


Kowianoka



Archives







Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

<http://www.archive.org/details/chowanoka1916murf>

Helen G. Winborne



CHOWAN COLLEGE
(CLASS OF '16)

VOL. V

MCMXVI

Chowanoka



PUBLISHED BY THE
ALATHENIAN AND LUCALIAN LITERARY
SOCIETIES
CHOWAN COLLEGE
MURFRESBORO, N. C.



*To Every Present and Former Student, and all Friends of
Chowan College,
This Greeting:*

It has been our earnest effort in preparing this volume to reflect in it the life of our Alma Mater. If it performs its mission in recalling pleasant memories to you, then we feel that our labors were worth the while, and that our friends will overlook its many shortcomings.

Trusting that our College may shine with ever increasing brilliance in volumes of Chowanokas yet unborn, we present to you this—

The Annual for 1916



Contents

Address of Welcome.....	24	How Doth the Busy Senior.....	34
Ads.	104	Jaw Workers Club.....	85
Alas and Did—.....	96	Junior Class Roll.....	37
Alathenian Officers.....	56	Junior Frontispiece	36
Alathenian Picture.....		Junior Picture	38
Alathenian Roll.....	57	Junior Poem.....	40
Ann Hasseltine Circle.....	53	Junior-Senior Reception	65
Ann Hasseltine Circle Picture.....	54	Kill Kare Klub.....	83
An Unusual Cupid.....	67	Kodaks—Around Chowan.....	50
Art Club.....	80	Lucalian Basket-ball Team.....	73
Athletics Frontispiece.....	71	Lucalian Officers.....	60
Chathamites	81	Lucalian Picture.....	58
Chorus Class	93	Lucalian Roll.....	59
Chorus Frontispiece.....	92	Marshals	64
Chowanoka Staff	13	Officers of Student Government Associ- ation	52
Chowanoka Staff.....	103	Organizations	51
Clubs' Frontispiece.....	75	Physical Culture.....	74
Columns Staff.....	66	Prophecy of Senior Class.....	26
Contents	7	Red Tops.....	79
Cooking Class.....	91	Res Modernal Society.....	63
Corpe Diem Club.....	90	Say, Have You Heard?.....	97
Crammers Club.....	88	Seniors.....	16-23
Dedication.....	8	Senior Class Roll.....	15
Double Trio.....	77	Senior Club.....	76
Down Town Klub.....	84	Senior Frontispiece.....	14
End	102	Senior Poem.....	29
Expression Frontispiece.....	94	Sisters Club.....	82
Expression Class	95	Snickers.....	98
Faculty.....	11	Societies Frontispiece.....	55
Farewell	101	Sophomore Class Roll.....	42
Fiddlers Basket-ball Team.....	72	Sophomore Frontispiece.....	41
French and German Club.....	89	Sophomore Picture	43
Freshman Class Roll.....	47	Sophomore Poem.....	45
Freshman Frontispiece.....	46	Story Teller in Hades.....	30
Freshman Picture.....	48	Ten Years Ago.....	12
Freshman Poem.....	49	Toasters Club.....	86
Greetings.....	6	Trustees.....	10
History of Junior Class.....	39	Two-Lips	78
History of Senior Class.....	25	Woodlanders Club	87
History of Sophomore Class.....	44		



DEDICATION

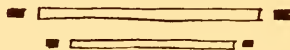
TO

MISS MAE LETTE

the editors of

The CHOWANOKA

dedicate this volume
as a slight tribute to an
honored and loyal grand daughter
of our beloved
Alma Mater







Trustees of Chowan College

C. W. MITCHELL, *President*

LYCURGUS HOFER, *Secretary*

J. E. VANN, *Treasurer*

A. B. Adkins, Cofield, N. C.
E. F. Aydlett, Elizabeth City, N. C.
J. T. Bolton, Rich Square, N. C.
E. Brett, Winton, N. C.
D. R. Britton, Coleraine, N. C.
T. S. Crutchfield, Gatesville, N. C.
A. W. Early, Aulander, N. C.
Josiah Alliot, Hertford, N. C.
J. M. Forehand, Tyner, N. C.
L. P. Freeman, Coleraine, N. C.
Thomas Gilliam, Windsor, N. C.
Lycurgus Hofer, Gatesville, N. C.
J. R. Lassiter, Corapeake, N. C.
A. T. Livermon, Roxobel, N. C.
Paul J. Long, Jackson, N. C.
J. H. Matthews, Windsor, N. C.

C. W. Mitchell, Aulander, N. C.
J. R. Parker, Gatesville, N. C.
A. F. Rountree, Hobbsville, N. C.
W. W. Sawyer, Columbia, N. C.
T. T. Speight, Windsor, N. C.
John Green Stancil, Margarettsville, N. C.
D. N. Stephenson, Pendleton, N. C.
W. P. Taylor, Winton, N. C.*
R. P. Thomas, Cofield, N. C.
T. E. Vann, Como, N. C.
J. E. Vann, Winton, N. C.
C. J. Ward, Elizabeth City, N. C.
T. R. Ward, Belvidere, N. C.
Uriah Watson, Murfreesboro, N. C.
D. E. Williams, South Mills, N. C.
J. T. Williams, Harrellsville, N. C.*

Executive Committee

J. H. MATTHEWS, *Chairman*

J. T. Bolton
E. Brett

J. E. Vann
T. E. Vann

Uriah Watson

Endowment Committee

R. P. Thomas
J. M. Forehand

Thomas Gilliam
E. F. Aydlett

*Deceased.

The Faculty

Genius comes not to your call,
So I can not tell you all
'Bout this Faculty we love so much, you see.
For despite my senior year
I am not a genius, dear,
And I couldn't tell a wise-one from a tree.

But how happy are the years
That anticipation bears
When from out their care and sheltering arms I flee.
Four long years I've gathered sweet
Knowledge at their noble feet
Still I know not all their pedigree.

Tho' I am no modern sage,
Yet I'm sure they're of this age,
And they came from East and West, from South and North.
And you surely all do know
That's the place the wise ones grow,
Yet you couldn't prove by me how they came forth.

Yet when days have all gone wrong
And our life's without a song,
Every blessed thing is whirling in our pate.
Even rabbits, like monkeys,
Hang by tails from giant trees,
Then our President's the one who sets us straight.

When our friends have proved untrue,
Dinner's awful; fingers blue,
Browning soothes, and science, music dries the tears.
"Time," "space," and the stars at night
Gives us zeal that's pure delight.
Then the Faculty we toast ten thousand years.

Yes, the Faculty we toast,
And we hope we do not boast
When we say they're just as fine as fine can be.
They're our counselors, our guide,
When we're right they're on our side,
So we toast our own beloved Faculty.

1906



RUTH NORWOOD



ROSE NOWELL



PAULINE ELEY



FRANCES BENTHALL



ALMA FREEMAN



HELEN WINBORNE



LILLIAN BRITE



NELL WARD

Chowanoka Staff, 1916



RUTH NORWOOD
Literary Editor
FRANCES BENTHALL
Associate Editor
LILLIAN BRITE
Art Editor

PAULINE ELEY
Editor-in-Chief
HELEN WINBORNE
Business Manager

ROSE NOWELL
Advertising Editor
ALMA FREEMAN
Associate Editor
NELL WARD
Jokes



Senior Class

Motto: "*After It, Follow It, Follow the Gleam*"

Colors: *Blue and Gold*

Flower: *Marshal Neil Rose*

YELL

Chee-he-cha-ha!

Chee-ha-ha-ha!

Chowan Seniors,

Rah-rah-rah!

Officers

BETTIE WILLIAMS TAYLOR	<i>President</i>
RUTH SAWYER	<i>Vice-President</i>
JESSIE WATSON	<i>Secretary</i>
EVA BOYETTE	<i>Treasurer</i>
NELL WARD	<i>Historian</i>
RUTH SAWYER	<i>Prophet</i>
BRUCE VANN	<i>Poet</i>

Members

Eva Boyette	Ruth Sawyer
Pauline Eley	Bettie Williams Tayloe
Ruth Norwood	Bruce Vann
Rose Nowell	Nell Ward
Grace Pearce	Jessie Watson
Lillian Brite	
Kate Jenkins	Maude Sawyer
Fannie Jenkins	Helen Winborne

EVA OLIVIA BOYETTE, B. A.

MURFREESBORO, N. C.

Lucalian

*Slowly and surely her tasks have been done,
Music is her great recreation and fun.*

Treasurer Special Senior Class, '15; Treasurer of Senior Class, '16.



PAULINE JEWELL ELEY, B. A.

MINEOLA, N. C.

Lucalian

*Big brown eyes and dimpled chin!
Quiet and dignified,
Capable and energetic,
Stately and full of pride.*

Sophomore Poet, '14; Corresponding Secretary of the Lucalian Society, '14; President Junior Class, '15; Secretary Student's Association, '15; Associate Editor of The Columns, '15, '16; Vice-President Y. W. A., '16; Editor-in-Chief of the Chowanoka, '16; Winner of the Bible Medal, '13; Treasurer of Y. W. A., '15; Junior Marshal, '15.



RUTH ADELAIDE NORWOOD, B. L.

STOVALL, N. C.

Alathenian

*Loved by all the College,
And her men friends, too!
Brave and happy hearted,
She loves just a few.*

Secretary Sophomore Class, '14; Historian Junior Class, '15; College Marshal, '15; Vice-President Alathenian Society, '15; Member Student Council, '15; Vice-President Student Government Association, '16; President Alathenian Literary Society, '16; Business Manager of the Columns, '16; Assistant Editor Chowanoka, '16.

ROSE NOWELL, B. A.

COLERAINE, N. C.

Alathenian

*Sometimes thorny, sometimes sweet,
Always stylish, always neat;
Argumentative, quick of mind,
Qualities of a leader we find.*

Secretary of Freshman Class, '13; President of Sophomore Class, '14; Secretary of Special Senior Class, '15; Member of Student Council, '15 and '16; Vice-President of Student Council, '15; Vice-President of Alathenian Literary Society, '15; Vice-President of Y. W. "A., '15; Chairman Mission Study Department, '15; Editor-in-Chief of the Columns, '16; President of Carpe Diem Club, '16; Advertising Editor of Annual, '16; Critic Alathenian Literary Society, '16.





