

Kowanoka





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Chowanoka



Published by the Graduating Class of
CHOWAN COLLEGE
1913

Contents

| | PAGE | | PAGE |
|-----------------------------|---------|-----------------------------------|--------|
| Frontispiece..... | 2 | Art Club..... | 54 |
| Dedication..... | 5 | L'envoi..... | 55 |
| Annual Board..... | 6, 7, 8 | Dramatic Club..... | 57 |
| Senior Class Roll..... | 10 | Y. W. A. | 58 |
| Senior Characteristics..... | 11-16 | Literary Societies..... | 60, 61 |
| Senior History..... | 17 | Senior Club..... | 64 |
| Senior Prophecy..... | 18, 19 | Campers..... | 65 |
| Senior Poem..... | 20 | Heart Breakers..... | 66 |
| English Certificate..... | 21 | Information..... | 67 |
| Junior Class Roll..... | 23 | Jolly Dozen Club..... | 68 |
| Junior History..... | 25 | Old Maids' Club..... | 69 |
| Junior Prophecy..... | 26, 27 | College Basketball Team..... | 72 |
| Junior Poem..... | 28 | Senior Basketball Team..... | 73 |
| Sophomore Class Roll..... | 30 | Tennis Club..... | 74, 75 |
| Sophomore History..... | 32 | The Would-Be Poets..... | 76-79 |
| Sophomore Statistics..... | 33 | Ole Elton..... | 80, 81 |
| Sophomore Poem..... | 34 | O Say Can You See?..... | 82, 83 |
| Freshman Class Roll..... | 38 | Their Hearts' Desires..... | 84 |
| Freshman Poem..... | 39 | Wanted..... | 85 |
| The Happy Faculty..... | 40, 41 | Chowan Word Book..... | 85 |
| Special Class Roll..... | 43 | Unusual Consequences..... | 86-88 |
| To the Special Girl..... | 44 | In Jocular Vein..... | 89 |
| Special Prophecy..... | 45 | Answers to Foolish Questions..... | 90 |
| Normal Class Roll..... | 47 | Lovers' Club..... | 90 |
| Normal Class Prophecy..... | 48, 49 | Calendar..... | 91, 92 |
| Music Seniors..... | 52 | Miss Minnie..... | 93 |
| Glee Club..... | 53 | Advertisements..... | 98-111 |

To our Mothers and Fathers
whose loving interest has made possible
our efforts,
we, the Class of 'Thirteen
with gratitude dedicate this book



ANNUAL BOARD



ANNUAL BOARD

Annual Board

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LOUISE VANN.....*Business Manager*
MARY E. LONG.....*Assistant Business Manager*
NANCY BENTHALL.....*Art Editor*

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| MAMIE DARDEN | JANIE SUARPE |



Graduation — The Summer After

Senior Class

Gradatim ad Metam

Flower: Violet

Colors: Purple and old gold

Officers

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------|
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Class Roll

| | |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| ETTA RUTH BANKS | ZALIA PEELE LANE |
| GEORGIA ANNE BARTLEY | MARY EMMA LONG |
| MADGE CONWELL | GEORGIA EUGENIA PILAND |
| EUNICE McDOWELL DAY | RENNIE GENEVA SPIVEY |
| MARIE SUSANNAH EVANS | LOUISE COOK VANN |
| UNA LORRAINE WHITE | |



ZALIA PEELE LANE, *Alathinean*
Belvidere, N. C.

"A good companion and as firm a friend."

Here is the President of our class. She possesses that innate sympathy and that peculiar personal magnetism which have endeared her to her classmates. By her ambition and through her persistent industry her record has been one of progress, as evidenced by her class and society standing. Zalia is a veritable Mecca for those in distress, for her hand is ever extended to those in trouble or in need of counsel. One peculiar characteristic of hers is that she has a voice like the proverbial nightingale, but it is never heard, except when some sorrow oppresses her. Judging from her past, we are assured that there is a full measure of success for her in any walk of life that she may tread.

GEORGIA EUGENIA PILAND, *Alathinean*
Winton, N. C.

"Angels were painted fair to look like you. There's in you all that we believe of Heaven's amazing brightness, purity and truth, eternal joy and eternal peace."—*Oweay*.

She is loyal, faithful, noble, with the courage to face the duties that present themselves to her day by day; and obedient to the rules and principles of the institution to which she has entrusted her development. These are some of the characteristics of this sweet, gentle, brown eyed girl who has won the admiration and love of so many of our students and the respect of her instructors. We know she still has a longing to behold once more that "Southern" teacher whose presence no longer graces the sacred precincts of the Math room. In class she is regarded as our best mathematician and her exceptional ability in that subject argues well for her future usefulness in social service to the world.





RENNIE GENEVA SPIVEY, *Lucalian*
Greensboro, N. C.

"In soul sincere, in action faithful, in honor clear."

This modest girl came to us from Greensboro, and is of the finest type. During her college life she has made no great strides for honors, but she has worked her way to the top. She has made herself felt in everything she has undertaken, be it in society or athletics. Rennie has a reputation for being perfectly original and is always ready to assist in any new idea. The last report of her in this line was the brave sally she made to the town hall, and the idea which she received the following day. Her practical thinking brain will serve to place her among the brightest gems that help to make the weak happy and strong.

LOUISE COOKE VANN, *Lucalian*
Winton, N. C.

"Nobly planned, to warn, to comfort and command."

Louise is the "baby" of our class, but let us hasten to add that this means in years, not in intellect, for in the latter she is among the foremost. She is an excellent student, concentrating all of her powers on the work to be done. Outside of the classroom she has an entirely different personality; then she is ready to enjoy any fun or outdoor sport. Her unlimited cheerfulness and keen sense of humor give her an unusual capacity for enjoying to the fullest extent both her work and recreation. No one was ever more of a leader by nature than is Louise. This gift of leadership, her utter fearlessness in the face of criticism, and her great enthusiasm make her an almost unparalleled society worker. In the four years that we have known Louise we have learned to love as well as to greatly admire her and, whether she shines in society, behind the footlights or in the courtroom, we wish her the greatest success.





MADGE ANNIE CONWELL, *Alathincan*
Mexico, D. F.

"A spring of love gushes from my heart
And I blessed them unawares."

Una Nina deliciosa very aptly describes the delightful, dignified little maid that Old Mexico presented to our class. She seems to bear in her disposition and character the bright sunshine and the perfumed zephyrs of the Tropics. Although she is distinctly American in her character, Madge is unobtrusive, gentle, quiet and thoughtful. She possesses that rare quality of being a charming listener. She is an excellent student and is so recognized by her classmates. We predict a future full of promise for "Dr. Conwell" in her chosen profession, and we congratulate her "Ruth" in the choice of a friend so loyal and true.

MARY EMMA LONG, *Lucilian*
Severn, N. C.

"To study hard, think quickly, speak gently, and to express her thoughts frankly" is a verbal picture of Mary Emma Long. She has been with us three years and has made strong friends of all with whom she comes in touch. She is a student with a fixed purpose, and this purpose has been one of securing the best results from her college work. She is the poet of her class, and deserves that distinction on account of her poetical talent. Duty has been the ruling motive with her, and this motive has made her the good student, the keen debater, and the deep thinker that she is. May her type never be lacking in the student body of Chowan College.





UNA LORRAINE WHITE, *Alathinean*
Seventh, N. C.

"Her hair is red,
Her eyes are blue;
She's what she is
Through and through."

Although Una may be called "Socrates," she is not so grave as he. When passing her room one often hears, with delight, her babyish laugh. She delights in all kinds of fun and especially does she like to plan jokes; but when the joke is being carried out she is as innocent as a babe and her eyes widen in wonder. But for all her mischief making Una is a studious girl. To hear her recite a German lesson one would think her to be a genuine daughter of the Fatherland. On account of her great imaginative ability she was asked to write the prophecy of her class. We will now leave her with the Fates to see her future and ours.

ETTA RUTH BANKS, *Lucalian*
Eure, N. C.

"Her heart can ne'er be bought nor sold
Howe'er it beats, it beats sincerely."

Etta is a composite girl inasmuch as she is both a humorist and a poet. She waxes poetical at the slightest provocation, but in her poetical flights she measures out the largest words in the smallest spaces, and is as much amused thereby as her classmates. She sees the humor in living, in friends, and discovers a funny side to every event in life; nevertheless she is a maid of strong personality and fixed opinions and does strong college work. Sometimes she is referred to as "airish" but in playing basketball she forgets her "airs" and makes her opponents understand that they are up against a solid proposition. With her many sided character we look for a successful life work.





EUNICE McDOWELL DAY, *Alathinean*
Murfreesboro, N. C.

"None knew her but to love her,
None knew her but to praise."

Eunice is the jolly, carefree girl in our class who needs do no more than simply be. She is the delight of every crowd and communicates this delight to all with her eyes, which have a certain bewitching mischief in them that is altogether involuntary. If she has cares, no one knows it. She never worries over lessons for tomorrow, but does the best she can on them for today and forgets the others until they come. Her favorite study is English and, if you want to read a paper that would do justice to an older and more experienced person, read one which she has written. Eunice is friendly, good natured and sympathetic, a girl who is liked by all who know her, and a general favorite.

MARIE SUSANNAH EVANS, *Lucalian*
Murfreesboro, N. C.

"And o'er that fair broad brow were wrought
The intersected lines of thought."

Marie is the quiet member of our class, but in manners only, for in work she is one of our liveliest girls. She always knows her lessons and is a general favorite with the Faculty and student body and all with whom she comes in contact. Her cheery face and happy good nature have won for her a high place in our opinion. She is an unparalleled example of truth, kindness, love, obedience. As she goes from us with a clean record, let us all hope that she will have a future crowned with glorious success.





GEORGIE A. BARTLEY, *Lucalian*
Swansboro, N. C.

"Many daughters hath done virtuously but thou
excellest them all."

This girl came to us from the Class of 1912, for her health prevented her from finishing with them. We feel that their loss is our gain, since she is the brightest girl of all our college students. She is very persevering and ambitious and is loved by all who know her. Often she becomes blue and despondent, but is soon cheered by her many "girls," especially by "Elizabeth." Georgie is the musician of her class, having completed the music course in 1911.



History of the Senior Class

And it came to pass in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and nine, when the sun lay heavily upon the land, that one hundred maidens from the great State of North Carolina were summoned to forsake their homes and hasten to refill the halls of Chowan Baptist Female Institute. Be it known that among those who obeyed the aforesaid summons there arose and came twenty-two "unpolished jewels" who earned the reputation of being the original unsalted, fresh Freshmen of the institution.

The most honorable President of the C. B. F. Institute showed himself to be a most skilful lapidary, and wonderful changes were wrought in these precious bits of humanity, for they were found fit to sparkle in the sacred precincts of the Sophomore department of the new Chowan College. It would be futile to record the wonderful changes that took place in these maidens who had ventured from home and fireside to obey the call before mentioned. Only thirteen survived the polishing process and were found worthy to meet the requirements of the Junior Class. There they accidentally discovered that there was something to learn in life, and that they could learn. This latter bit of knowledge they at once proceeded to put into practice.

They came twelve strong to the Senior Class when the autumn leaves began to paint the landscape. Their principal work since that time had been expended in studying "History of Education" and the art of "Repressing Exuberance of Spirit." The only discouragement that weighed upon them was the discovery that their seemingly inexhaustible supply of dignity, incident to their Sophomoric age, had actually become exhausted and that essays and other duties of like character loomed high on the horizon and that there was a species of dismay in the hearts of the Faculty as to the results. And now as these adventurers stand before the silent and closed doors of the future and look back upon the four years of the past, they realize that only the first volume of their history has been written and that the real, actual work of life lies before, and a larger and fuller volume must now be entered upon. So pray for us that we may ever have every page written in deeds worthy of record.

HISTORIAN.

Senior Class Prophecy

It was twilight and everything was quiet when I had completed my day's work and sat down before the open fireplace to meditate on the things of the past. Suddenly in the fire was heard a roar which startled me from reverie. I glanced into the glowing coals and saw there a hazy form. As the coals burned brighter they revealed a figure of a man. At first I could not recognize him, but upon more careful inspection I saw that he was an old man, worn out by the cares and struggles of life. I saw it was Dr. Bruner, our honored President, who was still giving his life for the endowment of our dear Alma Mater. He had raised the necessary sum with the exception of a few dollars.

