

The  
Matrus  
1907







Cordially & truly Yours,  
Geo Dinardie.

May 1st, 1907.

# The Lotus

## 1907



*Published Annually  
by the*

Sigma Phi Kappa and  
Pi Theta Mu Societies

*of*

**Peace Institute**

*Raleigh, N. C.*

Volume VI.

MCMVII.

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## *Dedication*

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*TO our esteemed President, who for many years has zealously and enthusiastically labored for the education of the young women of the South, we dedicate this volume as a final mark of our love and admiration. ∴*





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## Greetings.

Once again, dear girls, I greet you. I come to refresh your memory, to recall the joys; to live again the hours we have spent together. If you laugh, laugh long, laugh heartily, I shall be content. Don't purse up your lips, any of you, and weep bitter tears: I am your friend.

Many of these "sulphates" I know you have already heard; however, I was afraid that in time you might forget them, so here they are.

May you never forget,

Yours sincerely and faithfully,

THE ANNUAL OF '07.





1906-'07

### Fall Calendar.

- SEPT. 13—The "greenies" arrive by the cartload from all points—North, East, South and West.
- SEPT. 24—Mr. Brawley slips on a banana peel.
- SEPT. 29—Five sets of "spoons" on the porch.
- OCT. 10—Miss Nannie runs out of the dining room after a man.
- OCT. 19—Nothing but the Fair and kisses.
- OCT. 23—"Miss" Nordica sings.
- OCT. 31—Seeing our future husband.
- NOV. 3—Everybody goes to "Everyman."
- NOV. 6—Who's coming? Miss Casler!
- NOV. 16—The Giersch Club go out to supper.
- NOV. 25—"Oh, my kingdom for my baggage!" (on the homeward run from Greensboro.)
- NOV. 29—Frances Sharp runs down Fayetteville St. with a turkey in her arms. (Cooked!)



## Winter Calendar.

- DEC. 1—Miss Coley consents for gas to be turned on *one* minute before dark.
- DEC. 3—Winter right—heat on!
- DEC. 6—Pattie Lee slips on the ice and falls down the banister.
- DEC. 10—Girls begin to pull rags out of their trunks for Christmas sewing.
- DEC. 19—Christmas tree! Everybody receives a stocking full of tied-up tissue paper and baby ribbons.
- DEC. 20—Farewell Peace till 1907!
- JAN. 2—Everybody back smiling(?)
- JAN. 6—Legislature begins.
- JAN. 8—Miss Nannie goes to the Governor's reception. Heads poked out every door to see her go by in her new dress.
- JAN. 11—Snow—Annette Parrish thinks it's feathers.
- JAN. 15—The D. S. S. goes to the Legislature.
- JAN. 18—French and German classes begin practice for their recital to be given the next night.
- JAN. 19—Senior Philosophy class take an examination to celebrate Lee's birthday. Other girls spend the morning at the Capitol picking out Legislators.
- JAN. 20—Beulah Robertson tries to take measles instead of her mid-term exams., but ends in getting a double dose of both.
- JAN. 23—Going to the Legislature.
- JAN. 25—Miss Parker takes the girls to the A. and M. Biological reception.
- JAN. 29—Mid-winter recital—*Everybody* finds a beau.(???)
- FEB. 9—Giersch Club eating again.
- FEB. 11—Dean Southwick presents "Herod" at the B. U. W. Girls have the nightmare.
- FEB. 13—Big snow storm! Mr. Brawley thinks he's a fine skater and *makes it known by the usual sign.*
- FEB. 14—The D. S. S. asks to go to the Legislature with Miss Parker.
- FEB. 17—Jennie Cox gets a special delivery letter from "Scuppernong."
- FEB. 20—The "Jumpers" are jumping.
- FEB. 25—Needles and pins  
Needles and pins  
When we go to Wharton's  
Our trouble begins.
- FEB. 26—Same crowd goes to the Legislature.
- FEB. 27—Girls go to "Parsifal"—to prepare for leap year.
- FEB. 28—Something grabs Cora—Cora grabs Lady and calls for help! Miss Double A and Miss B pretend(?) to be asleep.



## Spring Calendar.

- MARCH 1—Spring has come—Wake up! Wake up!
- MARCH 4—The D. S. S. in a pout because Miss Nannie decides that it isn't proper for them to go to the Legislature on Sunday.
- MARCH 8—The D. S. S. in mourning for the Departed legislators.
- MARCH 13—Mr. Brawley has excellent lessons—girls barely escape with their heads on.
- MARCH 18—The "Family" takes a stroll.
- MARCH 22-23—Pedagogues attend Teacher's Meeting. Their heads swell.
- MARCH 23—Eds. in stiting room—11.30 P. M.
- MARCH 29—Ask Marie. What????
- MARCH 31—Easter Millinery Opening on the way to church.
- APRIL 1—"They're not all dead yet."
- APRIL 5—Dr. Moment is obliged to wait five minutes for Miss Parker and the Botany class.
- APRIL 7—Thermometer 102—Baked chicken too.
- APRIL 15—Miss Nannie takes us on a trip to Scotland. We go on our *looks*.
- APRIL 20—Eds. working in library. Miss Nannie shoos them off to bed before day break.
- APRIL 26—Mr. Brawley at last carries out the threat to pull out Millie's hair.
- APRIL 27—All go to the "Jim" circus. The Judge talks through the graphophone.
- APRIL 29—One time when every girl goes to church. Ice cream and A. and M. er's the attraction.
- MAY 1—Home this time next month!
- MAY 10—Doretha and Mary's *memorial* day.
- MAY 15—11.30 P. M. Lizzie, Cora and Frances in Marie's room having a Geometry feast while studying for peanut butter—crackers—and pickles'—examination.
- MAY 17—Lillian "yell-o-cutes."
- MAY 18—Junior Banquet! Mrs. Fowler kept busy the rest of night.
- MAY 22—Naughty Seniors receive their last dues from Peace.

## A Word from Each Editor.

The fact that I am still alive  
Is a mystery to me;  
For when I undertook the job  
I never dreamed I'd be.  
I've tried to make the girls work hard;  
The results you may surmise:  
For they would'nt mind the **ED-IN-CHIEF**  
Representing the Sigma Phi's.

I, too, have done the very best  
My poor old brain knows how;  
But, after all, these naughty girls  
Have had a many a row.  
We've tried to have our annual filled  
With things original, new;  
And now we give you what we've done.  
—**ED-IN-CHIEF**, a Pi Theta Mu.

