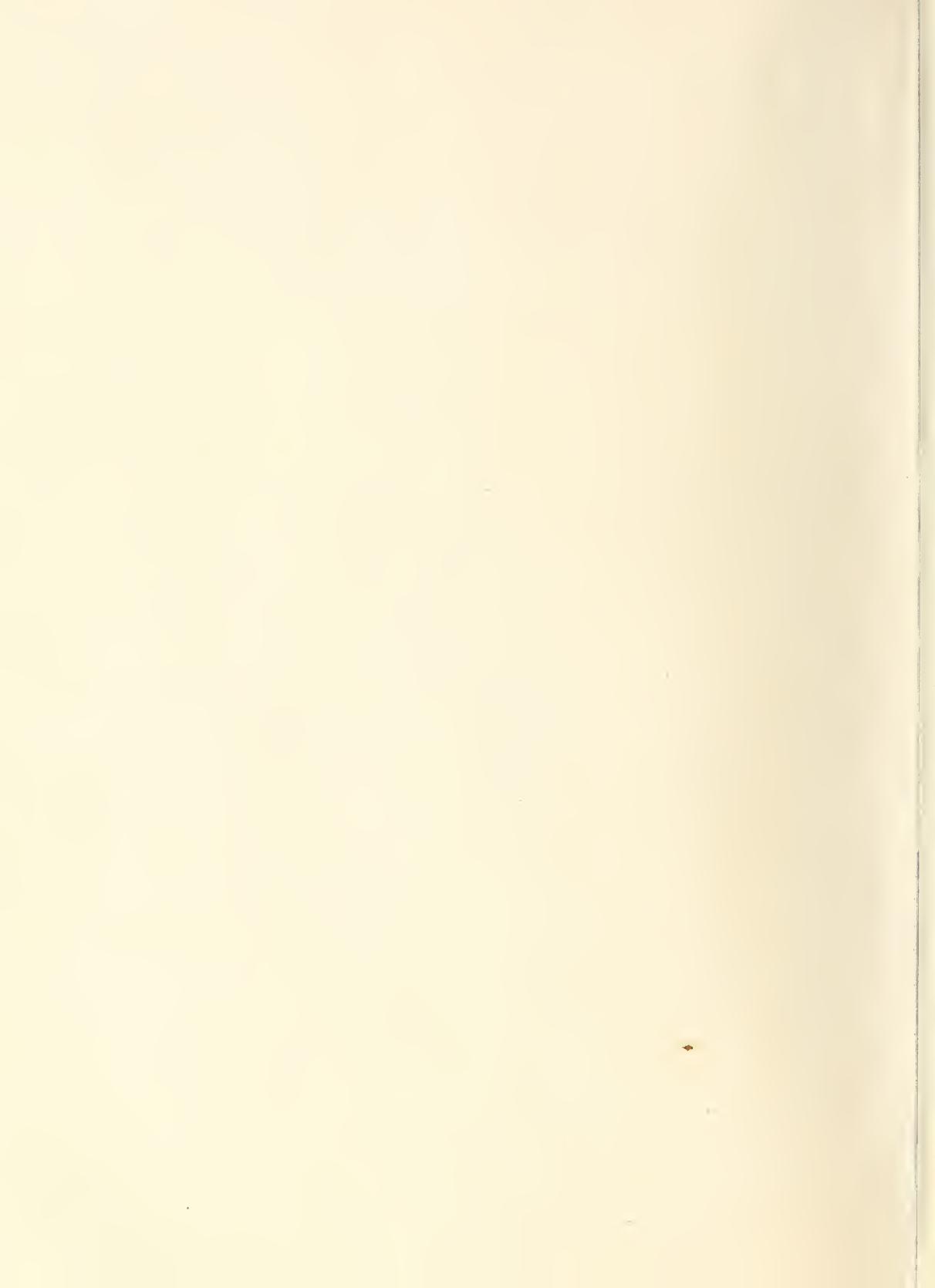


Edelweiss

Elizabeth Stuart Beebe







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VOLUME THREE, 1905

Edelweiss

Presbyterian
College
For Women

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF
THE PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

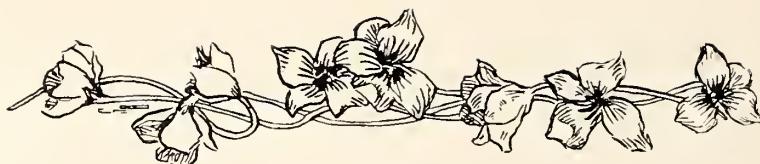
DEDICATED
TO
LUCY BATTLE MARTIN
AND
NETTIE WYSOR



LUCY BATTLE MARTIN



NETTIE WYSOR



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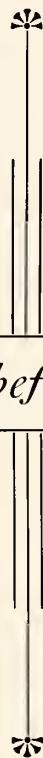
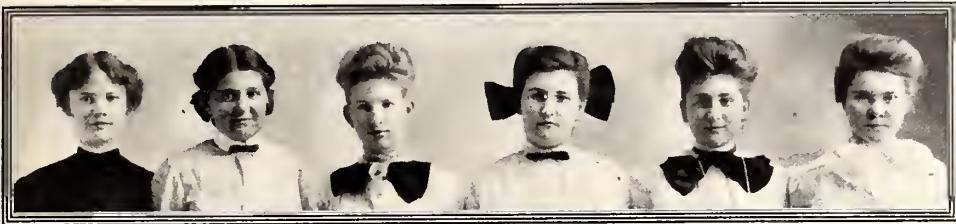
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FLORENCE HUETT, '08



Editors before Work



If I were Miss Long

If I were Miss Long—and just as great as she,
I'd feel quite exalted when people looked at me;
And I'd soon make myself such a great and glorious name,
That they'd give to me a tablet in the Hall of Fame.

If I were Miss Long—I'll tell you what is true,
I'd make the girls happy without much ado;
I'd make them all forget their very wretched fate
By striking off a lot of rules entirely out of date.

If I were Miss Long—the girls would have some fun,
For I'd never give demerits for anything that's done.
And they could have receptions every month or two—
Because I'd want to teach them exactly what to do.

If I were Miss Long—I'd always wear a smile,
And never look a little cross to a poor French child.
I'd grant to everybody everything that they could ask,
And never give to anybody a very hard task.

If I were Miss Long—no restriction would I give,
Nor very many demerits, that make it pain to live.
I'd give easy exams—so that everyone could pass,
And make every girl a leader of her class.

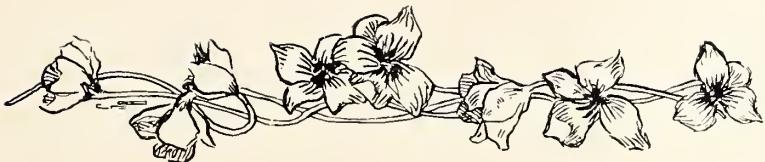
If I were Miss Long—there're some things I'd permit—
A good Dramatic Club, and a good play for it;
And a German Club to take away from every Friday night
That awful “butt-in” system, which has come to be a fright.

If I were Miss Long—the Seniors soon would learn
To wear their caps and gowns with an air of less concern,
To be more congenial with their little Freshmen friends,
As they ought to know to be with every kind of “gens.”

If I were Miss Long—the Faculty would know
To be on time to meals and class—and so
They'd learn the lesson, which they all try to teach,
And in simple words—“Practice what you preach.”

If I were Miss Long—this College now so great
Wouldn't have a rival in N. C. or any other State.
The fame of it would quickly spread from pole to pole,
And the world wouldn't hold the books—if everything were told.

L. A.



Faculty

President

DR. J. R. BRIDGES

Lady Principal

MISS LONG

MISS KIBBE

MISS ANDERSON

MISS POWE

MISS GORDON

MISS ARMSTRONG

MISS GREY

MISS TYLER

MISS PORTER



College Flirt

Freshman's Idea of a Senior

How nice to be a Senior,
To wear a cap and gown;
Be treated like a lady,
And go alone up town.

The teachers think you're good,
Far better than the best,
But when we think it o'er,
You are just like the rest.

I think it's really partial,
To be so good to you,
I never see you studying,
But on exams you've through.

For you are a privileged character
To help this place to run,
But I will gladly bet
We have the most of fun.

You just put on your dignity,
When you are with a teacher,
And how, when you're in church
You listen to the preacher!

I've seen you often,
And know you mighty well;
You are not very good,
But no more will I tell.

As long as the teachers like you,
And think you are so fine,
We'll let it all pass off
Until some other time.

L. R



Organization of Senior Class

President

KATHERINE WALTERS

Vice-President

MABEL PATRICK

Secretary

ANNIE JOHNSTON

Monitress

MARY McMURRAY

Historian

MARY JAMISON

Prophet

BESS MARTIN

GERTRUDE KERR

ELVA McDOWELL

FLOY SADLER

WILLIE WAKEFIELD

Music Seniors

GERTRUDE MCFADDEN

JESSIE MOORE



GERTRUDE KERR

Treasurer Gamma Sigma Society, '05; Treasurer Y. W. C. A., '05.



MARY JAMISON

Marshall, '04; Critic of Gamma Sigma Society, '05; Historian of Class, '05.



ANNIE JOHNSTON

Pierian Society; Secretary and Treasurer of Class of '05; Vice-President of Pierian Society; President of Student Body.



BESS MARTIN

*Marshall, '03; Prophet of Class
'05; Secretary of Picrian Society,
'04.*



ELVA McDOWELL

*Marshall, '04; Critic of Picrian
Society, '05; Vice-President of
Student Body, '05.*



JESSIE MOORE



MARY McMURRAY

Marshall, '04; President of Pierian Society, '05; Vice-President of Y. W. C. A., '05; Monitress of Class, '05.



GERTRUDE MCFADYEN



MABEL PATRICK

Marshall, '04; Secretary Gamma Sigma Society, '05; Secretary Y. W. C. A., '05; Vice-President of Class, '05.



FLOY SADLER
Pierian Society.



WILLIE WAKEFIELD
Pierian Society.
Vice-President of Class, '04;
Vice-Monitress of Class. '05



KATE WALTERS.
Marshall, '04; President of
Gamma Sigma Society, '05; Pres-
ident of Class, '05; Editor-in-Chief
of Annual, '05.

Senior Class History



S THE CLASS of nineteen-five we have at last come to a full realization of the meaning of our motto, "*Non progredi est regredi.*" A few words of our history will indeed show the truth of these words.

From a class of forty Sophomores, we had enrolled only sixteen Juniors, all ambitious to begin Senior work together. In this, however, the hand of fate was against us, for two of our number were forced to throw away this ambition for the sake of the higher demands of health. So we regretfully left them to the class of nineteen-six. When the eventful day came at last and we gathered to organize the Senior class, we found the goodly number of fourteen. It was with a feeling of genuine pleasure that we saw the narrow escape of the "unlucky thirteen." However, the rejoicing was only too soon, for in a short time one of our most influential members was called to lay aside her studies on account of illness.

Despite the obstacles in our paths we have made most earnest efforts for success, and in many ways have been rewarded. Our class has had the reputation of being rather progressive in spirit; in fact we once incurred the enmity of some higher classmen on this ground. Yet we are inclined to pride ourselves on this fact, and are doing all in our power to sustain this reputation. The work for the annual has been taken up heartily. We have endeavored to take advantage of the time by beginning early any extra duties, to prevent being crowded at last.

One of the most important lessons that we have learned during our work at the Presbyterian College is that we do not finish our education here, but only begin it. When we were in the preparatory school we were so often reminded of the hardships we would meet on entering college, that we began to think these would be the only hardships to confront us. But we have to look at these things

very differently now, for instead of the work of College we have to consider the work of life.

We would not have the reader feel that our work has been all strenuous and that we have been kept constantly grinding. Our teachers have been faithful in giving us opportunities for our social training as well as for our mental development. We would note especially the pleasures afforded us by the receptions, the visits to friends in town, and occasional attendance at the Academy of Music.

Of our attainments in the intellectual line I will not attempt an explanation, for this can best be given by those who have taught us. But if by chance in after years the reader should find our record in the "Doomsday Book" he will be able to judge for himself as to our acquirements in this line.

Perhaps among my comrades may be found some future historian who will record the deeds of those among us whose future life proves worthy of note, or indeed may be founded on the romantic touch seen among the members of our class. But for this I cannot say. A full account of the outcome of our years spent here will be found on the page of prophecy which will reveal our future to the eyes of the world.

M. J.



Class Prophecy '05

Kind Muse! to open the Book of Fate,
Where all the secrets of the present state
And those of the future lie deeply hidden,
To me, poor mortal! the duty given.
So I, for thy prophetic aid do plead,
Oh Muse! since I all the future would read.
Then the kind Muse began singing to me
Of what each will be and of what degree.
And when the class of '05 has stepped in
With Mary Jamison will I begin.

She is the one with whom you will find
That Cupid was so especially kind—
In school she was so studious and smart,
Then least expected to play this part—
Never a minute for social life,
Everything seemed a continual strife
To get the best marks of all the class,
But little we knew the things that did pass,
For all, blushes red, and divinely tall,
In veil she stood the very next Fall.

