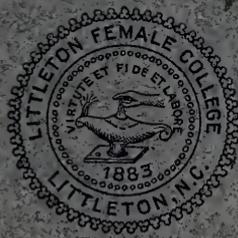


The Chatterbox

Volume III

Number 3

JUNIOR NUMBER



DECEMBER, 1908

LITTLETON COLLEGE

LITTLETON, N. C.

Littleton Juniors all the go
That's what we are, ho! ho! ho!

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STUMPERS



THUMPERS

The Chatterbox.

VOL. III.

DECEMBER, 1908.

No. 3

Literary Department.

Christmas.

A. A , '10.

Christmas coming ?
'Tis almost here ;
The saddest, sweetest
Of all the year.

One wonders what
It means to all :
The rich, the poor,
The great, the small.

"A merry Christmas,
A happy New Year."
We say it, we mean it,
In great good cheer.

Prophecy of Junior Class.

RUTH NICHOLSON, '10.

Time: September 6th, 1920.

Place: My Home.

Come right in, Willie; oh I beg your pardon, Mrs. Morgan; I see you so seldom I can't ever remember to call you other than as I knew you at school. Yes, it has been a long time since we were in school together, and time has wrought many changes among our classmates. I was reading current events in the *Social Review* last night and saw an account of Fannie Rives Vinson's last ball. They say her costume was simply gorgeous, but I can't imagine Fannie Rives with puffs and curls, she was always such a plain girl at school. And do you know, it's really true that she is soon to be married to that Russian Count!

Also I saw that Gertie Bateman is soon to start on her scientific exploration of the world; she hopes to find the north pole in her wanderings.

Did you read that account of Lucile Edwards's recital in Florence? You know she has made a specialty of voice and is now teaching at one of the conservatories in Italy. She intends making it her life work.

I was so sorry to learn that Lula McClenny's experiment has failed. I never did think much of making the combination of a geyroscope and an aeroplane in order to travel through the heavens, but she was bent on trying, and, as usual, failed. She never could make proper calculations in math., and that caused the failure of the scientific experiment.

And what do you think? I saw where Emma McCullen has been made head nurse at Johns Hopkins. Of course I

was more than surprised, for Emma always had a tendency toward nervousness while in school.

Do you ever see Sallie Smiley? She must like her position as housekeeper at her alma mater, since she sticks to it so well.

I went to the train with Alice yesterday. She and her tall husband, the Professor, left for his school after spending the vacation here.

I heard that you and Mrs. Hicks are going to build a double house soon. I know it will be so much pleasure for both you and Annie, since you were always inseparable at school.

You know that I was reading in the *Christian Advocate* last week and saw a beautiful letter from Rebie Johnston. She is living among the mountains of Tennessee. Her husband was moved to that charge last year. Rebie seems to be invested with the true missionary zeal, and she seems to derive much pleasure from the work among the poor.

Also, I saw some letters from our missionaries; Boyd Thorne is in China now, but she is coming home soon to see Robert. Annie Griggs is in India; Kate Blakeney and her husband are just on the eve of sailing. I am glad for her to be a missionary. I think she will be the right woman in the right place.

Well, weren't you surprised at Mattie Moore? She, who used to be the man-hater, has fallen violently in love with a Jew peddler. They say her parents are opposed to the marriage, but of course Mattie will carry her point.

Annie Forbes came here the other day; she is working for a dental company in Chicago. She told me that Mary Forbes, her cousin, is going around lecturing on woman suffrage and endeavoring to make Reade Pittman President of the United States. I am not at all surprised at either of them.

I went to an opera the other night, and when the chorus appeared, whom should I see among the chorus girls but Clyde Matthews and Nettie Culbreth?

I had a letter from Stella Murrel and Frances Abernethy to-day, asking if I knew any old ladies to be taken care of, for they are keeping an Old Ladies' Home and have plenty of room.

Miss Davenport, the science teacher at the college, was over here yesterday. She said that Alberta Aiken had a beautifying establishment in Moyock and is making a specialty of selling cold cream, hair rats, switches, puffs and curls, and second-hand clothing. She said she was doing a thriving business. How people do change!

Did you read that article in the *Delineator* by Mollie J. Mitchell? You know she has become a celebrated medium. They say people come from all parts of the world to see her.

Must you really go? Well, I have enjoyed so much talking about my classmates with you. Come again soon!

Junior Class Song.

[To be Sung to the Tune of San Antonio.]

FANNIE RIVES VINSON, '10.

There is a noble class at L. F. C.,
 Class of the Rose and Gray.
 They can not easily defeated be,
 Though Math. is hard, some say.
 Juniors are jolly,
 Ready for folly
 When all their work is done.
 But by the old rule
 Only when through school
 Do they commence their fun.
 And on Thanksgiving Day
 You hear them proudly say:

CHORUS.

Juniors! Juniors! Jolly and gay
 Though they are not so stately
 Better than Seniors are they.
 When you see them
 You'll always know
 That they're Juniors,
 For Juniors make a show.

When nineteen ten is over and we're gone
 Freshmen will Juniors be;
 But not a finer class than nineteen ten
 Will you e'er live to see.
 We are the Juniors,
 The care-free Juniors.
 Though we work hard you'll find

Raise high the banner,
Repeat the motto,
"Never are we behind!"
And when the world goes wrong
We sing our merry song.

CHORUS.

Junior Class Yell.

Boom-a-laca, Booms-a-laca!
Bow! Wow! Wow!
Chic-a-laca! Chic-a-laca!
Chow! Chow! Chow!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Yell it again
We are the class of 1910!

Faculty Roast.

MATTIE MOORE, '10.

In every period and in every land people have had their pet virtues. The Athenians adored wit; the Spartans health; the Hebrews, at least retrospectively, honored the gift of prophecy; the Romans the virtue of self-control; the Quakers the virtue of peaceableness. Pioneers the world over worship bravery and resourcefulness, the virtues of aggression. Settled societies appreciate fair-mindedness and rectitude, the virtue of restraint; and schoolgirls, the world over, the love for their instructors.

Doubtless you have heard the expression, "Perfect love casteth out all fear," so as this great class of 1910 has grown and grown in love until they have reached the highest degree of love towards this great faculty of Littleton College, this, the joyous day of the Jolly Juniors, we are coming out with our *stunts* perfectly fearless of the terrific faculty; of course it is all through our great love for them.

We know now that it was not your intention to cause us to fear you at any time or in any way, but until our love for you had been perfected by these three years of constant hardships we did not realize this fact.

To-day, as we gather around our Junior Table with this love burning in our hearts for you, there is a peculiar feeling hovering about us—well, I should say, a longing desire to have every member of that faculty seated at our table, but the fear of the student body overbalanced our love for you, for we remember too well how the other girls love you too. Since it is impossible for us to have you at our table we wish to impress upon you that our former feelings of fear seem as foolish to us now as the toys and dollies of a little girl seem to her when she has developed into womanhood, and it is all love and joy with us to-day.

