

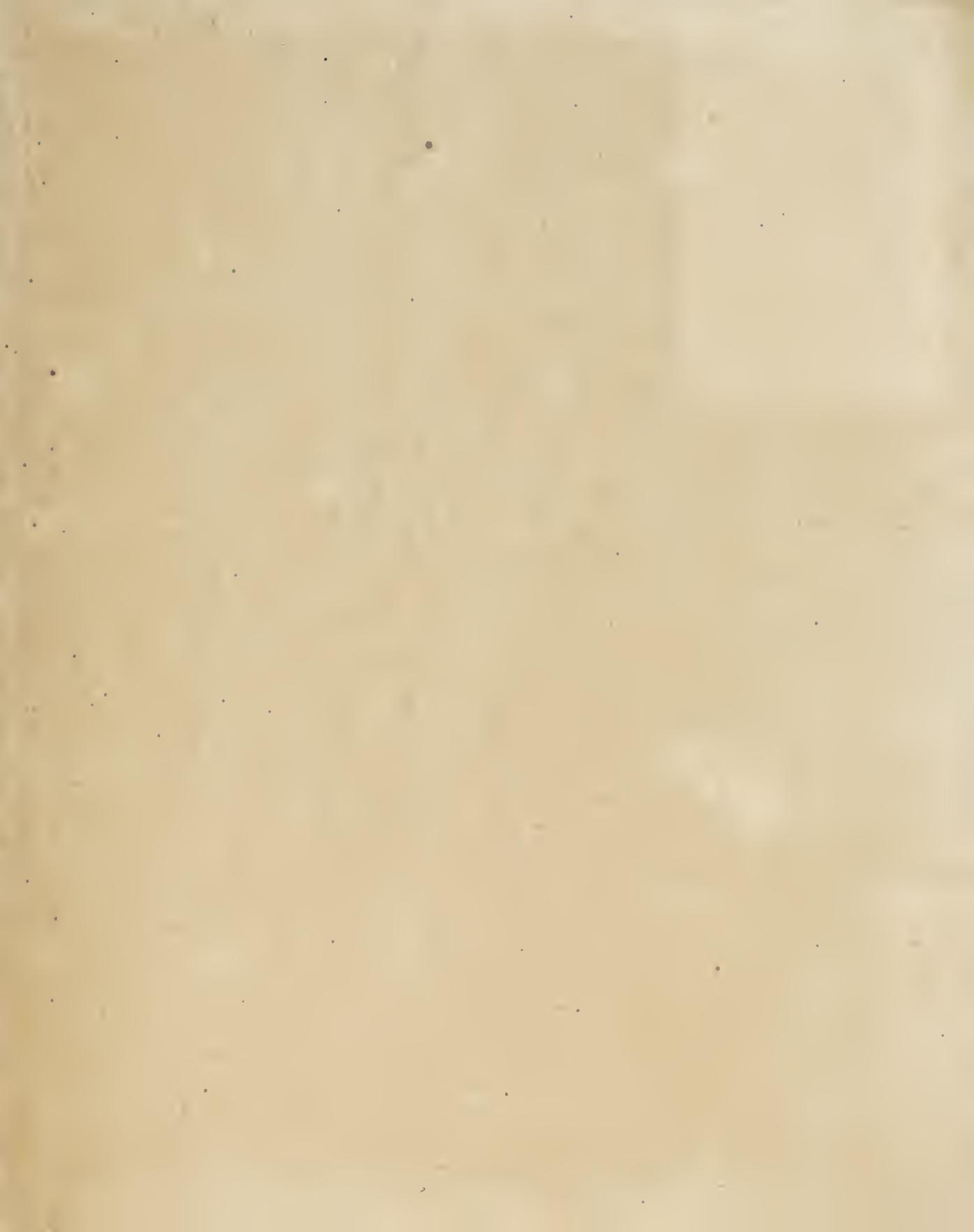
# Edelweiss

1911



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1857

A PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE GIRL

1911

# **EDELWEISS**

**VOLUME SEVEN**

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**The Students of the Presbyterian College**  
**Charlotte, N. C.**

**1911**

**WASHBURN PRESS**  
**(Ray Printing Co.)**  
**CHARLOTTE, N. C.**



# The Beginning

WE can now un-  
regions priz  
beauty, or its fragr  
self, but because it  
for almost unsurmo

As you turn the  
blemishes and crudel  
though loving, youthf  
tions, its imperfections,  
their ideals were, and th  
yet so old, but they may le

If, from these leaves, th  
school-days, of dear, once-familiar faces, now almost forgotten, of work,  
of pleasure, of sweet companionship; if, with, a glow of tenderness, your  
thoughts turn once more to your own Alma Mater, our labor has not been in  
vain.



Bessie Martin  
Business Manager  
Lillian Elaine Reid  
Sylvia Edler  
Mildred McCubbin  
Editor

tourists in the Alpine  
ine rose. Not for its  
est little flower in it-  
fficulties swept aside,  
ble effort.

not judge severely its  
fashioned by unskillful,  
others could, its limita-  
ey alone know how high  
present mistakes, are not

EDITOR IN CHIEF, 1911.



## Miss Elizabeth Webb Long

who was for fifteen years Lady Principal of the Presbyterian College, and who taught us by the strength and sincerity of her own life not to seek easy lives but to be strong ourselves; not to reach for tasks equal to our powers, but to strive for power equal to any task, this volume is lovingly dedicated

BY THE  
SENIOR CLASS OF 1911

L. P. R.



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Editor-in-Chief

Bessie Martin Blockney  
Business Manager  
Lillian Elaine Reid

Literary Editor

Mildred McCubbin  
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E.H.



EDITORIAL STAFF "EDELWEISS," 1911



ASSISTANT STAFF GROUP



## Senior Class Organization

MOTTO: *Ad astra per aspera.*

COLORS: *Green and White.*

FLOWER: *White Rose.*



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President	-	-	LILLIAN REID
Vice-President	-	-	MIRIAM LONG
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Lawyer	-	-	RUTH PORTER
Monitress	-	-	ANNIE NEAL CLARK





EUDORA VICK BLAKENEY

MASCOT 1911



LILLIAN ELAINE REID, A. B.,

Φ Φ, Σ Ο Η Ν, Η Δ,

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

"The reason firm, the temperate will, endurance, foresight, strength and skill."

President of Pierian Society '10-'11; President of Class '10-'11; First Vice-President Class '09-'10; Vice-President Student Body '10-'11; Business Manager Annual '10-'11; Student Council '10-'11; Historian Class '08-'09; Class Basket Ball Team '08-'09, '09-'10, '10-'11; Varsity Basket Ball '08-'09, '09-'10; Manager Class Team '09-'10, '10-'11; Treasurer Pierian Society '09-'10; Secretary Student Body '09-'10; Marshal Pierian Society '09-'10; Assistant Business Manager Annual '09-'10; Delegate to Asheville Conference '10; Chief Rooter '10-'11; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '10-'11; "W. C. E." '11.

It was in 1908 that Bill came to us, eager for knowledge, brimful of enthusiasm, and running over with determination. A more complicated addition of aversions and desires, appetencies and sensibilities would have been hard to find, and even now after three years of training, she is declared a "wonder." As she passed from year to year, her abilities increased as did her friends, so that in her last year, she is even known to have been considered an "angel." Throughout her course, history has been her leading study, and consequently she has never lacked for dates. Her attractions extend beyond the circle of her friends, for she has several times received mysterious cards, bearing the inscription, "I hope to know you some day." That Bill is generous, no one will deny—In Davidson she is well remembered by a certain blue girdle, presented during a streak of benevolence to a struggling Junior Speaker. Professions she has, ranking from that of an angel to the hall physician. Bill's medicine chest has been a solace to those who wish to sleep, and a very present help in the time of trouble. We are quite confident—if she does not take wings and fly away—that in time she will win a world-wide reputation as a Quack Doctor.



BESSIE MARTIN BLAKENEY, A. B.,  
MATTHEWS, N. C., R. F. D. 17.  
Π Δ, Σ Ω Η Χ.

“A heart to resolve, a hand to contrive, and  
a hand to execute.”

Editor-in-Chief Annual '10-'11; President  
Y. W. C. A. '10-'11; Vice-President Pierian  
Society '10-'11; Student Council '10-'11; Var-  
sity Basket Ball Team '08-'09, '09-'10, '10-'11,  
Poet '10-'11; Class Basket Ball Team '08-'09,  
'09-'10, '10-'11; Class Track Team '09-'10,  
'10-'11; Treasurer Student Body '10-'11;  
Treasurer Y. W. C. A. '09-'10; Annual Staff  
'09-'10; Monitress '08-'09; Toast Mistress  
Junior-Senior Banquet '09-'10; Vice-President  
Athletic Association '09-'10; Rochester Con-  
vention '09; Asheville Conference '09; '10.  
“W. M.” '11.

This small person is chiefly characterized by her love of arguing, her poetical inspirations and aspirations, her *soleful* tendency, her propensity for getting into scrapes, and her violent aversions to men and “angels.” At present her chief ambition is to get the Annual safely to press, and to learn to carry a tune safely but as yet she can only make a ‘joyful noise,’ which, we confess, she cheerfully does.

In spite of her freakish ideas, all are bound to admit that she has the courage of her convictions, her motto generally being: “Say thou thy say, and I will do my deed.” In fact, she has seldom been known to give up anything once attempted, whether through sheer determination or ‘nachel born stubbornness’ it would be hard to determine.

And now being fully conscious of our utter inability to give the dimmest idea or the faintest conception of this complex specimen of humanity, we humbly refer you to the remaining pages of *The Edelweiss*, for any further information, you may haply stumble across, concerning her virtues and vices, that you may judge for yourself.



ANNIE NEAL CLARK,

II Δ

CLARKTON, N. C.

“Her face is smiling and her voice is sweet.”

A song bird is my lady fair,  
Next to her may none compare.  
No sweeter song the lark can sing  
In soaring high on rapid wing.  
Even the thrush at close of day,  
Never sang a sweeter lay,  
Every grace of heart and mind,  
All true worth in her we find  
Loved by friends and teachers, too.

Charming girl, of course they do,  
Loved by some outside of school,  
Ask if this is 'gainst the rule,  
“R” might tell a thing or two,  
Knowing what we say is true.



ELIZABETH GERTRUDE GREEN, B. S.  
CHARLOTTE, N. C

“Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers  
strike  
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.”

Although Elizabeth is one of us, she is not among us. She only deigns to make us a visit about twice a week and even then it is only the honored few who share the privilege of enduring the same agonies of the hour for Critic, Harmony, and History Class combined that can really boast of knowing and appreciating her true worth. Here, while others groan, rave, and weep in despair, she alone smiles bravely; tosses her curly head on one side and dares to say: “Mr. Anderson, will this chord do?” Those outside can only pass the door through which comes the melodious sounds of her piano and pausing in wonder say, “Why, how is it that one so small can play so—loud!” Her friends who envy her bright, cherry way reject the dignified, solemn name Elizabeth and dub her just dear old plain Bessie Green, and wish her much success and happiness in her chosen career of pianist—especially in the Y. M. C. A. orchestra.



LEOLA ETHELDA HANNON, A. B.

Π Δ

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

“Faith, that’s well said as if I had said it myself.”

No one can deny that this maid’s ambitious, for has she not labored night and day to obtain a diploma in two years, and though her constitution may be sadly impaired by this self-same undertaking, she cheerfully sacrifices all for the realization of her highest aim. Leola is the lecturer of the Senior Class and though her subjects for discussion are many, her favorite one seems to be, “*My Beaux*,” whose name according to her is legion, and on whom she lectures regularly on Wednesdays and Fridays, much to the distress of the members of the class who are trying to master “Dr. Dabney.” Along with her faults, she has many good qualities, and in spite of many difficulties, Leola has remained true to her one purpose in life—to mount the platform on May 18, and receive the long coveted diploma.



ESTELLE HARGRAVE

Π Δ (Art)

“Gentle in manners, but gentlest in heart.”

Although a very quiet, demure little girl, Estelle has a heart big enough to reach to Davidson. Her eyes have a dreamy, far-away expression—due, perhaps, to the effort of trying to reach to the extent of this same heart. Being the only art graduate that P. C. has ever boasted, her reputation is, therefore, great, and will remain so long after she has passed from its halls. Picture after picture grows beneath the stroke of her brush, and we often wonder whence spring all these wonderful ideas into the head of one so young and seemingly innocent. We hope that the happiest picture that Estelle can conceive will be realized in her own future, and that she may go on through life enjoying only those things which are most beautiful.



DAISY WILLARD KIDD, B. L.

Π Δ

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

“And the daisy, golden-hearted, sheds its  
stars for you and me.”

If you want to know anything in history, just ask Daisy. If there is anything concerning the Bible you want to know, just ask Daisy. She has an abundant store of such knowledge, and also plenty of argumentative abilities. Her chief occupation at present is arguing about anything that comes up on any subject of Political Science, Evolution, Railroads, Civil Engineering and A. and M. College. She is a good-natured, true-hearted, whole-hearted Baptist and never fails to stand up for her rights. She, like the flower whose name she bears, is always bright and sunny; but in the other sense in which the name is sometimes taken, she is a “daisy.”



JENNIE MIRIAM LONG, A. B.

Θ Φ, Σ Ο Η Ν, Η Δ.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

“None knew thee but to love thee, nor named thee but to praise”.

President Student body '10-'11, President Class '08-'09, '09-'10, Chief Marshal Pierian Society, '10-'11; Captain Varsity Basket Ball Team '09-'10, '10-'11; President Athletic Association '09-'10; Vice-President Class '10-'11; Chair-Student Council '10-'11; Secretary Pierian Society '09-'10, '10-'11; Captain Class Basket Ball Team, '07-'08, '08-'09, '9-'10, '10-'11; Captain Class Track Team '09-'10, '19-'11, Annual Staff '09-'10, '10-'11; Marshall Pierian Society '08-'09, Varsity Basket Ball Team '08-'09; Secretary Athletic Association, '08-'09; Historian Class '07-'08; “S” '11.

In the fall of 1907 a large number of new girls were assembled in the Freshman study hall. Every one watched them with interest for did they not represent all the possible greatness of the future? Soon, however, one little curly haired girl named Miriam, seemed to rise above all the others. From the first she proved herself to be as the old expression goes: A natural born leader.” We would not have you believe her an “angel” for she was far from it as many of the poor long-suffering faculty might prove by bringing to mind the usual string of heartrending scrapes and escapes. Soon others besides her classmates recognized her talents and she was made leader on the athletic field and captain of our loved and famous varsity. We fear, however, that here she found the attractions of the coaches almost as great as those of the basket ball. Even in this, her last year, she so sprained her eyes winking at the little boy next door that many times she did not appear in the chapel and then we all knew that the doctor had prescribed a day’s sleep for Miriam.



MARGARET ELLA McCOMB, B. L.  
Σ Ο Η Χ, Η Δ  
HICKORY, N. C.

“A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort and command.”

Critic Pierian Society '10-'11, Secretary  
and Treasurer Class '10-'11, Annual Staff  
10'-11, Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '10-'11, Delegate  
to Asheville Conference '10.

One of the girls that P. C. is proud to claim, came within her walls as a timid little maid in September '07. This timidity was not long seen, for soon we hear her gentle soft voice ringing through the halls, and see her determined and set face popping up on any disturbance, always ready to take a hand, or rather a fist in any fight to be had. Marguerite has developed many noble traits since she has been with us for these four years—one is a love for the other sex, how interested she is to know about the latest and most exciting love-case. This “dear,” as all the “angels” call her, is also very fond of children, and declares that she is to be a Kindergarten teacher, but if such a misfortune does befall this young race, they have our deepest and most sincere sympathy, for when she is good, she is very, very good, but when she is mean, she is awful.