"Annie J." the next in line has for name
Far as I can read in the book—the same
Dear girl, and an example will give
By her own life of how we should live.
Uprooting evil, soothing every sigh,
Is she best known for in passing by.
She will show best Miss Watkin's hard work
To teach us our duty never to shirk—
No better person will there ever be
Famed for her goodness and piety.

The next as a professor will soar high,
Ready to tell things the what and the why.
From the beginning you could easily see
Very famous for Latin she would be.
Strict in her work and always in the right,
Thus giving her scholars many a fright,
The name, Gertrude Kerr, everybody sings,
Not only for this but for many things.
When she at last her work shall lay down
All the world with her praises will resound.

And this is the secret the kind Muse said
Of Elva McDowell with her blushes red—
As a dainty nurse will she draw near
To the sick and suffering to ease and cheer.
The weary patient awakes from his nap
And wishes to see in the little white cap
The one who is ever ready to soothe,
To comfort, and all rough pillows to smooth.
At duty's call will she do her best,
Thus winning at last a peaceful rest.

The business one—Mary Mac—will be
Without Muse's help, we all can see.
Always busy from morn to night,
And for the class as a shining light,
Will prove what we each might do,
By being to her calling ever true.
Upward in her profession will she go
And leave all others far below
By saying, "I'm busy—haven't time."
We know McMurray with more rhyme.

Oh Muse! what canst thou prophecy
About McFadyen as she passes by.
You see her holding all alone
And holding the people as on a throne.
Why do you sit so silently? Draw near,
And the sweetest song you will hear.
As a prima donna she reigns supreme,
And, listening, you fancy yourself in a dream.
Much more than a queen has she done,
For her name is on every tongue.

A musician will there be in some large place
Who hath a sweet and lovely face,
Not like in that respect to the men
Who in the times gone by could send
All such maidens to utter shame
That they dare think that their own name
Could ever be renowned, but Moore
In spite of them just as high will soar,
And prove that those that went before
Will not be all—there is still "Moore."

If you will go to a certain town,
And watch the people riding round,
You will see who goes at each call
From the sick and wounded—each and all—
In any weather—shine or rain—
M. Patrick goes to those in pain.
We each are glad that we can say:
“Why, that physician went in my day
To old P. C. and made right there
A better name than anywhere.”

Saddler will settle in a country seat,
A little school-teacher, trim and neat,
Calm as ever with boys who fight,
Never gets angry, but shows them the right.
Each one of her pupils wishes to be
Just as good and quiet and scholarly.
Very plainly now we can see, too,
Why she never had time much loafing to do,
Was preparing to make as great her art
As any we held as dear to our heart.

There is a lady in society
Who outshines us all, so Muse tells me.
Her dresses are many, prettily made;
To visit her often really paid.
She is so bright, happy and gay,
Excel her very few there may.
At any ball, reception, tea
Among the guests there would she be.
“Miss Wakefield,” you would hear them call
On every side by each and all.

The youngest in the '05 class
Allowed no older one to pass
Her by, and much there might be said
Of how she bravely fought for head.
In after years she worked right on
And proved her talent hadn't gone.
For the pieces she wrote were many,
As well written and good as any
Who profess to be greater by far
Than Kate—of course, they never really are.

“A prophet is not without honor
Save in his own country and in his own home.”
—Matt. 13, 57.

B. MARTIN.

Farewell

Farewell to Ethics dull and drear,
To French and Latin too.
Farewell to History this self-same year,
And, Psychology, farewell to you.

No more your pages I will scan,
Once, then again, but all in vain,
With fainting heart and trembling hand,
To find what knowledge I may gain.

No more your lessons I'll recite,
No more your problems I will try;
No more your theories deep though right,
But to them all now say Good-bye.

M. P.





Junior Class Organization

President

NINA PATRICK

Vice-President

NELL SARRATT

Monitress

GERTRUDE REA

Secretary and Treasurer

KATE PARKER

Historian

LENA REINHARDT

Vice-Monitress

MAUD LENTZ

IRENE ALLISON

MAUDE LENTZ

LOUISE CRAIG

LUCIA MILLS

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JOSEPHINE MURPHY

LOUISE DAVIDSON

NEAL POLK

EUNICE HOOVER

FANNY PORTER

SARA HARGRAVE

GRACE RANKIN

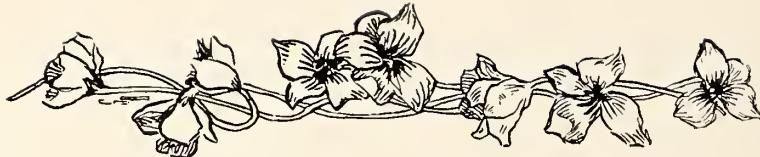
BLANCHE HUMPHREY

RUTH SHANNONHOUSE

DELIA KENDRICK

DAISY WILLIAMS

RACHEL HOWERTON



Junior Class History

*Here's to the class of 1906,
Here's to the Gold and Black—
Here's to the girls who will return,
And to those who won't come back.*

What is the use of singing the praise of the class of 1906? Do we not think, like all classes ahead and those to come, that our class is the best?

Our trials, joys, and experiences in every line have been just what others have gone through, but it is natural for one to be partial to her own class.

Every one should agree that a Junior's life, however, is nicest. The green Fresh days are over; we have passed the stages of the foolishly wise Sophomores, who think they know it all. As Juniors, we realize the more we learn the more there is for us to learn. The Seniors, too, seem to think they know a great deal, but as we have not been along that line, we shall wait until next year and see for ourselves how much they really do know.

L. R.



JUNIOR CLASS



Class of '07

YELL.—Gee, gee, gee, ree, ree, ree,
We're the Sophs of old P. C.
Green and white, green and white,
We're the class that's out of sight.

COLORS—Green and White.

<i>President</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Atha Hicks
<i>Vice-President</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Louise Alexander
<i>Historian</i>	-	-	-	-	-	HeLEN Bridges
<i>Monitress</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Bleeker Reid

MARGARET ABBOT	PANSY BRIDGERS
BESSIE BURKHEIMER	MAUDE CROWELL
LETITIA CRAVEN	LUCY HARRIS
LUCY HENRY	AURELIA HAND
ANNA HOWERTON	FAIR KUYKENDAL
MARY MASON	GERTRUDE MELCHOR
EVA NAIR	MARGARET NAIR
MARY PARKER	ELOISE RANKIN
KATE ROBINSON	LAURINDA RICHARDSON
CARRIE SMITH	ESTHER SHANNONHOUSE
MARIE SLOAN	HARRIET WITHERSPOON

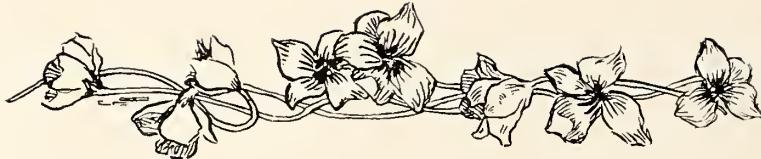
Special Students

SALLIE DIXON

SALLIE GRAHAM



SOPHOMORE CLASS.



Sophomore Class History

We have at last reached the dizzy heights of the Sophomore Class, and we can really feel that our Senior Cap and Gown is not very far away.

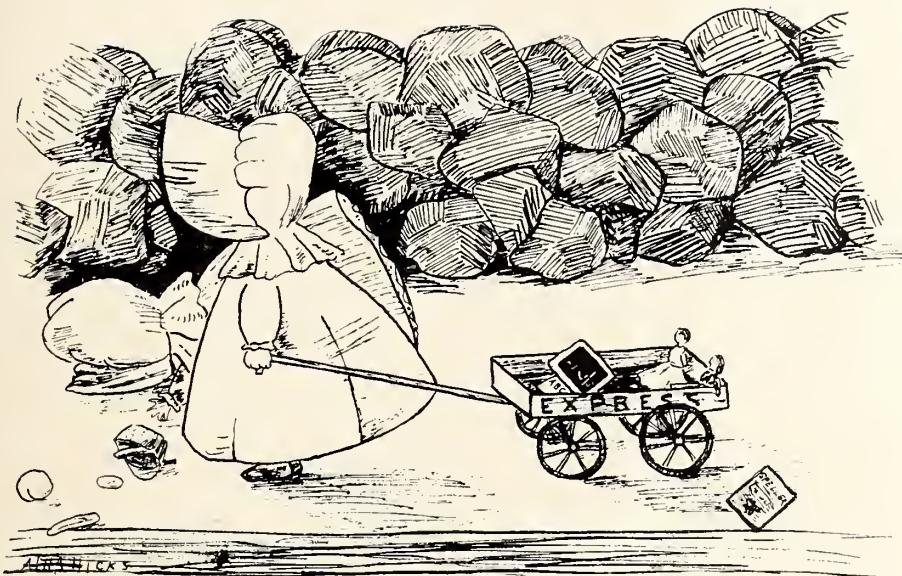
We have noticed that conceit is usually attributed to Sophomores, and we wish to say that we are not conceited. Of course we cannot help but feel our superiority over the Fresh., but remembering our young and foolish days, which now seem so dim and far away, we try to be patient with them, and snub them only when it is necessary—which is rather often. Still, they seem to try to look up to us and we remember that we are Sophomores.

We have had our share of the troubles; for instance, when we were kept Sub Fresh for three years while they were raising the standard.

And we have had our share of the fun, for who is more care free than the Sophs? When they are Juniors the anxieties of the Seniors begin to oppress them. But Sophomores can let all cares alone and have a good time while they can.

We now can truthfully say our motto, "Per aspera ad aspera."

H. B.



FRESHMEN

YELL:—

Zip-a-la, Zip-a-la- Zip-a-la-ze,
We are the Fresh of Old P. C.,
Rah, Rah, Rah. Zip-la-zate,
Naughty eight, Naughty eight.
Seals our fate.

Officers

President

LOUISE DAVIS

Historian

LEELA BEATY

Class Roll

EVELYN DIFFEY
RUTH REILLEY
LOUIA SQUIRES
FANNIE LITTLE
PEARL SLOANE
ANNA ALEXANDER
REBECCA CALDWELL
MABEL RANKIN

MILDRED MCLEAN
KATE VANSTORY
SADIE DICK
ELIZABETH PILSON
MARY MOORE
LOUISE DAVIS
LEELA BEATY
FLORENCE HUET

History of the Class of '08

We assembled on a bright morning in September, Nineteen Hundred and Four. I am sorry to say we had not the happy faces we should have had that morning, but how could we when we were longing so to go back home and stay there, forever. And then, we were frightened very much indeed, and looking with envy on the "Big Sophomores," whom we thought "knew it all."

Our sole ambition was to be Sophomores, too, so we set to work and determined to do our best, no matter what it cost.

Although everybody was very kind to us, we thought we had an awful time studying so hard, but the Sophomores took a delight in saying to us, "Wait until you get in the Sophomore class, then you will think you have to study."

We struggle on with our trials and difficulties, but, we assure you, we have had many happy hours. Oh! those letters and boxes; what untold pleasures they gave us.

As Christmas drew near, we were cheered by the thought of going home, but time passed swiftly and soon we found ourselves back at school, the holidays over.

Our final examinations filled us with dark forebodings during the last weeks, trying to prepare answers for those inquisitive teachers.

Soon Commencement came, bringing its sorrow and joy; sorrow at parting with dear friends, joy at the thought of home. So we bid each other farewell, hoping to meet again in September, Nineteen Hundred and Five.

L. B.

“The Harmonics”

President

LUCY MCINTOSH

Vice-President

MARGARET MCIVER

Secretary and Treasurer

LINDA HENDRIX

Members

LOIS GOGGANS

DIXIE McQUEEN

NINA RAMSAY

TILLIE TATUM

SADIE DICK

MARGARET MORRIS

MELVILLE GIBSON

FLORA MIL McMILLIAN

NELLIE VAN STEWART

ETHELEEN FREEMAN

JESSIE MOORE

ESTELLE PITTMAN

GERTRUDE McFADYEN

MARY OWEN

MABEL STOKES

Motto:

Never B^b, Always B[#], Sometimes B^{##}

COLORS

Light Blue and White.



THE "HARMONICS."



Was it Fate?



Y DEAR HAROLD:—The scheme of six weeks' separation, to prove our mutual devotion, has at last had its effect, and I am writing to tell you that I have considered matters fully (and matters are much easier to consider away from you), and that in spite of our love for each other, I deem it best to marry money. I have met it here; it is endowed with an overwhelming devotion for me and instead of being repulsive, as is usually the case, is thoroughly attractive; just the man to make a girl happy. He is coming with me to Charlotte to-morrow, so you can judge him for yourself.