Why should we not love such kind-spirited, generous-hearted people as the faculty of Littleton College? When the grand old President, his good wife and private secretary, Miss Thornton, are so very sociable that if we fail to call in to see them occasionally they actually send for us to come down for a social chat in their cunning little parlor, Mr. Rhodes's study. It is our desire to express our appreciation of this grand opportunity some time, in one way or another, for I can assure you that these visits are always enjoyed, as we all are especially fond of your favorite refreshment—ice cold lemonade—which is served in the most charming manner!

And, again, who would not love Miss Betts! She is always so motherly, ever watching the wayward steps of the children toddling down the halls, first on one side and then on the other, trying in vain to keep out of the way of the "Thorne" that so easily besets us. And like a mother she is ever anxious to take everything from us that we should not have—from ten on deportment to as small a thing as another girl's chamois skin. We appreciate this, but she has already advised us not to take up any time with those whom we love, so we will not bother to tell her of our great love and appreciation.

And we, the Juniors, look upon Miss Davidson as one of the fine arts. How could we think otherwise when she has manners fashioned after the Prioress of Chaucer's Prologue; paying such special attention to the study of table etiquette that she is always late to her meals, and her dress fashioned after the Elizabethan age, wearing finger puffs and a high back comb on all occasions. Notwithstanding her ancient customs and styles we find in her our highest modern ideal, viz: *A *Excellent*. Yes she possesses that star that has haunted our dreams for the past two months, and she is likely to be owner of it at the end of the next two months if the Juniors

have to attain it by writing English papers. I know she gives us *B's* and even *C's* sometimes, yet we love her for her thoughtfulness and generosity. Why, if she knows positively well that we have all we can stand up under, never does she fail to give us another full share—and a full one it is too.

I have been brought into closer touch with the faculty this year by rooming next door to Misses Gay and Brice. I appreciate this opportunity, but I do wish you all could have the chance to appreciate their great musical talent as I do. Many a time have I been lulled to sleep by their enchanting music rendered on the cold bare wall. Notwithstanding the fact that the old instrument was out of tune and almost refused to play, so great was their skill that even the old wall was obliged to produce a very melodious strain as the celebrated musicians say: "Be Quiet."

We love and admire all of the faculty, yet we must confess that the pride of the class is centered in the one common Thomas. If the great misfortune of losing her charming manners, her cunning smiles and her French airs should befall her, we would still prize her; yea adore her for her vast new sum of jewels which is holding her lovingly by the left hand. While Miss Best is not led by any rare jewel, and we do not remember her as we do our honorary member, Miss Pulliam, yet we hope that the *White* hand will succeed equally as soon as the diamond.

And especially do we hope that their successors will be at least somewhat like our dearly beloved Miss Bradshaw. We will never have to study nor even so much as to think of our lessons before going on class, for one glance only into her beaming countenance gives us sufficient inspiration to recite the whole lesson perfectly. Miss Bradshaw herself will tell you that the Juniors never study a lesson before going on class—but I would hate to be here when she gave report of the recitation—I know the report would be favorable, how-

ever, but I never could bear self-praise, and Miss Bradshaw is a whole-soul Junior.

You have all heard that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." We refer you to Miss Button as a fair illustration of this rule; but if you wish to see the latest style we will refer you to Miss Herring, who appears to us as a walking *Delineator*.

If they are superior in these qualities yet they never surpass Misses Taylor and Anderson in captivating the young men, for we must say that they monopolized their presence last evening at the recital. Don't think though, for an instant, that we are jealous of their fascinating manners and popularity, for we like to see those whom we love popular.

And we are also glad to see the popularity of our much admired Bible teacher steadily increasing, and it is the sincere wishes of the class that she will no longer be called *Greene*.

Although we are Southerners and Democrats, yet we are constrained to admire Miss Sargent's Republican spirit and Northern manners.

Sometimes we feel blue and even discouraged in our work as well as our love affairs with the faculty, but hope is renewed when we secure the encouraging smiles of Miss Matthews and the approving wink of Miss Linthicum.

Well, we all *jes lobes Mrs. Carraway to death* for there is not one of the faculty any kinder to us than she is, for every Monday morning she gives us a good *flogging*, and you know we need something to keep us warm since our weekly laundry list is so limited.

To-day we sit here amid all of our pleasures with nothing to mar our happiness, not a thing, not even the faculty, for we see them sitting around quiet as a *Lamb*, looking on with admiring smiles at the Jolly Juniors who are to-day in authority; but my! to-morrow, "in the cold gray dawn of the morning after" they will roar like a *Lion* in their class rooms.

Song of the Whip-poor-will.

A. A., '10.

I sit alone and lonely,
 'Tis twilight, all is still,
 A sound is heard—Ah, listen!
 The plaintive whip-poor-will.

There's something more—the echo—
 Hark! Listen! Clear and keen,
 A sad and solemn challenge,
 Oh list! what can it mean?

'Tis like some dreadful message,
 Which wakes, and frights the while,
 We wait to know its meaning—
 Can aught its force beguile?

We scarce can call it singing,
 Peculiar is its strain,
 More like some awesome warnings—
 Yet note it seems to gain

A hold upon our fancy,
 'Tis almost like a moan,
 A melancholy echo
 With music all its own.

But now again there's silence;
 How the night has grown!
 I'm in the solemn darkness—
 I'm lonely—and alone!

“The Frere” of Chaucer’s Canterbury Tales.

M. J. M., '10.

Like one or two other church characters of Chaucer, “The Frere,” or mendicant friar, was a lively, merry and self-satisfied man. He excelled all the men of the four orders of the church in entertaining and flattering talk. And quite naturally this made him both known and loved by all the men and women of the country.

In his appearance he carried out well the old adage, “Never judge a man by the coat he wears.” For his cape was never threadbare like a poor “scolers,” but instead it was like that of a master or of a pope. As rarely ever found, he had both delicacy and strength, for his neck was white as a flower and he was strong as a champion. He was indeed pleasant in his “in principio”; and we know he had a pleasant expression by these lines:

“His eyen twinkled in heed aright,
As down the sterres on the frosty night.”

His office, like all others, involved a number of duties. One of them was to go about from house to house hearing the confessions of the people and under suitable conditions forgiving their sins. Quite naturally he knew all the well-to-do and always received a warm welcome whenever he visited them. Of course all the people were anxious to find favor with “The Frere,” so from all their homes he occasionally received some donation. But in case they did not he generally managed in a sly way to get pay anyway. For it was said of him,

“He was the best beggare in his hous.”

