of Eight,
Chubb—*The Teaching of English*,
Bourne—*The Teaching of History*.

Write to the Department of Education for the
Report on Preliminary Reorganization of Secondary Education.

Don't neglect:
The Teachers' Magazines,
The Educational Review (bound vols.)
U. S. Education Reports (indexed 1867-1907.)
School Reports and Courses of Study of various schools,
The School Review—paper for High Schools,
Journal of Educational Psychology,
Survey (required),

You must read:
High School Quarterly (fine!)
North Carolina School Bulletin,
North Carolina Education.

The Rural Problem is going to be the problem. Read:
Carver (one of best),
Horace Plunkett—*Rural Education*.

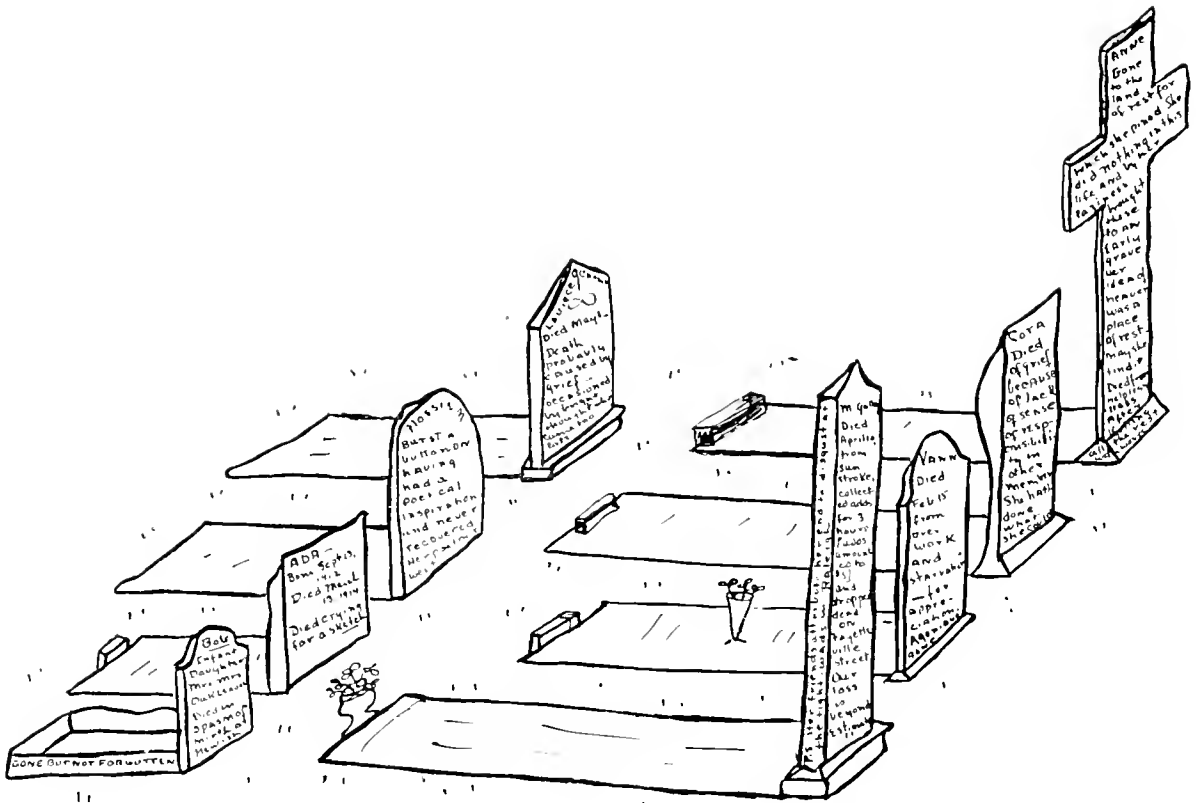
Be sure to use the
English Teacher's Magazine and the *History Teacher's Magazine*.

Also dip into
Gesue—*The Normal Child and Primary Education*,
The Psychological Review and Psychological Bulletin,
Miss Morley's Song of Life and Life and Love.
Class excused!



Education III

What Became of the Eds.