MILDRED STEVENSON McCUBBINS, B. S.

Σ Ω Η Χ, Η Δ.

SALISBURY, N. C.

“Of softest manner, unaffected mind,  
lover of peace, and friend of all man-  
kind.”

Secretary and Treasurer Class '08-'09,  
'09-'10; Treasurer Student Body '08-'09;  
Supervisor Pierian Society '10-'11; Stu-  
dents' Council '10-'11; Annual Staff '10-'11;  
Vice-President Y. W. C. A. '10-'11; Class  
Historian '10-'11.

Mildred, the demure; Mildred, the quiet; Mildred, the sweet; but alas, Mildred, the pretender. For does she not pretend that she is a confirmed man hater? And do we all not know that, in spite of her bold pretenses, there is a soft spot in her heart for the little boy at — College? And does she not, in spite of the feeble protests of her room-mates, persist in staying up half the night, so that she may have beautiful curls the next day? But those who know her are only too willing to overlook these little failings, if only they may be called her friends. For is she not the truest friend a girl ever had? We all think so and take great pride in her music, her beaux, and her curls.



RUTH SEVILLE PORTER,—Special.

II Δ

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

“Smile on honey, and make folks like you.”

Class Lawyer '10-'11, Business Manager Varsity '10-'11; Assistant Business Manager Edelweiss '10-'11; President Special Class '09-'10; Class Basket Ball Team '07-'08; '08-'09, '09-'10, '10-'11; Track Team 10-'11.

Ruth, better known as “Rufus,” is popular everywhere and with everybody. She is always in for a good time and delights in making others happy—on the whole she is a “jolly good fellow.” She is attractive not only in her manner but in her personal appearance, also, and was voted the neatest and handsomest girl in school. She is an enthusiastic participant in all athletic affairs and has helped her Class Basket Ball Team win its victories since she was a Sub-Freshman. Like the rest of us Rufus has her faults, and the greatest one is her lack of sympathy for those poor creatures who are compelled to take Senior Ethics. While speaking of faults we might also add that she is a confirmed coquette and is responsible for the broken heart of many a Charlotte youth. So far as we have been able to discover, her highest ambition is to spin through life on the front seat of an automobile; but be it in that manner or otherwise we hope it may be a most pleasant journey.



MARGARET ELIZABETH PRITCHARD  
B. L.

Π Δ

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

“I am tipsy with laughter.”

Sub. Class Basket Ball Team '08-'09,  
'09-'10; Class Basket Ball Team '10-'11;  
Class Track Team '10-'11.

Pritchard, by her bright and cheerful smile and sweet disposition, has won the hearts of all her classmates. She never worries, but takes things as they come and helps to cheer others who let their misfortunes crush them. Though small in stature and gentle in speech she is never overlooked, and is especially prominent on the athletic field, where light and graceful she carries off many honors. Among the many girls who have gone forever from the old College doors not one can be found more loyal to her class, classmates, and Alma Mater than this “dignified little Senior of P. C.”



LILLA INGRAM SADLER, B. L.

Π Δ

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

“Little hearts do flutter at a beau.”

Class Basket Ball Team '07-'08; Sub-  
Varsity '08-'09; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '10-  
'11; Pierian Supervisor '11; Y. W. C. A.  
Editor '11; Class Basket Ball Team, '10-  
11; Track Team '10-'11; Delegate to Ashe-  
ville Conference '10.

Lilla is jolly and good natured and is ever ready for fun and frolic. She always smiles on the young men, whether they hail from A. & M., Carolina or Davidson. But at certain times in the year, *i. e.*, when A. & M. plays ball in Charlotte, she has been known to wear the Red and White constantly. She was never known to be angry, notwithstanding the fact that her various friends have given her numerous opportunities for indulging in that state of mind. “Slim,” as she is known among her schoolmates, is care free, content, and happy under any circumstances.



LILLIE GREY SHIELDS, A. B.

Λ Σ

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

“Around her shone a nameless charm, unmarked by her alone.”

President Gamma Sigma Society '10-'11; Assistant Chief Editor Edelweiss '10-'11; Class Prophet '10-'11; Student Council '10-'11; Secretary Student Body '10-'11; Critic Gamma Sigma Society '09-'10; Marshal Gamma Sigma Society '09-'10; Historian Gamma Sigma Society '09-'10; Business Manager Class '09-'10; Supervisor Gamma Sigma Society '08-'09.

This rare and beautiful specimen of the genus “lilium,” came into our hands some three years ago. Since then she has not only been a leader in her society but in her classes as well. In philosophy she is looked upon with awe, and considered as nothing less than a prodigy, because she is the only one in all her class who has been able to extract more than one “ten” from “Uncle Jimmie” in that most difficult of all mental gymnasiums—Dr. Dabney’s Ethics. Nevertheless, there is one huge, luminous fault that is constantly perceptible in Lillie (that is in the last year) and this is that she does not give us even one infinitesimal part of her love—but “Frank-ly” speaking we cannot blame her.



ANNA PEARL SMITH, B. S.

Π Δ, Σ Ω Π Χ, Ψ Σ,

LIBERTY, S. C.

If music be the food of love, play on.

Class Basket Ball Team '08-'09; Critic Pierian Society '09-'10; Treasurer Student Body '09-'10; Vice-President Class '09-'10; Annual Staff '09-'10; Elected Vice-President Pierian Society '10-'11; Vice-President Y. W. C. A '10-'11; Assisant Editor-in-Chief of Annual 10-'11 but unable to serve "W. C. A. '11."

The ivory keys beneath her skilful fingers, throb with wondrous melodies, by the soulful harmony we are carried far beyond sordid, material things, and only descend to earth again to ponder: "How can one so heartless play so well?" That question, however, is very easily answered—she does not put her heart into her music simply because she hasn't one!

Besides her musical talent, "Pug" is distinguished for her soft, sweet drawl, that feature from which she obtained her nickname, and her adorable dimples. In spite of her love for music, and other things, she has abundant affection to lavish upon her friends; and since she is at home this winter and only makes occasional excursions to P. C. these are anticipated with joy, but never has a quiet, confidential visit been planned that—Lo!—well, He comes with her!

Her abilities are as evident on the tennis court as in the class room, in truth, she excels along many lines—lately she has become quite domestic—but those who love her best all agree that her greatest proficiency lies in music and 'arts.



LILLIAN GERTRUDE, SMITH, B. L.

Π Δ

NEWBERRY, S. C.

September last "Bill Smith" came to us from Newberry College to finish with us the journey that we had already pursued through many years. Since her arrival she has made many friends. When she came she wore a luminous solitaire which caused much excitement (it was her brother's?); but soon after Christmas we saw that her spirits were sinking and then we noticed that the ring had disappeared. But now it seems even a "Penny" would revive her spirits. In spite of her many love-affairs she still remains faithful to "Dr. Dabney."



## Senior Class History

WITH HUMBLEST APOLOGIES TO MR. BUNYAN.

**A**S I walked through the world, I came to a den and I lay down to sleep; and as I slept, I dreamed. I thought I saw a girl standing in a certain place, with her face turned from home, a book in her hand, and a great pack on her back. As I looked, I thought she opened the book and began to read and that she trembled and sighed as though in fear of what she saw in the book. At last she looked up and exclaimed, "What shall I do? Where shall I go?"

While she was in distress, it seemed that one named Graduate met her and asked why she was worrying thus.

Then Eleven—for that was what she was now called—answered:

"I find by this book that I know nothing. I am worried continually on account of the burden of ignorance that is upon me."

"Then why do you stand here?" asked Graduate.

"Because I know not where to go!" exclaimed Eleven.

"Then," said the other, turning a little, "Do you see that shining lamp in the hand of yon goddess?"

"Yes, I think I do," said Eleven.

"Well, replied Graduate, "Keep that lamp in your eye and go straight

forward, and soon you will see the door. When there, knock and after, it has been opened, it will be told you what further you must do ”

Then Eleven went swiftly forward, growing strong of heart as she thought of how Graduate had told her that the keeper had only good will for all and would make her welcome. After a while she reached the door at which she was to knock for admittance to the course leading to the Heights of Knowledge. A stately person, named Dean Long, opened the door in answer to her call.

“Whom have we here?” she asked kindly as her eye fell on Eleven.

“A poor ignorant girl,” answered Eleven,” “who has left home to enter upon the way to knowledge. I trust you are willing to let me in.”

“I am with all my heart,” answered Dean Long, and with that she opened the door and Eleven stepped in.

But, Eleven, look at the course you must now follow. It is straight as rules can make it. When you have gone a little distance from here, you will come to the hall of the instructors at whose doors you must knock. and they will show you some things that it will be good for you to know.”

Then Eleven passed on until she came to the hall mentioned. Here she knocked several times and at last some one answered:

“Come in, and we shall gladly show you all we can that will be of use to you.”

When Eleven had entered, the instructors questioned her and at last led her to a pleasant place called Study Hall. Here she saw a lady sitting at a table where rested ink and paper as though the names of those who entered were written down.

Then the lady showed Eleven a desk where sat a girl whose eyes were fixed upon the floor, and whose whole attitude was one of complete hopelessness.

“Who are you?” asked Eleven.

“One who once had a prospect of eventually gaining the Heights of Knowledge,” answered the girl mournfully, “But I trifled away my time; I made company with those who did not study; and so dulled my mind with idleness that no book can ever awaken it.”

“Now let me show you one thing more,” said the lady.

Then she led Eleven to a chamber where was one just rising from slumber but trembling as though in fear of something. This one now told Eleven why she feared.

“When I oversleep myself, I see clocks and I hear breakfast bells ringing. Then I quake with fear for I am not ready to be fined, and then it is that I see the reproving eye of the dean fixed upon me.”

“Well, keep all these things in your mind,” said the lady to Eleven, “and let them be a caution to you to do your duty.”

And thus at last Eleven was ready to begin her course.

Now I thought that the way she had entered was fenced in with a high wall first called Initiation, and later Hard Work. For a while Eleven had to go slowly on account of her burden, but at last she came to a place called Freshman, and there while she worked steadily, the burden was loosed from her shoulders and rolled away.

Then Eleven went joyfully onward. At last, looking up, she saw in the distance the first of the four hills which stood before the Heights of Knowledge, but almost at the same instant she caught sight of two lions waiting as though ready to spring upon her. Eleven, at this, drew back in alarm, but one of the instructors, Armstrong, seeing that she had drawn back, said:

“Is thy ambition then so small? Fear not, the lions are but a trial of thy courage.”

Full of fear but still possessing hope, Eleven went on, and though she heard the roar of the lions, Nine and Ten, they did her no harm, and she soon saw that they were busy fighting over a little tree which was between them. At last she stood in front of the hill.

“Please, what hill is this?” she asked.

“The hill Examination placed here for the testing of Pilgrims, and beyond lies the town of Sophomore,” answered one who was just passing.

Then Eleven climbed the hill with courage, although the way was steep and hard. There before her lay the pretty town of Sophomore. Now before this Eleven had felt humble and grateful, but now she began to grow confident and conceited. She wished to choose her own path, but after she had stumbled and suffered many falls, she became trustful and sweet once more. In this town she met with much praise for she had indeed made a good journey.

Although the place was very pleasant, Eleven did not wish to stop there forever, so she pressed onward. Soon she came to an open field where stood the large lions, Nine and Ten, and a little cub named Twelve. Eleven wondered why she should meet them again. This time they came toward her

and she soon saw she must overcome them in order to pass on. There followed a mighty struggle, but Eleven had a strong heart and was so full of hope that she soon won the victory; and as she continued on her way, she heard those whom she passed saluting her as champion.

At last Eleven passed over the second hill Examination and came to the city of Junior. This city was delightful to live in and every one seemed to be enjoying life, but after watching the people awhile, Eleven discovered that those who were the happiest had worked the hardest. Now Eleven had great ambition and energy and soon she was among the foremost in the city; and when the time for her departure drew near, she had been proclaimed Queen in the kingdom of Scholarship.

Many pleasant times did Eleven enjoy in this almost ideal city, but the best of all was the day when one from the higher city of Senior came to visit her. Eleven made her welcome and prepared a sumptuous feast for her called Banquet.

Soon, however, the guest had to go on her journey out into the world and Eleven once more took up her long course. Once she stopped to see a kinsman in the village of Freshman, and here she was given the honor of a banquet and dance which was all so pleasant that she could hardly leave.

Once more she came to a open plain and there was confronted by three more lions, Ten, Twelve and Thirteen. Now these lions were much greater than the others had been and it was only with the greatest difficulty that Eleven overcame them. As she arose from the struggle, behold a Page stood before her, bearing in her hand a silver cup, which she now presented to Eleven. As she looked up, Eleven saw her name engraved upon it in letters that could never be erased. Then the Page told her that the struggles with the lions had only been to test her strength and that the cup was a token of her championship in the mountain of Athletics.

After passing over the third hill Examination, she came to the beautiful city of Senior. Here she spent much time and did many works. She was still Queen of Scholarship and ruled her kingdom well. The city was beautiful to look upon but Eleven soon saw that there was one great flaw—bad government. The people were growing lax about the observance of the laws. Now as Eleven was made head of the city, she formed a new government by the students, which was under a ruling Council of Five; and soon after this the city was in order once more.

Just as Eleven entered the city, one called Custom, handed over to her

an inheritance named Cap and Gown; and when she had taken it, she found that many Privileges were added with it. Much work now lay before her. She must watch over the Pilgrims below her, and prepare a new book, called Annual, to be sent out into the world as a guide. As she neared the end of her journey, a new Dean, Russell, told her that as her last duty she must prepare a passport, called Essay, to hand in at the Gate Commencement, which stood before the Palace of Graduation and the Heights of Knowledge. Eleven began work with a will and when the time, called Spring, came, her paper was complete.

Once she turned from her course into the city of Junior, and there her friends entertained her royally with a banquet.

Only a little way now lay between her and her goal and this was quickly crossed. She handed in her Essay at the Gate Commencement and was taken before the Judge, Bridges, who welcomed her into the new and learned country and gave her the great Charter to happiness, which some call Diploma.

Just then I awoke and realized that this was no idle dream but the true history of my class, Nineteen and Eleven.



## Senior Class Poem

The way has not been smooth  
But still we persevered, and struggled on,  
Nor once looked back, nor sank beneath the load  
Discouraged. And so to-day, still facing forward  
We come for the last time—for we have stood  
The test your kindly hands have set for us, and we  
Have reached the heights of Seniorhood, and pass beyond.  
We do not boast of knowledge we have gained  
We only know how little we do know.  
But from the tasks that seemed to us so hard,  
From new responsibilities, squarely faced,  
From duty, tho' distasteful, still not shunned,  
We feel new strength has been acquired.  
That our past duties, faithfully performed  
Have in a measure, fitted us;  
For harder, higher things that lie before.  
We know that while our minds have been expanding  
Our souls, our characters, have been growing too,  
That we are stronger, better girls for having lived among you  
We have no place among you any more -  
For now the work required of us is done—  
Yet are not satisfied as we look back,  
The things we should have done we did not do,  
But we have tried, and trying, did our best.  
Into that pathway, which through all these years  
Has lain so straight before, has come a bend,  
We cannot see what lies in store for us.  
But this it means: The parting of our ways,  
That as a class, we never shall again  
Meet with you here, that from  
Each other, too, we soon must go  
And lives that friendship made so intimate  
Must separate for years, perhaps forever.  
“Like ships that pass in the night  
And speak one another in passing—  
So on the ocean of life we pass

And speak one another  
 Only a voice heard, and a signal shown, then  
 Silence again, and the darkness.”  
 But still there lives the echo of that voice,  
 And so with us, forever shall endure  
 The contact of these lives we have known here  
 The precious memories of what has been,  
 Against which, time and distance naught avail.  
 As now we look back over what has passed  
 Distasteful tasks seem to grow wondrous sweet,  
 And old familiar things assume new grace.  
 As we realize how some day we may yearn  
 For just one glimpse of the old college walls,  
 And faces which in past days we had known and loved.  
 The parting brings us pain, and yet  
 We would not have it changed—  
 For we cannot stop here, we must  
 Still press on, our journey is not ended, rather,  
 Just begun. Now the world has tasks  
 And lessons for us, harder far, perhaps,  
 Nor will it be so gentle, or so kind, but we  
 Shall strive, and may no daughter here  
 Bring aught but honor to her Alma Mater.  
 The world may have no high, exalted place  
 For any of us here, but we shall be content, each  
 Serving in her own appointed place, howe'er obscure,  
 For you have taught us well the blessedness of service

\* \* \* \* \*

So we pass beyond your threshold, pass to leave forever—  
 We seem to feel your blessing follow us,  
 And hear your “God-speed!” ringing in our ears  
 And with the courage, strength, and hope of youth  
 Say farewell to the old,  
 And stout-hearted, turn to face the new.