Notwithstanding the fact that church offices are not considered paying ones, he made his especially lucrative. For instance, when he called at a man’s house, if he knew the

man would give him a nice meal he used his interesting and flattering talk, heard his confession and sweetly forgave his sins. He advised the people not to weep and pray but instead to give their money to the poor "Freres" and receive penance. While if, on the other hand, they were poor and not able to give him what he desired, he cared not for their acquaintance. For he said:

" It is not honest, it may not advance,
For to delen with no sevich poraille,
But all with riche and sellers of vitaille."

Although the time of "The Frere" dates back many years, still in this age we have many men who run their business on his plan. If men have not a bounteous supply of money, and they then think there is none to be obtained from them they have no use for their acquaintance. So we see that deception is no new thing.

Song.

'10.

TUNE: HOME SWEET HOME.

You poor dear Seniors you surely will be blue
When the Juniors finish playing this last game with you.
Frisley young Sophs. you needn't bray,
You can't beat the Garnet and Grey.
Lesson plans and models don't kill all the life,
Dat's what we gwine to show you in this here strife;
'Kase we done decided dat we gwine to beat,
So you might as well go and take a back seat.
So dignified Seniors don't you see
That you ain't gwine to win no game out of we.

A Play on the Seasons.

A. A., '10.

Gentle zephyrs were flying, sentinels at their posts to keep bees and other insects from stealing the nectar from the flowers, while they dined with their golden Princess. Yes, she was having a party with her friends. They were laughing and joking quite merrily, when suddenly there was a whistle in the wind and the Golden Princess left her childish friends to meet her lover in the air. They met and kissed, still playing around in the sky, until the Princess bethought herself and invited her Prince to the earth. But as they neared all the pretty flowers fled, for it was known in the Province that should ever the Princess return with her Prince and find her subjects ready to give them a reception they would be married at once. Her friends were loath to give up their Princess, so they never stayed to meet the Prince. For a few days the Princess royally entertained the Prince, with only the stately carnation to keep cognizance of their secrets. These she kept well locked under the heart of her many leaves.

Very soon the Princess went to stay with the Sun. In her absence the Prince was lonely and went to look for the friends of the Princess. But by express orders the doors of their Green House were locked. Even the windows were glazed against his intruding. Thus he must spend a bachelor's life with never a thing to remind him of his Princess. He knew not the Violet's peaceful beauty, or the modesty of the Pansy, or the perfect beauty of the Rose. The only friends he had seen were the little blue and white daisies who had dared to tell their Princess good-bye. But when he had come near even they had dropped their heads, and he didn't see their pretty eyes.

So he decided to cover the bare earth with a carpet, and asked aid of all the trees of the forest. Reluctantly they gave their leaves and the wind went to work to spread the brown carpet. This done, the Prince for amusement tried his powers. The wind blew a gale and the snow and hail fell fast. There was a mighty freezing and the clear white bridge over the water was very thick. Old Saint Nicholas' heavy sled, drawn by his great big deer, ran over in a hurry, and from his well-filled pack the good saint remembered many at the Christmas-tide.

But the Prince longed to see his Princess, and went to work to make all things beautiful for her should she return. One day he would clothe the whole earth in the whitest of white draperies, soft and fleecy; for a day or two he would content himself with arranging and rearranging this drapery by the help of the wind. Then despairing, because the Princess would not return, he would allow it to become mottled and ugly. Then another day he would have the whole forest bejeweled in diamonds—a regular fairyland in its splendor! For a while he would enjoy watching the difference the sun's rays made in his fairyland; then in a great fit of desperation and disappointment he would command the wind to disrobe the forest, and in the mud and drizzle all the jewels would be lost.

Finally the Prince lost his temper altogether and vented his wrath on his faithful servant, the wind. How he berated and scolded, and the wind in its fright blew and blew, so that there was almost a cyclone. But he grew calmer, and between showers and sunshine he spent his time sighing and moaning until he went to look for his Princess.

Now, while he was looking for her the Princess returned to the earth, and went first to her friend, the trailing Arbutus, and waked it from its long sleep in the wood. The tender little fairy from the pretty Pink Bells opened her eyes and

kissed the Golden Princess. Next she found the Violet, and next the trees put forth signs of a fresh new dress. The but-tercups and daisies, the hyacinths and pansies, and then the roses came to welcome their Princess.

The soft sweet air kissed the earth and gentle showers fell, making all pleasant for the Princess and her friends who wore their handsomest frocks and played and feasted. All was happy in the Province over the return of the Golden Princess and her friends begged her not to leave them again, but she reminded them that were she to stay she would have to marry the Prince, for he ruled the Province half of the time.

It was not long until there was again a whistle in the wind, and the Prince came down before the Rose and the Dahlia could get away. So they feasted together for a day and we know not, perhaps some day the Prince will marry the Golden Princess, and then shall we have Winter or Summer?

Junior Day at College.

“ Sure it’s no time for mirth and laughter,
The cold, grey dawn of the morning after! ”

A few stiff joints, a few hollow, sleepy-looking eyes, and a few stray shreds of crepe paper waving forlornly in the breeze—is this all we have to remind us of Thanksgiving Day?—of Junior day? Yes, we’re back at the old grind again, and feel a bit the worse for wear—but wasn’t it Gorgeous!

For a week or more there had been a subdued spirit of excitement reigning in the college, enhanced by the daily announcement that the “Juniors will meet in the Auditorium immediately after mail-call.” What could they be about!

On Wednesday afternoon the excitement had reached the highest pitch. All was bustle and confusion, the sounds of piano, violin, broom and scurrying feet being mingled in one grand symphony of sound. Now the strains of *San Antonio* reached our ears, or was it *Schubert’s Serenade*? Was that a burst of melody, or—“Say we’re *bound* to beat ’em!” “This ribbon is *just* the right shade! Oh, say, is my hair done right?”

But at last order was restored and the Thanksgiving Concert called. Every one was present and everything passed off in the best style possible. There were the town folks, gorgeously arrayed, the faculty in purple and fine linen, the student body in uniform and Central Academy in full force. But of what importance were these? *For there were the Juniors!*

“ For we’re Juniors, and Juniors make a show! ”

Yea, verily, and no prettier sight could have been witnessed than the jolly band in old rose and grey, who sang their rousing songs and gave their yells, to the admiration of the

whole audience. After the concert there was a most enjoyable social hour in which, according to reports, Miss Taylor and Miss Anderson monopolized Central Academy. This rumor must be slightly overdrawn, however, for we noticed that not a few of the Academy boys left wearing yellow or old rose badges; by which we suppose that a few at least of the Seniors and Juniors got in a word with their "*brothers.*"

At 10:20, on the morning of Thursday, the Juniors, becomingly arrayed in their new hats, escorted the student body to the Thanksgiving service. This service we are sure was enjoyed by all, and among our other causes for giving thanks we did not fail to number the *Juniors*, for truly we felt proud of them!