The biggest thing I've had to do  
Was writing business letters,  
And when I couldn't a bargain strike  
Got "sot on" by my betters.  
I'll never rest from all this trouble  
'Til I have loved and wed;  
Never be in all your life  
**A CORRESPONDING ED:**

'Twas money, money, money  
That turned my mind to th.s:  
And if I ever get over it,  
'Twill be when I'm in bliss.  
My hair is turning just as white  
As things in trouble can;  
And if you wish to know the cause,  
I am the **BUSINESS MAN:**

Of our adventures we could write  
A book so big and thick,  
That towards the end each word you saw  
Would make you deathly sick.  
We're the ones who've taken blows  
And bustings on our heads:  
The men of business run and hide  
From us **ADVERTISING EDS:**

If in this annual you should see  
A line to make you smile,  
Just do so, please, but also pray  
That I may live awhile;  
For, sometimes, saying funny things  
Is worse than being dead,  
Especially when you *have* to  
As does the **COMIC ED:**

## Editorial Staff.



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and  
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## Class of 1910.

FLORAL VASET

COLORS: Purple and White

MOTTO: "By conquering, grow strong."

JENNIE COLE	President
ANNETTE PARRISH	Vice President
LUCIE WINGATE	Secretary
BETIE OLIVER	Treasurer
GENEVIEVE WRIGHT	Historian

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MARGARET JONES  
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ELIZABETH MACNAIR  
FLORA McIVER  
MARY MORRISON  
ADELINE MORRISON  
MARJORY MONTAGUE  
PATTIE MORING  
MARY RASCOE  
FRANCES ROBINSON  
BLANCHE WILLIAMS







## History of the Freshmen.

I saw a thing of greenish hue,  
I tho't it was a plot of grass,  
But when to it I closer drew,  
I found it was the Freshman Class!

The "Old North State" is well represented in the Freshman Class, there being sixteen "Tarheels"—one Floridian, one New Yorker, and one South Carolinian. However, Annette, Eleanore and I think we make up for quantity in equality, don't we girls?

In intellect and good common sense Jennie is true. Tarble easily sticks at the head. Flora is the beauty of the class, and Adeline and Mary are the inseparable twins; Frances almost makes a trio. Laurie is the very personification of unselfishness, and where could one find a more modest little flower than Bettie! Margaret of the "Madonna" face, good natured Marjorie and bright Pattie are popular with all the girls, and Bessie and Eleanore are our "singing birds." Mary and Annette are very faithful and conscientious followers of Mr. Brawley and do justice to his teachings. Blanche is the dear little girl who has so many "cases" that, to keep up with them, she has to number them; and Frances is the baby in size and age only, for she has a bright and active mind in that little head of hers. Minnie is never happy and is hovering about a certain Senior, and Elizabeth—well, Elizabeth is just little eyesp-eyed Elizabeth, and as for me, I'm nothing but a plain local South Carolinian, a lover of North Carolina, too, and a great admirer of the "Tarheels."

We feel that we have grown in experience and intellect this year, and now, on the verge of "Sophomore-dom," feel very learned indeed. In fact, we wonder that anyone could ever have called us "fresh" and "green," altho' we admit that, at first, we were a little (?) homesick and inexperienced. However, our beloved Miss Xannie, who is always a champion for the "babies," has been sweet and nice to us, sympathizing with our "blues" and not allowing the "log" girls to tease us too much.

We realize that we are very ignorant in many fields of learning in fact this year has taught us how little we do know, but "conquering, we grow strong" and we feel that we have overcome many obstacles and learned a great deal that will be of service to us as Sophomores.

GENEVIEVE WROTON



## Class of 1909.

FLOWER: Forget-me-not

COLORS: Grey and Light Blue

MOTTO: Ne cede malis.

MARY CORBETT . . . . .	<i>President</i>
HILDA WAY . . . . .	<i>Vice President</i>
CATHARINE WHARTON . . . . .	<i>Historian</i>
CELESTIA PENNY . . . . .	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

MARSHALL COLE

ADA JONES

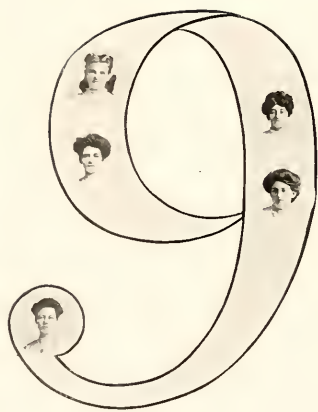
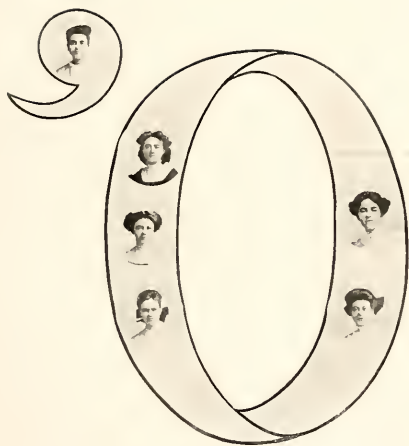
JULIA MCNINCH

MARY SLOAN

MINNIE STEINMETZ

MYRTLE WADE

KATE WALKER



## History of the Class of '09.

"A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS"

### ACT I.

Time—Early Fall. Scene—A loaded trainfull of homesick school girls and boys.

At the far end of the car sit eleven naughty girls. One is trying to console her homesick sister who is a green looking Freshman. The other ten are making the best of their time. Various remarks are heard—such as "Oh, goodness, back to the penitentiary again," "Beefsteak three times a day," "Look, Mary, isn't that a cute boy up yonder, he smiled at me just now—" "Yes, dead cute, but he can't touch the one across the aisle with those beautiful blue eyes," and "Oh, dear, we won't see another boy till Christmas." The door opens and the conductor pokes his head in calling out "Raleigh, Raleigh, —all off for Raleigh." "Oh, dear, we are back at prison," comes in a chorus from the whole eleven. "And we won't have anything to eat but beefsteak, sister says" wailed the little freshman. "Oh, goodness, look Myrtle, yonder is Mr. Dinwiddie!" And the eleven go toward the carriages reserved for "Peace" and are borne swiftly out of sight.

### ACT II.

Time—Just after the Christmas Holidays. Scene—The room of the President of the Class of '00.

Books and pillows are scattered about in confusion. Girls are poring over a much bethumbed Algebra—all but Julia, who is scrambling eggs in a tin bucket over the gas. A sigh comes from Hilda, "Oh me, I just *can't* get this Math. I wish I were home again. This time last week I was talking to the nicest boy in the world. And I was just promising-er-er—well it doesn't matter what I was promising, but it was something mighty nice," Mary says. "I wasn't cooking eggs in a bucket, either. I was eating Huyler's that my best—well-er—my best *friend* sent me," wails Julia. "Oh Mary, do you remember the cute boy I showed you on the train when we came in the fall? I met him Christmas and he's a darling." At this juncture the eggs are finished and passed around. There is silence for a few minutes while the girls eat. Then the conversation begins again. All at once a bell rings. The girls jump up, knocking over inkstands, glasses and other things, exclaiming "Goodness, that's the light bell and I haven't worked a single Math problem nor looked at my English." "Sh-h-" from Mary "there comes the duty teacher, you all must stay in here till she passes." All roll under the bed, jump in the closet or any other place of concealment. "Lights out, girls," comes from the hall. Out goes the light and all is silent, save for one or two suppressed giggles from under the bed.