GRACE INEZ PEARCE, B. A., EXPRESSION

MURFREESBORO, N. C.

Lucalian

*Likes to talk and air her aims,
In Math. she's often failing,
Always getting into scrapes,
But never: fate bewailing.*

RUTH ERKSON SAWYER, B. L.

BELCROSS, N. C.

Alathenian

*Fun and frolic is her aim;
Arguing her favorite game.
And when she's won her way,
She's more attractive and more gay.*

Vice-President of Senior Class, '16; Prophet of Senior Class, '16; Treasurer of Junior Class, '15; Censor of Alathenian Literary Society, '14-'15.





BETTIE WILLIAMS TAYLOE, B. A.

AKOSKIE, N. C.

Alathenian

*Quiet, diligent and neat!
Our Class President's hard to beat!
Able, patient, ever wise,
She listens to the Senior's cries.*

Historian of Class, '14; Secretary of Alathenian Literary Society, '14; Alumnae Editor of Columns, '15; Exchange Editor of Columns, '16; President of Senior Class, '16.

NELL WESTON WARD, B. S.

BELVIDERE, N. C.

Lucalian

*Energetic, talented, lover of all jokes!
Plucky, thinks she's witty, too, fond of teasing
folks.
Lover true of Shakespeare, and in fact of all
men,
Her tongue is as ready as Addison's pen.*

Treasurer Lucalian Society, '14; College Marshal, '15; Prophet Junior Class, '15; Member Student Council, '15; Vice-President Lucalian Society, '16; Joke Editor of the Chowanoka, '16; Historian Senior Class, '16; Editor-in-Chief of the Columns, '16; President Student Government Association, '16.





BRUCE VANN, B. L.
UNION, N. C.

Lucalian

*A prim, sedate little lady,
And sometimes not old-maidy.
She's always telling jokes
With points that puzzle folks.*

Class Poet, '16.

EUNICE JESSE WATSON, B. A.
MURFREESBORO, N. C.

Alathenian

*Smiling, but non-affectionate,
Heart-breaking is her game,
The Seniors call her "Baby,"
Yet she's quiet and self-contained.*

Secretary Senior Class, '16; Senior Story
Teller, '16.





FANNIE JENKINS

ART DIPLOMA

MURFREESBORO, N. C.

Lucalian

"The fruit derived from labor is the sweetest of pleasure."

KATE HAIRFIELD JENKINS,

VOICE DIPLOMA

MURFREESBORO, N. C.

Lucalian

*"I hear her in the tuneful birds,
I hear her charm the air."*

Voice Medal, '14.





MAUDE OPHELIA SAWYER

VOICE DIPLOMA

BELCROSS, N. C.

Alathenian

"Music, when soft voices die, vibrates in the memory."

Vice-President of the College Chorus, '15;
President of the College Chorus, '16; Vice-
President of Alathenian Literary Society, '16.

HELEN JONES WINBORNE

PIANO DIPLOMA

COMO, N. C.

Lucalian

*"Through every pulse the music stole,
And held sublime communion with the soul."*

Secretary Freshman Class, '13; Vice-President Sophomore Class, '14; Secretary Junior Class, '15; Treasurer Lucalian Society, '15; Winner of Piano Medal, '15; President Lucalian Society, Fall term, '15; Critic Lucalian Society, '16.



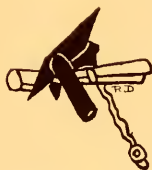


LILLIAN BRITE,
CERTIFICATE IN ART
ELIZABETH CITY, N. C.

Alathenian

*"And her tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, the greater ease."*

Art Editor, '15-'16.



Address of Welcome

Friends, in the name of the Class of '16, I welcome you with great pleasure to our Class Day exercises. Your presence is an inspiration to us, your encouragement will uplift us. This—our day—we have looked forward to with awe generously mixed with uncertainty for four long years. As Freshmen, the day seemed to lie somewhere in the hazy future—somewhere before all of the tomorrows. Nevertheless, the anticipation of our degree has borne us through many hardships and has saved us from the mighty throes of "exams" and other student's tribulations. At last, after four years of joy and sorrow, of sunshine and shadow, we are really Seniors. Yes, almost at the bank where Seniors and Alumni meet. This is our year, our day, we might say the happiest day of our college life. The glory of achievement is ours—and the day of inevitable parting is yet in the future.

Today our hearts are filled with a love for our class and a love for our Alma Mater. Today our dreams are rose-hued. Hope bounds high and faith is enduring, and as we see the great world as it beckons to us we long to go forth, to labor, to serve, and so accomplish—that it may be said, "They have not lived in vain."

For our classmates, whose friendships have been to us of inestimable value, we wish that the future may be as bright and joyful as the years we have together lived here. The truest happiness, after all, dear classmates, comes only with the knowledge of work well done, and of faith well kept.

Our greatest debt we owe to our President and his faculty. May all that Heaven can send, bless them who have been so patient with our mistakes, so lovingly encouraged us in our failures, and so nobly lived among us.



History of Senior Class

And it came to pass in the year 1912, as the summer ended and autumn made its approach, suggesting that winter was near at hand, that a herd of migratory animals left their peaceful homes and sought another clime. These did not "birds of a feather flock together," but in some miraculous way a peculiar looking and apparently untamed group of animals of different species grouped around Chowan College.

The all-wise and omnipotent band of Seniors with an abundant supply of salt made strenuous efforts to make some organization of these beings, but their voices were completely overpowered at every attempt by the "quack!" "quack!" of ducks, "baa!" "baa!" of sheep, "bow-wow!" of dogs and "caw!" "caw!" of crows.

The heating system here being so unique they soon found that feathers and fur were no longer essential to their physical comfort and finally consented to share these possessions with their fellow students for ornaments of beauty to be used on their winter apparel. "One thing at a time and that done well," being their motto, they cared for no greater change during their "Newish" year.

Emerging from Newishdom they entered the proud ranks of the Sophomores. Being eminently fitted for their position, they had no trouble in accustoming themselves to all the duties of the Sophomores. In this history there is too little space even to enumerate the redeeming qualities, deeds and characteristics of this class. However, it can be well said that the greatest donation to the College Museum was that made by the Sophs. when they at the end of that year, knowing of no further need of bills, hoofs, and horns, generously left them at their departure.

The Junior year was spent in hard persistent efforts. Having developed to some extent the power of speech and acquired some reasoning abilities, they were busy with the removal of all their possessions, which kept them from being just like those about them. They were looking forward to the time when they would become Seniors, and after working many anxious hours, which seemed interminable about fifteen were allowed the privilege of bearing that most coveted title.

According to tradition, this, their last march, was destined to be their hardest. But time allayed their fears and experience showed that they were able to overcome all difficulties. During their stay at Chowan some of them have endeavored to secure some knowledge of every subject in college, and consequently you will find among their ranks, women of every vocation imaginable; from the maker of the hoe cake to one who can hold her audience in a trance for hours by means of her melodious voice. They all claim to know something about everything, and everything but something.

As a mark of appreciation for the development and training they have received here, they leave to their Alma Mater the praise of being the first college—"from the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary"—to have gained such a step in the evolution of man.

—HISTORIAN.



Prophecy

Oh! can it be that fourteen fleeting years have passed since we happily left this institution of learning—guarding proudly our precious sheepskins—with an air of supreme superiority to all the common mass of humanity? Such great and varied changes have taken place! Old Father Time's tricks are too numerous for us, even in this age, to prophesy concerning them, so instead of assuming the guise of clairvoyance, allowing fancy free play or giving you the benefit of dream phantoms. I deem it more appropriate to introduce to you my once dear schoolmates. Yes, my *once* classmates—though honors sit well on their noble brows, and fame has made their names renowned.

In the year 1928 it was my good fortune to spend the winter in Washington, D. C. One day while Congress was in session I dropped in to hear the proceedings. I must confess I received the greatest shock of my life, for whom did I behold but our old classmate, Bettie Williams Tayloe, as Speaker of the House. Can you blame me for being overcome with surprise, for all the while we thought she preferred cuffs, collars and red neckties. I soon discovered that very important business was being transacted, so I slipped unobserved into a shadowed seat, thinking to learn something more of my classmates. The House seemed to be engaged in a heated discussion, which would have ended disastrously for some one, had not Ruth Norwood arisen in her mighty stateliness and introduced a bill demanding that Palm Beach and the Isle of Palms be tabooed by winter tourists, and the balmy North Pole resorts be more frequently visited. Yes, our own

dear, quiet Ruth Norwood had surely exceeded our expectations, and besides being senator from North Carolina, she is known far and wide for her numerous mathematical inventions and hydrographic calculations. As I watched her my mind flew back to a dear little Senior ring and Ruth's numerous calculations in regard to its various dimensions—sometimes large, sometimes small—and somehow large again. Yes, hers was a mathematical mind, and she has developed her knowledge until she has accomplished untold wonders.

Hers is the study of oceanology, coasts, bays and harbors. And did you know that by her great calculations and observations the current of the Gulf Stream has been changed, thereby affecting the climate of the North Pole and making it the most renowned and most enjoyable of summer resorts. Yes, her bill called for a deal of discussion and eventually it seemed it could not be settled. A hull finally fell over the House, and with a word from Speaker Tayloe, a bent form silently and stealthily made its way to an opening in the wall. Strange, weird numbers were called out and I felt puzzled, so I turned to one of the attendants who told me that the person in question was Bruce Vann, and that she was consulting Empress Nell Ward of Mars concerning the inventions and successfulness of certain movements on her planet.