Only sufficient time elapsed between the return from church and the sounding of the dinner bell to enable the Juniors to put the finishing touches to the dining room decorations. Truly Juniors "make a show!" The whole dining room was tastefully decorated in festoons of old rose and grey, and the Junior table was a thing of beauty with its festoons, its heaps of fruit and its dainty place cards. As the Juniors entered they were greeted by admiring glances from all sides and round after round of applause. Then came the following menu:

Barbecue	Cranberry Jelly.	Dressing with Gravy.
Stewed Corn.	Baked Potatoes.	Bread.
	Potato Salad.	Pickles.
Celery.		Cocoanut Cake.
Vanilla Ice Cream.		

While this was being served several witty toasts, appropriate to the occasion, were given. The Freshmen were toasted and responded; the Seniors were toasted and responded; the Faculty were roasted brown, and preserved an humble and becoming silence. Then the Juniors, in spellbound attention, heard their future in the prophecy given by the class Prophet.

And last, but not least, the meal was closed by the rousing Junior song.

In the afternoon there was an exciting game of basketball between the Juniors and Freshman on one side, and the Seniors and Sophomores on the other. The playing was excellent, the teams being well trained and in good condition. The team work was splendid, and the small number of fouls made showed the result of long and faithful practice. The game was won by the Senior-Soph. team with a score of 8 to 6. This victory was much prized by the Seniors, who felt highly elated to have beaten so worthy an opponent. After the game there was loud cheering and a lively tussle over the colors.

And thus ended the day! As for the night—well, certain sounds of mirth and “shrieks unholy” were reported to have been heard in the dead of night proceeding from the lower region of the Lab. Could it have been the Juniors, seeing their class day out with revelry and rejoicing?

“We’re Juniors and Juniors make a show.” “Yes, and a noise, too,” quoth one rudely roused from the arms of Morpheus.

There *may* have been a time when these same Juniors were wee timid Freshies, with short skirts and long pig-tails; but that time has long since passed. There may have been a time when they were Freshman-hating Sophomores, but even *that* period is swallowed up in the great “has been.” There *may* come a time when they will be care-worn Seniors, harassed by Trig., and feeling with Macbeth that their “way of life is fallen into the sere and yellow leaf”; but at present—and for this let us give thanks—they are Our Jolly Juniors!

Here’s to them—the Class of 1910!

The Wanderings of a Dollar.

LULA V. McCLENY, '10

"I have been traveling so long that I am tired of changes and want to rest," said a ragged old dollar one day to a child whom it chanced to meet.

"Is it really so tiresome to go to places?" asked the child.

"Well, unless one keeps it up too long, I suppose it is all right. When I first came from the mint I was overjoyed at the idea of traveling all my life; but now—I'm so tired!

"I was taken from the mint by a gay young fellow, who said he knew how to spend money, and expressed his intention of spending me at once. My! I was 'most frightened to death and tried to scream out so he would leave me there, but I could not make a sound. What did he mean by spending? I had to wait to find out for there was no one whom I could ask.

"He took me to a pretty house somewhere in a big place—a city I believe. I heard him call for Miss Flossie—what was he going to do with me, spend me? My heart beat fast, I know he heard it. Miss Flossie came and he did not even mention me so I just rested. I tried to go to sleep but could not for the place I was in smelt so like horrid tobacco. I thought to myself if Miss Flossie were with me she would not like that boy any more; but I guess she could not have known his bad qualities for she talked just like he was the only perfect person in the world. Presently he said:

"Don't you want some cream?"

"She told him she did, and then he rammed his hand into his pocket and mashed me. Gee! it scared me 'most to death, but I thought maybe he was going to give me to Miss Flossie, and I liked her voice, so I stayed very still and waited. I did not wait long, however, for I was soon stretched upon a

table in a big, light, pretty place and the smoky fellow and Miss Flossie were gone.

“A little boy put me in his pocket and ran fast, like he was afraid. He did not keep me long. He told another boy around the corner that he had swiped me, but I didn't know what he meant. Anyway he gave me to a big black man who put me in his pocket and said he would do away with me. And I guess he did for he sent me away off there in Texas, where they say ‘little money is scarce.’ I guess I must be little money for every one around there owned me a little while at least.

One day an old man took me in his hand and carried me, all crumpled up, to a grocery store and told the lady who was there to write a letter and send me to Canada. She did; and away I went.

“When I reached Canada I was so cold that I thought I would die, but just when I was most dead a little girl took me in her hand and put me in a warm place and I felt better. I did not stay there long, however, for I was needed in the South. I was hustled away again in another letter to Dixie—seems to me that's the name—and found myself again with the smoky boy and Miss Flossie.

“The smoky boy doesn't ask her to have cream very often now, she accepts when he does ask her. I thought it sorter funny until the other morning when she told him she needed a new hat, I judged from this that they are better acquainted. Anyway I'm going to live in a store and she will have the hat in my place. I'm sorry for I like to be squeezed by Miss Flossie if she does pinch hard sometimes when the smoky boy says he wants something ‘new.’”

Toast to the Freshmen.

LILLIAN READE PITTMAN, '10.

There little Fresh, don't cry,
You're crowded from bed I know;
Sent out in the chill
Huge pitchers to fill
For chummies who love you so.
But there little Fresh, don't cry;
Your Junior sisters are all near by.
So there little Fresh, don't cry.

There little Fresh, don't cry;
They've stolen your hash, I know,
But don't look so glum
For there's more to come,
And three biscuits—not quite dough.
So there little Fresh, don't cry,
You'll not perish while Juniors are by,
Then there little Fresh, don't cry.

There little Fresh, don't cry;
You're taunted and teased I know.
But a Freshman's life
Is made up of strife, of teasing, torment and woe,
But there little Fresh, never fear
Their teasing while Juniors are near,
Then there little Fresh never fear.

Response to Juniors' Toast.

M. IOLA MASSEY, '12.

Here's to the Juniors—the jolly Juniors,
The Juniors first of all;
Our sisters and our leaders,
Our hostesses in this hall.

Our hearts swell out on this glad day
Because of such a feast,
With eyes alert and hearts aglow,
No matter who eats the least.

Here's to the Juniors—the best of Juniors,
To whom we owe this joy,
Of such a day, of such a feast,
And every other joy.

Long live the Juniors! Juniors!!
To make other hearts as glad
As ours have been on this Thanksgiving Day,
For not a one seems sad.

So here's to the Juniors, first and last,
And best and all the rest;
We drink to your health
And hope for your wealth.

Long live the Juniors!

A Toast to the Senior Class.

BOYD THORNE, '10.