### Act III.

Time—May 22d—last day of school. Scene—The Chapel.

While the diplomas are being presented, with appropriate remarks, to the Seniors, in the back of the room sit eleven admiring girls, with wide open mouths and eyes dilated with awe. Minnie punches Katie. "In two more years we'll get our sheepskins." "Sh-h-you mustn't talk" says the dignified president. At last all the diplomas are presented. One by one the girls file out. The class of '09 retires to its favorite meeting place. "Well, we leave in a few hours now, —oh joy!—" says Celestia. "It wouldn't be 'oh, joy!' if you had a friend that's a Senior" wails Mary Corbett. A general laugh is heard at this for all know Mary's weakness for a *certain* Senior. "Well, I suppose you'll all be back next year, and its a consolation to know we'll see each other again," says Ada. "You can say what you please about dear old Peace and it may seem like a prison sometimes, but I would hate to be leaving it for good and all." "So would I" comes in chorus from the whole eleven—Mr. Dinwiddie's voice is heard calling to the girls, "If you girls want to get off on the next train you had better get your hats." The girls scattered to meet again in a few minutes with hats and grips ready to go home at last. There is a general hugging and kissing. "Goodbye Marshall!" "Goodbye Katie, darling!" "I'll see you next year, Julia." "Goodbye!" "Goodbye!" And the girls are gone till next fall when they will meet again at dear old Peace.

M. C. W. '09





## Class of 1908.

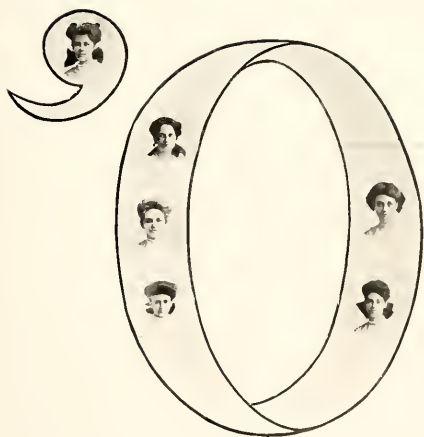
FLOWER: Lilac

COLORS: Lavender and Nile Green

MOTTO: Nulla palma sine pulvere.

- MARIE L. GRIFFIN *President*  
*"The march of the human mind is slow."*
- CORA G. CARTER *Vice President*  
*"The women pardoned all except her face."*
- ELIZABETH B. ROBERTS *Secretary*  
*"Absence of occupation is not rest,  
 A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed."*
- LUCILE ROBY MOORE *Treasurer*  
*"I awoke one morning and found myself great."*
- ELLA REID POPE *Historian*  
*"'Tis the mind that makes the body rich."  
 SUE F. BAKER  
 "The frivolous work of polished idleness."  
 GLADYS CHAPMAN  
 "Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear my voice ascending high."  
 MARY EVANS  
 "The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she."  
 PATTIE LEE  
 "Laugh and grow fat."  
 FRANCES S. SHARP  
 "And he is oft the wisest man  
 Who is not wise at all."  
 ELLEN STRONACH  
 "A mind too vigorous and active serves only to consume the body to which it  
 is joined."  
 FRANCES YOUNG  
 "Magnificent spectacle of human happiness."  
 RUTH YOUNG  
 "He approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent, even though  
 he is in the right."*







## Wait Till the Clouds Roll By.

On the fifteenth of September, 1904, the people of our capital city were sorely distressed over the condition of their town. From the amount of *salt* water rushing down its streets, one would have thought Raleigh was Venice in ruins. The sound of the mighty howling waters rushing with accelerated velocity down the principal thoroughfares terrified the inhabitants to such an extent that, for the moment, they forgot that this was the annual overflow of tears from the Freshman entering Peace.

When the eyes of these poor little Freshies had recovered from the red stage and had resumed their natural color (green), they were taken over to several Dress Parades in West Raleigh. Great benefit was derived from these visits, and the soldier-like attitude of the A. and M.'ers encouraged them to keep a stiff upper lip and bear the taunts of their deadly enemies—the Sophomores.

When the anniversary of the direful calamity of 1904 came 'round, the citizens of Raleigh were in a state of horrible suspense, for the Weather Bureau had predicted a repetition of the preceding flood. But their prayers were answered, and, instead of the destructive torrents, there came a gentle shower of *fresh* water. Mother earth held up her head to receive the sparkling drops as they fell; the trees held up their leaflets to be refreshed; the whole city rejoiced in the great benefit rendered it. The few tears shed in secret by the little Freshmen returning to Peace as Sophomores were soon brushed away, and, from the Freshman's point of view, those "big headed Sophs" were too hardened in their mischief and meanness to have a tender feeling much less to weep.

Nineteen-six rolls around—opening day at Peace—hot and sultry. The lowering clouds suggest to the "Raleighites" that something unusual has happened, but it takes wise people to know that the "big headed Sophs" are back once more as haughty Juniors. They are at last too dignified to cry, and it is only the thought of leaving home that clouds their horizon. They feel that by hard work they are nearing the goal long desired, and they hope that next year, as Seniors, their clouds may disperse and disclose a glorious sun.



# Class of 1907.



IDA GERTRUDE BLOUNT, B. L. L.  
*President*

APPLETON, SOUTH CAROLINA

"Beneath the rule of men entirely great,  
The pen is mightier than the sword."

EMILY BENBURY HAYWOOD, B. L. L.  
*Vice President*

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA.

"Her very frowns are fairer far,  
Than smiles of other maidens are."



## Behind The Scenes.

*Tendency to get red most striking characteristic, graciousness of manner charming, and greatly admired by both faculty and students—has improved method of giggling and “bossing.” On the whole, however, least said, better said.*

*Favorite Stunt—To blow up or to be blown up.*

*Her grinning reminds one of a “Cheshire cat.” Her face fairly beams when she enters the Math. Room where she shines a bright star.*

*Favorite Stunt—To look pious.*

SUSAN BLANCHE PENNY, A. B.

*Secretary*

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

"A blessed companion is a book,—a book that fitly chosen is a life long friend."



LADY CORINNE DOLES, B. L. L.

*Treasurer*

ELM CITY, NORTH CAROLINA

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."

MARY BLOIS KING, B. L. S.

*Historian*

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

"No legacy is so rich as honesty."



BEHIND THE SCENES.