My attention was attracted to the main entrance. And could I believe it! Yes, in walked the President of the United States, none other than our own Rose Nowell. In her school days she had shown a wonderful talent in this direction, and always seemed to have a knack for planning and making others perpetrate those plans, but little did we think that she would develop her talent to this extent. She was the principal factor in determining the rights of woman in America and in putting down man rule. Just as all eyes were riveted on her there arose a mighty cry. Suddenly I sprang to my feet and looked in the direction of the noise. It was a heart rending spectacle that met my gaze. The cry came from the lips of a persecuted husband who was being dragged in by a woman whom I recognized as Jessie Watson. He was dressed in pink lawn bloomers, pink silk blouse and he was ruffled and curled. She quieted him with a characteristic gesture and said very deliberately to the President, "I am the one who needs help." Her complaint was that her husband was not willing to stay at home and wash dishes while she was on a political campaign. The President called on her chief attendant, Pauline Eley, who was able to quiet the excitement in a very few seconds.

After the meeting adjourned I approached Eva Boyette who was another representative and inquired concerning the whereabouts of her cousin and classmate. To my amazement she informed me that Grace Pearce was the ruling power over the small republic of Abyssinia, formerly known as Ethiopia. My mind was in a turmoil. "Will wonders never cease," I thought.

Here was Pauline Ely, chief aide to President Nowell; Eva Boyette, a representative from North Carolina, and Grace Pearce, who was never known to be satisfied with anything longer than an hour, ruling the country we studied in Sun-

day-school as Ethiopia. Truly, this is a wondrous age! As Eva and I passed out of the Capitol I admired the wonderful interior decorations. She informed me that they were done by Lillian Brite and Fannie Jenkins, who were employed by the Government to decorate the buildings according to their ideas of art learned at Chowan College. It was true that they had taken extensive courses in Boston, New York and Paris, but President Nowell discarded all ideas gained from those sources and desired only Chowan talent.

Strains of music greeted my ear as I left the Capitol. I went in the direction of the sound and found I was just in time for the afternoon concert by the United States Marine Band. The graceful movements of the conductor attracted my attention and as I drew nearer I recognized Maude Sawyer, who was exercising all the power of her musical temperament for a careful directing of that famous classic, "Clementine." Each musician was carefully following the movements of the conductor in order that none of the beautiful effects of this famous composition might be lost. Could I believe my own eyes! Yes, there sat Kate Jenkins playing the bass tuba. I always knew that that breath control of Kate Jenkins would amount to something, but I hardly thought it would find its way through a brass tuba. In the stirring climax the oboe was the most prominent instrument of all. I looked to see what manner of person could draw forth from the oboe such soul stirring tones, when to my astonishment I recognized Helen Winborne. As the last pathetic strains died away on the evening air, I drew forth my red bandanna and walked slowly away.

Prophecy for the Prophet

"I cannot tell how the tale may be.

I tell the tale as it was told to me."

While Ruth Sawyer was narrating for your benefit the varied careers that have been ours, from the time we left Chowan until this notable reunion, I have been thinking over Fate's tricks to her. Such a thing as one of us becoming famous was never thought of back in our school days, but Ruth has surprised us. I am sure you have all been reading articles in the magazines concerning the new foods and the new fangled ways of preparing them. We make sure our husbands keep posted on them. Those articles are written by none other than the renowned Domestic Science specialist, Miss Ruth Sawyer.

My husband makes the best fricassee hippopotamus and consomme made from elephant's trunk from her recipes, but the finest results of her recipes is the orangoutang salad garnished with persimmons. Isn't it great that she came from our midst?

I will not take time to enumerate further on her great work, but from these few illustrations you can see what she is doing. Perhaps after all she is only making preparations for the future and is still concocting recipes for the use of *graham* flour.

CLASS PRESIDENT.

Senior Class Poem

Four years of bells and numerous rules
Have pressed us on with broadening thought ;
We've gazed with wistful eyes upon
The changes wisdom oft times brought.

Yes, we have grown in heart and mind
Since we first came with laughter gay.
We've worn each doorsill and staircase
Within these walls of studious gray.

No geniuses, nor pure white lambs !
But fifteen girls with eager hearts,
Who strive with heads above the crowd
Nor measure worth by city marts.

Not social slaves nor baby-dolls,
Men's equals we are for the right ;
Stanch women, we, of future years,
Who have the brains to vote and fight.

Then each of us in Class 'Sixteen
Will stand and rise to her ideals,
We each will live those rich, pure lives
And leave no echo time will seal.

The Senior Story-Teller in Hades

(With profuse apologies to anyone who may have entertained similar thoughts.)

Personæ—Hermes. Story-teller. Spirits.

Place—Infernal Regions.

Time—Any.

FIRST AND ONLY ACT.

The Descent, Hermes and Story Teller.

S. T.— Softly, softly. These spirits! How they affright me,
Those little ones that cry, and moan so—
What meaneth they? Horrible!

HERMES—They are but spirits who many years gone by
Were slain poring over books—dry and musty.
Fear not. We will push on.

S. T.— But those bent and worn figures there,
Who toil with fingers quaint,
And who are followed by books that walk as men,
Who are they, and why so bent and gray?

HERMES—Pity them! They are deserving more.
Theirs has been a lot that's hard,
For they did flourish once in a college
That stood on the banks of the Meherrin.
They taught there three score years and ten.
They harm no one. Let's push on.

(They come to the River Styx. They embark in the ferryman's barge and float down the stream. Spirits are seen on the banks of the river.)

HERMES—These, Fair Lady, are the souls of those
Who lived without praise or blame.

S. T. (*pointing*)—Methinks that book ragged and torn,
So studiously folded is Grace Pearce.

HERMES—True, O Fair One, like an Ancient thou speakest.
For much Mathematics is she here,
And to purge away the blackness of her hours spent
Poring over its contents.
Into a book she has turned, dog-eared and
Worn as her books ever were.
That spirit behind the rest is Rose Nowell—a noble soul.

S. T.— Alas! poor Rose, on earth I knew her well,
 Always leading—and alack and aday—never being led.
 HERMES—Yes, yes, 'tis true, on earth she played the queen.
 But here she's doomed to be led about.
 Lo! Pauline Eley in her eternal adoration
 Stands reaching for the hand she may not grasp.
 Hers is a lot full sore indeed.
 S. T.— Alas, more tantalizing than Tantalus.
 But look you, yon spirit more queenly than the rest,
 Hath something familiar in her face.
 See her come through the other shades,
 With royal bearing and queenly grace.
 HERMES (*to Shade*)—Halt thou! Turn thy ghostly face.

(*Shade turns, disclosing the face of Nell Ward.*)

S. T. (*in awe*)—O, mighty Nell Ward, art thou come to this?
 Thou who on earth knew none but to rule.
 Dost thou rule the dead as thou ruled Chowan?
 Freely speak to me.

(*Shade, in contempt, slowly glides away.*)

HERMES—A noble woman *once*, but she flirted at the Junior-Senior Reception,

And must forever bear the punishment here.

S. T.— Quickly! Quickly! What manner of souls art they?
 They are two and they are one.
 Look! Such cold, majestic statutes!

HERMES—They were noble Seniors at old Chowan.
 Their names were Ruth,
 But while on earth they dwelt
 They disagreed about all matters
 So here they sit upon a pedestal,
 Where to fuss would be to fall.
 Speak to them not for they are puffed and proud.
 S. T.— Hark!

(*A discordant noise comes to them.*)

HERMES—That is Kate Jenkins, full loud but harmless.
 In a padded cell she is confined,
 For she doth sing the very plaster off the wall,
 And diggeth up the carpet tacks with song.

(A song floats to them. It resembles a faint echo and runs something like this:)

“Macky—my Mac,
Thy lover Saw-yer,
She adoringly lives for you.
There’s nothing on earth for her to do,
Mackey—my Mac. Thy Saw-yer adores thee.”

HERMES (dolefully)—Poor soul! On earth she sang
In heaven her wish was to sing to her loved one below.
Her lover’s ears were not attuned,
So she sang the mightier that she might hear:
The angels sent her here to sing to her heart’s content.
S. T.— Oh! Well did I know Maude Sawyer.
Tough luck to have to sing such songs.

(They drift on. A figure is seen wandering aimlessly about, pulling at this object, patting that into place.)

S. T.— What manner of creature is that?
HERMES—That little one, so prying, yet so intent on lines and shadows,
She, many years gone by, was sent here
For condemning her soul, after sketches for an
Annual. Lillian Brite by name.
Look! A second Daniel. Mark her courage.
And with such sweet countenance she fights.
Fear her not, but yonder look;
That is the form of a one-time Senior President
Who’d rather be President than Emperor of Rome.
S. T.— To think that death should hold such everlasting torments for thee!
But hers seems easy, when compared with
That poor, grinning, staring soul.
Such laughter! Horrible! She affrights me.
Push on.
HERMES—She harms no one. Hers is the life of ease.
Bruce Vann sits idly all the day
And finds the points to her own jokes.
S. T.— Hark! A whisper. The darkness hides my vision,
And the forms of others crouch around. Who is that?
HERMES—Those big black eyes that so pathetic seem,
They belongeth to one who perished long ago,
Her idle prattle meaneth naught
Except one Annual worrieth her sore.

Helen, 'twas who beat the printer down

Yea, from that high price of yore.

S. T.— Ha, who comes here? Speak, who art thou?

SHADE— Thy evil spirit, mortal.

S. T.— Why comest thou?

SHADE— To tell thee that I shall meet thee again.

S. T.— Well, then I'll meet thee again.

SHADE— Ah! my classmate.

(Shade vanishes.)

S. T.— What meaneth this?

HERMES—"Twas but the shade of thy fond and foolish classmate—

Fannie Jenkins by name.

Fear not, hers is the form of a one-time gifted artist.

Who'd rather paint than go to heaven.

S. T.— So dear I loved her that I must weep.

(Shade of Eva Boyette appears.)

S. T.— Ah! And have I not seen thee before? Why camest thou to this?

SHADE— To this? I am but lately arrived.

My thoughts lingered long on Norfolk,

And in fierce despair I did tear myself away.

S. T.— What? You jest?

SHADE— Jest! you foolish one.

Where the heart is, there thy soul is.

(The curtain falls and Chozwan in shadowy outlines appears for a moment and then fades away.)