Here's to the Senior class,
Class that is ever gay, but never loud;
Oft praised by Mr. Rhodes, and yet not proud;
Not without dignity, yet never sad;
Ne'er flirting, yet ne'er known to scorn a lad;
Though ever down upon the Junior class,
'Tis said they dearly love each Soph'more lass;
Yet once in wisdom they were found so frail,
The train from Raleigh they forgot to hail;
Class that could think, and ne'er disclose its mind,
See C. A.'s following, and not look behind;
This is a class, if ever such there were,
To scorn the Junior, and be beat by her!

Senior Response to Junior's Toast.

BLANCHE HOLT, '09.

Most worthy toasters of the occasion, it is with feelings more easily imagined than described that I rise before this august class of yours. I come to address you upon a subject in which you are all concerned—a subject upon the decision of which depends the destiny of this Junior class. And I wish to speak in language so plain that even your sister class, the Freshman, may be able to understand me.

Yes, it's a great pleasure to see the Junior class together to-day, not that it's an infrequent occurrence though, but it is an occasion for thanksgiving when we remember that they have survived the many recent class meetings and are again able to assemble as a unit.

Who is a Junior? A Junior is an amphibious, plantigrade, high-bred biped of the *genus homo*, carnivorous in some respects, herbiforous in some respects and jubivorous in the rest.

I tell you you'd thought they were carnivorous if you had seen that whole class go trudging down the hall last night at a most unearthly hour with a big fat turkey. He was all tied up in a great white sack with long bands of gray and old rose ribbon on it. Just why they chose these peculiar colors I am unable to say. Ask them! At any rate the turkey's feet were dangling from one end of that sack and his head and neck from the other. With one long leap, when they neared the door of No. 96, they dashed into the Society Hall. I can't tell you what happened after that.

Just why the purity of dazzling whiteness has taken on such a sickly gray hue, in the case of the Junior hats, is a mystery that has long racked our brain. We have at last decided that it's all due to fashion.

The selection of colors is not the only way in which they have shown their originality. They have tastefully and elaborately decorated the dining room; they have beautifully arranged their tables; they have wisely selected a menu and planned a wonderful program for the day—such things all of us know have never before been done at Littleton College.

Another interesting thing about the Juniors—they sing, as you doubtless found out last night. What music is more charming or so touches the feeling on a bright Thanksgiving Day as that of a sweet-toned, melodious-voiced Junior? It even excels the stirring note of the woodpecker or the thrilling strains of the owlet. It puts you into such a fitful fever that you forget all about the turkey you ate a moment ago in your efforts to reach for a second piece.

But here I pause—for true music as usual has reached the heart, and I see eyes overflowing with tears. Now, with uplifted glasses and heartiest good wishes for your well-being, we drink to the health of our honorable class—the Juniors!

Toast to L. F. C.

FANNIE RIVES VINSON, '10.

We've drunk a health to our sister class,
We've drunk to the Seniors, too;
Yet once again we'll raise the glass
For a toast to the White and Blue.

Dear L. F. C., as the years go by,
We'll always remember you;
And forevermore we'll bravely try
To honor the White and Blue.

When our journey here is ended
And the path of fame we pursue,
May our shouts of triumph be blended
With praise for the White and Blue.

Though the storms of life may assail us
Still faithful we'll ever be,
For naught can break our bonds of love,
Alma Mater, dear L. F. C.

Farewell to Junior Class Day.

[To be Sung to the Tune of Red Wing]

LULA V. McCLENY, '10.

I.

There's a class called 1910
That's not ever in the pen,
For they squeeze right through (and this is true)
On Science and Math. and horrid English, too.
The class is a little shy,
Though it's true that we always try,
For big Miss B— and little D— and Betsie are all we see.

CHORUS.

We must say farewell to Junior class day,
And we are sighing, the Freshmen crying.
Bravely though 'neath our banner we are marching;
Yes, bravely marching 'neath rose and gray.

II.

The class is now growing sad,
Though it's true that we've all been glad.
We've sung all day our songs so gay
For in mirth we've whiled away the day;
But now the day is gone
We'll yearn not for the morn,
For at break of day it's up and away
To study and not to play.

Stumpers

NORWOOD
RUFFIN
SANFORD
VICK
BUFFALO
TAYLOR
SATTERTHWAITE
HOLL
GIBSON



Captain Center
Right Center
Left Center
Goal Keeper
Right Field
Left Field
Goal Guard
Right Guard
Left Guard

Thumpers

BUFFALO
MCCLENNY
NICHOLSON
KING
AVERMETHY
MOORE



RACKLEY
MITCHELL

Spivey

"We Cannot Easily Be Defeated."

"Did We Stump? Well, I guess so."

Athletics.

A very stirring game of basketball was played on the college campus Thanksgiving between the "Stumpers," consisting of the Seniors and Sophomores on one side and the "Thumpers," consisting of Juniors and Freshmen on the other. It was the first match game of the season and one in which great interest was shown.

There was excellent playing on both sides, the score being eight to six in favor of the "Stumpers."

The few fouls which were made showed their skillful training, which was largely due to the faithful referee, Miss Gay.

The list and order of the players is given in the cut above.

The display of class colors made an impression that will not likely be forgotten, although judging from the yells which were given by the enthusiastic observers one would suppose that throat trouble would be a gentle reminder.

Echoes from the Ball-ground.

Here's a rah! rah! rah!
 With a spirit gay
 For the gallant team
 Of the Rose and Grey.

Yap! yap! yap!
 And yow! yow! yow!
 If you want to win
 We'll show you how.

With a rah! rah! rah!
 And a ray! ray! ray!
 The Junior team
 Will win the day.

So rah! rah! rah!
 And ray! ray! ray!
 Is what we say
 For the Rose and Grey.

Razzle dazzle, razzle dazzle,
 Sis, bum, bah,
 Johnnie get a rat trap,
 Rah! Rah! Rah!
 Bigger than a cat trap,
 Ree! Ree! Ree!
 Catch the little Thumpers
 Don't you see!
 S-t-u-m-p-e-r-s!!!!

The Chatterbox.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENT BODY OF LITTLETON COLLEGE.

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For sale at Room 150, Music Hall.

Application has been made for entrance at Littleton, N. C., as second class matter, under act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

All former students, alumnae and friends of the College are invited to contribute literary articles, personals and items to our columns. All contributions, accompanied by the writer's name, should be sent to the Editor-in-Chief.

CHATTERBOX STAFF.

BESSIE BOONE, '09. . . Editor-in-Chief.	MOLLIE STEPHENSON, '09, Business Manager
VIRGINIA PITTMAN, '09.	} Assistant Business Managers.
EMMA McCULLEN, '10.	

Associate Editors:

BLANCHE HOLT, '09. } Literary.	FLOSSIE STEELE, '09. Abroad
SALLIE JORDAN, '09. }	MAUD SATTERTHWAITE, '09, Among Us
ANNIE GRIGGS, '10. Y. W. C. A.	ELIZABETH HARRISS, '09 . Exchanges
	MATTIE MOORE, '10. . Joke Editor.