Soon he turned to me and inquired about my classmates, of whom I knew nothing. He then asked me how much I would give him on the endowment if he would tell me about them. Without a moment's thought I replied, "Thirteen dollars." A gleam of joy stole over his face when he told me the necessary amount would be completed. As Dr. Bruner stirred the brilliant coals with his magic wand this picture was shown to me:

There appeared the face of Zalia Lane, the beloved President of our class. Her bright face had a pensive expression, as though she were recalling a recent prank of her chum, Rennie Spivey. On a second glance I saw her in a University, making a speciality of her favorite study, Mathematics. Suddenly the scene changed and I beheld Zalia in the Math room at Vassar, standing before a class of thoughtful girls, pointing out to them the different angles, triangles, and the like.

The next face to come into the picture was that of Rennie Spivey. I saw pictures of her specializing in voice, expression and English at different universities, but at times she seemed unhappy and continued so until she found the means to go abroad in order that she might study German. After studying in Germany three years she returned to the Professorship of German at Smith to spend the remainder of her life.

Again the settling of the coals revealed a face—it was that of Eunice Day. At first, in the picture, she was surrounded by the shadowy forms of many admirers. The coals grew brighter and I saw her in a schoolroom with spectacles on her nose and a birch rod in her hand. The scene changed and she was seated in a comfortable rocker surrounded, not by admirers this time, but by cats of every color and age, while a parrot was perched on the back of her chair.

The coals having become dull Dr. Bruner gently stirred them. From the rear I saw the determined figure of Georgia Piland and in her face I read, *Grad-
atem ad Metam*. With strong determination she had conquered Latin, having made a speciality of it at Columbia. While there she made a key to Livy which surpassed all those that were in existence.

At this point I was startled when I saw the small, dainty figure of Madge Conwell in Europe studying voice, for while in college we thought she was deter-

mined to become a missionary. When I studied the picture carefully I saw an immense crowd in a great cathedral, then suddenly Madge came tripping in and by her rich tones the throng was held spellbound.

Silently as the snowfall the picture changed and the thoughtful face of Mary Emma Long came into view. I saw her with wrinkled brow solving the problems of life and with this as her motto, "Where there's a will there's a way." She had been successful and yet in the next picture there was a great change—she appeared happier and brighter as she sat in an armchair and read her poems, which have made her world famous.

I saw next the figure of Marie Evans. After taking her A.B. degree from Chowan College she decided she wanted a musical education. She studied in America several years and graduated at the New England Conservatory. She went abroad to study, and while over there she won much fame. After refusing several splendid offers she returned to America and accepted the position of her former teacher at the Conservatory.

The coals seemed cold, and still there were some of my classmates I had not seen. I could not imagine what had become of them or what the suddenly dying away of the coals meant. I searched them over and finally it seemed as if I were carried away by their mystic influence into some strange land, perhaps Mexico, and while there I was passing through a large hospital and to my surprise I met Georgia Bartley in the hall; she was a practising physician and missionary. She told me how she regained her health and strength after graduation by hiving the "Bees."

This picture faded and another took its place. I saw Louise Vann, the baby of our class. Although she was young, she was brave to do and to dare. In the city of St. Louis there was convened a Woman's Congress for the purpose of procuring votes for women. The gift of golden oratory made her easily a leader and in the parade she marched with the vanguard, and as she marched sang, "Dare to be a Daniel."

Last but not least I saw pictured in the coals the sweet, serious face of Etta Banks. Her speech is silver and her silence golden, for with a glance she can speak volumes. I saw a large church decorated with violets and rich yellow chrysanthemums; a huge arch was near the altar. The candles were lighted and I heard the sweet voice of Madge, while at the organ was Marie. As the strains of the Wedding March swelled forth from the organ, I saw my classmates entering one by one. They were dressed in yellow with huge bunches of violets in their arms. As the picture faded away I saw Etta kneeling at the altar wrapped in bridal draperies and at her side knelt her heart's king.

A bow and Dr. Bruner was gone, the coals gray and lifeless.

'13 Class Poem

The time has come when we must part
And now as we life's journey start
From this beloved old C. C.
We'll let our watchword ever be—
 Onward!

The long expected day is here
The most renown'd in our career;
Ev'n though it seems the vict'ry's won
Our task in life is just begun.
 Onward!

While wand'ring o'er our lawn so fair
Plucking a flower here and there,
The mocking bird with his sweet song
Gave us cheer as we passed along.
 Onward!

However hard the path did seem
No time was spent to stop and dream
But this brave class went pressing on
Until in sight was seen the dawn.
 Onward!

Oh, Alma Mater, fare thee well!
For we no longer with thee dwell,
But hope wherever duty leads
To praise thy name and act great deeds—
 Onward!

Certificate in English



Mamie Pearl Ward

Alathinean

Lewiston, North Carolina

“Kindest acts and thoughtful deeds were in
in her very looks.”



Juniors.

Junior Class

Non sibi sed ceteris

Flower: Narcissus

Color: Old gold and black

YELL

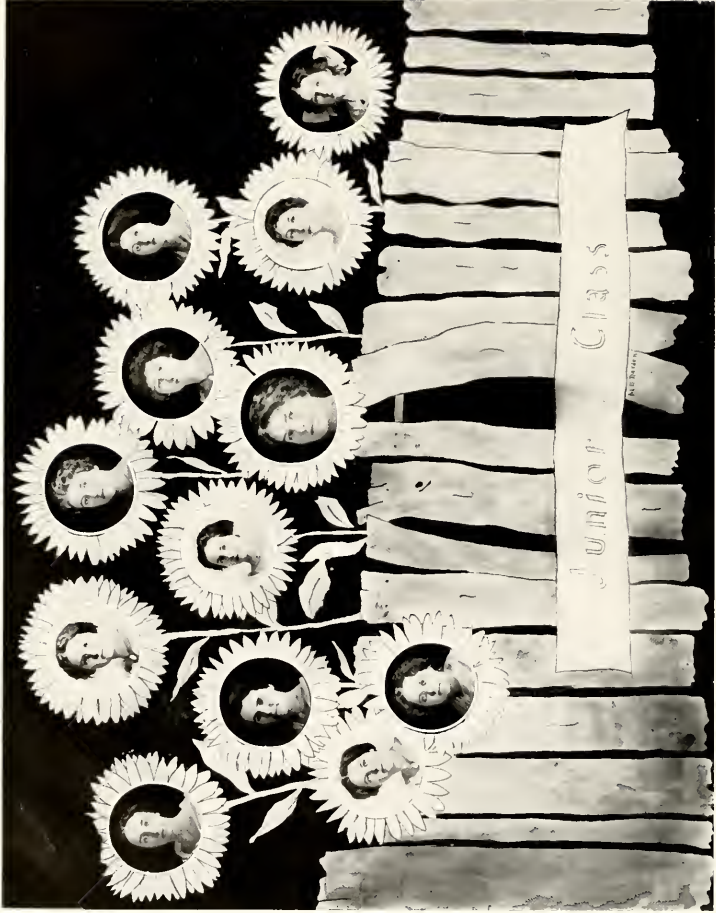
Rackety, rackety, russ,
What in the thunder's the matter with us?
Take a look and see the stuff
For we are it and that's no bluff.
Razzle dazzle, sis, boom, bah!
Junior Class! Rah! rah! rah!

Officers

| | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------|
| MARY MORRIS ALSTON..... | <i>President</i> |
| HELEN BRUCE TAYLOR..... | <i>Vice-President</i> |
| NANCY LOUISE BENTHALL..... | <i>Secretary</i> |
| ROBERTA EUGENIA PEELE..... | <i>Treasurer</i> |
| RUTH MAE LASSITER..... | <i>Poet</i> |
| RUTH MYRTLE ELEY..... | <i>Historian</i> |
| INA LOVE MITCHELL..... | <i>Prophetess</i> |

Class Roll

| | |
|------------------------|-----------------------|
| MARY MORRIS ALSTON | HILDA MAY JOHNSON |
| NANCY LOUISE BENTHALL | RUTH MAE LASSITER |
| ROSE MAE DAVIS | INA LOVE MITCHELL |
| RUTH MYRTLE ELEY | OLA MAIE MOREHEAD |
| JANIE CARROLL FUTRELL | EDNA HUDSON PARKER |
| ROSA O'LILLIAN FUTRELL | ROBERTA EUGENIA PEELE |
| EMILY MABEL JENKINS | HELEN BRUCE TAYLOR |
| ANNIE SUE WINBORNE | |



Junior Class History

The great event took place in the month of September in the year 1910—the advent of thirty-three unsophisticated Freshmen to augment the rolls and increase the cares of this institution.

Certainly we had looked forward to this epoch in our lives with pleasure and a sense of trepidation, but when the usual spell of homesickness seized upon us we remembered as we lifted up our voices and wept, that there never was nor ever would be any place in this world so sweet as home. Common sense, however, prevailed and we left off our dreaming of home and organized our class without molestation on the part of the Sophs, as we were such models of conduct that they probably considered that we needed nothing in the way of admonitions. Of course during the year we passed through all the little worries incident to our position, just as we had had measles, whooping cough, chickenpox, etc., in our childhood days, but the year finally passed away and we found ourselves again in our long dreamed of homes for the vacation. When the school opened in the fall twenty of our number reported to become Sophomores for the year 1911; that was a glorious year—it always is; there is always an exultation peculiar to the Soph—a sense of superiority, and an inclination to indulge in mischievous pranks. We thought ourselves marvels of brilliancy, and arrogated to ourselves much wisdom. Today we realize that we have passed this stage in our development and have, in this our Junior year, entered upon a larger, broader life. There are now but fifteen of our number and we are trying to develop a spirit worthy of true womanhood, and our purpose and endeavors are and will be to make ourselves worthy successors of that noble Class of Seniors that are now leaving Chowan College to take up the active duties of life. We know that next year we shall have some historical facts connected with our class that will be more worthy of record.

Junior Prophecy

When I was informed of the startling news that I was Prophetess of the Junior Class it took me some time to recover from the shock. However, I soon found that it would not do to take it in this way, since it was a very serious question, and must be taken seriously.

In sheer desperation I threw myself on the window seat and thought, thought frantically, despairingly, 'til exhausted. With my head between my hands, I sat gazing down the vista of Doric columns which shone white in the moonlight, until I almost could have believed myself in ancient Greece, especially when a form like that of a goddess glided towards me.

"Damsel, why in such deep thought?" a voice said. "Perhaps I may help you."

I perceived that it was none other than the much depreciated Cassandra, Prophetess of the Greeks, who in her own day was destined never to be believed, but whose words were true nevertheless.

I felt apologetic for my long pause and answered breathlessly, "Could you? Ah, please be so good as to tell me what the future holds in store for my illustrious classmates; or, rather, what they hold in store for the world."

"But you will not believe me," she said.

"We will," I replied. "Just a hint of the future, I beg of you."

"Shall I give you a glimpse of them ten years hence?" she asked.

"Just the idea," I replied.

"Mary Alston," she began, "I see—as director of music in one of the world's greatest institutions of learning, a place not so far distant.

"Ruth Lassiter I see, in the land of elegant manners, pursuing her loved study of the French language.

"Ah! I see a multitude of charmed listeners. They cheer and throw flowers to Annie Sue Winborne, the gentle and learned pianist.

"In a magnificent art gallery in New York, behold a grand painting, signed Nancy Benthall. Admiring ones gaze long, move on slowly, and return to look again. Two old men, Chase, methinks, and Sargent, talk excitedly. 'Without a doubt,' I hear them say, 'women are coming to the front in the world, and Southern women too.'

"Bruce Taylor—by Cupid's darts no longer Bruce Taylor—graces a beautiful city home. Each day with a pleasant smile she welcomes Dr. R.— at the door.