How Doth the Busy



Senior the Winter Cfter



JUNIOR



Junior Class

*"Mount the heights that rise before thee;
Grasp the star that gleams above thee."*

Colors: *Purple and Old Gold*

Flower: *Violet*

Officers

ALMA FREEMAN	<i>President</i>
HELEN LEARY	<i>Vice-President</i>
INEZ MATTHEWS	<i>Secretary</i>
HELEN WILLIAMS	<i>Treasurer</i>
FRANCES BENTHALL	<i>Poet</i>
INEZ BENTHALL	<i>Historian</i>

Members

Ruth Thomas	Kate Taylor
Frances Benthall	Helen Leary
Inez Matthews	Inez Benthall
Magnolia Mitchell	Helen Williams
Alma Freeman	Cornie Cheek



Class History

It was in the Fall of 1913 that we, the Class of '17, first entered the pine-bordered campus of Chowan College. How happy and excited we were! At last the day that for weeks and months had been the principal factor of our fondest dreams had arrived.

How large we were in our own estimation. Yet how small we felt when we had experienced college life with all its horrors of registration, agonies of Society initiation and terrors of negro insurrection. To make note of all the events of this class would be a task too great to undertake.

While journeying through the bogs of Freshland, into the wisdom-flooded lands of Sophomordom, and on to the heights which we have now reached, our way has by no means been freed from hidden thorns. Our little craft has many times been almost overturned by besetting snares which seemed to appear at every turn in our literary course, but with the overcoming of each new difficulty we have become stronger, and with bending oars we pushed out into the stream.

For one whole year we allowed ourselves the unquestioned privilege of being the unmolested inhabitants of Sophomoreland. We conquered as we journeyed, and made it our special mission to mold the character and shape the destinies of those innocent Freshies who were unfortunate enough to come in contact with us.

With all our troubles and difficulties as Freshies and Sophs, we have only been preparing for the responsibilities and duties which have come with the honors of Juniority.

There are those among us who were left us from the Junior Class of '16. They were to have been Seniors, but Fate intervened. We have the kindest regard for them and treat them with tenderest feelings always, for are they not much wiser than we! They have touched on the shores of Seniority only to be dashed back again.

Our class represents every vocation that college life offers. Not only does it consist of Readers, Teachers and Leaders in Religious work, but we can boast of Musicians, Poets and Social Workers. We are represented on the staff of both the "Columns" and the *CHOWANOKA*, in the Student's Council and standing as the great middle class between Sophomoric wisdom and Senior dignity, it is fitting that we be leaders both in college spirit and college life.

Swiftly as the days are flying, our work will soon be accomplished. Yet a few weeks more and we will enter into the joys of Senior relaxation, satisfied with the past and hopeful of the future.

—HISTORIAN.

Junior Class Poem

Let me sing you the Junior's ditty,
'Tis of a class in an ancient city ;
 Who in the year nineteen twelve
 Into deep lore began to delve,
And how they studied ! 'twas a pity.

'Tis the Junior Class that's quite imposing,
For indoors or out they are ne'er dozing,
 They like all athletics,
 But they don't like cosmetics,
And in others' business they're ne'er nosing.

They're the brightest in Latin, French and Math,
And they know, too, the straight and narrow path.
 In the arts this class, too,
 Would doubtless surprise you,
For wondrous scientific knowledge it hath.

While in learning they're far advancing,
They are also socially entrancing ;
 They are creatures so bright
 That the stars every night
Paler grow while on them they're glancing.

And so in this ancient city,
This noted class, sparkling and witty,
 Hath upheld with knowledge
 Renowned Chowan College,
And so here endeth my ditty.

SOPHOMORE



Sophomore Class

Motto: "Onward and Upward"

Colors: Old Gold and Black

Flower: Goldenrod

Officers

INA DUNLAP	<i>President</i>
ETHEL SNYDER	<i>Vice-President</i>
LUCILLE BRITTON	<i>Secretary</i>
GRACE SYKES.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
ELOISE HORTON.....	<i>Historian</i>
VESTA BENTHALL.....	<i>Poet</i>

Class Roll

Bennie Baker	Ina Dunlap
Lillian Ballentine	Carrie Floyd
Myrtle Balwin	Sarah Floyd
Vesta Benthall	Eloise Horton
Ellie Bivins	Gladys Lassiter
Lucille Britton	Ethel Snyder
Bessie Currie	Grace Sykes
	Rosa Whitley



Sophomore Class History

Eleven wise girls to Chowan came,
Their hearts as cold as any ice.
With an appetite for world-wide fame,
These girls to Chowan were enticed.

Just two more months with Christmas near,
Two months of toil and strife,
Each "Soph" would to her home town steer,
Back to her care-free life.

The morning came, each girl with delight
Jumped from her bed with joy,
For how could she believe that very night
She'd see just one more boy.

Witty were the "Sophs" and wise were their words,
For did they not manage the college?
Surely even the wisest old bird
Could not compete with them in knowledge.

Woe to the Freshman who in their hands
Did fall for advice and correction,
For few ever lost the hold of their band
When going in the "Sophs'" direction.

Sophomore Class Poem

Here's to the class of all the best,
Fifteen daughters fair,
Who gathered 'neath our banner proud
The Black and Gold to wear.
Freshman ways we leave behind:
Pigtail, curl and frill,
For now we delve in classic lore
And study with a will.

Great class of '16, Seniors, dear,
Pride of Chowan College,
We've listened at your noble feet,
Imbined your words of knowledge.
Now we raise a mighty cheer
And the echoes far rebound,
We speed you on your many ways,
Our hearts all one and hands all 'round.

As into Junior seas we steer,
"Onward, upward" be our guide,
And may our "Lux et Veritas"
Remain our emblem and our pride.
Let us pledge our faith again,
"Our class may it ne'er grow less,"
May it live like the goldenrod,
All places to cheer and bless.

FRESHMAN



FANNIE BENNETT

Freshman Class

"Hitch your wagon to a star"

Flower: *Shamrock*

Color: *Green*

Officers

JANIE PARKER	<i>President</i>
ELIZABETH GRIFFIN	<i>Vice-President</i>
ELSIE BENTHALL	<i>Secretary</i>
KATE WARDE	<i>Treasurer</i>

Members

Gladys Ballentine	Eutha Liverman
Elsie Benthall	Hannah Moore
Julia Drewett	Ollie Odom
Ruby Dunlap	Janie Parker
Sadie Futrell	Margaret Sallenger
Elizabeth Griffin	Ethel Sutton
Maritta Hoggard	Kate Warde
Lucy Johnson	



Freshman Class Poem

We are a band of "Freshies,"
Our name is none too small,
Fighting for the Sophomore rights,
That come by earnest toil.

Our faces may be "newish,"
We may not know the start,
But what's the use of saying that
If we do well our part?

The Sophomore heights are gleaming
Not far before our gaze,
With Freshman banners waving
We'll win deserved praise.

Yes, we are well united,
And will thus still remain,
Until the glorious Senior rights
We'll 'dorn with careful aim.



AROUND CHOWAN

Organizations



S



G

NELL WARD
President



INEZ BENTHALL
Secretary

A



GRACE SYKES
Treasurer

O F F I



RUTH NORWOOD
Vice-President

C E R S

STUDENT GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION OFFICERS



Next to the Faculty there is not a more potent influence for good in college life than the influence exerted by this circle. Until this year it has been known as the Y. W. A. Association, and although in other states the name has previously been changed to Ann Hasseltine Circle, Chowan has the honor of being the first College in North Carolina to make this change.

During the year seven Mission Study Classes have been conducted and taught by the girls, and there has been a deeper and broader missionary interest throughout the entire student body. "In Brazil," a play which depicts the power of the Gospel over Catholicism, gave a new and strong impetus to the work.

One of the strongest features of the circle is its philanthropic work. The Personal Service Committee has been active during the year, both among the students and in town.

In January Miss Minnie Middleton, who will soon sail for China, visited us. She proved an inspiration and a help to every member of the Circle.

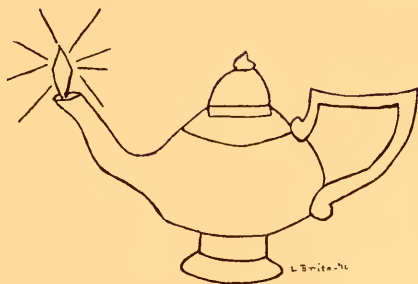
Two delegates were sent this Spring to the Annual State Meeting at Winston. This meeting and the delegate's report of it has been both inspiring and helpful to the girls.

In looking back over the year's work we feel that the Circle is increasing in usefulness and possibilities, and we hope that in the coming years greater things may be accomplished.



ANNE HASSELTINE CIRCLE

LITERARY SOCIETIES



L. B. - 18. - 76

Alathenian Literary Society



RUTH NORWOOD
President
FRANCES BENTHALL
Secretary

BETTIE W. TAYLOE
Vice-President
JANIE PARKER
Treasurer

Alathenian Literary Society

Motto: "*We Seek Truth and Wisdom*"

Colors: *Pink and Green*

Flower: *Sweet Pea*

Officers

RUTH NORWOOD.....	<i>President</i>
BETTIE WILLIAMS TAYLOE.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
FRANCES BENTHALL.....	<i>Secretary</i>
JANIE PARKER.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

Members

Louise Baker	Magnolia Mitchell
Estelle Beale	Leola McCullers
Vesta Benthall	Hannah Moore
Frances Benthall	Ruth Norwood
Lillian Brite	Rose Nowell
Lucille Britton	Janie Parker
Ellie Bivens	Gladys Rountrye
Julia Drewett	Ruth Sawyer
Alma Freeman	Maude Sawyer
Carrie Floyd	Helen Sharpe
Sarah Floyd	Ethel Snyder
Sadie Futrell	Margaret Sallenger
Maggie Harrell	Bettie Williams Tayloe
Maritta Hoggard	Gertrude Taylor
Eloise Horton	Imo Vinson
Ola Kirk	Kate Warde
Eutha Liverman	Lottie Woodard



Lucalian Literary Society

Motto: "We Make Light to Shine"

Colors: *Green and White*

Flower: *Lily of the Valley*

Officers

INA DUNLAP.....	<i>President</i>
NELL WARD.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
HELEN WILLIAMS.....	<i>Secretary</i>
ELSIE BENTHALL.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