Editorial.

Somehow every college student has a tender feeling in his heart for December. It is then that we view with complacent satisfaction the by-gone joys and trials of the first term, and peer with eager eyes into the rosy dawn of the approaching holidays.

Thanksgiving, with its various deep delights, is a thing of the past, yet whose heart does not respond with flutters of ecstasy at the bare mention of—well, lest we should be branded as hypocrites—why not say right out that glorious dinner? Any student will understand that a really good dinner at college truly awakens within our learned minds the highest and tenderest sentiments.

Yet we are not entirely fickle. The Juniors redeemed us from utter demoralization in a profound prophecy and toasts of true literary merit. Lucky that fortunate one who is a Junior on Thanksgiving!

Even this noble class, however, does not scorn the general rejoicing and genial atmosphere which attends the happy climax of a scholastic year—the month of Christmas!

December is that golden link which, reviewing Thanksgiving glories, joins us in heart and mind, to the thoughts of the brightest and best occasion—Christmas Day.

Though this link is felt rather than seen, yet we can combine the abstract with the concrete nearly enough to make our CHATTERBOX a true representation of the magic link.

The task has fallen on the worthy shoulders—or minds—of the Juniors. This number is truly theirs; both by right of inheritance and true merit. Thanksgiving, though a full and a joyous day for them, brings forth its last and richest store in this literary production.

Y. W. C. A.

ANNIE G. GRIGGS, '10.

On Sunday evening, the 8th of November, the Y. W. C. A. was conducted by Miss Mattie Moore. The following week being "The world's week of prayer," Miss Moore's subject was "Prayer." She made a very interesting talk in which she explained how it came about that this week was set apart for prayer to be observed by the Y. W. C. A. all over the world.

We are sure much good was accomplished from these evening prayer services during "The world's week of prayer." We were brought in closer touch with foreign countries and their modes of religion. The services were as follows:

Monday afternoon Miss Willietta Evans showed us very plainly the condition of the people of Africa.

Tuesday afternoon Miss Alberta Aiken made an interesting talk about North and South America.

Wednesday afternoon Miss Kate Blakeney conducted the service in which Asia was most vividly pictured.

Thursday afternoon Miss Kate Maynard brought before us the many needs of the people of Australia.

Friday and Saturday afternoon Europe was discussed. The services were conducted by Misses Dolly Edwards and Emma Warren.

The third Sunday evening Miss Herring read us a selection in which we were brought to realize the importance of good environments. Good and evil environments were contrasted with heredity, and while we are aware of the importance of both we think that environment should have our first consideration.

We were delighted to have Mr. I. W. Aiken with us Sun-

day evening, the 22d of November. His subject was "Why it pays to be a member of the Y. W. C. A." Mr. Aiken showed us the many ways in which the Y. W. C. A. helps its members; but not only does it help them but prepares them to help others.

A selection was sung by Miss Edith Simmons which added much to the service.

Exchange Department.

ELIZABETH B. HARRISS, '09.

There are a great many problems that confront the editors of college magazines, but I verily believe the question of verse is the worst. Is it better to have poor verse or no verse at all? I think this a serious problem and worthy of deep consideration. Is it that the student of to-day has no poetical ability, or is it latent? If so, what can be done to draw it out? Very few of the magazines have good verse.

The October number of the *Randolph-Macon Monthly* came too late for acknowledgment in our November issue. If the succeeding numbers will be as good as the first the journal bids fair to become a "number one magazine." Perhaps the stories are not as good as they might be, they lack real depth. The verse is pretty good. We like the article about "Our Southland." Every one should realize the responsibility of the legacy and strive to keep the standard as pure and uncontaminated as our grandfathers who fought and died for the "principle." We are glad that people realize the worth of Thomas Nelson Page, and do not wait until he is dead to show their appreciation of his writings.

The State Normal has been rather tardy in getting out its magazine, but we welcome the first number. We do not wholly agree with the author of "Cartoons, their Meaning and Influence." It would be well to look at the other side for a while. It is all right to be optimistic, but not on every subject. The magazine as a whole is a very creditable production.

We are disappointed with the *Park School Gazette*. The magazine tends to lightness. Get better material and use it better.

The *Tattler* is a splendid publication, several articles are more local than otherwise, but the magazine as a whole is very good. We especially like "The Gift of Tears from a Utilitarian Standpoint," it is so interesting and refreshing. Read this and see what you think of it in the way of verse:

PART OF THE RED KING'S DREAM.

Part of his dream? I, with my teeming brain,
 My various energies of sense and sight,
 I, a mere phantom of the nether night,
 A figment of a drowsy demon's brain?

The verse department is very full and the verse is creditable. We will let the following speak for the rest:

BEND O' THE ROAD.

The dark lies on the wayside weeds,
 I carry a heavy load;
 But little of this my glad heart heeds—
 In front is bend o' the road.

Rainbow gold or a fairy-ring,
 Or green o'er-reaching trees—
 Bend o' the road may mean anything
 Your heart and mine to please.

Dry, brown fields to left and right,
 Thorns that prick like a goad,
 Yet glad am I and my step is light
 As I journey toward bend o' the road.

Among Us.

MAUD SATTERTHWAITE, '09.

—The Thanksgiving recital took place Wednesday evening, the 25th. There was a large attendance. In addition to the students' many readings and vocal and piano solos Misses Gay, Linthicum, Matthews and Sargent each gave us several charming and inspiring selections. The Junior class songs and yells gave the finishing coloring to the occasion.

—Mrs. Rhodes came home a few days before Thanksgiving.

—We are glad to have Mr. Hester (Grandpa Hester) with us again.

—Mr. Rhodes' mother is with us now. We are always glad to see her shining face.

—Miss Iva Sheffield was called home the 28th because of her mother's illness.

—Miss Lillian Whitfield spent from the 25th to 30th at her home, Henderson, N. C.

—Misses Hettie Johnson and Minnie Nobles went home last week.

—Miss Iola Bell was delighted to have her father, Mr. G. E. Bell, visit her some time ago.

—Miss Elizabeth Bridgers was pleased to see her mother recently.

—The following spent Saturday and Sunday recently with friends and relatives at Vaughn: Misses Elizabeth Harriss, Zula Burt, Elizabeth Bridgers, Pearl and Mamie Fishel.

—Misses Thornton and Brice spent Thanksgiving at Sanford.

—We were aroused from our slumbers a few nights ago by the soft melody of Schubert's Serenade, which was followed by others of equal sweetness. Some few *individuals* actually dreamed they were on the ball ground with the band to play for them.

—We are sorry to know that Miss Lucile Edwards will remain at home after Christmas, owing to the fact that she is not satisfied with her *Junior hat!*

—Our Thanksgiving guests were as follows: Mr. Willie Hoggard, from Wake Forest College; Miss Ella Stanfield, from Glover, N. C.; Mr. Claude Williams, from Rockingham, N. C.; Mr. and Mrs. George Prichard, Panacea Springs.

