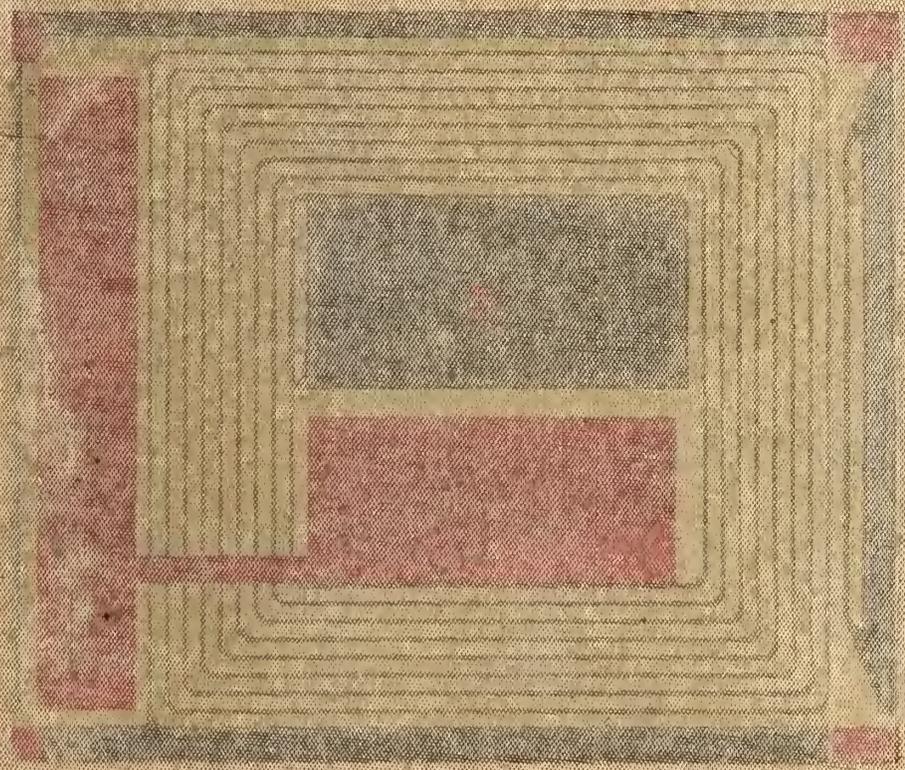
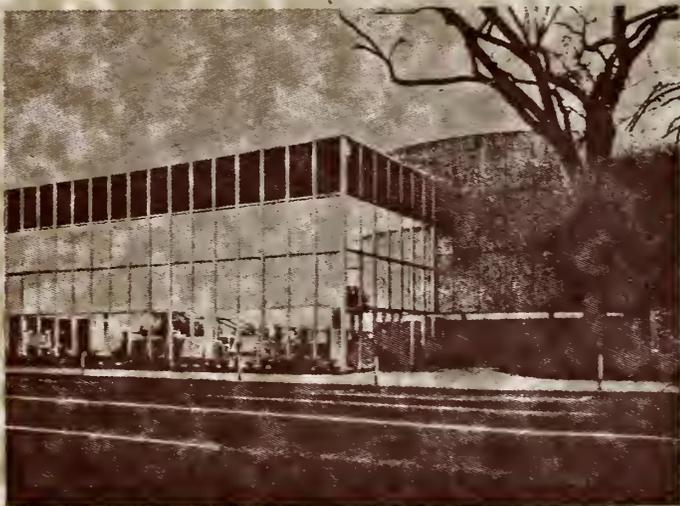


Caps and Belles







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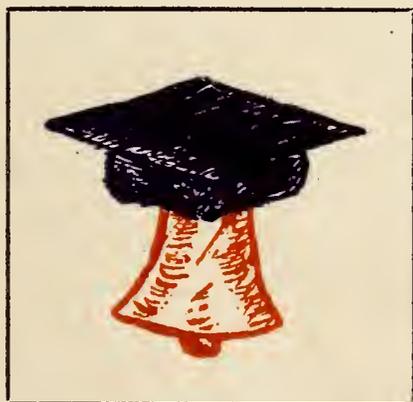


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# Caps and Belles

VOLUME SECOND



EDITED BY  
THE CLASS OF NINETEEN-THREE  
ELIZABETH COLLEGE  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.



# Dedication

To our honored benefactor  
Mr. Gerard Snowden Watts  
who has always shown such an interest in  
our College  
this volume is dedicated by the  
Editors



College Colors—Royal Purple and Orange  
Motto—Pro Christo et Ecclesia

## Sketch of Mr. Watts

---

**G**ERARD SNOWDEN WATTS, of Baltimore, Maryland, for whom the Gerard Conservatory of Music is named, is the husband of Mrs. Ann Elizabeth Watts, father of Mrs. C. B. King and Mr. George W. Watts, of Durham, N. C.

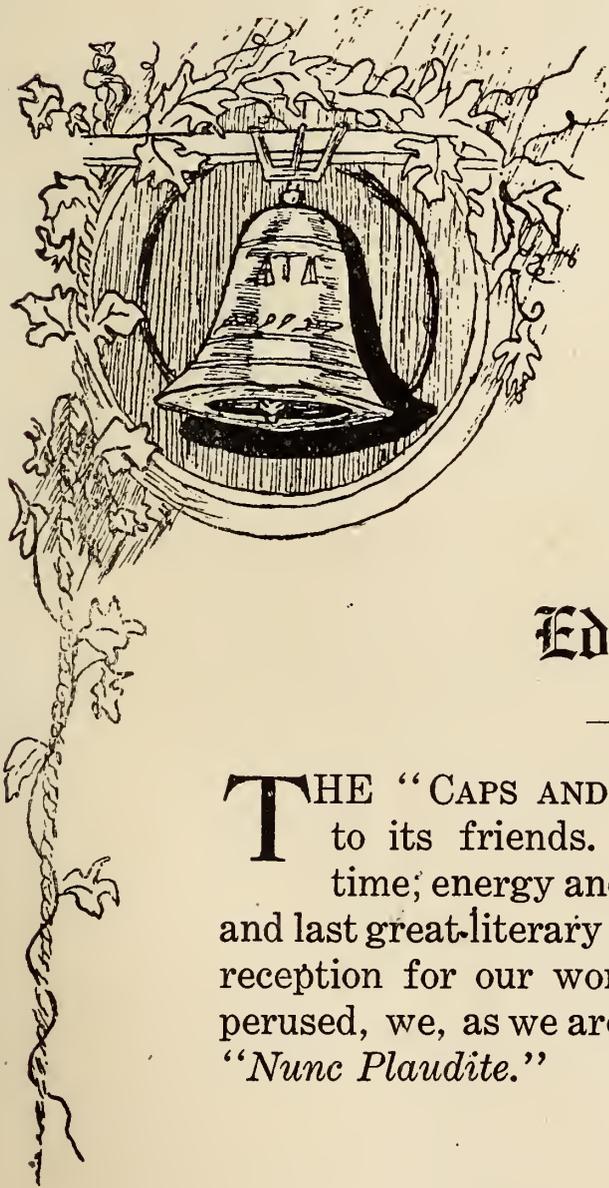
Mr. Watts was one of the liberal founders of Elizabeth College. By virtue of his interest in education and the general welfare of mankind, he has aided many worthy charitable institutions. Having retired from active business life several years ago, he spends the most of his time at "Beverly," his beautiful country place near Baltimore. He makes an annual visit to Elizabeth. Both teachers and students always look forward with pleasure to his visits to the "White House."

May he live to enjoy many more years of good health and happiness.



GERARD SNOWDEN WATTS



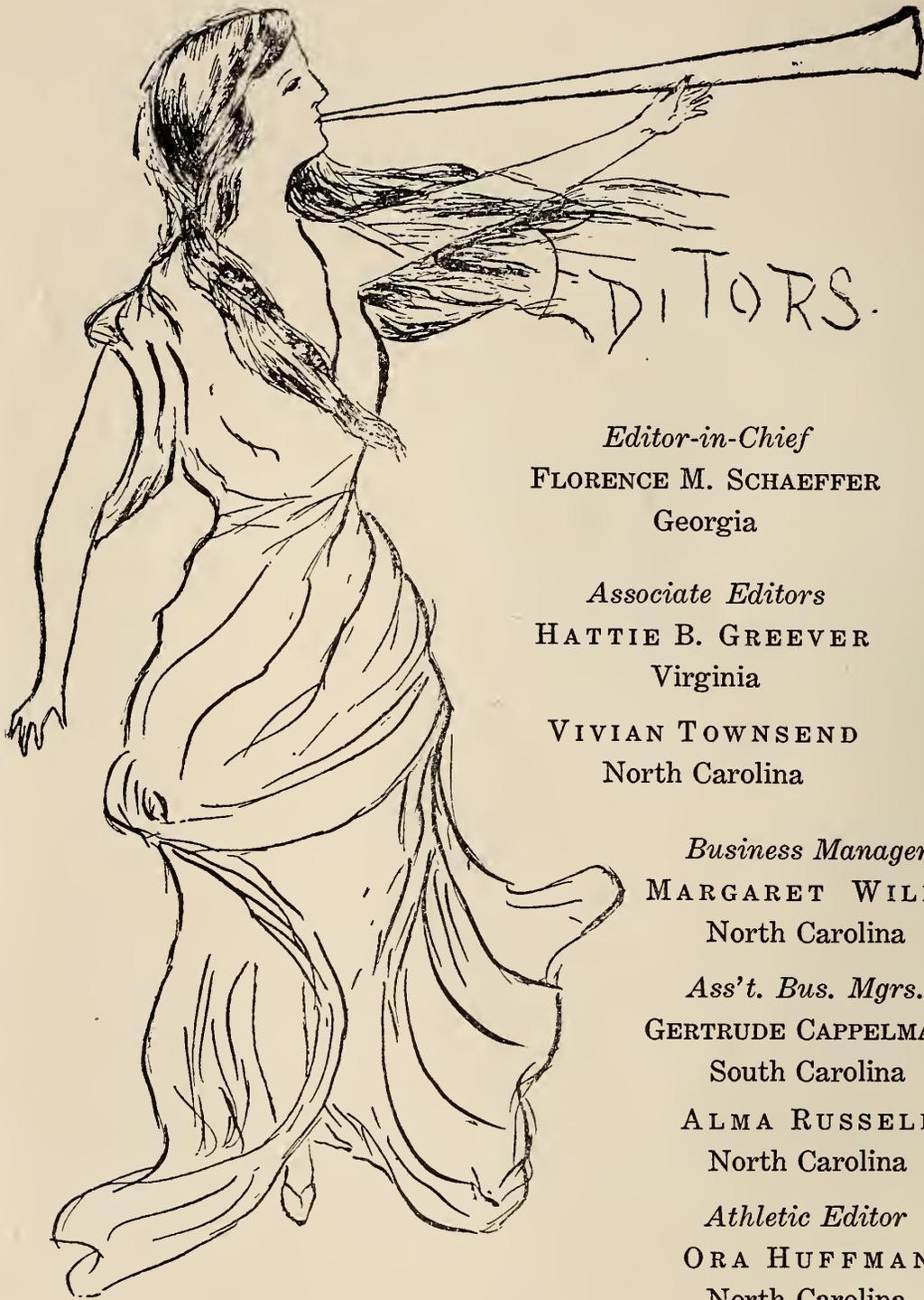


## Editorial

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THE "CAPS AND BELLES" gives greeting to its friends. We have expended our time, energy and talent (?) on this our first and last great literary production. We beg a kind reception for our work, and when it has been perused, we, as we are Seniors, will say in Latin, "*Nunc Plaudite.*"

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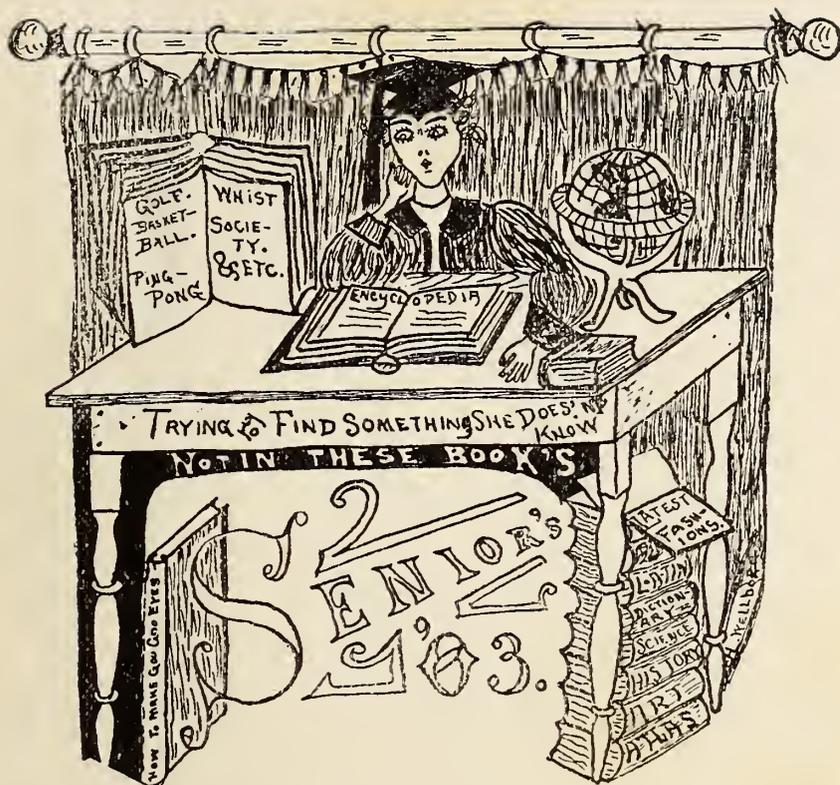




O-L-B-C.

FACULTY





COLORS—Purple and White

MOTTO—*Loyal en Tout*

FLOWER—Pansy

YELL—Rah! Rah! Rah! Who's all right?  
 Seniors! Seniors! Purple and White  
 Hey! Ho! Hi! Ho! Rip! Rah! Re!  
 E. C.! N. C.! Nineteen-three!

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OLIVETTE CLINE  
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 FANNIE NEAL

IOLA PHILPOT  
 ALMA RUSSELL  
 FLORENCE SCHAEFFER  
 VIVIAN TOWNSEND

# Statistia

N A M E	A G E	D E S C R I P T I O N	P R E S E N T O C C U P A T I O N	F A V O R I T E E X P R E S S I O N	A I M I N L I F E
GERTRUDE CAPPELMANN	Poses as "Sweet Sixteen"	A real "Roly-poly"	Keeping her hair in order.	"Ding it !"	To settle all "gas" bills
OLIVETTE CLINE - -	Nineteen by the family record	Solemn-faced and dignified	Correspondent for a government office in the Philippines.	"That's what I said, is you?"	To teach music to the Philippines.
HELEAH HENKEL - -	?????	Petite and fair (A faded blonde)	Trying to practice fifteen hours per day.	"I'm such a fool!"	To go to Rock Hill by way of E(h)rie Canal.
ORA HUFFMAN - -	Long since departed from her teens	Saucer-like face and "peculiar" eyes, with a figure similar to Jack's beanstalk	Lounging in Conservatory Halls.	"Gim-me dem keys!"	To marry a preacher and live on a farm.
FANNIE NEAL - -	Doubtful	A pleasant face (when she isn't mad) and sparkling eyes (when she isn't crying)	Studying for "Exams."	"Dog it!"	To become an expert in higher mathematics
IOLA PHILPOT - -	Methuselah's age minus 950 years	Slender, young, dark and giddy	Exercising her vocal cords. (May the Fates preserve us.)	"Damn it!"	To spread abroad the fame of the Betas.
ALMA RUSSELL - -	Promised not to tell	Hands and feet of respectable size, mud-colored hair and dubious eyes	Learning "Ma Patrie"	"A-h! Is that so!"	To "bum" around and have a good time.
HATTIE GREEVER - -	She won't tell	Low and squatty (?) with a musical voice and peony complexion	Writing essays	"Wh-y girls!"	To be more dignified.
LILLIE B. HALLMAN -	Being an Old Maid, her age could not be ascertained	Hair, beggars description; eyes, beautiful brown; complexion, "skimmed milk;" figure - (-)	Engaged in a vain attempt (as yet) to kill herself practicing.	"The teachers are not scared of me!"	To teach music until her antiquated methods force her to secure a position as Matron in an Orphan Home
VIVIAN TOWNSEND -	On the sunny side of thirty	Left to the imagination	Attempting to invent a painless tooth extractor,	"Watch out for the paint palette!"	To be a second Mozart.
FLORENCE SCHAEFFER	She says eighteen - others say a good many years older	Sandy hair, blue eyes, a deliciously tip-tilted nose and a slender "figger"	Attending to Express packages.	"I don't care if I can't learn this old Math!"	To keep house for her brother. (?)
MARGARET WILLIS -	Ask her.	A long, slim, slick, slender sapling	Having call meetings of the Senior Class	"Looks like it was sent for, couldn't go, and went."	To become a "Queen."