Members

Myrtle Baldwin	Ima Joyner
Lillian Ballentine	Gladys Lassiter
Gladys Ballentine	Helen Leary
Inez Benthall	Mary Lineberry
Elise Benthall	Inez Matthews
Bennie Baker	Ollie Odom
Lizzie Brinkley	Ethel Sutton
Cornie Cheek	Grace Sykes
Lillian Cooper	Mary Sullivan
Bessie Currie	Nell Sullivan
Ina Dunlap	Kate Taylor
Ruby Dunlap	Ruth Thomas
Pauline Eley	Bruce Vann
Elizabeth Griffin	Nell Ward
Elsie Hart	Rosa Whitley
Lucy Johnson	Helen Williams

Helen Winborne

Lucalian Literary Society



INA DUNLAP
President

HELEN WILLIAMS
Secretary

NELL WARD
Vice-President

ELSIE BENTHALL
Treasurer





Res Modernae Society

Motto: "*Find a Way or Make a Way*"

Flower: *Wistaria*

Colors: *Green and Lavender*

Officers

ELON BYRD.....	<i>President</i>
ELVA WORRELL.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
RUTH LINEBERRY.....	<i>Secretary</i>
MARGARETTE SALLENGER.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
BENNIE BAKER.....	<i>Critic</i>
LILLIAN BRITE.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

It's a long way to our diplomas,
It's a long way to go;
It's a long time 'till we are Seniors,
But we'll get there we know,
Then we'll be high and mighty
Stuck up and haughty too,
And we'll rule this place
Like the Seniors of 1916 do.



MARSHALS



Social Event at Chowan College.

On Saturday evening March 18th from eight to eleven o'clock, the most enjoyable social event of the college year took place when the Juniors entertained the Seniors at a St. Patrick's reception. The parlors were the present war dominated by the war of the Irish flag, harp, shamrocks and Killarney roses use and a worried victim of the future?

ING CAMBRIDGE

at the door and showed them to the dressing room. Miss Inez Benthall introduced them to the receiving line which was composed of the following: Misses Olive, lady principal; Alma Freeman, president of Junior Class; and the entire Senior Class. At the end of the receiving line each guest was met by a Junior who conducted him to the back parlor where punch was served. The punch bowl was presided over by Miss Ola Kirk who was daintily dressed in green and white, "Progressive Senior" was the special feature of the evening. Miss Ruth Sawyer and Mr. Clarence Perry tied for the prize which was a handsome leather tourist's case. It was finally won by Mr. Perry who presented it to Miss Sawyer. Unique place-cards were distributed among the guests which caused much merriment as each girl was instructed to find the gentleman her card called for. Following this, cream moulded in the forms of harps, shamrocks and trinites, with cake, was served. Music was furnished throughout the evening.

Those present were Misses Olive, Letta, Bettie Williams, Faylee, Rose Nowell, Ruth Norwood, Ruth Sawyer, Maude Sawyer, Pauline Eley, Bruce Vann, Eva Boyette, Jessie Watson, Nell Ward, Lillian Britt, Fannie Jenkins, Helen Winnom, Grace Pearce, Alma Freeman, Frances Benthall, Inez Benthall, Helen Williams, Carrie Cheek, Inez Matthews, Helen Leary, Ruth Thomas, Magnolia Mitchell, Kate Taylor, Messrs. Eugene Boone, Boone Grant, Cree Hunter, Walter Spivey, Dr. Brown, Dr. Vaughan, Rich Square, N. C.; Harry Vaughan, Carl Futrell, Woodland, N. C.; Broce Lassiter, Willie Lassiter, Potocasi, N. C.; Clarence Blount, Roy Parker, Clarence Perry, Abbiekie, N. C.; Louis Daniel, Robert Williams, Winton, N. C.; Roy Brown, John Taylor, Thomas Sears, Union, N. C.; Leonard Story, Franklin, Va.; Jonas Futrell, Bertram Watson, Murfreesboro, N. C.

the world's attention to his personal habits, his methods of work, his wife's clothes, his annual earnings and the way he prefers his eggs cooked. His publisher takes care that those things are not hidden. Shakespeare's publishers appear to have known very much about business.

Columnus Staff



BETTIE WILLIAMS TAYLOR
Assistant Editor

VESTA BENTHALL
Joke Editor

ROSE NOWELL
Alathenian Editor

NELL WARD
Lucalian Editor

RUTH NORWOOD
Business Manager

PAULINE ELEY
Assistant Editor

INEZ BENTHALL
Alumnac Editor

An Unusual Cupid

"Why, Dorothy Pope, what a woe-begone face; what's the trouble?" exclaimed Jane, as she burst into the room suddenly, and saw her room-mate looking out of the window—a sad little heap on the window-seat.

"Well, Jane, it's just this: my monthly allowance is gone, and I want to see Madame Butterfly. I'm blessed with a guardian who deplores all my whims as useless extravagances anyway. If I ask for any more this month he will say something that will bring my Irish blood to the surface, and I *must* see Madame Butterfly."

"That settles it," said Jane, "you must go. I am 'dead broke,' too, but we'll scrape up some money somehow. Haven't we something we can sell?"

"Not a thing; I sold all my old clothes, and the last one of my old books are gone—they went to the second-hand book store right after school was out last year."

"Oh!" said Jane, as her eyes fell on a Latin grammar that was left over from the last semester, "sell D'Ooge. He's served you well; make him serve you weller."

"I know this will bring more than the theatre ticket," said Dorothy, as the two girls skipped down the steps a few minutes later, with D'Ooge's Latin Grammar tucked under Dorothy's arm.

It was late fall, and Dorothy sat before the grate with her eyes fixed on a letter in her lap. "How absurd," she said, breaking into a laugh, "I never heard of anything quite so crazy. My name must have been on one of the inside leaves of that book."

After a moment she read again:

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, NOV. 14, 191—.

Dear Former Owner:—

I thought probably it might be of interest to you to know what has become of me, so I am writing you. I trust that I am not presuming too much on our former comradeship in supposing that you will care to know how fate has dealt with me.

I am here at Charlottesville, in the hands of a very nice fellow, who is almost as close a companion as you were,—but who doesn't know as much about Latin as you did, yet he apparently finds in me an incessant source of delight. Thus you see fate was indeed kind to me in allowing my present owner to purchase me, while passing through your city on his way here.

I would be charmed to know how you are spending the winter. A letter addressed to Elbert Brent, University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Virginia, will reach me.

Cordially yours,

D'OUGE'S LATIN GRAMMAR.

"What a silly thing for anyone to do," she said, "yet I know he's got broad shoulders, an athlete—maybe six feet tall. How exciting! I'll write to this Latin Grammar."

Several weeks later this letter found its way to Charlottesville:

Dear D'Ooge's Latin Grammar:—

I was glad to know that you had fallen into such good hands. After having served me so well, you are worthy of a better fate than lying on the dusty shelves of a book store.

I remember well the many difficulties out of which you have helped me. Sometimes I long for your moods, conditions, sequences of tenses, etc.

I hope that you may prove as good a companion to your present owner as you have to me in the past.

Your old friend of student days,

Dor.

Almost immediately she received a reply. This was only the beginning of a correspondence which continued for some time, and Dorothy found, once into it, she couldn't well back out.

For quite a while nothing occurred worthy of special mention, and then things took a different bearing, a letter came asking for a photograph. After a few days she decided on a plan which she thought would add humor to the affair. It was to have a photograph made of the back of her head.

Very soon there came a reply, accompanied by a picture of the back of the Latin Grammar, with a man's head—showing just above the eyes—just behind it.

Dear Former Owner:—

I received your letter, which, I assure you, was enjoyed—and also the picture. I am at a loss to know how to express my appreciation. Even with all your kindness, I had hardly dared hope that you would grant my request. You have proven to me that you do value your old friends.

To keep you from forgetting how I look, I thought I'd send one of myself.

Very sincerely,

D'OUGE'S GRAMMAR.

Gradually the letters began to speak more and more of the master, and less of the grammar. Dorothy found herself writing more and more to the master, and less to the grammar. Her letters were filled with advice about various things, and little notes of encouragement and sympathy crept in.

One day a letter came that altered affairs considerably. It simply stated that Mr. Brent would be in Durham in a few days, and would like to bring the grammar to call on its former owner.

"Now, what do you think of this?" demanded Dorothy of Jane, as she finished reading the letter.

"I told you sometime ago that you had better cut this out, but you could not see it that way. Now that you have gotten yourself into this, you will have to get out somehow, and I am sure I don't know how you will do it," was Jane's response after she had read the letter.

"I will write him and say that we have holiday that week-end," Dorothy said after a pause.

"But suppose he should come anyway, and call for you?" asked Jane.

"Then I just would not see him," was the reply in a very decided voice.

"Dorothy, you are in a very undesirable position; there is no telling what

might be the consequences of this. I suppose it's best to write and say that you will not be here."

"I did not mind flirting just a little, but I am not so far gone that I can let a man I've never seen call on me—that's certain," thought Dorothy. "I'd love to see him, though"—but a few days later a very cold unDorothy-like note reached the university, to the effect that she would not be in the city, and would not be able to see the grammar, but she hoped it would be fortunate enough to pass into other hands as kind as its present owner had been.

* * * * *

Three years have passed, and we find Dorothy and Jane among the guests at a house-party.

The girls were eagerly looking forward to the arrival of "Bert" and "Bob," the hostess' brother and his chum.

Dorothy was on the veranda talking to one of her ardent admirers, who addressed her as Miss Walton, having confused her name with Jane's in the introduction. She had not corrected him, and having been introduced only an hour before, he had not yet discovered the mistake.

Suddenly they looked up and saw two young men approaching—one slightly in advance of the other. They almost ran up the walk, and Mr. Thornton met them with an outstretched hand, saying:

"Why, hello, Bob! Hello, Bert! Glad to see you."

"Hello, Mac! Mighty glad to see you, old boy!" came from each of the two new-comers at once.

"Miss Walton, let me introduce Mr. Gordon—and Mr. Brent."