—Miss Mary Hardy, of Creedmoor, visited Miss Margaret Hardy.

—Mrs. A. V. Bobbitt, of Zebulon, visited her sister, Miss Blanche Holt.

—Mrs. C. J. Woodard, from Branchville, Va., visited Miss Gertie Britt.

—Mr. Leonard Rhodes visited his uncle, Mr. Rhodes.

—The astronomy class, with Miss Bradshaw as their pilot, went *star-gazing* on the roof a few nights ago. Much interesting information was obtained, after which a delightful entertainment was afforded by the hospitality of Miss Sallie Jordan with her crate of bananas.

—Miss Ella Powell went home some days ago. She was unable to continue her studies because of ill health.

—Miss Mary Frederick went home last week.

—We are sorry to say that Miss Betts has been sick for several days. We hope to see her out soon.

—We were alarmed Saturday last, just after dinner, by the fire bell, and on reaching the scene found the fire to be

in the laundry. It had caught from a stove-flue and was easily extinguished. Quite a disturbance ensued for a short time, however, considering the number of trunks that were packed and the *dress parade* that followed. We are glad to say that Miss Best had no occasion to escape without her host of jewelry and her new traveling suit.

—Mrs. Carraway is looking forward with great pleasure to having Miss Field and Mrs. Hale visit her soon.

Current Events.

FLOSSIE STEELE, '09.

Must China always have an Emperor who is ruler only in name?

* * *

President Roosevelt has expressed his willingness to urge separate statehood for Arizona—since it went Republican.

* * *

“How would you like to be the ice man?”

* * *

Much to Senator Depew's sorrow, Mr. Root has announced that, while not a candidate for senatorship, he will not disappoint the people if they thrust it upon him.

* * *

The government is the worse for an overdose of sweets—the Sugar Trust.

* * *

It is said that the Emperor of Germany proposes to do the thinking, talking and ruling of Germany. Evidently he has begun the talking.

* * *

Ruling China isn't exactly child's play.

* * *

Will our newspapers be printed on cornstalks in the future?

* * *

Senator Carmack's death is certainly sad. If the Coopers are so thin-skinned they can not stand the ordinary hit and come again of politics they ought to be out of it.

College Events.

EMMA E. WILCOX, '09.

Affairs are progressing nicely in and about the College—
New rules and regulations going into operation daily.

* * *

Some of our girls were very much disappointed on account
of the rain which prevented their much dreamed of visit to
Vaughn. Cheer up, girls, this rain is making the *turnips*
grow!

* * *

The Senior class is looking forward with much pleasure
to seeing played soon Shakespeare's tragedy *Macbeth*. Miss
Ethel Lynn Cullens, our star amateur, is thinking now of get-
ting this up as one of our College plays.

* * *

On the morning of the presidential election we were glad
to hear *our* President remark that he is a Democrat. Some
of us were anxious to know.

* * *

Miss Betts has given the entire student body the long de-
sired privilege of attending faculty meetings! She requests
that we conceal our elbows by *pulling them down*. This
seems the impossible with some—elbows being at their nor-
mal positions. When last we heard from Miss Betts she was
renovating and polishing up old rules and inventing new
ones. We can cooperate by helping her keep them (?)

* * *

Miss Pulliam has a new diamond ring, and Miss Linthi-
cum two bushels of *new peanuts!*

* * *

We are sorry to hear that Miss Maud Satterthwaite has
lost her heels!

'Tis sad indeed that Miss Flossie Steele has turned into a monkey—she used to be such a *dignified* Senior!

* * *

Miss Dare Pittman has ceased studying and gone to *chumming*.

* * *

'Tis interesting to know that Miss Alberta Aiken has some new clothes, since she hasn't had any since last February.

* * *

The Juniors and rats were important features in the preparations for our Thanksgiving recital. Every day during meals the rats rehearsed their famous two-step on the molding of the dining room, while the Juniors accompanied them with shrieks.

* * *

The motto, "I love you" formerly belonged to the students of Littleton College and Central Academy; now it applies more appropriately to the faculties of the two institutions.

* * *

Any one wishing information concerning kindergarten work will apply to Misses Mary Lowder and Edith Simmons, room 20.

Have You Heard the Latest?

“Laugh and the world laughs with you.”

Jokes.

MATTIE MOORE, '10.

Miss Mollie Stephenson was delighted to know that the *Chatterboxes* had extended *soles* this month!

* * *

E. R., seeing Miss C— with a W. J. Bryan fob on, reads:
“William J. Bryan—who in the world is he?”

* * *

SOMETHING NEW.

Miss Bradshaw says she must know a girl before she can give her a passing grade!

* * *

Rebie Johnston wants to know why Miss Davidson likes so well to give *B's* on the Junior's English papers.

* * *

“Nervous spells” are the order of the day here. The chief symptom of these spells seems to be violent weeping, with no apparent cause of grief. Not long since “Isam” was seen by two girls making a fire in the stove next to the boiler on first floor. The fire was smoking horribly, and the dense smoke was causing the tears to run down Isam's black face at a rapid rate.

“What's the matter with Isam?” asked one of the girls.

“Oh, he's just having a nervous spell,” was the reply.

* * *

Did you hear the score Thanksgiving Day?

“Stumpers” beat the “Thumpers,” so *they* say.

But all the “*Thumpers*” call it a tie;

So that makes the “Stumpers” falsify.

N. G. to L. S.: "Do you suppose many of the girls will get high enough grades to be extinguished this quarter?"

* * *

Miss Wellons (seeing a box of dumb bells): "Oh, what little gourds!"

* * *

Velma Ventors: "Does that quotation from the Bible—'What is not the truth is a lie'—come from the 10th chapter of Tennyson?"

* * *

One of Elizabeth Harriss's admirers on being asked what the Bible lesson was answered, "Elizabeth Harriss."

* * *

LATEST THING OUT.

Mr. Newsom has a rubber tire horse and a bob-tail buggy!

* * *

When the alarm was given that the laundry was on fire Mr. Rhodes was quietly walking around telling the girls to get their clothes out just as quickly as they could, and that if the house was burned he would build another.

Miss Bradshaw held her nerve all through the excitement. The first thing she said was, "I wonder if the C. A. boys will take time to put on their uniforms."

Miss Pulliam held to her grade book through all the excitement, and stood in readiness at any time for her *8th bell class*.

Miss Best was chiefly concerned about the set of her skirt. If she was to be rescued by some gallant swain she wished to look her finest.

* * *

Wanted to know why Miss Sargent prefers drinking from the cream pitcher instead of her cup?