"A grand tennis tournament is just over. Automobiles and carriages throng the street, flags and pennants wave in honor of Bert Peele, who with that wonderful left hand of hers has won the golden cup.

"So, Rosa Futrell after these many years still pines her life away, and sighs for the return of Ruth dear.

"Strange how affections last. Hilda Johnson, now teaching voice in Baylor University, longs more and more each day for Rose Davis. But alas! This can not be, for Rose holds the Chair of Mathematics in the University of Texas, a position she has long aspired to. And especially since she has the chance of taking the M.R.S. degree there.

"Ola Morehead is a confirmed old maid, but is still living in hopes that Grady's heart is not entirely adamantine.

"Myrtle Eley is teaching Latin at dear old Chowan. The ties which bind her there are so strong she cannot break them, and the strongest tie is the subject she is teaching.

"Mabel Jenkins is seen busily engaged in her —— for she is still interested in 'Bees' and finds it a most fascinating occupation.

"Janie Futrell, poor child, though she has not reached the heights to which she aspired, has found a noble occupation. She is keeping house for a bunch of old maids.

"What is all this? Behold Edna Parker heads a band of suffragettes triumphantly through the streets of New York. Everything gives way before them as before the Roman phalanx."

The Prophetess ceased speaking.

"What became of me?" I cried.

But she had vanished as mysteriously as she had come.

As improbable as all these predictions may seem, dear friends, I warn you that Cassandra's prophecies always proved to come true.

Junior Class Poem

As you're looking thru the pages
Of this famous dear old book,
You'll see the girls of every kind
With just a pleasant look.
But we know that you will say
When all of them you've seen
That we're the "Pride of dear Chowan"—
The class of old '14.

At first we dwelt in "Newish land,"
Had all the wit was going,
We liked it to be understood
That we knew all worth knowing
As Sophs we hazed and blacked the "Newish"
Put oil in every well,
We slept 'til eight on April first—
Hid the clapper from the bell.

But now we're Juniors brave and bold—
Surpass the Senior bore,
For in their own green eyes they think
They are the pebbles on the shore,
But Juniors, Juniors! Rah, Rah, Rah!
If you would like to see the stuff
Take a good square look at us,
For we are it and that's no bluff.
The nicest class you have ever seen
Is the class of old '14.



No Brown-Rax
Bullyme tell me
use those ladies
are with some
are rinos just

No Negroes
No Niggers
No Niggers

Wally Wood



Sophomore Class

In unity there's strength

Flower: Pansy

Colors: Garnet and gold

Officers

| | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------|
| GRACE BELLE BEASLEY..... | <i>President</i> |
| RETTA DENNIE GRIFFIN..... | <i>Vice-President</i> |
| CORA DELLA SAWYER..... | <i>Secretary</i> |
| SADIE PRUDEN JORDAN..... | <i>Treasurer</i> |
| STELLA FORBES GARRETT..... | <i>Historian</i> |
| ANNIE ELIZABETH BURBAGE..... | <i>Prophetess</i> |
| EFFIE MAE HERRING..... | <i>Poet</i> |

Members

| | |
|-------------------------|----------------------|
| ELIZABETH ENNISS ADKINS | SADIE PRUDEN JORDAN |
| GRACE BELLE BEASLEY | MAGGIE VANN LIVERMON |
| GEORGIA EUGENIA BRITTON | JESSIE MAE PILAND |
| ANNIE ELIZABETH BURBAGE | CORA DELLA SAWYER |
| STELLA FORBES GARRETT | LYDIA BARNES STORY |
| EFFIE MAE HERRING | EDDIE BELLE WALKER |
| NINA MAE HOLLOMAN | NEVA DEAN WARREN |

History of Sophomore Class

And it came to pass in nineteen hundred and eleven, at the time when corn is ripe in the fields and the grapes hang heavy in the vineyards, there arose a mighty band of maidens throughout the Land of North Carolina and they came to the great nation Chowan. There the maidens did pitch their tents and their abode was known as "The Home of the Fair." Now this band of maidens did wax strong and mighty both in number and in wisdom, and after many moons they did come together and decide on a battle cry. They were known throughout the land as Freshmen. All did rejoice exceedingly in the greatness of their queen, one Grace of the house of Beasley, for all saw that it was well.

Soon the spring of the year did come and bring the grassy fields and sunny skies, and these Freshmen did come together and resolved not to go to their distant homes, for at that time the land did flow with milk and honey, but the Supreme Ruler of the Nation did say nay,—and for forty fair days and nights did they weep and mourn, but on the forty-fifth day they departed on their way rejoicing.

And so many moons did pass away and it was again the fall of the year and the maidens did pitch their tents, but there was much sorrow in the land, for many did not return but in their places appeared new faces, and these were received with great joy and they did call themselves Sophomores.

In this land also appeared other bands known as Freshmen, Juniors, and Seniors, but in wisdom and learning the Sophomores exceedeth them all. At the appointed time these Sophomores did again choose as their queen one Grace of the house of Beasley for she did please them with her great work, and for their Scribe and Guard for their great wealth Cora of the house of Sawyer was chosen.

As the time for the maidens to break camp did draw near there was much sorrow throughout their midst. But the Supreme Ruler did smile upon this band and did promise all good things to the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen.

Individual Statistics of the Class

| <i>Name</i> | <i>Address</i> | <i>Always</i> | <i>Favorite Study</i> | <i>Chief Aim in Life</i> | <i>Principal Fault</i> |
|-------------------|----------------------|------------------|-----------------------|--------------------------|------------------------|
| GRACE BEASLEY | Coleraine, N. C. | Singing | Geometry | To be tall | Thinking |
| BELL WALKER | Columbia, N. C. | Eating | Boys | To have midnight feast | Studying |
| EFFIE HERRING | Arlander, N. C. | Crying | "Book" | To get up cases | Falling in love |
| NIXA HOLLOWAY | Woodland, N. C. | Talking | Bible | To assist a minister | Meekness |
| JESSIE PLAND | Winton, N. C. | Well——! | Math | To graduate | Was none (?) |
| NEVA WARREN | Conway, N. C. | Giggling | Chemistry | To teach Clem | Adoring Lacy |
| MAGGIE LIVERMON | Rosabel, N. C. | Pleasant | Domestic Science | To sing in Grand Opera | Flirting |
| STELLA GARRETT | Bellaire, N. C. | Writing | Lab. work | To be an old maid (?) | Too tall |
| GEORGIA BRITTON | Arlander, N. C. | Suiting | English | To dance | Too active |
| LIZZIE ADKINS | Mangroveville, N. C. | Mock | History | To own Frank(enshire) | Quietness |
| CORA SAWYER | Columbia, N. C. | Eating eggs | German | To be pretty | Smiling |
| LYDIA STORY | Gates, N. C. | Caressing | "Chapel" | To fall in love | Grimacing |
| RETTA GRIFFIN | Woodland, N. C. | Going to town | Music | To teach | Disposing of peanuts |
| ELIZABETH BURBAGE | Cono, N. C. | Dulging teachers | Girls | To write statistics | Quarrelling (?) |

Sophomore Class Poem

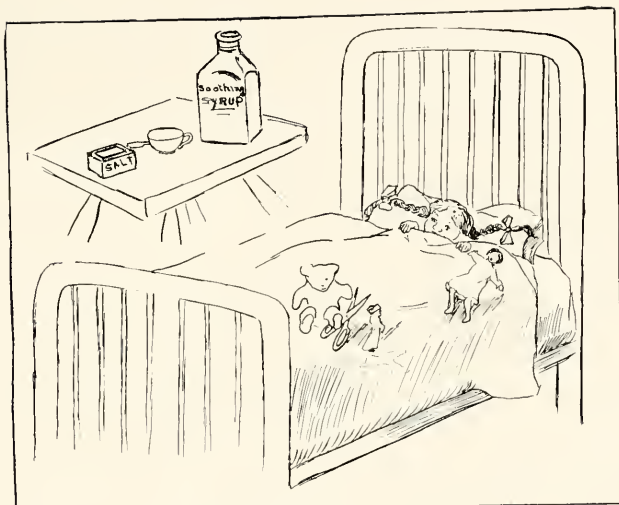
We're the Soph'mores, the "bestest" of all,
If 'twasn't for us the college would fall;
Jolly, good hearted and studious we be,
But such "big books" you just ought to see.

We're glad we aren't "Freshies," the teachers are too,
A'running around with nothing to do
But try to act smart and "show off" their knowledge,
When it's known they're the greenest at college.

Another class now we don't choose to be—
It's the Juniors, a'frisking as if they were free.
They haven't much sense and don't you forget
We wouldn't be classed as "the big-headed set."

Such a dignified set is the Senior mass,
Who won't even notice the Sophomore class.
When we are Seniors control your 'mirations,
For we will be Seniors and not imitations.

Such a peaceful, contented set together,
We had rather be Sophs than any other,
For in two more years we'll let you see,
Just how gracefully we take an "A.B."



Little Freshie's very sick
But Dr Soph will cure her
Bring some salt, Oh pray be quick,
And a little syrup to soothe her



!!Coming!!
!!THE GREAT FRESHMEN CIRCUS!!

DON'T FAIL TO SEE IT!

DARING TRAPEZE PERFORMANCES BY YELE ENILUAP,
LA PETITE FRANCAISE DEMOISELLE.

SEE BLACKIE, THE HUGH BLACK CAT—THE MOST
INTELLIGENT OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD.

THE EDUCATED GIRAFFE, AVE NAGROM, DISPLAYED
BY MISS NOMREUIL, CAN SOLVE ANY PROBLEM IN
ADDITION.

COME SEE THE GREAT GRIZZLY BEAR DANCE. FREE
EXHIBITION, 8:30 A. M.

LEOPARDS, LIONS AND PUMAS ALL UNDER PERFECT
CONTROL.

RAREST SPECIMENS NOT SHOWN ON THE BILLBOARD.

EVERY ONE COME

YOUNG AND OLD

ADMISSION

{ CHILDREN, one bag peanuts for Monkeys
{ ADULTS, fourteen credits

Freshman Class

After it, follow it; follow the gleam

Flower: Marechal Niel Rose

Colors: Blue and gold

YELL:

Che—hee, Cha—ha!
Che—ha—ha—ha!
Chowan Freshman!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Officers

| | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------|
| SADIE AUGUSTINE CULLINS..... | <i>President</i> |
| MAGGIE SAWYER DUKE..... | <i>Vice-President</i> |
| ROSEBUD NOWELL..... | <i>Secretary</i> |
| HELEN VESTA BROOKS..... | <i>Treasurer</i> |
| MARY THOMAS EVANS..... | <i>Historian</i> |
| HELEN JONES WINBORNE..... | <i>Poet</i> |
| MYRA SKINNER AUMACK..... | <i>Prophetess</i> |

Members

| | | |
|----------------------|-------------------|--------------------|
| AUMACK, MYRA S. | EVANS, MARY T. | PITMAN, JENNIE B. |
| BOYETTE, EVA O. | GOODWIN, ADRIA E. | RIDDLEK, MARY L. |
| BRETT, HELEN M. | JENKINS, ADDIE L. | SAWYER, MAUDE O. |
| BROOKS, HELEN V. | JENKINS, CLAUDINE | SAWYER, RUTH E. |
| BRUNER, ARTHUR C. | LAWRENCE, EVA J. | STALLINGS, ESSIE |
| CULLINS, SADIE A. | LAWRENCE, LOIS A. | TAYLOR, BETTIE W. |
| DUKE, MAGGIE S. | MIZELLE, LORA B. | VANN, JESSIE B. |
| EDWARDS, VIRGIE O.T. | MORGAN, EVA M. | WARD, NELLIE W. |
| ELEY, PAULINE J. | NOWELL, ROSEBUD | WATSON, EUNICE J. |
| ELLIOTT, ESTHER H. | PIERCE, GRACE I. | WINBORNE, HELEN J. |

Special Class

"Nothing but the best."

Flower: Pansy

Colors: Purple and green

YELL:

Pick-a-pack, Jick-a-dack,
Sis, boom, bah!
Special, Special, rah, rah, rah!
Who are we? Why, can't you guess?
We are Chowan's very best.