B. M. B. '11



## Class Prophecy

The sun was slowly dying away below the horizon. Each gust of the cool sea breeze made me hungry for more, and I kept wandering, wandering on down the beach until I could go no further. I sat down and watched the waves dash against the shore. The world seemed far behind me and soon I was dreaming—dreaming.

My mind seemed to be wandering back to the happy days at old P. C., when suddenly a huge wave broke at my feet and from its midst there appeared a creature beautiful and fair—the goddess of the sea-nymphs.

“O, child of the earth, do you love the sea?” she asked in a voice wonderful and clear.

I nodded.

Then drawing nearer to me she said: “Those who love us and come to commune with us we never leave unpaid. This evening you have been dreaming of your classmates, scattered and gone. Take these, and as you cast them into the sea one by one, I shall tell you the fate of each girl of the Class of 1911.”

So saying, she handed me fifteen lovely pearls. I did as she bade me. When I cast the first one into the sea, there on the water in bright golden letters was written Lillian Reid. A different name appeared each time

until all my pearls were gone, and each time the beautiful sea-nymph told me all.

Lillian, our President, who doctored with great success the girls on her hall every night, after her graduation will pursue the study of medicine at the University of Berlin and will make herself famous the world over by the wonderful "Dr. Reid's Powerful Pills."

Annie Neal will spend three years in New York studying voice but will appear in public only a few times, for she will decide to return South and make happy the lover left behind.

Daisy will continue her belief in evolution and after a thorough study of it will go to China and teach the poor little Chinese that they originated from tad-poles.

Our demure Mildred, after two whirling seasons as the belle of New York society, will fall in love with a bachelor millionaire of Chicago and will spend the rest of her days in the west.

Miriam, after her graduation, will no longer appear on the athletic field, but will secure fame for wonderful feats in the air, for she will be the first person to fly around the world in an air-ship.

In Bessie, we shall find our authoress—but instead of writing on religion or philosophy she will become distinguished for her works of fiction and especially for her numerous love stories.

Estelle, our art graduate, will spend most of her time in the mountains of North Carolina where she will do great credit to herself and to her State by her wonderful paintings of nature.

Margaret McComb will soon after her graduation fall deeply in love, but as her love will not be requited, she will give up everything for the cultivation of her voice and will soon become a wonderful star in the American Grand Opera.

Bessie Green will spend the rest of her life as the wife of a country minister whom she will win after several years by faithfulness to his little church organ.

Pritchard will continue in her love for out-door sports and will soon become the championship woman swimmer of the world.

Ruth, always the star in science class, after a trip around the world in an automobile in the study of the different races of mankind, will at last decide that domestic science would be more interesting and this she will cheerfully study in her happy little home in a small North Carolina town.

Pearl, after a few years in Paris in the development of her wonderful musical talent, will go to London where she will fall in love with an English nobleman and contrary to the fate of most titled American girls will live "happy ever after."

Lilla, whose heart was pierced by cupid several times, was in the end disappointed and in revenge distributed the world over her famous book, "Beware of Man."

Lillian Smith will endear herself to all the children in a little South Carolina town where for many years she will reside as an old maid school teacher.

Leola, who at school claimed many beaux, will soon decide that she knows too much for any man and will spend the rest of her life lecturing on "The Road to Wisdom."

When I had cast the last pearl into the sea I looked anxiously into the face of the beautiful sea-nymph, and smilingly she said, "Child, child, thy fate has been decided, but not yet to be revealed!"

LILLIE SHIELDS, '11.



# Last Will and Testament

of the

## Class of 1911

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, MECKLENBURG COUNTY, CITY OF CHARLOTTE,  
PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE FOR WOMEN, MAY 14, 1911.

**WE**, the Class of 1911, of the aforesaid State, county and college, having reached at last the difficulty attained and much envied position of Seniorhood; having borne ourselves with perfect dignity and good behavior throughout the many years; having taken deserved and undeserved clippings and sarcasms without a murmur; having survived Dr. Dabney's mental anguish; having done all in our power by fair means or foul to exempt ourselves from examinations, are now of sound mind. Therefore, we do make, ordain, and declare this to be our last will and testament.

*First:* Our executrix, Lucy Phillips Russell, shall continually remind the under-classmen, and others, of our long list of virtues, and keep constantly in their minds the fame and sweet memory of the Class of 1911.

*Second:* We do hereby give and bequeath unto the new faculty of next year our admirable store of clippings, thinking that this may give them a worthy beginning.

*Third:* We also bequeath and devise unto the musicians of next year a new march to be played while the classes enter chapel, hoping they will discard the old one which has become an "ear-sore" unto us.

*Fourth:* Unto Dr. Bridges we do solemnly bequeath all our thumb-worn and dog-eared Ethics books, to be dealt out again by him to the poor unfortunates of 1912. We also devise unto the aforesaid Dr. Bridges one copy of Dante's *Inferno*, hoping that this will give him a faint conception of the temperature of the room during "Psych" period.

*Fifth:* A complete and valuable edition of the "Encyclopædia Senioratica," including all men that ever existed, we do cheerfully give and devise to Miss Parker.

*Sixth:* Unto the Freshmen we do bequeath the Senior's quiet and graceful manner of bearing defeat.

*Seventh:* A very vicious and terrible animal, called by some a "blind tiger," now found in the possession of the Cabinet members of the Senior

Class, we do transfer to the new faculty, hoping that said faculty will have more success in the taming thereof than the present one.

*Eighth* : Revised and intelligible editions of Browning and Wordsworth, the original work of B. Blakeney, we do solemnly give and bequeath to the English Department.

*Ninth* : Unto Ethel Walker and Annie Hughes we do give and devise the lusty voices of L. Reid and M. McComb, thinking that this will be an interesting addition to the aforesaid young ladies.

*Tenth* : The alarming "tens" of L. Shields we do give and bequeath to Mary Johnston, to be used by her in Ethics—her favorite study.

*Eleventh* : To A. B. Grier we do leave the Senior gown of M. Pritchard, provided, that said gown be converted into a hobble.

*Twelfth* : The trials and tribulations that B. Blakeney has undergone in getting out the Annual, we do willingly bequeath to the future Editor-in-Chief.

*Thirteenth* : L. Shield's brilliant solitaire (and all that it signifies) we solemnly bestow upon Duell Marshal.

*Fourteenth* : The charming curls of M. McComb we do bequeath and devise unto A. L. Wharton, to be coquettishly worn over each ear.

*Fifteenth* : To the Infirmary we do give Dr. "Bill" Reid's vast amount of drugs, including a teaspoon and a bottle of hair-tonic.

*Sixteenth* : The various and sundry "frappees" received by the Business Managers of the Annual while in zealous quest of Ads., we do fiendishly bestow upon the Business Managers of 1912.

*Seventeenth* : The low, sweet drawl of Mildred McCubbins we do leave to be equally divided between Lina Blakeney and Rachel Newell. It is to be hoped that the aforesaid young ladies will put this unusual opportunity to immediate use.

*Eighteenth* : Unto N. Brawley we do bequeath the interesting, daily "billet-doux" of L. Sadler.

*Nineteenth* : The sublime voice of A. N. Clark we do present to Miss Armstrong, to enable her to further her hopes as a noted singer.

*Twentieth* : To L. Morrow we give and devise the daily excuses of M. Long and L. Hannon, to aid the said young lady in her effort to pursue her course "on flowery beds of ease."

*Twenty-first* : The latest publication of L. Shields, *How to Grow Thin*, we do give with our heartfelt wishes for success in applying its directions to Katharine Ross.

*Twenty-second* : The combined ages of our most ancient Seniors we do

devise unto M. Nixon, who boasts so frequently of her infantile years.

*Twenty-third:* The peculiar, rough, and characteristic way that L. Reid plays basket-ball, we do give and bequeath unto W. G. Boyd until she finds out that "might is not always right."

*Twenty-fourth:* The love-licks, punches, and bruises meekly received by M. McComb from L. Reid we do give and devise, as a cherished memento, unto M. Hudson and S. Dellinger.

*Twenty-fifth:* Lastly, we do most solemnly give, bequeath and devise unto the Freshmen of 1912 our much loved and highly honored colors, the green and the white.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, this will has been drawn by me with the full consent of the Class of 1911.

RUTH PORTER.



## Junior Class History



WE began to assemble on the campus of the far-famed Presbyterian College on the first day of September, 1908, and in a short time a marvelous aggregation of humanity was there to look with wonder and amazement on the mysteries of college life. Probably it was not apparent to a casual observer that the weak, wonder-struck crowd of girls would resolve itself into that strong, distinguished class of 1912.

Our first step was to organize and having done this we left the trivialities of childhood behind us and began college life in earnest.

When we entered upon our second year it was with a re-inforcement of members and then it was that our motto, *Labor omnia vincit*, was fulfilled. For we distinguished ourselves in athletics, with two members on the Varsity, and even managed to find a place on the honor roll for several names.

That event which was the *summum bonum* of the whole year for us, the Sophomore Banquet was a brilliant success and remained until the end of the term, the chief topic for admiring freshmen. Throughout the year we made valiant attacks upon those formidable giants, Trigonometry and Cicero, and had remarkable success in routing them. It cannot be disputed that we deserved the cognomen, Sophomore, and would have tallied with someone's description of Charles I, "the wisest fool in Christendom." But wonders will never cease and hence by the united efforts of the faculty and members of the class, became the Junior class and having passed the third milestone of college life, and having experienced the life of a green Freshman and a foolish Sophomore, we realized the seriousness of life and the fact that we were *Juniors*.

Undoubtedly the Junior year is the best of all years, for then we have not the homesickness of a Freshman to contend with, then we are not the over-wise Sophomore, then we have not the responsibilities of Seniorhood laid upon us.

We are making excellent use of this choice year of college life and such reliable Juniors have we proved to be that certain privileges have been granted us which no other class had before.

We entertained our worthy sisters, the Seniors, in the Manufacturers' Club, on March 6th.

Our record in athletics has been good since we have four members on the Varsity, but what we accomplish on Field day and in Class games remains to be seen.

However, we have nothing to fear if we preserve the standard of former years.

M. W. Q. '12.



## Junior Class Organization

MOTTO : *Labor Omnia Vincit.*

CLASS COLORS : *Orange and Navy Blue.*

CLASS FLOWER : *White Hyacinth.*

### Officers :

President . . . . .	LAURA WATT
Vice-President . . . . .	MARJORIE WASHBURN
Secretary . . . . .	ANNA BURWELL GRIER
Treasurer . . . . .	KATHERINE WILSON
Historian . . . . .	MAGGIE QUERY

### Members :

Lottie Alexander	Duell Marshall
Estelle Glenn	Louise Morrow
Anna Burwell Grier	Ellen Peoples
Rena Harrell	Maggie Query
Sarah Harry	Kate Moore Rankin
Margaret Hudson	Lillian Shaw
Annie Hughes	Marjorie Washburn
Mary Dellinger	Katherine Wilson
Mary Johnston	Octavice Wofford
Clyde Lynch	Laura Watt



JUNIOR CLAS



## Sophomore Class Organization

COLORS : *Light Blue and White.*

MOTTO : *Laudandae simus.*

FLOWER : *White Carnation.*

### Officers:

President . . . . .	MAY BEVERLY ALEXANDER
Vice-President . . . . .	LINA BLAKENEY
Secretary . . . . .	MELVA GULLICK
Treasurer . . . . .	ELIZABETH WITHERS

### Class Roll:

May Beverly Alexander	Melva Gullick
Lida Alexander	Joncie Hutchinson
Lalla Bailes	Lucile Johnston
Mabel Bennett	Lottie Kluttz
Lina Blakeney	Myra Nixon
Ruth Blankenship	Lula Pender
Willie Graham Boyd	Edna Rankin
Katie Cochrane	Ruth Rainey
Lois Cochrane	Ethel Walker
Stella Dellinger	Helen Whisnant



SOPHOMORE CLASS

## Sophomore History

Since our Freshman year of nineteen ten  
Our number has increased o'er then.  
Part of our class did not return, yet we  
Have now some twenty-three.  
Our year throughout has been a joyful one;  
Many ways have we of making fun.  
Our president, whom we do love so dear,  
Royally entertained one day this year.  
Everything here that we have done  
Commends the class a most efficient one.  
Long we at pleasant tasks have stayed;  
Among them games of basket ball we've played.  
So as we march toward Junior Land  
Sweet memories will greet us on every hand.

R. R. '13.

## Freshmen Class History

DEER-EDITORE-OF-THAT-LONG-TAILED WORD:

I thought I would rite too you. (I didn't sho-nuff, those ole Seniors said I had two.) I am riting this in hope that it may be put in your nice paper—I mean the Anule—and also serprise our frens, the Soffmowees. I go to school at the Presbyterian Colledge. I like it very much. (That's another story.) There are more freshmans here than anybody else, we've got about the biggest class in school. Soon after school started and we stopped Cry-ing, they shut us up in a room and told us to meat, but we knew all about meating, cause the Big girls had already tole us. So we ellected Anne Dewey Chambers President and Celeste McKeown vice-president and Rebecca Walker, treasurer and Vivian Whitworth Secretary and me Historian, and everyladie said that was just fine. about 4 months later we had another class meating to get girls that could run fast and we picked out Martha Moore, Vashte Hoggard, Barbar Reed, Bessie Flowe, and Abigail Alexander.

We have to go to school all the time except on Sunday and then we have to go to church and that's most as bad. We don't have to go to church tho when it rains, and then we have a awful good time. We've got a lot of teachers around here and aint enny of 'em married except Mrs. Russell. Miss Kibbe is one of the teachers, she teaches the freshmen howto draw little squares and rings and things on the board, but I'm behind and she teaches me how to add up A B C's and X Y Z's. Miss Washburn teaches us English, how to compose and expres ourselves corectly. We're studying now about a man Named burke, that talked mighty lot, then we have to go to Miss bowers' the Latton teacher, every day and sometimes she asks us Case and Why? but sometimes she just tells jokes and we just nearly die. I could tell you about our other teachers, but will clothes now in fear of the waist-basket.

I must close also because I have got nothing more to say.

Your loving little friend,

SARAH.