Dorothy turned and leaned against a post.

As soon as they were out of hearing, Dorothy turned to her companion, and said, "Tell me about the tallest of these gentlemen—what's his first name, where is he from?"

"Which one, 'Bert'? His name is Elbert Brent—'Bert' for short, you know. He is a graduate of the University of Virginia with Bob. Deuced clever fellow; fine old chap, he is. But why do you ask?"

"I have a friend who knew a Mr. Brent at the university. I wanted to see if it happened to be the same one, that's all," was the quick answer.

"And is he?" "No," almost nervously.

Just then the entire party came out on the veranda, joking and laughing merrily, with Bob and Bert as the center of the group.

"I say, Bert, come over here; here's someone who thought she knew you," called Thornton.

"Don't call him over here," said Dorothy, in a panic of fear, but she was too late.

"Eh, what's that; Miss Walton thought she knew me?" said Elbert Brent, in his deep, rich voice, as he came sauntering over to where they sat.

He seated himself at her side, and soon they were conversing freely. Dorothy was wondering if she could keep up the ruse. Thus far, as Miss Walton, she had found it very pleasant to sit and talk with him, but if he should find out—

The rest of the afternoon was spent in company with Mr. Brent. As they parted to dress for dinner, Dorothy ran to tell Jane that "Bert" was her "Latin grammar man." But Jane had already guessed as much.

"If I could only keep him from learning my name all would be well, but that is impossible, and what will he think of me when he discovers that I am Dorothy Pope?"

"Make an impression on him before he learns who you are," was the advice of Jane.

The evening was passed very pleasantly by all, and especially Elbert Brent and Dorothy; the latter was delighted to find that no one addressed her by her real name, except the girls, who called her "Dot."

"Miss Walton," said Bert the next day, as he took her arm to assist her up the steps, after an interesting game of tennis, "do you know anything about Latin?"

He felt her shiver. "Not much," she said.

"Dorothy Pope," someone called.

Dorothy turned and answered. Bert dropped his hand and stared—yes, the same—that hair—those shoulders—it must be true.

"Dot?" he said. "Are you the 'Dot' of the Latin grammar?"

She remained quiet for a few moments. "Yes," she said, "but I had hoped you would never find out. Mr. Thornton met so many yesterday that he got my name mixed with a friend of mine's, and for fun we did not correct it. When I saw you I thought I recognized you, so I begged the girls to keep up the joke—only it didn't seem much of a joke to me. What must you think of me? Why did you find me out?" she replied.

"What must I think of you?" he repeated. "Why, Dorothy, I have most sincerely hoped that I would, at some time or other, meet you. Now I have met you, and find you even more attractive than I had pictured you. Why, I know of nothing that could make me happier than this."

Elbert Brent spent the remainder of the week in proving to Dorothy Pope that he had made a thorough study of *amo*, and knew it perfectly.

To her question, "Then you are not disgusted with me?" which she persistently asked, he would invariably repeat:

"Disgusted! Why, what I am I owe to you. You made me graduate; you made me win this," drawing a medal from his pocket. "Disgusted! Little girl!"

Taking her hand one evening, he said:

"Can't we, in remembrance of an old friend, again conjugate *amo*, and change the *amo* to *amamus*?"

"*Ego possum*," she answered.

—*I'esta Benthall, '18.*

ATHLETICS





“Fiddlers”

LUCILLE BRITTON.....	<i>Captain</i>
LILLIAN BRITE	<i>Captain</i>

Ellie Bivens
 Maud Sawyer
 Ethel Snyder
 Bettie Williams Tayloe

Magnolia Mitchell
 Estele Beal
 Vesta Benthall
 Eloise Horton



Luralian Basket Ball Team

Colors: Blue and Red

Motto: To be a Champion

YELL:

Lucali-ali-on
Can beat the Ala-thine-an
Every time she's called upon,
Whether it's to walk or run,
Catch a ball or pitch a one!

FIRST TEAM:

Captain, Bennie Baker

Left Forward, Bessie Currie

Right Forward, Gladys Ballentine

Right Guard, Elizabeth Griffin

Left Guard, Ollie Odum

SECOND TEAM:

Captain, Ruth Thomas

Left Forward, Ima Joyner

Right Forward, Inez Benthall

Right Guard, Gladys Lassiter

Left Guard, Myrtle Baldwin



CLUBS





SENIOR CLUB



Double Trio

Your Majesty, King of the Public, we present our credentials.

The Double Trio, with pride and fame,
Has won for itself a lasting name.
For six years it has stood the test.
We leave it to you to guess the rest.

The "Baby" who from infancy famed for her
beaux,
Has lost them, whither nobody knows.
Moping and crying all the day thru,
She sighs for her jewels which they captured
too.

"Fatty" we pronounce the dearest of the dears,
Has been with us for five long years.
The crooks and turns of the club knows she.
Where, oh where, can another like her be?

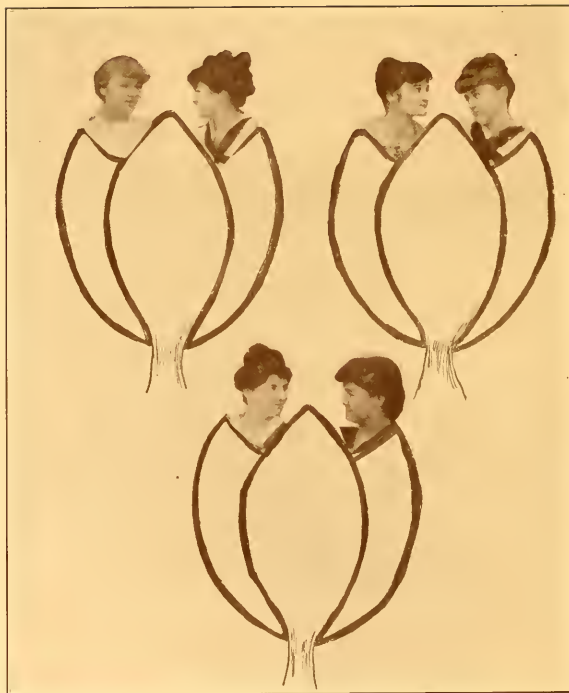
New members these: "Fritzzy," "Fluffy" and
"Bett";
Of all that are here they're the best yet.
They are still new to Double Trio ways,
But before long they'll be its brightest rays.

Digging and cramming for three years here,
"Leavy's" Senior privileges seem very near.
She's a veritable *Mark Twain* with her clever
speeches,
And the Faculty takes notice when she up and
preaches.

From banquet, concert and reception hall,
We've chosen a bard more suitable for all.
Hither we go, with all our fuss—
Camp life!—camp fire!—camp life for us.

Members

"Baby" Britton.....	Lucille Britton
"Fatty" Nowell.....	Rose Nowell
"Leavy" Benthall.....	Inez Benthall
"Fritzzy" Norwood.....	Ruth Norwood
"Fluffy" Sallinger.....	Margaret Sallinger
"Bett" Benthall.....	Elsie Benthall



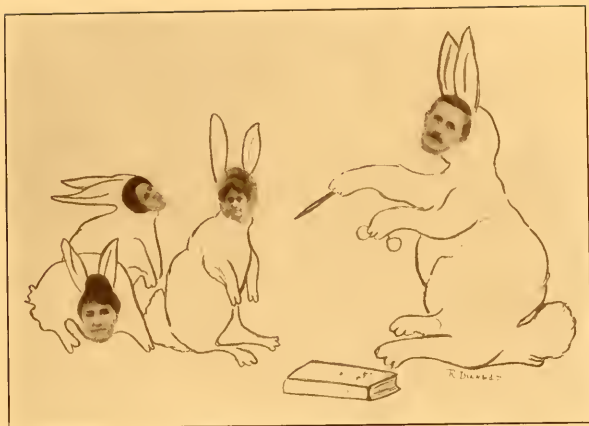
TWO-LIPS CLUB



RED-TOPS



ART CLUB



The Chathamites

Motto: Leap Forward.

Song: Down Home in Chatham.

Favorite Keepsake: The left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit.

Br'er Rabbit.....PRES. LINEBERRY

Sis Rabbit.....INA DUNLAP

Molly Cottontail.....CORNELIA CHEEK

Bunny.....RUBY DUNLAP

Br'er Rabbit is boss of us all;

We answer to his beck and call.

He's a terrible tease,

But he's not hard to please.

So we're glad that we came here last fall.

Sis Rabbit keeps busy all day—

If not classes 'tis Y. W. A.

Then there's B. Y. P. U.,

That interests her, too.

Yet she has time for letters, they say.

Our Molly's a bashful young rabbit,

Who's exceedingly fond of Welsh rarebit.

Though her air is quite shy,

We just wonder—why

Candy making's fast growing a habit.

The last and the least is our Bunny;

You can't help laugh, she's so funny.

If she can't tell a joke,

In attempt she will choke,

And her smiles are always quite sunny.



The Sisters' Club

Motto: Happiness and Sorrows United as One.

Pastime: Scrapping.

Question: Who will first be a bride?

Color: All that clash.

Flower: Touch-Me-Not.

Members

BENTHALLS	Fain
BALLENTINES	Lovable
DUNLAPS	Enthusiastic
JENKINS	Jolly
McCULLERS	Distant
SAWYERS	Jealous
SULLIVANS	Envious



“Kill Kare Klub”

Motto: “Don’t Kare.”

Password: “Kram.”

Flower: “Krysanthemum.”

Color: “Midnight Kream.”

Place of Meeting: “Kan’t Tell.”

Object of Meeting: “Knt Klases.”

Time of Meeting: “The Knight After the Day Before.”

Song: “Ketchup.”

President.....Miss NOBODY

Vice-President.....THE SAME

Secretary.....LIKEWISE

Treasurer.....DITTO

“Kitty” Warde

“Knewish” Taylor

“Krush” Thomas

“Klumsy” Snyder

“Kupid” Baker

“Kareless” Bivens

“Kosy” Moore

“Knowie” Curie



Downtown Club

Colors: *Gold and White*

Flower: *Daisy*

Motto: *To be late is just as good as being on time*

Meeting Place: *Town Gate*

Officers

Jessie Watson, *President*

Eva Gary, *Secretary*

Elva Worrell, *Treasurer*

Members

Mary Babb
Eva Boyette
Doris Chitty
Nettie Evans
Eva Gary
Sabrina Holder
Fannie Jenkins

Kate Jenkins
Francis Lawrence
Thelma Nicholson
Mary Parker
Grace Pearce
Jessie Watson
Elva Worrell



Jaw Workers Club

Motto: Never leave till tomorrow what can be said today

Time of meeting: Whenever there are at least two present

Place: Any place where the "Council" can't hear

Song: If You Talk During Study Hour, Don't Mention My Name

J—onah.....	Nell Ward
A—ngel.....	Inez Matthews
W—itch.....	Ruth Norwood
W—izzard.....	Rose Newell
O—wl.....	Pauline Eley
R—ip.....	Lucille Britton
K—row.....	Cornie Cheek
E—el.....	Helen Williams
R—at.....	Elsie Benthall
S—lim Jim.....	Inez Benthall
—.....	Maude Sawyer
?—.....	Lillian Brite



Toasters' Club

Here's to the gay Chowan Toasters,
 The frivolous marshmallow roasters:
 This devilish thirteen,
 Some fat and some lean,
 Are nothing on earth but big boasters.

Chief JANE PARKER
Torch-lighter ELSIE BENTHALL
Chief Eater GLADYS BALLENTINE

Members

Lillian Ballentine
 Ellie Bivens
 Eutha Liverman
 Hannah Moore
 Margarette Salanger

Helen Sharp
 Gertrude Taylor
 Ruth Thomas
 Kate Ward
 Helen Williams



Woodlanders Club

Motto: *To Get the Most Out of Life*

Colors: *Brown and Green*

Flower: *Dogwood Blossom*

YELL

Chee, chee, chee,
Can't you see
We're the Woodlanders!
Chee, chee, chee.

Members

Frances Benthall
Inez Benthall
Vesta Benthall
Elise Benthall
Sadie Futrell

Elizabeth Griffin
Ollie Odom
Janie Parker
Pauline Eley
Estele Beale



Crammers of 1916

Colors: *Olive Green and Turkey Red*

Flower: *Cauliflower*

Motto: *Eat, Drink, and Be Jolly—This is the Life*

Meeting Place: *Where goodies are found, and no one can find us*

Officers

R. E. SAWYER.....	Potato
RUTH NORWOOD	Herring
J. H. PARKER.....	Turkey
HELEN WINBORNE.....	Pickle
K. M. TAYLOR.....	Cake
BETTIE WILLIAMS TAYLOR.....	Pickles
M. I. SAWYER.....	Mints
INEZ MATTHEWS.....	Bon-Bon



French and German Club

Allies

Elsie Benthall
 Vesta Benthall
 Lizzie Brinkely
 Ina Dunlap
 Sadie Futrell
 Elizabeth Griffin
 Eloise Horton
 Ola Kirk
 Mary Lineberry
 Ollie Odom
 Katherine Tayloe
 Bruce Vann

Teutons

Bennie Baker
 Gladys Ballentine
 Lillian Ballentine
 Ellie Bivens
 Bessie Currie
 Carrie Floyd
 Sarah Floyd
 Kate Jenkins
 Inez Matthews
 Leola McCullers
 Magnolia Mitchell
 Janie Parker
 Maude Sawyer
 Ethel Snyder
 Ethel Sutton
 Jessie Watson
 Rosa Whitley
 Helen Williams
 Lottie Woodard



Corpe Diem Club

Mock Faculty

A scene from an evening's program

Place of Meeting: Parlor.

Time: After the mischief is done.

Object: To do unto teachers as they do unto students.

Results: The Faculty sees itself as others see it.

PERSONAE:

Pres. Lineberry.....	"I'll arrange for that".....	NELL WARD
Miss Olive.....	"Oh, Dear!".....	RUTH SAWYER
Miss Liverman.....	"Girls, you are wasting golden moments".....	B. W. TAYLOR
Miss Lette.....	"I love that".....	ROSE NOWELL
Miss Durkee.....	"My girls got t' work".....	LUCILLE BRITTON
Miss Abernethy.....	"Arus, domus, idus, pecus, porticus and tribus".....	VESTA BENTHALL
Miss Herring.....	"By George, I won't fix that Annual".....	INEZ BENTHALL
Miss Horn.....	"It's did that at Meredith".....	JANIE PARKER
Miss MacCullers.....	"Girls, I forbid ragtime music".....	ELSIE BENTHALL
Miss Parker.....	"Oh, Rose! Don't be so cross".....	BESSIE CURRIE
Miss Goodwin.....	"Janie always says that".....	MAUDE SAWYER
Miss Stephenson.....	"Where is Miss Wynn?".....	BENNIE BAKER
Miss Williams.....	"Girls, let's pray about it".....	HELEN LEAVY
Miss Middleton.....	"That's Niece".....	ELLIE BIVENS

Officers

ROSE NOWELL.....	President
MAUDE SAWYER.....	Vice-President
ETHEL SNYDER.....	Secretary
NELL WARDE.....	Treasurer



COOKING CLASS



Chorus

Officers

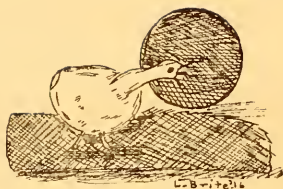
MISS GOODWIN	<i>Director</i>
MISS PARKER	<i>Pianist</i>
MAUDE SAWYER	<i>President</i>
HELEN WILLIAMS	<i>Vice-President</i>
BESSIE CURRIE.....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

Roll

Bennie Baker	Magnolia Mitchell
Elise Benthall	Leola McCullers
Inez Benthall	Miss McCullers
Vesta Benthall	Mrs. Moore
Ellie Bivens	Rose Nowell
Janie Blow	Ollie Odom
Lucille Britton	Miss Olive
Bessie Currie	Maude Sawyer
Julia Drewett	Miss Stephenson
Ruby Dunlap	Ethel Snyder
Sadie Fntrell	Bruce Vann
Elizabeth Griffiin	Ollie Vinson
Miss Herring	Imo Vinson
Miss Horn	Nell Ward
Kate Jenkins	Rosa Whitley
Frances Lawrence	Helen Williams
Eutha Liverman	Helen Winborne
Inez Matthews	Lottie Woodard



CHORUS CLASS



Expression



Expression Class

Myrtle Baldwin
Gladys Ballentine
Vesta Benthall
Ina Dunlap

Grace Pearce
Gladys Rountrye
Mary Sullivan
Bettie Williams Tayloe

Ruth Thomas

Alas and Did—

Miss Horn *go* to *civilization* to buy new clothes?
Gertrude Taylor lose her ring?
Senior Eley get blacked?
Lucille Britton lose her society pin?
The W. F. C. boys eat ice cream?
The C. C. girls foot the bill?
Miss Olive forget to say, "Oh, Dear!" ?
Ruby Dunlap talk herself to death over her flowers?
Lillian Brite stop talking?
Maggie Harrell fail to get her daily "bag" of candy?
Horace class skip recitation to go to a marriage?
Rose Nowell seek her society pin?
President Lineberry *arrange* to clean up the campus?
Elsie Hart fail to go to the Sewell House?
The Junior-Senior reception drive Alma Freeman into insanity?
Misses Herring and Horn forget what "*We did at Meredith*"?
Cornie Check listen for her Earle-y bird?
Julia Drewett cease to sing?
Imo Vinson get smaller?
Elsie Benthall forget to primp?
Miss Horn *return* from *civilization* wearing the "same black hat" relined
with red?

Say, Have You Heard—

Miss Wynn got Frances Lawrence to answer a History question?

Janie Parker got a letter from Ahuskie—four cents due?

Miss Liverman left the college for three days?

Alma Freeman talk slow?

Miss Durkee got mad?

Miss Horn brag?

Of Miss Minnie's old beaux?

Rising bell ring?

The Chums sing?

The Physics class clocks work?

Of Elsie Harte studying?

Lucille Britton sing?

Of Bettie Williams Tayloe's capture of Lucille B's beau?

Helen Leary actually talked to a boy?

Kate Taylor has a Frat pin?

The point to Bruce Vann's jokes?

Inez B's latest wish?

Miss MacCullers spent the week-end not in town, for a rarity?

Mary Sullivan heard from W. F. C.?

Maggie Harrell's favorite book—Sears-Roebuck catalogue?



SNICKERS

MR. LINEBERRY—"Vesta Benthall, give the story of *Mary of Bethany*."

VESTA—"Mary was the one who broke the alabaster cruse over Jesus' head."

MISS LETTE (*on Chemistry*)—"Frances Benthall, name another salt."

FRANCES—"Epsom."

BETTIE WILLIAMS TAYLOR—"Maude, what are you in music?"

MAUDE—"A bridal possession."

ROSEBUD—"I think I would like to study Ovid's *Metamorphoses*."

ELSIE B.—"What is that; German?"

MARY L.—"Lizzie, what is the driest thing you ever heard?"

LIZZIE B.—"Bruce Vann's jokes."

MISS HORN (*on Sociology*)—"Miss Benthall, what was the belief about insanity when Christianity first came in?"

V. BENTHALL—"Denominational frenzy."

MISS ABERNATHY—"I would certainly like for all the girls to go to Washington, D. C."

K. WARDE—"I've never been, but am certainly going on my *trousseau*."

MISS LETTE—"Helen, what is the largest body you ever saw?"

HELEN SHARP—"Imo Vinson's."

E. BENTHALL (*to a Senior*)—"Say, are you going to let us Freshies have anything in that paper you Seniors are writing?" (meaning the Annual).

Let Us Forget

Miss Horn has a new suit.

B. Baker "*sprung*" her ankle.

Miss Wynn found one electric bell that would not ring.

Pauline Eley got one clever thing for the Annual.

Lillian Brite hasn't a word to say.

Misses Wynn and Liverman have no fault to find.

C. CHEEK—"Rosebud, what are you going to do next year?"

ROSEBUD—"Don't know; I may get married."

C. CHEEK—"I doubt it; it takes two for that."

H. WILLIAMS (*when asked where L. Britton was, answered*)—"In the gymnasium, taking agriculture."

O. KIRK (*on a music lesson*)—"Miss McCullers, you have taught me technic of the hands; when are you going to teach me technic of the feet?" (meaning use of the pedal).

MISS MCCULLERS—"We don't teach dancing here!"

NEWISH TAYLOR (*returning from a music lesson*)—"Miss McCullers said I certainly did play my pedagogies well," (meaning arpeggios).

NEWISH BRINKLEY (*seeing '18 opposite a name in a magazine*)—"Isn't that girl but 18 years old?"

L. BRITE—"I'm certainly going to send my friend in Norfolk an invitation to commencement, so he will send me a bridal present."

MISS GOODWIN (*before student body*)—"After the Ann Hasseltine circus meets, I would like to meet the chorus."

MAGGIE HARRELL (*hearing a rooster crow at 9 p.m.*)—"Do you suppose that dunce thinks it's midnight? A biddie would have more sense than that."

Can You Imagine

Miss Olive mad?

Miss Abernathy at church?

B. Baker dignified?

Mr. L. in a hurry?

Miss Wynn content?

Miss Herring flirting?

F. Lawrence on time?

R. Dunlap singing?

Miss Liverman smiling?

Chemistry class passing examination?

Water on fourth floor?

Solomon as "wise" as Rosebud Nowell?"

Enthusiasm at the match game between the Society basket ball teams?

The outcome?

PROCTOR, walking into Newish Johnson's room, exclaims: "Look, your dresser is on fire!"

NEWISH JOHNSON—"No, it's my electricity light. I couldn't blow it out, so I put it in my drawer."

On December the thirteenth in the year '15
On the fingers of Seniors rings were seen;
Some were large and some were small,
Some fitted well, others not at all.

"This must be adjusted," the Seniors said;
"These were not made for girls, but men instead."
To jewelers for prices many of them sent;
"A cut for a wear" will pay the rent.

To John the Jeweler, in the town of Stovall,
Went the R. A. N. ring, degree and all.
An unsuccessful operation he performed;
March has passed, and the rings still gone.

John it so slow he shan't have my ring,
A man from the country better results will bring.
In the hands of Jonah, Lillian's went;
The whale must have got it—it's not been seen since.

In the city of Norfolk are jewelers and lawyers,
But the best jeweler there is the one named Sawyer.
"I'll try him," said Ruth in a hurry;
In a box of Graham crackers it went. Oh, worry!

Gold it soft; it doesn't last long;
It wears away by the end of a song.
It doesn't bear burdens heavy and strong;
Nell's ring has been gone *ever* so long.

A word of advice to Seniors and all:
If rings are large, or if they are small,
There are jewelers false and jewelers true.
So have your rings fit while they are new.

Farewell Chowan

The shadows of our school days are lengthening. The friends of today will too soon be the acquaintances of yesterday. The teachers who have led our unsteady steps have loosened their tender, yet firm, arm of protection about us, and we feel ourselves set adrift. We like not the change, yet go we must.

These records of our college days, which now seem so real, will soon be only memories—but memories that to us then will prove fairy gold. Farewell, college friends, teachers! Farewell, wonderful *alma mater*! Even as the multitude of Chowan's elder daughters extol you, so shall we cherish and praise our inheritance from you.

—R. Newell, '16.

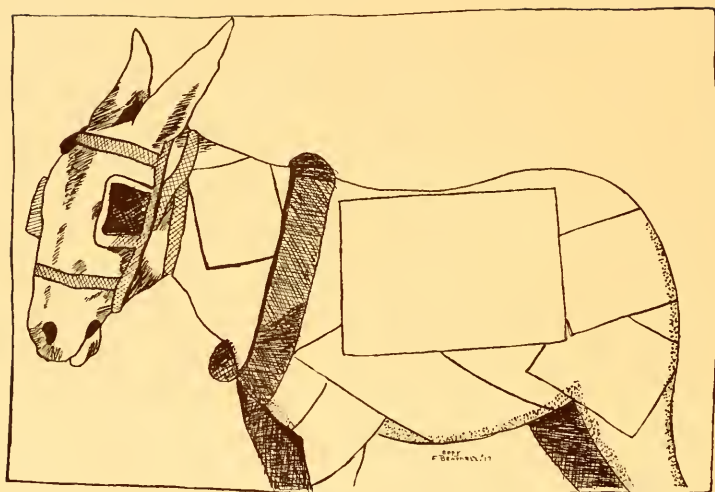


THE END



CHOWANOKA STAFF

ADS



Chowan College

FOUNDED 1848

Full A. B. Course in Liberal Arts and Sciences. Courses in Music, Art, Expression, Physical Culture and Domestic Science. Healthful location. Beautiful campus and grounds consisting of forty-one acres. Rooms reserved in order of application. Catalog on request.

Spring term opens January fifth, nineteen hundred and sixteen.

Board, Room, Literary Tuition
and Incidentals, \$166

G. E. LINEBERRY, President

MURFREESBORO

-:-

NORTH CAROLINA

CUMMINGS' PALACE *of* SWEETS
THE HOUSE OF QUALITY

Famous Home Made Candies

Delicious Ice Cream and Sodas

CORNER GRANBY AND CITY HALL AVENUE

Phone 4743

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

Yours truly,

CUMMINGS COMPANY

Edenton Ice and Cold Storage Co.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL ICE DEALERS



Capacity, 40 Ton Per Day

DEALERS IN

Penna Anthracite Coal

Pocahontas Steam Coal

Kanawha Lump Splint Coal

D. CARPENTER, Pres. J. S. CRAWFORD, Vice-Pres.
W. C. BANKS, Sec. and Treas.

*If You Want to Save Time and Money
Buy Furniture and Carpets from*

D. CARPENTER COMPANY, Inc.

Cor. Granby and Tazewell
Streets

NORFOLK - - VIRGINIA

Schwartz, Kirwin and Fauss

*"If We Made It for Gold,
It's Gold"*

Reliable Manufacturers

OF

*Class, College and Fraternity
Pins, Medals, Prizes for
Games, Etc.*

42 BARCLAY STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y.

HIRSHBERG Art Company

*Art, Drawing and
Engineering
Supplies*

418 North Howard St.

BALTIMORE, MD.



KODAK

developing and printing at lowest
prices consistent with best quality.
Write for price list, catalogues and
sample print.

Hoco Glasses

are the best that skilled workmen can
make from the finest quality material.
Prompt attention to mail orders.

G. L. Hall Optical Co.
"Eyeglass and Kodak Experts"

146 Granby St., Norfolk, Va.
211 E. Broad St., Richmond, Va.
813 Main St., Lynchburg, Va.

“GOOD BUTTER”

is protected from contamination by
the use of one parchment paper, one
paraffined waxed paper and the

BLUE VALLEY CARTON

It's always pure

TRY “Blue Valley” Butter

It would cost less to wrap BLUE VALLEY
once—but it's worth more with three

H. L. BELOTE & COMPANY

DISTRIBUTORS

20 COMMERCE STREET

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

Albemarle Steam Navigation Co.

Steel Steamers Carolina and Virginia

STEAMER VIRGINIA

From Franklin, Va.—Mondays and Fridays. For Tunis, N. C., and intermediate points.

From Tunis, N. C.—Thursdays and Saturdays. For Franklin, Va., and intermediate points.

STEAMER CAROLINA

From Murfreesboro, N. C.—Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. For Tunis and Edenton, N. C., and intermediate points.

From Edenton, N. C.—Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. For Tunis and Murfreesboro, N. C., and intermediate points.

W. M. SCOTT, General Passenger Agent

FRANKLIN, VIRGINIA

WYNN BROS.

Murfreesboro's Greatest Store

Headquarters for College Students

Interesting showing of exclusive fall and winter styles in
WOMEN'S SUITS AND COATS

at extremely moderate prices. Reproductions of imported models
from the foremost Paris shops.

Prices Ranging from \$10 to \$25

DRESS GOODS

Newest weaves and colorings are shown
in the woolen fabrics in Plaids, Solids,
and Roman Stripes.

SHOE DEPARTMENT

Season's smartest styles in walking and
dress boots in Queen Quality, Boston
Favorite, Dolly Madison, and other de-
sirable makes.

Attractive Models in Waists and
Silk Petticoats

CORRECT CORSETRY

Corsets for the new figure. The new
fashions demand new lines which can be
attained only by the latest corsetry. Once
use the celebrated "American Lady" and
you will have no other corset.

Prices Range from \$1 to \$7

Artistic line of Stationery always on hand. School supplies, etc.

NOTION DEPARTMENT

Replete in all lines—Gloves, Neckwear, Hosiery, Etc.

Yours to serve

WYNN BROS.

¶ When you have finished the daily rounds of irritating duties and before retiring to that happy land of sleep, just use a little

"Dolly Madison Talcum Powder and Ideal Peroxide Cream"

¶ The cream will make your flesh nice and soft, and the talcum mix with your dreams the scent of the sweet flowers that will soon be blooming in the gardens and the meadows.

For sale by all reliable merchants. Prices 15 and 25 cents
Manufactured by Williams, Martin & Gray, Inc., Norfolk, Va.

G. and R. BARRETT, Inc.

...Wholesale Grocers...

225 WATER STREET

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

We Cater to the Best Trade With the Best Goods

HOLLADAY STUDIO

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

High Class Photography

Portraits of the Better Kind in Oil,
Sepia and Water Colors

Old Photos Copied and Restored

School and College Work a Specialty

WEDDING

Invitations, Announcements, Etc. 100
hand engraved, including inside and out-
side envelopes.....\$6.75
Workmanship unexcelled.

MONOGRAM

Stationery, Engraved with any two or
three initials on 50 sheets, fine quality,
including 50 envelopes.....\$2.50

CARDS

Engraved by Hand for All Occasions—
Betrothal, Sympathy, Birth, Etc. Satis-
faction guaranteed. 100 Calling Cards,
\$1.25. Write for samples.

OTT ENGRAVING CO.

1021 Chestnut St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