Officers

| | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------|
| RUTH DORSEY WINDSOR..... | <i>President</i> |
| LOIS EVANGELINE HOWELL..... | <i>Vice-President</i> |
| JESSIE ELIZABETH GARRETT..... | <i>Secretary</i> |
| RUTH WRIGHT VANN..... | <i>Treasurer</i> |
| LUCILE HAMLET WILLIAMS..... | <i>Historian</i> |
| IDA LOUISE FUTRELL..... | <i>Poet</i> |
| EMILY LUCILE CLARK..... | <i>Prophetess</i> |

Members

| | |
|--------------------------|----------------------------|
| MYRTIS PATTIE CARMAN | WILLIE PERKINS MIZELLE |
| CORNIE CATHRYN CHEEK | MARETTA BLOUNT PICOT |
| EMILY LUCILE CLARK | JANIE MARIE SHARP |
| MAMIE ELIZABETH DARDEN | SALLIE LOCKHEART SMALLWOOD |
| IDA LOUISE FUTRELL | PAULINE THORINGTON TAYLOR |
| JESSIE ELIZABETH GARRETT | RUTH WRIGHT VANN |
| ETHEL EYORA HAUGHTON | IRMA BERNICE WARD |
| VIOLA DEVILLA HAYES | JESSIE RHODIE WHITE |
| LOIS EVANGELINE HOWELL | LUCILE HAMLET WILLIAMS |
| EUNICE CORA LEE | RUTH DORSEY WINDSOR |

To the Special Girl

Here's to the girl who's in love with her work,
To the one who can sing, paint or play,
Who wouldn't give it up for Willie or Bob;
Don't blame her, she was born that way.





“Normal” Teachers’ Class

“Plain living and high thinking”

Aim: To make money

Colors: Blue and grey

Flower: Kiss me and I’ll tell you

Executive Department

ROSE MAE DAVIS, President of the General Association for the Extermination of Matrimonial Alliances.

OLA MAE MOREHEAD, Vice-President.

RUTH MAE LASSITER, Secretary of the Exterior and Interior of All Matrimonial Contracts.

NINA MAE HOLLOMON, Treasurer of the Secret Service Commission of Wornout School Teachers. .

CORA DELLA SAWYER, Attorney General of Woman’s Rights.

LOUISE MCKAY KIVETT, Secretary of the Spinster State.

LYDIA BARNES STORY, Sergeant at Arms against the Encroachment of Mankind.

ELIZABETH ENNISS ADKINS, Chief of Students’ Secret Service for Investigation of Faculty Regulations.

Law Making Department

LUCY HINES ELLIOTT, Speaker of the House

MARY MORRIS ALSTON
ANNIE LIZZIE BARNECastle
GRACE BELLE BEASLEY
GEORGIA EUGENIA BRITTON
HELEN VESTER BROOKS
VIRGIE O’TELIA EDWARDS
MARIE SUSANNAH EVANS

HILDA MAE JOHNSON
MARGARET ELIZABETH LINK
ROBERTA EUGENIA PEELE
JENNIE BESS PITMAN
HELEN BRUCE TAYLOR
MAMIE PEARL WARD
NEVA DEAN WARREN

Teachers' Class Prophecy

It was a Friday evening in February, the light bell had sounded and alone in my room I had almost given up in despair as I remembered that the Class Prophecy was to be handed in the morning had waned. The future was an absolute blank to my mind, that was weighed down by the responsibility resting upon me.

As I sat there, helpless and hopeless, the moonlight on my table had crept to my Bible and I could see its gilt letters standing out in the words "Search the Scriptures." An inspiration seized me and I said half aloud "Why not?" and turning on my light I hastily opened the Holy Book at random and my eyes fell on this passage in Joel, "And your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions."

I turned out my light, and laying my head on the table, I seemed to go back into the days of the Old Testament, to the time when God seemed so near that maidens and young men could learn His will.

Did I fall asleep? Was it a vision? Or was it a dream? I felt that I was old and was just calling to mind the girls that I had known at Chowan and was running over the familiar events of their lives since they left their Alma Mater. I had but to think of a name when I would remember distinctly all the incidents connected with the person recalled. I thought of our President, Ola Morehead, so beloved by all. I remembered that she went to Chicago, where she graduated with honors and that she was teaching Science at Chowan for a year or two, but becoming convinced that there was a broader sphere of usefulness for her, she went to one of the Western States and entered the profession of law, became a political factor, and during the suffrage administration was elected to Congress and afterwards became President, and during her incumbency she had passed the law fining parents the sum of twenty-five dollars for every day the children are kept out of school to do any home duties. Besides this necessary statute, she is the author of many of the most excellent laws on our books.

I remembered that Lydia Story completed the Kindergarten Course and devoted herself to that department of Education, until by a sudden and unexpected change in her plans she dropped the teaching profession and devoted her scientifically trained mind to the care of a husband by the name of Hugh.

I thought of Helen Brooks; how enthusiastic she was to enter the Educational arena, but I remembered that she was always open to argument, and that a young lawyer plead his case with her with such potent and plausible arguments that she was forced to yield, and became subject to legal rule the balance of her happy days.

We all knew that Lizzie had been inspired by the Chowan Chapel talks to become intensely interested in Mars. Later on in life she determined to eat raw eggs and take drives in order to sublimate her body. Something must have gone wrong; it may have been that this régime would have worked out all right had she not talked too much. I remembered that the doctor reported that he was not satisfied as to whether she died from undercreating or overtalking. Before she faded away she did much missionary work.

I recalled that Marie was so interested in German that she took to eating limberger cheese and her English sentences became so involved and Germanesque that she would get lost in them and have to call on the English teacher to help her out. She went to Germany, where she became further obsessed by that highly architectural language and then returned to the States to take the Chair of German in old Chowan College.

I thought of Virgie, Georgia and Neva all in one breath, if one can think that way; I had read that they were doing most excellent work up in the mountain schools. I also heard that Neva had finally discovered the difference between a Chemistry Symbol and an Algebraic Equation. She became so elated over this discovery that she has copyrighted a Chemico-Algebra, the first text of that character on record.

Mary Alston, I recollected, graduated from the Conservatory of Music at Boston. She went on the stage and made fortune and fame. We all predicted, from the letters which she received at school, that she would be wedded to something besides her profession and she fulfilled our expectation by wedding a Mr. Linwood.

When I remembered Elizabeth Link I did not forget that she was one of the star pupils in Expression and that she had a memory that would retain everything from "Mary had a Little Lamb" to the plays of Shakespeare. She became teacher of Expression in the Piedmont Institute and later became famous as a Lyceum artist. I need not to predict that she was loved by all, for her very nature compelled it.

Grace, I recalled, could conjugate any Latin verb ever known to the Romans, and she became so expert in that language that scholars demanded that she prepare a series of Latin texts. I also remembered that after her books had been adopted in the schools, children cried to study that classic language and wanted to write all of their college exercises in that tongue, and that the *ponies* all died for want of users.

Bruce, I remembered, was a home girl by instinct, and that she opened a poultry and cat farm—rather incongruous industries. The eggs and chickens she marketed, but the cats were grown for graduation presents. She made it her business to secure catalogues from all female colleges and when Commencements were in order every mother's daughter that graduated got a cat by parcel post.

Rose Davis was the only girl in English III that could scan to suit Mrs. Bruner. She became so expert in that practice that she could scan the faces of an audience at a glance. I also recalled that she had occupied the Chair of English for many years at Chowan and that she had the pupils scan so much that they thought it was scandalous.

Jennie Bess, I remembered, had a queer assortment of favorite subjects when in Chowan—Rayfish, Ray of light, Ray of intelligence, Roentgen Rays. She became a teacher in Gates County, but she decided that such a life was too confining and finally she decided that the only way she could be a free woman was to marry a free man.

Annie Lizzie was Math mad—she was never satisfied unless she was immersed in some abstruse problem. She figured every affair in life into number. She even tried to figure out the time of Judgment day. She almost went insane when Ralf assured her there would be no Math in the world to come.

Some girls realize when they have chosen the wrong profession, and Nina was one of them. A minister converted her to that belief. She is now happily at home to her friends in a large Brick house.

Roberta always wore a smile and several other things while at Chowan. She smiled downstairs and upstairs and in my lady's parlor. Since that time I remembered that she has been smiling in many ladies' parlors, for she has become a society leader.

Louise, I recalled, was so inspired by Miss Wynne, that she remained true to her resolution to teach. She took a course from Shroncliek and made Education her life work.

I remembered that at Chowan we regarded Lucy as a most determined *maid* who refused to answer it must have been "Who is your beau?" for she always abhorred such a preposterous personage. But "Times change and men change with them" may apply to women also.

Then I thought of Hilda Johnson, the girl who had time, who never was in a hurry, and who was never pressed for time. Hilda was decidedly slow. She met the problems of life but she never overtook them. She finally became a Domestic Science teacher, but she was so slow a wave of matrimony engulfed her before she ever made a reputation in her profession.

I thought of myself only when I had fallen out of my chair and pulled the table over on me and was scrambling in the dark hunting for my bed.





School of Music.

NANCY BENTHALL. '97



RUTH DORSEY WINDSOR

Alathinean

Milford, Delaware

“Oh, well for the fortunate soul
Which Music's wings unfold,
Stealing away the memory
Of sorrow, new and old.”

IRMA WARD

Alathinean

Lewiston, North Carolina

“Let gentleness my strong enforcement be.”



Glee Club



Officers

President
RUTH WINDSOR

Vice-President
INA MITCHELL

Secretary
VIOLA HAYES

Treasurer
SALLIE SMALLWOOD

The Art Club

MOTTO: To catch the "moving row of shadow-shapes
that come and go."



Flower: Color:
Jonquil Yellow

Members

ETTA BANKS
NANCY BENTHALL
MAMIE DARDEN
EMMA DAVIS
ADELAIDE FLORA
JESSIE GARRETT
LOUISE VANN
JESSIE WHITE

MARIE DAVIS
Baby member

Purpose

While appreciating
the old Masters, to
keep in constant touch
with what American
artists are doing.

NANCY BENTHALL..... *President*
LOUISE VANN..... *Vice-President*
MAMIE DARDEN..... *Secretary*
JESSIE GARRETT..... *Treasurer*

L'Envoi

When earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted
and dried;
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has
died;
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an æon
or two,
Till the Master of All Good Woodmen shall set us to work
anew!

And those that were good will be happy; they shall sit in a
Golden Chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of camel's
hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter and
Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting, and never be tired at all.

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall
blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for
fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each in his separate
star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as
They Are!

Kipling.



Dramatic Club at Colonial Tea

Chowan Dramatic Club

"Naturalness—To thine own self be true."

Colors: Yellow and green

Flower: Jonquil

Officers

| | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| LOUISE VANN..... | <i>President</i> |
| KATHLEEN HARRELL..... | <i>Vice-President</i> |
| ZALIA LANE..... | <i>Secretary</i> |
| ETTA BANKS..... | <i>Treasurer</i> |

Members

| | |
|------------------|------------------|
| ETTA BANKS | ADDIE JENKINS |
| ARTHUR BRUNER | ZALIA LANE |
| MYRTIS CARMEN | ELIZABETH LYNK |
| MADGE CONWELL | ROSEBUD NOWELL |
| MYRTLE ELEY | MARIETTA PICOT |
| LUCY ELLIOTT | RENNIE SPIVEY |
| MARY T. EVANS | BETTIE W. TAYLOR |
| ROSA FUTRELL | RUTH THOMAS |
| KATHLEEN HARRELL | LOUISE VANN |
| EFFIE HERRING | BRUCE VANN |
| LOIS HOWELL | CLARA WHEELER |
| LUCILE WILLIAMS | |

The Young Woman's Auxiliary

This year the girls entered into the Young Woman's Auxiliary with a very gratifying spirit.

The President, with the officers, determined to do the best work that has ever been done in the Y. W. A. of Chowan College, and it is felt that the influence has been good and that much has been done toward uplifting the moral tone of the school.