## Freshman Class Organization

COLORS : *Orange and Black.*  
 FLOWER : *Black-eyed Daisy.*  
 MOTTO : *Do ye next thing.*

### Officers :

#### FIRST TERM.

President . .	ANNIE DEWEY CHAMBERS
Vice-President	CELESTE MCKEOWN
Secretary . .	VIVIAN WHITWORTH
Treasurer . .	REBECCA WALKER
Monitress . .	VASTI HOGGARD
Historian . .	SARA CANSLER

#### SECOND TERM.

President . .	CELESTE MCKEOWN
Vice-President	MARTHA MOORE
Secretary . .	VIVIAN WHITWORTH
Treasurer . .	REBECCA WALKER
Monitress . .	VASTI HOGGARD
Historian . .	SARA CANSLER

### Class Roll :

Abigail Alexander  
 Elnora Alexander  
 Olga Bailes  
 Ruth Bostian  
 Margeret Buckner  
 Mildred Butt  
 Sara Cansler  
 Anne D. Chambers  
 Willie Cross  
 Doris Curlee  
 Grace Donaldson  
 Corneilia Dowd  
 Annie D. Eliot  
 Bessie Flowe

Minerva Garrison  
 Rose Hawkins  
 Eloise Hawthorne  
 Lillie Henderson  
 Vasti Hoggard  
 Eunice Jeffries  
 Margaret Johnston  
 Flossie Jordan  
 Elizabeth King  
 Jane Mar Lyles  
 Celeste McKeown  
 Martha Moore  
 Margaret Newell  
 Rachel Newell

Dorothy Nims  
 Grace Pearson  
 Mary Pharr  
 Mary Lee Rankin  
 Barbara Reed  
 Flowe Riddle  
 Katherine Ross  
 Ruth Sloan  
 Fannie Stroup  
 Katherine Taylor  
 Eunice Tate  
 Rebecca Walker  
 Annie Louise Wharton  
 Vivian Whitworth  
 Rosalie Wilkinson



FRESHMAN CLASS



## Sub-Freshmen Class Organization

MOTTO : *Genius is 5 per cent. inspiration  
and 90 per cent. perspiration.*

COLORS : *Green and White.*

Austin, Eulalia  
 Auten, Ola  
 Andrews, Katharine  
 Bangle, Mary Ella  
 Baily, Enna  
 Carson, Mary  
 Fielding, Alice  
 Herron, Ashby  
 Howell, Mary Sanders  
 Henderson, Grace  
 Heath, Benetta

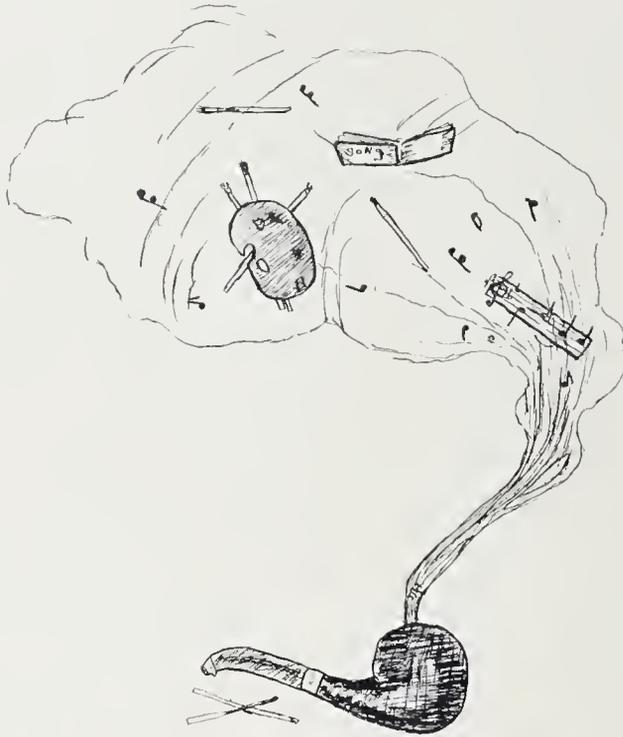
Harris, Julia  
 Harry, Ona  
 Holmes, Martha  
 Johnston, Mary  
 Kanoy, Mary  
 McCubbins, Theresa  
 McWhirter, Nina  
 Mayes, Idella  
 Nixon, Blanche  
 Scott, Margaret  
 Withers, Louise

### Officers:

ASHBY HERRON	President
MARY JOHNSTON	Vice-President
EULALIA AUSTIN	Sec. and Treas.



SUB. FRESHMEN CLASS



## Special Class Organization

MOTTO: *We are not as we seem*

FLOWER: *Jonquil*

COLOR: *Gold and Green*

### **Yell**

Hully Gee! Hully Gee!  
 Who are we? Who are we?  
 Special! Special! Special!

PRESIDENT	-	-	-	-	-	Allie Rodman
VICE-PRESIDENT	-	-	-	-	-	Doris Harry
SECRETARY	-	-	-	-	-	Lena Collins
TREASURER	-	-	-	-	-	Mary Hutchinson
MONITRESS	-	-	-	-	-	Cora Colson

### **Roll**

Virginia Barnhardt	Annie May Hunter	Lollie Harris
Mary Currie	Allie Rodman	Sarah Harry
Maud Craig	Lola McCall	Mary Hutchinson
Mary Harry	Enna Bailey	Susie Russell
Nelleen Hay	Cora Colson	Ellen Robinson
Doris Harry	Lena Collins	Nell Laird



SPECIAL CLASS

## Grandmother's Wedding Gown

"De laws a mussy, chile ef you aint de livin spitin' image of ole Miss Nancy. Um, simple, um!" and Mammy Cindy rocked back and forth muttering to herself in her glee while Dorothy Neal, dressed for the masquerade ball in her grandmother's old wedding gown, slowly paraded up and down before her admirer with a dignified air, but, eyes dancing with mischief and excitement.

Suddenly growing tired, Dorothy flung herself down on a little stool at Mammy's feet and leaned her dark head on Mammy's knee, saying in a wheedling tone :

"Mammy, everything went wrong today. I tried to be nice on my eighteenth birthday; but that horrid Ed. is such a bother and tease that I—O well, what's the use? Mammy, you remember how you used to tell me a story when I was cross? Won't you tell me one now and see if it won't drive the cranks out of my temper?"

Mammy looked down at the curly head and the sweet face whose expression certainly denied the accusation of her own words. Then into the dim old eyes crept a far away look and after a long silence, she began in a low, reverent tone :

Well, honey, it wuz in dem good ole days when de niggers wuz all happy wid de good ole marstur and missusses—or ruther dem whut behaved demselves wuz. I cum from Georgy wid er whole passel of urriers who hed ter be sold ter pay dey marster's debts. Dey brung us ter Verginny and sold us in Richmund. De auchshuneer who hed us cum up toreckly and says ter me :

"Cindy, yo' goes here wid Marster Brooks and doan' yo' show enny uf yo' sass, neider."

"Well, honey, Marse Brooks wuz de nices' lookin' man an' hed de kindest face an' my heart mos sung hitself out in my throat ez I follered him. We cum to a big white place toreckly and den Marster tuk me up de steps and purty soon here cum de purties' lady an' lil' girl yo' eber laid eyes on. Marse Brooks luk so proud an' seys :

"Cindy, here's yo' new missus. I give yo' to her an' yo mus' take good care uf her an' lil' Nancy."

I seys ter myself :

"Cindy yo' doan need be tole dat, chile', 'case yo goner do it enny way fur yo'lubs 'em.

“We wuz all so happy fer a while an’ my new marster and missus wuz so good ter me, an’ lil’ Nancy wuz de sweetes’ purties’ lil’ chile yo eber see.”

“Den trubbel ’gan ter cum. First, Marse Brooks hed ter go ter England ter ’tend to some bizness or murr, an’ den while he wuz gone, my missus tuk sick. Purty soon Marse Brooks cum back home an’ yo’ orter a ben dar ter see how tender an’ good he wuz ter her. It seem like it goner kill ’im, an’ he hair ’gun tuhnin white. Den it wuzn’t many months befo’ we hed ter lay her in a black coffin an’ tell her good-bye.”

“Arfter dat, all wuz changed. The Marster never smile no mo’ an’ de only things he peahed ter be intrested in wuz lil’ Miss Nancy an’ he bizness De po’ lil’ chile wuz so lonesome dat she play wid me all de time, an’ seem lak I can’t git out’en her sight. Ebry day she git purtier an’ purtier an’ run lak ole misses.”

“We wuz de riches’ folks in de country den. Dey wuz only one man ez rich ez we’uns and dat wuz Marse Tomlin. He ’state run right up agin’ ourn an’ we wuz nex’ do’ neighbo’s. He was two yeahs oler’n Marse Brooks an’ ain’ neber ben married, an’ all de leddies who wuz ole enuff wuz aset-tin dey caps fer ’im. But he ain’ notice ’em. He’d cum ober ter see Marse Brooks an’ larf erbout it an’ play wid Miss Nancy. He sho’ did set a lot by that chile an’ she call ’im Uncle Tomlin same ez ef he wuz her pa’s brer.

Miss Nancy hed anure playmate den, a lil’ boy named Frank Weldon. He wuz a fine lil’ genman ’bout foah yeahs oler’n Miss Nancy an’ de two wuz onsep’rable. He used to tote her books when dey went up here ter Miss Cary’s school. Marse Frank’s folks wuz jes’ ez rich ez we’uns wuz, but his pa died an’ dey los’ all dey money someway, an’ now Marse Frank hed ter ’sport he ma an’ sister. Marse Brooks set a heap o’ store by Marse Frank an’ help ’im all he can.

“Well, time cum, honey, when Miss Nancy cum home from College fer good. She was eighteen den and ’de purties’ gal in de country. Den genmans ’jes flock erroun’ her lak my ole hens ’roun a bucket o’ corn. She can’t drap her hand’chief, or step by ’erself fer ’em. But I jes’ watch ’er an’ I says :

“Cindy, she ain’ alikin’ uf none uf ’em lak Marse Frank. Dat she ain’ Jes’ luk how she smile at ’im one minit an’ den git so mean de nex’ an’ keep ’im erguessin all de time. Marse Frank goan be yo’ new marster some day.

“Now aint I done tole yo’ time an’ ergin, honey, what a proffit I is? Well, things went on diserway fer awhile. Marse Tomlin, he still cum an’

it peaked ter me that he wuz a settin' he cap fer my young missus. Honey, dat sho' mek sad fer he wuz too ole for Miss Nancy, an' she love him lak she love her own pa. But Marse Brooks, I see, wuz bent fur the match. He done ben athinkin' all erlone ez how Marse Tomlin an' Miss Nancy jine de two 'states an' den dey be de riches' folks ennywhars. He put 'em with each urr ez much ez he can, an' my heart done grieb fer my missus.

"It couldn't go on diserway long, an' one day I see Miss Nancy an' Marse Frank cumin' thro' de woods wid dey horses close tergither an' he arm 'roun' her wais? I tuk out to de house ez farst ez I can, fer I knowed it hed cum an' I wanted ter be dar ter he'p Miss Nancy. Well, dey cum up thro' de gate an' Miss Nancy jump off'n her hoss an' cum straight ter me larfin' ez happy ez a bird. Marse Frank went on in de house an' knocke' at Marse Brook's do' and den Miss Nancy an' I stan' out on de porch an' wait. Purty soon I heahed de do' open an' look up. Here cum Marse Frank wid he haid up in de air, but he face ez white ez dat air white washed fence. Right 'hind him cum Marse Brooks wid he face so red wid anger that it done luk lak de blood goner pop out. He step up quick to de do' an' he said :

"Nancy, I hed no idee yo' an' dis scamp uf a Frank would deceib me so. It is utter presumshun fer him to think uf marryin' yo'. I heve ben a frien' ter him fer a long time an' dis is how he repays me. Now, I want'er tell yo' in de 'ginnin' dat dis is nonsince an' I ferbid him to eber put his foot on dis'ere place ergin or enny commun'cashun between yo' whutsumeber."

"I hed to put my ahms 'roun' her ter ketch her, she wuz so pale an' weak. Den she straighten'd up an' 'tempted ter say somepin' but he onterrupt 'er an' tole her he meant whut he sed. Den he walked in de house an' lef' us.

"Marse Frank stood dar a minit jes' ez he wuz an' den he went up to Miss Nancy an' kiss her han' an' sed :

"I guess it is best, deah; I couldn' gib yo' all de lux'ries yo' heve now, but I wuz selfish and did not think. Forgib me.

"Den he tuhned away an' went down de path wid he haid way down lak he can't see de road good. Miss Nancy ain't sed a word 'case ain' got no vice. She jes' let 'im go an' stan' lookin' at him.

"Well, honey, things went on diserway fer a while an' I ain' neber seed sich a sad time sence ole Missus died. Miss Nancy loked lak she goan cry enny time an' gittin so white an' thin, an' her eyes so big dat I think she gwine die.

“One night she cum runnin’ ter my cabin an’ throwed herself on de harth here and bury her po’ lil’ face in my lap; and her po’ lil’ sholders jes’ shook till seem lak she warn’t neber goan stop. I knowed den dat Marse Brooks hed done talk to her agin, but I aint said nuthin’ for I knowed it would cum out after while. Den she loked up an’ sed :

“Mammy, I jes’ can’t marry Uncle Tomlin. I’ll jes’ die ef I do. I doan want’er be rich. I would ruther lib in de po’ house an’ be happy. Papa sed tonight det he would sen’ fer him in de mornin’ an’ I wuz to mek him happy and sey “Yes.”

“Den she tuk to crying’ ergin’ an’ I git skeered. I seed somepin’ hed ter be done quick, so I tole her to stay dar till I got some water an’ den I mek fer Marse Frank’s ez hahd ez I kin. I tole him all ’bout it an’ he sed quick and sternlike :

“De brute, he shall not kill her lak dat. I’ll marry her in spite uf him.

“He got a kerridge an’ cum up to de aidge uf our plantashun an’ I went ter fetch Miss Nancy. Whin I got dar an’ tole her, her po’ lil’ face luk lak de sun done foun’ it an’ can’t shine enuff. I wrapped a cloak ’roun’ her an’ sent her out de do’ arunnin’. She warn’t gone long when I heahed Marse Brooks acomin’ an’ my heart jes’ stan’ still. He cum in an’ luk all ’roun’ an’ sed :

“Cindy, whar’s Miss Nancy? It’s gittin’ late an’ I cum ter take her back ter de house.

“Lawsy! Chile ef I warn’t skerred! I jes’ seys:

“Why, Marse Brooks! Yo’ knows me betterin’ dat. Yo’ knows dis nigger ain’ gwine keep de blessed chile out lak dis. She done gone home long ’go. Yo’ jes’ didn’t see her; dat’s all.

“Den she’s lost Cindy, an’ yo’ mus’ he’p me fin her,” seys Marse Brooks.

“Well, I wuz skeered not ter, an’ so I slip on my shawl an’ staht out in anudder direcshun from whut Miss Nancy done tuk. I ’gun ter feel good now an’ think how de po’ chile wuz safe now, whin all of a suddent ole Marster give a yell an’ run hahd ez he could tow’ds de road. Den I saw de kerridge cummin’ an’ I knowed Marster wuz on ter it all an’ dat mo’ trubbel wuz cum. Ole Marster jumped at dem horses an’ stop ’em so quick, it mek ’em dizzy. Den he juhk Miss Nancy out an’ put her ’hin’ him ’fore Marse Frank could git he breath. Den he hit de hosses so hahd dat dey gib one jump an’ run lak persessed down de road, taking Marse Frank wid ’em.

“Whew! but ole Marster wuz mad. He took Miss Nancy home an’ locked her up in de garret-room whar dey used ter hide frum Injuns, an’

dar he say he gwine to keep her till she gits some sense. Ebry mornin' he tak her bread an' water an' arsk ef she'd say yes. She allus sed she'd die fust. Well, honey, she wuz up dar mos' a week an' one day she got somepin' she want tell me. Ole Marster had softened a lil' den an' he let me go see her sometimes. Well, she tole me she got a plan an' she want my he'p, an' 'course I gwine gib it.