*The ardent devotee of Herbert  
Spencer, Rousseau and Pestalozzi—  
an aspirant to pedagogical recognition.  
Favorite Stunt—To study.*

*A "lady," indeed when she haugh-  
tily passes her companions to see a cer-  
tain young man—quite forgetful of the  
short time previous when she sat on  
central-hall table and "made eyes."  
Favorite Stunt—To get up parties.*

*The "king" of the Senior Class—  
nothing more nor less—and that in  
name only.  
Favorite Stunt—To play the Pharisee.*



CLAUDE BALDWIN CALDWELL, A. B.,

*Poet*

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS

"This laurel greener from the brows  
Of him that uttered nothing base."



KATHLEEN UNDERWOOD WALKER, B. L. L.

*Prophet*

SPRAY, NORTH CAROLINA

"'Tis always morn somewhere in the world "

MARY ELLA CLARK, B. L. S.

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

"Principle is ever my motto, not expediency "



## BEHIND THE SCENES

*Mysterious in all her movements -  
breaks her neck to please and smile—  
most too fond of South Carolinians  
Favorite Stunt—To pet Miss Nan-  
nie.*

*"Bundle of opposition—" her pro-  
nunciation rivals Uncle Remus—  
her motto is not 'Never lender nor  
borrower be'—exceedingly fond of  
bedecking herself on all occasions  
Favorite Stunt—To eat.*

*"The very pink of perfection."  
Her interest in "History of Art" is so  
intense that only on rare occasions  
does she catch Miss L's questions  
Favorite Stunt—To case*



SUSIE NORMENT MCGEE, B. L. S.

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

"Hospitality sitting with gladness."

BEULAH ROBERTSON, B. L. S.

SELMA, NORTH CAROLINA

"For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever."



ANNIE SOUTHERLAND YOUNG, B. L. L.

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

"Let knowledge grow from more to more."

BEHIND THE SCENES.

*A great circumlocuter—her arguments excelling even Gladstone's—in length. All the brilliance of the Senior Class is entirely thrown in the shade by her interpretation of Browning.*  
Favorite Stunt—To say "I think."

*A hant of the Olivia Nancy Library. The back slider member of the Pedagogy class. Her brilliant intellect tramples down every obstacle.*  
Favorite Stunt—To catch measles.

*Not so young in years, as her name indicates—nor in intellect either. Draws all of her conclusions from Psychological sources.*  
Favorite Stunt—To work "a cinch" on Psychology class.



## The Musing of the Pump.

Yes, I am the old pump here on the campus at Peace. I have been here a long time, and have heard many strange and wonderful things from those creatures called "girls," who live in that big house yonder.

It has been about four years ago now since I heard one girl say to another who was working my handle,—“Oh, child, aren't you glad we have organized our class? It seems so grand somehow to be able to say you are a member of the class of '07.” I'm just crazy 'bout it!” Now that speech worried me, for I must confess I didn't know what they meant by “organize,” or by “class of '07” either. However, by listening to many conversations carried on near me, I understood that “organize” means to decide what colors and flowers you like best, and “class of '07” means “the only class that ever was.” I certainly was glad to know, for that helped me a great deal in getting a meaning from other things I heard.

Those poor members of that wonderful class! They must have been awful sorry for something, for sometimes in the night I could hear sobs coming from those second-story windows nearest me, and I tried my best to moan in sympathy. I wonder if they ever heard me?

I heard one of the maids say one day that, she never saw anybody study so hard as these "Freshmen" did in all her life. Said, they were so afraid of bad marks that they would sit up long after light bell and study by candle light.

I am lonesome in the summer time for, though the girls bother me a lot when they are here, I miss them sadly when they are gone.

When those same "Freshmen" came back the next September, strange things happened: they were glad to be here; kissed everybody that came; didn't ever cry; changed their name to "Sophomores;" and, (let me whisper it!), quit studying so hard!

They had *glorious* times wherever they went, and I thought they would never tire of talking of their trip to the Fair. They never went down town that they did not come back loaded down with bundles,—bundles that they were careful to hide from a certain tall lady.

It really was queer how their attitudes toward marks changed. One of them said one day, "Didn't you make 80 on Soph History? You smart child! I was real proud of my 75." I couldn't help wondering if that was the same girl I had heard crying the year before, because she only made 90 on some study when she had tried so hard for 95.

When these same girls became Juniors, they changed their minds again and decided they had better study some more. I heard one of them say they had nearly worn out the reference books in the library, looking up men, battles, circumstances, everything, for some exacting lady.

I think the girls were fond of me; 'tis true they often sat upon me, but there were always many who stood by me, and there were few secrets that I did not, sooner or later, hear in some way. However, toward the end of that year, their conversations were so mixed up with poetry that they became not quite so interesting as usual. I wished they had talked more and quoted less.

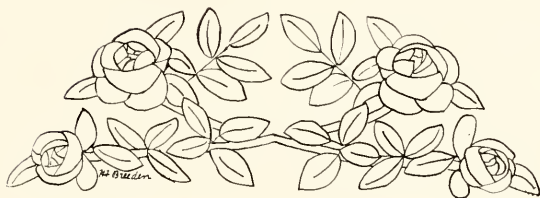
I like Juniors, they are so much more sensible than either Freshmen or Sophomores. But Seniors, how can I describe them? You know that is the name of the "class of '07" this year. I see a great deal of them for they certainly do like to drink water here lately.

They have made their dresses long, put their hair up, and they try their best to look dignified. They talk knowingly of "Browning," "The Analogy of But-

ler," "Logarithms," and "Diplomas." I understand that the last-named is their reward for staying here so long. It must be something of great value, for they do many unpleasant things, rather than forfeit it.

They say it is not many days now until they will be gone from Peace forever. I shall be sorry; but I have no time to grieve, for, as I have heard many of this same class say, "Girls may come and girls may go, but I go on forever."

HISTORIAN.







## A Wreath.

As in Spring by wood and stream,  
Maidens twine the daisy-chain,  
Weaving in bright hope and dream  
Mingling with youth's tender pain:

So we make a wreath of tears,  
Brightest joy and tenderest love,  
All the glories of these years—  
Years that point to heights above.

May these blossoms know no fading,  
May our garland e'er be fair—  
Deep regret and wild hopes shading,  
Buds that open in Victory's glare.

Sad our hearts—this chain is ended,  
Roses, though, we'll weave elsewhere,—  
Strive to make our lives as splendid  
As we fondly planned them here.

CLAUDE B. CALDWELL.

# A Glimpse Into the Future.

As seen by the Famous Medium  
KATHLEEN WALKER



IDA

Musing on last of a series of lectures "How To Rule Men," delivered for benefit of ten weaker "sistren" and for Lady particularly.



CLAUDE

The Bronco-Buster.



LADY

For better—for worse.



MARY C

The Ballet-Dancer.