I can almost see the love and admiration you have for me running down below the zero point in the thermometer of your affections as you read this sordid letter, but I have known all along that it wasn't for the best that I marry a poor man. You see, above all other considerations there is Casey—what a royal good time she will have here in New Orleans! She is so young and so pretty too, and the advantages of wealth are overpowering. Then, don't you think that sometimes I may sigh for all this that you cannot give me? I may not, but if I ever did our marriage would become a regret and our married life a failure. My resolution seems so strong now, I hope it will hold good when I see you again. This is the reason I am writing to you instead of waiting to tell you, for I am afraid of you, Harold. Afraid that when I see you again I shouldn't have the courage to say it to you to your face. So please, please, don't make it too hard for me, and perhaps I'll get through the crisis safely. When it is over, and I am Mrs. Holmes, don't think too hardly of me, for just remember it *hurts*.

Margaret.

* * * * *

"Hello Carty! Aren't you going to the rehearsal this morning? Look here, old man, what is the matter; you look staggered! Brace up. What's happened? Nobody dead?"

Harold Carter stood on the steps of the post office with a newly opened letter clenched in a strong brown hand that trembled. Twice he passed his hand across his forehead as though to smooth away some horrible night-mare. Then suddenly he straightened himself and smiled down at his cheerful companion.

"Nothing wrong, Harry, only something of a surprise. Sure, I am on my way to the rehearsal now; we'd better hurry too." He crammed the letter into his pocket and neither man spoke until they reached the theatre where the cast of the Amateur Dramatic Club for charity had assembled for the last rehearsal before the night's performance.

As they entered they found the stage in a state of wild confusion. Groups were scattered here and there discussing in high excited voices the calamity that had befallen the leading lady, who had just sent word she would be unable to make an appearance that night. Bedlam reigned! Everybody was offering a different opinion as to what should be done, but no advice seemed to suit the occasion. Mrs. McClellan's brow was wrinkled into an ominous frown. "We'll go on with the rehearsal," she said, "and I'll get some one to fill the place, even if she can only read the part."

The rehearsal over, the crowd of actors and critics disbanded to finish costumes and make the last preparations for the night.

As the door closed, Mrs. McClellan turned to Mrs. Hunter: "There is just one person in this town who can wear Clara Goode's clothes, and decently act the part. You remember Margaret Davenport, the girl we originally picked out for the part? Well, she learned the lines, but before the first rehearsal left for New Orleans, and has been there five or six weeks. She returned this morning; do you think she could do it?"

"I think she is decidedly the best substitute we can find. I'll go to see her at once. I guess I'd better take her the costumes; there may be alterations, you know."

So before night Mrs. Hunter had every detail about the new star's appearance satisfactorily settled. Margaret was to play the leading feminine roll opposite Harold Carter as the leading man, and both were in perfect ignorance of this game of Fate.

The town had been in a buzz of excitement for weeks, eagerly awaiting the initial performance of the new Dramatic Club. The entire house had been sold long beforehand, and tonight people in the lobby were paying fabulous prices for

standing room. Inside there was a sight to gladden the senses of the most hardened. Youth, beauty, wealth and manhood were mingled in a glow of color that made one's brain whirl. Diamonds glittered under eyes that shone far brighter. Laughter broke in silver ripples from all corners of the house. Each person had drowned his sorrow for the night and waited with eager expectancy the rise of the curtain. In one box there was a merry crowd of men and girls who were criticizing a handsome man in the box opposite.

"I don't blame her at all for marrying him. Margaret has worked hard enough to know the value of money, and he has millions, you know!" Frank Craven cast an annoying glance at Kitty Andrews as she spoke.

"I blame her," said a low voice in the corner, "he isn't unattractive in the least, but oh, girls, she is in love with Harold Carter, and money matters so little when you can get love." Then she broke into a laugh at the consternation the remark caused, and put up her glasses. "But I wonder where Margaret is; she came home today, you know." The group started another conversation, and the suitor from New Orleans sat in the box opposite, bored and expectant until the curtain rose.

Great excitement greeted the announcement that Miss Davenport would take Miss Goode's part, as Miss Goode had been in a runaway that morning and was suffering from a severe accident. And it wasn't until the curtain rose on the first act that a hush fell over the house.

Behind the scene two people were settling their future happiness with tense earnestness.

"Margaret," he said, as he shook hands with her, "I didn't know anything about this until I came here tonight. I am sorry, but it will be no less hard on me than on you. Why are you so cruel to yourself and to me; don't you see, can't you understand——but I promised not to make it hard for you and I won't." He turned away to hide his feelings. She smiled faintly, a sad, wistful little smile. "Tonight we act our lives out there on the stage before an unsympathetic public. If at the end I am convinced that the words of the play are true, and that money weighed in the balance against love is found wanting, why, Harold, I'll tell you so then and there, and you will have my answer for always."

"But you know how the play ends?"

"They always end like that on the stage. Our ending is to be decided by the power of your acting, and if you can prove to me before the cold eyes of the

people that wealth is a worthless bauble, why, when the last scene of the third act comes—”

“Yes?” he scarcely breathed.

“You will read in my face whether I am willing to cast all this other aside for you.”

The first and second acts ended amid bursts of applause, and the audience breathlessly awaited the rise of the curtain on the third and last act. In the first act the heroine had promised her decrepit father on his death bed to marry for money a man whom she loathed. In the second act the detested suitor had striven in vain to please the girl of his choice and had at last been accepted in a half-hearted manner, that made her a martyr.

Harold Carter, as the man who had been in love with her since girlhood, and coming from the West at this critical time to claim her, did not appear in either of the first two acts, and the audience was waiting with restless interest to see the strong Westerner snatch the heroine from the gulf of misery that yawned beneath her.

The curtain rose and there was a unanimous murmur of admiration. The stage setting was truly beautiful, but the man in the center easily held the attention of everybody present. He was standing to the full height of his six feet two inches, hands in pockets, head thrown back, with its mass of light hair standing out in bold relief against the dark background of the stage. He had used no cosmetic and the strong lights made him look singularly pale and high-bred. Instantly from the door to the left the leading lady made her entrance. Never had Margaret Davenport been more beautiful than at this moment. A simple clinging, white crepe gown left her shoulders bare, in great coils of black, shining hair a single red rose nestled. Her slanting eyes were accentuated by heavily marked brows, and in the black and white of her face only the mouth was a warm bright red. One single, long stemmed American Beauty rose broke the whiteness of the trailing dress.

She advanced to the middle of the stage and held out a slim white hand to the man standing there.

“So, after six years of the wild West you have come back, Joe?” There was the least lifting of the dark eyes to those so evidently lost in admiration of her personality.

“Yes, Mazie, I have come for you!” The tense voice was strong and sweet.

"And you've grown, Joe." The hand he still held trembled slightly.
"You haven't, Mazie, except—" and a glint of mischief was in his eyes,
"except in wickedness."

Instantly the spell was broken; she was an actress again, every inch of her. She laughed a long silvery laugh, her chin went up, and she looked him full in the face with eyes that mocked and dared and bewildered.

"You are most uncomplimentary!" she nodded, and took her seat at the piano. "I shall sing," she announced—

"Dear Heart, I love you!"

"Dear Heart, I love you!"

Clear, sweet and strong the voice rang through the theatre, and tears welled to the eyes of people who were sure they had forgotten.

"I'd kiss it,

And wear its thorns for you!"

The last note died out amid a storm of applause, and spell-bound Harold had time to collect himself for his next speech.

He said his lines with an earnestness too tense for acting. Word after word of glowing, adoring love he poured out to the leading lady, who was fast losing control of herself. And when he finished he had touched the audience in a way that is seldom in the power of amateurs.

But if Harold's acting was good, Margaret's was better. The words of her part, as she said them in a heart-breaking quaver, burned themselves into the hearts of the people. And who that was present that night can forget the look of overwhelming despair as with unseeing eyes she looked into the well-dressed throng and murmured, "I cannot! How dare I?" When suddenly the versatile face changed to a look of radiant, immeasurable love, and with a fascinating smile and gesture she turned to the pleading man.

"Joe," she cried, and her voice broke, "I love you."

Then came the last scene of the third act and the curtain.

The maid gathered up the scattered finery, while Harold found the star's carriage. As he shut the door she leaned out with a joyful laugh. "Things always end like this on the stage," she cried.

"But this time, Margaret, it has just begun."

—*Louie M. Jones.*



Societies

Pierian Society

President

MARY McMURRY

Vice-President

ANNIE JOHNSTON

Secretary

LUCY McINTOSH

Treasurer

RACHEL HOWERTON

Critic

ELVA McDOWELL

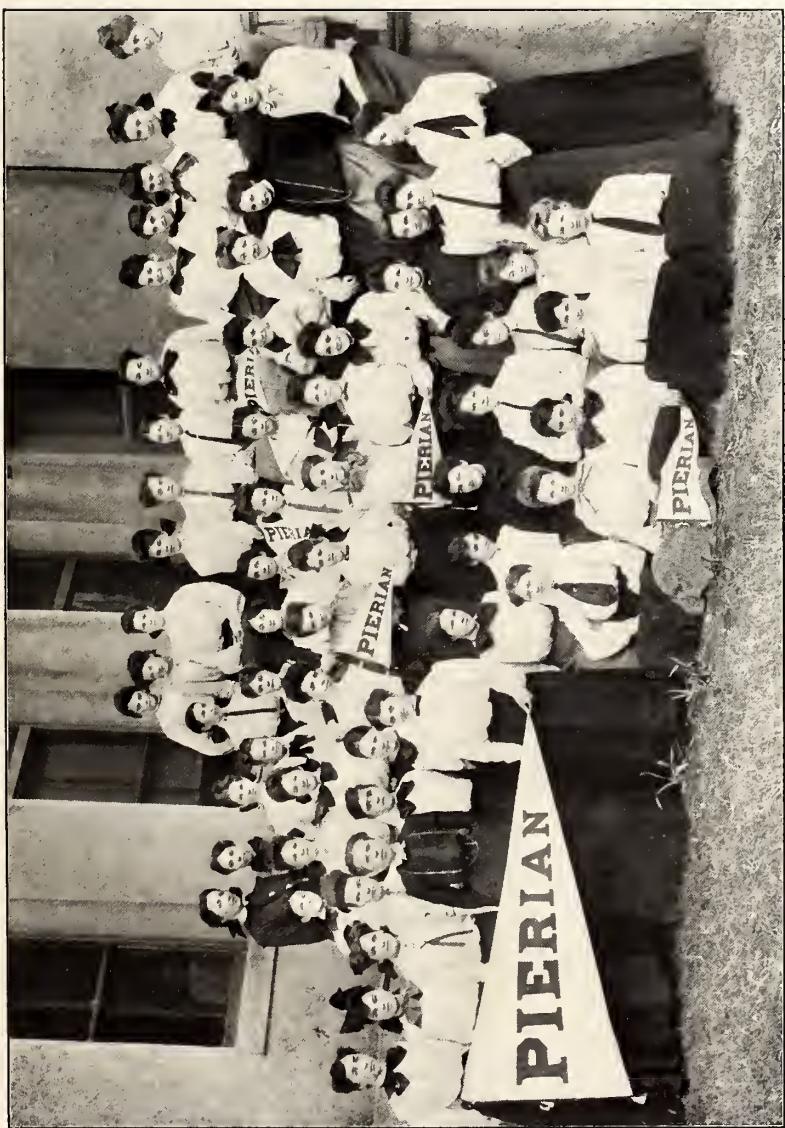
Supervisors

SALLIE GRAHAM

SALLIE DIXON

Members

LOUISE ALEXANDER	LUCY HENRY	MARGARET MORRIS
IRENE ALLISON	BESSIE HENDERSON	MINNIE MILLER
MARGARET ABBOT	ATHA HICKS	MAUDE NOTTINGHAM
BESSIE AYCOCK	LINDA HENDRIX	ILVA NOTTINGHAM
PANSY BRIDGERS	EUNICE HOOVER	KATE PARKER
LEILA BEATTY	ANNA HOWERTON	MARY PARKER
BESSIE BURKHEIMER	RACHEL HOWERTON	ELIZABETH PILSON
SARAH BROKENBOROUGH	BLANCHE HUMPHREY	NEAL POLK
ETHEL CLARK	EUNICE HUTCHINSON	FANNY PORTER
LOUISE CRAIG	SARAH JONES	NINA RAMSEY
ELIZABETH CHAMBERS	MINTA JONES	LENA REINHARDT
KATHERINE CRAMER	ANNE JOHNSTON	MATT REINHARDT
REBECCA CALDWELL	DELIA KENDRICK	LURIN RICHARDSON
SUSIE CHILDS	FAIR KUYKENDAL	MAMIE ROBINSON
LOUISE DAVIS	BESS MARTIN	BLEEKER REID
LOUISE DAVIDSON	FLORA NEIL McMILLAN	NELL SARRATT
EVELYN DIFFEY	ANNIE McMILLAN	FLOY SADLER
MINETTA DIFFEY	MARY McMILLAN	MARIE SLOAN
SADIE DICK	MILDRED McLEAN	ESSIE STOKES
SALLIE DIXON	LUCY McINTOSH	MABEL STOKES
HELEN EDDY	GERTRUDE McFADYEN	EDITH SAVAGE
ELLEN GRAHAM	ELVA McDOWELL	CLARA THOMPSON
SALLIE GRAHAM	BESS McALESTER	TILLIE TATUM
MELVILLE GIBSON	MARGARET McIVER	KATE VANSTORY
LOIS GOGGANS	DIXIE McQUEEN	WILLIE WAKEFIELD
SARA HARGRAVE	MARY McMURRAY	DAISY WILLIAMS
EULA HAYNES	MARY MASON	ROSA MAY WISE
VIRGINIA HAYNES	COLINE MUNROE	HARRIET WITHERSPOON
LUCY HARRIS	JOSEPHINE MURPHY	



The Pierian Literary Society

MOTTO:

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

Thoroughness is the keynote of the Pierian motto—the record for 1904-5 shows that the Society has striven as never before to live up to the spirit of its motto. Strong and effective has been the work along all lines.