The greater majority of our best workers returned this year and there were elected as officers:

ETTA BANKS, *President*
MARY EMMA LONG, *Vice-President*
GEORGIA PILAND, *Secretary*
CORA SAWYER, *Treasurer*

In September the regular meetings of the Y. W. A. were dispensed with; the members divided into three equal sections. At the head of each section was placed one active member:

EMILY CLARK, Section I
PAULINE TAYLOR, Section II
LYDIA STORY, Section III

These girls divided the number of girls of the Society equally among them and organized the Mission Classes. These classes meet once every two weeks and are taught by three members of the Faculty:

MRS. J. D. BRUNER, Section I, the subject, "China's New Day";
REV. Q. C. DAVIS, Section II, the subject, "The Present Opportunities for Mission Work in Mexico and the Philippine Islands";
MISS ESSIE WYNNE, Section III, the subject, "Biography and Works of the Great Missionaries."

These classes are very much enjoyed and it is hoped that they will inspire more zealous work in the society and in the societies of the surrounding country.

There are now three joint meetings or rallies during the school year, one in the fall for Home Missions, in winter for Foreign Missions, and one in the spring for State Missions.

**Literary
Societies**



LUCALIAN SOCIETY

"We make light to shine"



ALATHINEAN SOCIETY

"We seek truth and wisdom"

CLUBS





Senior Club



The Campers

Motto: Always roam

Aim: Keep a-moving

Flower: Jack-in-pulpit

Colors: Rainbow

Favorite Dish: 'Possum and taters

Drink: Raindrops



ELIZABETH LYNK.....Captain and holder of rabbit foot
 PAULINE TAYLOR.....Jester and best all round crank
 GEORGIE PILAND.....Spiritual adviser
 RENNIE SPIVEY.....Starter of all mischief
 LOUISE KIVETT.....Newie member
 ZALIA LANE.....Water totter
 JESSIE PILAND.....Bird charmer
 EUNICE LEE.....Time killer
 MAGNOLIA MITCHELL.....Hunter for odd jobs
 NELL WARD.....Biggest hobo

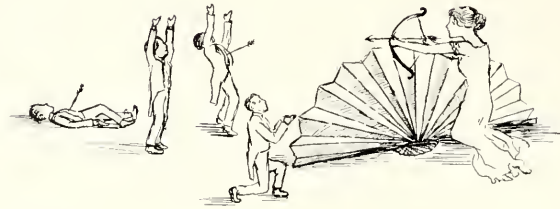
Heart Breakers' Club

Motto: More hearts to conquer
More candy to eat.

Time: Moonlight nights
Place: Balcony

Flower: Bleeding heart

Colors: Red and white



Weapons: "Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles."

Members

RUTH, Greatest Crusher

LOUISE, The Healer

VIOLA SALLIE
Twins

ROSEBUD—Young, but hopeful

GRACE—I like my old beau best

STELLA—Most innocent

MYRA—Most dazzling

INA—Most enthusiastic

JESSIE—The most scientific

SADIE—The "Magnet"

Information Club

"Study hard and bear in mind that a good looking man is hard to find."



Flower: Sweet "Williams"

Colors: Red and white

Place of Meeting: Dr. Bruner's study.

Time of meeting: When Dr. Bruner is away.

Song: Don't take my "loving man" away.

Object: To keep well informed of all boys' colleges.

Officers

LOIS HOWELL, *President*
IRMA WARD, *Vice-President*

MAMIE WARD, *Secretary*
IDA LOU FUTRELL, *Treasurer*

Members

MAMIE WARD: Gets old letters from W. F. C.
ROBERTA PEELE: Makes sofa pillows out of old love letters.
MAMIE DARDEN: Always looking for a "Boy"-(ette).
ELLA RUBY BELLE: Seeking information.
LYDIA STORY: Travels by the "Miles."
MAGGIE DUKE: Very fond of the "Park"-(er.)
IRMA WARDE: Always "Howelling."
NANCY BENTHALL: She used to read "Barker's" Almanac but now she reads Roebuck's Catalogue.
IDA LOU FUTRELL: Her greatest desire is to "Fly"(the).
LOIS HOWELL: Gets information twice a week from a Franklin dry goods store.

Jolly Dozen Club



Object: To have a good time.

Colors: Green and brown

Flower: Cattails

Meeting Place: Under a Beech tree.

Favorite Song: "In the shade of the old Beech tree."

Yell:

Rah, Rah,—Rah, Rah!
 Whoop—la, Whoop—la!
 Jolly Dozers are we
 Just as happy as can be.
 We are in for a good old time,
 For we always indulge in song and rhyme.
 We only fight when there's a rub
 Between somebody and the Jolly Dozen Club.

Officers

ANNIE SUE WINBORNE

President

JANIE MARIE SHARP

Vice-President

EMILY LUCILE CLARK

Secretary

WILLIE PERKINS MIZELLE

Treasurer

Club Roll

| | |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| ANNIE ELIZABETH BURBAGE | <i>Mischief worker</i> |
| GEORGIA ANNE BARTLEY | <i>Loveliness itself</i> |
| EMILY LUCILE CLARK | <i>Mocking bird</i> |
| IDA LUCILE FETRELL | <i>"Flythe" catcher</i> |
| LOIS EVANGELIN HOWELL | <i>Orator</i> |
| WILLIE PERKINS MIZELLE | <i>Busy body</i> |
| JANIE MARIE SHARP | <i>Angel (?)</i> |
| RUTH WRIGHT VANN | <i>Witty girl</i> |
| EDDIE BELL WALKER | <i>Crammer</i> |
| ANNIE SUE WINBORNE | <i>Photographer</i> |
| HELEN JONES WINBORNE | <i>Our baby</i> |

Old Maids' Club



Love no man, not even your brother;
If girls must love, love one another.

Colors: Old rose and silver

Pets: Cats and parrots

Song: "It's a long lane that has no turning"

Place and Time of Meeting: Room 31, from 9:15 to 9:45, Wednesday night.

Occupation: Primping

Officers

INA MITCHELL, *President*
BRUCE TAYLOR, *Vice-President*
LUCILE WILLIAMS, *Secretary*
GEORGIA BARTLEY, *Treasurer*

Members

INA MITCHELL..... "Fussy old maid"
HELEN WENBORNE..... "Old maid against her wishes"
BELL WALKER..... "She will break the rules sometimes"
LUCILE WILLIAMS..... "She would if she could"





A
T
H
L
E
T
I
C
S.

College Basketball Team

BELL WALKER

Captain



MAGGIE DUKES, *Right forward*

RUTH SAWYER, *Left forward*

JESSIE WHITE, *Center*

BESSIE CURRIE, *Right guard*

MAMIE DARDEN, *Left guard*

Senior Basketball Team

LOUISE VANN
Captain



ETTA BANKS, *Center*

MARY EMMA LONG, *Right forward*

MADGE CONWELL, *Left forward*

UNA WHITE, *Right guard*

RENNIE SPIVEY, *Left guard*



Tennis Club

Members

| | |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| MARY EMMA LONG | EFFIE HERRING |
| CARRIE BELLE HARRIS | BELL WALKER |
| RENNIE SPIVEY | ELIZABETH BURBAGE |
| UNA WHITE | BETTIE WILLIAMS TAYLOR |
| PAULINE TAYLOR | RUTH THOMAS |
| JESSIE WHITE | BRUCE VANN |
| RUTH VANN | CORA SAWYER |
| MYRTLE ELEY | OLA MOREHEAD |
| LILLIAN HEDGPETH | MYRTIS CARMEN |
| RUTH SAWYER | STELLA GARRETT |
| INA MITCHELL | JESSIE GARRETT |
| MAUDE SAWYER | VIOLA HAYES |
| ELLA RUBY BELL | GRACE BEASLEY |
| MARY ALLSTON | SALLIE SMALLWOOD |
| IDA LOU FUTRELL | JESSIE GARRETT |
| MAMIE WARD | SADIE CULLINS |
| IRMA WARD | MYRA AUMACK |
| ROBERTA PEELE | HELEN BROOKS |
| LOIS HOWELL | RUTH VANN |
| WILLIE PERKIN MIZELLE | LOUISE VANN |
| MAMIE DARDEN | EMILY CLARK |
| HELEN WINBORNE | RUTH WINDSOR |

GEORGIA BARTLEY

The Would Be Poets

Ode to the Trilogy

The little Burke book is laid to rest,
The little Penal Bill is covered with dust,
Time was when the little Burke book was new,
And the Penal Bill passing fair,
But that was before the Seniors
Had exhausted their energies there.

Now we must hurry along, he said,
And don't you feel annoyed
If the end of the lesson we never reach,
And then he wandered back to his little speech.
But while he spoke the bell did ring
Causing our Teacher of Psy to look blue.
Oh, the minutes were many,
Oh, the period was long
To the little Seniors who were ever true.

Aye, true to Dr. Bruner Ed. II 'll ever stand,
Each in the same old place.
The most unhappy ten in all the land,
Misery pictured on every face;
And they wondered as they sat in the dust of those little
 chairs,
What had become of their midnight cramming
Since it did not bring them seventy there.

“ Blackie ”

Blackie here, Blackie there,
Blackie, Blackie everywhere—
Up the stairs and in the room
Ready now to meet his doom.

Now, dear Blackie, don't you know
It is wrong for you to go
Without your mistress everywhere?
Because that would cause her great despair.

Listen now, while I surmise,
Perhaps you will be surprised
When I tell you for a fact
Blackie is the old black cat.

On a Mosquito

Anopheles lies here supinely,
By a death you might call untimely
Inasmuch as she tried
With her eight notes, to ride
O'er my rest, while she warbled divinely.

“Though deadly germs in kisses hide
E'en at the price the cost is small;
'Tis better to have kissed and died
Than never to have kissed at all.”

“Mary had a little hat,
Not bigger than a stopper
But she soon got rid of that,
And now she has a whopper.”

Sing a song of Cæsar,
A chapter full of woes,
Four and twenty troubles
On indirect discourse;
When the book is opened
Grief comes thick and fast,
Oh, what a dread Pandora box
To set before a class.

There were two girls in our school
And they were most unwise;
Unchaperoned they left the hall
Which made Miss Johnson rise.

And when they found their privilege gone
With all their might and main,
They 'pealed to the Faculty's sympathy
But the privilege came not again.

Sing a song of discontent
By the Seniors all,
Is that not a fitting thing
For commotion on the hall?

For kodak pictures, more fresh air,
They went off in a band,
But Dr. B—— fenced them in
With fierce reprimand.

It was in the early autumn that Louise and Blackie last
parted;
She her broom sought and landed him in the hall broken
hearted;
She to scold thro' all the winter, he on the fourth floor to
wander;
But her last words gave him comfort—
“Don't you know you stupid kitty,
Absence makes the heart grow fonder?”

Here's to the man
Who owned the land
That grows the vine
That bears the grapes
That makes the wine
That tastes as good as fish does.

Ole Elton

"Colonel, up there's your high and mighty kinsfolk that I was tellin' you about," said Tom Brannock, pointing to the left with his whip. Colonel Elton, president of the "Happy Valley Mining Company," glanced in the direction of the extended whip and saw that a turn of the road had brought into view a tall, grim looking peak that rose abruptly out of Rainbow Mountain, wherein the iron ore mines were located that for the first time he had come to inspect.

"So that's my new relative, is it?" he said, "Well, he's a fine enough looking fellow; but what makes you say he's my kinsman?"

There was a humorous interest in the questioning tone, for although he had come to Happy Valley only the night before, the silver haired colonel had already enjoyed the drawling remarks of this slow voiced, quick witted mountain boy so much that he insisted on Tom's driving him to the mines instead of the obsequious superintendent, who had offered to do so.

"Why, that's Elton's P'int, or as most everybody calls him, 'Ole Elton.'" said the boy. "That's why I told you last night you had kinsfolk here."

"But where on earth did he get the name?" inquired the colonel. "I didn't think it was such a common one."

"It ain't common 'round here," replied Tom, "but how he got it and got to be known as well, is a long yarn."

"None too long for me," heartily declared the colonel. "Begin right now."

Tom looked embarrassed, but nevertheless began, having in view a possible foreman's place in the mines.