EMMIE

Spondulics got low,—and so—and so.

Seance. (Continued.)



MARY K—  
Helping humanity.



SUSIE  
Writing a Psychology.



BLANCHE  
The School Marm.



BEULAH  
Applying athletics learned at school.



KATHLEEN  
Drawing Comic pictures.



ANNIE  
Going abroad.



## The Class Ivy.

Where noble thoughts have sprung to life; where men  
Who spoke a nation's language and whose pen  
Swayed thousands with the sudden, deep desire  
To be and do; where burned the altar-fire  
Of some loved hero that has found his rest;  
Where feet ahaste towards noble deeds have pressed,  
There through ensuing years the pilgrims throng  
To hear the echo of a silenced song.  
Each path is sacred to the memory  
Of *genius victor*: every vine and tree  
That knew the hero's presence doth partake  
Of comelier seeming for his greatness' sake.

Mt. Vernon has her one resplendent name;  
The shades of Elmwood harbor Lowell's fame;  
And Fordham sounds the echo of Poe's lyre,  
Who pierced earth's darkest night with golden fire;  
But PEACE, our Alma Mater, knows them all,  
Their ivies cling upon her steadfast wall.

The Walls of PEACE, calm, classic, and serene,  
Clothed in their rich-wrought robe of living green,  
Still bear suggestion of lost Gabriel's quest,  
Sir Launfal's vision, and Lygia's unrest.  
The winds that through the ivy softly stray  
Swept o'er the Tarn of Auber yesterday.  
Glynn's far-off marshes lend their placid calm,  
And here is present Bigelow's genial charm.

Yet walls of PEACE that bear reflected fame  
Are rivalled, for there is another name  
The "Paths of Peace" may boast, as day by day,  
A poet's feet have trod the accustomed way.

\* \* \* \* \*

The dust of dreams is gathered from afar,  
And what has been linked unto things that are.

Elizabeth M. Dinwiddie, '03.

These lines are suggested by the fact that each year the Senior Class has planted an ivy from the home of some hero. Those alluded to, have been planted during the last six years as follows:

1902—Washington  
1903—Lowell  
1904—Lanier.  
1905—Longfellow.  
1906—Haynes.  
1907—Poe.





SPECIAL STUDENTS

Annie Montague  
 Allston Dargan  
 Carrie McQueen

Sallie Cole  
 Ione Scott  
 Clara Armistead



IRREGULAR STUDENTS

Edith Pou  
 Bessie Prince  
 Mattie McNinch  
 Eva Kelley  
 Margaret McKimmon  
 Ethel Gaitely  
 Lillian MacNair

Katie Patterson  
 Marguerite McClintic  
 Katie Woodall  
 Mignonette Kornegay  
 Carolyn Whiting  
 Flora McIver  
 Emma Finlayson  
 Flossie Fitzgerald  
 Emma Kelley

Edna Robinson  
 Essie McQueen  
 Della Mae Farmer  
 Lottie Gaylord  
 Lessie Patrick  
 Mary McCord  
 Jessie Wilson





IN LOVING MEMORY OF  
MARY WHITMELL BOND  
JULY 2, 1906.

JESSIE PAULINE BUMPAS  
JULY 31, 1906

MISS SUE HOGE DINWIDDIE  
FEBRUARY 2, 1907

"Life and Thought  
Here no longer dwell;  
But in a city glorious—  
A great and distant city—have bought  
A mansion incorruptible.  
Would they could have stayed with us!"

## His Long Summer-time.

The Autumn winds had touched the woods  
With golden hues and red,  
And o'er the ground about our feet  
The dusky leaves were spread;  
And round the mossy broken trunks  
Were piled the gleanings rare  
To make within them cosy nests  
Where once 'twas cold and bare.

To one of these a bird returned  
When day was growing gray,  
Heralded by rustling leaves that sang  
Him many a virelay,  
For was he not the leader bold  
Of all birds that would fly  
At the first faint peep of 'morrow's sun  
In the shadow-girded sky?

But now he would bide in the forest old,  
Though winged for the stormy flight;  
And was sad as he mused in his billowy nest,  
And watched through the lonely night:  
He thought of many a weary league  
He had led when the skies were gray,  
And how he had marshaled his troops afar  
Through many an Autumn day.

Ah! then his skies had been bright and clear,  
And his spirit strong and bold,  
But bitter the thought of flight to-day,  
Now he was worn and old;  
And he longed to rest in his forest home,  
Though the boding winds complain,  
For no shining sun of a warmer clime  
Could lure his heart again.

And so he slept through the long, long night,  
And the blasts were fierce and wild—  
Then softly fell, and whispered low  
Like the prayer of a little child;  
And his glorious dream was not a dream  
Of a visionary clime,  
For his soul, long used to grief and pain,  
Had waked to its Summer-time.

ALLSTON V. DARGAN.

## The School of Expression,

MISS MARTHA M. FOWLKES, *Instructor.*

LILLIAN FIELDS

CATHARINE WHARTON

BLANCHE WILLIAMS

LUCILE MOORE

CLAUDE CALDWELL

GENEVIEVE WROTON

MARY RASCOE

HILDA WAY

CAROLYN WHITING

MIGNONETTE KORNEGAY

ALLSTON DARGAN

KATHLEEN WALKER

MINNIE BOND

LADY DOLES

IDA BLOUNT

LILLIAN EARLE FIELDS,

LA GRANGE, N. C.

" I'd be a butterfly born in a bower,  
Where roses and lillies and violets  
meet "



## Graduating Recital.

LILLIAN EARLE FIELDS.

*Reader.*

Assisted by

ELIZABETH BOYD ROBERTS

*Pianist.*

### PROGRAM.

As You Like It . . . . .	Shakespeare, Act I, Scene II
Ode to a Skylark . . . . .	Shelley
Polacco Brillante . . . . .	Weber
Crucial Test . . . . .	N. Crim
Tudor Jenks . . . . .	Abbie's Account
Kamennoi-Ostrow . . . . .	Rubenstein
(a) The Usual Way . . . . .	Brooks
(b) The Night Wind . . . . .	Eugene Field
(c) Discovered . . . . .	Paul S. Dunbar
(d) The Wall Flower . . . . .	Pauline Phelps
The Fugitives . . . . .	Shelley

[Musical Accompaniment—Schuman]

# Music

## Graduating Recital.

Millie Shaver BEARD . . . . . *Pianist.*  
Assisted by  
Della Mae FARMER . . . . . *Soprano.*

TUESDAY, May 7, 1907.