SENIOR CLASS

O-L-B-C.



## Senior History

UNLIKE most Classes, we have no Freshman year to look back upon with mingled feelings of joy and regret. We have missed that feeling of importance which comes to every Freshman, but on the other hand we can recall no indignities imposed upon us by the Sophs. And so the Class of 1903 came into existence as Sophomores with all the pride and self-conceit ever found among them. Our chief characteristic was "taking up" for the Seniors, which we did with the greatest enthusiasm upon all occasions.

In reflecting upon the pleasant events of that year, a throng of happy memories appears. Foremost among them is the memory of our great initiation for which we prepared and carried through brilliantly, regardless of dire fear of the meddling Juniors. And the next morning we "woke and found ourselves famous." In our Junior year, after many and varied experiences, we found ourselves sadder and wiser girls; and, because of the fear that we "might usurp the Seniors' rights," we had to see our air-castles toppling over every time we raised them to a respectable height.

And now we, a merry band of twelve, have found that a Senior's path is not always strewn with roses. If, in our youthful days, we ever thought the position of Senior to be a sinecure, we beg for forgiveness. When the cap and gown were assumed in reality, we stood and looked in vain for the dignity and privileges we always thought went with them. Still, we can look back upon our College course as a time of happy experiences and loving memories, when, bound together by the ties of good fellowship and loyalty, we indeed looked into the happiest side of a school girl's life.



# Our Seniors

In different meters and indifferent meters with apologies to all the poets

## Lillie Belle Hallman

She is staid and sedate  
She is noble and true,  
Her virtues are many,  
Her faults they are few;  
And her chiefest desire  
(It always has been)  
Is to play, some day,  
Like dear Miss McLinn.

## Iola Hilpert

Iola, gay and dashing,  
Is always quick and spry;  
She's jolly and she's happy,  
Ne'er known to breathe a sigh;  
Her best love I would tell you,  
But surely you can guess—  
His name ends with an "E"  
And begins with an "S"

## Gertrude Cappellmann

Her hair is short,  
(And she's short too)  
But that is nothing  
To me or you;  
She's cute and cunning,  
Sweet and bright,  
She is, at "Betsy"  
A shining light.

## Heleah Henkel

Always tired, much admired  
Is our Heleah;  
Fair of face and full of grace,  
Say all who see her;  
Her best love's Cap,  
And both agree  
They like each other  
Tremendously.

## Florence Schaeffer

Her we'll always remember  
As a sweet and womanly girl,  
Whose heart is set on higher things  
Than society's busy whirl,  
Who is clever as well as fetching,  
Who can be jolly, too;  
Ah! Florence, we wish Elizabeth  
Had more girls just like you.

## Ora Huffman

She is full of common sense,  
She strictly "'tends to biz;"  
She's devoted to her music,  
And here her talent is,  
I seem to see her future—  
A glimpse into her life,  
She'll play the organ in a church  
And be a minister's wife.

## Hibian Townsend

Always quiet and dignified,  
Rosy cheeked and deep brown eyed,  
One who ever has a smile,  
Winsome, happy all the while;  
She takes this life quite seriously,  
We wonder what her future'll be.

## Hattie Greber

Virginia has given to us,  
Hattie, tall and fair,  
We thank dear old Virginia,  
For girls like this are rare,  
But there's something queer about  
her—  
Please write it in letters big—  
She love's her mathematics,  
She's actually fond of "Trig."

## Fannie Neal

She paints, Oh! don't be horrified,  
'Tis only pictures, you know—  
Scenes from nature—modified,  
Glimpses of woods and snow;  
She says she's wedded to her art,  
(She's fond of Ruskin too)  
She says that painting has her heart,  
I don't believe it, do you?

## Alma Russell

She comes out from the city  
She is a studious girl,  
Who says "you know?" bewitch-  
ingly  
As she gives her head a twirl,  
She's fond of—shall I say it?  
Listen closely—then pass;  
She admires—I really must tell you—  
She adores the Senior Class.

## Margaret Willis

Margaret Willis, if you please,  
Tall and stately and quite at her  
ease,  
With high ambitions for future fame  
And a brain to win this very same,  
She'll ne'er unnoticed below here  
pass,  
Here's to the President of the  
Senior Class.

## Olivette Cline

Among our Seniors—last, but not  
least—  
Another musician you must meet;  
She's tall and fair, with charms so  
rare  
That e'en to the Philippines do they  
reach  
At some future date  
Will a fair soldier be her fate?  
And may all that's fine  
Come to Olivette Cline.

N. H.



## Junior Class

MOTTO—*Esto Quod Esse Videris.*

COLORS—Light Blue and Gold.

FLOWER—Forget-me-not.

YELL—Rip! Rap! Tip! Tap! Boo! Woo! Woo!  
Juniors! Juniors! Gold and Blue!  
Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Bah!  
Nineteen-four! Rah! Rah! Rah!

---

### Officers

*President*—LIL GRIFFIN

*Vice-President*—MARIE HUTCHINGS

*Secretary*—SALOME WILSON

*Treasurer*—HANNAH WILSON

*Historian*—SALOME WILSON

*Poet*—JESSIE MOSELEY

---

### Members

FANNIE BLACK

DORA BARRON

ASHE GADDY

NELL WATKINS

## Autobiography of the Junior Class

I WAS born September 15, 1899, when eight bright, promising young ladies entered the walls of Elizabeth. In October, under the patronage of the Juniors of 1902, I became an organized body, endowed with full power to act and perfect ability to defend myself against all possible aggression of enemies. It is a well known fact that Seniors and Sophomores are wont to sway their sceptre of power over all with whom they come in contact.

Filled with high aspirations, undaunted courage and a determination for success, I began my life. Already I began to feel the passion of genius stirring within me, and to a remarkable degree for one so young, I began to develop class spirit.

In June, after a year of activity, as my members separated for the first time, I felt and appreciated the bond of unity and loyalty that bound them to me and to Elizabeth.

In the second year of my life, still as a protégé of the class of '02, I found I had retained only two of my original members, but the lost seven had been replaced by ten others equally bright and as loyal to me.

This year my members spent in close application to hard study with little time or thought for affairs of minor importance. But when other matters, requiring my attention, arose, I was ready for the emergency. Two weeks before commencement I had a fierce conflict with the Class of '03, in which, it is needless to say, I was victorious. A week later, at the hour of midnight, I with my allies, the Junior Specials, celebrated the victory by a banquet in the College gymnasium. My members then dispersed for their summer's rest.

After vacation, with renewed vigor and strength, as I resumed my work in the third year, I found six old members and three new had been preserved to me. Thus far my members have advanced with a quiet determination of purpose and a prompt conception of duty and rights, as well as a strict adherence to the same.

And now as I look into the dim future, I seem to see my members arrayed in cap and gown passing through the corridors of Elizabeth. A more stately class will never have been, nor shall a worthier follow. Still further in the distance I see my members famous in the different professions of life, and, considering their present loyalty, they will *never* forget their Alma Mater and me, the Class of 1904.

## Autobiography of the Junior Class

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After vacation, with renewed vigor and strength, as I resumed my work in the third year, I found six old members and three new had been preserved to me. Thus far my members have advanced with a good determination of purpose and a prompt conception of duty and responsibility, as well as a strong attachment to the same.

And now as I look back on the days that are, I seem to see my members arrayed in cloths of gold passing through the corridors of Elizabeth. A more stately class will never have been, nor shall a more successful. Still further in the distance I see my members forming in various professions of life, and, considering their present position, they will never forget their Alma Mater and me, the Class of 1901.



JUNIOR CLASS



# A Drama in Real Life

This article will be a short record of a portion of the lives and some of the deeds and sayings of that great body of philosophers, the Juniors of E. C. I will give it in the form of the play as it is to be acted by Michard Ransfield, next season:

## “Dramatis Personae”

LIL ELIZABETH GRIFFIN, the President of the Class, a blue-eyed, happy-go-lucky girl.

SALOME WILSON, a most dignified and impressive young lady.

FANNIE BLACK, a good giggler.

MARIE HUTCHINGS, a “dig.,” who often burns the midnight electricity.

JESSIE MOSELEY, a poet of great renown and little worth.

HANNAH WILSON, the belligerent.

NELL WATKINS, who can arouse a good ragtime and Prof. Zehm’s ire.

ASHE GADDY, a musician who plays only classics.

DORA BARRON, the girl who can “leaf it” most excellently in Physics.

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## ACT I—SCENE 1

Place—Recitation Room 31.

Books, blackboards, chairs, Professors, and other unnecessary paraphernalia.

Enter: Lil Griffin, Salome Wilson, Jessie Moseley, Fannie Black, Marie Hutchings, Hannah Wilson, Nell Watkins, Ashe Gaddy and Dora Barron.

Lil Griffin—“Girls, we are called together to organize our class. Who shall take the chair, temporarily?”

Chorus of Girls—“You, you, you! ’Cause you can yell so loud and shut us all up.”

(Miss Griffin takes the chair.)

Miss Griffin—(knocks on the table with her knuckles)—“Girls, please come to order, and say who you want for president.”

(Indistinct murmur of “She’ll do. She’ll get mad if we don’t let her stay.”)

Fannie Black—“I” he-he “nominate” he-he “Miss Lil Griffin” he-he.

Miss Griffin—“Is there a second to that motion?”

Miss Salome Wilson—(rising majestically)—“I second that motion.”

(Takes her seat with the air of one who has done a great deed.)

Miss Griffin—“Is there any other nomination?” (Pause) “If not, all those who are in favor of this motion will please rise.” (All rise except Dora Barron.)

Nell Watkins—“Dora, why didn’t you rise; didn’t you want her?”

Dora Barron—“Oh, yes; but it is too much trouble to get up.”

Jessie Moseley—“Girls, let’s have Salome for secretary, and Hannah for treasurer.”

Miss Griffin—Oh, no! Let’s have it parliamentary.”

Ashe Gaddy—“No, it’s too much trouble; it takes too long.”

Hannah Wilson—“We ain’t any lords and peers, any way.”

Lil Griffin—"All right, Salome, you and Hannah are elected. Now when shall we have our meetings?"

Dora—"When shall we three meet again, in thunder, lightning, or in rain?"

Girls—"Dora shut up! We can't have any meeting with you yelling out all the time."

Marie Hutchings—"Let's meet every other Friday."

Girls—"All right."

Dora—"Move we adjourn. Second the motion. All in favor will please say 'aye.' The motion is seconded and carried."

(Cries of "Hush, Dora, we are not half through.")

Lil Griffin—"Hannah, I appoint you as a committee of one to draw up the rules. You are good and 'scrappy' and will make them strict."

Hannah—"Alright."

Lil—"Is there anything else?"

Fannie, Marie and Dora—"No; for the land's sake let's go. I want to catch my car."

(Exit all. Curtain.)

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## ACT II—SCENE 1

Place—Professor Black's Physics Class.

Salome Wilson, Hannah Wilson, Lil Griffin, Dora Barron, Jessie Moseley, Marie Hutchings and Fannie Black (all with chairs tilted back against the wall, except Salome, who is walking around the room inspecting minutely the instruments, much to the impatience of Mr. Black.) Jessie is writing a beautiful ode to Spring, from which she reads at intervals.

Fannie (aside)—"Dora do 'argufy' with Mr. Black, 'cause I don't know my lesson."

Dora—"Well, Mr. Black, I don't understand about the top part of a wheel going faster than the bottom. Why don't the top get there first if it goes faster?"

Professor Black—"Miss Barron, motion is translation plus rotation. The bottom of the wheel has no rotation while the top has, hence—"

Dora—"Well, Mr. Black, what is the difference between translation and rotation?"

Hannah—"Mr. Black, I don't believe the top part goes faster than the bottom."

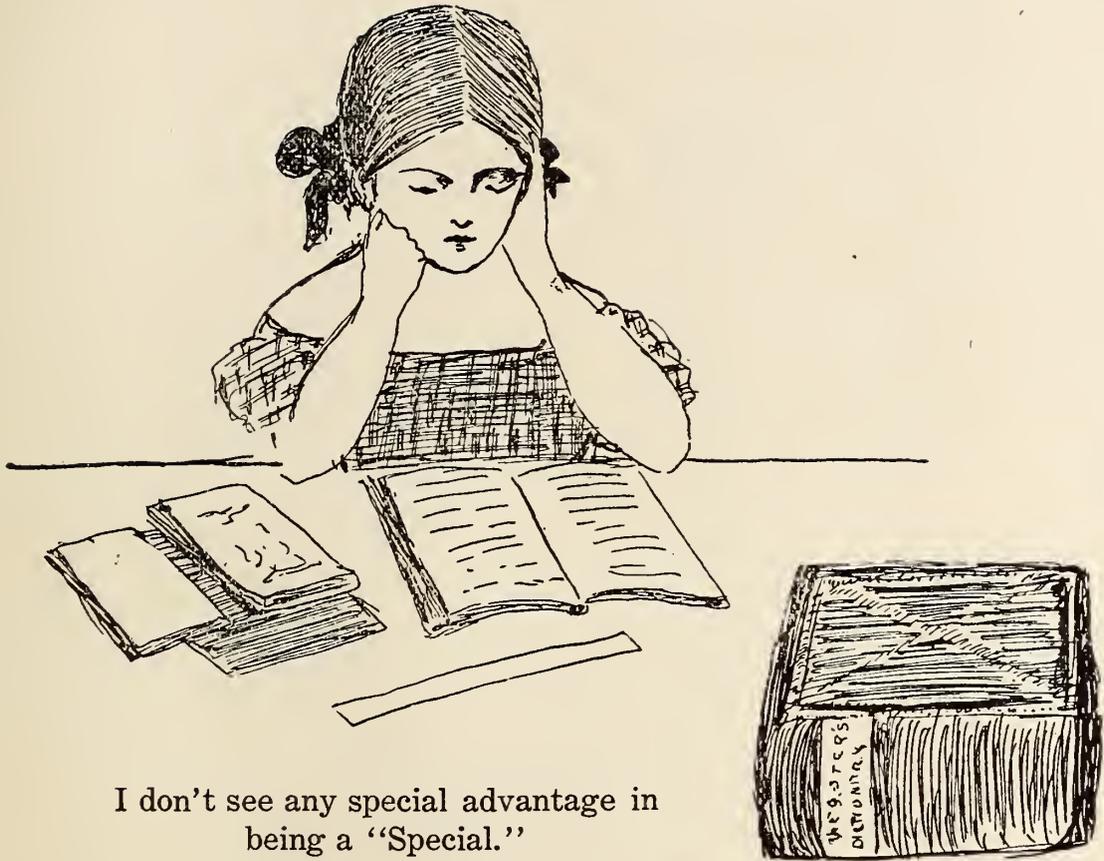
(Dora, in the meantime, hunts for the place in her book, but can't find it, so she leans forward and says in a very audible whisper, "Lil, I be dog-gone if I can find the place.")

(Loud clanging of the bell. Exit all, by the harmonious mingling of "Bill Bailey" by Miss Watkins and a fugue by Miss Gaddy.)

Curtain.

DORA BARRON.





I don't see any special advantage in  
being a "Special."

## Junior Specials

### Officers

*President*—MATTIE CURRIE, Arkansas

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*Treasurer*—CLOE JONES, Arkansas

*Critic*—LOUISE CLAUSSEN, South Carolina

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ANNIE MAY BEDENBAUGH, S. C.

CLIO COPE, S. C.

ANNA DOTGER, N. C.

LOTTIE LANG, Ga.

MARGARET SHALLIDAY, Tenn.

**MOTTO**—Who has the will, he has the skill.

**COLORS**—Orange and Black.

**FLOWER**—Black-eyed Susan.

**YELL**—Whoop la rah ! Siz boom bah !

Orange and Black ! Rah ! Rah ! Rah !

Chinck-a-lacka, Chink-a-lacka !

Boom-a-lacka, Bo !

Junior Specials, 1904.

# Junior Specials

## Alice Baird

"A rolling stone gathers no moss."

She is quite a bright girl but always in need of someone to help her along the rocky road of knowledge. She takes life as it comes.

## Annie M. Bedenbaugh

"I am bowed with the weight of industry."

Tall and hungry looking, and tries to make people believe she is just practicing herself to death. One of our best basketball players.

## Louise Claussen

"She has two eyes so soft and brown, take care."

A most conscientious girl and very quiet (?), in fact the only quiet one in our class. "Imagine my feelings" is her favorite expression.

## Clia Cope

"My mind to me a kingdom is."

Very independent, she likes to have her own way, and just hates people when they don't do to please her. She plays tennis well, and is a most graceful dancer.

## Mattie Currie

"Joy danced in her dark eye."

An Arkansas traveler. She likes Elocution and does it well. Has a weakness for outdoor sports, especially basketball.  
A man-hater. "How come?"

## Annie Dotger

"Tis known she can speak German."

The baby of our class; a bright and altogether attractive little creature.

# Junior Specials

Alice Baird

"A rolling stone gathers no moss."

She is quite a bright girl but always in need of someone to help her along the rocky road of knowledge. She takes life as it comes.

Annie M. Heddenbaugh

"I am bowed with the weight of indignation."

Tall and hungry looking, and tries to make people believe she is just practicing herself to death. One of our best basketball players.

Louise Clausen

"She has two eyes so soft and brown, take care."

A most conscientious girl and very quiet (?), in fact the only one in our class. "Imagine my feelings" is her favorite expression.

Elin Gray

"My mind to me a kingdom is."

Very independent, she likes to have her own way, and just hates people when they don't do to please her. She plays tennis well, and is a most graceful dancer.

Mattie Currie

"I've danced in her dark eye."

An always traveler. She likes Elocution and does it well. She has a weakness for outdoor sports, especially basketball. A man-hater. "How come?"

Annie Baker

The baby of the class, a bright and cheerful creature.



JUNIOR SPECIALS



### Clare Jones

"She is haughty and that's no lie,  
But there's mischief in her eye,  
She's a flirt."

Inclined to be sarcastic but has many redeeming virtues. Rather an admirer of the opposite sex.

### Lottie Lang

"I chatter, chatter as I go."

Lanky, lean and tall. Principal occupation, "collecting dues."

### Clara Langford

"She displays a tiny glove  
And a dainty little love  
Of a shoe."

Original and witty and is not averse to the free expression of her opinion. Has a great devotion for her native State, but is rather sentimental.

### Bess Tucker

"Sweet little maid with winsome eyes that laugh all day."

Kind-hearted and sympathetic; always ready to lend a helping hand. Very industrious. Hobby: Hemstitching.

### Margaret Shalliday

"How the delicious notes, full and sweet,  
Come bubbling from her throat."

A maid from Sunny Tennessee, who has a sweet disposition and is very attractive. "Early to bed and late to rise," is one of her chief characteristics.



"LOOK AT LITTLE FRESHIE, STILL HANGING ON TO HER DOLL."



O. L. B. Co.

SOPHOMORE CLASS



## Sophomore Class

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MOTTO—*Facta non Dicta*

COLORS—Crimson and White

FLOWER—Carnation

YELL—One Zippa, Two-a-Zippa  
Rippa, Zippa, Strive,  
Sophomores, Sophomores,  
Class of 1905.

---

### Officers

*President*—FLORENCE VIRGINIA KOPP

*Vice-President*—CLARA ANTHONY

*Secretary*—LILLIAN WISE

*Treasurer*—ABBIE HENKEL

---

### Members

AGNES CHALMERS

NELLE ORR

EVA CHALMERS

PAULINE WILSON



# FRESHMAN CLASS



MOTTO—Whatever you be, be original

COLORS—Green and White

FLOWER—Lily-of-the-valley

YELL—Rah, Rah, Rah! Rah, Rah, Rite!  
 Rah, Rah, Rah! Green and White!  
 Rah, Rah, Rah! Rix, Rix, Rix,  
 We are the girls of nineteen-six

## Officers

*President*—HELEN RHYNE

*Vice-President*—ETHEL GRAY

*Secretary*—GLADYS TOMPKINS

*Treasurer*—SUSIE RHYNE

*Historian*—BESSIE ARNOLD

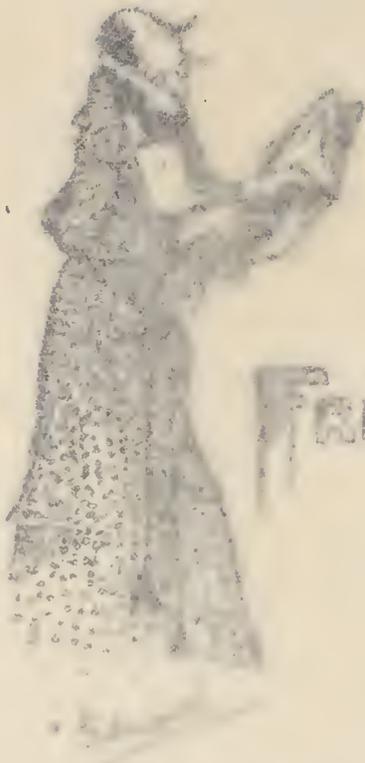
*Poet*—GLADYS TOMPKINS

## Members

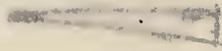
BEATRICE BOYD

MARY MCGEE

MARY LUCAS



# FRESHMAN CLASS



Motto—Whatever you be, be original

COLORS—Green and White

FLOWER—Lily-of-the-valley

YEAH—Rah, Rah, Rah! Rah, Rah, Rite!  
 Rah, Rah, Rah! Green and White!  
 Rah, Rah, Rah! Rix, Rix, Rix,  
 We are the girls of nineteen-six

## Officers

*President*—VIVIAN BATES

*Vice-President*—ETHEL GRAY

*Secretary*—GLADYS TOMPKINS

*Treasurer*—SUSIE RHYNE

*Historian*—BESSIE A. [unclear]

*Post*—[unclear]

## Members

BEATRICE BOYD

HELEN [unclear]

MARY [unclear]



O-L-B-Co.

FRESHMAN CLASS



## Freshman Class

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ABOUT nine months have now elapsed since we, the members of the Freshman Class, arrived at Elizabeth College to begin a course which we realized to be a very important one. Upon arriving at the College we found it very much more pleasant than we had anticipated.

Much to our relief, we learned that hazing by the Sophs was not practiced, so we settled down peaceably to our work. Christmas was our first real holiday and, needless to say, we greatly enjoyed it.

But the return was a time of weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, and the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" were all that was needed to flood the "Gym" with salt water. Our Class has already gained a reputation for pluck and perseverance and a spirit of Class loyalty.

Our career so far has been successful, and we shall put forth our best efforts to earn an illustrious record for the Class of 1906.

BESSIE ARNOLD,  
*Historian.*



# Preparatory Department

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## A Dream

Once when the snow was falling fast,  
I went to ride with my mother;  
The storm was one that long did last,  
There never has been such another.

We went to meet a little child,  
Who was coming from far away,  
His father and mother both had died,  
And with us he was coming to stay.

But the train had stopped because of the snow,  
And our journey was all in vain;  
When we returned I was cold, you know,  
And glad to be home again.

I sat by the fire in my little chair,  
And I thought, and thought so long  
That after a while things didn't seem right,  
And yet they didn't seem wrong.

'Twas then I heard a little knock  
That seemed to be outside;  
I arose to quickly the door unlock,  
And guess what greeted my eyes!

A poor little girl, covered over with snow,  
Who was thinly and poorly clad,  
Was crouching down on the steps so low,  
And her voice was weak and sad.

I picked her up in my arms right there,  
And carried her through the hall;  
I put her in my own little chair,  
And wrapped her up in my shawl,

I rubbed her purple hands and feet  
Until they had grown quite warm;  
And soon the child had fallen asleep  
To dream of no more harm.

But suddenly something happened, so strange  
I opened my eyes very wide.  
Everything seemed so queerly changed,  
Yes, changed on every side.

For instead of seeing in my little chair,  
Which was drawn up close by my side,  
A dear little girl nestling snugly there,  
I saw—and I almost cried—

I saw a very strange thing—old Willow,  
Our great big, lazy black cat,  
Sleeping cozily there by the fire on his pillow—  
Now what do you think of that?

—ALICE SMITH.



## Commercial Department

MOTTO—"I are so tired"

COLOR—Crimson and White

FLOWER—"Sweet William"

### Officers

*President*—MYRA MASON

*Vice-President*—MARY HAFNER

*Secretary*—ORABELLE ROGAN

*Treasurer*—LEILA LAZENBY

---

### As Told by Us

We the "big four," or more properly speaking, the "important four" began our business career a short time after school opened. We have always been kept busy, which is very apparent by our tired (?) look.

Prof. Mintz, the president of the Charlotte Business College, is our teacher, and he declares that among all his pupils his "Lizzy" girls are by far the brightest and most industrious of any on roll, though Miss Lazenby (our "lazy" girl) sometimes disappoints him in not being able to attend regularly. She is a sweet, quiet girl and there is no need of her attending school so regularly unless Mr. M— is called to other scenes.

Our Miss H—, an attractive girl, likes to "gad" about too much to put her mind on her work, but we believe she will come out all right in the end.

Miss M—, a bright girl, goes at her work with a vim, but we think she will never have use of her shorthand as she is contemplating ?????!!!!  
!!!!()(\$\$&&—lucky girl!

The sentimental girl of the class, Miss R—, is so deeply interested in astronomy that at one of our receptions she was seen looking for the "Moon" regardless of the rainy night.



COMMERCIAL STUDENTS



## After Ten Years

I FIND myself in Hyde Park, London. Why does this policeman bid me stand aside? Oh, I see! It is a royal bridal procession. I look at the bride and catch a faint resemblance of an old friend. I look again—who can it be? Why my old school-friend Mary.

On my way to the Philippines, one calm beautiful night, I am on deck the steamer watching the lazy waters of the Gulf of Mexico, when my attention is called to a merry party, and, upon observation, I see the face of my dear chum, Miss R—. As we speak of our earlier girlhood days, a shade of sadness comes over her face when we speak of the walks arm in arm under the shady arbors of “Moon”-vines and “Harty” roses, whose beauty and sweetness she can never forget.

Once again I am in Charlotte, and I learn that my dear old friend Myra is living there, and I am directed to stop at the First Episcopal Church, and near the church I am told is her home. While standing on the street in doubt where to go, I see coming out of a dear little cottage clasped hand in hand, a young wife with her devoted husband, and at once I see her life has been all sunshine. Can it be? Yes it is Myra.

I am being rapidly carried across the States to California. I pick up a paper and come across these headlines: “FAMOUS TRAINED NURSE—MISS LAZENBY—TO GO TO ALASKA.” I read further and find it is the same old Leila of whom I had lost trace, for lo! these many years. And I can picture her bright sunny face bending over the cots of the suffering and dead, for whom she has made death easier.



THE COLLEGE STUDENT AS SHE WOULD  
LIKE TO BE.



THE COLLEGE STUDENT AS THE FACULTY  
WOULD LIKE HER TO BE.

# The Wrecked Heart—A Tragic Romance

## CHAPTER I.—THE HEROINE.

EVELINA ARETHUSA JENKINS was a lovely blonde of eleven summers. In her infancy her doting parents had called her a cherub. Later she had developed into a seraph. That is, according to the poetical terminology of her adorable confidante, Mademoiselle Rah-shale Ree-paire. Still another affectionate appellation had been bestowed upon her by the teacher of her grade. He often spoke of her as a “holy terror.”

Rah-shale was a charming young woman of the mature age of fourteen. She was a pupil of Madame Millifleurs, of Pah-ree. That is the way that Madame pronounced the name of the French capitol. And all that is how the adorable confidante came to call herself Mlle. Rah-shale Ree-paire. Other people called her Rachel Ripper.

Mademoiselle insisted that the name pronounced Jenkins, by the French, was properly Zhangkeens; but the uncultured senior Jenkinse would have none of it. Neither would the world at large.

Evelina Arethusa had long hair, which, as a rule, hung in tangled strings over her face, giving to her eyes the suggestion of twin moons shining through a canebreak. At rare intervals the flaxen chaos was tied up with a ribbon. The ribbon had originally been blue, but from being at sundry times fastened about the neck of a pet kitten which had a depraved penchant for warm ashes, it had ultimately acquired a complexion of marvelous variegation.

Evelina Arethusa also wore a likewise marvelously variegated dress, very short in the skirt, below which were to be observed wrinkly stockings, disappearing in brass-tipped shoes, one or the other always untied. Nevertheless, Evelina Arethusa was angelic. She was also a sylph. That is, in the opinion of her knightly lover, only he spelled it “silf” in his “billy-doo,” as Mademoiselle called his notes. He sometimes addressed the “silf” as his “brite angle.”

The knightly lover stood in awe of Mademoiselle, but despised Madame. He called the latter “a frizzle-head monkey.”

## CHAPTER II.—THE HERO.

Algernon Xenocrates Jones was the knightly lover. He was also a hero, in his own estimation, and in the opinion of Evelina Arethusa.

He was well advanced in years—nearly thirteen—and hence he contemplated with scornful indignation the short trousers, the badge of youthful servitude that his adamant-hearted parents compelled him still

to wear. But! He had no means by which to procure garments more befitting his conscious manhood. He chafed under the galling thralldom of "knee-pants." He often meditated upon it, in bitterness of spirit. Oh, for emancipation! A sudden dash for liberty and a "strenuous life" of freedom in the far West, where he might dress at will in nothing but beaded moccasins and a feathery plume.

But, another thought! To go to the Indians or even to join the Irish in fighting the Turks—for he imagined that Ireland, as well as all other countries across the Atlantic was constantly at war with Turkey—would separate him from Evelina Arethusa. No! that must not be. No, no, he would, with manly fortitude, endure the indignities heaped upon him by his cruel parents, and, if necessary, he would become a chivalrous martyr for his "brite angle's" sake. (He wrote it "shiverous marter" in a "billy-doo" to the "silf.")

Accordingly, he looped up one side of his hat with a tin tobacco tag. He cut off a fragment of discarded carpeting to wear as a mantle over his soiled shirt-waist. He procured a pair of abandoned leggins, one of blue cloth and the other of yellow leather, to conceal the brevity of his trousers. The leggins had at one time been blue and yellow, but they were now diversified with streaks and patches of various other colors. Then he armed himself with a "lants" and a "simmyter." The lance was a piece of fishing-rod, with a nail in one end of it. He found this a very handy weapon to get between his legs and trip him up in a "charge." In those tumbles he generally added a few splashes of divers-colored clays to the resident dirt on his face. He never applied water on the map of his knightly countenance, except under the heartless compulsion of his tyrannical parents. He regarded ablutions as evidences of effeminacy. His scimiter was a worn-out reap hook with a corn-cob handle.

Thus armed cap-a-pie, his dilapidated shoes run down at the heels, and twisting his imaginary moustache so as to look like a picture he had seen of the German Kaiser, he was terrible to behold. Sometimes when he had acquired an extra dab of mud on his upper lip, the moustache was not altogether imaginary. He really looked dreadful, and Evelina Arethusa caught her breath with admiration as he strode toward her with the scowl of battle upon his brow.

