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RALEIGH, N. C.



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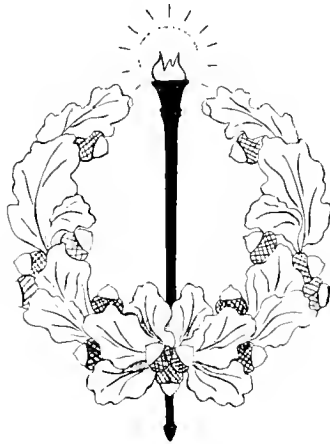




1916

# OAK LEAVES

VOL. 13 — MCMXVI



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

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ART DEPARTMENT AND STUDENTS

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EDWARDS & BROUGHTON PRINTING COMPANY  
RALEIGH, N. C.



91653

THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

TO

**Richard Tilman Vann**

FOR FIFTEEN YEARS PRESIDENT OF MEREDITH COLLEGE, AND  
KNOWN TO HER STUDENTS AS A FORCEFUL PREACHER  
THEIR HONORED, SYMPATHETIC AND FAITHFUL FRIEND  
WORKING EFFECTUALLY BECAUSE OF STRONG FAITH  
IN HIS LORD AND BECAUSE HE EVER SAW THE  
STAR OF GREATER AND MORE GLORIOUS  
PROMISE GLIMMERING AHEAD



DR. R. T. VANN

## Richard Tilman Vann

In the fall of 1899 the doors of Meredith College were for the first time opened to students. At the close of this first year, the president having resigned, it was necessary to elect a new president. In this crucial time in the life of the college the trustees, with singular unanimity, turned to Dr. Richard Tilman Vann, at that time pastor of Scotland Neck Baptist Church.

Dr. Vann was born November 24, 1851. He was educated at Wake Forest College and the Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky. During his years at the Seminary he assisted Rev. Thomas Dixon in evangelistic meetings in Cleveland County. This association and experience proved most valuable training for his future work. All who have ever heard Dr. Vann know he is a charming preacher and engaging platform speaker. He has the power of adapting himself to any kind of congregation and is equally at home in a fashionable city pulpit or under a brush arbor at a district association.

During his Wake Forest pastorate he was also secretary of the Education Board, which kept him in touch with the colleges as well as the churches.

His work as a pastor was singularly successful. No pastor was ever better loved. The devotion of the people to him was rare, attesting always his wise and loving guidance. So it was with an aching heart that Dr. Vann considered the call to Meredith. He protested that he was not a school man, yet his long and varied experience proved a splendid preparation for the new work.

For fifteen years Dr. Vann guided the destinies of the college with marked ability. When he entered upon the presidency the college property consisted of a half square upon which stood two buildings. The college now owns almost the entire block and eight buildings.

At the beginning of Dr. Vann's administration there was no endowment and a debt of \$35,000 on the property. This debt has been raised and an endowment of \$121,431 has been accumulated.

All the while Dr. Vann was gathering around him an unusually strong faculty, and the standard of the college has been steadily raised.

In the vital welfare of the people Dr. Vann has always maintained a deep and enthusiastic interest. He has had a prominent part in the work of the Anti-Saloon League. When the Webb-Kenyon bill was introduced he went to Washington and made a telling speech in its behalf. In 1914, when the constitutional amendment to require the reading of the Bible in the public schools was before the Legislature, Dr. Vann strongly opposed it—allying himself always on the side of religious liberty.

At the Baptist State Convention in 1914 a board of education was established, and again an executive head was needed. The choice fell on Dr. Vann as the man best fitted for the work. He pleaded unfitness, but finally yielded and accepted the new responsibilities with characteristic consecration and faithfulness.

It is impossible to estimate the worth of a man like Dr. Vann, for his greatest and most enduring work cannot be told in facts and figures. It is found in those lives he has strengthened and sent on with a new and clearer vision of life and with a new courage.

The following tribute to our *Alma Mater* hymn is found in the resolutions adopted by the trustees when Dr. Vann's resignation was accepted:

“The beautiful college hymn, the words and music of which he composed, will be a tender tie binding the name of Richard Tilman Vann to Meredith College through all the coming years. We trust that his voice on many occasions, in the future as in the past, may add melody to this heart-thrilling song.”

# Faculty

## School of Liberal Arts

CHARLES EDWARD BREWER, A.M., Ph.D.

Wake Forest College, A.M.; Graduate Student Johns Hopkins University; Cornell University, Ph.D.

*President*

ROSA CATHERINE PASCHAL, A.B.

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

*Lady Principal*

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Colgate University; University of Chicago

*Dean—Professor of Natural Science*

SUSAN ELIZABETH YOUNG, A.M.

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

*Professor of Modern Languages*

ELIZABETH DELIA DIXON-CARROLL, M.D.

Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary

*Professor of Physiology—College Physician*

ELIZABETH AVERY COLTON, B.S., A.M.

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

*Professor of English*

MARY SHANNON SMITH, A.B., A.M.

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

Columbia University, A.M.

*Professor of History and Education*



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Furman University, A.B.; Harvard University, A.M.; Newton Theological Institution, B.D.;  
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*Professor of Bible and Philosophy*

MARY HASSELTINE VANN, A.B.  
Cornell University, A.B.  
*Professor of Mathematics*

HELEN HULL LAW, A.B., A.M.,  
Vassar College, A.B., A.M.  
*Professor of Latin*

MRS. KATHERINE PARKER FREEMAN, A.B., B.S.  
Meredith College, A.B.; Simmons College, B.S.  
*Professor of Home Economics*

MARIE WHITE, B.S.  
Simmons College, B.S.  
*Associate Professor of Home Economics*

KATHERINE CAMPBELL JOHNSON  
Meredith College Diploma  
*Instructor in English*

### **School of Art**

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

MISS FLOSSIE NOBLE  
Student at Chowan College; Student of Mrs. Martin, Washington, D. C.  
*Instructor in China Painting*

## School of Music

### ALBERT MILDENBERG

Pupil of Rafael Joseffy, New York; Jules Massenet, Conservatoire de Paris; Otto Herman,  
Royal Conservatory of Berlin; Lechetisky, Vienna; Puccini, Milan;  
G. Sgambati, Royal St. Caecilia of Music, Rome  
*Professor of Musical Analysis*

### HELEN MARIE DAY

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

### CHARLOTTE RUEGGER

First Prize with Highest Distinction in Violin, Royal Conservatory, Brussels; Under Jean  
Baptiste Colyus; Special Violin Pupil of Caesar Thompson. Florian Tajic;  
Six First Prizes in Royal Conservatory, Brussels; Under P. A. Gevaerx,  
Edgar Tinel and Emilla Huberti.  
*Professor of Violin and Theoretical Work*

### MARY ELIZABETH FUTRELL

Certificate in Piano, Meredith College School of Music; Artist's and Teacher's Diploma, New  
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*Professor of Piano*

### HARIETTE LOUISA DAY

Pupil of Mrs. Humphrey Allen; Arthur J. Hubbard, Boston; Mme. Matza von Niesson  
Stone, Berlin  
*Associate Professor of Voice Culture*

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Certificate in Piano Meredith College School of Music; Pupil New England Conservatory of Music  
*Instructor in Piano*

### MRS. WILLIAM JASPER FERRELL

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of Burrows Kindergarten School; Graduate of Dunning Kindergarten School  
*Instructor in Music Pedagogy*

### KAREN ANN ELLINGTON POOLE

Diploma in Voice, Meredith College School of Music  
*Instructor in Voice*

## Officers of Administration

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

*Bursar*

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Graduate of St. Mary's School; State Normal College; Special Student of Physical Training  
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*Director of Physical Education*

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*Nurse*

ESTHER FRANCES ROYSTER

*Student Assistant in the Library*

ALBERTA NEWTON BROWN

*Student Assistant in Physical Education*

## Editorial

"I wonder," said the oak tree, with joyous anticipation as signs of spring could be felt in the atmosphere, "how soon my new leaves will begin to grow and I shall be covered with their throbbing pulsating life."

"*New!*" flippantly exclaimed the high board fence, which stood near—"as if every spring you didn't have the same pert looking leaves. All OAK LEAVES are the same—just a plain green leaf"—he jubilantly concluded.

At which remark the oak tree gave him one of her most scathing, scornful glances. "Then *that* is all you know! The *shape*, the *size* and the *name* do stay practically the same through the years, but for intelligent people who can appreciate the best, there is every year found in OAK LEAVES a new spirit and a deeper significance. The markings on the leaf don't mean anything to you, but it is the *Life* which they represent that makes people always so glad to welcome OAK LEAVES back in the springtime. But then a *fence* can't understand how disappointments, pain and happiness are all found in OAK LEAVES. If you—"

"Oh, well," responded the *board* fence, "I suppose it is just a matter of taste. *I* prefer green paint for my adornment to fussy green OAK LEAVES."



Brown



Thompson



Covington



Joyney

# OAK LEAVES



Holding



Ashcraft



Bradshy



Josey

16



Haynes



OUR PRESIDENT

# The Classes

## Alma Mater

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

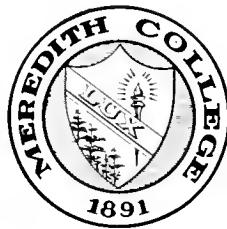
Thou hast come through tribulations, and thy robe is clean and white;  
Thou art fairer than the summer in its bloom.  
Thou art born unto a kingdom, and thy crown is all of light;  
Thou shalt smile away the shadow and the gloom.

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

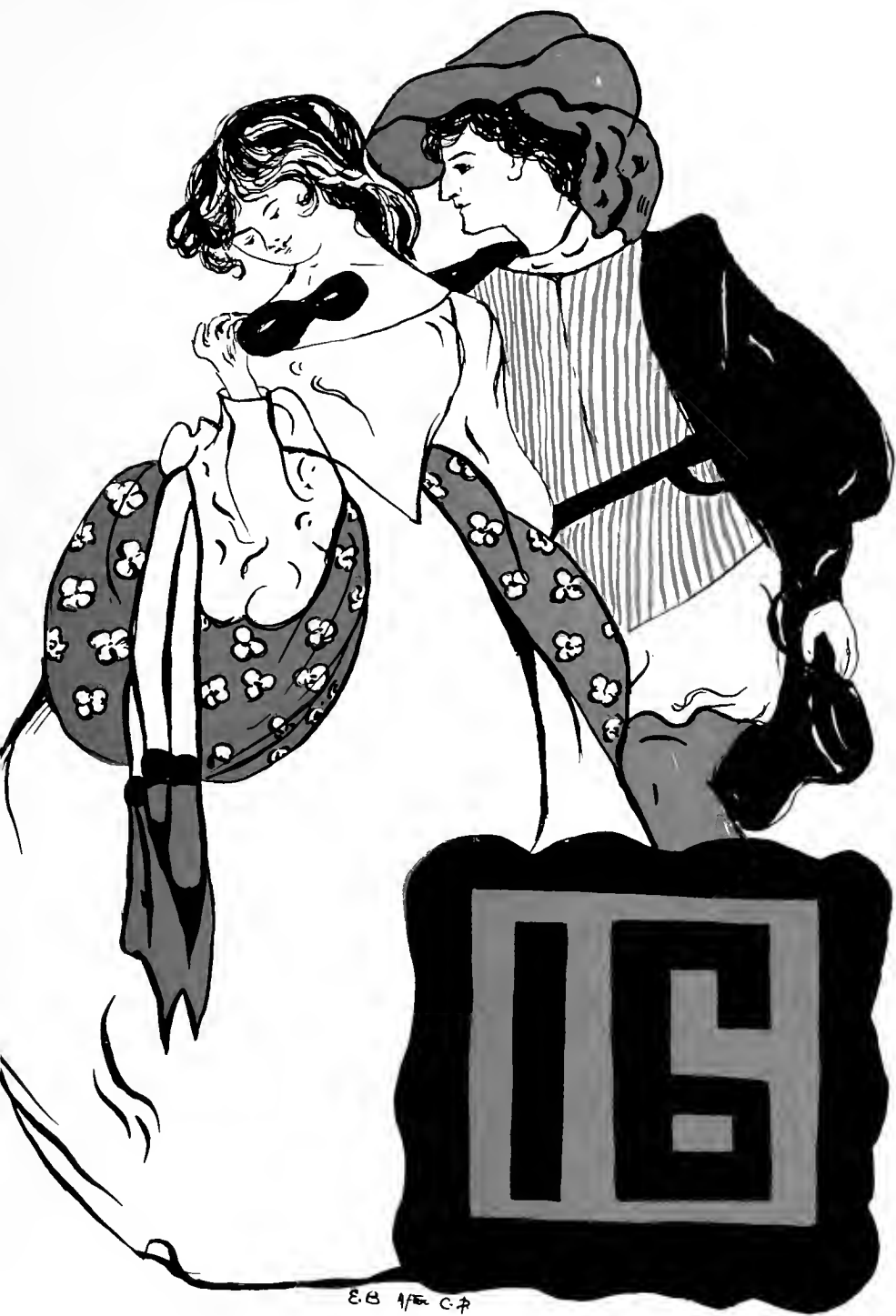
Where the rhododendron blushes on the burly mountain's breast,  
In the midland where the wild deer love to roam;  
Where the water lily slumbers while the cypress guards its rest—  
Is the sunny land of promise and thy home.

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

R. T. VANN







E.B. 1/16 C.7

# Senior Class

COLOR: Blue

FLOWER: Hydrangea

MASCOT: Bluebird

## Officers

MARTHA CHRISTINE WALL.....	<i>President</i>
MARY LOIS FERRELL.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
EUNICE STANSEL BRITT.....	<i>Secretary</i>
ANNE OLIVIA KENT.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
ESTHER FRANCES ROYSTER.....	<i>Historian</i>
CORNELIA EVERMOND COVINGTON.....	<i>Testator</i>
IRENE LILLIAN THOMPSON.....	<i>Prophet</i>
ALBERTA NEWTON BROWN.....	<i>Poet</i>

## Members

EDNA BRADSHER  
EUNICE BRITT  
ALBERTA BROWN  
BESSIE CAMPBELL  
CORNELIA COVINGTON  
VANN EDDINS  
MARY FERRELL  
NELL FOWLER

CORRINE GORDON  
MAYSIE HENDREN  
OLIVE KENT  
EVA LANE  
CLARA NEWTON  
ELIA NORRIS  
RUTH OWEN  
ELLA PARKER

IRENE PARKER  
MARY PRUETTE  
ESTHER ROYSTER  
CORA SAWYER  
IRENE THOMPSON  
DOROTHY VANN  
IDA WALL  
MARTHA WALL



EDNA EARLE BRADSHER  
Roxboro, N. C.

*Infantile art, divinely artless.*

Among her other admirable traits, one stands out preëminently—her frankness. She is the smallest in stature of our class, but this is one case where fitness truly compensateth size. She is our clever art editor, and so when you behold the OAK LEAVES' color plates, think of her. There is no member of the Senior Class more worthily loved for her sincerity, never-failing pleasantness and true, fine courage.

- Treasurer Sophomore Class.....'13-'14
- College Usher.....'13-'14
- Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.....'14-'15
- Secretary Philaretian Society.....'14-'15
- Vice-President Junior Class.....'14-'15
- Art Editor OAK LEAVES.....'15-'16
- Member Philaretian Society.





EUNICE STANSEL BRITT  
Lumberton, N. C.

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

She has the distinction of being the only girl in the class who we know is absolutely for certain . . . . But this is not supposed to be an announcement party. Anyway such a wholesome, attractive, sensible person ought to be valuable as a doctor's assistant. Then, too, she can soothe the doctor's cares away with enchanting melodies.

- College Choir . . . . . '12-'16
- Y. W. C. A. Cabinet . . . . . '14-'15
- Philaretian Quartette . . . . . '15-'16
- Secretary Senior Class . . . . . '15-'16
- College Usher . . . . . '15-'16
- Member Philaretian Society.





ALBERTA NEWTON BROWN

Asheville, N. C.

*The cheerful grin  
Will let you in  
Where the kicker is never seen.*

Bert—*pert, a flirt, and altogether adorable.* In short, she was voted the Best All-round girl in school. On occasions when the Senior reputation for originality has been at stake she has always risen gracefully to the demand for something truly cute. She knows more huge words than anybody in school, and one is really not safe around her without his pocket edition of Webster. *Mirabile dictu!* Bert is a suffragette, and yet succeeds wonderfully in reaching the *solar plexus* of the masculine gender where, in Dr. Dixon parlance, lies the seat of man's affections.

- College Choir.....'12-'16
- Basketball Team.....'11-'12, '14-'15
- Editor OAK LEAVES.....'11-'14
- College Usher.....'12-'13
- President Sophomore Class.....'12-'13
- Secretary Athletic Association.....'12-'13
- Sponsor Wake Forest Junior Class.....'15
- Poet Junior Class.....'14-'15
- President Athletic Association.....'14-'15
- Associate Editor OAK LEAVES.....'14-'15
- Basketball Coach.....'16
- Poet Senior Class.....'16
- Editor-in-Chief OAK LEAVES.....'16
- President Philaretian Society.....'15-'16





BESSIE PEARSON CAMPBELL

Buies Creek, N. C.

*What fairy-like music steals over the sea  
Entrancing our hearts with charmed melody.*

We could truly say she is a "chip off the block," and mean by that ambiguous statement that she is truly worthy to be her father's own daughter. It has been predicted that before many years have fled she will have her place among the Madame Schmitzers and other artists. She possesses that indefinable thing called charm, which unconsciously wins the love of friends and the admiration of acquaintances.

- President Freshman Class.....'12-'13
- College Choir.....'12-'16
- College Usher.....'15-'16
- Sponsor W. F. C. Buies Creek Club.....'15-'16
- Member Astrotekton Society.





CORNELIA EVERMOND COVINGTON  
 Florence, S. C.