"De nex' day she peahed ter be sick an' won't eat nuthin'. Ole Marster, he git skeered an' sent for the docteh. De docteh sed it wuz from lak of exercise an' tell him to sen' her to walk wid me eb'ry day. Well, ole Marster let we'uns do dat, but he tole me dat he'd mos' kill me ef I let her outen my sight. We went furder and furder each day till at de end of de week we cum ter de end uf he plantashun. Here Marse Frank happened to see us an' we tole him all 'bout it. I neber seed a man so mad. Yo' couldn' stand' close ter him fer feah of gittin' buhnt, he wuz so hot. Finally 'swade me ter he plan. He gwine tek Miss Nancy ter de preacher's 'bout a mile erway an' marry her an' den he wuz ter bring her back an' we'd go home ez usual.

"Well, honey, we did it, an' soon Miss Nancy an' I wuz walkin' home jes' as usual 'cep' she luk too happy. Dat night she larf an' talk like she use to an' when staht up dem stairs, she sed, sweet like:

"Good night, papa, yo' can tell Uncle Tomlin ter cum termorer and I'll marry him ef he want me den.

"Yo' orter aseed ole Marster's face. I neber seed 'im ez happy sence de day he fust brung me home, an' I couldn' he'p feelin' sory 'case I knowed how he gwine be diserpinted. Howsumeber, I ain' got de heart ter tell 'im an' git Miss Nancy in trubbel.

"De nex' mornin' whin we'uns wuz up in Miss Nancy's room, Marse Brooks sint fer us an' sed he an' Marse Tomlin wuz waiting fer us. Miss Nancy luk at me orful pitiful an' den we go on down stairs. Marse Brooks wuz standin' at de do' uf de study an' helt it open fer us, an' dar by de table was Marse Tomlin. Dey bofe luk lak dey ben 'joying dey talk wid one anurr. Miss Nancy's face wuz ez white ez dat snow out yonder, but she kinder smilin' sick lak. Marse Tomlin cum up an' tek her han' an' arsk'er plain out will she marry him, an' he eyes jes' shine. Miss Nancy can't luk him in de face at fust, but she 'gan in a low vice dat shuck so yo' hahdly heahed it:

"Uncle Tomlin, yo' heve done me de gretes' honor a man can do a woman. I sh'd love ter please yo' an' papa, but yo' mus' read dis'ere paper fust. Ef yo' still want me den, I may say yes.

“Wid dat, she han’ him de paper an’ bless yo’ soul, honey, ef it warn’t de marriage licinse. My ole eyes mos’ drop outen my haid. Den she went ter de winder an’ stan’ alookin’ out.

“Yo’ ain’ neber heahed sich a silunce in yo’ born days an’ yo’ neber will. Toreckly I luk up. Marse Tomlin stood dar wid he haid way down an’ he face white. He han’ helt de paper so tight it mos’ teah, an’ I seed dat Marse Brooks done read it, too. Miss Nancy tuhned ’roun’, ’case she carn’t stan’ it no longer, an’ she cried so pleadin’.

“O papa an’ Uncle Tomlin, fergib me. I couldn’ do whut yo’ wanted, an’ I wuz so miserable.

“Dey jes’ stared at her a minit an’ den Marse Brooks suddintly waked up an’ gemmans ! I thought he jes’ ’bout goner to kill her, but he ain’. He tuhned ter her an’ sed:

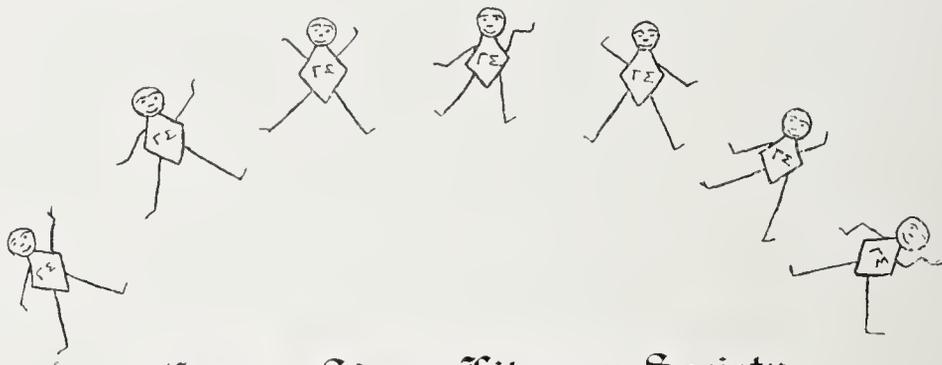
“Yo may leab dis house at once. Yo’ air no longer a chile uf mine. Tek Cindy and all de res’ uf yo’ things an’ doan yo’ let me heah uf yo’ agin.

“Miss Nancy jes’ luk at him lak she can’t ketch on, an’ den she tuhned slowly ’roun’ an’ cum out widout a wuhd and wid her haid down. Yas, honey, we lef Miss Nancy ain’ tuk nuthin’ ’cep’ me an’ dat dress she wuz marrit in. We cum to Marse Frank’s an’ was rale happy, but I seed dat her pa wuz worryin’ Miss Nancy. He done git oler an’ jes’ lak a man mos’ eighty an’ he jes’ somewhar tow’ds sixty.

“One day do, here cum a note from somebody an’ it say dat Marse Tomlin dead an we’uns is ’quested ter cum ter de will-readin’. Well, honey, hit’s mos’ time fer yo’ ter go so I’se gwine hurry wid de res’. Marse Tomlin done lef’ all he prop’ty to Marse Frank. Miss Nancy met her pa dar an’ dey couldn’ stan’ it no longer, so dey jes’ run into one anurr’s ahms an’ dey ain’ neber quarr’led sence.

“Now yo’ jes’ git right up frum here an’ run ez hahd ez yo’ kin or dose young gemmans will be erhoodoin’ me fer keepin yo’ so long.

M. S. McC., ’11.



# Gamma Sigma Literary Society

## ORGANIZATION

### Officers

President	.	.	.	.	.	.	LILLIE SHIELDS
Vice-President	.	.	.	.	.	.	NADINE BRAWLEY
Secretary	.	.	.	.	.	.	KATHERINE WILSON
Treasurer	.	.	.	.	.	.	LAURA WATT
Critic	.	.	.	.	.	.	ALLIE RODMAN
Supervisor	.	.	.	.	.	.	ANNA BURWELL GRIER
Historian	.	.	.	.	.	.	ANNA BURWELL GRIER

### Members

Eleanor Alexander	Lollie Harris	Maggie Query
Lida Alexander	Doris Harry	Katherine Ross
Grace Austin	Ona Harry	Susie Russell
Virginia Barnhardt	Sarah Harry	Edna Rankin
Mabel Bennett	Nellen Hay	Katie M. Rankin
Irma Berryhill	Martha Holmes	Mary L. Rankin
Nadine Brawley	Annie Hughes	Flowe Riddle
Catherine Cavitt	Lucy Belle Jenkins	Ellen Robinson
Katie Cochrane	Clyde Lynch	Allie Rodman
Lena Collins	Celeste McKeown	Lillie Shields
Cora Colson	Duel Marshal	Fannie Stroup
Grace Donaldson	Lola McCall	Octavia Wofford
Annie D. Elliott	Alba McGee	Irene Wheat
Estelle Glenn	Ellen Peoples	Helen Whisnant
Louise Gaddy	Mary Price	Marjorie Washburn
Anna B. Grier	Ruth Patrick	Ethel Walker
Melva Gulick	Blanche Paddison	Katherine Wilson
Mary Harrell	Mary Pharr	Sallie McLeod
Rena Harrell	Lula Pender	



GAMMA SIGMA OFFICERS 1911

## Gamma Sigma Literary Society

HE year 1910-1911 has been one of the most interesting, most successful, and most beneficial in the history of the Gamma Sigma Literary Society.

Two weeks after school opened the regular annual initiation was held in which an unusually large number of new members were welcomed into our secret throng. From the new members of the Faculty we were so fortunate as to win three honorary members.

Much of the success of the society this year has been due to the untiring zeal of the President, and the interest which has been shown by the new members as well as the old. Our meetings, held every two weeks, have been eagerly attended and enjoyed. We have studied the lives and works of famous poets and musicians, among whom might be mentioned Beethoven, Shumann, Browning, and Jenny Lind.

The Gamma Sigmas are following in the footsteps of their predecessors and taking their places on the roll of honor, and when they leave college we feel sure they will always live up to the high ideals of purity and loyalty as represented by the purple and the white.

The desire of the moth for the star,  
Of the night for the morrow,  
The devotion of something afar  
From the sphere of our sorrow.

A. B. G.' 12.

## Nostrum Legatum

Uphold her honor!

For she is pure and lifts for us  
Her ensign fair, of gold device—  
Trail not that ensign in the dust,  
Let not one stain, or sin, or vice  
Mar the bright folds, and shame our trust,  
Pierian!

She stands for truth!

Can you be false and bear her name,  
Debase yourself and still not make  
A blot upon her proud, high fame?  
If not your own, then for her sake  
Be worthy, shelter her from blame,  
Pierian!

Guard her!

That far and wide may ring  
The echoes of her deeds, and high  
Lift her ideal, her praises sing,  
That through the ages may not die  
The old, proud, valiant, slogan cry,  
Pierian! Pierian!

B. M. B. '11



## Merian Literary Society

President . . . . .	LILLIAN REED
Vice-President . . . . .	BESSIE BLAKENEY
Secretary . . . . .	MIRIAM LONG
Treasurer . . . . .	LILLIAN SHAW
Critic . . . . .	MARGARET McCOMB
First Supervisor . . . . .	MILDRED McCUBBINS
Second Supervisor . . . . .	LILLA SADLER

### Members

Abigail Alexaner	Carrie Fairies	Mildred McCubbins
Lottie Alexander	Bessie Flowe	Theresa McCubbins
May Beverly Alexander	Minerva Garrison	Louise Morrow
Nellie May Alexander	Estelle Hargrave	Martha Moore
Zoe Anderson	Eloise Hawthorne	Rachel Newell
Katherine Andrews	Rose Hawkins	Margaret Newell
Euna Bailey	Leola Hannon	Myra Nixon
Olga Bailes	Lillie Henderson	Dorothy Nims
Lala Bailes	Vashti Hoggard	Grace Pearson
Bessie Blakeney	Johnsie Hutchinson	Ruth Porter
Lina Blakeney	Margaret Hudson	Margaret Pritchard
Ruth Blankenship	Eunice Jeffries	Ruth Rainey
Willie Graham Boyd	Margaret Johnson	Barbara Reed
Mildred Butt	Lucile Johnston	Lillian Reid
Margaret Buckner	Mary Johnston	Grace Rudisil
Sarah Cansler	Florence Jordan	Lilla Sadler
Annie Neal Clark	Daisy Kidd	Lillian Shaw
Willie Cross	Bettie King	Lillian Smith
Lois Cochrane	Mary Kanoy	Ruth Sloan
Maud Craig	Lottie Klutz	Rebecca Walker
Annie Dewey Chambers	Nell Laird	Rosalie Wilkinson
Mary Currie	Jane Mae Liles	Vivian Whitworth
Mary Dellinger	Miriam Long	Elizabeth Withers
Stella Dellinger	Margaret McComb	Annie Louise Wharton
Cornelia Dowd	Elizabeth McComb	Katherine Taylor
		Eunice Tate



...especially  
 ...en that poise and ease  
 ...ng women.  
 ...gh the long vista of coming year  
 ...g in wisdom and strength and vi  
 ...d ignoble; raising the standard of  
 ...and loyal to the Piera, offering that w  
 ...heir shrine.

V. P. '11

PIERIAN OFFICERS, 1911

## Pierian Literary Society

Once upon a time,—and do not the most charming narratives ever begin thus?—,many, many centuries ago, there stood a sacred grove in Thes-saly. In this state-hallowed grove, where the sunlight filters through the green arches of the forest, and golden fret-work on the leafy floor, and where the birds kept harmony with the music of the birds. There bubbled up, in the midst of this grove, the spring of the Muses, the Piera.

For long years, weary, soil-worn travellers came to worship at the spring; and then, their ambition for high things, at the same time, their ambition for better things, led on their way, making the world better.

Years ago, the country of Greece sank into oblivion, the sacred grove and the worship of the Muses was forgotten. Forgotten? Yes, but not entirely. The zeal for knowledge kindled by Piera's influence still burned in the breasts of a few devoted followers. Cherished and protected by them, the sacred name, and all that it implies survived ages of mental and spiritual darkness, periods of hereticism and persecution, giving its worshippers courage and inspiration.

Thus the Muses, in their followers, lived on through the ages. Nor did they smile in derision, as some of the sages would have, perhaps, when a company of school girls, reputedly the most foolish of the human creatures, banded themselves together in the name of the Piera, with the pledge to uphold their honor, to increase their own knowledge, and to better themselves and their fellow men. And this band was called the Pierian Literary Society.

As time went on this new band increased in strength, and, inspired by the example of former sisters, they ever held more firmly to their purpose, and approached nearer the ideal they had set before them.

In looking back to the years gone by, ennobled by high endeavor and honest effort, we can see that the year of 1911 has not fallen short of the preceding years. Loyally have sister members united in their attempts to increase their knowledge, enthusiastically have the meetings been attended, where we have heard the quaint, gay little poems of James Whitcomb Riley, Eugene Field's tender lullabies, and where the sweet music of Robert Louis Stevenson's lyrics rang softly in our ears. There, too, current political

questions have been touched on, hot war-of-words has been waged over the question of woman's loyalty,—at no time did the Pierian spirit glow more brightly;—then later in the year, we reviewed the lives and writings of our Southern Poets, (Edgar Allan Poe, Paul Hamilton Hayne, Henry Timrod, Sidney Lanier, Joel Chandler Harris,) and feel that we have thereby gained not only in information but also in patriotism. Especially have the witty little impromptu debates and speeches given that poise and ease so desirable to be attained by all well-balanced young women.

And now, looking forward through the long vista of coming years, we seem to see this band ever growing in wisdom and strength and virtue, frowning upon all that is base and ignoble; raising the standard of pure young womanhood; and, ever true and loyal to the Piera, offering that which is purest and best in their lives at their shrine.

V. P. '11.



# Marshals

## CHIEF

MIRIAM LONG, *Pierian*

### *Pierian*

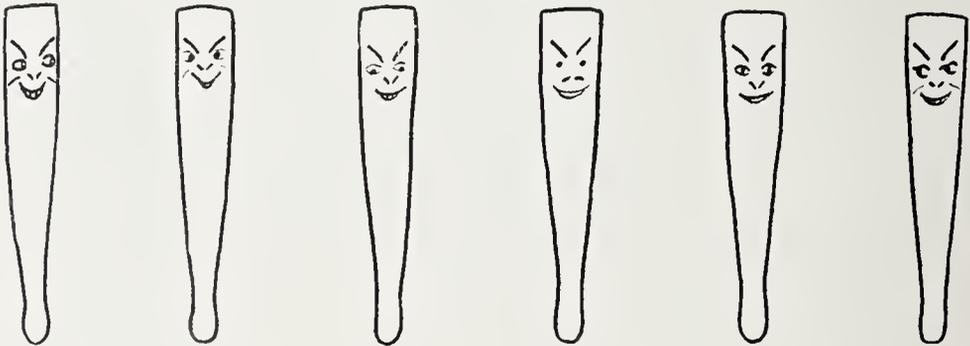
MARY JOHNSTON, '12  
LOUISE MORROW, '12  
LOTTIE KLUTZ, '12  
BEVERLY ALEXANDER, '12

### *Gamma Sigma*

LAURA WATT, '12  
OCTAVIA WOFFORD  
ESTELLE GLENN, '12  
SUSIE RUSSELL, '14



# *Clubs*





FRAT PIN CLUB



## Good Luck Club

PLACE OF MEETING: *The clover patch.*

TIME OF MEETING: *The morning after Saturday night.*

EMBLEM: *Four leaf clover.*

COLOR: *Green.*

OCCUPATION: *Luck hunting.*

TRUTH: *Just four leaves on a four leaf clover.*

MOTTO: *Us four and no more.*

YELL: *Four jolly girls and full of glee,  
Happy and proud of old P. C.*

MARY CURRY  
DORIS HARRY  
THERESA McCUBBINS  
GRACE RUDISILL



## The Saturday Night Cooking Club

CHIEF BOSS: *Martha Moore.*

ASSISTANT BOSS: *Katherine Taylor.*

MIXERS: *Sarah Cansler and Mildred Butt.*

COOKS: *Lina Blakeney and Annie Louise Wharton.*

MOTTO: Cook, taste and eat; for to-morrow we go to school.