### PROGRAM.

Prelude and Fugue No. 21. Well-tempered Clavichord . . . . . Bach.  
Sonata, A major. . . . . Domenico Scarlatti.  
Harmonious Blacksmith con Variazioni . . . . . Handel.  
Sonata, A Flat, Op. 26 . . . . . Beethoven.  
    Andante con Variazioni  
    Scherzo  
    Marica funebre  
    Rondo  
Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 12 . . . . . Liszt.  
My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice . . . . . Saint-Saens.  
    (From Samson and Delilah.)  
Concerto, A Minor Op. 16 . . . . . Grieg.  
    Allegro

Orchestral accompaniment arranged for second piano

## Graduates in Piano.

MILLIE SHAVER BEARD

HARRISONBURG, VIRGINIA

"The secret of success is constancy to purpose."



MARY LILLIAN BRIGGS

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

"Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care;  
Fashioned so slenderly  
Young, and so fair!"

DORETHA FARMER

ELM CITY, N. C.

"Every action is measured by the depth of  
the sentiment from which it proceeds."



## Chorus Girls.



### "Damrosch's Orchestra."

<i>Oboes</i>	<i>Trombone</i>	<i>Violincello</i>
FLOSSIE FITZGERALD	M. McCLINTIC	MILLIE BEARD
GLADYS CHAPMAN	<i>First Violin</i>	<i>Second Violin</i>
<i>Flutes</i>	DELLA MAE FARMER	MATTIE McVINCH
LILLIAN MACNAIR	ELEANSOIRE KING	MARY MORRISON
IONE SCOTT	MARY McCORD	ADELINE MORRISON
KATE WOODALL		
GLADYS WELLS	<i>Bass Drum</i>	
FRED TUCKER	LOTTIE GAYLORD	
<i>Cymbals</i>		
EMMA FINLAYSON	<i>Damrosch.</i>	
SUE BAKER	MRS. ORSDORFF	



## And The Teachers Meet Again.

A Faculty meeting at Peace is a very serious and solemn occasion—therefore it is held in the Dinwiddie Sitting-room. When the bell rings for half-past seven

“The animals come in two by two—  
The hippo-po-tamus and the kee-kang-garoo.”

After Mr. Brawley has brought in enough extra chairs and they have all been fitted into their places, the doors are closed and wet clay is put in all the cracks, over the doors and windows. Thus the room is made air tight.

The usual capers are cut by the President; then a wee small voice is heard. Upon investigation little Miss Mabel Royster is discovered standing with a paper trembling in her hands. She braces herself, and in soft low tones reads the minutes of the last meeting and dwells upon the most important decisions as follows:

“1st.—The girls shall be required to walk to Milburnie and back, or an equivalent distance of twelve miles each day. Also they must practice at the usual hours during examinations, so as to lose no time. (Proposed by Miss Clark.)

“2nd.—The girls shall be allowed to skip and yell and make all the noise they wish, provided they do it quietly. (Proposed by Miss Luitweiler.)

“3rd.—Everytime there is a holiday the girls shall be given the following day in which to rest. (Proposed by Mr. Stockard.)

“4th.—They shall—”

“Pardon me, Miss Royster, but don't you think we had better omit the re-reading of these as there is so much else to be considered?”

“Very well, Miss Nannie,” and with this little Miss Mabel bounces into her seat and sits down.

A great commotion and Mr. Dinwiddie comes to the front:

“Are we ready for further business? Is there any matter of importance to be discussed?”

“Well, Miss *Dinwiddie*, the girls on the hall are in the habit of talking across from one room to another; and Miss *Dinwiddie* is that allowed?”

“Yes, Miss Buquo, that is perfectly proper. They have always done so, and I have never heard any complaint on the part of the pupils.”

“But Miss *Dinwiddie*, they even sit out on the trunks and converse, and is that *also* allowed?”

“Yes, my dear.”

“Has any one else a question?”

“All at once and nothing first” something tumbles from the sofa in the rear of the room, which, after rolling into the middle of the floor, is perceived to be Miss Clark.

"Well now, up North you know we—oh, but before I forget it I want to suggest this. The girls just will not take the teachers with them to the North Side often enough. After working hard all day, we should be entitled to more drinks than we've been getting. Why, do you know, I never get over five an afternoon! Then, too, I think the girls need more pickles and potted meats than they've been eating, so I propose that a party be taken down every half hour in the afternoon I will be willing to go with each party. What do you people say?"

Knowing that there is nothing else to do everybody agrees.

Looking as though she was stepping from the page of the New York Journal Miss Fowlkes comes forth:

"I do not like to be continuously complaining, but when things go so far as this, I feel that I must. I've been teaching twenty-three years now, and never before have I been treated with such disrespect. It is just this.—Everytime the girls see me coming, they have a way of seizing an atom of air in their fingers and then releasing it with violent force. I did not understand such behavior at all until Clara privately informed me that they were imitating *me*! I was perfectly astonished, and furthermore, I was indignant!"

A burst of laughter startles everyone, and they turn to see Mr. Brawley 'making it known by the usual sign.'

Miss Luitwieler thinking to console says: "Oh, Miss Fowlkes, don't worry about that—Clara makes '*immense great buy*' mistakes sometimes."

"I will attend to this at once," replies Miss Nannie.

Mr. Dinwiddie begins to twist and turn in his chair and finally says: "Miss Buquo, I will have to ask you and Miss Clark to refrain from disturbing the meeting by undue talking.

"What next?"

Equal to all occasions, Miss Edith Royster, smiling and bowing, takes the floor:

"I am not capable of judging what the rest of you may think concerning this little scheme of mine, but to me it is an *intensely* interesting subject. It is this. The students should be given the privilege of contributing at least three dollars and thirty-seven cents each for the purpose of procuring a more varied collection of reference books bearing upon English History and Pedagogy, to be duly installed in the library for the special use of those young ladies seeking a fuller development of the intellect. What do you say? I will leave you in a state of suspended judgment."

Miss Parker opposes saying: "No! No! the 'liberry' doesn't need that money! Give it to the Laboratory by all means! Why, we need a Telescope, an Astral Lantern and a — my! my! what is it we don't need!"

To avoid friction, Miss Nannie suggests that this discussion be deferred.

A loud knocking at the door. To Mr. Dinwiddie's "Come in," Millie enters and announces a 'phone message for Mr. Stockard. With this our beloved

teacher of English squeezes through the scarcely open door. In a few minutes he returns to the opening and says: "My good friends, I hope you will pardon this interruption, but I am compelled to leave you. Anything you may propose will meet with my approval."

In an uncomfortable, high, straight-back chair Miss Abernethy is sighing: "Oh that I, too, might get a 'phone message."

At this instant Mrs. Orndorff ascends into the air and her musical notes ring out into the mud-and-water atmosphere: "Miss Nannie, don't you think it would be better to give the girls about fifteen minutes before light bell to visit their cases, so that—"

Miss Clark interrupts: "Why I never heard of that! Up North we—"

"so that we teachers won't have to hurry from Mr. Brawley's studio feasts before room-bell for the girls to kiss us good-night" continues Mrs. Orndorff.