### CHAPTER III.—DENOUEMENT.

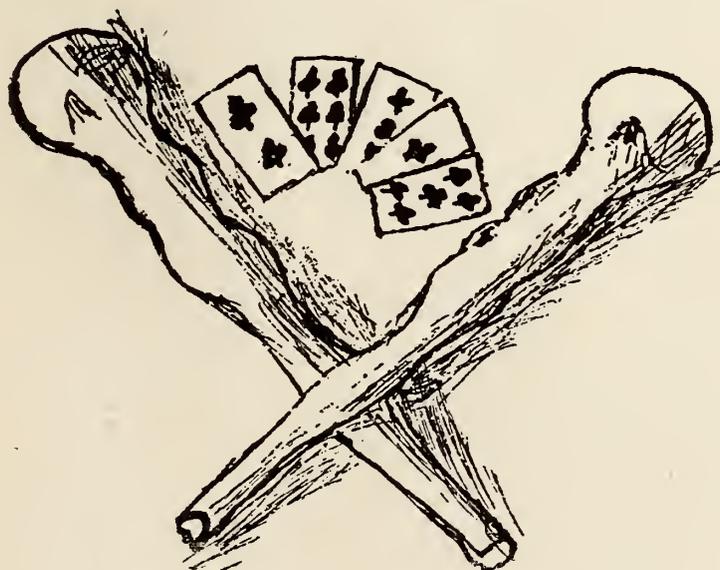
Bill Sikes gave Evelina Arethusa a big red apple. Like a granite boulder in a brook, it turned the course of true love's stream. Bill was red-headed and freckled and went barefooted, but he wore long trousers and lived on a farm where there was an apple orchard. Algernon Xenocrates was discarded. Evelina Arethusa made faces at him. His heart was wrecked. He resolved to join the Turks and fight the world. That is, as soon as he could cross the ocean.

The drama is ended. The curtain falls.

MYRA CLARKE MASON.

# Clubs and Organizations

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# Diatelean Literary Society

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MOTTO—*Per Aspera Ad Astra*

COLORS—Purple and Lilac

FLOWER—Violet

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## Officers

*President*—FLORENCE M. SCHAEFFER

*Vice-President*—ORA HUFFMAN

*Recording Secretary*—HELEAH HENKEL

*Corresponding Secretary*—FLORENCE KOPP

*Treasurer*—LIL GRIFFIN

*Critic*—PEARLE RENDLEMAN

*Censor*—HATTIE GREEVER

*Doorkeeper*—LOTTIE LANG

*Pages*—JENNIE HUSEMAN AND BEATRICE BOYD

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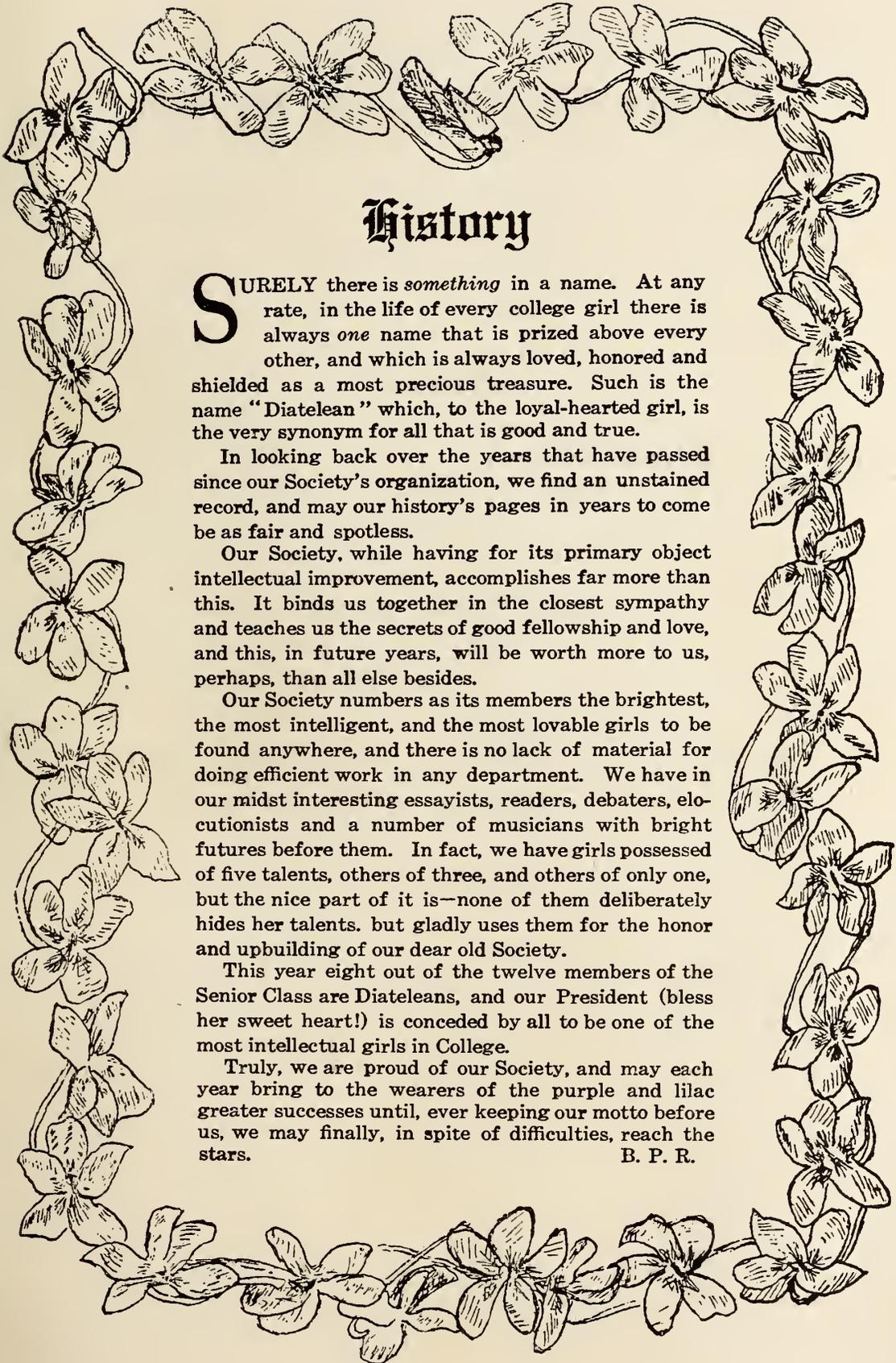
## Members

ANNIE MAE BEDENBAUGH	MARY HAFNER
IRENE BISCHOFF	LOTTIE LANG
OLIVETTE CLINE	CLARA LANGFORD
LOUISE CLAUSSEN	LELIA LAZENBY
CLIO COPE	FANNIE NEAL
BERTHA J. DEMPWOLF	CLARA TOWNSEND
BELLE EPTING	VIVIAN TOWNSEND
PAULINE FISHER	GLADYS TOMPKINS
LILLIE BELLE HALLMAN	HANNAH WILSON
GERTRUDE HENKEN	PAULINE WILSON
ABBIE HENKEL	SALOME WILSON
MAUDE BELLE HENKEL	ANNIE WELSH



DIATELEAN LITERARY SOCIETY





## History

**S**URELY there is *something* in a name. At any rate, in the life of every college girl there is always *one* name that is prized above every other, and which is always loved, honored and shielded as a most precious treasure. Such is the name "Diatelean" which, to the loyal-hearted girl, is the very synonym for all that is good and true.

In looking back over the years that have passed since our Society's organization, we find an unstained record, and may our history's pages in years to come be as fair and spotless.

Our Society, while having for its primary object intellectual improvement, accomplishes far more than this. It binds us together in the closest sympathy and teaches us the secrets of good fellowship and love, and this, in future years, will be worth more to us, perhaps, than all else besides.

Our Society numbers as its members the brightest, the most intelligent, and the most lovable girls to be found anywhere, and there is no lack of material for doing efficient work in any department. We have in our midst interesting essayists, readers, debaters, elocutionists and a number of musicians with bright futures before them. In fact, we have girls possessed of five talents, others of three, and others of only one, but the nice part of it is—none of them deliberately hides her talents, but gladly uses them for the honor and upbuilding of our dear old Society.

This year eight out of the twelve members of the Senior Class are Diateleans, and our President (bless her sweet heart!) is conceded by all to be one of the most intellectual girls in College.

Truly, we are proud of our Society, and may each year bring to the wearers of the purple and lilac greater successes until, ever keeping our motto before us, we may finally, in spite of difficulties, reach the stars.

B. P. R.

# Euchrestian Literary Society

MOTTO—*Esse non Videri.*      COLORS—Green and Gold.

FLOWER—Marechal Niel Rose.

STONE—Emerald.

## Officers

*President*—MARGARET SHALLIDAY

*Vice-President*—FLORENCE MUSSELMAN

*Rec. Secretary*—IOLA PHILPOT

*Cor. Secretary*—CLOE JONES

*Treasurer*—ELIZABETH CARGILE

*First Critic*—GERTRUDE CAPPELMANN

*Second Critic*—LUCY WELLBORN

*Censor*—MATTIE CURRIE

*Hall Managers*—JESSIE MOSELEY and LILLIE M. RUSSELL.

*Pages*—RUTH JONES and MARJORIE HARRIS.

## Members

INDIA COLBERT

OUIDA COLBERT

VIRGINIA CRENSHAW

ASHE GADDY

IDA GOVAN

ETHEL GRAY

BESS HEARNE

NELL HEARNE

ROSA HOLMES

MARY KING

SUSIE RHYNE

HELEN RHYNE

ORA BELLE ROGAN

ALMA RUSSELL

SADIE SNIDER

EUGENIA SUMMER

BESSYE TUCKER

LAURA WATKINS

LILLIAN WISE

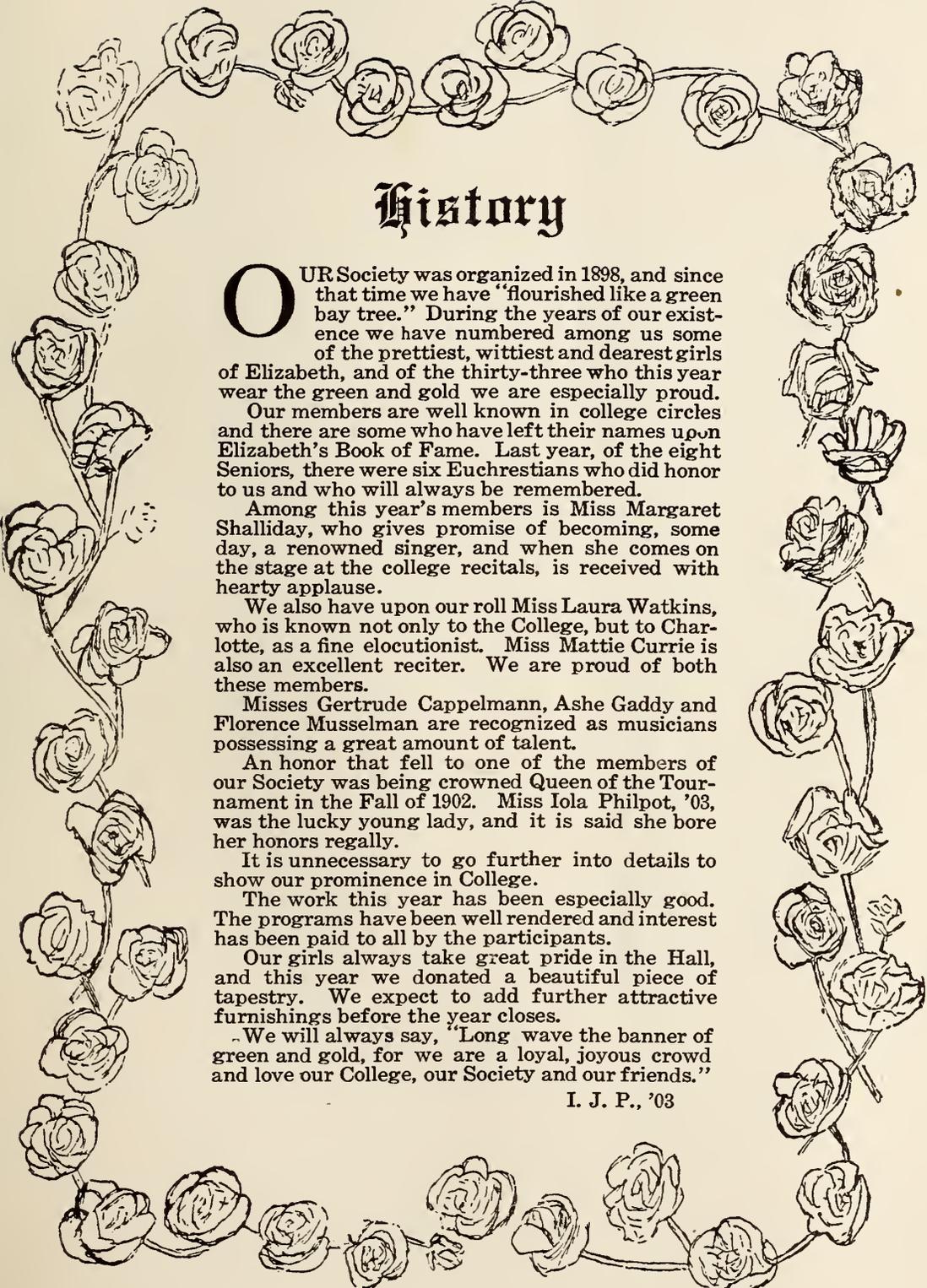
SALLIE ZACHARY

BESSIE BOSTIAN



EUCHRESTIAN LITERARY SOCIETY





## History

**O**UR Society was organized in 1898, and since that time we have "flourished like a green bay tree." During the years of our existence we have numbered among us some of the prettiest, wittiest and dearest girls of Elizabeth, and of the thirty-three who this year wear the green and gold we are especially proud.

Our members are well known in college circles and there are some who have left their names upon Elizabeth's Book of Fame. Last year, of the eight Seniors, there were six Euchrestians who did honor to us and who will always be remembered.

Among this year's members is Miss Margaret Shalliday, who gives promise of becoming, some day, a renowned singer, and when she comes on the stage at the college recitals, is received with hearty applause.

We also have upon our roll Miss Laura Watkins, who is known not only to the College, but to Charlotte, as a fine elocutionist. Miss Mattie Currie is also an excellent reciter. We are proud of both these members.

Misses Gertrude Cappelmann, Ashe Gaddy and Florence Musselman are recognized as musicians possessing a great amount of talent.

An honor that fell to one of the members of our Society was being crowned Queen of the Tournament in the Fall of 1902. Miss Iola Philpot, '03, was the lucky young lady, and it is said she bore her honors regally.

It is unnecessary to go further into details to show our prominence in College.

The work this year has been especially good. The programs have been well rendered and interest has been paid to all by the participants.

Our girls always take great pride in the Hall, and this year we donated a beautiful piece of tapestry. We expect to add further attractive furnishings before the year closes.

We will always say, "Long wave the banner of green and gold, for we are a loyal, joyous crowd and love our College, our Society and our friends."

I. J. P., '03

# Elocution Club

MOTTO--"The powers of art are the wings of the soul."

COLOR—Gold. FLOWER—Golden Rod.

YELL—A! E!! I!!! O!!!! U!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

## Officers

<i>President</i>	- - - - -	MISS CALDWELL
<i>Vice-President</i>	- - - - -	PEARLE RENDLEMAN
<i>Secretary</i>	- - - - -	MATTIE CURRIE
<i>Treasurer</i>	- - - - -	LOTTIE LANG
<i>1st Critic</i>	- - - - -	LAURA WATKINS
<i>2nd Critic</i>	- - - - -	MARGARET SHALLIDAY

## Members

RENA AUSTEN	CLOE JONES
BESSIE ARNOLD	RUTH JONES
CLARA ANTHONY	FLORENCE KOPP
BEATRICE BOYD	LEILA LAZENBY
IRENE BISCHOFF	LOTTIE LANG
MATTIE CURRIE	MYRA MASON
EVA CHALMERS	FLORENCE MUSSELMAN
AGNES CHALMERS	MARY MCGEE
VIRGINIA CRENSHAW	HELEN RHYNE
BERTHA DEMPWOLF	SUSIE RHYNE
ANNA DOTGER	PEARLE RENDLEMAN
BELLE EPTING	LILLIE MAY RUSSELL
LAURA FITTS	MARGARET SHALLIDAY
ETHEL GRAY	EUGENIA SUMMER
IDA GOVAN	GLADYS TOMPKINS
BESS HEARNE	LAURA WATKINS
ORA HUFFMAN	ANNIE WELSH
GERTRUDE HENKEN	PAULINE WILSON
ROSA HOLMES	LILLIAN WISE

# A Southern Evening

*"Land of the South! the fairest land  
Beneath Columbia's sky."*

## Program

### PART I

1. OVERTURE—"Sounds from the Sunny South" - - *Isenman*

Orchestra

2. RECITATION—"Men and Memories of the South" - - *T. J. Powell*

*"May the laurels they've won never perish,  
Nor the star of their glory grow dim."*

Miss Rendleman

3. RECITATION—"Stonewall Jackson's Way" - - *J. W. Palmer*

*"Whose memory is dear to the sons of the South,  
The heroes that once wore the gray."*

Miss Gray

4. RECITATION—"A Matrimonial Experience" from  
"The Leopard's Spots" - - - - *Thos. Dixon, Jr.*

Miss Currie

5. VOCAL SOLO—"The Recessional" - - - - *Kipling*

*"Lest we forget."*

Miss Shalliday

6. DRILL—"A Starry Band of Southern Maids" - - *E. Caldwell*

*"Oh, yes I am a Southern girl,  
And glory in the name."*

Misses Bischoff, Fisher, Gray, Harris, Henken, Huseman, Holmes, Jones,  
King, H. Rhyne, S. Rhyne, Wellborn, P. Wilson

7. RECITATION—"The Conquered Banner" - - - - *Ryan*

*"The warrior's banner takes its flight  
To greet the warrior's soul."*

Miss Rendleman

## PART II

1. OVERTURE—"Plantation Melodies" - - - - - *Langey*

Orchestra

2. RECITATIONS—(a) "Baltimore Grays" - - - - - *B. B. Minor*

"Alas! for the martyred heroes,  
Cut down in their golden prime."

- (b) "Little Giffen" - - - - - *F. O. Ticknor*

"You lived and died true to your flag."

Miss Watkins

3. POSES—"The Wood Nymphs of the South" - - - - - *E. Caldwell*

"From our ancient and moss-veiled forests,  
Jasmine bowers and Savannahs green."

Misses Cope, Currie, Jones, Philpot, Rendleman, Russell, Shalliday,  
Tucker, Watkins, Wilson

4. RECITATIONS—(a) "The Sword of Lee" - - - - - *Ryan*

"The grand old hero, great Virginia's Godlike son,  
Second unto none in glory, equal of her Washington."

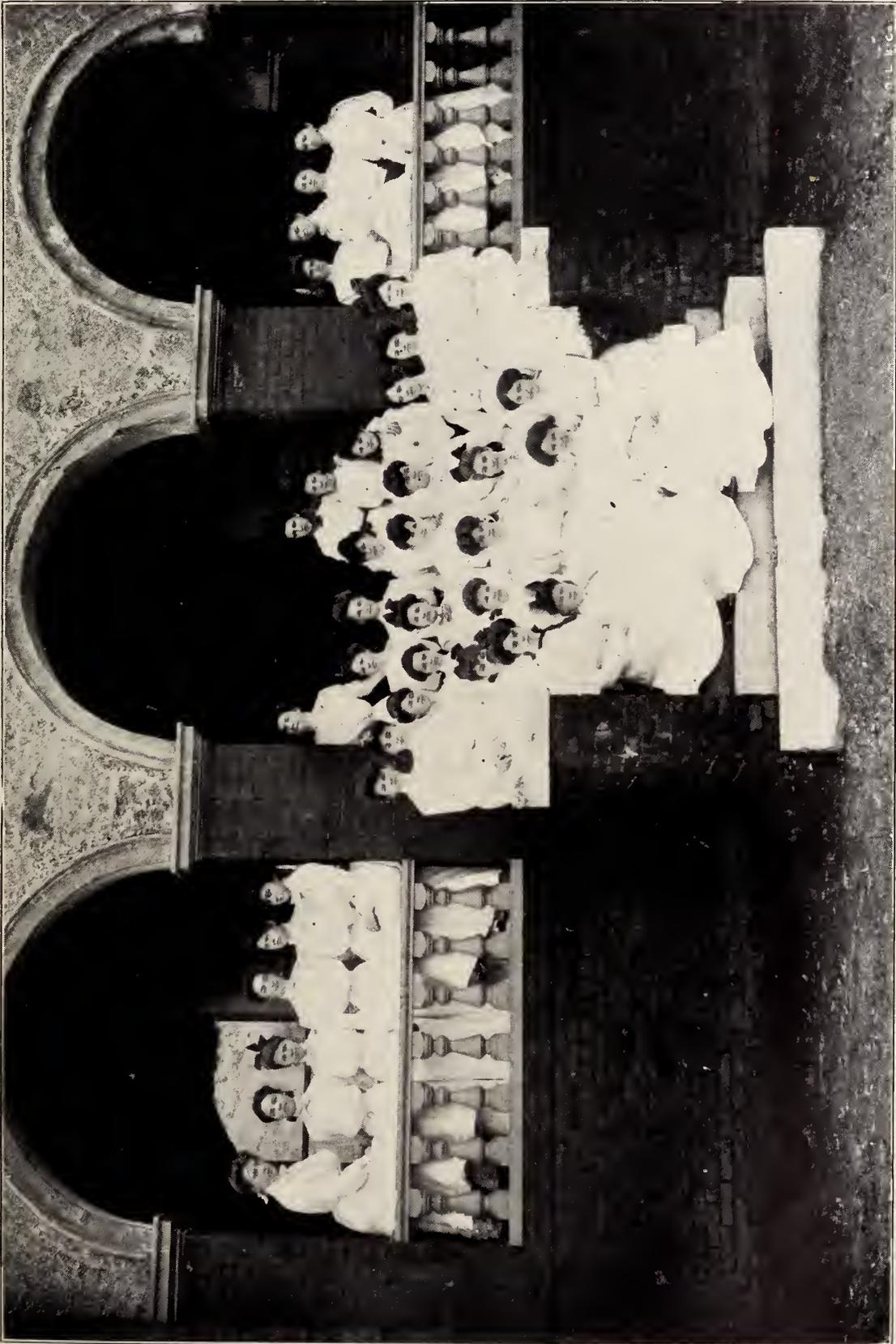
- (b) "Higher Culture in Dixie" - - - - - *D. Dix*

"In Dixie land! I'll take my stand,  
To live and die in Dixie."

Miss Mason

5. CHORUS—"The Star Spangled Banner" - - - - - *F. S. Key*

"Breathes, there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land?"



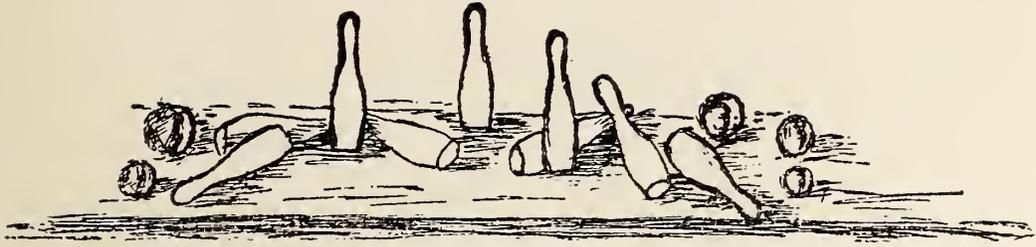
ELOCUTION CLUB





DRAMATIC CLUB





# A. G. V. Bowling Club

(Arkansas, Georgia, Virginia.)

YELL:

Boom-a-lac-a! Boom-a-lac-a!  
Bow! Wow! Wow!  
Ching-a-lac-a! Ching-a-lac-a!  
Chow! Chow! Chow!  
Death then, death to the N. S. C's!  
Victory, victory to the A. G. V's!  
COLORS—Red and White.

## Officers

*Captain*—MATTIE CURRIE

*President*—CLOE JONES

*Vice-President*—BERTHA DEMPWOLF

*Secretary*—IOLA PHILPOT

*Treasurer*—LOTTIE LANG

*Scorer*—BESSYE TUCKER

## Members

MATTIE CURRIE

INDIA COLBERT

OUIDA COLBERT

VIRGINIA CRENSHAW

MARGARET SHALLIDAY

BERTHA DEMPWOLF

LOTTIE LANG

FLORENCE MUSSELMAN

IOLA PHILPOT

ORA BELLE ROGAN

FLORENCE KOPP

CLOE JONES

## Honorary Members

Misses

CALDWELL

UMBERGER

MCLINN

NEAL

# N. S. C.

(North and South Carolina)

MOTTO—Nerve, strength, courage

COLORS—Blue and White

YELL—Wah! Hoo! Wah! Hoo!  
Ruff! Tuff! Bluff!  
N. S. C. N. S. C.  
We are the stuff

## Officers

*Captain*—GRIFFIN

*President*—WILSON, S.

*Vice-President*—LANGFORD

*Secretary*—RENDLEMAN

*Treasurer*—CLINE, O.

*Scorers*—RENDLEMAN and LANGFORD

## Members

BEDENBAUGH

LANGFORD

BISCHOFF

MOSELEY

CLAUSSEN

RENDLEMAN

CLINE, O.

RUSSELL

COPE

SUMMER

EPTING

WELSH

GRIFFIN

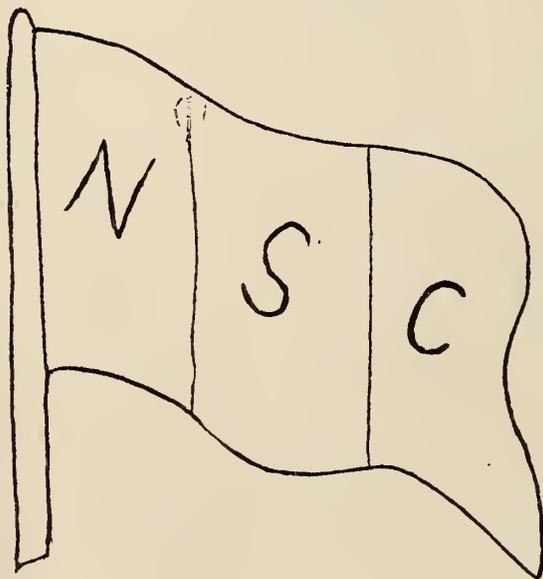
WILSON, H.

WILSON, S.

## Honorary

CALDWELL

CLINE, C.





A. G. V. BOWLING CLUB



N. S. C. BOWLING CLUB





O. T. B. Co.

BASKETBALL TEAMS





# BASKETBALL

Amazons	Position	Olympians
CURRIE - - -	Right Forward - - -	RENDLEMAN
JONES - - -	Left Forward - - -	COPE
CARGILE - - -	Home Forward - - -	BISCHOFF
COLBERT, I. -	Right Forward Center - - -	RUSSELL
COLBERT, O. -	Right Back Center - - -	SUMMER
ROGAN - - -	Left Forward Center - - -	WELSH
CRENSHAW - -	Left Back Center - - -	EPTING
LANG - - -	Right Guard - - -	LANGFORD
TUCKER - - -	Left Guard - - -	GRIFFIN
TOMPKINS - -	Goal Guard - - -	WILSON, S.

## Officials

*Referee*—MISS CALDWELL

*Umpire*—PROF. BLACK

*Scorer*—MISS MOSELEY

*Timekeeper*—MISS CLAUSSEN

*Linesmen from Amazons*

PHILPOT  
SHALLIDAY

*Linesmen from Olympians*

WILSON, H.  
BEDENBAUGH

## Amazons

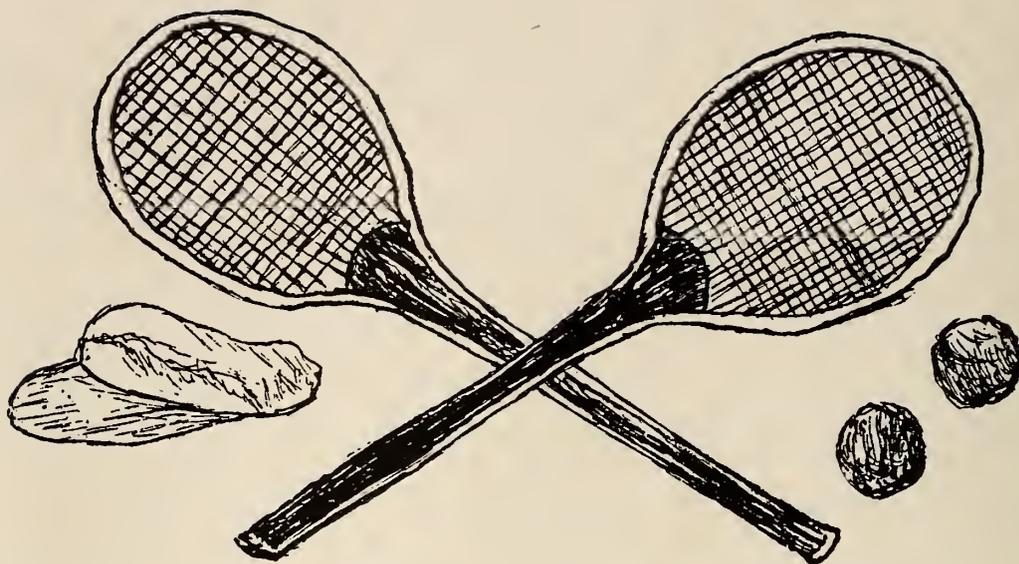
COLORS—Red and Blue

YELL—Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Rah! Rah! Reck!  
Here we are, right on deck!  
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah for the fun!  
For we are the girls of the Amazon!

## Olympians

COLORS—Blue and White

YELL—Eat 'em up!  
Do 'em up!  
Chew 'em up fine!  
Olympians! Olympians!  
Never resign!



## Tennis Clubs

### The "Wolves"

*Captain*—MISS HOLLAND

COLOR—Scarlet

HATTIE GREEVER  
BESSIE TUCKER  
MISS CLINE  
IOLA PHILPOT  
ORA ROGAN  
GERTRUDE HENKEN

MARGARET SHALLIDAY  
BERTHA DEMPWOLF  
MR. FISHER  
FLORENCE M. SCHAEFFER  
OUIDA COLBERT  
ABBIE HENKEL

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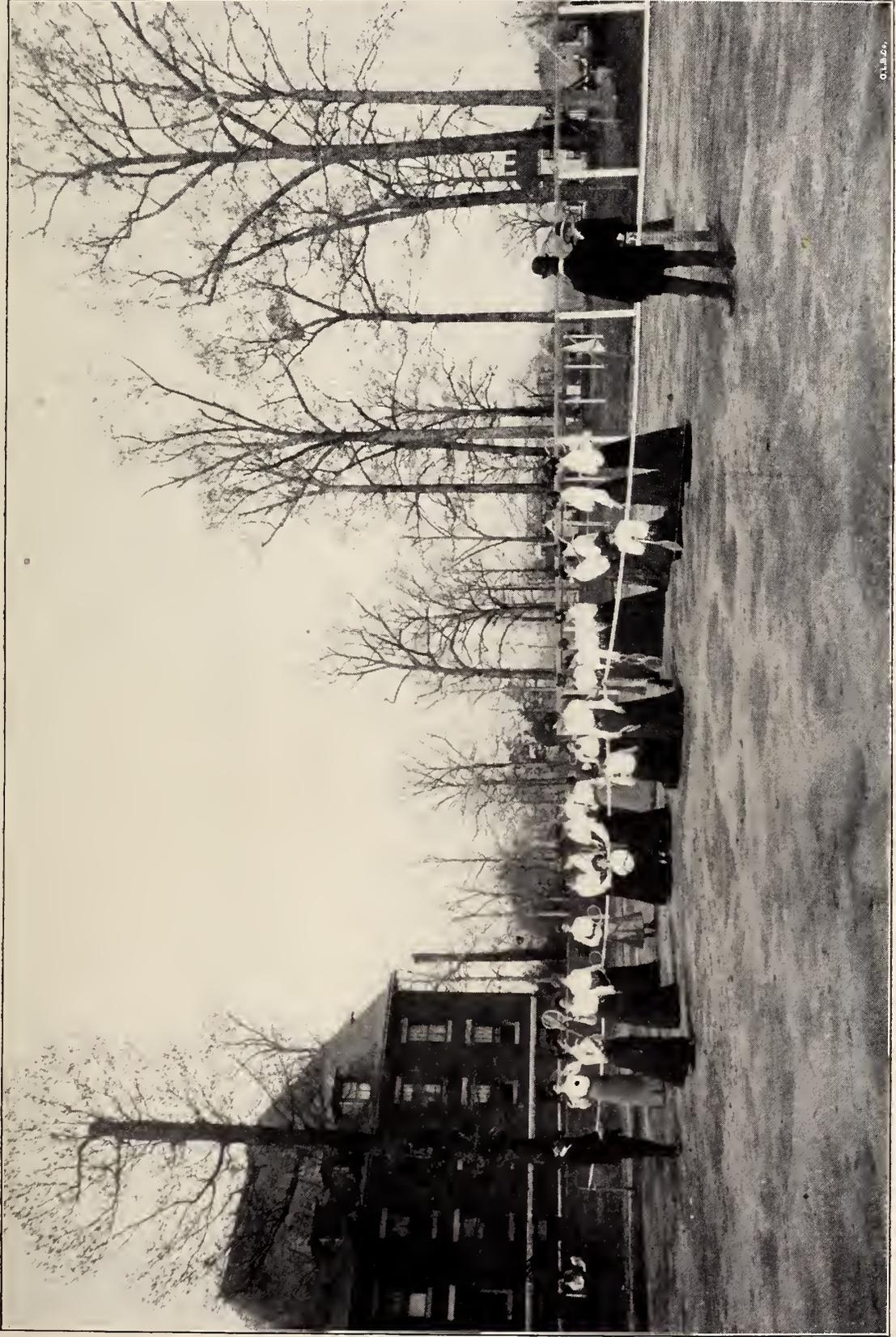
### The "Bluejays"