* * *

Miss Pulliam to one of the teachers on seeing some one carry in Mrs. Nicholson's stove wood: "Oh, I will be carry-

ing in stove wood like that not long hence." In deep confusion at the general laugh: "Er—ah—I mean Christmas, you know!"

* * *

Wanted to know how L. F. C. girls can change their names and yet retain the *Miss*?

Ans. By wearing short sleeves—then your name will be Mis—demeanor.

* * *

Wanted to know if Kate Maynard found out the time before the game closed Thanksgiving?

* * *

The town people want to know why all the tall players were on one side and all the good looking ones on the other?

* * *

"Thumpers" wants to know why "Stumpers" don't want to play ball any more!

* * *

AT THE DRUG STORE.

E. C.: "I want a package of Roger and Gallet's powder, please."

Drug Clerk (politely): "Does *your friend* prefer pink or white?"

* * *

E. R. (telling Miss Betts why she was late for supper): "I had to leave chapel because my nose was bleeding."

Miss B. (compassionately): "Oh, yes; you were the one that left chapel with your nose."

* * *

This college world we're living in
Is certainly hard to beat,
Department's cut for every chum—
But aren't the dear chums sweet!!

After the death of the parson a good sister remarked to one of the brethren: "I hear the parson is dead?"

Brother: "Yes, and dey tells me he'll be kep' out till after Sunday."

Sister: "Won't he spile?"

Brother: "Dat he won't! De undertaker has done bar-becuéd him!"—*Selected.*

* * *

"At Christmas time, so runs the rhyme,
 'Neath Mistletoe and Holly,
 A man may kiss a pretty Miss
 When otherwise 'twere folly.
 He'll bless the days when sylvan joys
 First wrought the waxen berry—
 For mistletoe and kisses go
 To make a Christmas merry."—*Ex.*

* * *

A trunk dealer was once quoting the prices of trunks to a prospective purchaser. On the last trunk sat a tramp, and when he approached this one he said: "This size for \$5." The tramp murmured sorrowfully: "So do I," and walked away.—*Contributed.*

* * *

Miss L. to Mr. B.: "How would you punctuate this sentence: 'Mary is a pretty girl she is walking on the campus?'"

Mr. B.: "I'd make a dash after a pretty girl."

* * *

Here's to the health of reports!
 May they soar as high as the stars,
 With never a three
 To grieve you or me,
 And our dear ma's and pa's.

The teachers object to our telling of jokes
 Whose points fall on them—
 They are such superior folks.
 But if you can't tell jokes on superior folks
 You see you can't tell superior jokes.

* * *

WANTED!!

Wanted: A better opinion of themselves (?).—'09.

Wanted: "The meekness that is a virtue."—'10.

Wanted: An elevator.—Miss Davidson.

For Sale: Brass.—'11.

Lost: When reports were handed out—Faith, Hope, and
 Charity.—Students.

Wanted: A good physics lesson.—Miss Bradshaw.

COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

Class 1909

Blanche Holt..... President
 Sallie Jordan..... Vice-President
 Virginia Pittman..... Secretary
 Maud Satterthwaite..... Treasurer
 Bessie Boone..... Historian
 Elizabeth Harriss..... Poet

Class 1910

Mollie Mitchell..... President
 Emma McCullen..... Vice-President
 Boyd Thorne..... Secretary
 Mattie Moore..... Treasurer
 Fannie Rives Vinson..... Poet
 Ruth Nicholson..... Historian

Class 1911

Annie Norwood..... President
 Lula Frances McCall..... Vice-President
 Willetta Evans..... Secretary
 Lillian Whitfield..... Treasurer
 Polly Gibson..... Poet-Historian

Class 1912

Ethel Spivey..... President
 Bertha Joyner..... Vice-President
 Helen Moore..... Secretary
 Allene Breedlove..... Treasurer
 Iola Massey..... Poet-Historian

Business Class

Glady's Boykin..... President
 Mabel Robinson..... Vice-President
 Margaret Hardy..... Secretary
 Addie Warrick..... Treasurer

Hyperion Literary Society

Mary Lowder..... President
 Kate Maynard..... 1st Vice-President
 Elizabeth Harriss..... 2d Vice-President
 Edith Simmons..... Recording Secretary
 Emma Taylor..... Corresponding Sec.
 Blanche Holt..... Treasurer

Eunomian Literary Society

Sallie Jordan..... President
 Pearle Jones..... 1st Vice-President
 Ethel Cullens..... 2nd Vice-President
 Julia Railey..... Secretary
 Sue Sanford..... Corresponding Sec.
 Emma McCullen..... Treasurer

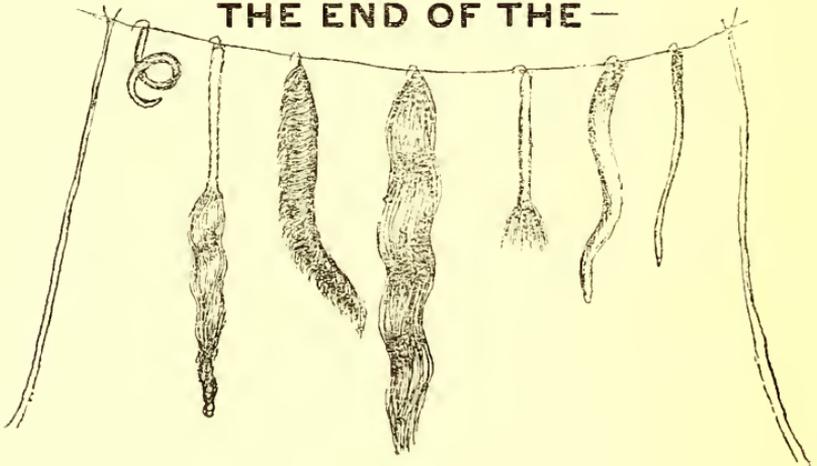
Athletic Association

Kate Maynard..... President
 Bettie Buffaloe..... 1st Vice-President
 Elizabeth Harriss..... 2d Vice-President
 Dolly Edwards..... 3d Vice-President
 Annie Norwood..... Secretary
 Emma Taylor..... Treasurer

Y. W. C. A.

Edith Simmons..... President
 Mary Lowder..... Vice-President
 Mollie Mitchell..... Secretary
 Virginia Pittman..... Treasurer

THE END OF THE —



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DENTIST.

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Vice-President: EUGENE JOHNSON

Cashier: H. F. BONNEY

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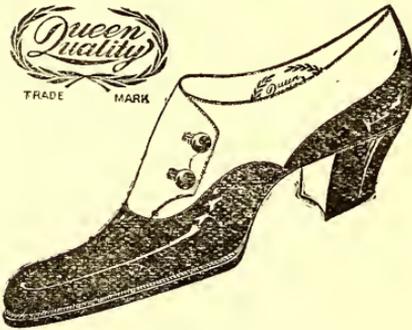
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