*I will put a girdle 'round the earth in forty minutes.*

Besides proficiency in many lines Nell is an expert in two things—telling jokes and doing stunts in gym. But whatever she does it is done with so much vim and pep, that it is always a go, whether it be getting ads. for OAK LEAVES or planning a Y. W. C. A. social. Wherever you put her as a leader or chum she is pure sterling. She is the happy possessor of the faculty's genuine liking as well as that of the girls, which is a lucky combination.

- College Orchestra.....'11-'16
- Sponsor Wake Forest Freshman Class... '13-'14
- Secretary Athletic Association.....'13-'14
- Winner of Monogram..... '14
- Vice-President Athletic Association.....'14-'15
- Junior Editor OAK LEAVES.....'14-'15
- Basketball Team.....'15-'16
- Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.....'15-'16
- Testator Senior Class..... '16
- Business Manager OAK LEAVES.....'15-'16
- President Astrotekton Society.....'15-'16





LOLA VANN EDDINS  
Palmerville, N. C.

*'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true  
As for the grass to be green or the skies to be  
blue.*

That is the way we feel about Vann—that to be good is her “natural way of living.” She is all artist—even her hair, eyes and manner suggest the artistic—and to be with her is always comforting. With all of this she is thoroughly human, loves a good time, loves you and you love her.

Art Editor OAK LEAVES..... '13-'15  
Member Astrotekton Society.







MARY LOIS FERRELL  
Raleigh, N. C.

*For dear to me as light and life  
Was my sweet Highland Mary.*

Although her habitat is in the City of Oaks, so we can't give an affidavit concerning any individual peculiarities, we know her sufficiently to appreciate this misfortune as well as her musical genius. Her "boarding place" has not lessened her interest in class affairs—and what Senior does not even yet hold in her heart the memory of the time when she took us to the movies, and on her tongue the taste of the aftermath.

College Choir.....'11-'16  
Vice-President Senior Class.....'15-'16  
Member Astrotekton Society.





NELLIE BLAKE FOWLER  
Wilkesboro, N. C.

*I am not of that feather to shake off  
A friend when he most needs me.*

For a person with such wonderful ideals and standards of living we fear for her, as she will see the world transgress and disregard her theories of right living. But no matter what situation she comes up against the gods cannot conceive of her ever sacrificing one bit of her idealism. Sincerity is her slogan. But we will cease our eulogizing for fear she won't be sufficiently impressed with it, since Solomon had not met her when he said "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

- Member Basketball Team . . . . . '13-'16
- Captain Freshman Team . . . . . '13-'14
- Sophomore Editor *Acorn* . . . . . '14-'15
- President Athletic Association . . . . . '15-'16
- Member Astrotekton Society.





CORINNE PARK GORDON  
Baskerville, Va.

*Who as they sang would take the prisoned soul  
And lay in Elysium.*

A Main Building House President, and still loved! After that—all other remarks would sound tame. Another reason for her popularity is her philanthropic propensities—rescuing her starving sisters with Virginia ham and chicken. It was her Freshman English theme, dealing with the anti-fat question, which first gained her fame and made her good disposition proverbial.

College Choir.....'13-'16  
F. A. T. Basketball Team.....'13-'14  
Secretary Junior Class.....'14-'15  
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.....'15-'16  
Philaretian Quartette.....'15-'16  
Treasurer Philaretian Society.....'15-'16  
House President.





MARY ELIZABETH HENDREN  
Chadbourn, N. C.

*Why thus longing, thus forever sighing  
For the far-off, unattained and dim?*

She has done two remarkable things—maintained an enthusiastic loyalty to her work and to the neighboring institution, A. & M., and finished in three years! That is hard to believe after hearing her splendid recital! If patience, willingness to help and a good disposition are assets, she will be a corking success in the do, ra, mi, fa world.

College Choir	-----	'14-'16
Junior Editor <i>Acorn</i>		'14-'15
Vice-President Philaretian Society		'15-'16
Member Philaretian Society.		





ANNE OLIVIA KENT  
Lenoir, N. C.

*All things he seemed to understand  
Of old or new, on sea or land.*

Davenport, like Chowan two years ago, had a hunch and sent to dwell in our midst one of the best students in the class. She can't quite subdue her loyalty to her first love, but we believe she will be a steady supporter of this Alma Mater in the years to come. She believes and follows consistently the motto of her State, *Esse quam videri*.

Secretary Philaretian Society.....'15-'16  
Treasurer Senior Class.....'15-'16  
Member Philaretian Society.





EVA MAUD LANE  
Auburn, N. C.

*Domestic happiness, thou only bliss of Paradise  
that has survived the fall.*

Eva has the distinction of being *la plus petite* member of the Senior Class. We never dreamed she would come back to us except on her honeymoon, but we are deeply grateful to Cupid for the extended loan. But, had it been for more than one year, we fear he would not have been so obliging. Eva is one of the few Seniors who doesn't have to bother her brain about a "job," for next year or the next, or . . . .

College Choir. . . '12-'16  
House President. . '13-'14  
Y.W.C.A. Cabinet. '13-'14  
Chaplain Astrotekton Society.  
Member Astrotekton Society.





CLARA BARTON NEWTON  
Kerr, N. C.

*He most lives*

*Who thinks most, feels the noblest and acts the best.*

True to the religious trend of her ancestors, she is electing Bibles, "ologies" and "isms." With this knowledge in her heart and an inherent love for the true and beautiful, we fear for her when a preacher comes searching for a helpmeet. We hope, however, her good record in the past will ward away all such catastrophes.

Secretary Freshman Class.....'12-'13  
Treasurer Junior Class.....'14-'15  
Assistant Business Manager *Acorn*.....'15-'16  
Member Astrotekton Society.





ELIA RAND NORRIS  
Holly Springs, N. C.

*A kind and gentle heart he had  
To comfort friends and foes.*

Ministerial sponsor, and we fear the goodness of her heart and her natural inclinations have destined her also for a minister's—assistant! If so, our heartiest felicitations are that she may be sustained in all trials and tribulations. We could predict nothing better than that her work in the future will be as successful as her four years in college have been.

- Basketball Team . . . . . '12-'15
- College Choir . . . . . '14-'16
- Y. W. C. A Cabinet . . . . . '14-'15
- Vice-President Student Government . . . . '14-'15
- Secretary Y. W. C. A. . . . .
- Member Astrotekton Society.







MARY RUTH OWEN  
 Clarksville, Va.

*He builded better than he knew,  
 The conscious stone to beauty grew.*

Who of us has not joyfully laid aside Education II or the beloved *Tragedy* to listen to Ruth's contagious laugh in the "Junior-Senior" room? This will be sadly missed in the years to come. Excellent work and faithfulness have characterized her college life. She has her own opinions, reliable ones, which she expresses, regardless of contradiction.

- Basketball Team.....'13-'16
- House President of Cottages.....'14-'16
- Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.....'14-'15
- Captain Basketball Team.....'15-'16
- Chairman Sorosis.....'15-'16
- President Y. W. C. A.....'15-'16
- Member Philaretian Society.





ELLA PARKER  
Mt. Gilead, N. C.

*It is good  
To lengthen to the last a sunny mood.*

This is one truly "educated" Senior! With two education courses in her head, how could she be otherwise? Pedagogical forebodings have had quite a cheery effect on her, for she can see a humorous turn even in the "prospective teacher" proposition. Alas! According to the "green seat" in the back parlor . . . That's out of our line, however. We were trying to make the remark that her wholesome and resourceful disposition and genuine liking for folks will come in convenient whatever she does.

- College Choir . . . . . '12-'16
- Winner of Bowling Medal . . . . . '14
- Chairman Philaretian Room Committee. '14-'15
- Basketball Team . . . . . '14-'16
- Philaretian Society Quartette . . . . . '15-'16
- Member Philaretian Society.





IRENE WELLER PARKER

Rocky Mount, N. C.

*First then a woman will or won't, depend on't;  
If she will do't, she will, and there's an end on't.*

She wandered afar off once to a sister institution, but found there was no use trying. Meredith was the best for her trilling and warbling; so she came back to delight the hearts of the natives. She is a genius for finding bargains down town, and knowing the genuine article when she sees it. Irene surely has the strength of her convictions, and in her you may find all the qualities of a true friend.

- College Choir.....'12-'16
- Chief Marshal Philaretian Society..... '15
- College Usher.....'15-'16
- Member Philaretian Society.





MARY OLIVIA PRUETTE  
Charlotte, N. C.

*She grew to womanhood  
And between whiles  
Rejected several suitors—  
Just to learn how to accept a better in his turn.*

Who else could treat the faculty like old college chums—discuss the price of calico with the president of the Southern Association of Colleges (for) Women, and yet have at the same time their love and admiration? She can manage the head off you, but in such a tactful, pleasant way, you wish she'd manage you some more. For a fine combination of aesthetic and sensible sense we take off our hats to her.

Sophomore Class President	
Chief Rooter.....	'13-'14
Chairman Social Committee Astrotekton Society.....	'13-'14
Assistant Business Manager OAK LEAVES	'14
College Choir.....	'12-'16
College Usher.....	'14-'15
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.....	'14
Business Manager Annual.....	'14-'15
Treasurer Astrotekton Society.....	'14-'15
Vice-President Astrotekton Society.....	'15-'16
Member Astrotekton Society.	





ESTHER FRANCES ROYSTER  
Henderson, N. C.

*He could distinguish and divide  
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side.*

Will we ever forget the shock on psychology exam. when Esther forgot Arabic 16 under Roman ten in discussing the chapter on *Memory?* She remembered the exact words in three minutes, but the suspense was dreadful! To her we are indebted for upholding the dignity of the class and for her earnest endeavor to keep us all headed in the right direction. She is an exceptional student—a fact proved by the epitaphs which the professors write on her test papers. It is not for facts nor figures however, but for her sympathy, understanding and unselfishness that we love her.

- Vice-President Freshman Class.....'12-'13
- Member Basketball Team.....'12-'14
- House President Main Building.....'13-'14
- Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.....'15-'16
- Historian Senior Class.....'15-'16
- Secretary Astrotekton Society.....'15-'16
- Editor-in-Chief *Acoru*.....'15-'16
- Student Assistant Librarian.....'15-'16





CORA DELLA SAWYER  
Columbia, N. C.

*I may justly say with the hooked-nose fellow of Rome, I came, saw and overcame.*

With prophetic insight, Chowan sent her to the right place in time to graduate with the right class. To do this she has performed a Herculean task, getting off Englishes II and III the same year. The public who read this can't understand, but we who have suffered . . . . During her short stay, and in spite of a heavy course, she has been enthusiastic in every part of college life, always doing her share to make things "go."

- College Choir . . . . . '14-'15
- Sub-leader Sororsis . . . . . '15-'16
- Member Astrotekton Society.





IRENE LILLIAN THOMPSON  
Mt. Airy, N. C.

*The winds and waves are always on the side  
Of the ablest navigators.*

When that homesick, timid young Freshman got off the Southern in '12 nobody dreamed that in her hands would some day rest our fate—for life or death. Her fame, however, has not been acquired in the office of President of Student Government only, but in impersonating everybody in literature and life—specializing on Lady Macbeth and Miss Paschal. As a humorist she has done us more good than all of Dr. Dixon's medicine or advice. Incidentally—there isn't a girl in college more admired or better loved.

Editor of *Acorn*.....'14-'15  
Treasurer Student Government Association.....'14-'15  
President Junior Class.....'14-'15  
Associate Editor OAK LEAVES.....'15-'16  
Senior Class Prophet.....'15-'16  
President Student Government Association.....'15-'16  
Member Astrotekton Society.





DOROTHY McDOWELL VANN  
Raleigh, N. C.

*We may live without poetry, music and art,  
We may live without conscience and live without  
heart;  
We may live without friends; we may live without  
books;  
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.*

She showed splendid discretion in waiting in the school of her childhood until we came along. There isn't a girl in the class more loyal to her friends, nor any more ready to do a kindness whenever it is possible. We are proud of having in our class the "pioneer graduate cooker." She is the first Meredith girl to take the B.S. degree. Our hearts envy her, since the way to a man's heart is the same old beaten path that Eve had to travel in the gasless and unelectric days. We hope her culinary art will be wonderfully effective.

- College Choir.....'11-'16
- Basketball Team.....'13-'14
- Historian Astrotekton Society.....'15-'16
- Member Astrotekton Society.







IDA ETHEL WALL  
Wallburg, N. C.

*She's my delight—all mankind's wonder.*

This is the *wall* which for four years has kept the opponent's basketball from going in the basket. If John Alden were living now he would recognize in her Priscilla, and "speak for himself" immediately. For she is as demure as the Mayflower heroine, but has in addition, the twentieth century girl's optimism, jolly good disposition and greater efficiency. The gods intended her *not* to preside over a suffragette meeting—but over a bungalow.

- Basketball Team . . . . . '13-'16
- Captain Basketball Team . . . . . '13-'14
- Vice-President Athletic Association . . . . . '15-'16





MARTHA CHRISTINE WALL  
Wallburg, N. C.

*If the heart of a man is depressed with cares  
The mist is dispelled when a woman appears.*

Psychologically speaking, "Pat," as much as any member of the Senior Class, has had the central organ for reflection informed through the afferent nerves that she was experiencing the sensation of being loved! However in spite of her manifold matrimonial duties she has helped manage the A. & M. baseball team for three years, developed into the best goal thrower in the history of Meredith, and made a corking good Senior Class president. If she thinks a thing is worth doing, she believes in doing it in the best and most effective way. According to the present indications her future will be blissfully happy.

- Basketball Team . . . . . '12-'16
- Captain Basketball Team . . . . . '12-'13
- Class Poet . . . . . '13-'14
- College Usher . . . . . '13-'14
- Associate Editor *Acorn* . . . . . '13-'14
- Secretary Athletic Association . . . . . '14-'15
- Sponsor A. & M. Baseball Team . . . . . '15, '16
- Winner of Monogram . . . . . '15
- Chief Marshal . . . . . '15
- President Senior Class . . . . . '16
- Member Astrotekton Society.



## History of the Class of 1916

New trunks, great loads of them, had been seen all day long passing through the streets of Raleigh. Shoppers during the day looked puzzled for a moment as the big wagons passed, piled high with trunks—big trunks, little trunks, flat trunks, square trunks, brown trunks, green trunks—a great variety of trunks, but all conspicuously new. A sudden flash of knowledge comes to the spectator; there is a peculiar smile. "Why, of course. This is Tuesday the tenth, and Meredith is opening today. The 'Newish' have descended upon us in great numbers."

Yes, on every train we had come into Raleigh on that memorable day in September of nineteen hundred and twelve. Of course we all had new trunks for the great occasion, and we liked to think, too, that the same could be said of the contents of these, which we intended to display as rapidly as possible, in order to make "a good impression." During that first day, and indeed for many days, our hearts were all "a-flutter," and full of trepidation, but outside we maintained a most beautiful calm, and put on an air of *nonchalance* (we couldn't have analyzed the state then) which we considered very effective.

Our difficulties in getting classified cannot be exaggerated. We had filled out and returned before we left home some blanks sent by the classification committee. Of course we had not answered every single question, nor filled out every single blank, because we had forgotten the names of many things studied. However, we felt sure that we had put down enough to get us safely in the Freshman Class. We soon found out after getting here that the faculty are very particular about little things. Many of us had work to make up, especially in English and Latin. Some were put in the academy. Eighty-one of us were so successful as to be put down as Freshmen in the catalogue.

Difficulties did not end with getting credit for former work and deciding on which course to take. Mondays of that year are not the days around which the pleasantest recollections linger. For it was then that we struggled to perform the almost impossible task of writing an original theme, to pass in to our English teacher on the following day. With such a form of writing we were not familiar, although we had occasionally written compositions on men's lives. To make an outline, and then write a paper all from the facts in one's own cranium, was a different process. After writing and re-writing original themes every week for nine months, however, we came to know them very well, although our relations with them were not always of the pleasantest kind.

The literary students also spent hours over Latin, Mathematics, and Bi-

ology Laboratory, while the music students spent their time in the practice halls, playing scales and other simple exercises. If their labors were diligent they were rewarded with the promise of a "piece." When this came they were not always able to appreciate the beauty in the extreme simplicity of it.

Lest you think life that first year was all work, we will have to tell you of some of the interesting things. Nothing can surpass the excitement of that wonderful day when we organized our class, or shall I say, when our class was organized? Our Junior friends had been planning for this from the first day of our arrival, but an auspicious moment was hard to find, for lo! the eyes of a Sophomore are watchful. Finally, the moment came. We came together as if by magic. The deed was done, and the mass of "Newish" went back to their rooms as members of that well organized body, the Freshman Class of Meredith College.

Our Juniors had been to us such great friends that it was with peculiar pleasure that we prepared to entertain them. This, our first party, was a May day fete in which we danced around the May-pole, drank punch out of a rustic well, and then sat about on pillows on the campus, while we ate our cream, and engaged in a little contest. The Juniors will always think of this party when they see the souvenirs given—saucy, black cats. With such a mascot the class of 1914 went on to fame.

Our Freshman days are long over, and yet the memory of them is vivid. We have recalled them at length because it is said the beginnings of an organization are always interesting. Then, too, we wanted you to get to know us at first, so that only a sketch of the other years would enable you to understand us.

Strange, isn't it, how differently one feels when a Sophomore from what one felt the year before? There is no trepidation in the Sophomore's soul. On the whole we treated the "Newish" remarkably well. If you must know the truth, we had to. Once, and only once, did the venturesome Sophomores disturb the peaceful calm of a Freshman class meeting. Then the disturbance was so slight that the "Newish" soon forgot it, but the Sophomores thought it best to remember it, and especially the discourse which followed from her who shall be nameless here.

To Hallowe'en each Sophomore looked forward. Truly it was a great day. In the morning there was the breakfast given for us by our Seniors. Such an ideal breakfast it was, with everything as beautiful and delicious as they knew how to make it. In the evening we decided that instead of giving the Freshmen a good time(?) we'd be a trifle selfish and have one ourselves. That banquet, in one of the "high places" at Meredith, will not soon be forgotten. When all was quiet down below, we went to our rooms, stopping only to give farewell messages to some of the more prominent Freshmen, who, strange to say, were still awake at that late hour.

Days and weeks passed. Christmas had come and gone, and we were worrying our brains over Horace, Trigonometry and Sophomore English, when we decided to stop for a bit, and take time to give a party for our Seniors. The Sophomores at this party assumed various ages. In the parlors a group of tiny girls received, and served soup. Across the hall there were the school girls with their salad and pickle, which they freely shared with their Senior friends. Passing on to East Building the Seniors arrived just after a wedding, and helped to cut and eat the bride's cake. Leaving this scene of gayety they were given punch by a group of elderly ladies, and last of all they were served coffee by dear old ladies in black dresses, but with bright and smiling faces.

After this party was over we settled down to serious study to pass our examinations. Then came commencement, bringing to us the privilege of making the daisy chain, and the realization of the fact that our Seniors were leaving us. Soon it was all over, and of the twenty-nine Sophomores who left in May only twenty came back as Juniors in the fall.

Our Junior year was not one of the most exciting, but perhaps one of the most satisfactory of the four. After organizing the Freshmen successfully we made the momentous decision involving the selection of a class ring. Much later, at Easter it was, we entertained the Seniors. Dire calamity seemed to threaten this entertainment, but since this was happily avoided we will remember only the lovely reception in the society halls. What mattered it that a storm had put out all the electric lights? With the aid of the gallant Wake Forest Seniors in helping each one find her way about, the soft light of a candle here and there was not such an unwelcome substitute.

The beauty of the old fashioned candles must have suggested colonial days to our Freshmen, for a few weeks later they entertained us in true colonial fashion, giving us a wonderful dinner, with charades afterwards. From the ancient to the modern is only a short step after all, and in a few days we were all tremendously excited over class basketball games. Our class won the loving cup, and when this was presented to us at Commencement our joy was unsurpassed.

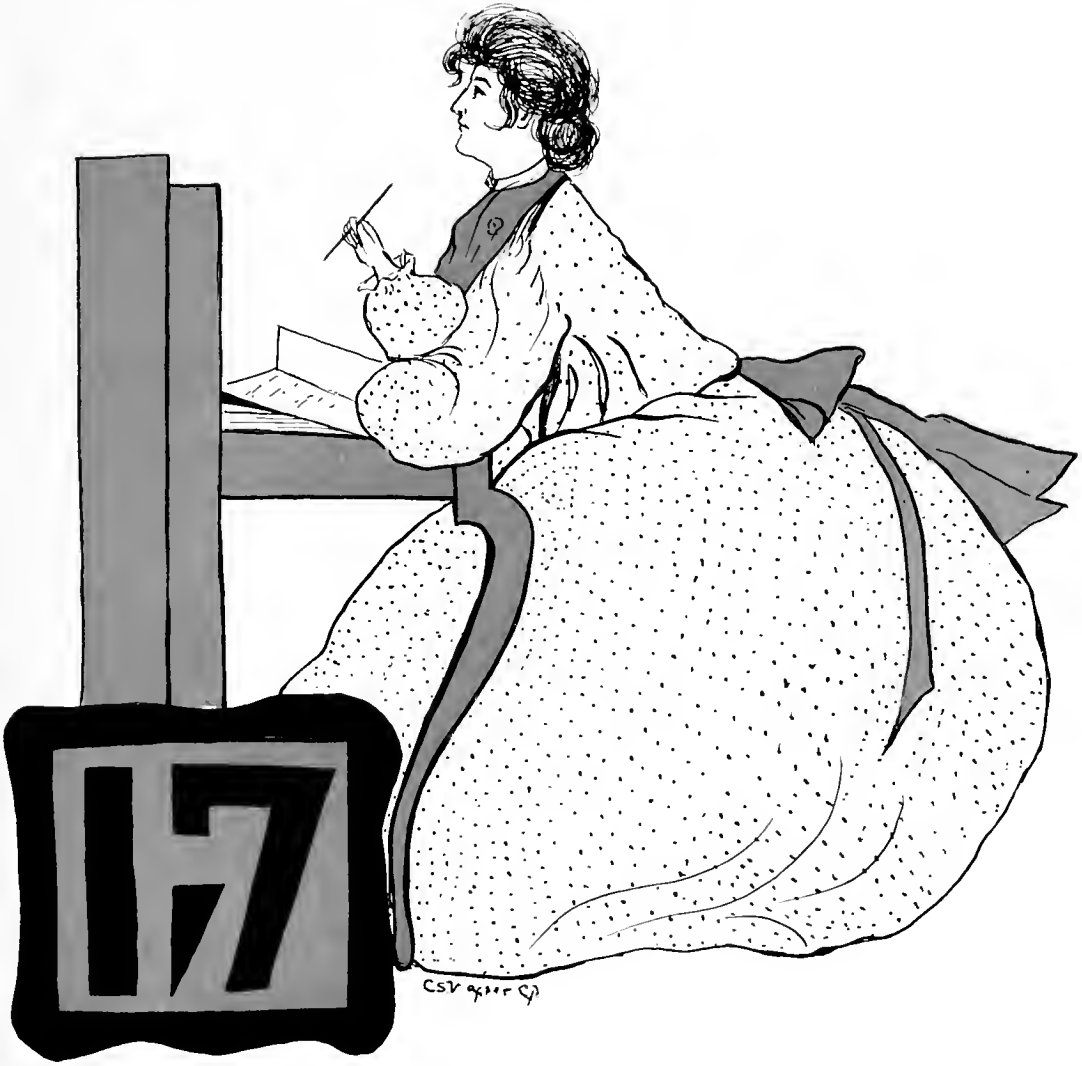
This joy lasted through the summer, and twenty-three of us came back to Meredith last September happily excited over being Seniors, and eager to see what the year held for us. How we have enjoyed the entertainments given for us by our class President, by the Junior Class, by our town classmate, Mary Ferrell, and by the Meredith Club of Raleigh! With all of these, our Mascot, the blue-bird, on whom we've learned to depend, warns us to be prepared for others which are to come before we graduate in May. Truly this has been a great year. It seems that it must be the best of all; and yet we hope that each succeeding year will bring us greater joy, and offer us more opportunities than we have ever had even here at Meredith.

HISTORIAN

## Senior Class Poem

What's the use for me to write  
Senior lore in black and white,  
When you know within your heart  
Just what I would try explain  
About our pleasure and our pain  
Before we drifted, oh, so far apart?  
But perhaps there'll come a time  
When in epic or in rhyme  
I'll write the wond'rous things you all did do.  
Keep your record until then,  
And I'll try it once again,  
And, Seniors, here's my best respects to you.

POET





## Juniors

ROSELLE BIRD	<i>President</i>
TERESSA DEW	<i>Vice-President</i>
NELLIE PAGE	<i>Secretary</i>
ELIZABETH VANN	<i>Treasurer</i>

### ROLL

ASHCRAFT, A. M.  
 BIRD, ROSELLE  
 CARMEN, BESSIE  
 CARTER, AMY  
 CRAIG, ANNIE  
 DELLINGER, EDNA  
 DEW, TERESSA  
 DRAUGHAN, ALEXANDER  
 GARVEY, MARGARET  
 HIGGS, LELIA  
 HOCUTT, ROSA  
 HOCUTT, NAOMI  
 HARRIS, ROXIE  
 HOLDING, LOUISE



## Juniors

MOTTO: She flieth with her own wings.

COLOR: Green and white

MASCOT: Butterfly.

### ROLL

JOHNSON, MARY LYNCH  
JOYNER, NANCY  
KNOTT, SOPHIA  
NORWOOD, OMA  
OWEN, GRACE  
PASCHAL, NELL  
PAGE, NELLIE  
POPE, ANNIE LEE  
ROYAL, ELIZABETH  
SNOW, MAISIE  
VANN, ELIZABETH  
VERNON, CARRIE SUE  
WILLIAMS, MILDRED  
TABOR, BLANCH



## Junior Class Poem

No longer does Biology lab,  
Fill all our hearts with fear,  
Or Sophomore Math, bring terror dire  
When time for tests draws near.

In Chemistry we fear our end  
The next moment or so,  
We shiver and shake as we prepare  
Diluted H<sub>2</sub>O.

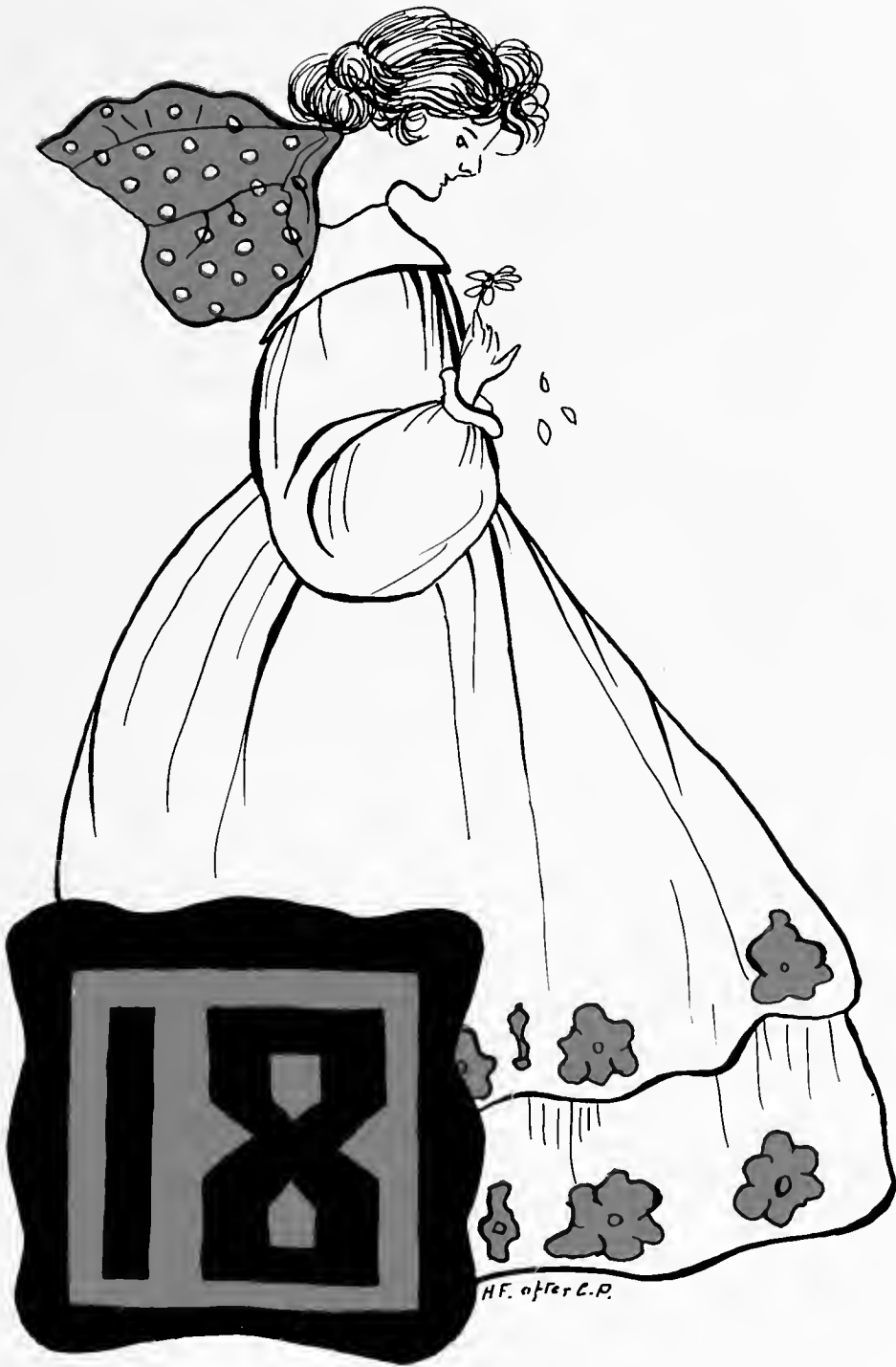
We tear our hair in wild despair,  
And seek for something new  
To use in making *literature*,  
For composition Two.

Alas, far sadder is our fate,  
We sigh for those past days,  
For now we torture our poor brains  
In very much worse ways.

We vainly try to understand  
The proof of Weber's Law,  
And tell what, when our eyes were shut,  
Upon the wall we saw.

And this is far from all we do  
But this will let you know  
That the Junior year is no soft snap;  
We haven't found it so!

POET



Carlyle Campbell Library  
Meredith College



HELEN BYRD AYDLETT  
 BECLAH BAILEY  
 EARLA BALL  
 ELLEN BREWER  
 ABRILLA BUNCH

MAY CARTER  
 JEANETTE CURRENT  
 LILLIAN HAINSLIP  
 KATHERINE HAMILTON  
 FRENCH HAYNES

LETTIE HOWARD  
 MYRTLE HEINZERLING  
 KATHERINE JESSUP  
 JANIE LYON  
 LYDIA JOSEY

# AD ASTRA



ESSIE MARTIN  
KATHARINE MATTHEWS  
LILLIAN MAYNARD  
MARY MCKENZIE  
ANNIE MERCER

LOIS MILLER  
IRENE MULLEN  
MAYBEL NALL  
MARY NORWOOD  
GRACE OLIVE

MYRA OLIVE  
ETHEL PARKER  
CARMEN ROGERS  
RUTH TRIPPE  
ELEANOR EDMUNDSON

## Sophomore Class Poem

O come with me, ye Sophomores dear,  
O come with me apart,  
Oh ye whose very name doth strike  
Terror to the Freshman's heart.

Can we forget when Freshmen we  
Began our college days  
A class whom "there were none to love  
And very few to praise"?

We view the troubles, great and small,  
In History, Latin, Math.,  
And where in Literary seas  
We plunged to take our bath.

Methinks I see not far away  
Fame opening wide her doors,  
And e'en Kaiser Wilhelm bowing  
Unto the Sophomores.

POET

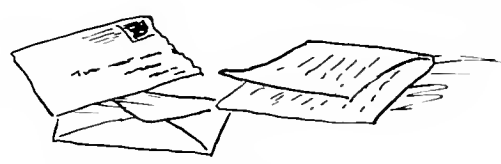
Yes, come ye jolly Sophomores, all,  
And we will backward cast  
Our eyes, and joyfully survey  
The dear old days now past.

Or so it seemed, at first, you know,  
O'er us they made no fuss,  
And yet before a month was gone  
They could not do without us.

Now turn with me, oh Sophomores dear  
Toward the future years  
And view our coming mighty power  
Our joys, our hopes, our fears.



ny.p.c.R.





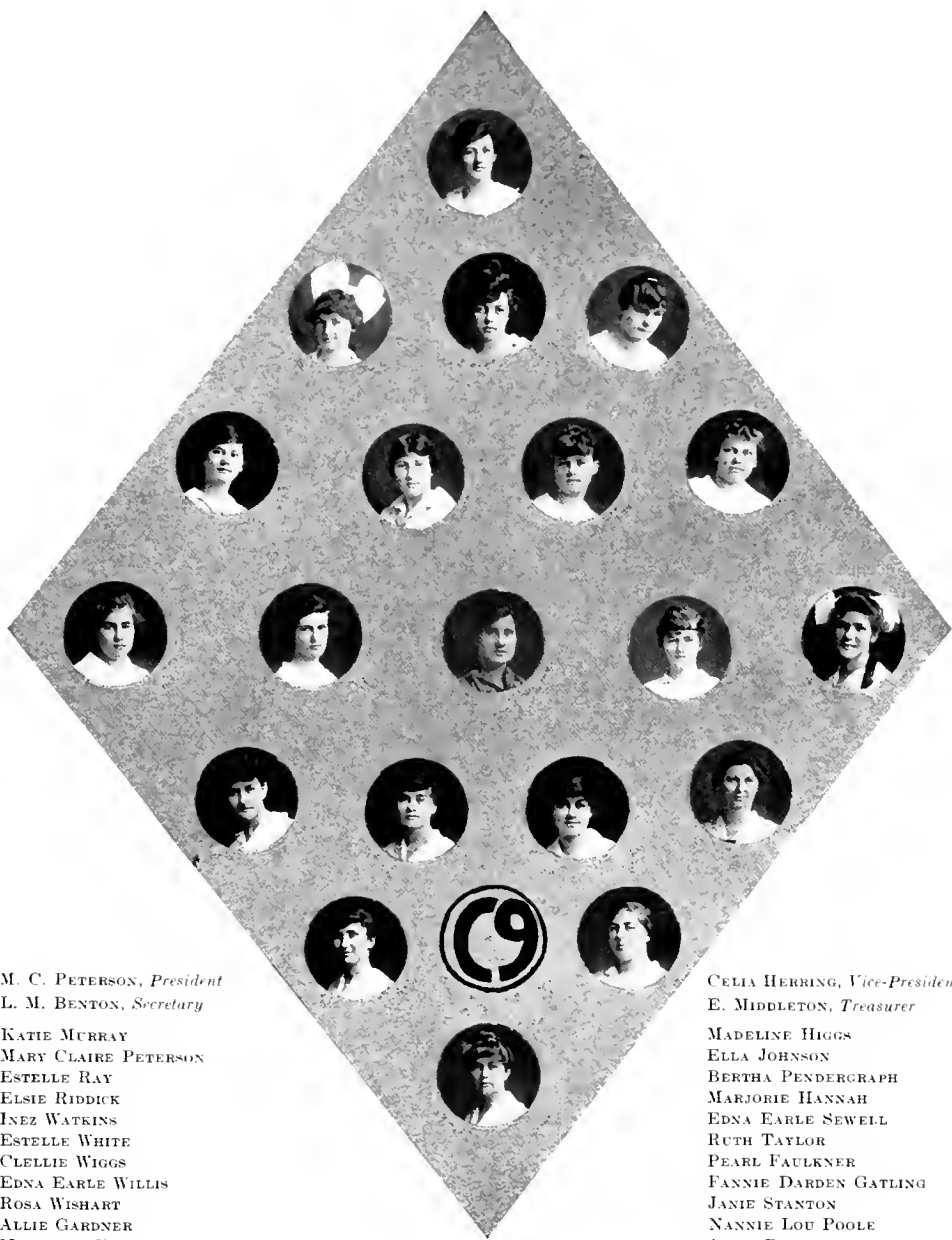
MOTTO: Length, breadth, and well-rounded corners

- MARY B. ASHCRAFT
- THELMA BARBOUR
- MILDRED BEASLEY
- LAURA MOORE BENTON
- ANNIE BRACKETT
- ETHEL BYNUM
- LUCILLE CHEEK
- EVA CLARK
- KATHLEEN COVINGTON
- ESSIE DANIELS
- EMILY EDWARDS

COLORS: Yellow and white  
FLOWER: White rose

- JANIE ELMORE
- ROSHELLE HENDREN
- CELIA HERRING
- RUTH HUBBLE
- GERTRUDE HUNT
- EUGENIA JONES
- BEULAH JOYNER
- AVARIE MARTIN
- VIVIAN McNEIL
- EVELYN MIDDLETON
- LUCY MIDDLETON





M. C. PETERSON, *President*  
 L. M. BENTON, *Secretary*  
 KATIE MURRAY  
 MARY CLAIRE PETERSON  
 ESTELLE RAY  
 ELSIE RIDDICK  
 INEZ WATKINS  
 ESTELLE WHITE  
 CLELLIE WIGGS  
 EDNA EARLE WILLIS  
 ROSA WISHART  
 ALLIE GARDNER  
 MARGARET HEALEY

CELIA HERRING, *Vice-President*  
 E. MIDDLETON, *Treasurer*  
 MADELINE HIGGS  
 ELLA JOHNSON  
 BERTHA PENDERGRAPH  
 MARJORIE HANNAH  
 EDNA EARLE SEWELL  
 RUTH TAYLOR  
 PEARL FAULKNER  
 FANNIE DARDEN GATLING  
 JANIE STANTON  
 NANNIE LOU POOLE  
 ANNIE PARKER

ANNIE JORDAN

## Freshman Class Poem

A tear, a sigh, a sob, sad grief,  
Two red eyes and a handkerchief,  
No mortal misery could there be  
More awful; yet herein you see  
A Freshman.