Starting in September with fifty-one members, the enrolment has now reached eighty-seven, the result of earnest individual work on the part of the members.

The literary standard has been raised by abandoning the desultory method of selecting program material here, there, and everywhere, and by concentrating the year's study upon one country, England.

No longer is the complete furnishing of the Society Hall a dream; it has become a reality. Curtains of a dark, rich crimson, and walls tinted to harmonize constitute the last improvements made.

Among the social events of this year have been the initiation ceremonies at the opening of College, and the open meeting at the close, each a pronounced success in a different way.

The Society now stands upon a firmer basis than ever, and yet, great as is the pride in a past well spent, still greater should be the interest in the future. Judging from the past it is safe to prophesy:

"The best is yet to be."

Gamma Sigma Organization

Officers

President, KATE WALTERS, Blanche, North Carolina.

Vice-President, EVA NAIR, Clifton Forge, Virginia.

Secretary, MABEL PATRICK, Lowell, North Carolina.

Treasurer, GERTRUDE KERR, Charlotte, North Carolina.

Critic, MARY JAMISON, Charlotte, North Carolina.

Sergeant-at-Arms, PEARL SLOAN, Charlotte, North Carolina.

Members

ANNA ALEXANDER	MARGARET NAIR
HELEN BRIDGES	MARY OWEN
LETITIA CRAVEN	NINA PATRICK
MAUDE CROWELL	MABEL PATRICK
INEZ CRUMP	ESTELLE PITTMAN
AURELIA HAND	MABEL RANKIN
LINDA HOUSTON	GRACE RANKIN
FLORENCE HUET	ELOISE RANKIN
MARY JAMISON	GERTRUDE REA
STUART JONES	ONA SPILMAN
GERTRUDE KERR	CARRIE SMITH
MAUDE LENTZ	NELLIE STUART
LUCIA MILLS	CATHERINE TAYLOR
JOHN MILLER	JESSIE MOORE
GERTRUDE MELCHOR	FANNIE LITTLE
EVA NAIR	LETTIE DOBBINS
	MARY MOORE

Gamma Sigma Literary Society

The Gamma Sigma leads the way
With "Truth" as motto holy.
Then let each member faithful stay
In service high or lowly.

The Gamma Sigma Society opened the year favorably by holding high yet dignified revel early in September, when a goodly number of applicants for membership were duly and thoroughly initiated, and were then as generously "treated."

Coming down to sober work, it is noteworthy that the programmes for the year were exceedingly varied, comprising current events, politics, literature, music and general entertainment. The literary programmes brought out live discussions on Japan, on Russia, and on New Inventions, for every member took deep interest in these vital topics. The musical members of the Society moreover, cheerfully used their talents to add by voice, by piano, and by violin to the general pleasure and sociability. Early in the Fall the Society held an open meeting, to which all the honorary members were invited. Songs and recitations from the poems of Eugene Field and of Mr. James Whitcomb Riley were well given and were thoroughly enjoyed.

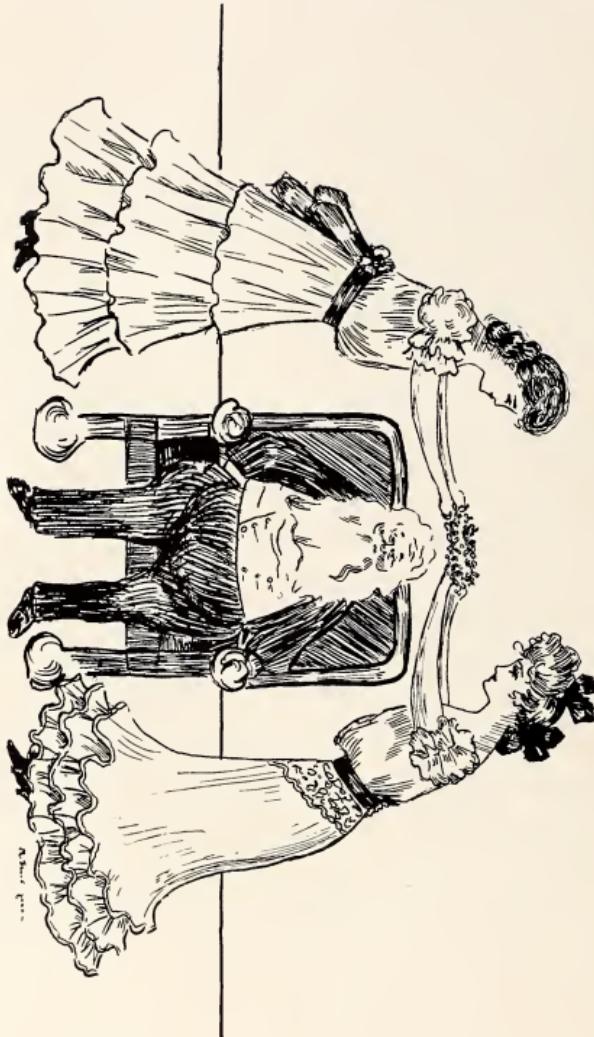
Not to be omitted is the fact that the Society Hall is now beautified with graceful tapestry curtains in the Society colors, purple and yellow. Across the transom, moreover, has been hung a purple velvet curtain upon which appears in large gilt letters the initials of the Society.

A fitting close to a year of successful work was the banquet to the Senior Class.

To every "Gamma Sigma,"
The royal purple lift on high!
Though joy or grief befall thee,
Keep thou its meaning ever nigh:
"Be true till death shall call thee!"



CHRISTMAS





Just a Love-sick Maid



HE HOTEL PORCH was almost deserted. It was too early for the guests to have come down for supper, and so a few men held the porch entirely to themselves. Most of them were sitting with their feet on the railing, calmly smoking and gazing dreamily out over the white sand and the wide expanse of water in front. The white-capped breakers gradually receded from the high-tide mark, and finally became lost in the gray of the evening.

Soon after the lights were turned on, a lady appeared at the farthest end of the building and slowly traversed the whole length of the porch. She seemed to be looking for some one, for she glanced eagerly into every face she passed. She was of medium height, and was rather plainly, though neatly dressed in white lawn. Her age? What a question! Suffice it to say she was over thirty—how much I dare not tell. She finally entered the lobby and seated herself where she could see both the large stairways, which wound around and met each other not far from the landing of the second floor.

While she sits there watching we shall go back and review a part of her life. Fifteen years before she had met him at a party given by a friend of hers. He was tall and handsome, and had talked *beautifully* to the rather timid girl. He had done it to oblige his hostess, and to make this poor, shrinking girl feel more at ease. She did not know this, of course, and her worship of him began at that moment.

She saw him occasionally (during the next five years) when he came through the city on business, and once he called on her. Oh, what a flutter of excitement she was in all that day! She arranged her hair at least seven times between six and eight o'clock—she tried on every color of ribbon she had, and it is not known how long she would have kept this up had not the door bell rung. In haste she caught up a piece of red, put it on, and went down to the parlor with that color not only around her neck but in her face also.

What an evening that was to remember! What divine songs he had sung, she thought that night as she tossed to and fro, unable to sleep!

He? Well, he had gone to see her because another young lady friend of his was not in town, and he thought he had had a very agreeable time—that was all. He steadily rose in his profession and soon moved to another state, and for about eight years she did not see him. Then she unexpectedly met him in New York during the Christmas holidays, and she thought that he seemed very glad to see her. He took her to lunch and was cheerful and happy all the time. When he left her he said he hoped he should see her again soon, and she went on her way on wings, and so blissfully unconscious of everything earthly that her purse was picked, and even her watch was stolen, and she knew nothing of it until she reached her home.

He was going to spend a few days of his vacation at a certain watering place, he had told her, and she immediately made her plans to stay there all summer. This brief sketch brings us back to her seated expectantly in the lobby. She knew that he was in the house, for she had seen his name on the register which she had searched every day. She did not have to wait long, for the guests had begun coming down from supper, and she saw him among the gaily dressed throng. He also espied her and came rapidly toward her, holding out his hands joyously.

After expressing his pleasure at meeting her, he turned around to a beautiful woman, whom she had not perceived, and smiling proudly, introduced her as "My Wife."

Fortunately some friends came up just then to congratulate the happy bride and groom, and she slipped quickly away to her room. Next morning, on the earliest train, she left.

Her hopes and dreams were thus suddenly and cruelly shattered, and from this time she became a violent man-hater, and soured against the world in general. She then began teaching; and now she takes her spite out on us Sophs., and Juniors, and especially on the poor little Fresh.

S. H.

Ode to a Purse

Oh, purse, how canst thou empty be
Knowing that how I do love thee,
It is quite sad, oh, cruel indeed
And just the time you most I need.

Where goeth all that I give to thee,
I never know, where can it be?
Surely an account you could keep
And not devour such a heap.

I believe 'twas only last week
I filled you full, but, oh such cheek
As yours a mortal never had;
I fear you'll send me to the bad.

Now I shall have a month to wait,
But that will be a month too late,
For bills are waiting day by day
Which poor old Dad will have to pay.

L. R.



Marshalls

Chief

KATE PARKER, *Pierian.*

Pierian:

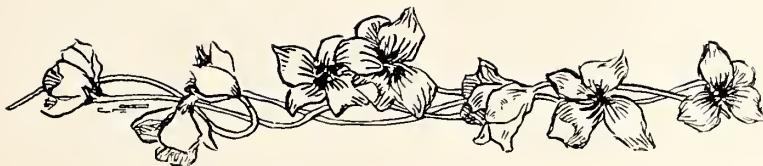
MARGARET MORRIS
LOIS GOGGANS
MARGARET McIVER
ATHA HICKS

Gamma Sigma:

HELEN BRIDGES
GRACE RANKIN
MAUDE LENTZ
EVA NAIR







Music Faculty

Director

DR. CHARLES R. FISHER

MRS. C. R. FISHER

MRS. STEWART

MISS SUMNER

MISS McFADYEN

Vocal

MISS MITCHELL

A Faculty Tea

'Twas in the month of October,
And not in the month of May,
That the girls though ten in number
Had planned a Faculty Tea.

The other girls had all assembled
At the tables numbering nine,
Awaiting the approach of the Faculty
Who came in one at a time.

Each teacher she waited in patience
For her second to come down the line,
Wondering how she looked unto others,
But this she knew in a short time.

A giggle, a shoo, then all silence,
And in through the door down the room,
Came a figure not tall, nor not slightly,
But a figure that everyone knew.

In a dress of grey was she attired,
And she bears a name of the same,
But this lady can never take passengers,
For this lady she never wears trains.

Next in number, if I don't blunder,
Is the teacher of arts and of crafts;
Miss Anthony's her name, "Dear Heart" is the same,
And she is loved by all in her class.

Two of the ten came in arm in arm,
Always laughing and joking, but never mean harm;
One teaches the Bible, the other expression they say,
And this is the thing that they do every day.

Through that dining room door came in two more,
And these both rather sedate;
Shy and reserved is one, and the other just full of fun
Has a walk at a very good gait.