PLACE OF MEETING: Out of sight and hearing.

TIME OF MEETING: During Faculty meeting.

## Just Sew Club

MOTTO : "A stich in time saves nine."

PLACE OF MEETING : Lady Principle's room.

TIME OF MEETING : When we are more "holey" than righteous.

FAVORITE PIECE OF ARCHITECTURE : Cleopatra's needle.

FAVORITE FLOWER : Bachelor's buttons.

FAVORITE FRUIT : Thimble berry.

### Members :

Mrs. Russell	Allie Rodman
Mrs. Dickson	Lollie Harris
Eunice Tate	Susie Russell
Katharine Wilson	Octavia Wofford
Clyde Lynch	Katharine Ross
Grace Austin	Lillie Shields

## The Faulty Few

MOTTO : Be conscious of your faults.

SONG : Always getting into trouble.

MEMBERS	CHIEF FAULTS
"PAT" ALEXANDER . . . . .	Clipping
"BILL" BAILEY . . . . .	Too generous with C's candy
"TUCK" CROSS . . . . .	Powdering
"JONNIE" HUTCHISON . . . . .	Talking loud
"DEDO" ELLIOTT . . . . .	Trying to talk louder than Jonnie
"BABY" RANKIN . . . . .	Being Cross
"KID" PHARR . . . . .	Sleeping late
"KATYDID" RANKIN . . . . .	Blushing
"SLIM" SADLER . . . . .	Talking about the boys
"JUDY" MARSHALL . . . . .	Studying too hard
"JIMMY" PEOPLES . . . . .	Singing love songs



## ? Fame? ? Fortune?

"Who have the initial of both names  
The same are born to fortune or to fame."

### Members

ABIGAIL ALEXANDER  
BESSIE BLAKENEY

CORA COLSON  
MARGARET MCCOMB

MILDRED McCUBBINS  
MARTHA MOORE

### Faculty Members

TETE TODD

MARGERY MURR

PEGGY PAGE

### Fortune Teller

AUNT MOTT



## Painters Club

CLYDE LYNCH  
STELLA DELLINGER  
DOROTHY NIMS

DORIS HARRY  
MARY HUTCHINSON  
ESTELLE HARGRAVE

OCCUPATION: Dabbling.

PLACE OF MEETING: Studio.

TIME OF SKIPPING: While Miss Anthony phones.

EMBLEM: A palette.

GENERAL APPEARANCE: Smearred.

MOTTO: Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.

COLOR: Any old thing.

FACT: Paint is not a substance used only by art pupils ? ? ?

YELL: Rah! Rah! Rah!

Ree! Ree! Ree!

We are the painters of old P. C.!



## Japanese Tea Club

TIME OF MEETING: Half past.

PLACE OF MEETING: In a "cozy corner."

MOTTO: Drink all you can, and what you can't can.

SONG: Kim go way a ich bi nya

COLORS: Red and yellow.

FLOWERS: Orange blossoms.

### Members

Lena Collins

Louise Morrow

Irene Wheat

Lottie Kluttz

Lillian Reid

Ruth Blankenship

Sarah Cansler

Annie Louise Wharton

# Our Brothers of A. M. C.

YELL :

Razzle, Dazzle, Hobble, Gobble

Sis—boom—bah

A. & M.—A. & M.

Rah, Rah, Rah.

COLORS : *Red and White.*

MEMBERS :	? ? ? ? ? ? ?	BROTHERS :
Eulalia Austin	10, 13, 13, 13,	B. O. Austin
Willie Cross	03, 12, 14, 11, 04, 10	J. H. Cross
Anna B. Grier	09, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14	S. A. Gier
Joncie Hutchison	12, 14, 10, 14, 05,	{ O. P. Hutchison J. R. Hutchison W. B. Hutchison
Daisy Kidd	09, 13, ? 10, 12, 14, 13, 09, 01, 13,	G. E. Kidd
Mary Pharr	14, 12, 05, 14, 04, 05,	E. S. Pharr
Kate Moore Rankin	14, 04, 13, 10, 12,	W. W. Rankin
Mary Lee Rankin	04, 13, 14, 04, 13, 08,	W. W. Rankin
Lilla Sadler	10, 09, 11, 10, 13, 09, 04, 11, 11 ?	{ J. O. Sadler E. E. Sadler
Katharyne Taylor	10, 09, 10, 10,	W. Taylor
Laura Watt	05, 09, 05, 10, 06, 10, 05	W. W. Watt
Katherine Wilson	10, 10, 14, 05	J. W. Wilson



A & M. CLUB



PURITANS PENSIVELY PONDERING

## Priscilla Club

MIRIAM LONG  
LILLIE SHIELDS

LILLIAN REID  
MARGARET McCOMB

BESSIE BLAKENEY



## The Hug Nose Club

ALLIE RODMAN  
MARY DELLINGER  
LILLIAN REID  
DAISY KIDD

MARGARET PRITCHARD  
ANNIE NEAL CLARK  
RUTH PORTER  
LEOLA HANNON

When is a nose not a nose?  
When it's a little turnip.



## Midnight Marauders

TIME OF MEETING: When lights burn low and teachers cease to walk.

PLACE OF MEETING: "Senior Quarters."

MOTTO: Eat, drink, and be merry.

### Members

MARGARET, BILL,  
BESSIE AND MILL.

BILL REID  
MARGARET MCCOMBS  
MILDRED MCCUBBINS  
BESSIE BLAKENEY

Strive mightily, but eat and drink as  
friends.



## Professional Pillow Punchers

MOTTO: "Most glorious night,  
 Thou wast not made for slumber."  
 TIME OF MEETING: When all is dark in twenty-five.  
 PLACE: All over P. C.  
 FLOWER: Hops.  
 COLORS: Black eye and red nose.

### Members

AS THEY ARE KNOWN	AS WE KNOW THEM	WHAT THEY SAY
VIRGINIA BARNHARDT	"Rail"	"Where's Allie"
MABEL BENNETT	"Peg"	"And the horse kicked Wm."
CORA COLSON	"Bab"	"Oh, I'm so sleepy."
MARY CURRIE	"Polly"	"Funny little Grey."
LOLLIE HARRIS	"Chunk"	"He's the sweetest lump."
JANE MAE LILES	"Plunk"	"Has Prep rung?"
ALLIE RODMAN	"Partner"	"I want four cents."
ETHEL WALKER	"Ike"	"You're the craziest thing."
SUSIE RUSSELL	"Duck"	Be still you saucy little heart."



## The Ring-leaders Club

### Members

RUTH BLANKENSHIP  
LOUISE MORROW

LENA COLLINS  
LOTTIE KLUTTZ

IRENE WHEAT

HONORARY MEMBER: Miss Tete Todd.

MOTTO: If you can't be quiet, be noisy.

CHIEF SAYING: Being good is a lonesome job.

CHIEF AMUSEMENT: Going to concerts (Schumann and Henry Halden Huss).

PLACE OF MEETING: Auditorium.

TIME OF GETTING CAUGHT: When Miss Kibbe is not on class.

PLACE OF GETTING CAUGHT: Irene's Room.

Just as we begin our morning talk  
Miss Kibbe usually begins to walk,  
And in the midst of our discourse  
In she comes with all her force.



## The Tailenders

*The Enders :* KATHARYNE TAYLOR  
MARTHA MOORE  
SARAH CANSLER  
ANNIE WHARTON

*Place of Meeting :* In forbidden spots.

*Time of Meeting :* At the last moment.

*Favorite Saying :* Lets take our time and have some fun.

*Favorite Flower :* Jack in the —— (nearby school)

*Favorite Colors :* Red and black.

*Motto :* Better late than never.

### CHIEF OCCUPATION OF EACH GIRL :

SARAH—Trying to look pretty.

MARTHA—Playing Basket-ball.

KATHARYNE—Smiling sweetly.

ANNIE—Making love to teachers.



## Infillion Club

PIANISTS: Misses Blanche Paddison, and Margaret Newell.

MANAGER: Miss Irene Wheat.

Lillian Reed  
Lillie Shields  
Sarah Cansler  
Katherine Wilson

Irene Wheat  
Annie Neal Clark  
Ruth Blankenship  
Willie Graham Boyd

Martha Moore  
Octavia Wofford  
Lottie Kluttz  
Clyde Lynch

Katherine Taylor  
Louise Morrow  
Nelleen Hay  
Lena Collins



## Chafing Dish Club

*Place of meeting:* The Restaurant opposite Miss Kibbe's room.

*Time of meeting:* After room-bell.

*Favorite saying:* "Got anything to eat?"

*Motto:* Its all right, if we don't get caught.

### Members:

Celeste McKeown  
Vivian Whitworth  
Abigail Alexander  
Sarah Cansler  
Katharine Ross

Eunice Tate  
Will Boyd  
Margaret Buckner  
Betty King  
Annie Louise Wharton

## The "Gret" Latin Prose Class

"Kat" Wilson (shaking the room): "Miss Bowers, is that an earthquake?"

Myra Nixon: "I knew I was that way, but —"

Edna Rankin: "Miss Bowers, that's after a verb of saying."

Melva Gullick: "Do you count that a mistake?"

Maggie Query (whispering): "Did she see us talking?"

Louise Morrow: "Everything I say is wrong, so I'm going to stop."

Will Boyd: "Well, what's the matter with this?"

"Babe Hudson: "I have only twenty-five mistakes."

OBJECT: To achieve "gretness" in Latin.

MOTTO: Mirabile Dictum.

PLACE OF MEETING: Where "gret" genius burns.

TIME OF MEETING: When you can't get out of it.

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## The Brides-Maid's Club

MOTTO: To omit the last syllable.

### Aspirants

Nelleen Hay

Betty King

Katherine Wilson

Miriam Long

Lena Collins

Lillian Reid

Lillie Shields

Ruth Porter

Louise Morrow

Mary Dellinger

Martha Moore





## Statistics

Most lovable . . . . .	Mary Dellinger
Most original . . . . .	Louise Morrow
Most popular fac . . . . .	Mrs. Russell
Most angelized fac . . . . .	Miss Page
Most studious . . . . .	Rena Harrell
Most solemn . . . . .	Rena Harrell
Most dignified . . . . .	Margaret McComb
Most demure . . . . .	Mildred McCubbins
Most love-sick . . . . .	Nelleen Hay
Most accommodating . . . . .	Annie Burwell Grier
Funniest . . . . .	Rachel Newell
Jolliest . . . . .	Rachel Newell
Prettiest eyes . . . . .	Irene Wheat
Prettiest nose and mouth . . . . .	Lina Blakeney
Best musician . . . . .	{ Vivian Whitworth
Best Artist . . . . .	{ Mildred McCubbins
Tallest . . . . .	Estelle Hargrave
Shortest . . . . .	Mabel Bennett
Fattest . . . . .	Mary Miller
Most indifferent . . . . .	Katherine Ross
Best all-round girl . . . . .	Ruth Patrick
Most independent . . . . .	{ Bessie Blakeney
Most unlucky . . . . .	{ Miriam Long
Biggest Flirt. . . . .	Louise Gaddy
Biggest Gad-a-bout . . . . .	Annie Louise Wharton
Biggest bluff . . . . .	Theresa McCubbins
Biggest baby . . . . .	Virginia Barnhardt
Engaged . . . . .	Nelleen Hay
Best dancer . . . . .	Betty King
Quietest . . . . .	53 per cent.
Greatest spoons . . . . .	Katherine Wilson
Biggest bragg . . . . .	Ruth Sloan
Biggest borrower . . . . .	Bill and Babe
Most talented . . . . .	Leola Hannon
Most spoiled . . . . .	Grace Austin
Most hard-headed . . . . .	Anne Neal Clark
Most reserved . . . . .	Ruth Blankenship
Busiest . . . . .	Barbara Reed
Handsomest fac . . . . .	Annie Hughes
Biggest spieler . . . . .	Rena Harrell
	Miss Chambers
	Mary Johnston



LILLIAN ELAINE REID  
Most popular, most angelized



LILLIE GREY SHIELDS  
Prettiest, prettiest hair



BESSIE MARTIN BLAKENEY  
Most influential, best-all-around (tie)  
most intellectual, best girl morally,  
most soulful, most sincere



RUTH SEVILLE PORTER  
Handsome; neatest



LENA COLLINS  
Most graceful; daintiest



KATHERINE TAYLOR  
Sweetest



SARAH McCORKLE CANSLER  
Most stylish



SUSIE RUSSELL  
Cutest; wittiest



MAY BEVERLY ALEXANDER  
Most attractive biggest talker;  
faculty's pet; quickest  
dresser



LAURA REBECCA WATT  
Best all-round athlete; most sarcastic

## Grinds

- DINING ROOM—"All hope abandon ye who enter here.  
DR. BRIDGES—"And unto logic had he long e-go."  
MRS. RUSSELL—"A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath."  
MAY BEVERLY ALEXANDER—"Ruddy cheeks and tresses brown,  
Heart as light as thistle-down."  
M. McCUBBINS—"Too slow to catch a cold."  
M. CURRIE—"A countenance in which did meet,  
Sweet records, promises as sweet."  
MISS ARMSTRONG—"Her smiles are like sunshine on the deep sea."  
DESERT NIGHT—"Like angel visits, few and far between."  
L. BLAKENEY AND A. L. WHARTON—"Heaven mend their voices."  
LEOLA HANNON—"O wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see ourselves as ithers see us."  
R. PORTER—"Favors to none, to all she smiles extends."  
E. McComb—"Laugh and grow fat, sir."  
LILLIAN REID—"Linked sweetness, long drawn out."  
BESSIE BLAKENEY—"There is a soul of truth in all things she ever gave  
harbor to."  
MISS BOWERS—"Nature has inclined her to love men."  
RUTH SLOAN—"I will be brief."  
M. McComb—"There's a brave fellow! There's a man of pluck!  
A man who's not afraid to have his say,  
Though a whole town's against him."  
R. PATRICK—"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly  
From its firm base as soon as I."  
THERESA McCUBBINS—"I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower,  
Where roses and lillies and violets meet."  
BILL AND BABE—"Imparadised in one another's arms."  
A. HUGHES—"Speech is great, but silence is greater."  
MISS RAMSAY—"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair."  
M. McCUBBINS—"Her heart was pure and simple as a child's  
Unbreathed on by the world: in friendship warm,  
Confiding, generous, constant."  
M. HUDSON—"Love makes fools of us all, big and little."  
ANGELIZING—"Love never dies of starvation, but often of indigestion."  
L. PENDER—"Nothing is more silly than silly laughter."  
N. BRAWLEY—"Why be idle when one can find work."