THE END

Register of Students: School of Liberal Arts

COLLEGE

Senior Class

ANDERSON, MEDA ELIZABETH.....	Mars Hill
BALLENTINE, LILLIAN MABEL.....	Cardenas
BENNETT, AGNES LOUISE.....	Middleburg
BENTON, EUNICE GERTRUDE.....	Monroe
BULLARD, SALLIE.....	Fayetteville
EDDINS, NORA PAGE.....	Palmerville
FARRIOR, MINNIE BRYAN.....	Raleigh
FLEMING, MYRTHA FRANCES.....	Raleigh
FUTRELL, LOUISE.....	Scotland Neck
GOSNEY, MINNIE STAMPS.....	Raleigh
GULLEY, MARGARET.....	Wake Forest
JONES, KATE BERNARD.....	Raleigh
MARTIN, SALLIE EMMA.....	Mount Airy
McKAUGHAN, ANNE PATRICIA.....	Norfolk, Va.
PERRY, OCALA DOROTHY.....	Elizabeth City
STONE, ALMA IRENE.....	Chapel Hill
TYNER, CORA LEIGH.....	Buies

Junior Class

ADAMS, HELEN.....	Newton
BEASLEY, ANTOINETTE.....	Monroe
GRAYSON, ALDA.....	Rutherfordton
HIGGS, MARGUERITE ANNIE.....	Greenville
HOWARD, VALERIA JOHNSON.....	Rosboro
JOHNSON, LOIS.....	Thomasville
JORDAN, SUSIE SPURGEON.....	Calvert
LINEBERRY, MARTHA BENNETT.....	Colerain
MARSHBANKS, FLOSSIE.....	Mars Hill
McKENZIE, ISABEL.....	Loris, S. C.
MULL, LOU BESSIE.....	Shelby
PAGE, LIDA HOWELL.....	Nelson
PEARCE, ALLIE ANN.....	Colerain
WATKINS, LOUISE FOURMAN.....	Goldsboro

Sophomore Class

ADAMS, ANGELINE ELIZABETH.....	Newton
BIGGERS, CAROLINE.....	Monroe

BRIGGS, ADA FLORA.....	Suffolk, Va.
CHAMBLISS, LAVIECE MAE.....	Wilson
COVINGTON, CORNELIA EVERMOND.....	Florence, S. C.
JONES, MARY WILLARD.....	Wingate
LAMM, DIXIE VANCE.....	Lucama
NEWTON, CLARA BARTON.....	Kerr
OSBORNE, KATHERINE ELURA.....	Clyde
PARKER, ELLA.....	Mount Gilead
REA, MARJORIE HELEN.....	New Bern
ROYSTER, ESTHER FRANCES.....	Henderson
THOMPSON, IRENE LILLIAN.....	Mount Airy
VANN, DOROTHY McDOWELL.....	Raleigh
WALL, IDA ETHEL.....	Wallburg
WALL, MARTHA CHRISTINA.....	Wallburg
WATKINS, SARAH KIRBY.....	Wake Forest
WHITAKER, GRACE ALINE.....	Horse Shoe

Freshman Class

ALDERMAN, ETHEL JANE.....	Delway
ALDERMAN, LUCY AGNES.....	Edenton
ASHCRAFT, ANNIE MAY.....	Monroe
BENTON, LENNA.....	Cary
BIRD, ROSELLA.....	Mount Olive
BLANCHARD, MILDRED SUE.....	Fuquay Springs
BRADSHER, MILDRED.....	Roxboro
BREWER, ELLEN DOZIER.....	Wake Forest
BROWN, ETHEL JAMES.....	Long Island
CAMPBELL, VIOLA ALLEN.....	Statesville
CARTER, AMY LEE.....	Asheville
CARTER, MATTIE MAY BRYAN.....	Asheville
CRAIG, ANNIE ELIZABETH.....	Monroe
DELLINGER, CORA EDNA.....	Shelby
DEW, TERESSA.....	Latta, S. C.
DRAUGHAN, ALEXANDRA.....	Dunn
EBBS, RUNDA BRYAN.....	Spring Creek
EDWARDS, CLOTA.....	Mars Hill
FOWLER, NELLIE BLAKE.....	Statesville
GADDY, CORA BESSIE.....	Wingate
GARVEY, MARGARET HILDA.....	Wilmington
GREENE, MINDA.....	Wakefield
GUIRKIN, CHLOE MARIE.....	Raleigh
HAMRICK, LUCY WRIGHT.....	Shelby
HEINZERLING, MYRTLE LOUISE.....	Statesville
HIGGS, LELIA SHIELDS.....	Greenville

HOCUTT, ROSA BEATRICE	Ashton
HOLDING, LOUISE COX	Wake Forest
JOHNSON, MARY LYNCH	Raleigh
JONES, MATTIE LILLIE	Wingate
JOYNER, NANCY ELIZABETH	Garysburg
KNOTT, SOPHIA JANE	Kinston
MAYNARD, MARGARET LILLIAN	Apex
MCINTOSH, ELMA LULA	Rockingham
McKENZIE, MARY	Loris, S. C.
McMURRAY, MARGARET HAMRICK	Shelby
MEDLIN, MARY WOODARD	Raleigh
MEMORY, MARY	Whiteville
MILLS, MINNIE	Wake Forest
NEWTON, ANNIE THOMAS	Durham
NIX, LUCILE	Shelby
NORWOOD, OMA CEOLA	Neuse
NYE, MARY THOMAS	Orrum
OSBORNE, MATTIE WOOD	Clyde
OWEN, MARY RUTH	Clarksville, Va.
PASCHAL, NELLIE ADELAIDE	Goldston
PHILLIPS, LUCILE	Durham
POPE, ANNIE LEE	Dunn
RAY, JANE NOAHLE	Raleigh
REDDISH, MARY LILLIAN	Raleigh
REYNOLDS, LULIE SNOW VIRGINIA	Raleigh
ROGERS, JANIE PEARLE	Stem
ROYALL, ELIZABETH	Wake Forest
SELLARS, BESSIE LEA	Burlington
SMITH, ETHEL	Ridgecrest
SMITH, MARY ANNIE	Shelby
SNIDER, MARY	Durham
SNOW, MAISIE FRANCES	Crutchfield
STANTON, BESSIE	Rowland
TABOR, BLANCHE	Raleigh
VANN, ELIZABETH ROGERS	Raleigh
WEBB, MURIEL ELODIE	Morehead City
WILLIAMS, MILDRED	Lumberton
WOOD, VIRGINIA PASCHAL	Holly Springs

Special Students

BUFFALOE, ETHEL HICKS	Raleigh
WIGGS, BERTHA SCARBORO	Raleigh

Register of Students: Academy

Academy IV

AYDLETT, HELEN BYRD.....	Pasquotank
BAILEY, BEULAH MAE.....	Johnston
BARNES, ANDREW VIRGINIA.....	Robeson
BARNES, BERTHA.....	Robeson
BEASLEY, HARRIET STEWART.....	Union
BROOKS, HELEN VESTA.....	Halifax
DEKLE, ALLIE MAY.....	Georgia
DOVER, LILA ELIZABETH.....	Cleveland
HAMRICK, ELAINE MARY.....	Cleveland
HARDISON, ETHEL.....	Johnston
HARRILL, NELLIE MAY.....	Lincoln
HOOVER, SHASTA ALICE.....	Lincoln
JORDAN, ANNIE SILTON.....	Transylvania
MITCHELL, ZEULA CLYDE.....	Franklin
NIX, LUCILE.....	Cleveland
OLIVE, GRACE CARLTON.....	Wake
PEARSON, ETHEL RUTH.....	Wake
SMITH, MARY ANNIE.....	Cleveland
TOWNSEND, ANNIE LOUISE.....	Robeson
WILLIAMS, RUBY OVESSA.....	Robeson

Academy III

BALLENTINE, LILLIAN DOROTHY	Nash
BAUCOM, LILLIAN IRENE	Wake
BARRETT, MARY ELIZABETH	Anson
BYRD, MARY	Chatham
CONYERS, SARA WILLIS	Franklin
FARRIOR, HESTER PICKETT	Wake
FIELDS, VELLA VERREGIN	Alleghany
FREEMAN, JANIE CATHERINE	Nash
GRIFFIN, LILY PEARL	Nash
GRIMES, ADDIE LEIGH	Pitt
HARRIELL, LILLIAN ELIZABETH	Halifax
HEINZERLING, AMY ANDERSON	Iredell
HUNTER, MALVINA ELIZABETH	Wake
JONES, ADDIE GARNETT	Person
LINKHAW, MARIE ELLEN	Robeson
OSBORNE, MATTIE KATHERINE	Haywood
PAGE, ALYCE	Robeson
SMITH, GRACE FINLEY	Buncombe
STEWART, VADA	Harnett
VERNON, CARRIE SUE	Alamance
WEST, MARY EVELYN	Delaware
WHITE, MARY MELISSA	Guilford
WRIGHT, JANIE HAZEL	Anson

Academy II

ADAMS, EUGENIA SWIFT.....	Guilford
ALLRED, NETTIE KAPP.....	Surry
AYERS, BESSIE JANE.....	Robeson
FISHER, CROSBY.....	Sampson
HARRISON, EVA RUTH.....	Wake
HEILIG, PAULINE ESTELLE.....	Buncombe
HINTON, BESSIE SEAWELL.....	Wake
HOLLOWELL, SALLIE MAE.....	Hertford
LOWRY, ANNIE MAY.....	Wake
LOWRY, CARRIE BELLE.....	Wake
MASSEY, WILLIE.....	Franklin
MYATT, MILDRED PERRY.....	Wake
O'NEAL, EMMA ETHEL.....	Johnston
PARTIN, CHARITY ANNE.....	Wake
TALTON, SALLIE HOLMES.....	Johnston
WARDEN, MARGARET EFFIE.....	Alleghany
WOODLEY, ANNIE ESTELLE.....	Tyrrell

Academy I

HARTGE, GRETCHEN EMIL.....	Wake
PIERCE, MARY GARRETT.....	Bertie
TYREE, IRENE OWENS.....	Wake



Register of Students: School of Art

Sophomore Class

BRADSHIER, EDNA EARLE Roxboro
 EDDINS, LOLA VANN Palmerville

Freshman Class

MORGAN, HASSIE MAY Waynesville

Special Students

ALLRED, NETTIE Surry County
 BAUCOM, LILLIAN Raleigh
 BALLENTINE, LILLIAN Nash County
 GRAYSON, ALDA Rutherfordton
 GRIMES, ADDIE LEIGH Pitt County
 HEINZERLING, AMY Statesville
 HOLLOWELL, SALLIE Aulander
 VERNON, CARRIE SUE Alamance County
 WEST, EVELYN Delaware
 WHITE, MARY High Point

Art Only

BRASSFIELD, LUCY Neuse
 DORTCH, ELIZABETH Raleigh
 ETHRIDGE, MISS Selma
 GILBERT, Mrs. ROSA BAUGHAM Raleigh
 MACDONALD, JANET Raleigh
 MADDRY, Mrs. CHAS. E. Raleigh
 REYNOLDS, INEZ Raleigh
 SIMPKINS, HALLIE Raleigh
 SCHWARTZ, HENRIETTA Raleigh
 YATES, Mrs. ETHEL WEATHERS Raleigh



Register of Students: School of Music

Senior Class

DELOATCHE, MARY ELIOSE.....	Norfolk, Va.
DIXON, LALA LUCY.....	Siler City
ELLIOTT, MARY ALMA.....	Mackey's Ferry
GOUGH, CAROLINE MELKE.....	Lumberton
GRIMMER, MAE FRANCES.....	Cape Charles, Va.
JOHNSON, KATHERINE CAMPBELL.....	Thomasville
KNOWLES, KATHERINE PARKER.....	Mount Olive

Junior Class

BEST, ANNALEE.....	Warsaw
CALDWELL, ANNIE RUTH.....	Lumberton
HALL, MAUDE ESTELLE.....	Fayetteville
MCINTYRE, MILDRED.....	Lumberton
TOMLINSON, ELIZABETH COLEMAN.....	Fayetteville

Sophomore Class

BELL, LORNA HELEN.....	Wakefield
CAMPBELL, BESSIE PEARSON.....	Buie's Creek
FLOYD, WRENNIE.....	Fairmont
LANE, EVA MAUD.....	Clio, S. C.
LUNN, SARAH ISABELLE.....	Timmonsville, S. C.
NORRIS, ELIA RAND.....	Holly Springs
OLIVER, LUCY AMELIA.....	Mount Olive
POPE, MARGARET MARY.....	Dunn
PRIDGEN, ROBERTA ELIZABETH.....	Kinston
PRUETTE, MARY OLIVIA.....	Charlotte
WILLIAMS, CLYDE ORMA.....	Kenansville

Freshman Class

BEST, ALDINE.....	Warsaw
BRIDGER, MAMIE LOVE.....	Bladenboro
BRITT, EUNICE STANSEL.....	Lumberton
COX, BLANCHE BUNYAN.....	Winterville
FERRELL, MARY LOIS.....	Raleigh
GADDY, MATTIE.....	Wingate
GORDAN, CORINNE PARK.....	Baskerville, Va.
HARRIS, ROXIE PEBBLES.....	Mapleville

HAYNES, GRACE ADELAIDE.	Mount Airy
HENDREN, MARY ELIZABETH.	Chadbourn
HERRING, EFFIE MAE.	Aulander
HOCUTT, NAOMI.	Graham
HOLLAND, FANNIE NERATA.	Apex
JOHNSON, SALLIE MAE.	Delway
KENDALL, MAY FRANCES.	Shelby
KEYES, ANNA ROSE.	Raleigh
MCINTOSH, SARAH OTHELLO.	Rockingham
MILLER, ETHEL JULIA.	Rowland
MOSS, KATHLEEN.	Castalia
NEAL, JOSIE.	Monroe
OWEN, GRACE BALDWIN.	Mints
PAGE, NELLIE RUTH.	Nelson
PARKER, IRENE WELLER.	Rocky Mount
WALL, CLAUDIA MAY.	Wallburg
WELLS, MARY CAROLINE.	Wallace
WIGGS, ESTELLE THOMAS.	Raleigh

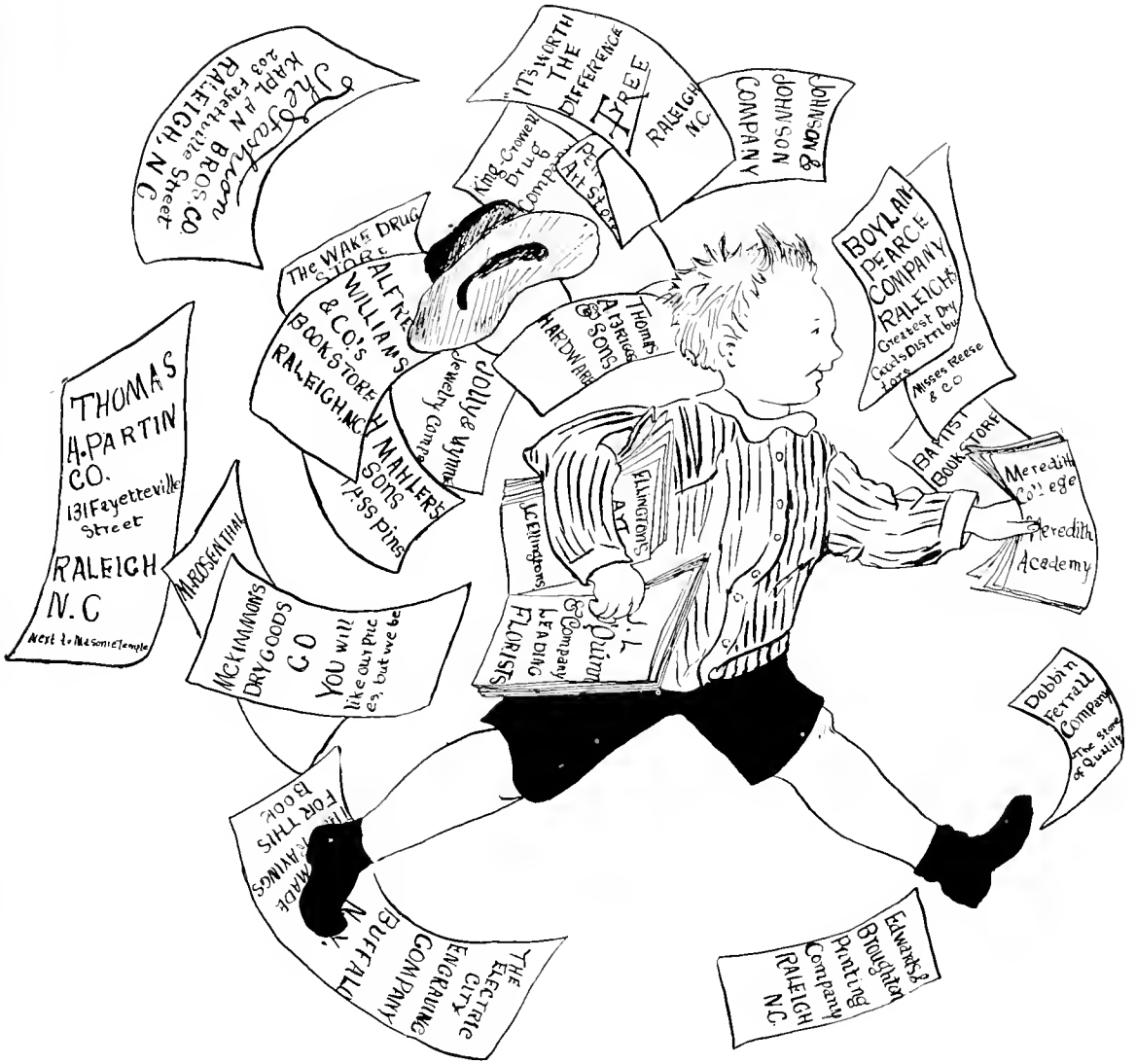
Irregular Students

DEATON, MARY RUTH.	Troy
FALES, LOTTIE PEARL.	Wilmington
NORFLEET, HONTAS ZULIAM.	Norfolk, Va.
NORFLEET, NANNIE CULLEN.	Norfolk, Va.
POTEAU, HELEN PUREFOY.	Wake Forest

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BRUNER, MRS. ELI MURRAY.	Raleigh
BRYANT, GRACE LILLIAN.	Raleigh
CAMP, JAMES LEONIDAS, JR.	Franklin, Va.
CLARK, MAJORIE LOUISE.	Raleigh
COOKE, OZA LEE.	Franklinton
COOPER, MARY LOUISE.	Raleigh
DEWAR, GLADYS.	Raleigh
DOWELL, MRS. HORACE KIRBY.	Raleigh
EDWARDS, MARGARET ALICE.	Raleigh
EGERTON, LAURA.	Asheville
FARRELL, CHARLES.	Winston-Salem
FAUCETTE, MARGARET.	Raleigh
FERRELL, ETHEL.	Raleigh

FERRELL, INEZ.....	Raleigh
FUTRELL, ELIZABETH MARY.....	Scotland Neck
GLASCOCK, MRS. HAROLD.....	Raleigh
HABEL, MARGARET ROYSTER.....	Raleigh
HIGHSMITH, ANNIE.....	Fayetteville
HOLMAN, BERTHA BELO.....	Raleigh
HOLLOWAY, EDNA EARLE.....	Raleigh
HOLLOWAY, ELIZABETH ADA.....	Raleigh
HUNTER, CALLIE JACKSON.....	Raleigh
JONES, LUCY PENELOPE.....	Raleigh
JORDAN, ROBERT ALLEN.....	Dunn
KELLY, SARAH PAULINE.....	Darlington, S. C.
KING, MARGIE.....	Raleigh
LANNEAU, LOUISE COX.....	Wake Forest
LOVING, JULIETTE.....	Fayetteville
MCCORKLE, ESTELLE.....	Raleigh
MINOR, EVA.....	Durham
MIZZEL, EVIE LEIGH.....	Raleigh
OLIVER, MRS. MARGARET.....	Raleigh
PARK, FRANCES CAROLINE.....	Raleigh
PEARSON, IVA LANIER.....	Dunn
PENNY, RUBY GENEVIEVE.....	Garner
POOLE, FRANCES BELLE.....	Clayton
POOLE, JARVIS JELMAN.....	Wake Forest
RAY, BESSIE.....	Raleigh
RAY, MARY SUMTER.....	Raleigh
RAY, RUTH BRICKELL.....	Raleigh
ROGERS, ANNIE THOMPSON.....	Raleigh
ROOK, MRS. NETTIE RODWELL.....	Cary
SIMMS, MRS. VIRGINIA EGERTON.....	Raleigh
SMITH, RICE.....	Raleigh
SORRELL, LETTIE ETHEL.....	Raleigh
THOMPSON, THEODORA.....	Raleigh
UPCHURCH, MAUDE LEE.....	Apex
VANN, MARY HASSELLTINE.....	Aulander
WATSON, FANNIE LOUINE.....	Fayetteville
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