*Captain*—MISS McLINN

COLOR—Blue

FLORENCE MUSSELMAN  
CLIO COPE  
MISS HALL  
MR. KING  
FLORENCE KOPP  
INDIA COLBERT

MARGARET GREEVER  
MARY KING  
MISS VANLANDINGHAM  
MR. BLACK  
MATTIE CURRIE  
ANNA DOTGER



TENNIS CLUBS

C. L. B. Co.





## Cotillion Club

COLORS—Nile Green and White

FLOWER—Carnation

### Officers

*President*—IOLA PHILPOT

*Vice-President*—MARGARET SHALLIDAY

*Secretary*—VIRGINIA CRENSHAW

*Treasurer*—FLORENCE MUSSELMAN

### Members

“BEAU BRUMMEL” CLINE

“SQUAW” COLBERT

“CLOWN” COLBERT

“CHICK” GOVAN

“BIG SWEETIE” JONES

“NIGHTINGALE” LEWIS

“MELLEN’S FOOD BABY” MCLINN

“SWEET CLOVER” TUCKER

“RAGTIME” WATKINS

“LITTLE SWEETIE” WELLBORN

# Program of a Faculty Concert

---

ORGAN—Prelude and Fugue in D - - - - - *Bach*

MR. ZEHM

DUO, for Piano and Flute - - - - - *Kuhlan*

MESSRS. ZEHM AND ASBURY

VOCAL SOLO—Cantabile, “S’apre per te il mio cor” - *Saint-Saens*  
(From “Sansone e Dalila”)

MISS LEWIS

VIOLIN—Concerto - - - - - *Accolai*

MISS SAXTON

PIANO—Valse de Concert - - - - - *Wienawski*

MISS McLINN

FLUTE—Chanson d’ Amour - - - - - *Doppler*

MR. ASBURY

SONGS—*a.* “Fontananza” - - - - - *Mascheroni*

*b.* “Alla Stella Confidente” - - - - - *Robaudi*

(With Flute and Violin obligatos)

MISS LEWIS

VIOLIN—Cavatina - - - - - *Demuth*

MISS SAXTON

ORGAN—Rhapsody on Catalonian Airs - - - - - *Gigoux*

MR. ZEHM



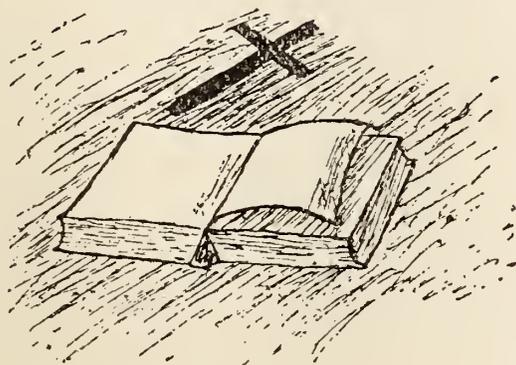
O. L. B. Co.

COLLEGE ORCHESTRA



# Young Women's Christian Association

*President* - - - - - FLORENCE M. SCHAEFFER  
*Vice-President* - - - - - LILLIE BELLE HALLMAN  
*Secretary* - - - - - HELEAH HENKEL  
*Treasurer* - - - - - ORA M. HUFFMAN  
*Chairman of Religious Meetings*—HANNAH WILSON



# Missionary Society

*President* - - - - - PEARLE RENDLEMAN  
*1st Vice-President* - - - - - HATTIE GREEVER  
*2nd Vice-President* - - - - - LILLIE BELLE HALLMAN  
*Secretary and Treasurer* - - - - - W. GERTRUDE CAPPELMANN  
*Chairman of Program Committee*—ORA M. HUFFMAN

# Editors of the Elizabethan

## Our College Magazine

---

*Editor-in-Chief*—MISS NINA HOLLAND

---

### Assistant Editors

#### *Literary Department*

MISS HATTIE GREEVER, Virginia  
MISS PEARLE RENDLEMAN, North Carolina

#### *Local and College Notes*

MISS BERTHA DEMPWOLF, Pennsylvania  
MISS EVA CHALMERS, North Carolina

#### *Literary Society Editors*

MISS LOUISE CLAUSSEN, (Diatelean) North Carolina  
MISS LAURA WATKINS, (Euchrestian) North Carolina

#### *Athletic Organization Editors*

MISS SALOME WILSON, South Carolina  
MISS LIL GRIFFIN, South Carolina  
MISS FLORENCE KOPP, Pennsylvania  
MISS FLORENCE SCHAEFFER, Georgia  
MISS CLOE JONES, Arkansas  
MISS MATTIE CURRIE, Arkansas

#### *College Fun*

MISS VIRGINIA CRENSHAW, Arkansas  
MISS CLARA LANGFORD, South Carolina

#### *Y. W. C. A. Editor*

MISS LILLIE B. HALLMAN, South Carolina

#### *Art Department Editors*

MISS MARGARET SHALLIDAY, Tennessee  
MISS CLARA TOWNSEND, North Carolina

#### *Music Department*

MISS GERTRUDE CAPPELMAN, South Carolina  
MISS HELEAH HENKEL, Alabama

#### *Exchange Department*

MISS MARGARET GREEVER, Virginia  
MISS IOLA PHILPOT, Arkansas



MOTTO—*Esse quam Videri*  
 FLOWER—Forget-me-not  
 COLORS—Blue and White  
 DISH—Pumpkin Pie

**YELL**

Hullabaloo ! Hullabaline !  
 Pitch, tar and turpentine !  
 Turpentine, pitch and tar,  
 North Carolina! hurrah ! hurrah !

**Officers**

- President*—MARGARET WILLIS  
*Vice-President*—PEARLE RENDLEMAN  
*Secretary*—ALMA RUSSELL  
*Treasurer*—OLIVETTE CLINE

**Tar Heels**

- |                |                     |
|----------------|---------------------|
| CLARA ANTHONY  | ROSA HOLMES         |
| DORA BARRON    | ORA HUFFMAN         |
| ALICE BAIRD    | MARIE HUTCHINGS     |
| FANNIE BLACK   | LELIA LAZENBY       |
| EVA CHALMERS   | MARY LUCAS          |
| AGNES CHALMERS | MYRA MASON          |
| ANNA DOTGER    | NELL ORR            |
| PAULINE FISHER | HELEN RHYNE         |
| GRACE FITTS    | SUSIE RHYNE         |
| ASHE GADDY     | ESTHER SHANNONHOUSE |
| ETHEL GRAY     | SADIE SNIDER        |
| NELL HEARNE    | VIVIAN TOWNSEND     |
| BESS HEARNE    | CLARE TOWNSEND      |
| BESSIE ARNOLD  | ANNIE WELSH         |

SALLIE ZACHARY

**Honorary Members**

- |                      |                          |
|----------------------|--------------------------|
| MISS CONSTANCE CLINE | MISS NORMA VANLANDINGHAM |
|----------------------|--------------------------|



MOTTO—" *Dum Spiro Spero* "

SONG—"Dixie"

FLOWER—Cotton Boll

COLORS—Navy Blue and White

YELL :

Who are we? What are we? Why are we here?  
Zipa! Zipa! Zipa! Zipa! Ree! Rah! Ree!  
Always there and never late!  
We are the girls of the Palmetto State!

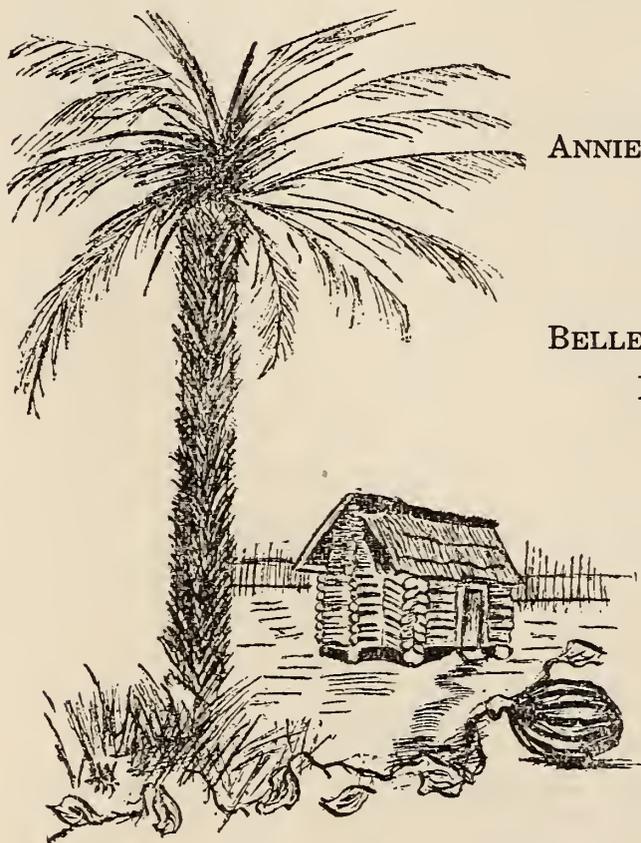
### Officers

*President*—LIL GRIFFIN

*Vice-President*—LILLIE BELLE HALLMAN

*Secretary*—GERTRUDE CAPPELMANN

*Treasurer*—HANNAH WILSON



### Members

ANNIE M. BEDENBAUGH

IRENE BISCHOFF

LOUISE CLAUSSEN

CLIO COPE

BELLE EPTING

MARY HAFNER

JENNIE HUSEMAN

CLARA LANGFORD

JESSIE MOSELEY

LILLIE M. RUSSELL

EUGENIA SUMMER

PAULINE WILSON

SALOME WILSON

LILLIAN WISE



## The Tishomingo Club of Georgia

*Chief*—FLORENCE M. SCHAEFFER

*Noted Warrior*—INDIA COLBERT

*Lord High Scalper*—OUIDA COLBERT

*Medicine Man*—LOTTIE LANG

*Arrow Maker*—GERTRUDE HENKEN

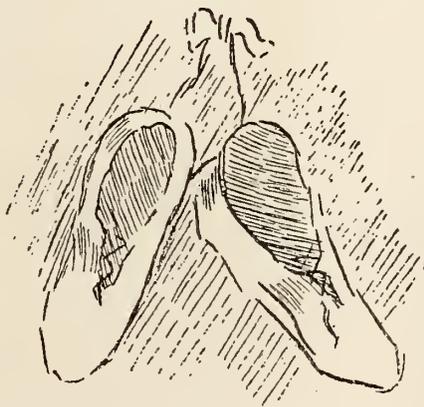
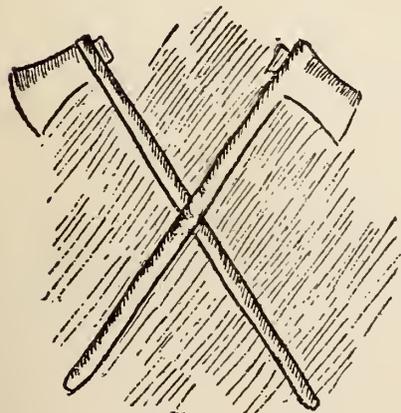
*Friendly Ally*—MISS DAISY L. HALL

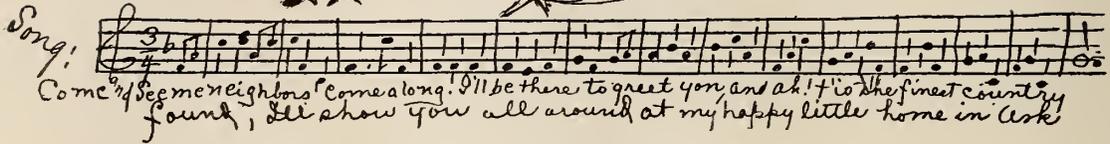
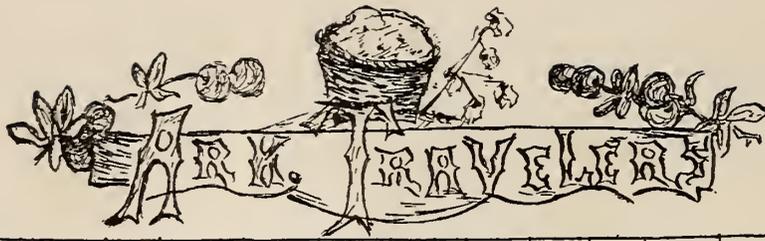
SEASON—Indian Summer

COLOR—Indian Red

PLANTS—Sage-brush and Thistle

WAR-WHOOP—Annemeekee! Aneemeekee!  
Pau-Puk-Kee-Wis! Dush-kwo-ne-she!  
Ugh! Ugh!





COLORS—Black and Gold

FLOWER—Sunflower

MOTTO—“Keep pace with the ‘son’”

DISH—Cornbread, buttermilk and good old greasy greens

### Officers

Leader—CURRIE

Recorder—TUCKER

Ass't Leader—C. JONES

Banker—WELLBORN

### Travelers

CLODIE

BESSIE

VIRGINIA

IOLA

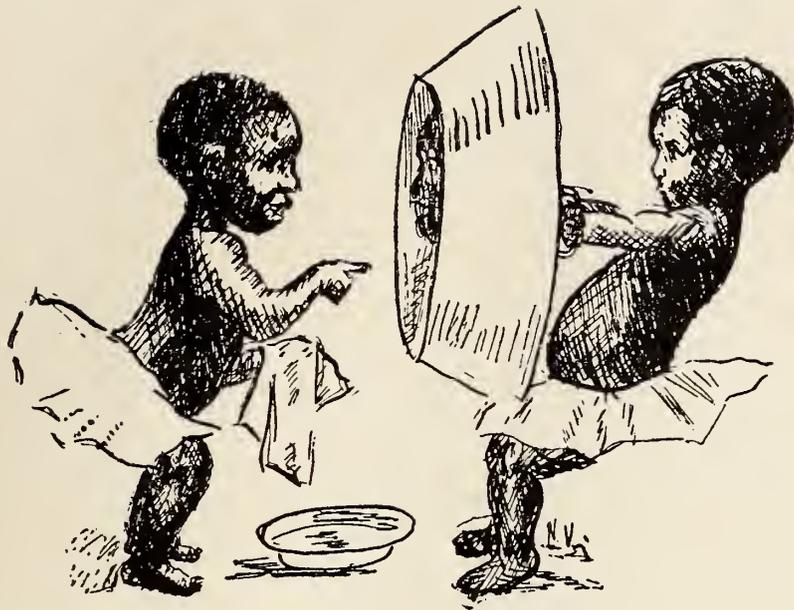
IDA

MATTIE

LUCIE

RUTHIE





# The Sisterhood of the Gold Bugs

Founded 250 E. C.

YELL—"People with naught are naughty"

COLOR—Yellow

FLOWER—Golden-Rod

AIM AND AMBITION—Mari-gold

MOTTO—Never get old,  
But always get gold

## REQUISITES FOR INITIATION

- 1 To have golden hair - - - - - *Sorores in Collegio*
- 2 To dress in cloth of gold and wear golden slippers - *F. Schaeffer*
- 3 To possess as many gilt-edged books as possible - - *F. Kopp*
- 4 To own a gold tooth and a bowl of gold fish - - - *L. Griffin*
- 5 To be as good as gold and have credit of same material - *L. Lang*
- 6 To do fancy work in gold thread - - - - - *Soror in Urbe*
- 7 To have a love for Goldsmith - - - - - *VanLandingham*
- 8 To have caught a golden pheasant
- 9 To have been awarded the golden apple
- 10 To have gone in search of the golden fleece and have found the goose  
with her golden eggs
- 11 To have lived in the Golden Age

## The Decision

THEY stood upon the hillside together. Behind the purple mountains the sun was setting. Finally, it sank lower and lower, the light became fainter and fainter, and deep twilight settled on the hills. Still the two stood motionless. He was a tall, gawky country youth. She was a rosy-cheeked country girl. This much only could be seen in the twilight, but when the harvest moon arose it showed them both plainly. The face of the man was good natured and kind; the face of the girl showed something more than the healthiness of youth, for there was reflected in it intellect, and a strength of mind. Silently they had stood there for some time, while the sun was sinking, and even until the harvest moon was fully above the trees. Then he spoke:

"You ain't changed yer mind, then, Marthy, hev you?" He spoke slowly, without looking at her, and she, too, stared at the rising moon as she answered:

"No. You see, John, I've got it in me. You'll never know till you've felt it--what it means to want to learn things, and ever since that man heard me recite over at the school house, and said what he did about it to me, you know I can't be satisfied here. I must go away, and maybe I'll surprise you some day."

"Marthy, I ain't never said so, because I was waitin' till I got able to take keer of you, but I've always liked you better than any other girl around, and always wanted to marry you, if you'd hev me. I thought you liked me, too."

"I do, John, indeed I do; but since that fellow said I could get famous if I wanted to, I can't rest, and I guess you'll have to give me up. You'll find somebody else."

"No, Marthy, you've found something else, but I won't never find nobody but you. O, Marthy, what's the use of going off like this? Stay here and marry me, and I'll take such good keer of you that you won't want for nothin'."

But Martha shook her head. The young fellow sighed deeply, and they both turned and walked down the hill. He spoke not a word until they reached Martha's home at the foot of the hill. They stopped at the gate, while the moon beamed calmly on them.

"Good-bye, then, Marthy," he said slowly, "I reckon I won't see you no more."

"Ain't you coming over to the depot, tomorrow?" she said in surprise.

"No, I reckon' not. You see, I could'nt stand it." And the big fellow turned his head to hide the tear that was coursing down his cheek.

"I am sorry you take it so hard, John, but I can't help it. I must go. I can't stay here."

"Good-bye," he said again, and held out his rough, toil-worn hand.

“Good-bye, John. I’m sorry you won’t come to the depot, tomorrow,” she said, as she put her hand in his. He held it tightly for a moment, and then, without another word, he left her.

The girl stood for a long time at the gate. Her mind was full of deep thoughts. She cared a great deal for John Jackson, but she cared more for her career, and she went over again the incidents that had led her to believe in her talent, and thus induced her to leave her home. She had always felt that she knew how to “say pieces,” and she was almost startled sometimes when she realized how she entered into the sentiment of her “piece.” She called to mind that night, two months before. She had recited at the little “school exhibition” given at the school-house. She knew that she was doing better that night than she had ever done before, for there was a stranger in the audience who gazed upon her as she spoke with such an interested, admiring look that she felt as if she were speaking for him alone. She forgot every one else. After it was all over, the stranger came up to her. He told her he was a theatrical manager, in town for a few days, and he asked her if she would be willing to study under him and finally go on the stage. The girl was thunderstruck, and being country-born and country-bred, considered it almost a sin to go upon the stage, but little by little her ambition and her love for the work pushed all scruples aside, and when a few days later the manager called for his answer, she said “Yes.”

There was no one to keep her from going wherever she wished. Her mother was dead, and her father was one of those men who never object to anything.

And so she left her quiet country home for the surging, crushing city life. For two years she played minor parts in the company. She studied and worked hard, and rose steadily in her profession. No one would have known her for the same girl who, fresh and rosy and innocent, had left her home two years ago. She had learned very much in that time. She had found out that people are not generous or kind as she had always known them, that the individual counts for but little in the great whirlpool of a city’s life, and that the struggle upward is fought with sorrow and bitterness. She had experienced what it was to be envied and slandered, but through it all she had remained pure and noble.

Now she was playing the leading role in a play. Night after night the house went almost wild over her acting. Again and again during the play she was called before the curtain. This at last was fame. But it did not satisfy her. One night she was sitting in her room waiting for the carriage to take her to the theatre. Her thoughts were very sad. She felt the emptiness of fame and of the admiration of the crowd. She realized that there was no one who cared for her, except because of her fame. She scorned the men who came around her, thinking that because she was an actress she could be easily won. Involuntarily, her

mind brought to her a scene—moonlight, a pure, good face looking into her own, a hand clasping hers, and a voice saying “Good-bye.” He had loved her for herself alone. She arose from her seat and drew back the curtain from the window. The moonlight streamed in, and she stood for a long time, gazing out into the moonlight. Presently she was called to her carriage, and still in a half-dreamy state she went to the theatre.

Somehow, as she acted her part, she found herself exceedingly nervous. She seemed to know that there was some one in the audience in whom she was interested, and she involuntarily searched the house for this person. At last, in the last act, when the heroine boldly renounces her lover for her art, she caught sight of a pale face in the rear of the galleries. It was that of a man who was tall and sturdy, and who, by his dress and appearance, bore unmistakably the signs of the countryman. She knew who it was. There came over her again the vision of the moonlight scene, and she heard again, in fancy, a voice saying “Good-bye.” She never knew how she finished her part. She managed, between scenes, to send him a note asking him to come to her after the play. And so they met again after two years.

Both had changed. She, tired of the selfishness of the world in which she was moving, tired of the artificiality of all with whom she came in contact, tired of having no one to protect her—longed for her peaceful life at home, for the naturalness and goodness of her people, and above all for true and deep love. He, though he had strengthened in character and purpose, loved her still, even more deeply than before, and begged her to come back with him.

But could she leave her chosen work? Her soul was torn with the conflict. The fame had been won, could she, ought she, leave it all? The applause of the multitude was sweet. Must she give it up? And, after all, would she be satisfied at her old home, and with John?

Which did she choose? I leave you to decide.

N. H.





A WEDDING GROUP

O. L. B. CO.



## Elizabeth Items

- SEPTEMBER 19—Fall term commenced.
- SEPTEMBER 22—Euchrestian reception.
- SEPTEMBER 27—Y. W. C. A. reception.
- SEPTEMBER 29—Diatelean reception.
- OCTOBER 13—First Faculty concert.
- OCTOBER 31—Hallowe'en party.
- NOVEMBER 27—"A Trip to Europe."
- DECEMBER 1—Art reception.
- DECEMBER 8—Miss Russell entertained Seniors.
- DECEMBER 11—Prof. and Mrs. Fisher entertained Faculty  
and Students.
- DECEMBER 13—Prof. and Mrs. Zehm entertained Orchestra  
and Choir.
- DECEMBER 15—Christmas meetings of Societies.
- DECEMBER 20—JANUARY 5—Holidays.
- FEBRUARY 10—Second Faculty concert.
- FEBRUARY 14—German by Cotillion Club.
- FEBRUARY 21—Masquerade ball.
- FEBRUARY 23—Students' reception.
- MARCH 7—Mock wedding.
- MARCH 23—Students' public recital.
- MARCH 30—Elocution recital.

Declension of  
Cape = 1  
Cape  
Hoffh  
Cape

# STUDENTS' BULLETIN.

Loet, on night of the  
Students' reception,  
a heart!  
If found return to owner

Package  
inf.  
office.

Del. #7

Clara. 99

Revised Sobk. Well.  
One I zip,  
Two I zip,  
Three I zip I say,  
Four I zip with  
all my heart,  
Five I zip away

Wanted!  
Suggestions & Ideas.  
Hand over to Editor!

Notice!!!!  
Great changes in fare to-  
night.  
Beef in place of cow!



## The Red Rose

### I.

'Tis the sweetest of roses I'm wearing tonight  
I'm breathing its fragrance just now as I write ;  
Tender thoughts overwhelm me—its beauty divine  
Compels adoration at fair Cupid's shrine.

### II.

Ah ! this soft crimson rose is just like my own heart—  
Its fragrance the love that is e'er the best part.  
Every petal is folded but folded in vain  
They hide not the sweetness—a soul's glad refrain.

### III.

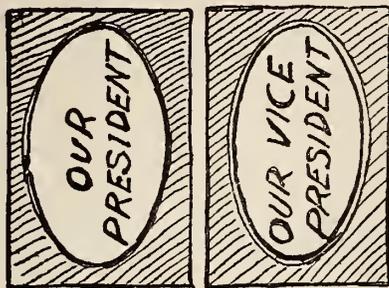
From a chalice like this all his nectar Love sips -  
I seize it and hold it up close to my lips  
While I drink of the honey again and again  
And heed not the thorns with their sharp stinging pain.

### IV.

And it seems to me now that when life's at an end  
If someone should come—say an old faithful friend—  
And place on my heart, tired out with earth's strife  
A flower so fair- it would warm me to life.

D. L. H.

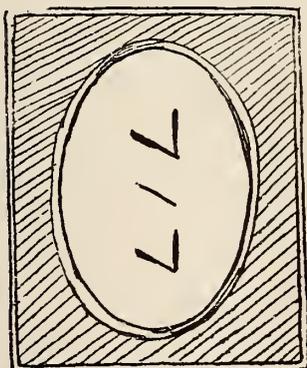
These Puzzles represent the menagerie found at Elizabeth. No. 1 is Kingfisher. Guess the rest, and tell in not more than twenty-five words your first impressions of Elizabeth. For the best answer to these Puzzles we will give a soda water at Jordan's. (With apologies to the Ladies' Home Journal).



1.



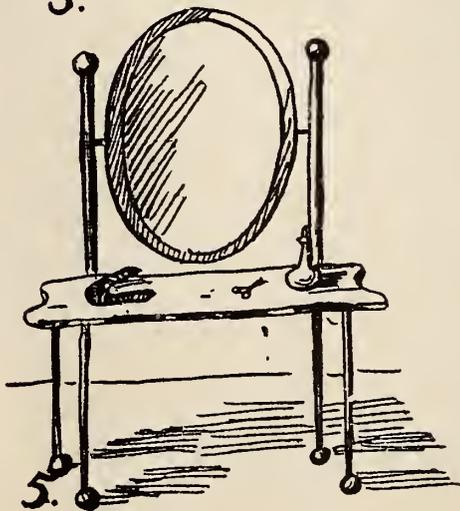
2.



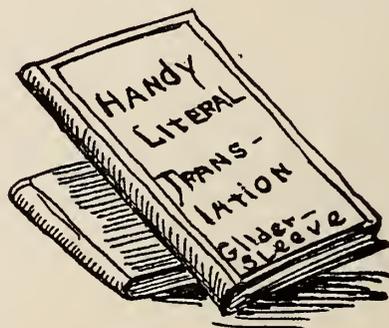
3.



4.



5.



6.

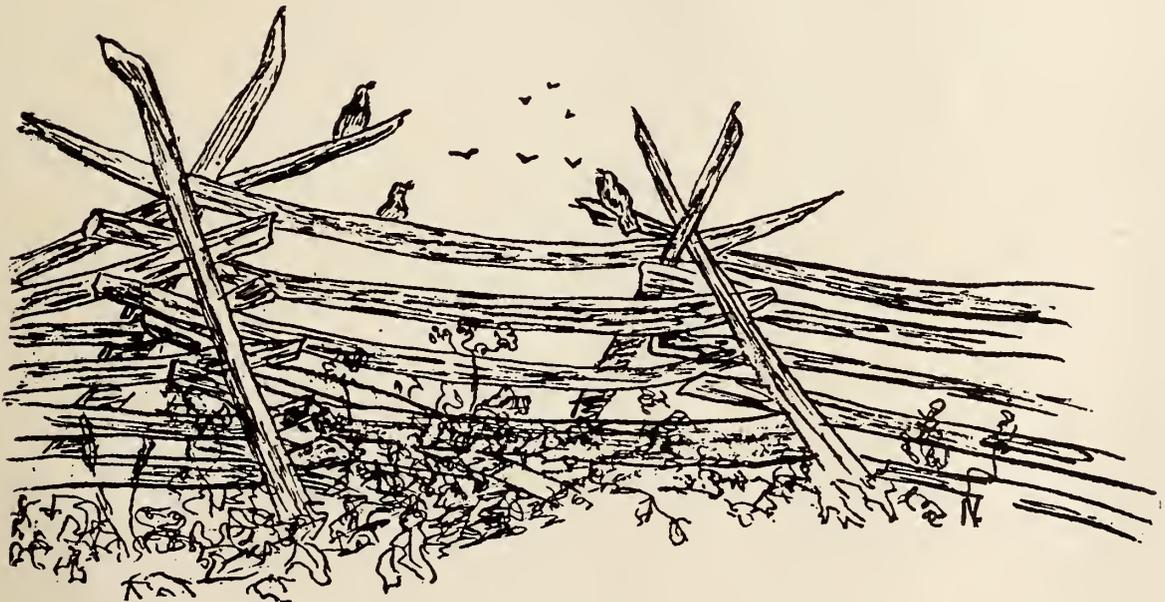
Solution of these Puzzles can be found on page 106.

## “Twilight”

Adieu, sweet day, the rich light fades  
To softer hues, though not so bright,  
And Night fast brings her dusky shades  
To hide the rosy sunset light.

Oh blessed time of sweet repose!  
Of quiet peace and thoughtful rest;  
Imagination freely flows  
In channels that are truly blest.

D. L. H.



# Statistics

(By vote of student body)

Prettiest—Irene Bischoff.  
Most Popular—Lottie L., or “The nice lady.”  
Laziest—“Iksey”  
Best Writer—Rendleman.  
Wittiest—Mattie C., or “Big Funny.”  
Most Intellectual—Schaeffer.  
Sweetest—Lucy W.  
Most Attractive—Tie between Heleah H. and Lil G.  
Tallest—“Russ.”  
Most Conceited—Janetta.  
Best Dancer—Clio.  
Neatest—Kopp.  
Most Sentimental—Hafner.  
Most Influential—Florence S.  
Cheekiest—Ouida.  
Most Enthusiastic—Helen R.  
Our Musician—Lillie Belle H.  
Our Vocalist—Margaret S.  
Cutest—Virginia.  
Heaviest Eater—Annie W.  
Greatest Bore—Gladys.  
Most Talkative—Dora.  
Biggest Bluff—Rosa.  
Most Inquisitive—“Zack.”  
Handsomest—Lillie May R.  
Most Stylish—Cope.  
Most Graceful—Shalliday.  
Shortest—Gray.



## The Students' Mail

Beat, beat, beat,  
Along college halls, O, drum!  
How I wish that my tongue could utter  
My thoughts at the sound—by gum!

O, sad for the sleeping maid,  
Who heeds not its doleful call;  
O, sad for the dreaming girl  
Who snores with her face to the wall.

And the noisy drum beats on  
Through the silence great and profound,  
But oh! when the breakfast bell cheerfully rings,  
How we jump! and hustle around.

Beat, beat, beat,  
At the foot of the stairs, O, drum!  
But the breakfast that's missed leaves an aching void,  
And the day is gloomy and glum.



## Want Column

- WANTED—An enormous quantity of dignity to distribute among the Seniors.
- WANTED—Someone to invent a process by which Miss McLinn's table can be quieted.
- FOR SALE—The Class of '03 has a large amount of class conceit left over. Class of '04 can purchase same at "Ye Editor's Den." Price \$25 an ounce.
- WANTED—Some new ideas for class prophecy. Prophet of Class '03.
- WANTED—A professional hair dresser. Must hold no other engagements as services will be needed constantly. Apply to room 5 "Cap."
- WANTED—A long dress for Marjorie.
- WANTED—The latest market prices on "Hay" and "Wood." N. Watkins.
- WANTED—An inspiration to write poetry. Class Poet of '03.
- WANTED—Information! Were they cats or were they screech owls who made the night hideous on the 9th of March?
- WANTED—Several more boxes of candy left on the hat rack on receiving nights.
- WANTED—A city soliciting agent for "Ham" of the newest brand. Lucy.
- WANTED—By the Seniors; another year's time in which to select college pin to please Elocution pupils.
- WANTED—A million dollars to distribute among the students to help pay the expenses imposed by the Seniors.
- WANTED—A big class fight by all students, especially the Juniors.
- WANTED—A time table for meals, chapel, classes, etc. F. Schaeffer.

WANTED—Escorts for the Senior English Students of the city to accompany them to the Friday Evening Reading Circle.

WANTED—A compound for home-sickness. L. Wellborn.

WANTED—A long distance 'phone by Miss Saxton's table.

WANTED—Beef! Beef! Beef! A new supply needed, as we never have it on our menu.

WANTED—A headache so that I can be excused from practice. Any music student.

WANTED—One or two more teachers at our table. Townsends, Abbie and Gertrude and Beatrice.

WANTED—More cheap rubber. Boys at Jordan's corner.

WANTED—Emma, at Miss Umberger's table.

WANTED—Ideas for fugues, marches, polkas, etc. Senior Harmony pupils.

WANTED—Another member for the Senior class.

WANTED—Hot water!

WANTED—To be delivered from the wrath of the Cap and Gown.

WANTED—Privileges. Senior Class.

### Solution to Puzzles on Page 100

1. Kingfisher.
2. Pug.
3. Griffin.
4. A (u) nt.
5. Rat.
6. Pony.

## Highest Ambitions

Lucy—"I want to go home."

Virginia—To be a good judge of horses.

Abbie H.—To talk to Gertrude.

Gertrude H.—To talk to Abbie.

Florence Schaeffer—To be Editor-in-Chief of another Annual(?)

Margaret Willis—To get ads. for the Annual where she will not be turned down.

Hattie Greever—To get new points on her Thesis.

India—To paint a masterpiece, and follow Miss Hall to the ends of the earth.

Bessye T.—To be what she was cut out to be—a housekeeper.  
(N. B.—The pattern was rather large.)

Ouida—To worry Miss Palmer.

Lillie Belle—To play just like Miss McLinn.

Margaret S.—Either to have plenty of "Rogers" silver, or to be a gold "Smith."

Cloe J., Lil G., Olivette and Florence S.—To know men who keep their "dates."

The Big Six—To have a reception *every* night.

Ida—To be ever "Gaughn" but never going.

Everybody—To have some more melodious serenades like that one given on the 9th of March.

Ethel—To grow tall.

Alice B.—To dodge Miss Palmer.

Alma—To grow stout.

Maud Belle—To "Ward" off dangers.

Iola—To have an interest in a "Steele" trust.

Cap and Heleah—To be a *real* "Romeo and Juliet."

Elizabeth—To live in "Houston."



## Echoes

Ashe—"Oh! Mother Goose!"

Nell H.—"Fur de name."

Virginia—"Golly Ding."

Science Teacher—"How?"

Lucy—"I'll die if I don't get a letter in this mail."

Mr. Fisher—"There will be a meeting of the tennis club immediately  
after dinner or lunch."

Iola—"Oh! the dickens!"

"Muss"—How dye do?"

Bertha—"I believe it!"

Margaret S.—"What'd she say?"

Lollie—"Well—I don't underst-a-nd it!"

Bess B.—"Oh! You don't mean it!"

Maude Belle—"Oh, the devil."

Clio—"Isn't it grand!"

Day Pupils—"Has Miss Palmer a recitation this period?"

Cloe—"That makes me tired."

Lil—"O, Clara! how awful!"

Clara—"Lil, why didn't you answer my whistle?"

Bess T.—"Ha, ha, ha! He, he, he! Tut-er-tut-er tut." (A constant  
giggle.)

Mattie—"Oh! you old 'fule.'"

Florence S.—"Oh, I never w-i-l-l forgive you!"

Fannie N.—"How in the mischief did you get that?"

Mary—"Say, did you see a blue letter go into the box?"

Lottie—"Go sit on a tack."

Miss Umberger—"Oh! Eugene!"

L. P.—"Girls, girls! The lights have winked, clear the hallways!"

# IN MEMORIAM

Junior Class

April 1, 1903

*Services Conducted by*

F. SCHAEFFER

*Pall Bearers*

WILLIS                      TOWNSEND  
RUSSELL    CAPPELMANN

*Chief Mourners*

PHILPOT                      GREEVER  
HENKEL                      NEAL

*Organist*

HALLMAN

*Solo—"Asleep in Elizabeth"*

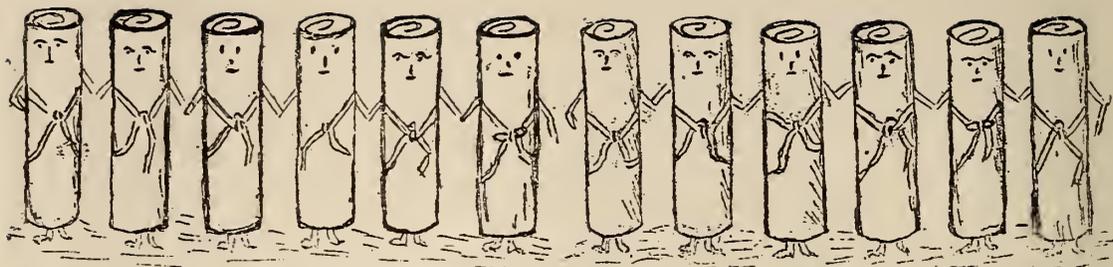
HUFFMAN

*Grave Digger*

CLINE

*Audience*

SOPHOMORE CLASS



## Senior Class Song

(Tune, "Auld Lang Syne")

### I

We bid adieu to College halls  
On this, our Senior day;  
We soon must answer other calls—  
Another voice obey.  
Our school-girl tasks are finished now,  
The lessons hard are o'er,  
But those of life we've yet to learn,  
For they are all before.

### II

How memory gilds each golden hour!  
And knowledge now our own  
Illumines life and gives us power,  
Though College days have flown.  
We'll ne'er forget the pleasures here,  
Nor friends we love so well,  
We go forth bound by precious ties—  
With sorrow hard to tell.

### III

The paths of knowledge oft seemed long  
And weary to our feet,  
But we have toiled with efforts strong  
And won the victory sweet;  
And now we say farewell to all,  
But say it with regret,  
We leave our Alma Mater's care,  
But her we'll ne'er forget.

### IV

The sunshine and the gloomy rain  
On all alike must fall,  
The future holds both joy and pain,  
For they must come to all.  
That "life is duty" has been said,  
But may we find it sweet  
To do and dare for righteousness,  
For this makes life complete.

D. L. H.

## Advertisements Explained

- “Name on every piece”—Your laundry.
- “We are advertised by our loving friends”—Elizabeth College.
- “The only Way”—The Conservatory “Midway.”
- “The best thing on wheels”—The Elizabeth car.
- “Do you see that hump?”—The one we get on when we see Miss Palmer coming.
- “Sell your thoughts”—To the Annual and Elizabethan Editors.
- “Guaranteed to cure”—Dr. Misenheimer.
- “His Master’s Voice”—Prof. Zehm, “Homo! Geh zu Hause!”
- “A gallon of boiled nervousness”—“Dixie,” as played by our orchestra, March 30th.
- “Wireless telegraphy”—The steam pipes.
- “The smile that won’t come off”—“Cap’s.”
- “Deafness cured”—When Susie speaks.
- “Tis the hair and not the hat”—Ora Belle Rogan.
- “Buy New York Real Estate”—Miss Hall.
- “It floats”—The Annual, after a brave effort.
- “Before and after taking”—Lillie Belle Hallman and Bess Tucker.
- “We challenge comparison”—The Sophomore Class.
- “A land of Music and Flowers and Birds”—The Conservatory on practice nights.
- “We never close”—Bessie’s and Virginia’s mouths.
- “Uneda Biscuit”—at 10:30 p. m.
- “Matchless for the complexion”—The sun and wind (according to the President).
- “Food for thought”—Math.
- “Oceans of sunshine”—George Watts King.
- “The last word”—“Lights out, young ladies!”

## Rules and Regulations

Don't get up until seven minutes before breakfast bell rings.

Always go in dining-room tying your ribbons, putting on your belt, etc.

Be sure to forget to hang an excuse on the file as you go in late to a meal.

Always wear your "gym" blouse to breakfast.

While waiting for the second, third and fourth courses of dinner put your elbows gracefully on the table.

Don't lace your shoes before you go to breakfast, wait until you get in chapel.

Don't fail to grin at every male being on the streets.

When at the Academy spend your entire time "rubbering."

Always have others do your shopping so when you go up town on Monday you can "bum" up and down the streets.

If possible skip recitations.

Always sit on the library tables.

Never register a book, and always keep it as long as possible.

Never return magazines until Miss Caldwell sends for them five or six times.

Throw every useless article out of the window.

Never lose a chance to run down the Seniors.

Never go to any one's room to ask questions, just hang your head out of the window and "holler."

Every morning upon arising turn on the steam and raise the window and proceed to heat Mecklenburg County.

On the evenings of recitals and receptions leave every electric light in the building burning. Never turn your light off at any time.

After lights "wink" on reception nights go immediately to the library and stick your head out of the windows and watch the boys to the car line.

Always whistle in the corridors.



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FINIS

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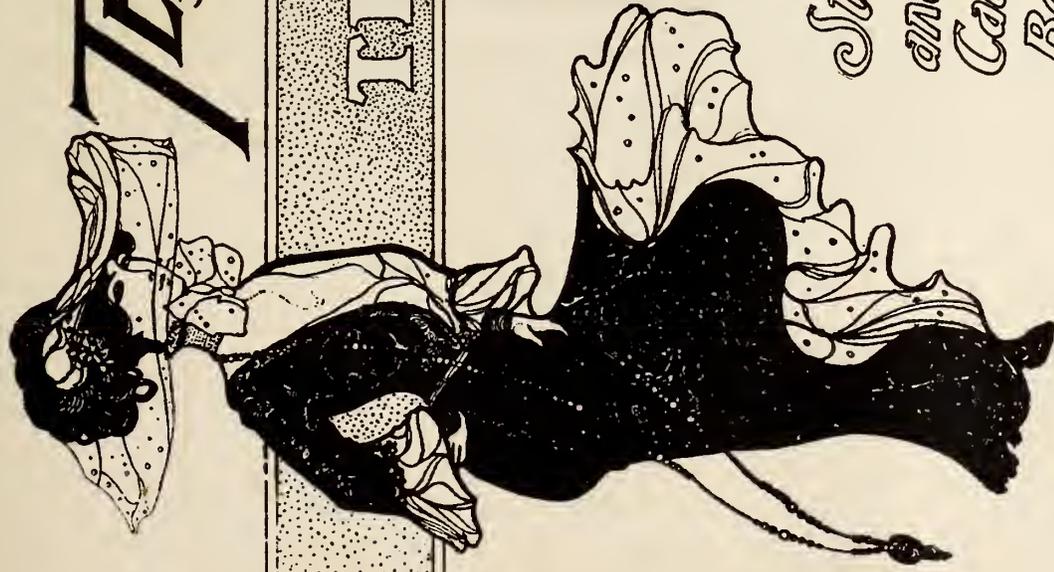
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THE WORD

"ALPHA"

MEANS  
FIRST QUALITY

ARTISTS

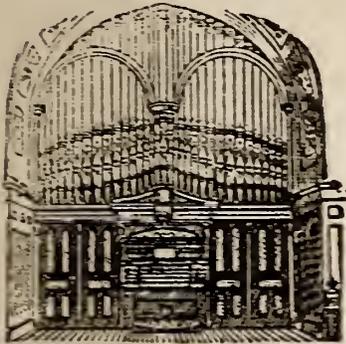
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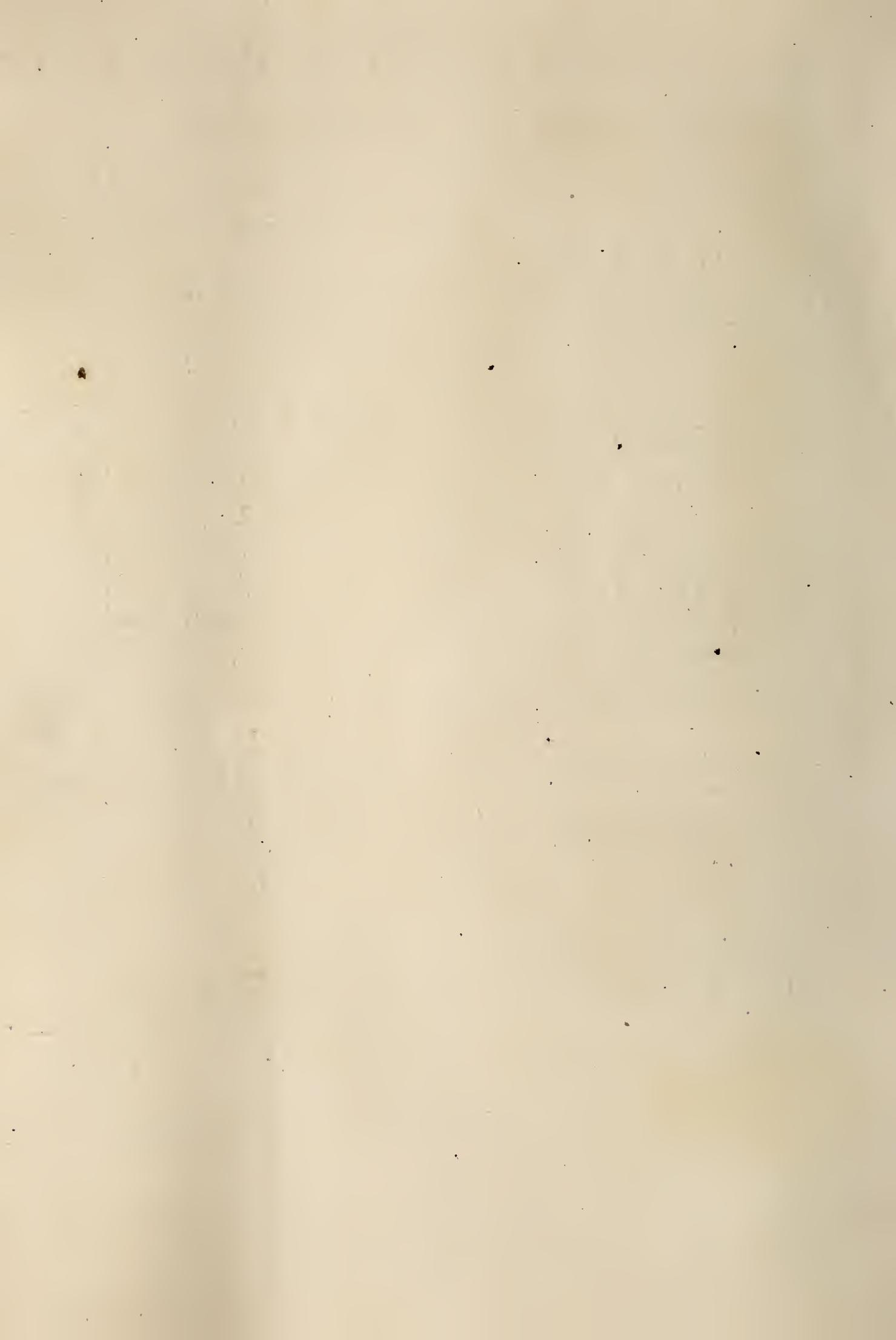
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