Cold shoulders, Sophomore jests, no mirth;  
The teachers do not see our worth.  
One gleam of hope is all we see,  
We do not always have to be  
Just Freshmen.

We dry our eyes, we stop our grief,  
Wholly trusting in the belief  
That we can win, we must, yes, ma'am,  
And so I say I'm proud, I am  
A Freshman.

POET

# Organizations

## Officers Student Government Association



IRENE THOMPSON  
*President*



ANNIE MAE ASHCRAFT  
*Vice-President*



LELIA HIGGS  
*Secretary*



NAOMI HOCUTT  
*Treasurer*



## Student Government Association

1915—1916

The girls are beginning more and more to feel that the Student Government Association is essentially their own. The growing interest in the Association as a whole, and the general attitude toward it, reveal the fact that they are beginning, as never before, to realize its true object, and to consider it one of the most vital organizations in school.

## D. W. C. A. Officers



RUTH OWEN  
*President*



NAOMI HOCUTT  
*Vice-President*



ELIA NORRIS  
*Secretary*



ANNIE MAE ASHCRAFT  
*Treasurer*

D. W. C. A. Cabinet



## Close of Kin

Just a bit of clay, my sister,  
Just a bit of clay;  
But the potter's hand was busy  
Day by day.

You a flowered vase were polished  
With the rich to dwell;  
I, a piteher brown and ugly,  
It is well.

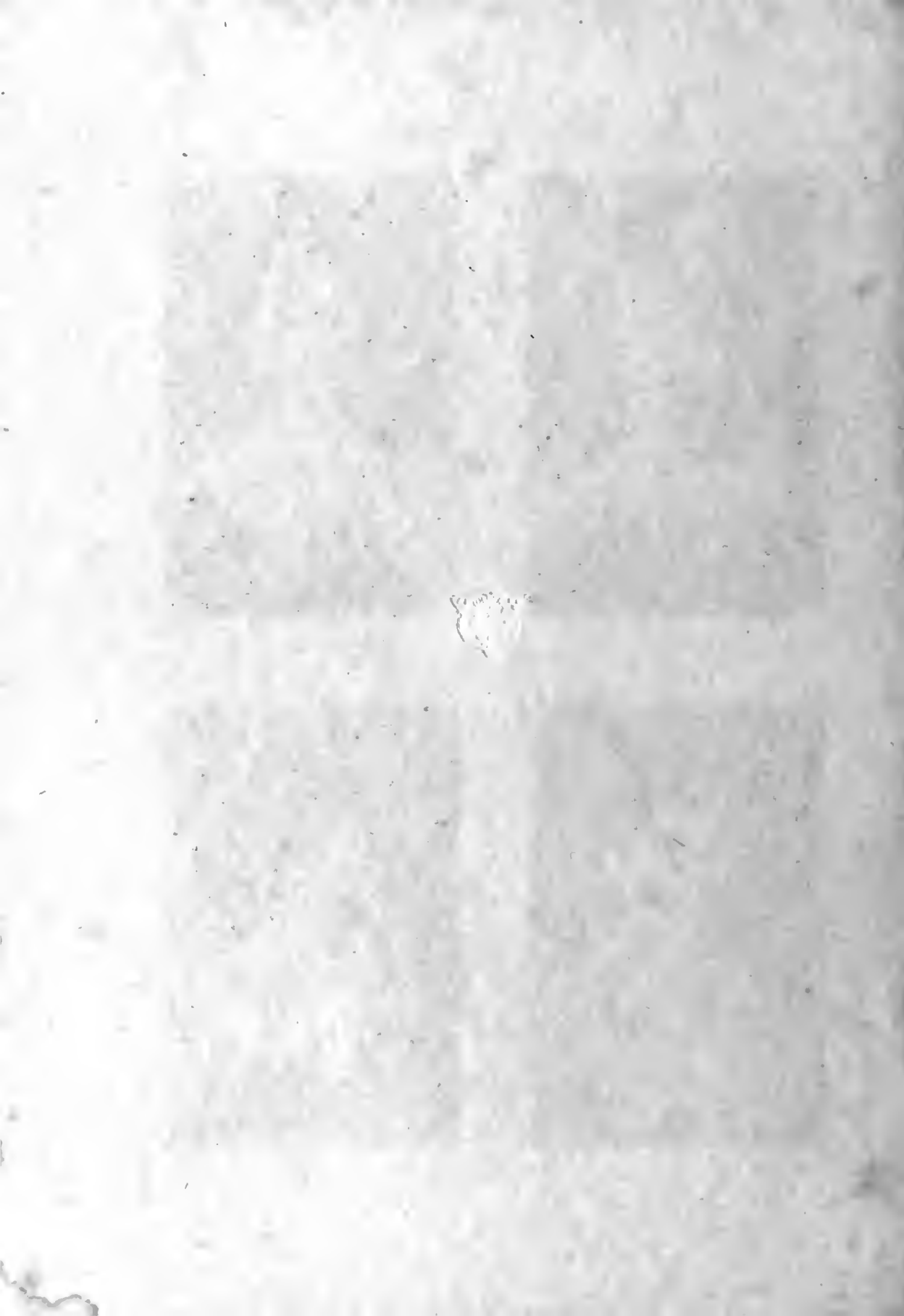
You guard a marble palace  
Lilies soft and white;  
Parched lips bless me in a garret  
Night by night.

So I love you, little sister,  
Close of kin we stay:  
Wrought for service by one Master  
Bits of clay.

ETHEL CARROLL SQUIRES, '07.







## Astrotekton Officers



CORNELIA COVINGTON  
*President*



MARY PRUETTE  
*Vice-President*



ESTHER ROYSTER  
*Secretary*

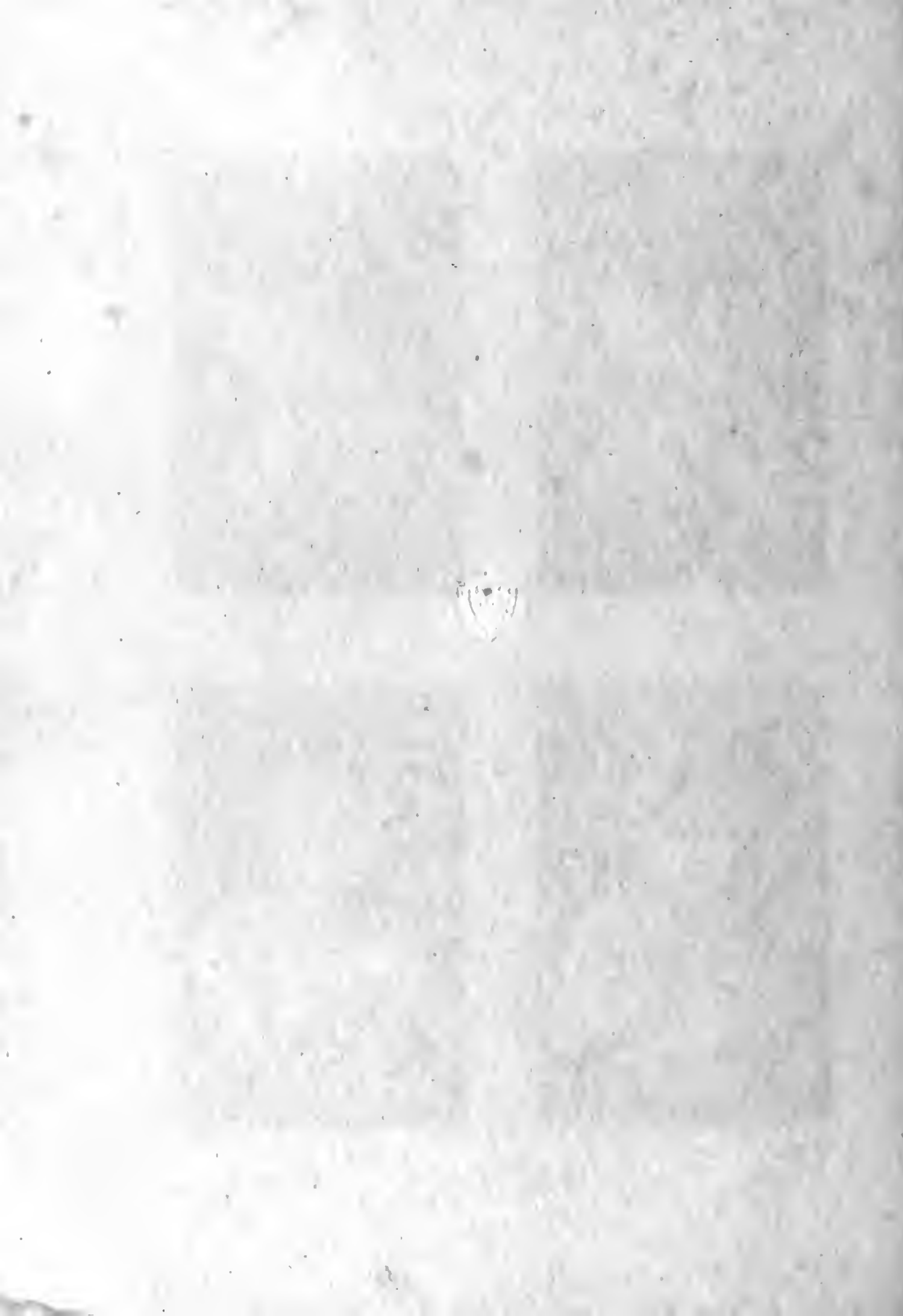


LELIA HIGGS  
*Treasurer*



SCENES FROM "THE WOOD WITCH" PRESENTED BY THE ASTROTEKTON SOCIETY





## Philaretian Officers



ALBERTA BROWN  
*President*



MAYSIE HENDREN  
*Vice-President*



OLIVE KENT  
*Secretary*



CORINNE GORDON  
*Treasurer*



PHILARETIAN QUARTETTE



Medal Winners



LAVIECE CHAMBLISS



MARGUERITE HIGGS

## Astrotekton Commencement Marshals



MARTHA WALL  
*Chief*



HELEN POTEAT



ROBERTA PRIDDEN



MINNIE MILLS

## Philaretian Commencement Marshals



IRENE PARKER  
*Chief*



MILDRED BRADSHER



HATTIE BEASLEY



MARY SNIDER



**THE  
ACORN  
STAFF  
19**



ROYSTON



HOLDING



NEWTON



PASCHAL



HIGGS



JESSUP



MATTHEWS



## K. K. K.

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

### Kaptains of the Klan

I. ISABELLA P—: "The Man with the Red Tie."

A. STEPHENS N—: Kraftsman's Kritic.

### Komrades

L. VANN E—: "Young Reliable."

E. EARLE B—: "The Cherry Blossom."

C. SUE V—: "Princess Patricia."

M. HATTIE S—: "The Qwelo Kat."

LEO D—: "Paint-Putter of the Past."

LILLIAN B—: "The Blue Butterfly."

HETTIE F—: "Chick-a-Dee."

E. ELIZABETH C—: "Pussy Willow."

BESSIE McL—: "Bettina."

T. IRENE S—: Eilut Kohn."

M. KATHERINE H—: "Virginia Creeper."

VELMA M—: "The Eaglette."

DIXIE W. L—: Komrade by Kurtesy.

### Kalendar

February 25: Leon Krowe as seen in winter.

Exhibition of U. A. D.

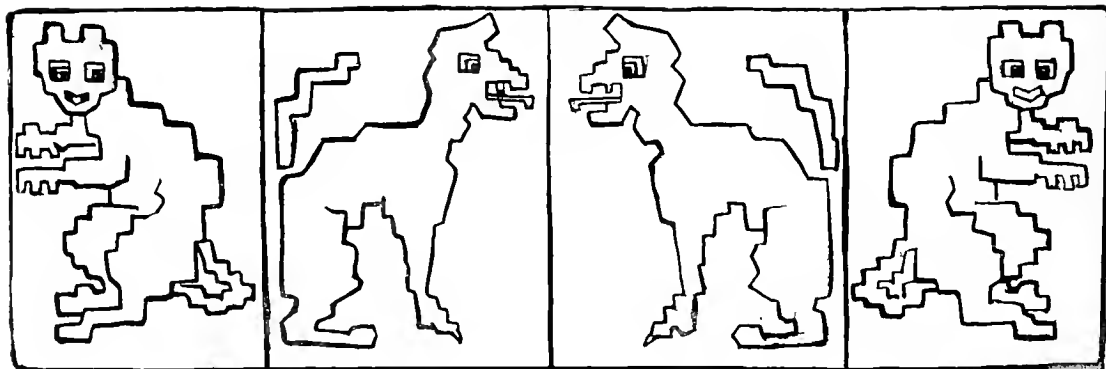
March 3: So dier Artists in the Trenches.

March 17: Sargent's Contribution to British  
Red Cross.

April 17: Exhibition of Women Painters.

April 21: Frank Avah Parson's book on Interior  
Decoration.

May 5: Social Meeting.



## Eavesdropping in the Studio

Vann listened eagerly, for Moses was talking to Francis.

"Sitting here in this studio from morn till night makes me want to write ten more commandments."

"Ah," said Francis.

"Oh, if you students would only listen to Miss Poteat's sayings you would be brought from the land of poor perspective into the goodly land of right proportion. And unto the China class, I would say 'Noble as thou art, thou shalt have some purpose before thee, other than spoiling beautiful china.'

"To Lillian Baucom: 'Thou shalt not make unto thee any more parties, nor any likenesses of anything that is a sponsor's duty for A. & M., nor make unto thee more place cards for friends of thine.

"And thou, oh, Francis Speight, the only young man in the studio, and hailing from W. F. College, thou needest special commands: Thou shalt not bow down thyself to the studio girls nor serve them, for Miss Poteat likes not for thee to spend thy time picking up brushes, paints and pencils for careless girls, for surely thy heart will suffer in consequence thereof.

"To Hettie Farrior: Thou shalt not take the time of the studio in vain, for Miss Poteat holds not guiltless her who spendeth her time in the town girls' room.

"To Vann Edlins, again: Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, for the seventh is rest day; in it thou shalt not sketch the parson's nose nor thy neighbor's hat, nor design costumes for thy man servant, nor thy maid servants, nor make posters of the strangers within thy gates.

"To Carrie S. Vernon: Honor thy laws of perspective that thy drawing may be upon the paper so thy study will be known.

"To Mabel Ballentine: Thou shalt not laugh and talk always.

"To Margaret Haley: Thou shalt not do thy work in haste.

"To Elizabeth Chapin: Thou shalt hold thy tongue.

"To Betty McClean: Thou must not seek what thou canst not do.

"To Lulie Speight: Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor's countenance.

"To Halie Simpkins: Thou shalt not covet Rembrandt's talent, nor technique, nor anything that is Rembrandt's, for verily, thou canst work out thine own designs.

"To Edna Bradsher: I say unto thee, press forward to the standard thou hast set up, for shouldst thou reach it, verily thou shalt be a peculiar treasure unto thy father and mother."

A movement. Francis sees Vann and, with a look of relief to find human companionship near, and to regain his masculine serenity remarks—"Some talk Moses gave us, wasn't it?"



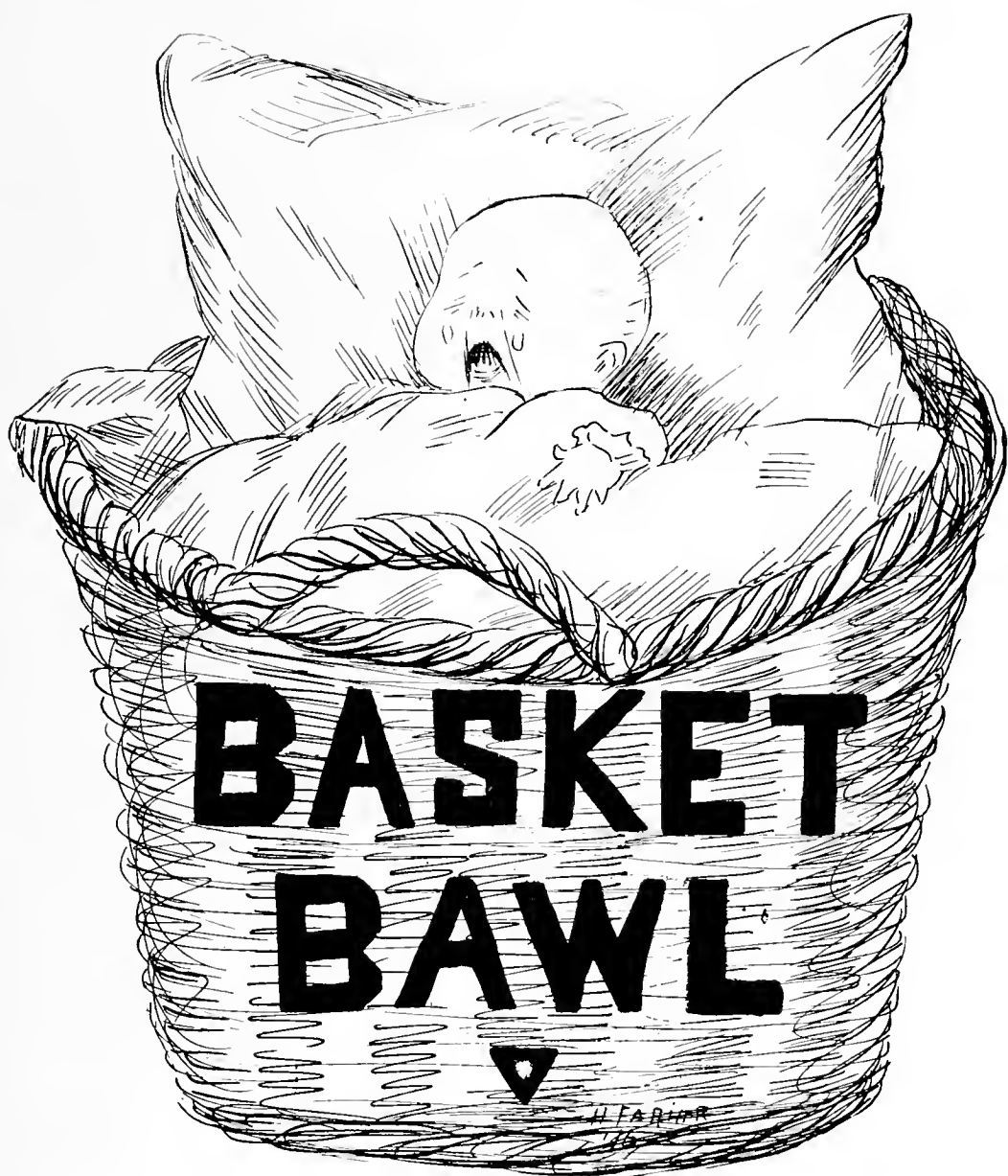
## Sorosis

### Members

KATE HAMILTON  
JOSEPHINE PHILLIPS  
CORA SAWYER  
NELLE PAGE  
ANNIE CRAIG

MAISIE SNOW  
JEANETTE CURRENT  
ROSA HOCUTT  
RUTH OWEN  
NAOMI HOCUTT





**BASKET**

**BAWL**



H. F. R. 1966



### Athletic Association Officers

NELL FOWLER, *President*

IDA WALL, *Vice-President*

ETHEL SMITH, *Secretary*

LILLIAN HAINSLIP, *Treasurer*

MISS ROYSTER, *Coach*



## Senior Basketball

RUTH OWEN, Captain

### Team

MARTHA WALL  
NELL COVINGTON  
ELLA PARKER

IDA WALL  
NELL FOWLER  
RUTH OWEN



## Junior Basketball

ANNIE MAE ASHCRAFT, Captain

### Team

ANNIE CRAIG  
OMA NORWOOD

ETHEL SMITH  
ANNIE MAE ASHCRAFT

GRACE OWEN  
SHASTA HOOVER



## Sophomore Basketball

MARY NORWOOD, Captain

### Team

MARY NORWOOD  
LILLIAN HAINSLIP  
KATE MATTHEWS  
GRACE OWEN

ETHEL ENGLISH  
JANIE LYON  
MAY CARTER  
ESSIE MARTIN



## Freshman Basketball

INEZ WATKINS, Captain

### Team

INEZ WATKINS  
CELIA HERRING  
LAURA MOORE BENTON

MILDRED BEASLEY  
ELIZABETH STELL  
BEULA JOYNER



### Tennis Club

ELSIE RIDDICK  
HELEN BYRD AYDLETT  
MARY FARRELL  
LOUISE HOLDING  
ANNIE LAURIE BAUCOM  
FRENCH HAYNES  
ESSIE DANIELS  
MAY CARTER  
ANNIE LOWRY

VIVIAN McNEIL  
ROSA WISHART  
CARRIE LOWRY  
PEARL FAULKNER  
ETHEL ENGLISH  
KATE COPPLE  
ELIZABETH CHAPIN  
LILLIAN HAISLIP  
MADELINE HIGGS



ETHEL ENGLISH

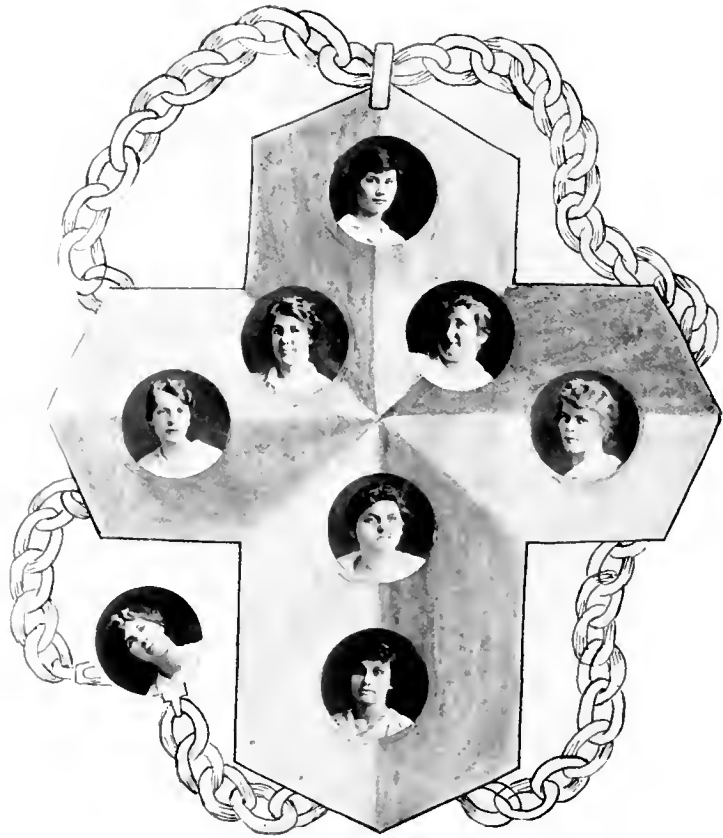


LILLIAN HAISLIP





L. B. of the OP



## Virginians We

The roses nowhere bloom so white  
 As in Virginia;  
 The sunshine nowhere shines so bright  
 As in Virginia;  
 The birds sing nowhere quite so sweet  
 And nowhere hearts so lightly beat,  
 For heaven and earth both seem to meet  
 Down in Virginia.

The days are never quite so long  
 As in Virginia;  
 Nor quite so filled with happy song,  
 As in Virginia;  
 And when my time has come to die  
 Just take me back and let me lie  
 Close where the James goes rolling by  
 Down in Virginia.

There is nowhere a land so fair  
 As in Virginia;  
 So full of song, so free of care,  
 As in Virginia.  
 And I believe that Happy Land  
 The Lord's prepared for mortal man  
 Is built exactly on the plan  
 Of old Virginia.



### **Katpids**

KATE JESSUP  
KATE COPPLE  
KATE MURRAY

KATE BECKWITH  
KATHLEEN MOSS  
KATHLEEN COVINGTON

KATE MATHEWS  
MASCOT—Katherine, the Maid.

### **In Facultate**

MISS ROSA KATHERINE PASCHAL  
MRS. KATHERINE PARKER FREEMAN  
MISS KITTY POOLE  
MISS KATHERINE STAPLES  
MISS KATE JOHNSON



AS WE ARE



AS OTHERS SEE US



## Senseless Souls

What fools these mortals be!

Louise, on love thou canst discourse,  
 Thou art our poet fair.  
 But come with thy ukulele,  
 Let's have music in the air.

There, dear little baby Shaw,  
 For our sake please don't squall.  
 Raise up your head and wipe your eyes;  
 You'll soon be able to crawl.

Oh, Minnie dear, listen here—  
 You think you're making a hit;  
 But the whole truth of the matter is  
 You're really having a fit.

Oh, Betty stop your talking,  
 For you know upon my word  
 Little girls are made to be seen  
 And not only to be heard.

And Helen Byrd, since thou canst not  
 Get knowledge in thy bean,  
 With nonsense wilt thou cram it  
 From the latest magazine.

Nancy, aren't you scared  
 To always cram and cram?  
 Don't you know when you get enough?  
 Put up that jar of jam!

Roselle, my dear, you will be able  
 If ever you get a man,  
 To make good things for him  
 Inside your old tin pan.

French, dost thou not know  
 That it is very bum  
 For you in *such* company  
 To chew your chewing gum?



ANNIE

ELLA

IRENE

⊙ U Parkers!



### *Who Are We?*

SONG

**B**est spot on earth! We come from dear Bertie!

**E**dna, Janie, Maud and Fannie D.

**R**uby, Marie and Mary, seven loyal daughters we

**T**o Meredith, her girls and Faculty.

**I**n life's long day, with loving hearts, we'll call

**E**ach hour spent here happiest of them all.



## Roof Garden Club

COLOR—Sky Blue.

MOTTO—"Live High."

HEART'S DESIRE—An Elevator.

SONG—"The Longest Way Up is the Sweetest Way Home."

### Members

"GAS"  
 "BUNNY"  
 "PEGGY"

ELSIE  
 "M. B."

NITA  
 "PEE DEE"  
 JANIE





### Meredith Town Girls

"DOT" BAKER  
LENA BARROW  
"BILL" BAUCOM  
"PEGGY" CLARK  
"PICKETT" FARRIOR

"JACK" RAY  
"LULU" REYNOLDS  
"KAT" SMITH  
"BETSY" STELL  
"SISSY" TABOR  
"LIBBA" VANN  
"CRICKETT" YATES

"CHINKIE" HUNTER  
ELLA HARWARD  
"BUG" JOHNSON  
"QUEEN" KING  
"PETE" MEDLIN



## The Big Four

MABLE QUINN  
MARY FARRELL

CORINNE GORDON  
IRENE PARKER

### Our Motto

"A Fair Show and a Square Deal."



## F. F. Fs.

### Song

F. F. Fs. are we,  
 And we are full of glee,  
 From morn to night  
 We sing and dance and put  
 The S. Gs. into a veritable trance.  
 Maude Mason is our violinist  
 And hopes that she will yet be kist.

While Fannie D., as here you see  
 Tries to outsing Miss D-a-c,  
 Lillian is our big old mess,  
 And can't be beat by any unless  
 It is Little Annie Parker Dear,  
 Sweetest little Newish in many a year.

### CHORUS

O, the F. F. Fs. are full of fun,  
 And from the S. Gs. daily run;  
 But we don't care as long as we  
 Can hold our privileges and stay carefree,  
 So let us dance and let us sing,  
 And let class bells go on and ring.  
 We don't care as long as we  
 Can be together and stay carefree.



### Krush Klub

IRENE PARKER  
LILLIAN STAFFORD

MARY FARRELL  
LUCY ALDERMAN

?

Q. When is two indivisible?

A. When its Jack and Jean and Bill and Park.



**Here's to Lumberton!**

VIVIAN McNEIL

ROSA WISHART

CARRIE MAY HEDGEPEETH

MILDRED WILLIAMS



## Hope Chest Girls

### Members

MAYSIE—"A tall dark man will come my way."

GRACE HESTER—"He's got to have a queer name."

NONA—"Automobiles galore, and a cute little bungalow."

KATE—"Just so his eyes are blue."

GERTRUDE—"His name? Bobby, of course!"

JOSEPHINE—"I'd like to take Jim."

JEANETTE—"A doctor for mine."

*Password*—Preparedness.

*Motto*—"If beauty be the food of love, work on."

*Our Ideal*—"Not taller than six feet, or farther away than seventeen miles."



## Leap Year Club

*Motto*—Grasp all opportunities.

*Flower*—Tulip.

*Colors*—Brown (eyes)

Black (hair)

*Song*—“This is the Life for Me.”

### What We Are Known By

OLIVIA—“Pet.”

ANNIE LAURIE—“Jill.”

THELMA—“Stumpey.”

SOPHIA—“Sophia Jane.”

NANNIE LOU—“Little.”

RUTH—“Tes.”



## The Night Watchers

*Place of Meeting*—Where the candle burns.

*Time*—After "light bell."

*Motto*—"Watch and Feast."

### Members

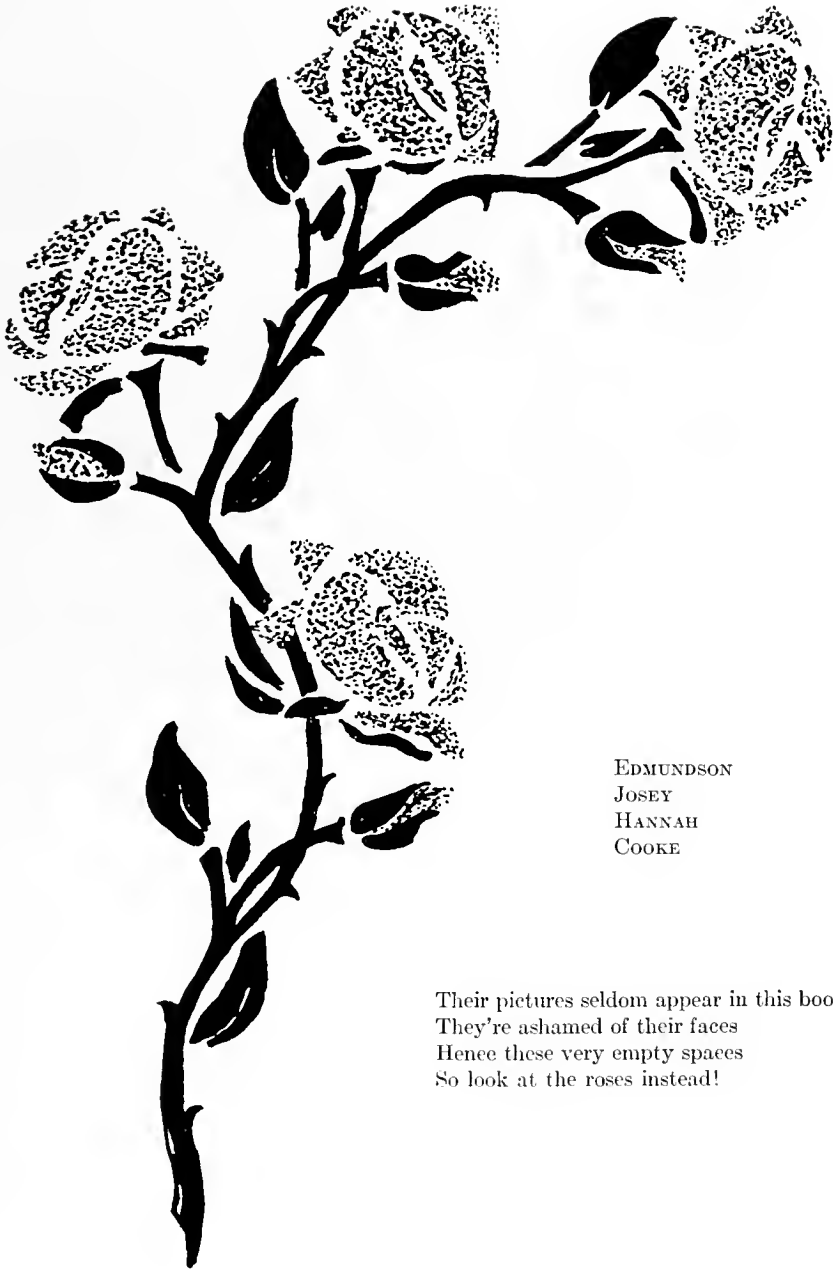
"RUBE" WHITE

"NITA" PRIVETTE

"TRUE" HUNT

"BESS" HALLMON





EDMUNDSON  
JOSEY  
HANNAH  
COOKE

Their pictures seldom appear in this book  
They're ashamed of their faces  
Hence these very empty spaces  
So look at the roses instead!



## Mars Hill Club

*Motto—Keep Cool.*

EUNICE BRACKET

BERT BROWN

ALEX DRAUGHN

CLATA EDWARDS

ETHEL ENGLISH

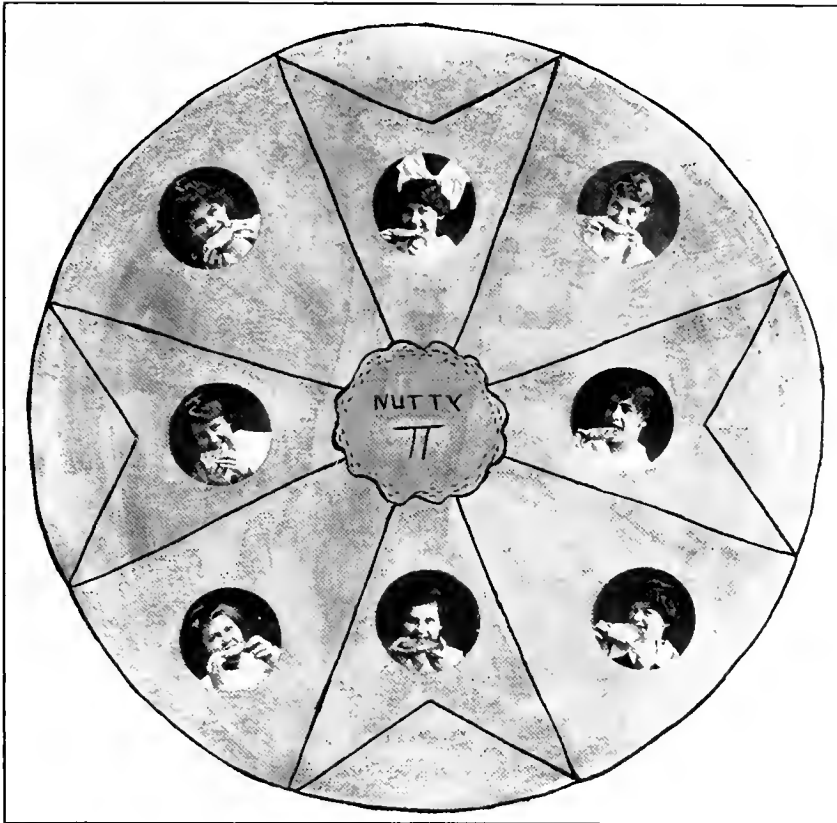
NELL FOWLER

PEARL FAULKNER

ESSIE MARTIN

NONA MOORE

MAE SPRINKLE



## Cata Vita Pi

Nutty Pis

Angels

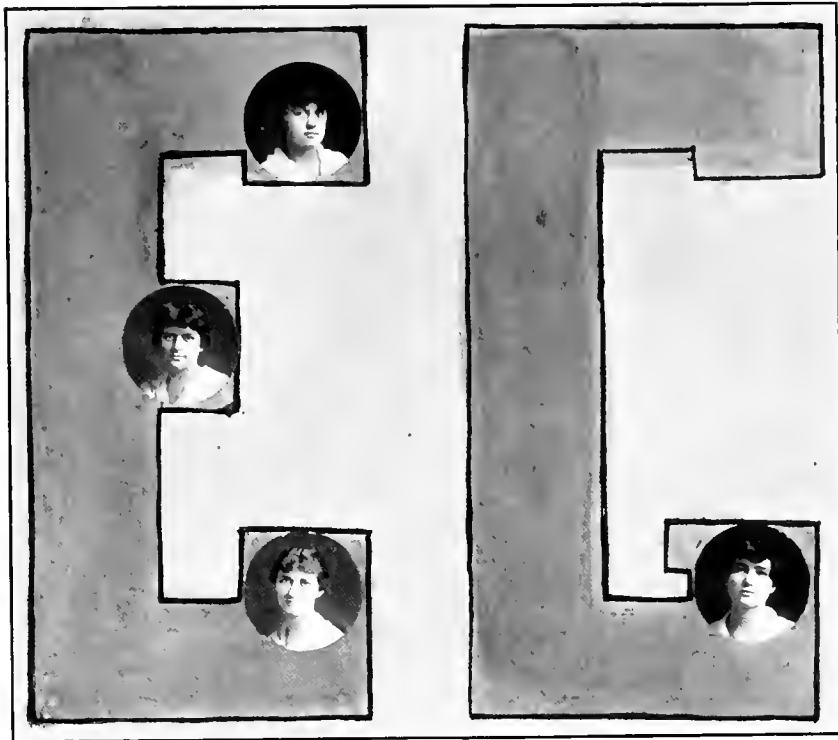
Souls of Purgatory

Devils



## Heart Smashers

BERNICE LEARY  
EDNA EARLE WILLIS  
MARY B. ASHCRAFT  
MARY CLAIRE PETERSON  
JANICE LEARY  
RACHEL MIDDLETON  
LUCY MIDDLETON



### E-S Club

*Motto*—Get all you can eat and eat all you can get

Each one came to Meredith, for to get her ed.—  
Sing Polly—wolly—doodle all the day,  
But 'long came the other three—a pack of fun instead—  
Sing Polly—wolly—doodle all the day.

#### CHORUS

Here we are, here we are,  
B'lieve me, we're on the way;  
For we eat and we sleep, and we  
Worry and we fret, but—  
Sing Polly—wolly—doodle all the day.

#### Members

GRACE OWEN  
ELIA NORRIS

ETHEL SMITH  
EUNICE BRITT

*Favorite rendezvous*—Room 16 or 17 F. H.



DELL SCHOOL, DELWAY, N. C.

## Dell Club

### Our Favorite Recollections

In Facultate } Miss POOLE—"Scared to death."  
 } Miss PENNY—"Mr. Walter's bass voice."

ETHEL SMITH—"Making sea-foam."

KATIE MURRAY—"Walking to the old mill."

ROSA HOCUTT—"Rooting for the baseball player."

BERTA HOCUTT—"Walking with Miss Mary."

EVELYN MIDDLETON—"Feasting by the moonlight."

EUNICE BRITT—"Looking for Ray."

CLARA NEWTON—"I ain't never seen such a goil in all my life."

*Motto*—"Keep it going."

*Colors*—"Old gold and black."

*Fruit*—"Sampson Blues."

*Flower*—"Dogwood."

## Rondeau

So, now, 'tis done! For sweet Miss Meredith  
Decrees that I shall make a rhyme, wherewith  
Her book of wisdom liltngly may run  
From grave to gay, from pundita to pun—  
Her life, told pleasantly in guise of myth.  
Ah, well, five rhymes in "un" and eight in "ith"  
Will make a rondeau for a sad jokesmith;  
This is the way (observe with care, dear one)  
So, now, 'tis done.

What though my reason totters? Mark you, sith  
I hope to gain my lady's smile herewith,  
The labor's half accomplished ere begun.  
Besides, the last line cometh on the run—  
'Tis this: the third refrain's a rondeau's pith.  
So, now, 'tis done.\*

\*In no wise to be charged against Messrs. Voiture  
and Swinburne.

## The Return of the Berean Banquet

Could we or could we not? We held our breaths! Or could only the Seniors go? Until now, I believe, the selfish things hoped that they would be the only ones who would get to. For they knew if all of us went they wouldn't have half the chance. Anyway, finally they told us—and oh, facultate of Meredith! If you could know the feelings that good tidings aroused in our hearts we believe you'd make up some to tell us. To the Seniors the news spelled chance—for possibly—of course the trouble would be in letting him know that she *could* have company at night; but what ingenious mind couldn't skillfully manouever . . . And so we went!! we hopefuls—and as we descended from the train at the Wake Forest metropolis every girl knew that she and only she was the cynosure of all eyes, and *in imagination* she could hear the hearts of swains quicken and exclaim “gee, but I hope she's mine.” We were seized and most hospitably carried off, and entertained!! The hours were tiny-tiny minutes, and it was all over—11:30 was thoughtless enough to come—to come to all alike, even to those who were transported with their success, who received, as they were about to leave, such glances! and heard such significant remarks as—“please can't you tomorrow?” “If just a tiny note.” And it came to the Senior who conquered through faith and persistence, and who was heard to very casually (?) remark: “Thursday night—oh, I don't hardly know. You see I'm awfully busy, put perhaps. Well, anyway I'll write you”—And he thought she was so gracefully indifferent.



## Statistics

Prattiest  
Most Stylish  
HELEN POTTEAT  
Cleverest  
Wittiest  
MINNIE NASH  
Sweetest  
IDA WALL  
Best All-round  
BERT BROWN  
Cutest  
FLOSSIE TICKLE  
Most Literary  
Most Dignified  
ESTHER ROYSTER  
Crushiest  
MARY FERRELL  
Most Sarcastic  
IRENE PAREER  
Most Attractive  
PAT WALL  
Most Popular  
CORRINE GORDON  
Most Studious  
Most Sincere  
VERDIE SNIDER  
Best Conversationalist  
MARY PRUETTE  
Most Athletic  
LILLIAN HAINSLIP  
Sauciest  
MARY SNIDER  
Most Musical  
BESSIE CAMPBELL  
Most Sentimental  
LOUISE HOLDING  
Most Interesting  
EARLA BALL  
Most Suffragetical  
I. THOMPSON



VOTES  
FOR  
WOMEN



## The Castle Walls

Frances North sat on the bank of the silent river amid the ruins of Rosewood Castle. This structure had been built, not of heartless stone and senseless mortar, but of the hopes and dreams of a heart that was young. Early in life she had laid the foundation and given it a name, a name that was symbolic of the exquisite nature of her building. Now it lay shattered into sharp-cornered fragments that bruised and tore the trembling young heart that was trying to free itself from the debris. Each room had been built closely, securely around a definite ideal that harmonized with the magnificence and grandeur of the whole. She shivered, trembled like a young wild bird that has been deprived of its nest by the storm.

A little boat drifted dreamily down the stream, bearing its happy burden of young college folks. Frances sat up and thought tensely. An hour ago, she and the man who loved her had been rowing too; but now—

She had met him the second year of her college life. He was one of those tall, dark, prince-like young men who expect girls to admire them—and are usually not disappointed. At some time during their acquaintance Frances had regarded him with every shade of feeling included in the range of human like-and dislikes. But, always there was the completion and perfection of Rosewood Castle to be done.

She moved cautiously nearer the river. There was a friendly feeling of kinship in the cool breath from its smiling, curling lips. An emotion of joy, as when one recognizes a sympathetic spirit, swept over her. She stretched out her arms imploringly to the great heart of the water. She kissed her finger tips and dipped them in its cool depths.

“Forgive me, I was mistaken. I don’t hate you. It was those dark eyes reflected on your water. They have driven me mad! They cast a piercing, burning light on everything. My castle in ruins! consumed, vanished by the fire from his hateful, livid eyes.”

“College days have ended, now, dears.  
We must each select her way,  
Be it fraught with pain or sorrow—  
Still there’s hope with each new day.”

Frances listened. How joyfully she had helped to sing the class song that morning! “Hope with each new day,” her classmates were still singing.

“No, no, that can’t be,” she sobbed, “my college life is builded around my splendid castle. How can there ever be hope now?”

The girls were pulling their boat to shore near her hiding place. She slipped farther back into the shrubbery. An ugly insect stung her face, her arms mercilessly, yet she was silent. Frances North was still a quiet, reserved soul like the gods of the Greeks, even if her castle walls were gone.

She watched the girls as they returned to the campus; heard their playful songs and laughter finally cease, and knew that they were long since gone in. All was quiet now save the slight, uneasy rustle of the leaves as they changed their position in sleep, or an occasional sigh from the dreaming river. Frances moved easily down to the big rock that overhung the edge of the water. There were several pillows left by careless girls that afternoon. She made herself comfortable to think.

"Alone in the night—and not afraid," she murmured. "Yet I don't feel lonely; some one seems near me."

She thought of Jack Grayson's eyes and shuddered. All the great outdoors seemed in perfect peace and harmony now that he had gone. There were no terrible black eyes through which the universe seemed to center and swim dizzily. The ashes from the wrecked castle lay like a cool, velvety hand on her soul since the source of the storm of fire was gone. Out of the gray depths might even arise a new castle, more beautiful, more ideal than the first. Anything might happen; there were no accusing mocking eyes to make an ideal sway and fall.

A picture of her college life arose before her mind. How closely she had followed the plan! How exquisite the plan! The sweet, sad face she dreamed about down in the deep woods years ago now formed a pathetic shadow in the water at her feet. Every sad emotion in her literature had left its impression on her delicately sensitive soul to be radiated from her personality. She had shunned society, it was light, fickle; it disturbed the awful repose she sought so eagerly. So, day by day the idealized dream walls were builded around her. They were as dainty, elusive, mystical as Shelley's dreams, yet they held her—until he came. Jack laughed at her daintiness, at her seclusion. With his strong hand and impelling eyes he pulled her back to earth and society. She hated him for his effort.

Tonight he had at last convinced her that her ideals were all wrong. She was compelled to believe him. He explained the splendid system of the universe, the coöperation of each part to make up the perfect whole. Frances was forced to admit that her plan of isolation was not in harmony with the plan of the world. His dark eyes were so earnest, so eloquent that they seemed to burn into her soul and consume all her carefully collected treasures. As a result she feared him, despised him, and sent him away.

For a while her reverie was broken by a frog far down the river. He, too

seemed in trouble. Frances felt pity and compassion for him—indeed she felt a strange sense of sympathy for everything. The pain in her heart had ached into a drowsy tenderness and joy.

“He was right. He is big-hearted, tender, lovable,” she cried.

A quick sound in the near-by shrubbery caused her to start violently. The rock was slippery and the next minute she was struggling in the water. The castle seemed to be going down, down to deep, black depths and carrying her with it.

A tall man sprang lightly into the water and in an instant was bringing her to shore. He placed her tenderly on the bank and waited for her to speak.

“Why did you come back—or why didn’t you go away?”

“I couldn’t leave you out here alone—then, too—we still have ‘The last of life for which the first was made.’ Your castle was not the whole building, but a mere foundation—a preparation.”

“And will you help me forget—may I grow old along with you—learn to live as you do?”

M. F. S.



## Ⓢ Meredith!

Greetings from the Alumnae Association on the  
occasion of the inauguration of  
President Brewer

O Meredith, our mother dear,  
To thee we bring our love and praise.  
In fancy as we gather here  
Upon this hallowed day of days  
Our voices rise with one consent:  
O hail to thee, our President!

Thy path was long, O Meredith,  
With clouds enveloping the way,  
And through the gloom could scarce be seen  
Thy Star of Hope's undying ray.  
Long since those sable clouds were rent.  
O hail to thee, our President!

Our love for thee, O Meredith,  
Endures throughout the changing years;  
For thee our smiles of joy abound,  
For thee our sympathizing tears,  
With thee our *very lives* are blent.  
O hail to thee, our President!

Our prayer for thee, O Meredith,  
Is not for wealth or worldly store,  
But that thy torch of righteousness  
May light thy pathway more and more—  
That Heaven's richest gifts be sent  
To guide and bless our President!

MRS. EDITH TAYLOR-EARNSHAW

Wake Forest, N. C.

## A Sprinting Suffragette

"Whew!" and Mr. Pinkerton gave his vari-colored goatee a sudden tweak of astonishment as he glanced again at a passage in the dainty pink note, which he was holding at a respectable distance. It was from his only child, Roberta, a Freshman at the Girls' School in the city, and the passage which caught his eye ran as follows:

Pop, you just as well take it to heart—I'm tired of being *meek*. Ever since Ma died you been teaching me to be the clingiest vine what is, but I ain't any longer. Yesterday me and some the girls here organized a *Equal Suffrage League*, and we put it down in the constitution that we hereby recognize ourselves to have equal brains with the men, to be possessed with *more* sense in money matters, and to be fully equal to walking twenty miles the day and thus beautifying ourselves besides the full right to leave the biscuits in our husband's stove (when we get one), and to go full-fledged to the poles to vote equal with the men. Hurrah for the women of the U. S. A.!

And, (the note continued) I know you're lonesome way out there in the country without no one but the cook to keep you company, Pop, so I just decided today not to stay for the Commencement, and as such is the case you can expect me home the afternoon of the 1st. Don't know whether you'll know me or not. I'm *some sport* these days! Just wait till you see me slinging off some my suffragetty airs 'round the little town of Jump Creek. You just bet I won't disclaim to speak to everybody I see!

Don't jump out your skin when you see me, Pop.

Love and kisses,

ROBERTA.

"I'm pure seared to meet the girl," Mr. Pinkerton said to himself. "She was a sweet little kid when I sent 'er off to school last fall, but I-be-Johnny-jumped-up if she don't sound more and more biggetyfyed every letter she writes."

It was with mingled feelings of impatience and euriosity that Mr. Pinkerton awaited the afternoon train on that hot first day of June. He gave a sigh of relief as the train pulled in, but eaught his breath sharply as the only passenger to alight—a young girl attired in a smart, severely cut suit and hat adorned with a rippling veil, stepped briskly off the train. She was swinging a chique little blue-enameled cane, and with it alternately tapped each boot as she advanced straightway to Mr. Pinkerton, and before he had time to recover from the shock of such a vision, gave him an embrace as severe as her suit.

"Why-er-er, little girl,—I-I-I-er—I had no idee it was *you!*" and Mr. Pinkerton could only gasp and stare at the elegant creature before him, and try to see some likeness in her to the sweet, submissive, modestly-dressed little girl he had

sent off to school the last October. By this time Roberta's rapid steps had carried them to the south side of the small village station, where the horse and buggy were in waiting. "Papa," declared Roberta in rather supercilious tones, "you may drive on with my suitcase—I prefer to walk."

"Why—er, why—er—er Roberta! It's *two* miles to home—you'll get so tired—I never did let you walk that far at once. A woman —"

"Ha! Ha!" Roberta broke out in one of her most suffragettical laughs. "Why Papa!—The very *idea!* A woman should walk *twenty miles a day* and not even get *tired!*"

"Strike out then, Roberta," and Mr. Pinkerton—his meek nature ruffled for once, climbed indignantly into the buggy and whipped Jess up to an easy gait. With a curious gleam in his eyes he watched Roberta's smart figure disappearing in the distance, as she rounded the corner and tapped her blue-heeled way down Main Street, looking neither to the left nor to the right as she went.

It was that mystic, peaceful time at sunset when most of the population of the little village came out to cool itself after the heat of the long spring day. They were out in full force now, and the bobbing heads of the matrons and loud chatter of the young folks, and eyes still straining Main-streetwards, was ample proof to Mr. Pinkerton that his daughter was the object of it all.

A wave of shame rushed over him. The idea of Roberta acting so biggety-fied. He would *see* whether college did anything more for her! Yes—he would *see*, and Roberta should *see* too.

As he was turning the corner which leads out into the straight road from Main Street "Bush" Jenkins, one of his old cronies, halloed to him from the doorway of his little grocery store.

"Say, Pink," he asked in a confidential tone when he had reached the buggy and propped one foot up comfortably on the "side-step"—"Say—who was that swell lady a-walking down past here a minute ago? She's the out-steppinest fashion-lady ever been my lot to see. She was beating a Ford car all to smash. I bet she was a-going it fifty miles the hour! Say—some of the boys here what followed her up from the depot say she got off the six-fifty and give you a *kiss!* Own up now, old man, who was she?"

"Er—er—er, she's, she's my—my," but poor Mr. Pinkerton, overwhelmed with the shame of the situation, could get no further.

"Bush" gave a great yell of enjoyment and slapped his friend on the knee, at the same time winking sidewise at the two boys hanging around the door of the store.

"Come here, some of you fellows," he called. "I wants you for honest witnesses. You Bill—you Sammy—you was the two what saw 'Pink' kiss the lady, now wan't you?"



"He tried to hug 'er too," put in Bill. "And she was stiffest thing in creation about it," said Sammy with a wink.

"Move your old clodhoppery foot from this buggy, 'Bush,' or I'll break your dainty leg," groaned poor Mr. Pinkerton, in desperation. "Don't you know that Jersey cow's got to be milked 'fore I can get to home now?"

"Don't you worry 'bout the cow—we ain't after lettin' widderers ketch up with that lady now," declared "Bush." "She's clean out'n sight down the road anyways most," he said, as he peered down the dusty stretch. "No siree, she ain't either," he yelled suddenly. "By George, 'Pink,' she's turning into your house!"

"Say," he said in an undertone, as he punched one of the boys in the ribs and grabbed the reins from "Pink's" frantic hands—"Say—*why didn't you give the lady a lift?* Your pokey horse too *slow* for her fast notions? Pity for her dainty footses to get dusty. Here Jake!" he called suddenly to the colored boy in the store. "Fetch my purty little Ford 'round here to the front—I'm goin' to beat 'Pink' to it!"

"Yassah, yassah," grinned Jake, "yassah, but the lady'll sho' out-run hit! Jes' you say though, jes you say, suh."

"Put a little more gasoline in her, Jake," called "Bush," "and here," you Sammy—look on that nail behind the door in yonder and fetch me my Sunday coat and red silk tie, and that high-top hat I wear to the city,—"

"Here, 'Pink'! Jes well stop trying to make your pony go—you ain't going to budge this buggy till me and my Fordy gets a-pace with you. Don't none of these country Jakes love a city lady any better'n me, and I'm goin' on a tour o' inspection wid you. Shut up! Here—no use tryin' any more to explostucate who she be—I—"


"But you're a fool, 'Bush'," groaned "Pink," "she's just, she's just—just—just my—"

"Yes, 'n she's just my—, just my— too, 'Pink'—(Hurry up with the Fordy, Jake!) Yes, 'Pink', oh, hello! What's this—a suitease, eh? Looks mighty like a lady's! You're the beatenist widderer I ever see!"

"Lordy, 'Bush', Lordy! She's just my—er, just my—"

But the irrepressible "Bush" was not to be stopped now. Quickly jumping into the Ford which Jake had just brought around, he started off, with "Pink" and his buggy in hot pursuit.

Convulsed with laughter, Bill, Sammy, and Jake watched the start. "I swan," said Sammy, "Old 'Bush's' the beatenist tease I ever see. Next to city ladies ain't nothin' he love better'n plague the life out o' old Jacob Pinkerton. I swear, Bill, let's hike after 'em and see the fun. 'Bush'll' get a shock when he



finds out who the lady is—she's the last person goin' and comin' he 'speets it to be. Come on! Jake, you better stay here and watch the store.

"Ain't neither—I'm goin' too," and all three of them started briskly off down the road after the buggy and Ford.

"'Bush's' drivin' some," panted Sammy, "but how in thunder did that lazy old horse o' 'Pink's' get ahead o' him?"

"Hi! there 'Bush'," he shouted suddenly, "wait and give a feller a lift." But "Bush" heard nothing. Cranking and turning and twisting his palpitating Ford from one side of the road to the other he sought valiantly to head off "Pink's" startled steed, and only succeeded in doing so when they were driving up into the wide lane into "Pink's" house.

Suddenly, just in front of the porch, the buggy stopped, the two boys stopped, colored Jake stopped, and "Bush's" heart nearly stopped, for coming out the door towards them was the "city lady." In blank amazement "Bush" gazed for fully five minutes at the blue-heeled boots, the smart gown to match, the hat from which the rippling veil had been removed, and, lastly, sheepishly, turned his eyes full upon the haughty little face.

"Well, I be darn," he muttered—"Beg pardon, Miss Roberta—when did you come home?"

Sammy suddenly gave "Bush" a huge punch in the ribs. "You might jes' tip that hat o' your'n, 'Bush'," he giggled.

L. H. '17

## THE BIGGEST EVENT OF THE COLLEGE YEAR

### Sophomores of Meredith College Take Their Night Off and Banquet at the Yarborough

Take pluck, luck, fun and frolic, determination, ability, and unusuality, plus a large amount of originality, and you have a few of the characteristics of the Sophomore Class. Originality is our second name. If it wasn't we would never have thought of banqueting at the Yarborough instead of feasting on the fourth floor of Faircloth Hall. That banquet was of the sort you read about sometimes in classy books, but never see in actual life.

It all began happening on a Saturday evening in October, when even the atmosphere was charged with witch spells and queer, creepy Hallowe'en chills traveled up and down our spines.

All the class and four guests of honor—Miss Paschal, Mrs. Brewer, Miss Reugger, and Miss Poteat—gathered in the Main Building parlors promptly at eight-thirty, and with many a jolly laugh the class, eager with anticipation, wended their way down Fayetteville Street to the Yarborough Hotel. In the reception room our charming president, Earla Ball, waited to receive us.

After wraps had been removed, all accepted the call to the dining-room with delight and alacrity worthy of the occasion.

There are some who may say that the Sophomore Class lacks spirit, but we don't; we are fairly drunk with it, and it doesn't take any extra energy to stir it up.

(Continued on page 3.)

## PANIC AT MEREDITH COLLEGE

### Great Excitement Among the Juniors

When it became generally known here today that the Sophomores had been granted privileges by the college senate consternation reigned supreme among the Juniors. The fact that the Sophomores would have privileges that were denied them when they were Sophs was too much for them. Many have not even yet recovered from the shock.

## IMPORTANT CLUB MEETINGS OF THE COLLEGE

The Junior Club will meet Wednesday evening in Art Studio. The subject under discussion will be "How best to train our sister Freshman Class so as not to be ashamed of their greenness, freshness, and general lack of sophistication."

The Freshman Shakespeare Club will meet next Sunday during silent hour. "The importance of the influence of the dime novel on the Elizabethan plays" and "The part Freshman English plays in causing a Newish to lose her religion" will be the interesting topics on discussion.

The Faculty Advisory Club of the Freshman Class will meet Saturday night at the usual place to discuss "What right Dean Boomhour has to make Newish dissect crayfish against their will."

The Newish Orpheus Club will meet Sunday evening to discuss "The Freshman's attitude toward ragtime music."

## A SHOCKING EVENT AT MEREDITH COLLEGE

### Big Spree Indulged in by Former Members of Student Government Association—A Thing Unheard of Before in All the History of the College

It came to us as a dreadful surprise, but on good authority, that on the night after the new officers of the Student Government Association went into office the former officers of the said association, including President Thompson, Vice-President Ashcraft, Secretary Higgs, Treasurer Hocutt, and the four house presidents, Gordon, Garvey, Osbourne, and Owen, stealthily made their way to the room of President Thompson and there, in the dark midnight hours, took part in such a spree as would shock the most bold of lawbreakers. For one whole year these young ladies had been held in restraint. They had tried to be good law-abiding students, reporting all misdemeanors as shirts and shoes, or rather lack of them, going to the movies and after-light-bell feasts. When the new officers took charge and the old ones were set free, such a reaction took place that this midnight escapade was the only possible mode of celebrating the occasion.

The windows and transom of Miss Thompson's room were draped in black, and not a ray of light shone out to tell the story. The guests entered and the door was closed and barred, and then there took place such a college blowout as was never heard of before.

The hardships and struggles of the last year were discussed in de-

(Continued on page 4.)

## The Sophomore Hawk

Published once in so often at the  
leisure of editors.

F. HAYNES  
L. JOSEY } Editors.

Entered as high-class matter in  
Oak Leaves by order of the Sopho-  
more Class, March 14, 1916.

### EDITORIALS

We think that it is nothing but  
meet and proper that in this section  
of the paper the vital conditions of  
college life be discussed.

The burning question now con-  
fronting us is, "What shall we do  
with our flirting Newish?" It seems  
that a few of our "first-year ladies"  
have come from remote, secluded  
spots which, though very dear to  
our hearts, fail to exactly conform  
to those rules of etiquette and mod-  
esty that are now being obeyed by  
the "best circles."

Of course, we cannot blame these  
"over-bold lassies" for not having all  
the refinement of cities, but we do  
think that where they forsake their  
lowly cottages they should leave  
behind those primitive methods of  
kidnapping young men; and we, in  
behalf of the student-body of Mer-  
edith College, insist that they learn  
that this is the twentieth century,  
and consequently the parts of fair  
Juliet and sweet Romeo are no  
longer played literally. This is said  
in no mean spirit, but in the sincere  
hope that the young ladies referred  
to may be improved and make ex-  
cellent examples of culture and re-  
finement for their younger sisters  
who will enter our halls next year.

Another thing which we wish to  
impress upon the students and Fac-  
ulty of Meredith College is the im-  
portance of the present Sophomore  
Class. The day has arrived when  
hazing the Newish is a thing of the  
past. In this enlightened and civil-  
ized age college Sophomores are

realizing the fact that Newish are  
to be pitied and protected.

We cite the present Sophomores  
of Meredith College as a good ex-  
ample of the protective attitude.  
Never have we passed a Newish by  
when she was in trouble or dis-  
tress without a hearty slap on the  
back and a breezy "cheer up." After  
seeing them bathe their faces in  
their fruitless endeavors to drink  
at the fountain, we have taught  
them the mysterious secret. Often  
have we, seeing a Freshie about to  
register in the laundry box, directed  
her to the right place. Many times  
having been asked where the laun-  
dry room was, we showed them the  
way instead of sending them to  
Miss Paschal's office, as we were  
sorely tempted to do.

It would sorely trouble us to  
count the times after "light bell,"  
although strictly against the rules,  
we have braved the wrath of the  
house president in order to console  
some little Freshie just across the  
hall who was flooding her pillow  
with briny tears because of flunk  
slips or the misplacing of her paper  
dolls. How often have we soothed  
these fevered brows and brought  
sleep to the darlings by tales of  
"Brer Rabbit," or by singing softly  
"Lullaby and Good-night" or "Sleep,  
Baby, Sleep," which is more effec-  
tive. When homesickness was the  
complaint, we let little Newish un-  
burden her heart by singing "Home,  
Sweet Home" to a few of the most  
sympathetic Sophomores.

Besides these small sympathetic  
deeds, we have often saved the  
dear children from death, or, at  
least, from a severe attack of acute  
indigestion, by appearing just at  
the psychological moment of a feast.  
These feasts were deemed injurious  
to inexperienced Freshmen, so a  
crowd of Sophs, hardened to such  
things, kindly and most nobly en-  
tered (uninvited, of course, but  
nevertheless a blessing in disguise),  
and in a very commendable way, ate  
the majority of the refreshments,  
thus protecting the Freshies from  
all harm of overeating.

And so, in ways too numerous to  
mention, we have watched over and  
protected the Freshmen and earn-  
estly tried to bring them up in the  
way they should go. Therefore, we  
hope the students and the Faculty  
especially will sit up and take no-  
tice and give due credit to the  
greatest, most brilliant, and most  
original Sophomore Class in all the  
history of Meredith College.

### POETIC FLIGHTS OF FANCY

Take of the freshness of meat un-  
salted,

Take of the greenness of the green-  
est grass.

And mix together with the brassiest  
brass.

And you've got it—the Freshman  
Class.

Sighs of Newish all remind us  
Freshman English spoils their  
dreams.

So they, departing, leave behind  
them,

Teardrops on their weekly themes.

Let 'em then be up and doing,  
O'er their lesson daily pore,  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
And learn to be a Sophomore.

Sunrise and breakfast bell!  
The one clear call for me;  
And may the beefsteak be cooked  
When at breakfast I shall be.

But alas! such hopes are vain—  
Too good for human knowledge—  
'Tis tougher than 'tis ever been  
Since first we came to college.

Although we ate and ate,  
Till nothing was left there,  
Each girl went from the table  
As hungry as a bear.

'Tis evening and light bell,  
And after that the dark,  
But we're still so very hungry  
We could almost eat a shark.

Though when from out of college  
life

Dull cares may bear us far,  
We hope to get enough to eat  
Before we cross the bar.

We saw a thing of greenish hue;  
We thought it was a lawn of grass,  
But when we at it closer drew  
We found it was the Freshman  
Class.—Selected.

There was a little Newish,  
Ella Johnson was her name,  
She came to Meredith College  
And sprang to instant fame.  
Miss Colton, she adopted her;  
She made her cook her meals,  
And in between the times,  
Ella vocalized in squeals.  
She read the daily papers  
In seeking to be clever,  
And though she did forget it all,  
She still talked on forever.

"What is that noise a-thundering  
so?" asked Newish from her bed.  
"It is the Sophs a-howling round,"  
the other Newish said.

"What makes you look so white, so  
white?" asked Newish from her  
bed.

"Because I'm scared plum out my  
wits," the other Newish said.

"For the whole class is together,  
and they're just outside the  
door; and such a noise they're  
making I have never heard be-  
fore. They are taking of their  
night off and it seems a whole  
lot more, and we'll be lacking  
of a Newish in the morning."

"What is that thing a-screamin' so?"  
asked Newish from her bed.

"It is our freshest Freshman," the  
other Newish said.

"What makes her scream so loud,  
so loud?" asked Newish from  
her bed.

"Because she cannot help herself,"  
the other Newish said.

"For the Sophomores have got her,  
and they're marching of her  
'round, and she's a-dancing  
and a-hopping with a scream at  
every bound; and when they've  
danced her lifeless she will  
never more be found, and we'll  
be lacking of a Newish in the  
morning."

### STOP! LOOK! AND READ!

The following note was received  
from an anxious parent:

Possum Ridge.

Editors of Sophomore Hawk:

Kin you all tell me why it is that  
my darter Mary is flunkin' two  
courses at Meredith College, when  
last year at Possum Ridge High  
School she made 95 on everything?  
Blamed if Ma and me kin under-  
stand it. Mary allus wuz consid-  
ered mighty brite. There must be  
something wrong with Meredith  
College when a brilliant girl like  
her flunks. Kin you all tell us what  
it is?

Yours mighty perplexed,

Bill Jones.

We advise that this matter be in-  
vestigated. Doubtless, most of us  
can guess the whys and wherefores,  
but we advise that the news be  
broken gently to the fond parent.

(Continued from page 1.)

either. Why, I'd rather be a Junior  
and flunk English Literature than  
try to argue with a Soph that her  
class isn't the best on record.

But to get back to the Yarborough  
dining-room. It was there that the  
class for which there is such a re-  
markable future that it will be next  
to impossible to equal or even imi-  
tate, gathered around a "T" shaped  
table with their honored guests and  
an extra amount of class spirit. The  
decorations were most suggestive of  
Hallowe'en and Sophomore original-  
ity. Witches and broomsticks, black  
cats, and hobgoblins pranced up and  
down the center of the table in the  
glare of Jack-o'-lanterns. Each plate  
was guarded by a fierce little imp of  
Hallowe'en himself.

Concerning the menu, it would  
take too much time and space to  
tell of what six courses consist.  
Imagine, if you can, the best the  
Yarborough affords in cream soups,  
roast turkey, cranberry sauce, salads  
and ices, served in the most fasci-

nating style, and you will then have  
some vague idea of what that menu  
was.

An end must come, however, to  
such charming events, and it was  
with a sigh of regret that each  
guest arose from the table, where  
the Jack-o'-lanterns were already be-  
coming dim because of long service.  
But before leaving, hearty toasts  
were given to our class by our gra-  
cious president and our guest of  
honor, Mrs. Brewer's being—

"Here's to the Sophomore Class,  
The Biggest and best class ever;  
And here's to this banquet, the like  
never seen,  
Whose memories we'll forget never."

Of course ours is the biggest and  
best class ever. Even the morn-  
ing papers acknowledged that it was  
the largest in the history of the  
college, and scores of like compli-  
ments paid our class by those who  
"know" could be mentioned.

Naturally, you would like to know  
who composes such a wonderful  
class. That's just it. It's what the  
class is composed of that makes it  
in a class by itself. You see, this  
class is quite different from those  
classes of the same name which  
have gone before us. Formerly,  
"Sophomore" meant "wise fool."  
Now, through the merits of the  
present class, it has come to mean  
"I know more," Sopho being a cor-  
ruption of the Latin verb scio, I  
know, and the English word "more."  
If any one doubts that we are a  
record-breaking class, guilty of cast-  
ing no blemish on our beloved Alma  
Mater, or if not wholly convinced  
that the standard we have set for  
future Sophomores is not ideal, even  
though hard to equal; if there is  
any one in doubt whatever concern-  
ing the past success and future  
greatness of the Sophomore Class,  
just ask a SOPHOMORE!

Tell me not in mournful numbers  
There is no such thing as crush,  
For we saw it right before us—  
Mary Claire gave Min the rush.

Advertise in the Sophomore Hawk and have your wants relieved.

WANTED.—To know how to smile sweetly at Minnie Nash. Mary Claire Peterson.

FOR RENT  
Very Cheap  
MY CHAPEL SEAT  
Apply to ESTELLE RAY  
Care Eunice Britt

LOST.—My cosmetics. Finder please rush property, as I can't appear in public without it. M. Haunah.

What Newish tried to crush on her English teacher?

For first correct answer a life-long subscription to the Sophomore Hawk will be given.

WANTED.—To know what gets the matter with my knees when I enter Miss Paschal's office. M. Beasley.

Trade at  
THE BIG GAS PLANT  
Run in connection with the  
Hot-air Establishment.  
VELORA BRANTLEY  
Sole Proprietor.

WANTED.—Cam and George. Bernice and Janice Leary.

Advertise in the  
SOPHOMORE HAWK  
Have you anything to buy, swap, or sell?  
Try an ad with us.  
Don't be a Tightwad.

FOUND.—On night of Sophomore banquet one little Newish, pale and trembling, crouching in farthest corner of the room under the bed.

To supply all your  
BRASS NEEDS  
Trade at  
THE GREAT BRASS WORKS  
Owned and controlled exclusively by the Freshman Class.  
ELSIE RIDDICK,  
Manager.

### A CHARMING CHINESE ENTERTAINMENT

On Thanksgiving evening at six o'clock, the Sophomores of Meredith gathered together in the college parlors in response to the dainty and unique Chinese invitations issued by their Seniors. When all had arrived, Miss Martha Wall, president of the Senior Class, led the guests down to the spacious dining-room, which immediately transported all into the land of China. Chinese decorations adorned the tables, Chinese lanterns lighted the room, Chinese favors were distributed, and, last but not least, only chopsticks were given to aid in the devouring of the delicate supper. The menu consisted of mutkini yatmomin, mooko, haryok, and lowguy. Great was the amusement of the merry party at the awkwardness of one another in their attempts to eat with the strange Chinese chopsticks.

Finally, all gave up in despair. Then Miss Wall arose and welcomed her guests with a pretty toast, which was gracefully acknowledged by the Sophomore president, Miss Earla Ball. So with one last farewell look of longing at the sumptuous repast, the guests departed, declaring that, at least, the hostesses had been all that could be desired.

(Continued from page 1.)

tail. Ex-President Thompson declared she would never know how she managed to wear her skirts as long as she did, and Secretary Higgs stated that she had almost died to go to the movies. The four house presidents promised to go with her the very next Monday. After discussing the gloomy past they turned to the radiant future.

In the meanwhile Ex-President Thompson had prepared a bountiful feast, and for a while every one was silent in the enjoyment of it.

Later, under the enlivening influence of champagne, the guests became hilarious, and toasts befitting the occasion were given, ex-President Thompson, closing with—

"Here's to all of you  
Who by me have stood  
And did your best,  
But couldn't be good,  
Yet just the same  
It was easy to fool  
The folks up here  
In this old school.  
And you bet we'll remember  
To our dying day  
The year we held offices  
In the big S. G. A."

After this all slipped quietly home in the wee sma' hours of the morning.

Next day, horrified by what they had done, these eight ex-officers of the S. G. A., through force of habit, reported their own midnight celebration. They were forgiven, as it was believed that they did it during a moment of "temporary mental apparation."

### FAMOUS BOOKS BY WELL- KNOWN AUTHORS

"Silence is Golden," by Miss Inez Watkins. Dedicated to Velora Brantley and Bobby Clark.

"How to Catch a Beau," by Bernice Learey. This book is written from the profound experience of the author, who has spent several years in "boarding schools."



## Meredithians in Merry Mood

### WHAT'S IN A NAME?

GIRL: Lou, who's in the infirmary?

LOU: Flossy Laughter (Flossy Tickle).

A package recently came to Meredith addressed to Glossy Pickle (Flossy Tickle.)

E. PARKER: Mary, have you any Prep. IV English books?

MARY L.: Sure. I have one, *La Tacke du Petit Pierre*.

### VOTES FOR "SALUBRITIES"

Most retiring and humble.....	E. A.—(You guess who)
Cutest.....	MISS VANN
Most dashing.....	MISS LAW
Most careless.....	MR. BOOMHOUR
Most <i>un-sarcastic</i> .....	MISS BAILEY
Biggest talker.....	MISS FORGEUS
Biggest flirt.....	MISS PASCHAL
Most "forward".....	MISS BROWN
Biggest men-haters.....	MISSSES JOHNSON AND BOST
Most un-sentimental.....	DR. AND MRS. LEM.
Biggest anti-crush.....	MISS WHITE

### DOES IT SOUND NATURAL?

"Learn to get the maximum result with the minimum effort. You may get this and anything else by reading Anna Payson Call."

"As president of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools I—. I am not only an *authority* on McMurry's *How to Study*, but *I* helped write it; in fact, *I* wrote it."

"I hardly think that shirts and shoes can be removed for this occasion."

"Young ladies, men are false! They will cheat your eye teeth out and then laugh at you—"

"In Gray's Anatomy there cannot be found a single, solitary, superfluous preposition, pronoun, adjective or adverb. It is perfectly complete and compact."

"It is not good for man to dwell alone. He needs companionship!"

"*Mein Kind! Mein Kind!* Will you *never* get that in your cranium?"

"*What is it?* I mistrust you will; will you? I take it you have focused up and down; have you?"

"*The dog's toe!* You just love to get sick, the last one of you! And you ain't a bit more sick than I am."

MISS JOHNSON (on English): Miss Stanton, of what nationality was Ruskin?

J. STANTON: He was a socialist.

I. CLEMENT: Nina, who wrote *Pilgrim's Progress*?

N. TURNER (hesitatingly): Er—er—John Bunyan, of course.

G. HUNT finds difficulty in getting around on Saturday afternoon in Fayetteville Street because of the extensive tariff (traffic).

MABEL QUINN: Nina, who is Elia Norris going to give a reception for?

N. T.: Why the "Minstrel" Class at Wake Forest.

M. HANNAH: Lynwood, I'm writing home for my alarm clock.

L. COOK: I have mine. Isn't one enough?

M. H.: Well, you see, I want mine to take on class, so I'll know when to leave.

NELL PASCHAL (calling the roll for church): Nancy Joyner.

N. JOYNER: Unprepared.

DR. BREWER (on Chemistry): I have never seen but one man overcome with chlorine. He wasn't exactly gone, but we didn't like the way he had started.

ANNE CRAIG: How did you know which way he was going, Dr. Brewer?

PROFESSOR: Have you read *Romeo and Juliet*?

MARY B. A.: I have read *Romeo*, but not *Juliet*.



## TEN MEREDITHIAN COMMANDMENTS

1. If thou wouldst attain fame at this institution, ally thyself with all the forces which make the Meredithian wheel go 'round; in other words, be a "jiner."

2. When thou comest in the presence of English professors and the like, every knee should be bent and every head bowed, and in a still, small voice, thou mightst well inquire: "How may I serve thee, oh mighty one?"

3. Thou shalt learn every sociological Roman "One" and Arabic "a" if thou wouldst walk in the shadow of Dr. Freeman's smile.

4. Thou shalt love as thyself that one who borroweth, unbeknownst to thee, thy last clean collar.

5. If thou wouldst bespeak—heretofore luxury—talk indifferently about "cars" and "limousines," and take unto thyself numberless Ford jokes.

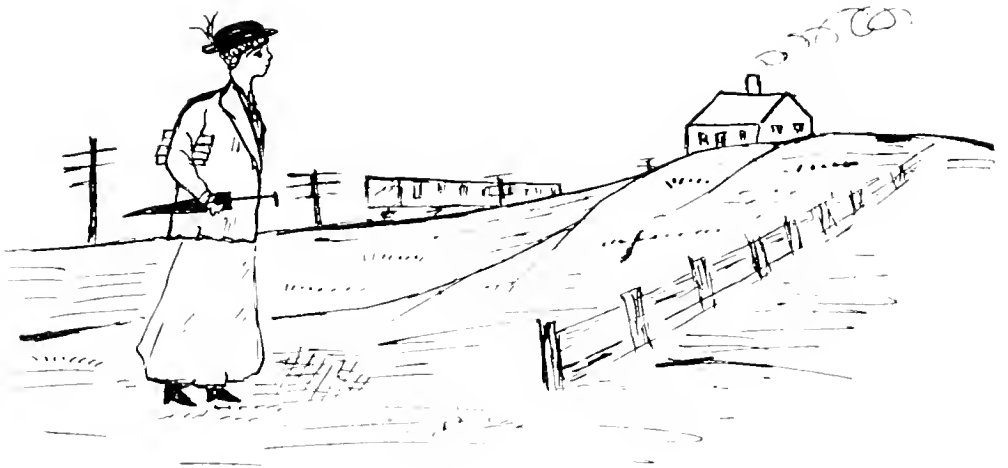
6. Be sure that thou refuseth the Faculty naught if thou wouldst steer clear of flunk notes.

7. If, when thou comest to M. C., thou shouldst desire masculine adoration, arrange to room with a girl who has a brother at a near-by institution. This helpeth much.

8. If thou wouldst attain rewards ranking in the nineties, first learn to discuss freely the favorite subjects of the *sorores in facultate*, and the rest followeth easily.

9. If thou hast come to thy Alma Mater desiring to bedeck thy room with college pennants, pillows, etc., betake thyself first of all to the A. & M. Biological reception, and all of these things, along with ball game passes, shall be added unto thee.

10. If thou desirest to attain undying popularity, never cease to share with thy starving sisters all of thy home-fried chicken and other goodies, even to the last crumb. Do this, and thou shalt never know the bliss of solitude.



### EDUCATION III

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going a teaching, sir," she said.

"May I walk with you, my pretty maid?"

"The committeemen wouldn't approve," she said.

"What's your fortune, my pretty maid?"

"Forty-five dollars a month," she said.

"Then I'll not marry you, my pretty maid."

"I was afraid you wouldn't, sir," she said.

IF WE WERE DIFFERENT.

Please, everybody, be quiet. My nerves just can't stand noise after light-bell.  
*Lydia Joscy.*

I have tried so hard, since Marjorie is a new girl, to help her be a law-abiding, consistent member of Student Government.—*Lynwood Cook.*

I strongly disapprove of crushing. It is the greatest menace to the twentieth century girl that I know of.—*Mary Clare Peterson.*

It seems such a mistake to me for a girl to devote herself just to one man. I believe in keeping always a dozen on my string.—*Joyner.*

R. TRIPPE: Are you going to the reception tonight, Katie?

K. JESSUP: Of course, I am crazy. Oh, Ruth aren't you the gladdest person! I do so want to see *him!*

I'm so thankful I didn't get any mail—especially from Wake Forest.—*Teresa Dew.*

I know every lesson for today *perfectly.* And I spent hours and hours reading the English assignment.—*Mary Ferrell.*

Isn't Miss Colton precious? So *modest* and *obliging.*—*R. Bird, M. Garvey.*

Aren't you crazy about our Monday lunch? We *do* have the best soup.—*I. Thompson.*

Light-bell, girls, but you can keep them on just as long as you want to. Good night and sweet dreams.—*Clyde Williams and Lois Miller.*

Sure thing I'm not going to take history notes! Nix on studying for me—I'm going to write to my sweetheart.—*Esther Royster.*

I'm so tired of men! Their proposals are getting so stale and boring.—  
*Corington, Wall and Pruette.*

Girls, I'm so distressed. I weigh five pounds *less* than I did this time last week.—*Corinne Gordon.*

ELIZABETH C.: Mr. Ferrell, here is my *resurrection* fee.

N. J. AND R. B. have been studying the moon through a *microscope*.

C. G.: Is there any kind of meeting tonight?

I. P.: Yes, I have a voice lesson at 7:30.

MISS J.: Miss Peterson, in what kind of metre is this poem written?

M. C. P.: It is written in heroic triplets.

LYDIA JOSEY: How much do we have to pay for our complimentary ticket?

L. B. A.: Annie May, are your glasses nose glasses or ear glasses?

A. M. A.: Neither one, they are eye glasses.

MEREDITH SENIOR TO NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY AGENT: Do you have any trade outside of North Carolina?

MARY PRUETTE: Is Aesop a Bible man?

Freshman Class wants to know who it is in school by the name of Newish.

"PAT" W. (studying skeleton): I can't find the auditory nerve in this thing.

E. P.: Bessie, who is that man?

B. C.: He's the great baritone.

E. P.: I thought he was the great singer that was going to come.

SOPH.: Why are Margaret Garvey and Olive Kent such enemies?

NEWISH: I hear they are rivaling over a Wake Forest preacher named Colston.

#### THE NEW HOUSE PRESIDENT

'Twas the night after election and all over the house  
Only one creature was stirring—like the proverbial mouse,  
And she—the poor lassie, with lips pressed tight  
Was dutifully seeking a wayward light.  
She looked through the transom, she stared through the door  
Until her eyes were very painfully sore.  
But alas! the darlings on the house-president's first night  
Obediently at light bell turned off the light;  
Yet—could it be?—there was wafted to her a savory smell,  
Which to her *heart* only one message could possibly tell,  
And a candle's reflection she ascertained on the wall  
Caused her duty and feelings to conflict—that's all.  
She whispered friendly intentions and got inside.  
Don't blame her if she did backslide;  
For though S. G.'s are feminine, it still remains a fact—  
They forget their position when they're about to starve like that.

## Final Senior Quiz Extemporaneous

### Why Did You Come to Meredith?

1. To learn how to outsing anybody in the home church choir—*Emilee Britt*.
2. To see if somebody who wasn't Miles Long would fall in love with me—*Mary Pruette*.
3. To make the boy who lives next door glad to see me when I get back—*Maysie Hendren*.
4. That I might get some mail—at least one letter a week from home—*Elia Norris*.
5. Because there were only two boys at home, and one of them got killed, and the other married—*Bert Brown*.
6. To see what made Davenport so much better than Meredith—*Olive Kent*.
7. To get to see the State Fair—*Edna Bradsher*.
8. To get out of washing dishes and milking the cows—*Ella Parker*.
9. Somebody had to come with Ida, and then Mr. Winston sent Herman to A. & M.—*Pat Wall*.
10. After hog-killing time there wasn't anything to do and I got lonesome—*Irene Parker*.
11. There wasn't any reason at all. Pop bought the ticket, and put me on the train—*Ida Wall*.
12. The diet was recommended as an anti-fat—*Corrine Gordon*.
13. To get to ride on the train to and from home—*Ruth Owen*.
14. I knew somebody would have to take Miss Colton's place some time, and thought I'd be here ready—*Esther Royster*.
15. The folks at home got tired of hearing my jokes, and I had to have somebody to tell them to—*Nell Covington*.
16. To get to wear an evening dress and meet some Wake Forest boys—*Van Eddins*.
17. To show the youth at Buie's Creek what learning will do—*Bessie Campbell*.
18. The house burned down and there wasn't room for us all at grandpapa's—*Clara Newton*.
19. To wait for my beau who lost his job—*Cora Sawyer*.
20. To ride in an elevator—*Irene Thompson*.
21. To have some Senior pictures made—*Dorothy Vann*.
22. To see for sure if *he* were the one—*Eva Lane*.
23. To see the street cars in Raleigh—*Nell Fowler*.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE HAWK

**Mary Hasseltine Vann**

at the recital Thursday evening

heartlessly

**MURDERED**

The touching selection from Gounod,

Further announcement will follow.

---

**LOST**

originality of the Junior Class

**BUT**

was fortunately at the Governor's

Mansion,

**FOUND**

and restored to the happy owners

**Dr. Dixon**

was on Tuesday morning

**CAUGHT**

by Dr. Freeman

**STEALING**

time from his Psy. class. Judgment will

be rendered later.

---

**DISCOVERED**

in the college of Meredith a class of

people called Juniors who

**AT**

election time were found capable of holding any and all positions. We only hope

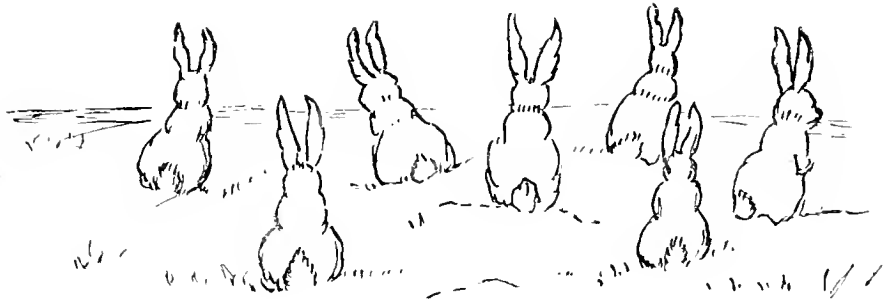
this efficiency will

**LAST**

## Observations by the Oak Tree

"I told you so," triumphantly exclaimed the big oak tree. "Everybody is so happy to see the new OAK LEAVES, just as I prophesied. Didn't you hear the lady when she stopped to look at them closely say they brought back her blissful, happy days; and didn't you hear her tell the little girl with her that some day she would truly love OAK LEAVES instead of just looking at them with a curious interest"? Think of making people happy like that!

The high board fence gave the tree a seathing, critical stare, and began—but fortunately, just at this time, there came a wise gust of wind along, which kindly swallowed up the inevitably disdainful remark.









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