BESSIE BLAKENEY—"Oh, my heart is a free and fetterless thing."  
M. GULLICK "He loves but lightly who his love can tell."  
MISS CHAMBERS—"And her sunny locks hung on her temples like a golden  
fleece."  
M. BUCKNER—"Laughter seems to pour from her in floods."  
MARGARET AND BILL—"It's always rough weather when good fellows get  
together."  
SARAH HARRY—"Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn  
by the wayside."  
M. PRITCHARD—"And what her conversation lacked in wit, was made up in  
laughter."  
V. WHITWORTH—"Loquacious as a flock of geese."  
MIRIAM LONG—"For her heart was like the sea,  
Ever open, brave and free."  
A. HUGHES—"He that hath knowledge spareth his words."  
MISS WASHBURN—"It is better to have loved and lost, than never to have  
loved at all."  
A. HERRON—"The glass of fashion and the mold of form."  
L. MORROW—"Let the world wagge, I'll take myne ease in myre ir ne."  
S. RUSSELL - "Short and round and somewhat fat,  
But a man's a man for a' that "  
LILLY SHIELDS—"She hath found her heavenly jewel."  
R. NEWELL—"How loudly her sweet voice she rears."  
TERESA McCUBBINS—"I'll say she looks as clear,  
As morning roses newly washed in dew."  
K. WILSON—"Her hair shone like a meteor streaming to the wind."  
MISS PAGE—"I shall love and keep her too,  
Spite of all the world can do."  
NADINE—"It warms me, it charms me too,  
To mention but his name."  
RENA—"Up! Up! my friend, and quit your books,  
Or surely you'll grow double.  
Up! Up! my friend and clear your looks,  
Why all this toil and trouble?"  
THE INFIRMARY—"A very present help in time of trouble.  
MISS GRAY—"She hath a natural wise sincerity, a simple truthfulness, and  
these have lent her a dignity as moveless as the centre."  
ABIGAIL HENDERSON—"If maidens be but young and fair  
They have the gift to know it."  
KATIE COCHRAN—"Remember March, the Ides of March remember!  
M. McCOMB—"For I love nobody, no not I."  
L. BLAKENEY—"Romeo, Romeo, where art thou, Romeo?"  
M. HUDSON—"A sweet little angel, *by George!*"  
MID-NIGHT FEASTERS—"An' Miss Lula Grey will ketch you, if you-don't-  
watch-out!"  
FACULTY—"How blessings brighten as they take their flight!"



*Athletics*

## Athletic Association

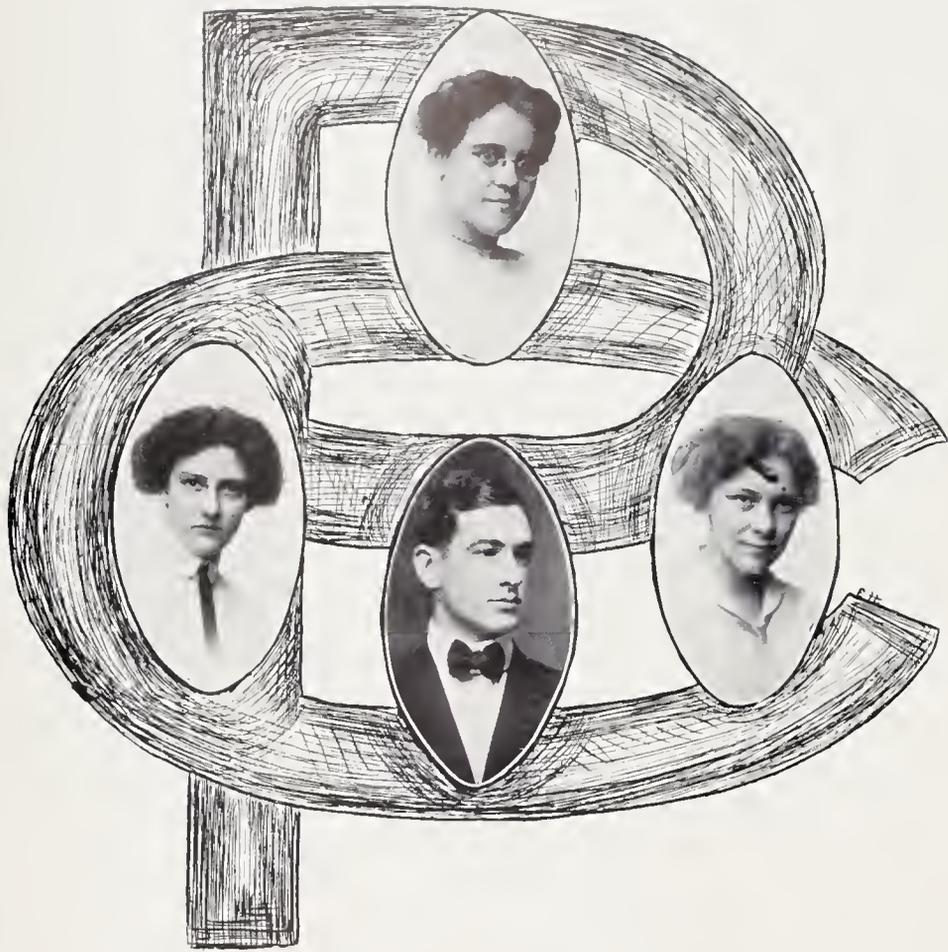
LILLIAN SHAW	President
LAURA WATT	Vice-President
MAY BEVERLY ALEXANDER	Secretary
RUTH BLANKENSHIP	Treasurer

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MIRIAM LONG, Captain Basket Ball Team

LAURA WATT, Manager Track Work

KATHERINE WILSON, Manager Tennis Teams



## Officers of Varsity Basket Ball Team

Physical Director	MISS PAGE
Coach	W. S. STEWART
Business Manager	RUTH PORTER
Captain	MIRIAM LONG



## Varsity Basket Ball Team

M. LONG, '11, Captain

### Forwards

M. LONG, '11,

B. BLAKENEY, '11,

L. SHAW, '12

### Center

M. B. ALEXANDER, '13

B. REED, '14

### Guards

L. WATT, '12

M. WASHBURN, '12

L. MORROW, '12

### Substitutes

M. MOORE, '14

W. G. BOYD, '13

V. HOGGARD, 14



## Senior Basket Ball Team

LILLIAN REID . . . . .	Business Manager, Center
MIRIAM LONG . . . . .	Captain, . . . Forward
BESSIE BLAKENEY . . . . .	Forward
RUTH PORTER . . . . .	Guard
MARGARET PRITCHARD . . . . .	Guard
LILLA SADLER . . . . .	Guard



## Senior Track Team

MIRIAM LONG, Captain

RUTH PORTER

LILLA SADLER

BESSIE BLAKENEY

MARGARET PRITCHARD





## Junior Track Team

LILLIAN SHAW, Captain

MARJORIE WASHBURN  
LOUISE MORROW

KATHERINE WILSON  
LAURA WATT



## Sophomore Basket Ball Team

LINA BLAKENEY	- - - -	Business Manager
MARY BEVERLY ALEXANDER,	- -	Captain, Center
IRENE WHEAT	- - - - -	Forward
WILLIE G. BOYD	- - - - -	Guard
STELLA DELLINGER	- - - . - - -	Guard



## Sophomore Track Team

	RUTH BLANKENSHIP, Captain	
MAY BEVERLY ALEXANDER		STELLA DELLINGER
WILLIE G. BOYD		LUCILLE JOHNSTON



## Freshman Basket Ball Team

VASHTI HOGGARD	Business Manager,	Guard
BARBARA REED	Captain	Center
MARTHA MOORE		Forward
BESSIE FLOWE		Forward
ABIGAIL ALEXANDER		Guard

### Subs

ANNIE LOUISE WHARTON

EUNICE TATE

## Track Team

	MARTHA MOORE, Captain
VASHTI HOGGARD	ABIGAIL ALEXANDER
BARBARA REED	BESSIE FLOWE



## Athletics



FOR the last three or four years athletics at P. C. has been steadily on the up grade, and this year greater interest has been manifested than ever before. Candidates have been numerous and competition has been keen for positions on the track, tennis, and basket-ball teams, and good work has been done in all departments. This year we have had as an added incentive to vigorous endeavor, a beautiful silver trophy cup, presented to the Athletic Association by our physical director, Miss Page, to be held each year by the class winning the most points in all the athletic contests of the year.

THE Tennis teams have as yet had no opportunity to display their prowess, as it has been necessary to postpone the tournament time after time on account of disagreeable weather, but they are practicing faithfully and hope soon to appear before the public eye.

The display made by the Track teams on filed day was gratifying both to the classes and to the College as a whole. The girls are taking more and more interest in





this branch of athletics, and in spite of the fact that we are handicapped by lack of space, some very good work has been done along this line.



**B**UT Basket-ball is the bright star before which all others fade into comparative insignificance. It is the only game in which we try our strength against other colleges, and when an inter-scholastic match has been arranged, it is the sport around which the interest of the student-body centers.

Last fall the team from Winston-Salem, with whom we have long desired to cross swords, sent us a challenge, and the game, which was played on our own grounds, resulted in a victory for us. Since then the class games have been played and the work of the lower classes satisfied all observers that we need fear no lack of material for the 'Varsity during the next two or three years. We had hoped to secure another college game for the spring, but circumstances prevented, and the 'Varsity must wait till next year for an opportunity to win fresh laurels for P. C.





## Class Basket Ball Tournament

SENIOR-SOPHOMORE . . . . .	12-17
SENIOR-JUNIOR . . . . .	2-9
SENIORS forfeit game to FRESHMEN	
SOPHOMORE-JUNIOR . . . . .	4-8
FRESHMAN-JUNIOR . . . . .	4-6
SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN . . . . .	8-6

## Y. M. C. A. Cabinet

BESSIE MARTIN BLAKENEY	President
MILDRED STEVENSON McCUBBINS	Vice-President
ANNA BURWELL GRIER	Secretary
LILLA INGRAM SADLER	Treasurer
MARGARET E. McCOMB	Chairman Missionary Committee
LILLIAN ELAINE REED	Chairman Social Committee
LAURA R. WATT	Chairman Inter-Collegiate Committee
VIVIAN STEWART WHITWORTH	Chairman Membership Committee





### Missionary Committee

Chairman: Margaret McComb

M. Query

M. Dellinger

Mabel Bennett

W. G. Boyd

Celeste McKeown



### Membership

Chairman:

Vivian Whitworth

M. Garrison

M. Buckner

B. King

M. Moore

L. Blakeney



### FINANCE

Chairman: Lilla Sadler

Duell Marshall

K. Cochran

M. S. Rankin

O. Wofford

R. Patrick



### Devotional

Chairman:

Mildred McCubbins

Ethel Walker

Anna Burwell Grier

Sarah Harry

Annie Neal Clark

Nadine Brawley

### Inter-

### Collegiate

Chairman:

Laura Watt

K. M. Rankin

A. Hughes

M. Gullick

R. Newell



### Social

Chairman:

Lillian Reid

M. Hudson

S. Dellinger

K. Taylor

E. Rankin

B. McComb

## Y. W. C. A.

*“Commit thy ways unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass.”*

As we look back over the the work of the past year, we realize that we have had many difficulties to contend with and that we have had some failures. However, we have, at all times, turned to Him who is all powerful, for help and guidance and we are sure that our prayers have been answered and are still being answered every day.

With the exception of one or two every girl in school is a member of the Y. W. C. A. The weekly meetings have been well attended all the year greatly due to the interesting and helpful programs which were arranged by the Devotional Committee, and we are also confident that much of the interest that has been taken in the Association work has been stimulated and encouraged by the little prayer meetings held each night after study hall.

Never before has so much interest been manifested in the study of missions. Fully three-fourths the girls in school are enrolled as members of the different mission study classes. And we have not only received a great intellectual but also a spiritual benefit from this phase of our work.

We are indebted to the Guilford Conference for many new and useful ideas, and we hope that, as a result of the many suppers, concerts, bazaars and the selling of ice cream, we shall be able to send more girls to the Asheville conference than we have ever sent before.



## P. C. Mother Goose Jingles

Senior Bible is vexation;  
Logic is as bad;  
Psychology perplexes me;  
And Ethics drives me mad!



“Where are you going, my pretty  
maid?”  
“To kiss Somebody good-night,”  
she said.  
“May I go with you, my pretty  
maid?”  
“I’d die of jealousy, sir,” she  
said.



Sing a song o’ hungry girls  
And lunch-bell gaily ringing,  
Promising good things to eat—  
Fresh hope to young hearts  
bringing.  
Hurriedly they scamper  
Through the open door  
To find — dry bread and syrup  
Awaiting as of yore.



(Tell it not in Gath)  
Margaret and Bill,  
Bessie and Mill  
Established a Blind Tiger.

But some young clown  
Threw Mildred down  
And spilled most all their—cider.

Up Bessie got  
And off did trot,  
With all that they did leave her.

And she gave *that* away  
As I've heard say,  
To be used in case of fever.



Go tell Miss Patsy,  
Go tell Miss Patsy,  
Go tell Miss Patsy,  
Her true love is here --  
The one she'll be wedding,  
The one she'll be wedding,  
The one she'll be wedding,  
'Fore this time next year.

She's going to leave us,  
She's going to leave us,  
She's going to leave us,  
I sadly fear.  
We hate to lose her,  
We hate to lose her,  
We hate to lose her,  
That's very clear.

Dear heart Anthony  
Lived in a dream,  
Forgetful of all things  
She ever did seem.  
One evening at three  
She was heard to say:  
“Has the luncheon bell  
Yet rung today?”



Katie has a little smile,  
A little smile, a little smile,  
Katie has a little smile  
Of sarcasm, you know.  
And when you miss your Bible notes,  
Your Bible notes, your Bible notes,  
And when you miss your Bible notes,  
That smile to *you* she'll show.



### Soliloquy of a Mouse in Somebody's Room

When she was a Junior,  
She stayed by herself.  
She had just lots o' things to eat,  
And I got what she left.

But since she is a Senior,  
Sats crowd into her room.  
They gobble up her things to eat,  
And I don't get a crumb!

Early in the morning,  
Late at night they come;  
They hug her and kiss her;  
And even eat the crumbs.

Yes, she's a Senior Angel,  
And Sats hover 'round her door,  
They gobble up her things to eat,  
I don't get crumbs no more.



LOVINGLY DEDICATED TO THE FOND  
MEMORY OF L. K. B. & R. C. P.

O Senior Captain, stern and grave,  
How does your company behave?  
“They solemn go, all in a row,  
And never now attempt to *skip*  
Since I reported them, you know?”



Little Miss Hudson was a merry little soul,  
A merry little soul was she,  
She laughed over Latin,  
She laughed over Math.,  
But not over Bible III.

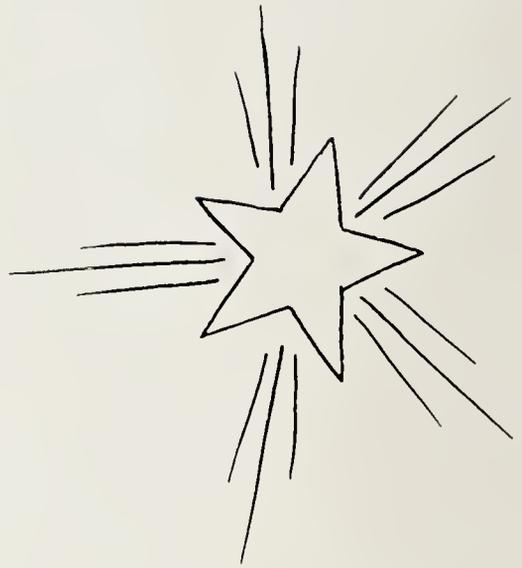
R. H.



There was a Miss Washburn  
Who taught at P. C.,  
She had more satellites  
Than many times three.

Melva came nearest  
And Rena came next,  
But as to the others,  
I'm surely perplexed.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
Oh, I wonder how you are!  
Robert waits the whole day  
through  
Just to catch a glimpse of you.



Miss Farmer wants to be fashion  
And wear a hobble gown,  
When she goes out in the evening  
Or when she goes to town;  
So she proceeds to fix each plait  
'Round the bottom of her dress,  
Then the degree of fullness  
Is very much the less.



## Queries

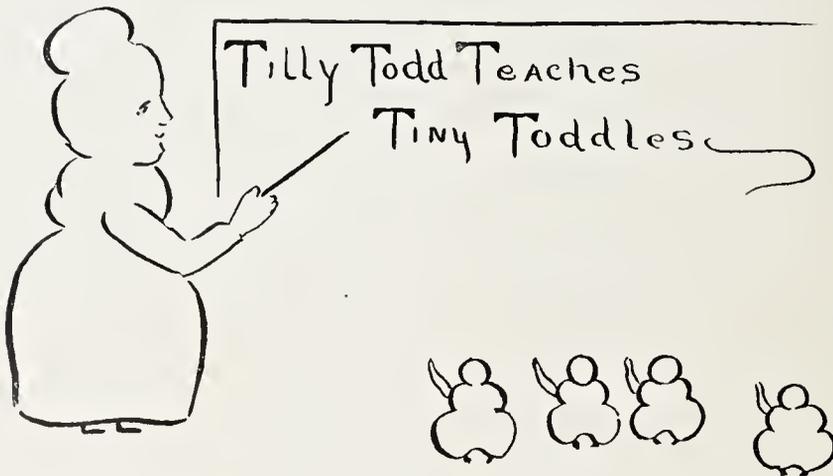
Oh, Willie, he axed questions  
From day-light on ter dark,  
Until at last he came ter be  
A walkin' question mark!

1. Have you seen Kant lately, Miss Kidd?
2. Miss Dyer wishes to know if English IV is Freshman English.
3. Where did you want the Photographer to take you. Miss Sadler?
4. Miss Dellinger wants to know what occupation invalids generally pursue.
5. When presenting a young man with carnations is it always necessary to add a blue silk girdle. Miss Reid?
6. Did your letter come, Miss Brawley?
7. Lula Pendar kindly requests some one to show her the square.
8. If Lina Blakeney, when she mistook the Dean for delinquent Fresh., thought what Miss Chambers said, what did Lina Blakeney think?
9. Miss Dellinger wishes to be informed whether Michael Angelo or Milton wrote *The Last Judgment*.
10. Does Robert really understand what Emerson meant when he said: "Hitch your wagon to a star?"
11. Miss Anthony wants to know what day of the week Thanksgiving comes on this year.
12. Why are Lina Blakeney's letters like interrogation points?
13. Why does Miss Long prefer a coach, and Miss Porter an automobile to all other vehicles?
14. What did you say *conveyancer* meant, Miss Blakeney?
15. Are Lincoln pennies the only kind that bring good luck, Miss Lillian Smith?
16. A certain unsophisticated Senior innocently inquires whether it is always improper to inhale the fragrance of cut-flowers—for instance, carnations.

17. Do you often see people coming through windows when you are sitting on history, Miss Boyd?
18. Why do you prefer James Allen to all other authors of modern fiction, Miss Moore?
19. Who'll do the last thing on earth for Laura Watt?
20. Do you think you can ever rise high enough in your chosen profession to become an absolute Paine Killer, Miss Reid?
21. Which is your favorite Query, Miss Gullick?
22. O ye Virgil Class, is not the horse of Troy Miss Bower's favorite hobby?
23. The student body reverently desires to know the name of that invigorating spring tonic that has been prescribed for several of the Y. W. C. A. cabinet.
24. Huccome is yo' gettin' Gay, Miss Bowers?

For answers to any of the above Queries you are respectfully referred to the Interrogative Band.

E-I-C. '11.



E. F.



*(Sing to tune of Speed Away, Speed Away,  
on your Mission of Light.)*

Spiel away, Spiel away,  
On your knowedge so slight  
To the teacher who's standing  
With her book in your sight,  
'Tis the feared Dean's command,  
'Go ye straight to your work,  
In the strength of that 'Re-Hash'  
And no duty shirk.'  
She is asking once more—  
Not a moment delay—  
Spiel away, Spiel away, Spiel away.

E. H., 11.

## Words of the Wise and Otherwise

Miss Murr: "Well, get in bed and I'll bring you a blanket and a pillow-two."

Miss Grey: "Girls, you haven't all registered yet."

Dr. Bridges: "You've gotta get what Doc Dabney says bettern this."

Miss Parker: "Instid of a regular lesson next time, take fifty-five new pages and review all the *miscellaneous* work you've had this year."

Miss Todd: "The lack of money is the root of all evil."

Mrs. Russell: "Silence is golden."

Miss Washburn: "Have you seen Lillian?"

Miss Bowers: "Vergil is a gret poet with gret thoughts."

Miss Anthony: "But I forgot."

Miss Armstrong: "He that hath not a backbone is not worth while."

Miss Stevens: "The Presbyterian College is the bumмест place in Charlotte."

Miss Dyer: "Which, Students? Well, if my memory doesn't fail me, so to speak, that is what the catalogue says."

Miss Blair: "Will you do me a favor?"

L. Shields: "Honestly, I don't believe it."

M. McCubbins: "I'll be there in a minute."

B. Blakeney: "Beware of all, but most beware of man!"

L. Reid: "I nominate we adjourn."

M. McComb: "I long to be loved."

N. Brawley: *Grey* thoughts don't make me gloomy."

L. Harmon: "I'm excused to-day."

A. N. Clark: "And I did'nt get a letter!"

M. Long: "This ethics is simply Ferocious."

L. Smith: "A *Penny* for your thoughts."

R. Porter: "For I fondly hope with increasing age,  
To rise from a *porter* to a *page*."

L. Sadler: "That's a small matter."



## H. C. Art Class

Charlotte Abbot

Alethia Bland

Catharine Cavitt

Lena Collins

Stella Dellinger

Estelle Hargrave

Doris Harry

Bennetta Heath

Mary Hutchison

Mary Kanoy

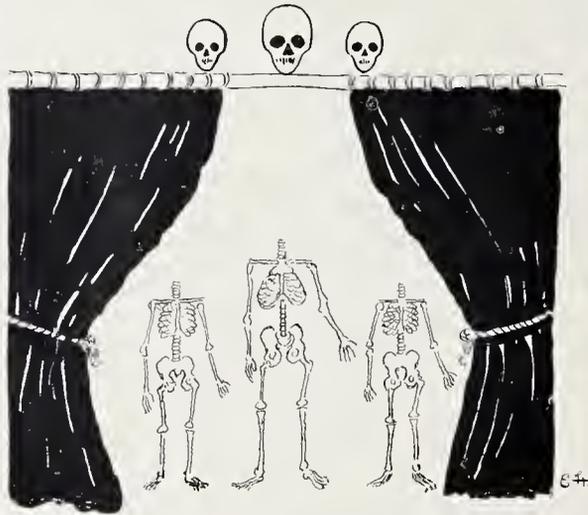
Clyde Lynch

Maud McKinnon

Dorothy Nims

Bennie Withers

# Sororities



## Psi Sigma

(Established September 7, 1908)

## Theta Phi

(Organized September 11, 1908)  
(Established March 26, 1909)



# Theta Phi

# Theta Phi Sorority

FLOWER: *Lily of the valley.*

COLORS: *Light blue and white.*

## SORORES IN FACULTATE

MARY VENABLE RAMSEY

MARGARET E. PAGE

### *Class of 1911*

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## A Few Facts

The boss of the faculty's Jim,  
With learning he's cran-med to the brim.  
He can buy grub, or teach,  
Write text-books, or preach,  
He says that it's all one to him.

Miss Anthony is P. C.'s belle,  
Divinely fair and tall;  
Her face is sweet, her heart is true,  
Her memory best of all.

The Lord he made Miss Patty B.  
A sweet and blooming peach,  
But clear forgot to make a spring  
To stop the flow of speech.

Dear Tete Todd! Dear Tete Todd!  
How many times these halls you've trod  
In search of sinners making sport  
In search of some one to report!

There are bonny Kates, and Kates so fair  
That with them no one can compare  
But of all the Kates in story and song  
The dearest, we trow, is Kate Armstrong.

Oh, Lady Jane, with air so stern  
Awe you inspire—but quickly turn  
Your head aside, lest all descry  
That merry twinkle in your eye.

Miss Parker's seldom known to scold,  
In manner she is calm and cool  
Yet has more girls on the honor roll  
Than any other teacher in school.

Miss Blair is roaming through the halls  
Seeking obliging maids, and kind—  
"Come do this errand for me!" she calls,  
"And I will give you ninety-nine!"

One teacher hails from Arkansas  
She doesn't teach music.  
She doesn't teach law  
But carefully teaches the Chaucer crooks  
And daily patronizes the Chaw-sir cooks.

There is a person whom you all know  
In our midst  
She lends her ear to every woe  
There's naught on earth she'd not forego  
To bring us good  
She's sweet and bright the whole day through;  
To her we'll one and all be true,  
And try with all our hearts to do  
Just what Mrs. Russell likes!

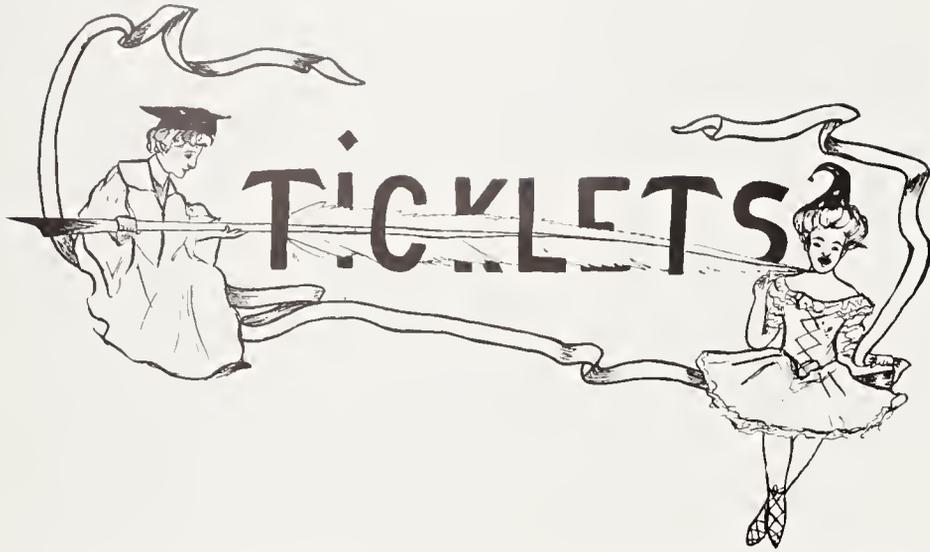


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JAMES R. BRIDGES, D.D., President, 1899—1911  
MRS. LUCY PHILLIPS RUSSELL, Dean, 1911—  
JOHN L. CALDWELL, D.D., President, 1911—

*Presbyteriens Collegium est omnis divisa in partres, tres,  
quarum unam regit Jimmie, aliam Mater Russell, tertiam,  
qui ipsi lingua Caldwell, nostra, Ma appellatur.*





In answer to the question: "Who succeeded William, the Conqueror on the throne of England, and what was the manner of his death?" Mrs Russell received the following brilliant answer from a member of the Sub-Fresh History Class: "Edward succeeded William, and he was slain off his horse and made to dig his own grave, it was too short for him, but they jammed him in any how, so he breathed his last."

Miss Dyer in Junior English: "Miss Glenn, what is a benison?"

E. Glenn: "I don't know exactly what it looks like, but I know it is some kind of a bird."

The talkative Miss Whitworth, showing photographs of her native town. "Now, here is a pillar of salt, and they are going to carve a statue of Lot's wife out of it."

G. Austin: "Oh, yes, was it in Louisiana that Lot's wife turned to a pillow of salt?"

L. Morrow: "Miss Murr, have you any girls in the infirmary today?"

Miss Murr: "No, not today."

L. Morrow: "Oh, yes, this is George Washington's birthday."

Miss Murr: "Yes, and they could'nt afford to tell a lie."

Miss Parker: "Lilla, who was Plato?,"

Lilla: "Why, he was god of the lower regions."

Miss Chambers in history class: "Now in Greece all women had to get married. There were no old maids."

Barbara: "My land! What did they do for school teachers?"

Miss Blair in Expression: "What is meant by atmosphere in expression?"

Soph: "The air."

Miss Dyer: "Miss Morrow, why do we study the Old English Ballads?"

L. Morrow: "Well, because it's in the course."

M. Long: "I don't know a thing about this Psych."

L. Blakeney: "What is Psych, Miriam, Senior Math.?"

L. Blakeney (during holidays): "Please give me something to read. I'm so tired of studying."

Bessie: "Here, read *The Conquest of Canaan*."

Lina: "I'll not do it. Haven't I been studying the Bible for nine months!"

Miss Parker (criticising a learned minister's sermon): "Yes, he used slang, he really did. He said, 'That was the most unkindest cut of all!'"

Willie G. Boyd: "Yes, 'tis true, my aunt blondined her hair brown."

Miss Blair: "Sarah Cansler, briefly explain to the class the correct process of breathing."

Sarah: "Well, you draw in a deep breath in order to expand the abdomen as far as possible."

Miss Chambers: "What is the mariner's compass, Stella?"

S. Dellinger (excitedly): "Oh, I know that, it's something you draw figures with in geometry."

Miss Dyer (discussing hackneyed phrases): "Now, Miss Nixon, if you were dining out, what would you say to your hostess to express your appreciation of her dinner?"

Miss Nixon (feelingly): "Too full for utterance."

Teacher: "Students, can you copy the notes that are on the board, after school?"

House Girl: "No, we can't, we have to go to walk, but the town girls can copy them."

Town Girl: "We can't either, for we have to go home and get some dinner. Remember we haven't had anything to eat since eight o'clock this morning."

House Girl (longingly): "Well, we haven't had anything to eat since Xmas."



This book is finished without a doubt,  
But don't, like the candle, be put out.  
This flower's an *Annual* and will appear  
With added charm, again next year.



The END

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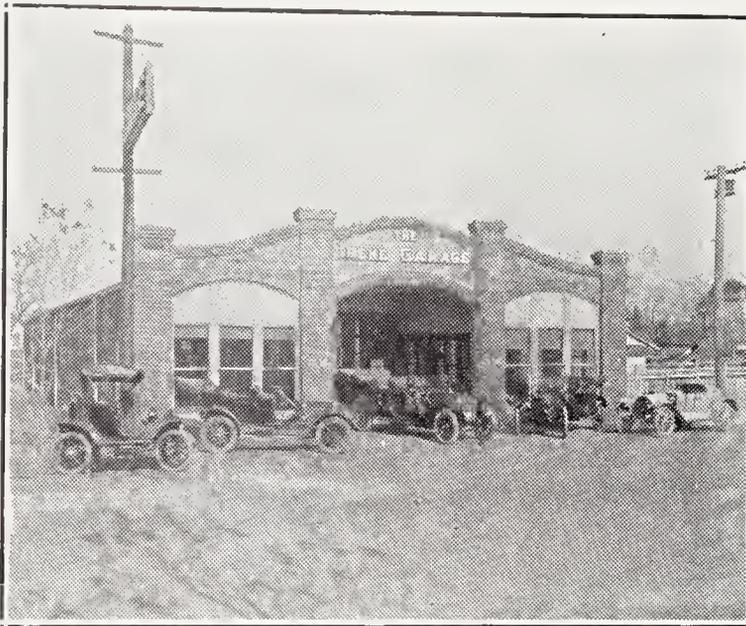
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