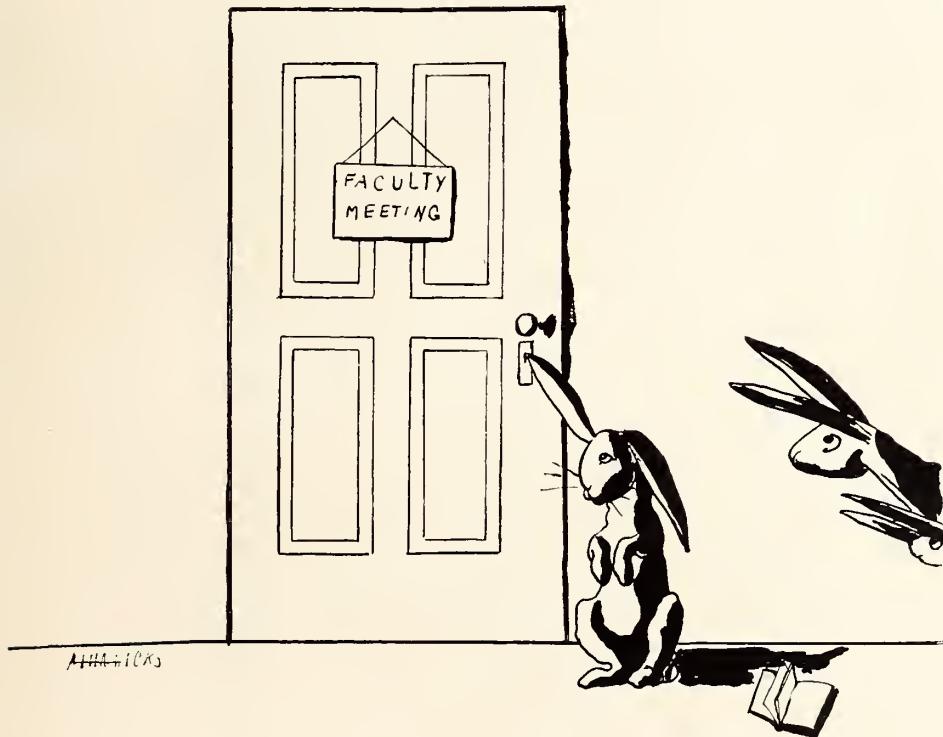
Then still another who knows not disorders,
Came in as the others had done,
New in the school, would be tall on a stool,
And having an air, "I am who I am."

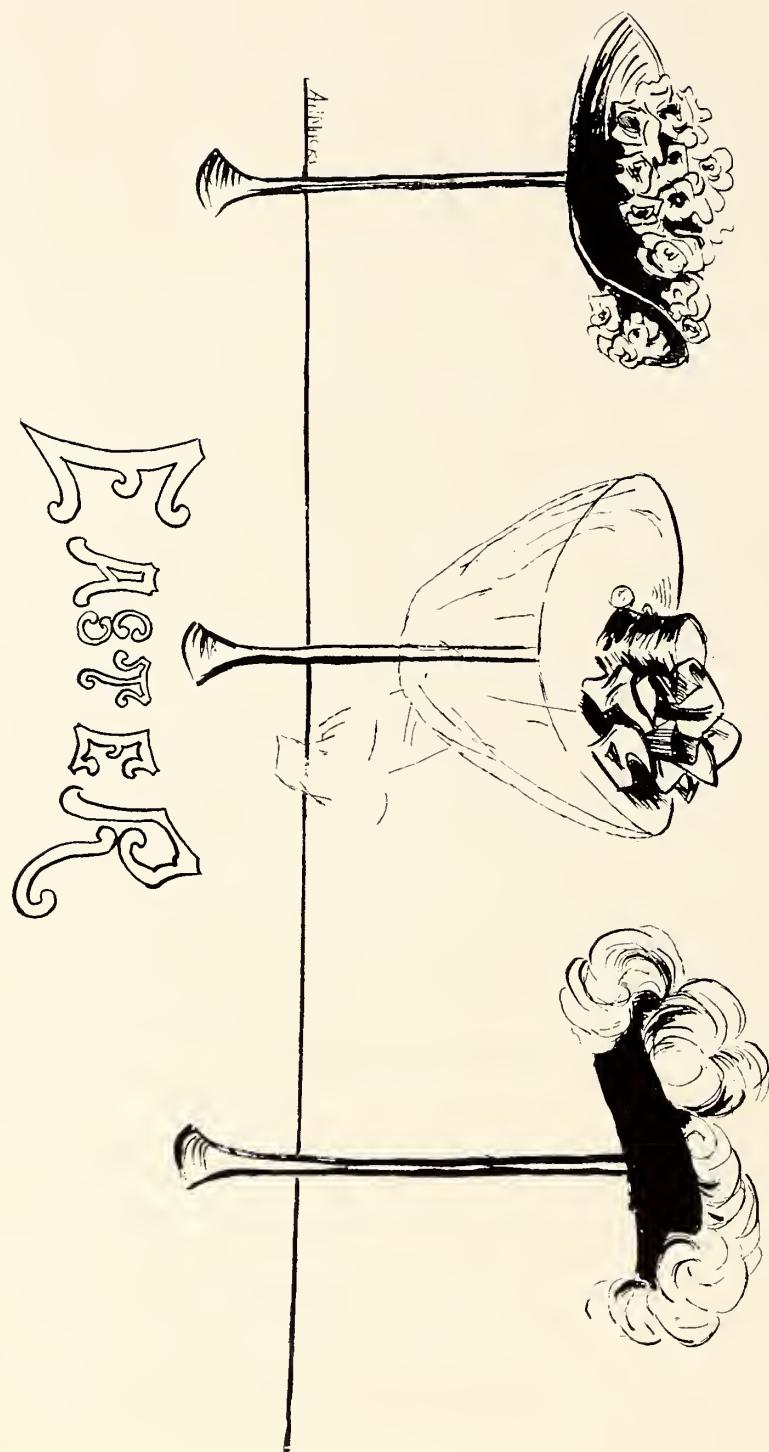
And at that tea, another had we,
Who at Harvard for a time had been,
Her ways peculiar, and she no lover of men;
So therefore was voted no very young hen.

Last of all to complete that tea,
Came a figure so stately think we,
Two languages she teaches, if I rightly recall,
And also acts as second mother to all.

But this tea, like all other teas,
Was the subject for gossip and general glee,
They walked and they chattered and kept up a clatter,
And no one retired until they had cleaned their platters.

F. H.

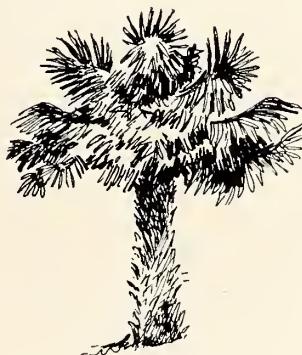




Sonnet to my Mother

To thee who art so sweet and kind and good
Unworthy I now try thy praise to sing,
And yet I know, dear, that the smallest thing
Will please thee if it shows the love it should.
For us, thy children, thou didst freely give
The best part of thy talents and thy years,
Not thinking of thyself, though shedding tears
Over our ills. Ah! nobly dost thou live.
Oh may I, when I reach the eve of life,
Look back upon a past that is as great.
And, looking forward, know that all the strife
Will soon be o'er, and at the Father's gate
May I, like thee, hear our dear Savior say,
"Well done, my child, now live with me alway."

A. J.







Daddie Rabbit Tennis Team

MOTTO—*Sic semper rabbits.*

SONG—Daddy Rabbit's Got a Barrel of Money.

Captain

ATHA HICKS

Treasurer

KATE VANSTORY

Members

REBECCA CALDWELL

MARGARET MCIVER

LOUISE DAVIS

FLORA NEIL McMILLAN

SADIE DICK

JESSIE MOORE

ETHELINE FREEMAN

MARGARET MORRIS

LULA HARRIS

ELOISE RANKIN

LUCY HARRIS

FLOY SADLER

AURELIA HAND

ESSIE STOKES

FLORENCE HUET

ROSA MAY WISE

ANNIE JOHNSTON

DAISY WILLIAMS

KATE PARKER



Cracker Jack Tennis Team

Captain - - - - LOIS GOGGANS *Vice-President* - - - - LENA REINHARDT

COLORS—Pink and Green. FLOWER—Carnation,

YELL—Cracker! racker! jack! jack!
Cracker jack! jack!

We're the Tennis Team and that's a fact,
Hurrah! Hurrah! for the Pink and Green,
The very best tennis team that ever was seen.
Long live, long live, long live the nation,
Raise three cheers for the Pink Carnation.

CLARA ALEXANDER	-	Charlotte, N. C.	SUSIE CHILDS	-	-	Lincolnton, N. C.
IDA MOORE ALEXANDER	-	Charlotte, N. C.	NINA RAMSAY	-	-	Hickory, N. C.
BESSIE AYCOCK	-	Darlington, S. C.	LENA REINHARDT	-	-	Lincolnton, N. C.
MELVILLE GIBSON	-	Gibson, N. C.	MATT REINHARDT	-	-	Lincolnton, N. C.
LUCY HENRY	-	Abbeville, S. C.	CARRIE SMITH	-	-	Glenn Springs, S. C.
EULA HAYNES	-	Cliffside, N. C.	MARY SMITH	-	-	Guilford, N. C.
VIRGINIA HAYNES	-	Cliffside, N. C.	EDITH SAVAGE	-	-	Cape Charles, Va.
JOSEPHINE MURPHY	-	Hickory, N. C.	LOIS GOGGANS	-	-	Newberry, S. C.
MAUDE NOTTINGHAM	-	Sea View, Va.	TILLIE TATUM	-	-	Greensboro, N. C.
MILDRED MCLEAN	-	Lincolnton, N. C.				



Happy Go Lucky Tennis Team

Captain

LINDA HENDRIX

YELL—Rackety, Rackety, Rackety,
Rah! Rah! Ree!
Happy Go Luckies,
We! We! We!

FLOWER—Four-Leaf Clover.

COLORS—Clover Green and White.

Members

LOUISE DAVIDSON

PEARL SLOAN

BESS MARTIN

KATE DAVIS

LAURIN RICHARDSON

ILVA NOTTINGHAM

LOUISE ALEXANDER

NINA PATRICK

PANSY BRIDGERS

IRENE HUTCHISON

HELEN BRIDGES

ELIZABETH PILSON

EVA NAIR

MARIE SLOAN

MARY MOORE

KATE WALTERS

MABEL STOKES

LUCY MCINTOSH

COLINE MUNROE

ELVA McDOWELL

VASHTI DAVIS



The "Old Sport" Tennis Club

COLORS—Lavender and Pale Yellow.

YELL—"Rickety, Racket, Rum,
We play 'em some,
Old Sport
Sport Sport, Sport."

Captain

SARA HARGRAVE

Members

SARA BROCKENBROUGH, '09

HELEN EDDY, '09

EVELYN DIFFEY, '08

SARA HARGRAVE, '06

MINETTA DIFFEY, '09

RACHEL HOWERTON, '07

BLEEKER REID, '07



CLUBS

copy.



Git-More Chafing Dish Club

COLORS—Potty Black and Snowy White.

MOTTO—"Live to Eat."

YELL—Rickey Racker, Rickey Racker,
Ricker Racker Rub;
Chicker Lacker, Chicker Lacker,
Chafing Dish Club.
Git-more!!!

Business Manager

LINDA HENDRIX

Secretary and Treasurer

LOUISE DAVIDSON

Members

BESS MARTIN

KATE VANSTORY

ATHA HICKS

TILLIE TATUM

MARGARET MORRIS

NINA RAMSAY

SADIE DICK

LOIS GOGGANS

LAURIN RICHARDSON

MARGARET MCIVER

Honorary Members

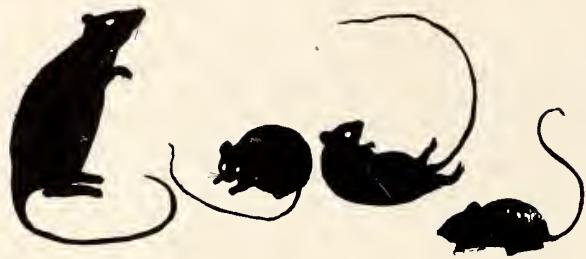
MISS GRIER

MISS SUMNER

MISS MITCHELL







Eat Them UPS

MOTTO—Down with it.

COLORS—Darkness and Daylight.

TIME OF MEETING—On a Good Old Saturday Night.

WHERE WE MEET—That's where.

Toast

Kisses and sweethearts are all very sweet,
And maple sugar is too,
But what is so good to us girls when we meet
As the good old oyster stew.

Members

LENA REINHARDT
MELVILLE GIBSON
VIRGINIA HAYNES
EULA HAYNES
EVA NAIR
HELEN BRIDGES
JOE MURPHY
EDITH SAVAGE
ROSA MAY WISE
MAUDE NOTTINGHAM
FLORENCE HUET
ILVA NOTTINGHAM
LOUISE ALEXANDER

Favorite Dish

Onions
Tapioca
Pumpkin Pie
Eggs
Cheese
Bacon
Milk Toast
Fish
Tomatoes
(Bass) Fish
Mush
Corn Bread
Sour Milk

Best Known as

Captain
Beautiful
Baby
Partner
Gloomy Gus
Helen
Pirks
Little Savage
Bird
Mrs. Brown
Huet
Cassidy
Jack



Virginia Club

COLORS:—Red and Green

FLOWER:—Virginia Creeper

President

EVA LILLIAN NAIR

Secretary and Treasurer

MAUDE NOTTINGHAM

Members

ROSA MAY WISE

MARGARET NAIR

MABEL STOKES

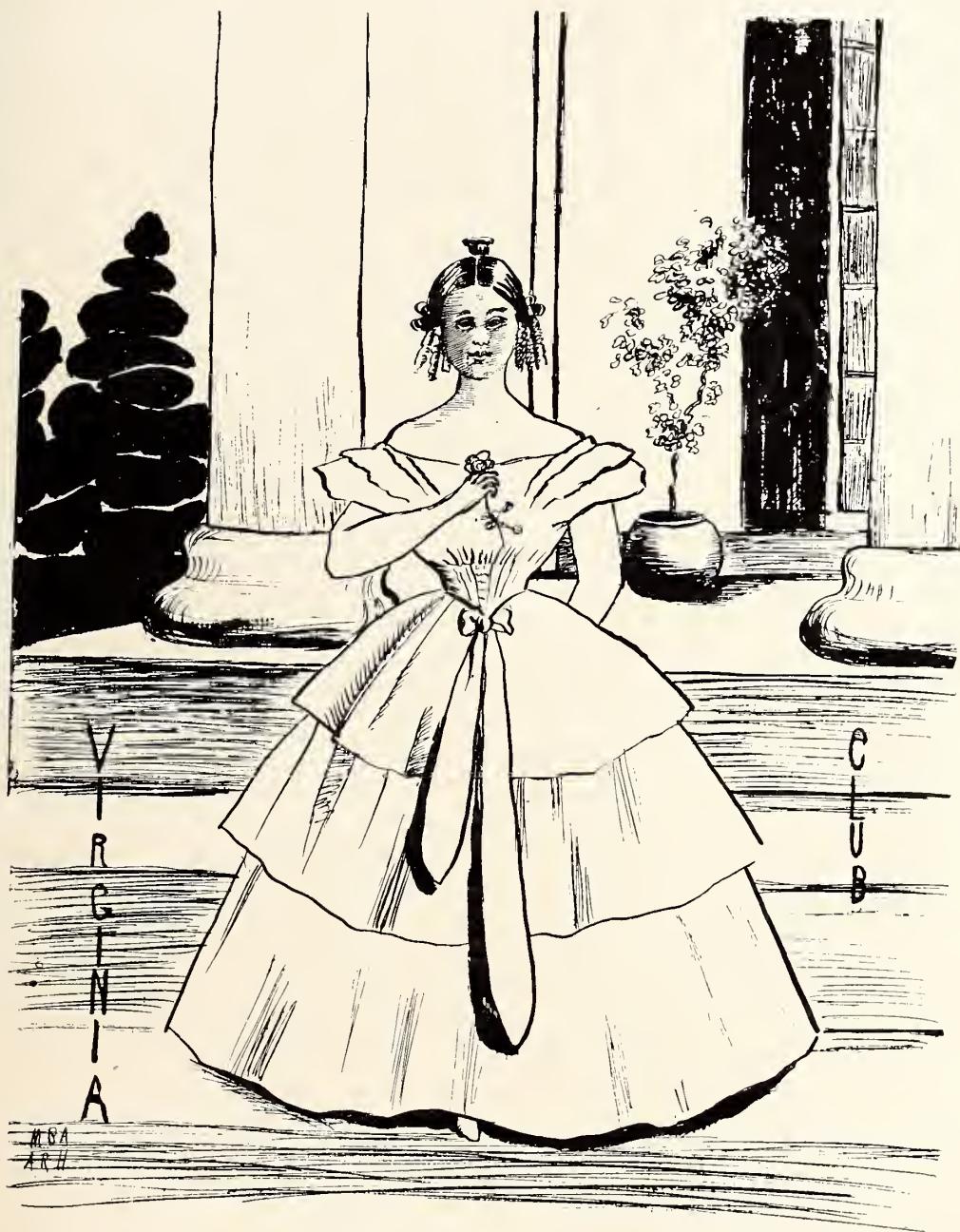
ILVA NOTTINGHAM

MARY OWEN

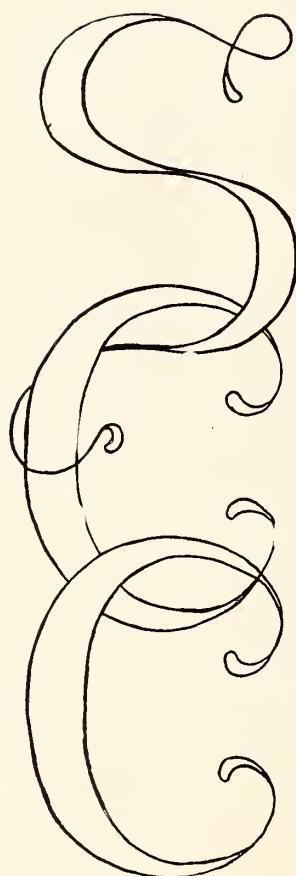
EDITH SAVAGE

FANNIE S. ANDERSON





The South Carolina Club



P-a-l-met-t-o-to!
That is all you ought to know.
Here the girls from S. C. be,
S. C! S. C! S. C. C!

President

SUSIE EDNA SUMMER

Secretary

LOIS GOGGANS

BESSIE AYCOCK
LETTY DOBBINS
LOIS GOGGANS
LUCY HENRY
LUCIA MILLS
MARY MOORE
MARY PARKER
KATE PARKER
MARY L. PORTER
CARRIE SMITH
SUSIE EDNA SUMMER

South Carolina takes her stand
Upon the topmost rung.
Dearer State has never been
By bard or poet sung.

Just because she is so dear,
Now must her daughters true,
Ever in the foreground be,
Their very best to do.

Else the loved Palmetto State,
From standing at the top,
Will flunk at last, and tumble down
Upon the ground—ker-flop!

Now all hurrah for S. C. dear!
South Carolinians sing!
When Society yells you hear,
Let "S. C." loudest ring.

Old Maids' Club

Rules



1. No member of this club is allowed to receive attentions from men. Age no consideration.

2. If by chance any member receives candy, letters, etc., the contents must be equally divided among the members.

- (a) First violation, heavy fine.
- (b) Second violation, expulsion.

3. No member can become engaged without first obtaining the approbation of each other member.

4. Any one who has been engaged, or stands any chance of becoming so, may not be a member of this club.

Chief ambition of each member:

TO GET MARRIED!

OBJECT—To scorn all men, and to scorn all women admired by men.

FAVORITE FRUIT—Sour grapes.

CHIEF OCCUPATION—Brooding over what might have been.

MOTTO:

*Love no man—not even your brother—
If women must love, just love each other.*

Members

FLORA NEIL McMILLAN	-	-	-	From Choice.
LOUISE CRAIG	-	-	-	Lover Died.
COLINE MUNROE	-	-	-	Disappointed in Love.
MELVILLE GIBSON	-	-	-	Never Had a Chance.
GERTRUDE MELCHOR	-	-	-	Didn't Care to Marry.
ELOISE RANKIN	-	-	-	Did Not Like Her Suitor.
BESSIE AYCOCK	-	-	-	So Many She Couldn't Decide.
DIXIE McQUEEN	-	-	-	Hated Men.
BESS MARTIN	-	-	-	Too Particular.
AURELIA HAND	-	-	-	Backed Out at the Last Minute.
INEZ CRUMP	-	-	-	Set Her Pegs Too High.

Honorary Members

THE FACULTY

Reasons for not marrying are not known.

The Gigglers Club

Time of Meeting—At the Table.

Motto—“Eat, Drink and be Merry.”

Members

ESSIE STOKES	-	-	-	-	-	-	“Essie”
ANNIE McMILLAN	-	-	-	-	-	-	“Annie Mac”
CLARA ALEXANDER	-	-	-	-	-	-	“Babe”
LOUISE DAVIS	-	-	-	-	-	-	“Bird”

The Mary Club

COLORS—Green and White.

FLOWER—Marigold.

Song

TUNE—Mary Had a Little Lamb

Each girl she had a little name,
Little name, little name,
Each girl she had a little name,
And it she knew quite well.
Every time you want this girl,
Want this girl, want this girl,
Every time you want this girl,
Just call M-a-r-y.

Members

MARY RANKIN	MARY McMILLAN
MARY OWEN	MARY SMITH
MARY PARKER	MARY McMURRAY
MARY MOORE	MARY JAMISON

Honorary Members

MISS MARY PORTER

MISS MARY ANTHONY

MISS MARY TYLER

MISS MARY MITCHELL

The Ramblers Club

SONG—Oh, Didn't He Ramble.

Place of Meeting—At the window. *Time of Meeting*—In the night.

Members

MELVILLE GIBSON

JOE MURPHY

MATT REINHARDT

ROSA MAY WISE

EDITH SAVAGE

LENA REINHARDT

Early Risers Club

MOTTO—What's yours is mine; What's mine is yours.

PIN—Safety Pin.

Members and their Favorite Expressions

MAUDE NOTTINGHAM—*Bring me a wet rag.*

ILVA NOTTINGHAM—*Lace me up.*

LUCY HENRY—*I want to wash some handkerchiefs.*

LOIS GOGGANS—*Have any of you got a broom.*

ROSA MAY WISE—*Plenty of time.*

MATTIE REINHARDT—*Oh yes, take your time.*

JOE MURPHY—*Someone give me a collar.*

EDITH SAVAGE—*Just know I won't get there.*

FLORENCE HUET—*Can't find a collar.*

AURELIA HAND—*Get up, Huet.*

MABEL PATRICK—*Aurelia, there's rising bell.*

NINA PATRICK—*Has prep. bell rung?*

KATE WALTERS—*Got any water?*

PANSEY BRIDGERS—*Oh, I am so sleepy!*

Rules

1. All members are requested to stay in bed until rising bell.
2. No member is allowed to dress too much to go to breakfast.
3. If any member finds that she has more than ample time in which to dress, then she must put on a jacket. Raincoats and bed-room slippers allowed only on special occasions.
4. All members will be prepared with wet wash-rag in case one of the club should need one to wash her face just as the breakfast bell is ringing.
If all the above rules are kept, perfect order can continue.

Miss Powe's Table

MOTTO—Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die.

OBJECT—To eat as much as we can and send back for more as often as possible.

CRY—More!!!

As they are known	As we know them	As they do
Miss Powe	Posy	Sawing beef.
Miss Grier	Sugar	Saying the alphabet and talking, but (?).....
Lucia Mills	Lukia	Teaching Atha Hicks table manners.
Atha Hicks	Hicks	Holding down butter and analyzing hash.
Margaret Morris	Hon.	Making eyes.
Kate VanStory	Katie Van.	Punching Hon. to make her pass the butter.
Bessie Martin	Bessie K.	Holding up the dignity of the table as its senior.
Elizabeth Pilson	Pil	Saying nothing and looking sweet.
Sadie Dick	Big Old Hush	Saying, "Look here, Laurin."
Laurin Richardson	Lad	Looking after Sadie.
Louise Davidson	Eula December	Talking psychology.
Eula Haynes		Mocking Miss Powe.

The Red-Headed Club

CHIEF OCCUPATION—Sympathizing with each other.

FAVORITE COLORS—Pink, Yellow and Red.

Members

MABEL PATRICK

ELOISE RANKIN

LINDA HOUSTON

MARY MOORE

LENA REINHARDT

DAISY WILLIAMS

Characteristics

ELOISE—*Trying to conceal her grief.*

LINDA—*Being cute in spite of her affliction.*

DAISY—*Living a secluded life.*

MABEL—*Studying hard, so she can get it all.*

MARY—*Taking things as they come.*

LENA—*Not caring, so long as——— likes red hair.*



Four Leaf Clover Club

MOTTO—*While we live let's live in clover,
For when we're dead we're dead all over.*

COLORS—Green and white.

LIMITED NUMBER—We four and no more.

YELL—Rub-a-dub-rub-a-dub-rub-a-dub-dub,
We're the Four Leaf Clover Club.
Fun do we have, and long shall we,
Remember the days at old P. C.

Members

MELVILLE GIBSON

EULA HAYNES

MAUDE NOTTINGHAM

LENA REINHARDT

Greensboro Girls' Club

COLORS—Greensboro Green and Turnip Greens.

MOTTO—There's no Place Like Home, Sweet Home.

FLOWER—Cauliflower.

Members

LINDA HENDRIX

SADIE DICK

PANSY BRIDGERS

TILLIE TATUM

KATE VANSTORY

LAURINDA RICHARDSON



Beware

(*With apologies to Longfellow.*)

There is a biscuit fair to see,
 Take care!
It can both false and friendly be
 Beware! Beware!
Trust it not, it's fooling thee.

It has two sides, so crisp and brown,
 Take care!
You pick it up, you put it down,
 Beware! Beware!
Trust it not, it's fooling thee.

It has a crumb of snowy white,
 Take care!
Just hold on till you take a bite,
 Beware! Beware!
Trust it not, it's fooling thee.

It holds a secret dark to see,
 Take care!
It will not keep this thing from thee,
 Beware! Beware!
Trust it not, it's fooling thee.

It holds a fly with outspread wings,
 Take care!
This more'n is the limit of things,
 Beware! Beware!
Trust it not, it's fooling thee.

X. Y. Z.

"Truth is stranger than fiction."

The Quintuated Red Springs Seminary Club

COLORS—Dark Blue and White.

MOTTO:—Don't wear out your welcome at any college.

YELL:

Blue and White! Blue and White!

Red Springs Seminary is all right!

Blue and Blue! Blue and Blue!

Presbyterian College is the best of the two.

Members

MARGARET McIVER

MELVILLE GIBSON

ANNE JOHNSTON

MAUDE NOTTINGHAM

LINDA HENDRIX

FLORA McMILLAN

ILVA NOTTINGHAM

LUCY HARRIS

Points

Don't butt in.

Don't receive too many letters in one day.

Don't attend all the receptions given to the town boys—you won't have time to study.

Don't eat too much—for supper.

Don't rubber—after effects are awful.

Don't go up town more than seven times a week.

Don't attend all the Germans.

Don't go to the Academy more than twice a week.

Don't talk after light bell—you might get clipped.

Don't invite the day pupils to spend the night—breakfast might be scarce.

Don't talk when Miss Watkins is around.

Don't beg pardons—leave that for Miss Porter to do.

Don't make merry at the table.

Don't kiss in the halls.

Don't hang around the rotunda when the town boys call.

Don't flunk on exams.

Don't go without buying several copies of the Annual—you will be sorry.

Don't always get disorders—take a demerit occasionally—anything to be different, and, too, always look for the higher things.

Don't get too bright—we have plenty of lights.

Don't ruin the good name of the College.

Don't get clipped.

Jokes

Visitor—"If that is the dinner bell, do not let me keep you any longer."

Boarder—"That is only the prep. bell."

Visitor—"Oh, I did not know the preps. ate first."

Miss Watkins (in Soph. Bible)—"What is meant by 'sacrificing the lips'?"

Miss Hand—Kissing people."

Miss Taylor (in study hall)—"May I speak?"

Teacher—"Yes if you will be very quiet. You know your kimona is quite loud."

Dr. Fisher—"Well, Miss Goggans, can you tell me how Miss McFadyen has her hair arranged this evening?"

Miss Goggans—"That is a psyche."

Dr. Fisher—"Ah, I see, after the cyclone fashion."

At the Chafing Dish Club one member proposed having Welsh Rarebit.

Miss ——"Oh, that would be lovely, but I am afraid it is too warm yet for rabbits. Let's wait awhile."

To give some people an idea how the time flies on receiving nights, this is true. A Charlotte boy came over to see a girl and when the bell rang, he said, "Why, have you people not eaten supper yet?"

One night some girls were taking flash-lights, and of course the smoke kept going and going until it reached the teacher's door. She immediately began to investigate the matter, going to every room asking who was striking matches. Finally, she reached the right room, and when told what caused the smoke, she said: "Why don't you take them in day time."

Miss Long (in French)—"Sarah Brockenborough is excused today so she may go to see the oculist about her throat."

"Did you know Paderewski was coming after Christmas?"

Senior—"Patty who, did you say? Where will she room?"



Chief Occupation

Annie Johnston	-	-	-	Sympathizing.
Maude Nottingham	-	-	-	Writing to John Bass.
Louise Davis	-	-	-	Laughing.
Florence Huet	-	-	-	Doing fancy dances.
Melville Gibson	-	-	-	Breaking hearts.
Kate VanStory	-	-	-	Loving Melville.
Eva Nair	-	-	-	Enjoying life.
Mary Owen	-	-	-	Reading.
Ilva Nottingham	-	-	-	Amusing others.
Mary McMillan	-	-	-	Laughing at Ilva
Joe Murphy	-	-	-	Helping others.
Rosa May Wise	-	-	-	Falling down stairs.
Atha Hicks	-	-	-	Being loyal to Pi.
E. Savage	-	-	-	Clipping others.
L. Alexander	-	-	-	Talking about the stage.
Miss Porter	-	-	-	Begging pardons.
M. Moore	-	-	-	Working out disorders.
C. Alexander	-	-	-	Being cute.
Kit Taylor	-	-	-	Getting into trouble.
I. Crump	-	-	-	Talking about her beaux.
M. Reinhardt	-	-	-	Killing time.
S. Dick and L. Richardson	-	-	-	Joking and worrying Miss Gray.
Miss Anthony	-	-	-	Forgetting.

Highest Ambitions of Girls

MARGARET NAIR—Stop school and bum a year.
VIRGINIA HAYNES—To get a letter from Oak Ridge.
JOE MURPHY—To have a lawyer and a house of her own.
LOUISE ALEXANDER—To be an actress.
EMILY HOLT—To be thin.
LOUISE NEELY—To be short and fat.
ESTELLE PITTMAN—To have a braid.
MINNETTA DIFFEY—To marry a man with light hair and brown eyes.
MARGARET ABBOT—To get rid of my freckles.
LINDA HENDRIX—To have a "Little Minister."
MAUDE NOTTINGHAM—For J. B. B. to become twenty-one.
CARRIE SMITH—To have a good time.
LENA REINHARDT—To lay claim on "Mills."
FLORENCE HUET—For her face to change so she won't have to stand under the mistletoe.
EVELYN DIFFEY—To corner the market on "Oats."
ELIZABETH CHAMBERS—To stop eating grapes, so that she wont talk in bunches.
CATHERINE TAYLOR—To go to church for the hymns, not the "hims."
ILVA NOTTINGHAM—To be called "Cassidy."
EULA HAYNES—To have a man-sion of my own.
LAURINDA RICHARDSON—To be a parson's butterfly.
MATT REINHARDT—To be able to play the piano so that she can produce music by the pound.
MARY MOORE—To get a chair built for two—dollars.
LUCY HENRY—To have a "Key."

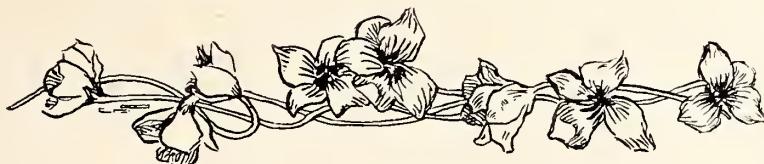
Ode to a Disorder

*Eat, drink and be merry,
And don't forget to be gay—
For what you do in old P. C.
By disorders you'll have to pay.*

12:15 Saturday morning—a disorder worked out.

Echoes

Last go trade for you.
My, that's rushing them some.
I'll over do it.
Clipped; well, I guess.
You owe me five cents.
I know a good one on you.
Have you used Pear's soap? No; I let the Gold Dust Twins do my work.
Care I not for what she says.
Hello, pretty hun.
Good bicycle. I hope you are well bucket. Good night mare.
I'm so glad you like it; so afraid you wouldn't; thought about you when I
got it.
She sure set to me.
I never was quite so hungry.
I'll back you out in cutting walk.
Has the mail come? Did I get a letter? Make a date with me for——.
Has the prep. bell rung?
Did he 'pear to you?
Child, I over spieled to him.
Me and you both.
She's all to the good.
Ain't you talking.
Them's my sentiments
Amen.



As We Know Them

We have a lady Principal,
We love her very much,
But the way she makes us stand around
More than "beats the Dutch."

Dr. Bridges, the President,
Keeps all our money tight,
And when we go to get some,
It's not without a fight.

We have a man named Fisher,
An Englishman is he—
He is a great musician,
As great as great can be.

Giggle, giggle, giggle—
Giggle all the day;
Soon we'll hear Miss Tyler
Has giggled herself away.

Now comes our own "Dear Heart,"
An artist of great fame,
The one who treats us best of all—
Miss Anthony is her name.

Miss Powe the Elocution teaches,
And she'll have no fun about it.
If you didn't like the mark she gave,
You could simply do without it.

Miss Gordon's our Latin teacher,
And her place is hardest of all,
For nobody can read old Caesar,
So a great many have to fall.

The English teacher's name is Porter,
And the way we have to skiff!
If we grumble, she'll say "Beg pardon,
They do this at Radcliff."

Now just a word or two about Miss Grey,
When she inspects you'll always hear her say,
"Your floor this morning is not at all neat,
For actually the dust stuck to my feet."

Miss Kibbe has charge of the math,
And a fairly good knowledge of it she hath.
It has been rumored she once had a bean,
But how true that is—why none of us know.

Miss Mitchell is a dear,
And when for us she sings,
We realize she's an angel
Minus naught but the wings.

Miss Armstrong wears a smile,
"The smile that won't come off"—
She smiles to eat, smiles to sleep,
And even smiles to cough.

Miss Anderson had a brown suit,
A brown suit had she—
And everywhere Miss Anderson went
The brown suit you could see.

Miss Watkins is mighty good,
About the Bible she knows a lot.
But I'm more than sorry for a girl,
When her lesson she has forgot.

L. A. & L. R.



P. C. Songs

TUNE—Hot Time.

Please, oh please, oh do not let me fall,
 You are hard—the hardest thing of all;
Let me through, or I'll not get through at all—
 There'll be a hot time in P. C. tonight.

In Nellie Hall

Banjo (Banjo—all manner of instruments).

TUNE—Navajo.

Banjo, banjo, my banjo,
 I have a love for you that will grow—
If only I can see my beau (one in Africa)
 I'll play on my banjo.

In memory of C. Custis Taylor—Granddaughter of Martha Washington—
Cousin of Alton B. Parker—other noted Americans—Aristocrats of Virginia—
from Baltimore.

TUNE—Egypt.

I'm agoin' to tell Picky, the College Dean,
 What I've seen—this is true.
I'm agoin' to tell Picky if she don't want me,
 What makes her haunt me the way she do.

P. C. Love Song

TUNE—Congo Love Song.

As soon as Miss Lilly goes to the sea,
 As soon as the teachers stop bothering me,
My love and devotion will be as deep as the ocean—
 Then I'll take a notion for to love P. C.

TUNE—Swanee River.

Way down upon the dormitory,
 Right there today—
Dar's where my heart is pining eber,
 Dar's where we have to stay.

A Musical Facts Examination

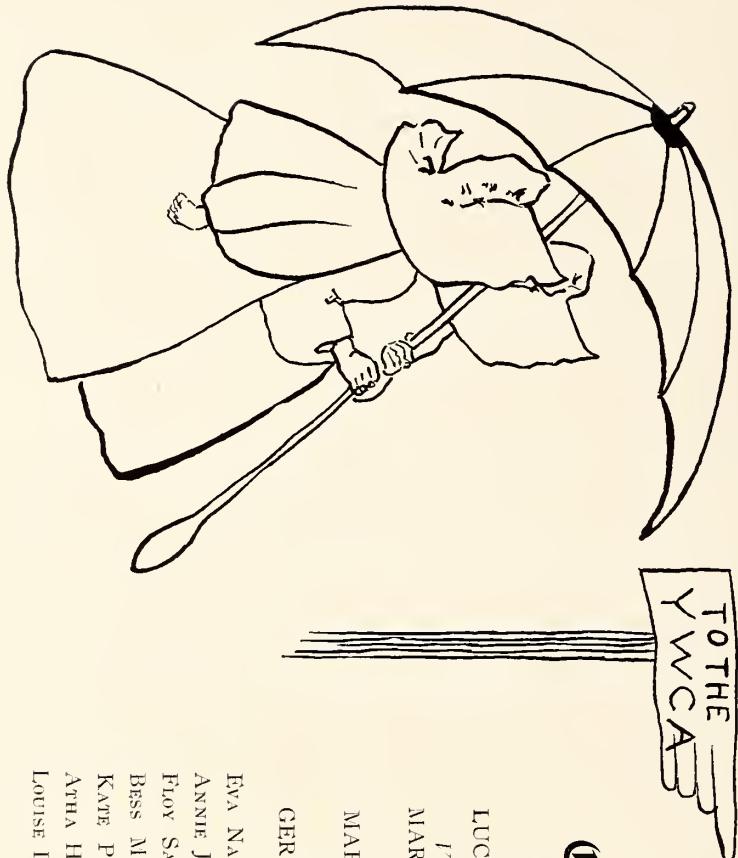
N. B.—It will be to the interest of any music pupil wishing to pass on this examination to call on Dr. Fisher for coaching, at his most unoccupied periods, during the time of some pupil's lesson is a preferable time. Anyone wishing to be excused from the examination will first send word that she is in the Infirmary; no other excuse is needed.

1. Give your candid opinion of Bill Bailey.
 - (a) Do you think he was right to leave home?
2. Give a brief sketch of Mr. Dooley and his noble deeds, not over 100 lines. Contrast his life with Napoleon's.
3. Which appeals to your sympathy more, "Good Bye, Booze," or "Dolly Gray?" Give reasons for your opinion.
4. Who was King of the Cocoanut Grove? How long did he reign, and give some important events during his life time, giving date of "Mosquitos' Parade."
5. Paraphrase—"Good Old Summer Time," "Blue Bell," "Teasing" and "Navajo," and write parodies on the following: (a) When Reuben Comes to Town, (b) Wedding March, Sammy, (c) Eli Green's Cake Walk, (d) Laughing Water, (e) Why Adam Sinned.
6. Do you believe in the theory that "Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder." If so, give reasons. If you have gained any knowledge from experience write it down; original examples preferred.
7. Could You be True to Eyes of Blue? If not, say what color of eyes you admire most, and write forty pages on the following subject: "The Eyes of My Ideal."

If you finish this examination before the limited time of fifteen minutes is up write fifty bars of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and sing it in the time of "Hiawatha."

Pledge

N. B.—Write only on two sides of the paper.



Cabinet

LUCY MCINTOSH
President

MARY McMURRY
Vice-President

MABEL PATRICK
Secretary

GERTRUDE KERR
Treasurer

EVA NAIR
ANNIE JOHNSTON

FLOY SADLER

BESS MARTIN

KATE PARKER
ATHA HICKS
LOUISE DAVIDSON

Rules Applying to Day Pupils

Day Pupils are not allowed to enter any of the Boarder's rooms at any time for fear they may be seized with Kleptomania before they leave and thus inconvenience their hostess.

Day Pupils are not allowed to walk with the Boarders for fear they may behave in an unlady-like manner and thus reflect on the College.

Day Pupils are not permitted to enter the College except when absolutely necessary, and on Friday afternoons, when the Boarders will receive them in the parlor, or preferably in the yard if the weather permits.

Day Pupils are not allowed to remain in the Chapel during Study Hour for fear they may demoralize the Boarders.

Day Pupils are not allowed to carry boxes of candy to the Boarders from the young enamored gentlemen of the city. If the aforesaid young gentlemen can afford to buy the candy they can surely afford to express it and thus not "Tempt" the "Day Pupils."





Dining Room Rules

It will be to the interest of any one desirous of having a thorough knowledge of table manners, to attend the weekly lecture given at the beginning of study hall Saturday morning.

1. It is very improper to be on time to meals.
2. A glass of water must be upset on every fresh tablecloth.
3. Don't help the butter—it can generally help itself.
4. Never pass things to others until you have served yourself.
5. Don't bite the silver off the knives.
6. Between the sixth and seventh courses plant your elbows gracefully on the table.
7. If you wish to speak to a person in another end of the room tap her with a roll.
8. Don't eat much butter—leave it for the rice next day.
9. If you want a biscuit—wink.
10. Always drink two or three cups of coffee.
11. Pass your plate several times for rice.
12. Fill your waist with crackers.
13. Never stop eating till your neighbor has finished.
14. Never enter the room for five or ten minutes after the bell.
15. Eat molasses and corn bread for supper—it is very healthy.
16. Do not drink the water from the finger bowl—the maid will give you a tin cup.
17. It is quite proper to let your chair fall backwards occasionally.
18. Send everything across the table.
19. Never spend more than ten minutes preparing for breakfast. College girls should not waste their precious time.
20. Don't expect dessert more than once every day in the week and twice on Sunday.



Most demure	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lucy Harris.
Smartest	-	-	-	-	-	-	Kate Walters.
Most studious	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mary Jamison.
Most original	-	-	-	-	-	-	Louise Alexander.
Most stylish	-	-	-	-	-	-	Sadie Dick.
Biggest eater	-	-	-	-	-	-	Margaret Nair.
Wittiest	-	-	-	-	-	-	Louise Alexander.
Biggest baby	-	-	-	-	-	-	Irene Hutchison.
Neatest	-	-	-	-	-	-	Bessie Martin.
Daintiest	-	-	-	-	-	-	Margaret Morris.
Quickest dresser	-	-	-	-	-	-	Louise Davidson.
Faculty's pet	-	-	-	-	-	-	Kate Walters.
Quietest	-	-	-	-	-	-	Anna Alexander.
Most talkative	-	-	-	-	-	-	Catherine Taylor.
Laziest	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ilva Nottingham.
Biggest giggler	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lucia Mills.
Fattest	-	-	-	-	-	-	Margaret Nair.
Most love sick	-	-	-	-	-	-	Maude Nottingham.
Biggest brag	-	-	-	-	-	-	Catherine Taylor.
Biggest flirt	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lena Reinhardt.
Biggest borrower	-	-	(tie)	-	Matt	Reinhardt.—Margaret Nair.	
Most attractive	-	-	-	-	-	-	Sadie Dick.
Most sentimental	-	-	-	-	-	-	Kate Walters.
Most sincere	-	-	-	-	-	-	Annie Johnston.
Most accomodating	-	-	-	-	-	-	Joe Murphy.
Prissiest	-	-	-	-	-	-	Linda Hendrix.
Most conceited	-	-	-	-	-	-	Louise Davidson.



ATHA HICKS
Most Influential.



F. HUET.
Most Graceful—Most Talented



M. NOTTINGHAM
Cutest, Sweetest, Prettiest.



M. McIVER
Most Popular.



M. GIBSON
One of the Prettiest.



GRINDS

Grinds

L. CRAIG.—“Even the very hairs of her head are numbered.”

E. CHAMBERS.—“You look wise—pray correct that error.”

E. McDOWELL.—“Silence is more eloquent than words.”

DR. BRIDGES.—“Explaining metaphysics to the nation—

I wish he’d explain his explanation.”

M. GIBSON.—“In her anxiety to possess another, she lost possession of herself.”

F. HUET.—“The glass of fashion and the mould of form—

The observed of all observers.”

S. DICK.—“Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than prayers.”

L. LUTTERLOW.—“Would you give your distressed and weary companions relief?

If so, leave them.”

D. WILLIAMS.—“Silence is golden, and so is her hair.”

MISS ARMSTRONG.—“That lovely smile haunts one like a wild melody.”

MISS PORTER.—“My very walk should be a jig.”

C. TAYLOR.—“She speaks an infinite deal of nothing.”

MISS POWE.—“Yes, I know all about it.”

L. REINHARDT.—“With beautiful red hair—formed for all the witching arts of love.”

MISS KIBBE.—“Yond’ Cassius hath a lean and hungry look.”

FACULTY.—“We have not come to bury the rule, but to praise them.”

DISORDERS.—The cry is, “still they come.”

DEMERITS.—“Not that I please the students less, but that I please the Faculty more.”

L. CRAIG.—“Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies.”

MISS PORTER.—“Grace that rivals any killdee.”

I. HUTCHISON.—“Weep no more—weep no more.”

E. NAIR.—“It requires a surgical operation to get into her understanding.”

A. HICKS.—“True as the needle to the pole—

or as the dial to the sun.”

L. HENRY.—“She can or she can’t; she will or she won’t—”

C. TAYLOR.—“A woman has need of a sharp tongue—since Providence gave her but indifferent fists.”

E. CHAMBERS.—“I am pressed down with conceit.”

CHORUS CLASS.—“There are some good people with music in their soul who have not realized that it does not extend to their voices.”

M. GIBSON.—“She may make a proper woman—the best thing is her complexion.”

EXAMS.—“Please, oh please, do not let me fall.”

E. SAVAGE.—“Hath somewhat of a savage breast.”

CHORUS CLASS.—“Sweet bells out of time.”

M. NAIR.—“Call me saint or call me sinner—

 But never call me late for dinner.”

NELLIE VAN.—“I can suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs.”

JOE MURPHY.—“As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean.”

S. HARGRAVE.—“I have much in myself that pleases me.”

FACULTY.—“Wise and foolish walk together.”

M. NOTTINGHAM.—“Under love’s heavy burden do I sink.”

VOCAL PUPILS.—“Swans sing before they die—

 ‘Twere no bad thing did certain people die before they sing.”

M. REINHARDT.—“To all mankind a constant friend—

 Provided they have cash to spend.”

G. KERR.—“Great will be her footprints in the sands of time.”

FACULTY.—“How can the merciless expect mercy.”

A. JOHNSTON.—“A slovenly dress betokens a careless mind.”

CHARLOTTE BOYS CALLING ON P. C. GIRLS.—“Scared to death and afraid to run.”

L. DAVIDSON.—“A little more sleep—a little more slumber.”

L. RICHARDSON—S. DICK.—“They heed debate of bloody fray.”

CRY BEFORE EXAMS.—“I wasted time and now doth time waste me.”

MISS PORTER.—“Her voice was ever soft and gentle, an excellent thing in woman.”

MISS KIBBE.—“And still the wonder grew—

 That one small head held all she knew.”

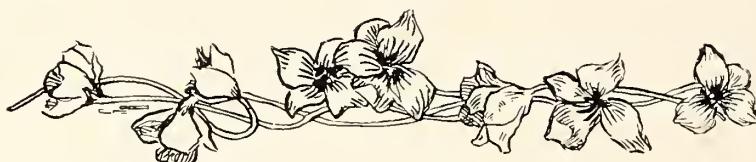
M. REINHARDT.—“All studies here I solemnly refuse.”

KIT. TAYLOR.—“Lest men suspect your tale untrue, keep probability in view.”

LOUISE DAVIS.—“Behold the child by nature’s kindly law—

 Pleased with a rattle and tickled with a straw.”

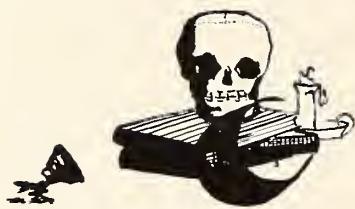
KATE WALTERS.—“The Class of ‘05 got a good thing when it got me.”



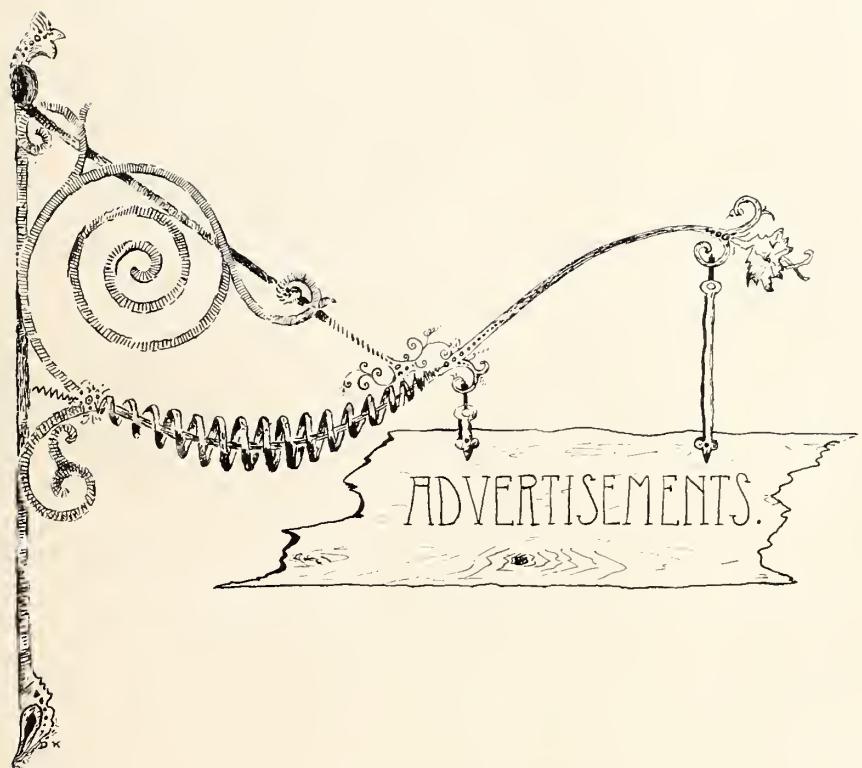


Editors after Work





The End



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Partly impelled by the eternal cry for "cheap things," partly urged on by greed, a class of manufacturers trusting in the lack of piano knowledge of the general public, and the help of dealers who have nothing in common with the buyer or musical education of their children, outside of profit, have entered into the market with instruments that are not pianos at all—simply polished "thump boxes."

These boxes are wholesaled at figures at which it is utterly and absolutely impossible to build a decent, honest piano, never mind the size of the manufacturer's plant, what his facilities, capital or ability may be.

Such instruments are frauds and deceptions, and strange to say, are usually sold at large prices. Skip all risks of this kind by patronizing the manufacturers of the Artistic **Stieff Piano**.

SOLD DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY TO THE FIRESIDE.

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Organized 1865.

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A Geographical Love Song

In the State of Mass. there lives a lass I love to go N. C ; no other Miss. can e'er, I Wis., be half so dear to Me. R. I. is blue and her cheeks the hue of shells where waters swash; on her pinkwhite phiz there Nev. Ariz. the least complexion Wash. La! could I win the heart of Minn., I'd ask for nothing more, but I only dream upon the theme, and Conn. it o'er and Ore. Why is it, pray, I can't Ala. this love that makes me Ill ? N. Y., O., Wy. Kan. Nev. Ver. I propose to her my will? I shun the task 'twould be to ask this gentle maid to wed. And so, to press my suit, I guess Alaska Pa. instead.

We wonder if the girls in this college know enough about geography to supply the names of the States? We know enough about insurance to supply any information desired.

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In selecting a piano is ease of action. This is sometimes overlooked. The action of the

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has been constructed with special reference to this point. The Ivers & Pond action is elastic, responsive, and so easy that the most delicate child can play it without tiring the fingers. This is but one point of superiority in the Ivers & Pond Piano. Others will reveal themselves in a long series of surprises. The Ivers & Pond cases are up-to-date, the prices are down-to-date, and the interior construction, well, it's the best that can be made.



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