"Well, you see, this affair happened in the last part of the Civil War, so of course I didn't see it, but everybody says it's so. Captain Robert Elton, 'Rob Roy' his men called him, because he had red hair—"

"Rob!" exclaimed the Colonel, "Why, that's—well, go on."

"This boy," continued Tom, looking curiously at his companion, "was just about nineteen, an' come here from nobody knows where—further South they thought—to keep clear this section of bushwhackin' Yankees. He got together several plucky fellows to help him and had his headquarters near the top of the P'int.

"They'd make the most darin' raids down into Happy Valley, an' soon grew to be the terror of all law breakin' Yankees an' the hero of the few remainin' Confederate families. Everybody knew him and liked him; even his enemies couldn't help listenin' when he played his fiddle. He was a powerful fiddler; they say rats would come out to listen when he would play, an' that he'd charm the rattlesnakes when they'd crawl into camp. There was a sight of these rattlers too, for one side of 'Ole Elton' was nearly impossible to climb, an' in them days there was a big den of the hissin' things high up on that side. This was one of Rob's biggest protections, for any part of the P'int was hard enough to get up, and nobody would even try this one.

"In his valley visits, Rob mostly put up with the Grayson family, an' him an' purty little Lottie Grayson finally made it up to git married when the war was over.

"One mornin' a good sized troop of Yankees rode up, swearin' they'd take the young Cap'n, dead or alive. Now Rob an' his whole camp was asleep, havin' been out on a raid all night, and as the Yankees put guards around the part of the P'int that they thought he might try to

escape by, nobody could git up there to warn him. The Yankees was laughin' an' talkin' an' takin' things easy an' goin' it slow, so's they could be shore an' git the whole party.

"The Graysons was purty nigh crazy, but Lottie didn't say a word—just got paler and paler. By an' by they missed her, but thought she'd gone off by herself on account of her sweet-heart. But towards three o'clock, when they was gettin' uneasy about her, here comes all of Rob's men a-marchin' side by side with the Yankees. They was carryin' two bodies—Lottie's and Rob's. Rob's lieutenant, Lem Dixon, told the story this way:

"All of us had laid down to sleep, an' bein' tired out, we posted just one sentinel, who fell asleep purty nigh as soon's the rest of us did. The Cap'n was layin' near me an' I noticed he didn't sleep. After a while he got up real easy so's not to wake the men, got his fiddle and went off towards the Rattler's Ledge. Somehow I couldn't rest after that so I got up too, an' started up there. Before I got in sight I could hear his fiddle, an' makin' a sharp turn I saw a sight I'll never forget.

"The Cap'n was sittin' on a rock playin' some sort of a soft chune, with half a dozen snakes standin' nearly straight, a-movin' slowlike before him, sorter keepin' time to the music, an' jist behind him was as ugly a bushwhacker as ever drawn breath, takin' aim at him with a Winchester.

"I felt for my pistols and remembered that my belt had come loose as I got up, an' was layin' peaceably on the ground in the camp. How I could a-been sich a fool as to come off 'thout them or my rifle, one, I dunno. I had to do sumthin', so not riskin' slippin' up on him, I tuk one long jump an' knocked up his arm jus' as the gun went off.

"The Cap'n sprung to his feet like lightnin', sich a sound a-comin' from his throat as I never heerd before. Me an' t'other feller had clinched, but we caught sight of sumthin' that made us drop one another like firecoals. Lottie Grayson was a layin' on her face among them hiss'n', mad snakes jist where she fell when the bushwhacker's bullet hit her through the heart. Kneelin' by her wuz her sweetheart, talkin' to her in sich a pitiful way that it nearly kilt me an' the bushwhacker too, fer that matter.

"By an' by he seed he couldn't do anything to bring her back to life an' he stopped talkin'—jist knelt there lookin' at her. Then all at once, 'fore we knowed what he wuz doin', he went straight to the rattler's den and jammed in his bare arm.

"Me an' the bushwhacker both grabbed him ez as soon ez we could, but it wuz too late. A dozen er more big uns wuz hung right into the meat, an' we had to break their backs to git 'em loose. He looked at us and sorter smiled.

"It's all right, boys," he said, "I couldn't stay here an' her gone." Then he leaned over an' kissed her still, white face, almos' fallin' in doin' it, an' in spite of all the whiskey we could give him he died in less'n no time.

"Us folks 'll put off our fight till another time," said a burly bushwhacker in rusty blue. "Whar d'ye think the young cap'n ud like to be buried?"

"They buried 'em over yonder under a big spruce," continued Tom, "an—" but here the Colonel's broken voice interrupted him.

"I think you've told me the story of my twin brother, Tom. This is the first news we've had from him since '64 and we thought he must have been killed on some great field and buried without recognition. Show me the place where he sleeps."

And Tom, looking into the tear dimmed eyes, saw that even forty years could not triumph over such love as this, like, even, to that which David and Jonathan bore one towards the other.

Oh say, can



you see—

Dr. Bruner

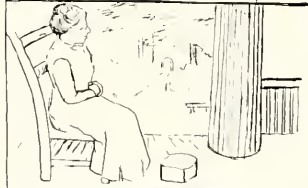
Snirking?

Mr. Davis



Frightened?

Mrs. Bruner



with Nothing
to do?

Miss Vann



Silent?

Miss Farabee



Sad?

Miss Johnson



Abstaining
from
Coffee?

Miss Wynne



Guilty of
Vandalism

Miss Ray



Singing?

Miss Parrott



Leading
Suffragettes?

Miss Wilson



slender?

Miss McCulloch



a fright?

Miss Goodwin



'Chasing'?

Miss Stephenson



dignified?

Their Hearts' Desires

DR. BRUNER: To have an Ed. II Class like the Class of '12.

PROFESSOR DAVIS: To give one more lecture on animals.

MRS. BRUNER: Three hours a day to teach pronunciation to German II.

MISS FEREBEE: Lord hasten the day when I shall be able to leave N. C. to reside in my other possessions.

MISS LIVERMON: A Trig class knowing the principles of Algebra.

MISS RAY: The earth and the fulness thereof would be mine if I only knew the Zoology that L. Adkins has forgotten.

MISS WYNNE: One more month to learn to use parcel post stamps.

MISS VANN: "To win a husband."

MISS JOHNSON: Just one more thing to report in Faculty meeting.

MISS McCULLERS: To be a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

MISS GOODWIN: The power to get a straggling audience to its feet on time.

MISS WILSON: To talk and laugh till two a. m. with my dearest dear.

MISS STEPHENSON: If I but knew what R. Nowell thinks she knows.

MISS PARROTT: To teach only Art Students.

THE TATLER

WE'VE TOLD THE SECRET!

Volume XX

MURFREESBORO, N. C., FEBRUARY 20, 1913

No. 13

NIGHT OF TERROR

Much Ado About Nothing

Murfreesboro, N. C., Feb. 19, 1913—Last night, after the inhabitants of Chowan College had retired and a profound silence reigned everywhere, a voice suddenly pierced the stillness having a marked resemblance to that of a siren whistle. Some decided that it was Miss Minnie calling the chickens; others were thrown in a panic by the possibility of fire and rushed here and there searching for fire extinguishers and escapes; still others hearing the sound of running water and thinking that the second flood had come, dashed about looking for substitutes for life preservers. For once the teachers, even, lost their wonted composure and joined in the mad stampede. The various halls were thronged with girls; some wrapped in their bed clothes, others either pushing or pulling their trunks along with them. Cries such as these could be heard on all sides: "Let me get my chewing gum." "Wait a minute, I can't find my braid." "Where is that last letter from George?" One of the teachers forgot that the girls were on their honor and threatened giving a mark if the girls did not go to their rooms at once. Some, feeling that it was better to burn or drown than to get a mark, went immediately to their rooms. Fortunately about that time it was cried out on the halls that the cause of all the excitement was Mrs. Bruner calling the plumber to turn off a "dripping" faucet.

ORGANIZING UNDER DIFFICULTIES

Murfreesboro, N. C., Feb. 19, 1913—On the night of the 18th of February the news flashed over the wires that the "Preps" were planning to organize. The people were thunderstruck at the very thought of a "Prep" organization. In all the years before no Prep class had ever attempted such a thing. It was soon discovered, however, that they were not the only ones who were planning. The night of the 19th found all the Preps assembled in room B. For a few moments silence reigned but was broken by a voice saying, "I nominate Miss Bruce Vann for President." Miss Vann immediately arose and, before this motion could be seconded, said: "As many as are in favor of having me for President, rise." Never once dreaming that they should have first appointed a chairman, all arose with one accord. Then followed a long list of officers who were elected, the two most prominent being a censor and program committee. It was decided to render a program each Thursday night, to consist of the study of some poet's life. It was seriously debated whether the public should be admitted, but the negative won. There being no other business they adjourned for that night. Just as they were leaving the room who should silently arise from under the benches but a number of Juniors! The "Preps" made one wild dash for their rooms. But even this was not

Continued on page three

NARROW ESCAPE FROM CLASS RIOT

Reception Hall, Old Building, Feb. 19, 1913—About 9:30 last evening an alarming report reached the ears of several of the Seniors. The high and Mighty Juniors were planning to make a raid on them. Their threats fell on deaf ears, however, for the Seniors were studying Psy. Exam. and they as calmly studied on. Unfortunately, however, one of them was compelled to pass thro' the reception hall where the Juniors were assembled. Upon glancing up she found herself completely surrounded by an angry mob. Juniors in front of her, Juniors behind her, Juniors to the right of her, Juniors to the left of her. For a moment she was bewildered, not dreaming that they, sixteen strong, would dare attack one little Senior. But the moment she realized her position she gathered all her strength and with true Spartan courage withstood their attack. Hearing the commotion and rushing to her rescue her classmates saw only the retreating backs of the Juniors. What would have happened will never be known had they stayed to meet ten just as valiant Amazons.

Y. W. A. Entertains

On the afternoon of September the fourteenth from four to six the Y. W. A. of Chowan College entertained the student body and the Faculty in a most delightful manner. Old fashioned games were played in the college parlors, which were decorated very tastefully, the color scheme being green and white. Refreshing ices and dainty cake were served on the front veranda, after which more games were played. Then the guests departed agreeing that all had spent a most enjoyable afternoon.

THE TATLER

Published once a year by the Class of '13

DELPHINA PICKWICK

Editor

Entered as first-class matter in the annals of Chowan College according to Act of Senior Class of November 1, 1912.

EDITORIAL

The time has come when something must be done. For a number of years the situation here has been growing more and more critical until it has at last come to the parting of the ways. Because other classes have suffered in silence is no reason that it is our duty to do so. For three years we, the present class, have endured it patiently, but for the last few months it has become intolerable.

First, we wish all to understand that we plead not for ourselves, but for those who are to come after us—namely, Senior classes of the future. We feel that it is only right that all shall fully understand the present situation. The cause for which we are pleading is Senior privileges. In the past years they have had only one and yet they were always told of their privileges. Years ago, when Puritanism reigned supreme, they had not a single one. Later, when the stern age had passed away, but still exerted its influence, college girls were allowed in their graduating year one privilege. Now we maintain that in the age of improved and enlightened methods in the educational world this one primitive idea should not be allowed to remain. If we were Chinese girls of a quarter of a century ago we would be perfectly submissive to the rule of absolute authority, but we are girls of the 20th century whose emotions and longings for freedom have been aroused

by the study of Rousseau and Pestalozzi. Our college course has taught us that the only true, ideal life is one of service to our fellowmen. What better way can we begin than in striving to give the hundreds of girls to come after us their merited rights. And now, in the words of Patrick Henry, we say, "Give us privileges or give us death."

SIX BEST SELLERS

Autobiography of James D. Bruner.

This book contains all his boyhood trials and occupations. Life at Georgetown and John Hopkins University. All views peculiar to Dr. Bruner. If you are counting on teaching a school get this book, as you can use the same jokes in other places.

Confessions of a Fish Eater.

By Conie Cheek.

Most wonderful book of the season, in which the well known author relates her thrilling experiences while eating fish at Chowan College.

Courtship and Marriage.

By Etta Banks.

Miss Banks is well qualified to write on this subject, having had many years of experience. An excellent book for beginners, also those who are separated from their beloved.

Mrs. Bruner's Speech on Conciliation.

The author of this book is well known in literary circles, having delved into the hidden depths of Burke for many years. This book treats of a vain attempt of an Instructor of English Literature to conciliate the idea of her pupils with those of Burke and Brewster.

My Secrets.

By E. Clark.

At last the author has answered some of the greatest mysteries of the twentieth century: "Why she never laughs," "Why she never mentions a

boy's name," "Why she doesn't go home on the Carolina."

The Real Value of Freckles.

By M. Aumack.

The author tells the advantage of freckles. Saves buying court plaster for beauty spots. The only remedy for taking off freckles is given in this book.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—Voice of the Glee Club. When last heard of it was going heavenward (?) at the rate of 1000 miles per second. Anyone overtaking it and bringing it back to earth will do the angels a good service.

FOUND—Two shoes, sizes 9 and 10. Both shoes have Davis written on them. Owner will please call at once as I need the storage room. Bartell.

LOST—My equilibrium. Finder will oblige owner if returned unharmed.

L. Vann.

LOST, STOLEN OR STRAYED—My two "Junior Girls." M. Conwell.

FOUND—A goodlooking native of Murfreesboro. Curiosity on exhibition at Nicholson's drug store.

STOLEN—A very valuable thermometer, fifty years old. "George" will please return to accustomed place on front veranda.

LOST—About forty biscuits from dining room. Thought to have been sent to Turkey for cannon balls.

FOUND—A new relation between the Senior and Junior Classes. All members have fallen in love with each other.

WANTED—To become a Senior like those in the Class of '13. Bert Peele.

WANTED—A chance to exchange letters with a U. N. C. student with a decided view to matrimony. I am tall, slim, with dark hair and eyes and have a voice only equaled by a mocking bird. Hilda Johnson.

FOR SALE—My entire collection of love letters at reduced prices, either in dozen or car load lots.

Sadie Cullens.

Organizing Under Difficulties

Continued from page one

sufficient to prevent them from returning the next Thursday evening to participate in their first program. This time they were careful to find that no one was reposing beneath the benches. Having satisfied themselves as to this point they proceeded with the program. In the midst of a paper on Sir Walter Scott's life the door softly opened and a Soph's head "popped" in. Their numbers being superior the little Soph was compelled to retreat. Five minutes later, at the close of the paper, a yell rose on the still air for Scott; and much to their amazement the window had been gently opened and Freshmen and Seniors were scrambling into the room. This was the last straw! The word "Dr. Bruner" was spoken, and the intruders, hearing that awe inspiring name, made their very unceremonious departure. Do the "Preps" still carry out their programs once a week? the public will ask. Oh, no; for that was the second and last attempt of that illustrious class to study Scott and his great works.

Tell me not in cheerful numbers

A Trig test's but an easy thing,
For she is dead that slumbers
And makes zero again.

Trig is real, Trig is earnest,

And this poor head's not its goal.
Math thou art; to Math returneth,
Was ne'er spoke by a Chowan soul.

Go to Wake Forest College

Two by four campus. Hot and cold baths unknown. Electric lights and gymnasium unheard of. No modern equipments. Students treated as gentlemen.

IN THE SOCIAL WORLD

Junior Reception

On the evening of the 13th of February the Juniors gave one of the most delightful receptions of the season in honor of the Faculty and the members of the Senior Class. Punch was served, Miss Nancy Benthall presiding over the bowl; after which the guests were conducted to an attractive little booth where they were given tickets which carried them through four delightful years of college work. Miss Livermon, who obtained the highest average, was awarded a handsome box of candy. After this the guests were served delicious refreshments. Every one voted the Juniors to be most charming hostesses.

From 8 to 10 on the evening of January 28th, the Dramatic Club entertained most charmingly the graduates at Progressive Rook. Miss Louise Vann was awarded a deck of Rook cards as the first prize, after which the guests were served very delightfully with cream and cake. For elegance of serving and general delightfulness nothing has surpassed it at Chowan.

When the hash has all been eaten,
And the syrup has ceased to flow,
And there's nothing left to sweeten
My coffee (should I get some more);
When my butter plate is empty,
And the biscuits are no more,
I'll get up, almost as empty,
Almost as empty as before.

Let us live for the future,
When the hard times shall be o'er,
Then we'll stuff and stuff, you "bet-
cher,"

Till we can't get thro' the door.
When the beef trust shall be busted,
And there is beefsteak for the poor—
Then unless our jaws are rusted
We'll eat and eat forevermore.

Anonymous.

Hiawatha

On the evening of April 22, the senior class gave on the campus *Hiawatha* in drama form. The large audience showed their appreciation of the artistic presentation of the play.

Original Conundrums

Why is Ina Mitchell like a small necked bottle? She is hard to fill up.

Why does Ruth Vann like tough biscuits? They remind her of chewing gum.

What resemblance does Cora Sawyer bear to a fountain? She is always overflowing (with good spirits).

Why are the seniors like 100,000? They are always in a row.

Why is Miss Lois Vann famous? Her tongue was the first example of perpetual motion.

"Hail to the graduating girl,
She's sweeter far than some
For while she speaks she talks no
slang,
And chews no chewing gum."

MISS RAY: "Elizabeth give me an example of a transparent object."
ELIZABETH: "A keyhole."

MISS VANN: "Etta, what is a swain?"

ETTA: "I don't know, Miss Vann, unless it is a goose."

BELLE W. TO ELIZABETH B: "Elizabeth, please swipe me something to eat, for I'm so hungry I feel as if I could eat even a fish."

ELIZABETH: "Why, Belle, you've just come from supper."

BELLE: "Well, I sit below Ina and when the dish gets to me there is nothing left."

Patent just received for my new style electric hair curler. Those requiring proof of its worth have only to look at my hair. Una White.

Wanted: One good French lesson from Sallie Smallwood and Bell Walker.

FIVE DOLLARS PER WORD

FREE! FREE! FREE!

A Barrel of Good Excuses
to All Deserving Girls

For Further Information Apply to

DR. BRUNER

*If You Are in Need of Conceit
Apply to Present Junior Class
No Orders Taken for Sophs or
Seniors ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴*

THERE'S A REASON!

For GREEN Wood
and FRESH Fish

APPLY TO

Freshman Class of Chowan

GO TO

Mademoiselle R. Spivey

*To Get Your Hair Dressed in the
Latest French Styles*

Miss Sallie Smallwood

LATE OF WINDSOR

PROMPT SERVICE

*Will Deliver a Lecture on
Shakespeare Tomorrow
Evening. Every One is
Cordially Invited to Attend*

Madame Lucy Elliott STOP!

*Singing and Fancy Dancing
Teacher*

Teaches Popular Warren and
Parker Dances

LOOK!!

LISTEN!!!

Difficult Passages Explained

HOURS FROM 10 TO 12 P. M.

Go to

MAMIE WARD & CO.

Dealers in all Sorts of

CHEWING GUM

BIG
ANNUAL SALE

*All Trite Expressions Used
in this Annual*

CHOWAN

For the Best

Best
Quality

Prices
Reasonable

S T A F F

MURFREESBORO, N. C.

When Writing to Our Advertisers Do Not Mention The Tatler Please

Wanted

- A 1913 Senior Class—DR. BRUNER.
Some place to use a big word—ETTA BANKS.
Snow every day—MISS RAY.
Coercion for English Class IV—MRS. BRUNER.
Seventy on Ed. II—M. E. LONG.
A Sensible History I Class—MISS WYNN.
A letter from W. F. C.—NELL WARD.
An audience—MR. DAVIS.
One more cup of coffee—MISS JOHNSON.
Good syrup—STUDENT BODY.
A serious thought—RUSH LASSITER.
A remedy for excessive eating—M. ELEY.
More hours in the year in which to embroider—MISS FEREBEE.
A Jack for getting out an Annual—STAFF.
A sympathetic Faculty—DEMERITED GIRLS.
A German class that is always attentive, quick to learn, always willing to study one lesson ahead—MRS. BRUNER.
To sing in a vaudeville theater; both applicants have trained voices—LANE & CONWELL.
An excuse that will satisfy Faculty for being late after Xmas—R. SPIVEY.

Chowan Word Book

- Basketball*—A form of sport designed especially for girls, to give them an opportunity to scream in a ladylike manner.
- Catalogue*—A statement in book form of all benefits to be derived from a college education, carefully refraining from plain statements of fact. Used only to furnish the address of the President to prospective students.
- Flunk*—Used as a noun, a Flunk is a large round 0 dished out by Miss Livermon to the members of the Math classes in great quantities; also served by other members of the Faculty, but less frequently.
- Fish*—(Writer faints at this point.)
- Lady Principal*—A woman generally of grim and solemn countenance, whose chief duty is to make girls wish they were at home.
- Noise*—Lizzie Adkins plus Sallie Smallwood.
- Social Hour*—An unknown function.
- Chapel*—A bunch of students entirely surrounded by teachers.
- Stubbornness*—Ola Morehead.
- Chafing Dish*—An instrument used by women to accomplish the fall of man. At present used by girls in Chowan for the manufacture of fudge and the propagation of indigestion.
- Heaven*—Ideally heaven is an imaginary creation of poets and dreamers, where people generally play on harps and other instruments of torture, and sing songs.
- Peanuts*—A species of nut fruit raised in great quantities by the surrounding farmers especially for the members of Chowan Colloge.

Unusual Consequences

ACT I.

SCENE—*Chapel, 11:30 o'clock, October 25, 1912.*

DR. BRUNER—Young ladies, I received a petition signed by every one of you girls for Christmas holidays to begin earlier than put down in the catalogue. That was put in to make the weeks come out even. I had no intention of making you stay here until Christmas eve, but I must consult the Faculty before telling you how long the holiday will last. Are there any more announcements? (*A bow by Dr. Bruner and a commotion among the girls.*)

SCENE 2—*Same day on halls and in rooms.*

RUTH: Isn't Dr. Bruner the grandest man?

MARY: (*Slow in understanding*): What has he done now, Ruth?

RUTH: Oh, you know about Christmas holidays. Weren't you in chapel today?

MARY: Yes, I think it fine.

LOIS: Just think, three Sundays at home!

ELIZABETH: Oh! I hadn't thought of that; well, isn't Dr. Bruner great?

NELL: Zalia, we will get home in time for Quarterly Meeting, won't we?

ZALIA (*flatly*): Yes.

ETTA: I think we should go down and thank Dr. Bruner for letting "Mercy reign."

(*All depart on this errand.*)

ACT II.

SCENE 1—*Chapel, November 30, 1912.*

DR. BRUNER: Young ladies, the Faculty decided last night that we grant you your request only on one condition. That you agree to be back here promptly Friday morning, January 3, 1913, ready for work. If you are not back a demerit to each will be given who has no excellent excuse, and that excuse must either be some one in family died or married. Is that plain enough? (*Everything as quiet as a mouse.*) Silence gives consent. Are there any other announcements? (*A bow and a commotion among the girls.*)

SCENE 2—*Same day on halls and in rooms.*

UNA: What do you think of Dr. Bruner's speech today?

GEORGIE: I don't think it's right, for we go to school six days and don't have as long Thanksgiving as others do.

MYRTLE: I think so too. Well, I guess we'll have to do it.

LUCY: It is positively foolish to make us come back here for Friday and Saturday. We can't do anything the last of the week.

NEVA: No we can't—'cause Lucy said so.

ETNICE: I don't think I shall come back until Monday.

ROSA: If you won't, I won't.

ETNICE: All right.

MADGE: I had planned to go to so many places and now I can't go.

GRACE: If you'll ask your mother to let you stay until Monday, I'll ask mine.

ROSEBUD: I'll do it, Grace.

PAULINE: The bell is ringing for study hour.

SCENE 3—*College, December 20, 1912, 6:00 a. m.*

RUTH: Where is my coat? I can't find it.

EFFIE: I saw Emily with it.

EVORA: I simply can't eat, I'm so glad I'm going home.

MISS MINNIE: All the girls who are going to walk had better hurry or they will be left.
GEORGIA: Why doesn't Mr. Sewell come on. I'm afraid I'll be late.
CORA: He'll be here on time. Where is my orange?

SCENE 4—*On boat.*

ALL: Goodbye, Dr. Bruner.
DR. BRUNER: Goodbye, girls.
ALL: What a relief to be on our way home.
NANCY: I never feel like I'm on my way until I get to Tunis.
LYDIA: Neither do I.

SCENE 5—*Louise's Home, January 1, 1913.*

LOUISE: Mama, did I get any mail today?
MAMA: Yes, a letter.
LOUISE: Oh! it's from Ruth and she says she has heard from thirty-seven girls and they are not going back until Monday. Please let me stay.
MAMA: I'll see about it.

ACT III.

SCENE 1—*Study, January 2, 1913, 10 p. m.*

DR. BRUNER (*alone*): The last boat in and only forty-four girls here. Now what shall I do? They are doing this to try me and I'll fix them. They shall not only each have a demerit but they shall come in the Faculty meeting and give excuse, and stand a written test on each subject missed. I must retire to fit myself for tomorrow's duties.

SCENE 2—*College, Monday, January 6, 1913.*

BERT: Heigh! Ruth, why didn't you come back Thursday?
RUTH: Had my teeth fixed.
BERT: I had to stay to bake my cakes to bring back.
JANIE: Why were you late, Helen?
HELEN: I had (*coughing*) a bad cold and was in bed.
ROSEBUD: Well, I didn't like the idea of coming down the river unattended and I didn't get back.
MYRA: My pet dog died and I had to stay to bury him.
MARY EMMA: Mama broke her arm and I had to stay.
EUNICE: My brother got married and I wanted to stay to see his wife.
MYRTLE: Papa bought a horse and failed to get home until Saturday and I had to see him.
ETTA: I shan't tell my reason.
ALL: The light bell is ringing.

SCENE 3—*Wednesday, January 8, 1913, Chapel.*

DR. BRUNER: Young ladies, you who were late will please write your excuses and hand them to Miss Wynne and remain dressed in case you should be called to Faculty meeting tonight. At the end of next week you will stand a written test on all lessons missed. (*A bow and he hurries out.*)
GIRLS: My! I wonder if we will get demerits?

ACT IV.

SCENE 1—*January 8, 1913, after supper on halls and in rooms.*

EUNICE: Are you scared?
SALLIE: Indeed, I'm not; if they kill me they can't eat me.
VIOLA: Well, they had better be glad I came when I did, for I can't walk now.
JESSIE: I wish they would send for me, as I want to undress and read my book.

SCENE 2—*Study, 8: 30 p. m.*

DR. BRUNER: Meeting come to order. Secretary will please call roll and read minutes. (*After that.*) We have a very serious matter before us tonight and I want these girls dealt with severely. Call Lillian and Lollie Hedgepeth in.

MISS VANN: I'll go for them.

DR. BRUNER (*after their return*): Have seats, young ladies; (*pause*). Now why did you not come back Thursday?

LOLLIE: Papa had a case in court and it couldn't be postponed and I couldn't come back.

LILLIAN: Mama did not want me to return until Lollie came.

MRS. BRUNER: Then you could have come?

LILLIAN: Yes, ma'am.

DR. BRUNER: Then your father did not bring you back?

LILLIAN: No, sir.

MRS. BRUNER: Couldn't Lollie have come with you?

LILLIAN: Er—er—

MR. DAVIS: Two's a company and three a crowd.

DR. BRUNER: You are excused. Take these lists and tell the girls to come to the study (*It was unanimously voted that they escape punishment. A knock on the door.*)

DR. BRUNER: Come.

MAMIE: Did you want me?

DR. BRUNER: Yes, why didn't you come back on time?

MAMIE: I was sick in bed and couldn't come back.

MRS. BRUNER: Were you in bed? and did you have a doctor?

MAMIE: I was in bed, but didn't have a doctor.

DR. BRUNER: If Faculty have no questions to ask, you are excused. (*Faculty voted unanimously to give her a demerit.*)

(*Miss Ferebee goes to the door and calls Ruth.*)

DR. BRUNER: What is your excuse, Miss Ruth?

RUTH: My sister came home and brought my little nephew and I couldn't leave him.

DR. BRUNER: Did you say you were not coming back until Monday?

RUTH: Yes, sir, but it is not what I say but what mama and papa say.

DR. BRUNER: You are excused. (*Faculty voted not to give demerit.*)

(*Miss Parrot calls in Etta Banks.*)

DR. BRUNER: What is your excuse, Miss Etta?

ETTA: Well—I—stayed over to try to get married but failed.

DR. BRUNER: You are excused. (*Faculty voted not to give a demerit.*)

(*This is continued until eleven o'clock and begun again next afternoon.*)

SCENE 3—*Friday morning, Chapel, January 10, 1913.*

DR. BRUNER: Young ladies, the Faculty and I have had a hard time to treat of every late case, but we have done it and I back them up in everything done. There were twenty-one demerits given and they are as follows: (*He reads the names.*)

SCENE 4—*On Campus, January 10, 1913.*

MYRA: Don't you all wish you had a demerit? They are nice.

STELLA: I got one.

LOIS: It's the only free thing I ever received here.

BERT: It's the only thing I have ever received that I didn't work for.

EVORA: Please let it be a thing of the past.

In Jocular Vein

ZALIA (*in library*): Arthur, where is Dante's Divine Comedy?

ARTHUR: Who wrote it—Hugo?

ZALIA: Yes.

VIOLA: Who wrote the piece you are playing?

MYRTIS: Theodore Presser.

MISS VANN: Etta, what is a swain?

ETTA: A goose.

NELL: Seven pounds more of flesh wouldn't look bad on me.

PAULINE: It would if it was like the rest of you.

ZALIA (*excitedly*): Lucy, where did you sit when you were called into Faculty meeting?

LUCY (*crying*): I s-s-sat in the arena.

BOONE (*in Winton P. O.*): I wish my girl in C. C. would send me a pony to use in reading her letters.

NEVA (*in Lab.*): Miss Ray, where is the consecrated acid?

MRS. BRUNER (*after reading a selection from "The Merchant of Venice"*): Miss Smallwood, isn't that taken from The Merchant of Venice?

MISS SMALLWOOD: No, that's from Shakespeare.

FRESHMAN (*looking at registers*): I wonder what all these footmats are for.

MISS LIVERMON: Miss Day, what is a circle?

MISS DAY: Something round with a hole in it.

MISS GOODWIN (*sticking her finger in roll*): This raw roll is enough to give one hydrophobia.

IRMA: Just listen, girls, Miss Goodwin is talking German.

"I am in a pickle," wailed the sweet girl. "I am in a girl," sobbed the sour pickle.

"I feel that my time is *wasted* when I am with that young man," said pretty Irma to Georgia.

"Yes," was the reply, "I am often up in *arms* when I am with Vernon." And they both took chocolate creams.

JESSIE: How are you going to have your picture made?

RUTH: In sepal.

MISS WYNNE (*being draped to have picture made*): Lord, what fools we mortals be.

Answers to Foolish Questions

(A copy of Effie Herring's Daily Bulletin.)

I am in here and my door is shut;
My stamps are all gone;
I've lost my knife;
My curling irons are broken;
My matches won't strike (without the box);
There's plenty of water in the well;
No shoe polish;
No face powder;
I am not going downtown;
My clock has stopped;
I don't know where the lesson is;
Please don't disturb me, I am trying to study! !

Hours—2:30—4:30 in afternoon,
7:00—9:15 in evening.

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| | | |
|------------------|---------------|-------------|
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| SALLIE SMALLWOOD | RENNIE SPIVEY | ZALIA LANE |
| ELIZABETH LINK | LOUISE KIVETT | |

Petitioners:

| | | |
|---------------|----------------|---------------|
| HILDA JOHNSON | GEORGIA PILAND | MADGE CONWELL |
|---------------|----------------|---------------|

Expelled:

| | | |
|---------------|--------------|------------|
| RUTH LASSITER | OLA MOREHEAD | BERT PEELE |
|---------------|--------------|------------|

Blackballed:

| | | |
|-------------|--------------------|------------|
| LYDIA STORY | ANNIE SUE WINBORNE | BRUCE VANN |
|-------------|--------------------|------------|

Rejected:

| | | |
|-------------|------------|-----------|
| CORA SAWYER | ETTA BANKS | UNA WHITE |
|-------------|------------|-----------|

Faculty Supervisors:

MISSSES VANN, FEREBEE, AND RAY.

Calendar for 1912 and 1913

September

- 11—School opens with a larger number in roll than ever before.
- 12—A large number of Freshmen are seen admiring the campus.
- 20—Everybody has to begin work in earnest, for tests are most popular occurrences.
- 25—The new students are initiated into the Literary Societies.
- 27—Freshmen have a class organization and are disturbed by the Seniors.

October

- 11—The Seniors give the play "Mr. Bob."
- 20—Madam Blye gives a charming recital.
- 26—Prof. Davis takes up his work at Chowan.
- 29—The day the students arose in time to avoid the choir's cheeks from being tired on account of having to be puffed out so long.
- 30—Professor Davis: "Well, Miss Lawrence, what did you have to discuss today?"
Miss Lawrence: "I—I think it was feathered animals."
- 31—Stephenson called on our Matron.

November

- 1—A Freshman walking on the campus, wanted to know where that beautiful campus is that she has heard so much talk of.
- 6—Improvement in chapel singing, believed to be due to Wilson's election.
- 10—The Teachers' Recital.
- 11—Miss Wynne again tells her History Classes about parcel post, and encourages them to read the papers.
- 13—Dr. Bruner gave us a chapel talk on "The Beauty of Ugliness."
- 18—The College Team played an exciting game of Basketball.
- 20—Dr. Bruner is away; his Ed. II Class is in mourning.
- 23—Ruth Vann is caught studying; it must have been an accident.
- 25—Everybody is happy and hurrying to leave school to spend Thanksgiving.

December

- 3—Mrs. Bruner excused her English class when the bell rang.
- 4—Professor Davis: "Well, Miss Emnie, why do people on the Philippine Islands build their houses in trees?"
Emnie: "To be original in their ideas, I reckon."
- 12—Madge is seen viewing the sunset and longing for just one more "Ray" of sunshine.

- 13—Steam heat in the buildings for the first time.
- 14—Everybody appears very downcast—examinations have begun.
- 18—Christmas concert.
- 20—The day of all days to be happy—we are on our way home.

January

- 3—Silence prevailed on fourth floor; some girls have not returned.
- 17—The photographer arrives—everybody is "squeezed" for money.
- 25—An exciting game of basketball played between the "Reds" and the "Blues."
- 30—Dr. Bruner becomes reminiscient and tells of his experience playing tennis and how he won his "girl."

February

- 2—(Sunday). The Seniors go kodaking on a long walk and return "too late" for meditation hour.
- 6—The Dramatic Club gives the Seniors a grand reception.
- 8—Professor Davis for the first time finished the Psychology lesson when the bell rang.
- 10—Hilda Johnson is seen coming to breakfast late, and is actually running, at that.
- 14—The Juniors entertain the Faculty and Seniors.
- 19—There is great rejoicing among the Seniors—their Senior privilege has been restored.
- 20—Dr. Bruner reads in chapel about the planet Mars, its inhabitants and their manners and customs.
- 21—The play "Rebecca's Triumph" is given by Dramatic Club.
- 22—"Holiday"—everybody has the best time possible.
- 28—Dr. Spilman visits the college—everybody has a good laugh before he left.

March

- 1—Seniors receive their essay themes for Commencement.
- 2—Annual material goes to press. The editors all want to sleep twenty-four hours.

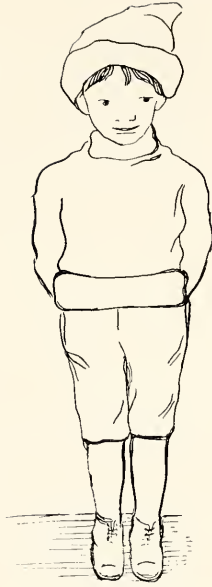


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