Miss Jones' face begins to beam—now it is wreathed in smiles—she is smiling her approbation!

Miss Nannie arises to express her opinion, but what is that! Listen!—

"Toot-toot-toot! !! Bum! Bum! Bum! Ruber-dub-dub! Ruber-dub-dub! A and M! Hoooo-o-o-o-e-e-e-e-e! !!!! And everybody—even the teachers makes a rush for the porch.

M. GRIFFIN.

## Abandoned.

It had been one of the hardest years of my life. The little New York town in which I was working had only two attorneys and we had been "rushed to death" for many months. When the warm summer days came on, my tired brain refused to work, and the doctors advised me to go to some quiet place for rest. A friend told me of a pleasant secluded summer resort in southern Virginia; and, as I had heard much of the climate of that section, I immediately decided to go.

The next day about dusk I found myself standing on the plat-form of the little station. I stood there, half in a dream, and watched the last curl of smoke from the old train break off and disappear in the clouds. Turning to a by-stander, I enquired the way to a boarding-house. It was a small village, indeed, with only a few houses and one hotel. The boarders were dull and seemed to care for nothing but reading, so, to pass away my time, I took long tramps in exploring the country. One place that excited my interest most was an old colonial homestead which sat about a half mile back from the cross-roads. The drive that led up to it was shadowed by over-arching lindens. The house was weather-beaten and with its Doric columns presented a dismal aspect. At one side was an old grave yard, around which was a high rock wall, partially, covered with honeysuckle. The white and gray tomb-stones glimmering through the shrubbery looked like ghosts.

Late one day on starting back from one of my walks I dropped down at the cross-roads to rest. It was a hot August afternoon; everything was still, save now and then the cry of a screech-owl that came faintly from the twilight gloom of the distant woods.

The air seemed full of some narcotic, and I must have been fully under its influence. However, my doze was soon broken by a whistle. On opening my eyes, I saw a shabby, half-grown boy, who carried a fishing-pole and a small string of fish, lazily sauntering up the road.

I asked him who owned the old home-stead back there. His eyes immediately brightened and sitting down on a log he entered readily upon its history.

"Mister, 'tain't nothin' but ghosts thar. You couldn't git me ter pass that place atter dark for the house an' whole plantation. The ol' man what last lived thar is buried in that grave yard, 'long side two o' the people he killed. At nights, ha'nts wid no heads go all 'round that yard.

"Onct a rich man an' his wife lived up thar. Ev'ry day he wuz in the habit o' ridin' over the plantation an' one mornin' he wuz picked up dead, right out heer in these woods. He allus wo' a gold-face watch an' when they foun' him the watch won't no whar on his body. They got blood-hounds from Richmon' an' searched every-whar fur the murderer. The dogs allus tracked him to a cabin on a 'jinin' plantation, but could never trace him no farther. Not long atter that, a nigger wuz foun' dead in the mill pon' down thar whar I've been a-fishin'. This caused more 'spicion, an' then they foun' that the ol' cabin had a cellah under it. Puttin' two an' two ter-gether, they decided that somebody paid the nigger ter do the killin' an', atter keepin' him in the cellah a while, got 'fraid o' his tellin' an' drown-ed him.

"By an' by, the man what lived over on that plantation married this widder. They lived up thar in that house an' things went smooth fur a while, but he wuz a mighty curi'us ol' man.

"One thing he never did wuz ter let no-body see in a certain one o' the drawers o' his desk. He allus kept this drawer locked wid the key in his pocket. One day, while he wuz sittin' thar at the desk, a neighbor rode up ter the front gate an' called. He jumped up an' ran out, for-gittin' ter lock the drawer.

"Well, as the ol' sayin' is, women have a mighty heap o' curiosity. When he

stepped out, his wife went over an' looked in the drawer, an' what did she see but her dead husband's watch.

"When he come back an' foun' out she had been in this drawer 'twan't much more peace in that house. A few days atter that she wuz foun' dead. Yes, mister, that place is jes like it looks—it's ha'nted."

After telling his story, the boy got up and shuffled on his way, leaving me gazing upon the old place and pondering over its dark tragedies. The sun sank behind the woods and in the fast falling twilight the tomb-stones seemed to gently sway. Among them the wandering fireflies lit their phantom lamps; and, rising with a shiver, I hurried, with never a backward glance, on to the hotel.

SALLIE BOYD COLE.



Athletic Association, '06-'07.



IDA G. BLOUNT, *Chairman*  
LIZZIE B. ROBERTS  
JESSIE WILSON  
ADA JONES  
MARIE GRIFFIN

## Basket Ball.

Line up.

Knock Out Team

Walk-Over Team

MARIE GRIFFIN, *Captain*

KATHLEEN WALKER, *Captain*

Positions

PATTIE LEE	<i>Right Forward.</i>	ADA JONES
MARIE GRIFFIN	<i>Left Forward</i>	KATHLEEN WALKER
LIZZIE ROBERTS.	<i>Center</i>	CELESTIA PENNY
BESSIE CUNNINGHAM	<i>Right center guard</i>	EVA KELLY
MARY RASCOE	<i>Left center guard</i>	FRANK THOMPSON
BLANCHE PENNY	<i>Right Guard</i>	JESSIE WILSON
CLAUDE CALDWELL	<i>Left Guard</i>	CORA CARTER
MATTIE MCNINCH	<i>Substitutes</i>	MILLIE BEARD

IDA BLOUNT, *Business Manager*

JENNIE COX, *Referee*





Champion Knock-Outs and Walk-Overs.

## The Tennis Club.

JESSIE WILSON	IDA BLOUNT
FLORA McIVER	JULIA McNINCH
FLOSSIE FITZGERALD	LILLIAN MacNAIR
LADY C. DOLES	FRANCES SHARP
CLAUDE B. CALDWELL	LIZZIE ROBERTS
MARY THOMPSON	LUCILE MOORE
HILDA WAY	KATHLEEN WALKER
CATHERINE WHARTON	EMMA FINLAYSON
IONE SCOTT	GLADYS CHAPMAN
MYRTLE WADE	ANNIE MONTAGUE
KATE PATTERSON	DELLA MAE FARMER
MATTIE McNINCH	MARGUERITE McCLINTIC
CORA CARTER	MISS BUQUO
MISS FOWLKES	DORETHA FARMER
ESSIE McQUEEN	MAE McMILLAN
LILLIAN FIELDS	MARY McCORD
GLADYS WELLS	CLARA ARMISTEAD
FRANCES GOODSON	MARY MORRISON
ADELINE MORRISON	JENNIE COX



" RAISE A RACKET, "

*(Miss Nannie Won't Care.)*

## Geraniums.

### A TRUE INCIDENT.

"So Ross, you are going to visit the Yankees, are you?"

"Yes. You examine those bridges and then meet me at the big oak. I'll be back before long."

"If you come back at all. It's a dangerous job, old fellow—and in broad daylight."

"Not in the least. My Federal uniform fits me to a T and I can r-r-roll my r's."

"But likely as not they won't be discussing it. Don't arouse suspicion by asking questions."

"Never you mind, I've two bottles with me, and I never saw the army yet, but had a man that would accept a drink; and I never saw the drunken man, but had a few things to tell. Just take my word for it, Wade Hampton shall have that whole drove of cattle!" With this emphatic declaration, the young scout wheeled his horse and started off.

A year before, he had begun his adventures by running away from college and joining the army. He had since gained reputation by his daring and skill in strategy. Gen. Hampton favored him, entrusting to him matters of importance. On this occasion the general was anxious to get some cattle that belonged to a Northern army encamped near there. Young Ross was sent to find out where the cattle were kept and how well guarded.

He had not gone far when, amidst a cloud of dust, several mounted figures dashed through a gate, some distance ahead, and started down the road toward him. He immediately spurred his horse over the fence toward a cluster of bushes; but the next instant showed the foremost rider to be a girl with a broad-brimmed sailor hat, from which long streamers fluttered. Behind her rode several ladies and gentlemen.

Back over the fence he came and started on his way again. As the riding party drew nearer, the leading young lady reigned her horse, as if waiting for the others. The scout, also, felt an impulse to ride slowly, his eyes fastened on the picture before him. Masses of light curls waved under the blue sailor, and from the sweet face he was conscious of a pair of merry blue eyes smiling at him. The cuffs of her white waist were covered by large, brown riding gloves; her long, blue skirt hung in graceful folds; and she sat on her horse with the utmost ease, holding the reins carelessly.

"Are you a Southern soldier?" she asked, bringing her horse to a full halt.

"I claim that honor," he assented with a thrill of pleasant excitement.

"Why don't you wear a uniform?" she demanded, sweeping him with a curious glance.

"My uniform needs mending." Embarrassment prevented his thinking of a better excuse.

"Have you a mother, at home?" she asked with lively interest.

"Yes."

"And sisters?"

"No."

"What is your name?"

The soldier shifted uneasily, "Have some Yankees sent her to catechise me?" he wondered. But another look at the frank face quieted the suspicion. Just then a gentleman of the party came to his rescue.

"Laura, you oughtn't to ask his name; maybe he doesn't want to tell."

"O, brother, he doesn't mind telling—do you?" she said, turning to Ross.

"Stop, Laura," insisted her brother, "he may be a scout."

She clapped her hands in glee. "Lor, I'd rather see a scout than anything in the world!" she exclaimed vivaciously.

An involuntary laugh from the young man was the only reply.

"Are you a scout?"

"If I were, do you think I'd be discussing it here?" he answered evasively.

"But are you? Just say yes or no."

"Don't, Laura, it's against orders for him to tell," said the gentleman at her side.

She brought her horse up beside the soldier's, and leaning forward, said with an entreating smile, "Tell me; I won't tell anybody."

"But suppose I have orders not to tell?"

"Have you?" she cried in childish enthusiasm.

Her friends laughed. "Laura, do hold up!" interposed one of the young ladies.

"Tell me, I won't tell anybody," begged Laura, heedless of the others. She scrutinized the soldier's face, trying to see if there were anything unusual in his appearance. Afire with curiosity, she said in almost a whisper, "Just tell me—I'll never tell!"

"Tell her, if you want any peace," exclaimed her friend.

The charming inquisitor waited his answer with patience and confidence.

"Please tell me. I won't tell anybody," she murmured imploringly.

"You'd better take to flight," laughed a young man of the party. "Don't be ashamed to learn to run. It may come in well some day."

"He already knows how," the girl said mischievously.

"What do you mean?" asked Ross.

"What made your horse jump that fence awhile ago?" The blue eyes were brimming with laughter.

"How much longer are you going to try to stand the battery?" exclaimed one of the horse-men.

"I confess myself unskilled in withstanding this kind of attack," the young soldier responded; "the shots I've been used to gave a fellow the chance of being missed sometimes."

"Come, Laura, we must be going," said her brother, spurring his horse.

Ross watched him as he rode past. It was evident from his military bearing that he was a soldier—perhaps home on a furlough. A slight pull at the scout's coat recalled him. With a start he threw his hand over the pocket that held some papers. But he had nothing to fear. Only that part of his coat had been touched where Laura, leaning forward, pinned some geraniums.

She looked up laughing. "Do you see that house?" she asked, indicating a large residence set back in a beautiful grove.

"Yes."

"When you tire of these flowers, bring them back."

With this she left him, turning to wave good-by. "Give my love to your mother when you write," she called.

An hour later, Ross sat in the midst of a Northern camp, carousing with one of the soldiers. His citizen's clothes were hidden near the picket's line, and he felt secure from suspicion in the uniform of the enemy.

The Northern soldier accepted bounteous draughts from his new friend's flask, and soon grew genial under the warm influence. His tongue once loosed, it was an easy matter to find out from him the secrets of the regiment.

After getting his information, Ross quickly made an excuse to leave. It was not entirely the fear of being caught that made him hasten through the lines, nor was it his eagerness to carry back the news of success, but—his vision of a house where geraniums grew.

When he reached the gate through which the riding party had passed earlier in the day, he saw a groom leading several large, glossy horses to the stable.

"She has come back," he thought excitedly.

An elderly lady met him at the door. She was neatly attired and evidently very refined. There was not the least formality in her manner. With the friendliness that comes of a common interest, she extended her cordial hospitality to any soldier of the South. She led him into a richly furnished parlor, and brought the others in to speak to him.

After a while he was left alone with Laura, who had taken a seat beside him on the sofa. How time did fly! What did they talk about? Nothing! Everything! The long shadows cast by the setting sun reminded him that the half-hour he had intended to stay had long since slipped by. He rose to leave, but paused at the door.

"I must beg a favor of you," he said, "it is strictly against orders that I am here—"

"O, then you are a scout!" Laura's delight was beyond bounds.

"Yes," he admitted, "and I'll be a prisoner if you should ever recognize me before any of the officers. I am often with the General, and it is possible he may come here, but you must remember I am an utter stranger."

"Trust me to keep it," said Laura, clasping her hands, her eyes dancing with excitement, "I'll never betray you. But what made you come?" she asked after a moment's thought.

"These flowers—ah—needed water," returning the geraniums.

Back to the camp the young soldier went. He was buoyant and full of energy despite the day's work. His comrade had left the Big Oak and returned to camp.

After supper, when Ross went to report, he found the General in his tent, carefully studying a map on the table before him. At a late hour the lamp was burning, while Hampton poured over his plans. