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PEACE INSTITUTE.

STONE
Roanoke, Va.



The Lotus.

"How sweet it were
To muse and brood, and live again,
in memory,
With those old faces."

—Tennyson.

To

JAMES DINWIDDIE,

who for twelve years has been instructor, adviser, and father
to his girls,
and who has always been a friend in their troubles,
a sympathizer in their joys, and a promoter of their happiness,
and to the memory of his wife,
this book is lovingly dedicated.

SCHOOL COLORS :

Palm Green and White.

SOCIETY COLORS :

EROSOPHIAN—Royal Purple and Gold.

SIGMA PHI KAPPA—Yale Blue and Gold.



JAMES DINWIDDIE.



INTRODUCTION.

IN putting the *LOTUS* before the public we wish to say first of all that we are conscious of the many mistakes in it and the many respects in which it might be far better. We feel, however, that the difficulties with which we have had to contend are in some measure an excuse for the imperfections of this little book.

We launch it on its career in the hope that it may afford an hour's entertainment to the students now, and that in some future day it will serve to bring back memories of the old associations, the old pleasures, and the old comrades that once were familiar, but will have faded into the dim past.

FACULTY.

JAMES DINWIDDIE, M. A.	Philosophy and Mathematics
N. C. DINWIDDIE	Lady Principal
HENRY JEROME STOCKARD	Literature and Language
ANNIE M. PACE	French
MAUDE MURRAY	Mathematics, Science
EDWINA CRAIG DUNCAN	Elocution, Physical Culture
JESSIE H. WHITE	Business Department
JAMES H. BRAWLEY	Piano, Theory, Harmony
R. H. KELTON	Piano, Musical History
ADELAIDE L. CAMPBELL	Voice Training
DOROTHEA WEBB	Violin and Piano
ELEANOR MARTIN	Art
LOVIE JONES	Preparatory Department and Superintendent of Practice
JENNIE M. ELLIS	Preparatory and Mathematics



ELIZABETH BURTON

WILLIE RICHARDSON LAW

ANNA BAKER, PRES.

ALMA MARSH

MARY LACY

STONE
HOANUK, VA.

SENIORS.

Senior Prophecy.

I WALKED out on a morning early in May, when Nature was unsealing her fountains of life and beauty. The violet was opening its blue eye and all the early flowers were timidly unfolding their beauties. I sat down on the fallen trunk of a tree under a curtain of budding grapevines, and soon fell into a drowsy revery, and from revery into sleep; but not sleep of an ordinary kind.

I seemed suddenly endowed with the clairvoyance of the mesmerist, but with this remarkable advantage, I am permitted to show to those who will listen what was revealed to my senses.

As I gazed, a lovely form appeared before me and I recognized the sweet smile and dancing eyes of Anna. She gathered the sweet violets at her feet and wove them together into a circlet for her brow, which no care had ever touched. As she sauntered along her eyes became soft and took on a happy radiance. She was thinking of the happy morrow, when she was to wed her lover.

As this scene slowly faded, there arose before me the spacious apartments of a splendid building. Gathered there were the most brilliant women of the land. The richness and variety of the costumes and profusion of flowers gave to the fête the aspect of a fairy scene. In the midst of all was Lizzie, whose beauty and splendor attracted all eyes. She was queen of this fête, where also shone her husband, one of the most famous and influential men of Meridian.

This scene quickly vanished, and there seemed to rise before me the sweet face of Mary. She was not so bright and joyous as when we last saw her in 1902; but her sweet yet sad countenance betokened the wisdom she had gained in the fleeting years, for she had become a Sister of Charity, and many a dark sick-room had been cheered by her magic presence. But it was not permitted me to look with love and admiration on my old classmate, for she disappeared as if a veil had been dropped from heaven, con-

cealing from me the person with whom so many happy hours had been spent.

In my dream there next came a beautiful grove of old oaks, with luxuriant foliage, and among them a school-room through whose open casement could be seen Willie, the mistress of this prosperous country school. Mischief still lurked in her eye, but firmness was written on her brow, and in her hand was a slender twig, for she was a lover of and believer in the familiar proverb, "Spare the rod and spoil the child."

This scene too was quickly hidden, and I dreamed once more. I seemed to hear the name of Alma on every lip. She had become a missionary, giving up her sweet young life to this great cause in foreign lands, and now her fame seemed stretching from sea to sea. Little we thought as we toiled at "Peace" that the least of our merry band should rise to be the greatest, and my heart overflowed with joy at the success of my old friend and roommate.



History of the Class of 1902.

WE are only a few—five—but in a small class we learn to understand and love each other better. The august managers of the ANNUAL commanded us to organize, and organize we did, choosing Anna Baker, who is a universal favorite and one of our brightest girls, for president. Our class has members of both the representative societies of the Institute and of some of the smaller clubs.

We have had a hard year, but we feel all the more gratified at being able to graduate. Many a weary time have we burned the midnight oil in honor of Horace, and plodded through Trigonometry with its obstructing "Logs." Thanks to our feeling teacher, we have passed all these obstacles. At the repeated request of our long-suffering maitresse, we have at last begun to make trembling attempts at parley-vous-ing. We shall always feel grateful to this dear teacher for her sweet patience and gentle consideration. Shall we ever forget the times we had over our "Morals" and "Consciences" and the many anecdotes that relieved the tedium when our wits were wandering? Surely we have learned this branch of the philosophy of life—how to get as much fun out of it as possible.

We have been initiated into the literary treasures of our language by our sympathetic poet, and we hope to continue our search for them long after we have left the quiet walls of Peace.

Thanks to our persevering teacher, whose motto seems to be "Nil desperandum," we have passed through science and come off with flying colors.

And now all those struggles are over and we shall soon be out in the world to try our hopes and aspirations. May we have success in our various vocations. "Et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

CLASS HISTORIAN.

Weather Bureau.

Sunday—Stormy and hot. Cooler and fairer towards night.

Monday—Pleasant and bright. Sky slightly overcast towards evening.
From 7.30 to 10 decidedly cloudy.

Tuesday—Blue and dismal. Better towards evening.

Wednesday—Slightly cloudy.

Thursday—Cheerful, especially after the first course of dinner.

Friday—Threatening.

Saturday—Stormy. Sudden change to bright at two o'clock.

Katie Bannerman in Algebra Class: "Miss Murray, do trees have square roots?"

Verily the hairs of her head are numbered.—MARY-BELLE SNEED.

"As an ox goeth to the slaughter," so does Elizabeth Dinwiddie go to her algebra lesson.

The Paths of Peace.

*The paths of Peace are passing fair;
They border circle, mound, and square.
 Along them many roses grow;
 And where the oaks great shadows throw,
Cool seats are scattered here and there.*

*As fated Duncan did declare
To Banquo, nimble is the air,
To them whose right it is to know
 The paths of Peace!*

*But nimbler should you be that dare,
Despite decrees, our haunts to share
 Than any airs or gales that blow.
 Unless the bullet's pace be slow
As matched with yours, O youth, beware
 The paths of Peace.*

Class of 1903.

MOTTO: Yet a little while. COLORS: Rose Pink and Apple Green.

FLOWER: American Beauty Rose.

Yell.

Sis—boom—bah! Rip—rah—ree!
Peace! Carolina! Nin teen—three!

Officers.

Kate Hill	President
Myrtle Surratt	Vice-President
Jennie Powell	Secretary
Lois Long	Treasurer
Grace Andrews	Historian
Elizabeth Dinwiddie	Poet
Hazel Doles	Prophet

Members.

Grace Andrews	Annie Green	Harriet McLean
Grace Conrad	Kate Hill	Minerva Morton
Hazel Doles	Minnie Lou Kelly	Etta Peace
Elizabeth Dinwiddie	Lois Long	Jennie Powell
Helen Easley	Irene Lacy	Myrtle Surratt
Agnes Evans	Elizabeth McArthur	Vaughn White
Frances Fort	Edna McEachern	

Special Students.

Annie Harper	Hattie Marks	Bertha Yelvington
Mattie Holt	Annie Salzman	Katie Mills
Agnes Jones	Mary Bell Sneed	Lizzie Steele



JUNIOR CLASS.

Junior Class Prophecy.

“**A**S wave chases wave to the shore, so does the tide of time carry year after year into the ocean of eternity.” After a lapse of five years, accident led my footsteps back to my Alma Mater, to look once more on its time-battered walks. By a strange fate, others of the merry band who together commenced life’s long and weary pilgrimage, had assembled to witness scenes that were of such vital interest to us.

Dear reader, imagine, if you can, the unspeakable happiness of that reunion. There are seasons in this world over whose unclouded happiness there falls no shadow from the earth, when the heart goes up in gratitude to God, and the mind is surrendered to the intense enjoyment of the present. Such were the feelings that surged the breasts of those reunited.

It was in the gray twilight of a May evening, when a few members of the “Old Class” who had parted five long years ago, met again within the walls of “Dear Old Peace,” and then in the quiet gloaming I learned the fates of the twenty-three, which now I tell to you.

Our gentle Grace, with all the shrinking delicacy of a sensitive heart, had retired from the world and become a member of that beautiful illustration of Christian mercy, known as the “Sister of Charity.” Her gentle spirit and humble virtues fitted her in all respects for the vocation she had selected, and many wretched sufferers had cause to bless the young sister who so kindly tended at their bed of sickness and instructed them in the consolations of religion.

Of the “Graces,” our happy band boasted two as beautiful as their namesakes. The first, as you have seen, was “Charity,” and the second—what shall I say of her?—a mixture of them all. She was the same light-hearted, happy Grace as in the days of old, and had proved firm against the “darts of Cupid,” though lovers sighed around her and hung upon the glances from her illustrious eyes; but the days of her “coquetry” were not over, and a Conrad she had remained.

To fair Elizabeth I now turn my song. You can gather from this little sybilline leaf thrown to the winds of Heaven, her history since last we met.

"Oh! ye restless waves! ye restless winds!
And ye restless, shifting sands!
Oh, ye midnight skies! and heaving deep,
Impelled by unseen hands,
In my heart, a restlessness like yours,
In my soul a vague outcry,
And my soul yearns o'er the deep for help."

She had become a great poet, and the future lay smiling before her. Her fame was fast being recognized in America, and she was destined to become one of the greatest of modern poets.

Next comes Agnes, merriest of the throng. "Old Father Time" had dealt kindly with her, and left her unchanged—except in name.

Among the self-sacrificing women of America, the names of Helen Easley and Kate Hill may be found. They gave their young lives, in all their freshness, to the noble work of missions; and their history may be found written on the hearts of the people, for—

"None knew them but to love them;
None named them but to praise."

In a secluded spot, in the country of her native city, rests the body of our beloved Fanny, who ever cheered us with her bright, sunny face. How seldom are life's early promises fulfilled! "Our Fanny," the gayest of the twenty-three, sank into an early grave,—the victim of a broken heart.

Annie Green became an actress. No doubt her fame would have been unparalleled in modern times, had not her fickle fancy caused her to turn from the stage in the vain ambition of adorning her lovely brow with the coronet of a countess. But alas! her count proved to be an impostor, and in a foreign land, away from home and friends, she wandered forlorn and forsaken!

In Italy reside two of our most cherished friends—Annie Salzman and Agnes Jones. The names they won for themselves in that "Land of Music" make our hearts throb with joy. But the public, with deepest regret, had soon to bid farewell to these glorious "Queens of Song." Their music was reserved for the happy knights who bore off these much-coveted treasures.

So endeared to the recollection of our comrades, Minnie Kelly and Myrtle Surratt, was each spot at "Dear Old Peace," that they remained where they had passed "Life's flowery Spring," ably serving in the capacity of teachers, as much beloved by their pupils as they had formerly been by their schoolmates.

To fair Irene now I turn. Her destiny had indeed been an uncommon one. In the annals of literature her name appeared as the advocate of "Woman's Rights." Her eloquent appeals were heard in all the broad land

of America, urging the women of our land to break the bondage in which they were held, and revel in the holy cause of freedom.

Next comes our queenly Lois. She had indeed fulfilled the promises of her girlhood, and her dazzling beauty made men worship at her shrine. All hearts paid homage to this "Queen of Society," and at last she became the idolized wife of a millionaire.

Neither of our fair sisters, Ina and Addie, has as yet any prospects of entering into the marriage state, for the simple reason that no one has yet asked them—flirting and proposing being very different things; and it is possible, after all, that their maiden names may eventually be inscribed on their tombstones.

Elizabeth McArthur is still toiling at her favorite work, "translating Latin." "Labor conquers," was always her motto, and with such determination you may be sure her highest ambition will be realized.

Now blithe and bonny Harriett engages our attention. She had become a famous chemist, and among the scientists of modern times her name ranks with the first.

Under orient skies, Minnie Morton, the fairest of our number, labored with the artist's brush to reach the pinnacle of fame to which so many aspire, and so few reach. But the tyrant "Love" thwarts many ambitious hopes, and Minnie returned to the "land of her fathers" with the chosen one of her riper years, content for her short-lived career to die in its bloom, wounded by the arrows of Cupid.

Hattie Marks, the least of all the twenty-three, continued the favorite occupation of her girlhood days—lace-making. With her, the old maxim "Practice makes perfect" had proved true, and she was unrivaled in her art.

Etta Peace pursued ambition, and her untiring efforts in the struggle for celebrity were rewarded with the fame for which she so ardently labored. Her career as a novelist was one of great renown, and showed traits of a great genius. The future alone will reveal the height to which her genius may attain, and the rank her name will be given in literature.

Now comes our bonny, sweet-voiced Jennie, whose fate it was to win hearts, only to break them. Among the society belles, Jennie was queen, and many were the youths infatuated with this fair, fickle "queen of fashion." But even her love of coquetry was satisfied, and she at last married a promising young lawyer, with whom she dwells somewhere in the red hills of upper Carolina.

Mary Belle Sneed fulfilled life's mission nobly to the end. Foremost among the workers of the Red Cross Society may be seen the sylph-like form of Mary Belle, moving among the dying and the dead, with that gentle grace which characterized her life.

Class of 1904.

MOTTO : Nihil Desperandum.

COLORS : Gold and White.

FLOWER : Maréchal Niel Rose.

Yell.

Rah ! Rah ! Rah ! Rip ! Rah ! Roar !

Sophomore ! Sophomore ! Nineteen four !

Officers.

ANNIE LAND	President
MADLINE WHITE	Vice-President
ELISABETH HOUSTON	Treasurer
WILL EASLEY	Secretary
LUCY HAYWOOD	Class Prophet
MATILDA STIENMETZ	Historian

Members.

Maidie Allen	Violet Keith	Ruth Pilson
Whit Bond	Annie Land	Mollie Ruffin
Rachel Borden	Imogen Masters	Myrtie Royal
Katie Bannerman	Myra Moore	Kathleen Smith
Alice Covington	Susie Morton	Mary Sherrill
Bessie Covington	Lila McLean	Matilda Steinmetz
Irma Cobb	Mary Mercer	Roberta Thaxton
Will Easley	Estelle O'Berry	Stella Williams
May Fulford	Nora Pugh	Madeline White
Lillian Ferrall	Bertha Patrick	Bessie Wooten
Elisabeth Houston	Grace Perrow	Ethel Young
Lucy Haywood		



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Prophecy of Sophomore Class.

Madeline White in society will shine,
As she is so fond of a good "old time."

M. Royal and the "College" boys
Will meet and flirt together,
The boys will come and the boys will go,
But she will stay forever.

Whit Bond with many a high degree
Will finish school as a Ph. D.

Irma Cobb as a pedagogue
Will cause some hearts to break,
And Lottie Blow, as we well know,
Will die of eating cake.

Annie Land, so very bland,
Will ne'er command a young man's hand.

Ethel Young, with the famous tongue,
Will be heard of far and wide,
But some future day a man will pray,
And down will fall her pride.

Julia Fulford, as I foresee,
A learned pedagogue will be.

I. Masters, as one can tell by her name,
Will climb to the top of the ladder of fame.

Susie Morton and Willie Easley,
With nurses' caps, will go
To care for wounded soldiers
On the fields of death and woe.

Lillian Ferrall's slender hand
Will always be at her command.

Patrick, Smith and Houston,
Schoolgirls very sweet,
Will travel quite a good deal
In lands of snow and sleet.

Susan Keith's, as I foresee,
A life short and brief will be.

B. Covington, as I foretell,
Will often go out to the well,
For washing clothes will be her line
Of making money, to pass the time.

Estelle O'Berry, so very cherry,
Will always live a life most merry.

Kate Bannerman on the stage will go,
But she'll not remain very long in the show;
For she will soon meet, in a big brass band,
The man who will always command her hand.

Myra Moore, quite full of lore,
With a teacher's rod will walk the floor.

Mary Sherrill and B. Thaxton
In Math. will excel.
They will soon get through
And do very well.

M. Allen and A. Covington,
With nurses' caps and dreams,
Will answer to the echo
Of a little baby's screams.

Matilda Steinmetz, an artist in music,
Will have scholars from near and far,
But this will come to an end
When on knees "he" bends
And then goes in to tell "Pa."

Ruth Pilson to school will continue to go,
For she loves books so much, you *know*.

Stella Williams will not grieve,
Because her home she shall not leave.
By a running brook, in a shady nook,
She 'll be quite happy with a yellow book.

Rachel Borden will marry a lordling
And over to England go,
Where she 'll be happy, with her small chappie,
And sorrow or misery never know.

Lucy Haywood, our prophet, has told
What the future for us may hold,
Now at the last, of her we say
That she will be a belle some day;
But when her youth has all been spent,
Her hand to kindness will be lent,
And on her life, beloved by all,
May God's richest blessings fall.

LUCY HAYWOOD.



WE regret to say—and we know the public will regret to hear—that we have failed utterly in our efforts to gather the Freshmen together to have their pictures taken. They are a large, precocious, and interesting class, but so shyly modest that they can not bear to have their youthful beauty set forth for the casual eye to see. These bashful young ladies are too retiring even to organize, so that we can not give the roll of the class.

Characteristics of the Sigma Phi Kappa Society.

NAME	SYNOPSIS	AGE	SHE IS NOTED FOR	SHE WANTS TO BE	ULTIMATELY
GRAVE ANDREWS'S	Fred	A secret	Sawing	A minister's wife	An old maid
KATIE HANSEMAN	Karl	Afraid to say	Practicing	A great musician	An amateur
LOTTIE BLOW	Lot	Questionable	Talking	Bright	A 300-pounder
MARY BORDEN	Mary	Wanted to see ten	Nervousness	A second party	A word teacher
LEMA CORB	Dick	Very young	Go-skiating	She doesn't know	Always in love
HEAVE CUSHAD	Prudence	Cashed in	Hitching	The military man	She doesn't love
FRANK DREDDER	Frank	Marriageable	Having her way	Single	A happy wife
JULIA EBERHARDT	Eli	Plenty	Her pretty eyes	She will not say	Too wise
HUGHES EASLEY	Edna	Wanted to publish	Reading	Author	Class school teacher
WILLIE EASLEY	Mrs. Mark	Kissable	Leaving in tragedy	Literary	A missionary
WILLIE EASLEY	Irl	Youthful	Raying out night	Admired	A social success
MRS. ELLIS	Mrs. K.	Kind	Her musical talent	Praised	A fine woman
MARY FLETCHER	Male	Ask her	Making fun of Mr. B.	An angel	A diplomat
LOUISE FRISLEY	Female	Just right	Loving faith	A success of Mr. K.	An organizer
ANNIE GIBSON	Lal	Very thoughtful	Giving her opinion	A success of Mr. K.	A star
KATE HILL	Kathie	Seems to be loving	Studiousness	Marrying	A missionary
MARY HILLS	Female	Studious	Studiousness	Marrying	A missionary
BESSIE HALL	Bob	Afraid to say	Being sensitive	A senator	A housewife
ANNIE JOHNS	Polly	Want to get her teeth	Being sensitive	Lovely	A lawyer's wife
ANNIE LASH	Ed	Sixteen	Her sweet disposition	Wise	A teacher
LOIS LONG, Vice-Pres.	Amy	Kissable	Her walk	A beauty	An old maid
MARY LIND	Louie	Want to see	Keeping	A beautiful	A school teacher
LUZIE McGRATH	Lucy	Can't tell	Loving Lillian	A good figure	A farmer's wife
MYRA McCRE	Max	Sweet	Keeping rules	Dieted to	Telegraph operator's wife
ESSA McEACHERN	Nix	Let only know	Her success	Admired	A teacher
SUSIE MORTON	Soky	Seventeen	Loving Maude	An humor	Land professor
BESSIE McEACHERN	Berta	Too embarrassed	Talking	Marrying	Tramp nurse
RUTH PISON	Mumps	Ripe	Flirting	A great singer	Sing-
MOLLIE PEPES	Moll	Under 16	Having mimus	Well	A doctor's wife
ANNIE SALZMAN	Salzie	You can tell	Feeling home	Grown up	A French teacher
MARIE WALKER	Babe	Her mamma knows	Heating fast	A prima donna	Heart smasher
MARGARET WALKER	Marg	She looks young	Writing to A. and M.	Pat	She lives till she dies
SALLIE WILSON	Prudy	Old as her tongue	Having scarlet fever	A sport	A sailor's lass
HARVEY WALKER	Harv	Knows her	Being on her feet	Thin	A widow
HARVEY WALKER	Harv	Improving	Practicing	Happy	To be small
LOUISA WILLIAMS	Louise	Sixteen	Blushing	A great musician	A happy wife
ANNE WILLIAMS	Annie	Very young	Getting	A flirt	A farmer's wife
ANNIE HARRER	Nancy	Too young for trains	Starting in the Infirmary	A druggist's wife	A musician
MATTIE HOLT	Matt	Too young for trains	Starting in the Infirmary	Other	A queen of hearts



SIGMA PHI KAPPA SOCIETY. 1911.

One-Minute Biographies of Erosophian Literary Society.

NAME	OCCUPATION	HIGHEST AMBITION	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	DESTINY
MAUDE ALLEN	Talking love to Whit	To stay with Whit	I love Whit	To die for Whit
ELLA BROWN	Being good	To be an angel on earth	I wish I could help you!	To be a trained nurse
ELLA BROWN	Laughing	To be like Miss Susie	I was so tickled	To be a lecturer
BERNICE BRADLEY	Writing compositions	To hurry an A. and M.	By jeez, I'm busy	To marry Jack
MARGARET BOYD	Writing to logs	To go down town	Let's get a soda	To be a famous musician
BISSIE COVINGTON	Representing her roommate	To make Whit behave	At Hot Springs	To be a lady principal
SARAH COWLER	Haying for eggs	To get married	Oh, he has such lovely eyes	To be an old maid
HAZEL DOLAN, President	Studying Latin	To get a diploma	My aunt's aunt	To travel abroad
LOU EVERETT	Sitting in the infirmary	To get home again	I don't know	To die of a cold
ELLA GIBSON	Sitting about	To do more of nothing	Oh, I see	To die of a stiff fever
ELLA GIBSON	Having her picture taken	To get a picture taken	I am so blue to-day	To teach mathematics
EDNA HECK	Making candy	To have a good time	Oh, goodness	To write a cookery book
FLOA JOHNSON	Scolding	To go to baseball games	Oh, how early	To be a beauty
MARY JOHNSON	Sewing	To get a picture taken	Oh, how early	To be loved
MINSIE JOHNSON	Sewing	To fall off a few pounds	"Newton" says	To be invited to love
MARGARET MERCER	Flirting	To laugh and grow fat	Miss Page	To chop with Sawzee
MARY MERCER	Curting her hair	To wear a demitrain	Where is Phyllis' lesson?	To be living skeleton of a man
ALMA MAISH	Sweeping	To get her pompadour higher	I thought I should die	To be a housekeeper for a rich man
HARRIET McLEAN, Treas.	Calling the MacLeans	To get to breakfast in time	Oh, where is a pin!	To be a mistress of an orphan
LELA McLEAN	Digging	To walk gracefully	I am going home	Asylum
NOBA PUGH	Cheering gum	To have all people come	You ought to see the one	To be a widow
GRACE PERRIOW	Working	To make, do, half, the cleaning up	Leaf had	To be merry unappily
ETTA PEAVE	Playing more new clothes	To enjoy herself	Leaf had	To be a belle
NELLIE SMITH	Reading fairy stories	To meet a prince charming	May I?	To have a fortune left her
LILLIAN SMITH	Crumbing	To church	I will eat	To live to a green old age
NATHAN SMITH	Knocking the elms out	To keep up a racket after tea	Great day in the morning	To the single
MARY BELLE SNEED, V-Prest.	Thinking good advice	To play tennis	Well, Mr. Stockard	To be a prima donna
BOB WATKINS	Thinking about A. & M.	To say something	H C + Z	To be a reformer
VAUGHN WHITE, Secretary	Being blown up	To learn chemistry	I don't see what	To be a miser
STELLA WILLIAMS	Smiling	To have a longer nose	I shan't do it	To be a dress-maker
BERTHA WELINGTON	Quarrelling	To keep Mr. D. from seeing	I'll fight, Myrtle	To be a sweet little wife
MYRTLE ROYAL	Reading journals	To get along all spring	I feel bad	To be a miser
JOE DY-SART	Quarrelling	To have a smaller waist	Well, did I ever!	To be popular
MOLLIE DYSART	Teaching	To be stylish		



EROSOPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

Clubs and Circles.

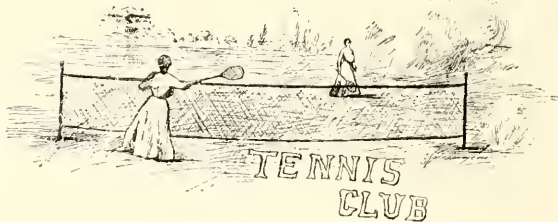
THE social life of the school would be incomplete without its minor organizations, which help brighten many a long winter hour.

The Tea and a Thought Circle, which meets every Thursday afternoon from five to six, keeps its members informed on the current events and in touch with the great paintings, poems, and musical compositions of the world, while it does not forget that light refreshments are also enjoyable.

The Round Table is a similar organization, founded at a more recent date.

The Sewing Circle has a more practical purpose. Its members meet frequently to ply their needles in fancy work.

The Domino Club is not so serious. Its object is to keep alive the old-fashioned games of all kinds.



Officers.

SUSIE MORTON President
 ETTA PEACE Business Manager
 ELIZABETH DINWIDDIE Umpire

Members.

Annie Green	Maudie Dinwiddie
Cammie Short	Susie Morton
Irma Cobb	Elizabeth Dinwiddie
Kate Hill	Annie Land
Mr. R. L. Kelton	Etta Peace
May Fulford	Madeline White
Miss Dorothea Webb	Mary Higgs
Bnena Spruill	Irene Lacy



BASKET-BALL CLUB.

Basket-Ball Club.

EDNA McEACHERN Captain

MARY BELLE SNEED MARGARET WALKER KATE HILL

ANNIE GREEN ADDIE LORE

BESSIE WOOTEN AGNES EVANS VAUGHN WHITE

Grand Order of Banister Sliders.

COLORS: Black and Blue.

FLOWER: Spiral Morning Glory.

Vell:

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rip! Rah! Bump!

Here we come!

Thump! Thump! Thump!

Officers.

Most Worshipful Supreme HENRY JEROME STOCKARD

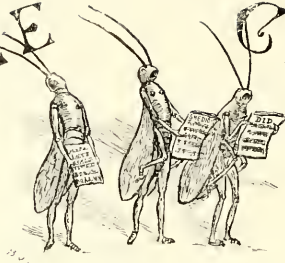
Lord High Keeper of the Sliding Place JAMES DINWIDDIE

Very Active Members.

JAMES "PETER" BRAWLEY

R. L. KELTON

GLEE CLUB



Officers.

ANNIE SALZMAN	President
MISS CAMPBELL	Director
LOIS LONG	Assistant Directors
AGNES JONES	
AGNES EVANS	Secretary

Members.

First Sopranos.

Annie Salzman	Agnes Jones
Bertha Patrick	Alma Marsh
Lottie Blow	Lizzie Steele

Second Sopranos.

Lottie Kluppelburg	Jennie Powell
Mary Higgs	Clara Simmons
Kathleen Smith	Agnes Evans

First Altos.

Lois Long	Katie Lee Mills
Vaughn White	Nora Pugh
Buena Spruill	

Second Altos.

Rachel Borden	Estelle O'Berry
Cammie Short	May Mercer

Hallowe'en Midnight Feasters.

COLOR : Pale Grey.

MOTTO : Silence.

FLOWER : Night-blooming Cereus.

Yell.

"Hist ! Hark ! Came not faint whispers near ?"

Officers.

HATTIE MARKS	Chief Trembler
ETTA PEACE	Freezer Superior
AGNES JONES	Smuggler
ELIZABETH DINWIDDIE	Storyist
ANNIE SALZMAN	Chief of S. T. P.

Members.

Hattie Marks	Madeline White
Pearl Elliott	Agnes Jones
Ione Ellington	Etta Peace
Annie Salzman	Elizabeth Dinwiddie

Honorary Sleepers.

Mary Belle Sneed	Nellie Smith
Bee Weatherly	Margaret Boyd
Elisabeth Houston	Edna McEachern



THE DRAMATIC CLUB

A. Salzman, on a winter's night,
Trained the girls in acting right,
Singing she wrought and her merry glee
The others echoed on sharp high C,
The song died down, a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast;
For those girls they yelled and screeched and screamed,
But of acting right they never dreamed.

Officers.

MISS DUNCAN	Stage Director
ANNIE SALZMAN	Manager
PROFESSOR BRAWLEY	Musical Director

Members.

Lois Long	Agnes Evans
Annie Green	Annie Harper
Kate Hill	Helen Easley
James P. Brawley	

Have You Forgotten?

Have you forgotten, dear, so soon,
Those happy days gone by?
How bright was all the world to us!
How blue the sunny sky!
And ne'er a shadow then was near,—
Have you forgotten, dear?

Have you forgotten how I loved
You—more than life to me?
I gave you all I had to give—
Myself—'t was all, you see—
A worthless gift, yet how sincere!
Have you forgotten, dear?

Have you forgotten this, that now
Your words are proud and cold,
Or has some worthier one than I
The same sweet story told?
Oh, just a moment—will you hear?
Have you forgotten, dear?

If I could dream but once again
That you were all my own,
How gladly would I then lay down
My life—for you alone.
Oh, heavy burden I must bear!
You *have* forgotten, dear!

AGNES EVANS.

Y. W. C. A. Officers.

ANNA BAKER	President
MARGARET MERCER	Vice-President
KATIE LEE MILLS	Secretary and Treasurer

Missionary Officers.

LOIS LONG	President
ELIZABETH DINWIDDLE	Vice-President
ETTA PEACE	Secretary
KATE HILL	Treasurer

Religious Organizations.

THE daily morning prayer-meeting is held at 7:15; the weekly meeting of the Y. W. C. A. on Friday at 7.00 p. m., and the monthly meeting of the Missionary Society is held on the Second Sunday evening.

The special visitors during the year were:

Mrs. R. G. Pearson, Asheville; Miss Bridges, the Y. W. C. A. Secretary; Miss Blodget, Miss Milham, Traveling Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, and Rev. E. MacDavis, the missionary evangelist.

Under the auspices of these two Societies two delegates, Misses Kate Hill, of Mississippi, and Helen Easley, of Virginia, were sent to the Student Volunteer Convention in Toronto, Canada, in February. Delegates will also be sent to the Conference in Asheville, N. C., in June.

Contributions have been made to Barium Springs Orphanage and other charities, and the annual offering to Foreign Missions has been larger than usual.

Miss Bettie Penick, so intimately connected with the Missionary Society, continues to be its guide and adviser.

Nemesis.

IT was a glorious sunset at sea. The whole heavens were suffused with a delicate pink flush, which merged into a faint mauve along the horizon. Here and there in the high vault of the sky hung tiny pearl-clouds like fleece, which seemed to be racing against each other to catch the last ray of the dying sun. Stretching toward the south was a small band of light which was a veritable mass of flame, trying to make up in brilliancy what it lacked in size. It was a wild and beautiful scene, and one sighed with regret that it could not last.

A fitting close to a day of perfect happiness, thought Malcolm, as he paced the deck of the good ship *Czar* and gazed on the lovely picture all in harmony with his own happy heart.

It was the eve of his wedding. How he thanked fate that his work took him across the water just at this time. How strange it was that he should have met with Mary on this long voyage, and that all their old misunderstanding had been forgotten! Yes, she had at last promised to marry him after they landed, and at that moment they were only about twenty-five miles from the shore. Then his thoughts turned to his mother. How good and kind she was! Well did he know that her mother heart was sad at giving up her only child to another, but she so cheerfully hid it from him. At length, arousing himself with difficulty from an indefinite reverie, Malcolm suddenly became aware that it was cold and that a strong wind had arisen.

The wind increased in strength and velocity as night came on, threatening to drive the ship from its course.

On entering the cabin he found Mary and his mother excited and apprehensive of the coming storm. He was trying to soothe them with the thought of their being so near land, when the *Czar* swayed and received a shock such as she had never had before and never could have again. In the storm and growing darkness the crew had lost control of the vessel. It had struck a rock.

The crashing and grating and groaning of the poor *Czar*, in her death throes was terrible, and brave Malcolm's blood ran cold as he hurried to find the extent of the damage.

"All is lost!" shouted the captain over the rush of the water. "Save the women; it is all we can do." But even as he spoke the ship was torn and scattered far and wide, and with it the *Czar's* helpless cargo.

As if led by instinct, Malcolm came through the icy waves to the spot where fainting Mary was clinging to some of the wreckage. His heart stood still. Where was his mother? He looked for her vainly, and with bitter grief in his heart he began a struggle to get the almost lifeless Mary to the shore, which was several miles distant. All at once he heard a faint voice behind him. "Malcolm, save me!" It was his mother. His first emotion was one of great joy, but—God! what was he to do? It was impossible for him to save them both—if one—which could he leave? He gave an agonized look at his mother's strained eyes. No no! he could not leave her to the mercy of the waves. But Mary, his bride! He looked at her beautiful, frightened face. She was too young to die. Which should it be?

As he looked for the last time on his mother's face he heard the words in a tone so sad, so loving, yet entirely without reproach, "God save you, Malcolm, my boy! my boy!" The dark waters closed over her head, and then all was silent.

How he reached land and how he lived through the days that followed, Malcolm never knew. When he at last became conscious, strangers told him that Mary had followed his mother. What now did he care about living when all he loved he mourned? Why should he live when there was a way to end his more and more hateful existence?

Again we find him pacing the high cliff at sunset. But there is that in his face which shows a fixity of purpose. He gazes out on the sea. It does not seem so angry now, but beckons him on with its cold green arms. Here at least he could find rest.

All at once he seemed to see his mother's face rise before him. A face so loving, so angelic. Would she forgive him? "Mother," he cried, in agonized tone, "Mother, forgive me. I will come to you now." * * * *

When the strangers found him they marveled at the calm beauty and happiness of his face.

Surely he had been forgiven!

LOIS LONG.



Rules.

All students who regard the following rules and regulations will have their names inscribed on the Honor Roll :

1. Students are requested to swing on the gate every afternoon between the hours of four and six and to smile at all passing boys.

2. Parents will be notified if students do not take their express from the office immediately on its arrival.

3. It is positively forbidden to mark clothing, on pain of expulsion.

4. Students are required to go shopping at least once a week without a teacher.

5. It is positively against the rules of the school for young ladies not to receive young men every Saturday night.

6. Girls are required to write to A. and M. boys.

7. Every girl is required to "hook" something from the table once a day.

8. Students are required to burn their candles three nights out of a week after light-bell.

9. In practising, students should play only "coon" songs and "two-steps."

10. Every boarder on time to meals must suffer the penalty of staying in on Monday.

Kitchen Club.

COLORS : Black and Yellow.

FLOWER : Snow-drop

MOTTO : "We is statues."

Yell :

"Mr. William—!!!"

Officers.

Aunt Priscilla Dame of the Dishpan
Professor Beale Executioner-in-Chief of Fowls
Sir William Chairman of Committee for Distribution of Rations
Her Royal Highness, "Florence" Empress of the Dining-Room

Inactive Members.

Lily, "The Widow, and her Friends," Nancy, Mollie, and Mary
Other Members are Transient Dreams.



Heart-Smasher Club.

(Secret Order)

COLORS : Pink and Blue.

FLOWERS : Johnny-Jump-up and Sweet William.

MOTTO : ' Live while you live, for you are a long time dead.' "

Officers.

Grace Conrad	Flirter in General
Elisabeth Houston	Prettiest Flirter on Record
Louise Deaderick	Medalist at Charleston Exposition

Members.

Annie Salzman	Agnes Jones
Mary Belle Sneed	Agnes Evans
Kathleen Smith	Annie Green
Cammie Short	Myrtie Royal
Minnie Morton	Bertha Patrick

Honorary Members.

Winifred Fowle	Roxanna Williams
Katie Sykes	Lillian Smith



“On Hallowe’en Night.”

’T was a dark night and a drear,
In November cold and sere;
’T was the one night in the year
The spooks are free;
And we felt them in the air,
And their shadows on the stair
Struck chills through all; and trembled every knee.

But at midnight all was still
Save the baying on the hill
Of a superstitious doggie in his fright,
And though dark and cold the night,
And though fearing ghosts in white,
We descended without light
Into the “gym.”

Of the bold ones there were eight,
And they softly crept in late,
And like shadows round they sate,
Spectral and dim;
And related ghastly tales
Of awful, gruesome wails;
And the shadows on the wall
Looked like some black funeral pall,
And we quaked and shivered all,
In our fear.

And we chewed our pickles sour
For a full, long, big half-hour,
For our teeth they chattered so
We could hardly make them go,
And therefore chewed we rather slow,
That night so drear.

But the peanuts cheered us some,
And the apples weren't so hum,
And the talk began to hum
 In livelier tone,
We no longer feared a spook
In some darksome corner nook,
Or a shadow with a crook,
 Or a bone.

Then we crept back up the stairs
(After multitudes of scares)
In threes, or only pairs,
 To our beds,
In the wee small hours of morn
We all lay awake forlorn,
And as sure as you are born
 We will stay at home next time;
For we eight who went that night
Ate the stuff for thirty-eight
 Who had overslept alarm clock's smothered chimes.

And we felt the worse next day
For our eating in that way;
And if by any change
In our plans for future years,
 We should go to such again,
Overcoming all our fears,
Each will make these resolutions
 Ere we go:
I shall wear a few things more;
I shall eat a little slower;
 I shall limit what I eat
 To food for four.

E. M. D.



Editors of the Lotus.

Editors-in-Chief.

ETTA PEACE

ANNIE SALZMAN

Editors.

AGNES JONES . . . Correspondent Manager

MARY BELLE SNEED Class Editor

BERTHA YELVINGTON . . . Society Editor

KATE HILL Business Manager



EDITORIAL STAFF.

Just for Fun.

"Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep."—JUST AFTER MOSES.

"The young men's vision and the old men's dream."—ANNIE SALZMAN.

"She knows her man."—AGNES JONES.

"I am resolved to grow fat and look young till forty."—A. MARSH.

Senior to Cammie Short: "I do love Thomas Nelson Page!"

C. (enthusiastically): "I believe I've heard my sister mention that boy. Is he cute?"

Mr. Stockard: "Name one work of Browning."

V-v- -n M-nc-re: "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The public is respectfully requested not to ask Mr. Brawley how to make a maltese cross. Public notice is hereby given that any man, woman, or child so doing is liable to a black eye.

"Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound."—CHORUS CLASS.

WANTED—One good music lesson.—MR. KELTON.

In Missionary Society—Miss Bettie Penick: "And now we will have the report of the collector on Miss Duncan's hall."

Collector (rising proudly): "Miss Duncan's hall, twenty-three dollars."

Miss Bettie (in aggrieved tone): "That all? Why twenty years ago that hall used to give seventy every year. Can't you do better than that?"

Collector sits down, crushed.

"Red as a rose is she."—VAUGHN WHITE.

"Soft as some song divine thy story flows."—BERTHA PATRICK.

"It would talk! Lord, how it would talk!"—ANNA BAKER.

Mr. Stockard: "I want the class to read Sidney Smith's 'Defense of Poesy.'"

Senior (of an enquiring turn of mind): "I beg your pardon, Mr. Stockard; of course I ought to know—but who was Poesy?"

Sunday School Teacher: "What was the most important event in the life of Abraham?"

Hattie Marks: "Why, when he wrote the Ten Commandments."

"In the morning thou shalt hear my voice ascend on high."—MISS CAMPBELL.

"Soft peace she brings."—LOT BLOW.

Lois Long wants to know who wrote Grey's Elegy.

"I've lived and loved."—LILLIAN SMITH.

"As I decree, so shall it be."—EDNA McEACHERN.

Addie Lore (on hearing Grace Conrad hum "Tell me, Pretty Maiden"): Grace, what hymn is that?

General Examination.

1. Who is the "Man with the Cane?"
2. Where is the raven that sat on "the pallid bust of Pallas," April the first?
3. Where did Elizabeth Dinwiddie get her April hat?
4. Give description of the Madonna of the Well, discovered by the art critic, A. Salzman.
5. Give three reasons why H. J. Stockard always has the headache Saturday nights.
6. Draw geometrical figure showing how it was possible for Miss Murray and her friend to sleep on a single bed the night of March 31st.
7. Where was "Moses" when the light went out?
8. (a) Tell which teacher is in love with Mr. Brawley. (b) Give four reasons why Mr. Brawley left something hanging on his door when he moved to the Hoke House, with full description of the article in question.
9. Tell why Winifred Fowle reported for having snored after light-bell.
10. Give your opinion as to whether Minnie Morton ever stops talking to sleep, and tell why you think so.
11. What number of shoes does Elizabeth Dinwiddie wear?
12. Give exact date of Whit Bond's last spree.
13. Give brief account of ten of Mr. Dinwiddie's most thrilling adventures when young.

14. Why had Mary Belle Sneed just as soon be killed as electrocuted?
Hattie Marks has a luxuriant palm which she has been taking out to exercise every day. It can now walk alone, and we hope to see it at roll-call yet.

It is well known that the Baptist Church has much better music when Lizzie Steele attends.

Lottie Blow has recently become quite an athlete. She practices vaulting a certain "barb-wire" weekly.

Myra received, February 22, as a souvenir, a bit of Washington's epaulette. On being asked what she had, she replied, "A dear little piece of Washington's pantalets."

In the days of the colonies there was a *Garrison* set on a *Hill*. The largest building was a church; but this generation was not religious, so the church was seldom used, and consequently the *Pughs* were festooned with spider-*Webbs*.

In the days of *Peace* the people made merry in a great *Hall*. In the fall when the winds *Blow* fiercely and *Moore* fiercely, and the leaves are *Brown*, the *Cowles* burned brightly on the hearth, and the *Hall* is draped in *Green* and *White*.

In the *Middleton* (town) there lived a *Baker* named *Patrick*, who owned two *Campbells*—one *Long*, one *Short*. The fate that befell them is sad to relate, for both sank in a *Marsh* in the *Laud* near-by. When the poor man heard of it, he cried: "Oh! *Mercor* me!"

There was a scholar named *McArthur* who was learned in latin *Lore*.

Many *Mills* were in this place which were owned by *McGowan*, *McLean* and *Etheridge*.

Will lived next door to *Mac* and *Wilson* stole *Mac's Cobbs*, "and," said *Mac*, "*Vair* a son of mine would *Steele*." And, strange to say, the druggist, *Pilson*, had n-*Everet* a *Fowle*.

When the *Weatherly* was bad, *Evans* became *Dole-ful* and *Yelvington* and *Houston* cried.

Finley, an old prophet, told *Higgs* that he would *Dysart-n* and be a *Deaderick*.

In the fifth *Ward* lived an old man, *Hassel* by name, who was a great *W'alker*. His diet consisted of *Hazel-nuts*, per-*Simmons* and *O'Berrys*.

At the time of which we write the *Royal* family, accompanied by their *Bannerman*, were out *Ruffin* it on a *Hunting* expedition.

Conrad and *Covington*, while drunk, were drowned in trying to cross a *Fulford*. I give you my *Bond* on that, and I don't care a *Whit* whether you believe it or not. Sober men like *Kelly* and *Johnston* or even *Jones* could *Easley* have crossed it.

Brawley people like *Salzman*, and *Wooten*, and *Allen* were not allowed in this place, as *Smith* and *McEachern* were too nervous to stand the *Strain*.

Spruill said, "It *Peyrows* to me that *Sneed* is mighty uppity lately."

Duncan, *Kelton* (killed *Ton*) and a monument erected by *Brawley*, *Williams*, and *Andrews Marks* the spot.

Borden was so happy over the event that he made a *Dinwoidhi's* horn and drum.

Morton, Morton, where is he?
While out upon the ocean
He sank into the sea.

"The hearing ear and the seeing eye."—MISS PAGE.

"Let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we die."—ROXANNA WILLIAMS.

"Withered on the stalk."—MAY MERCER.

Prisoners of Hope—MYRTIE ROYAL, GRAYCE CONRAD, AGNES EVANS.

But children, you should never let
Your angry passion rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.—MYRTIE AND DONNIE ROYAL.

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour."—MISS MURRAY.

"Whose little body lodged a mighty mind."—MR. KELTON.

Motto of *Kathleen Smith*—"Never do to-day that which can be put off till to-morrow, for to-morrow you might not have to do it."

"Much study is a weariness to the flesh."—BESSIE WOOTEN.

"The voice heard so oft."—ANNIE GREEN.

Alphabet.

A is for Allen, as busy as a bee.
B is for Bond, who stays on a spree.
C is for Covington, she practices well.
D is for Dinwiddie, who knows how to spell.
E is for Evans, who will be a great poet.
F is for Finley, who always does know it.
G is for Garrison, always loafing about.
H is for Higgs, best of all, no doubt.
I is for Ina, ever in a hurry.
J is for Johnston, never in a flurry.
K is for Kelly, who studies so hard.
L is for Land, who stays in the yard.
M is for Mills, a pretty girl, she.
N is for Nora, the girl for me.
O is for O'Berry, who hates a boy.
P is for Perrow, a child of joy.
Q is for nobody, we 'll skip this line.
R is for Royal, of temper benign.
S is for Salzman, a chirpy little bird.
T is for Tacky, there are none for this word.
U is for ugly, which Houston is not.
V is for Vivian, who knows quite a lot.
W is for White, as smart as can be.
X Y Z are unknown quantities, you see.
& & are the rest and me.

MR. STOCKARD: "I saw Monticello, the old home of Jefferson, last summer."

IRENE LACY: "Do Jefferson's ancestors still live there, Mr. Stockard?"

"She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing."

MARGARET MERCER.

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WANTED—Some fun.—WINIFRED FOWLE.

"Shalt show us how divine a thing a woman may be made."—MISS NANNIE.



THE END



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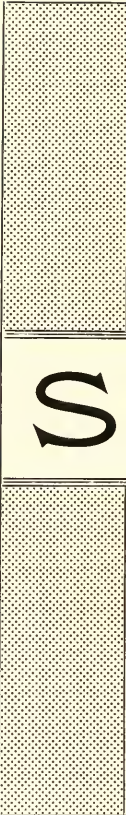
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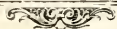
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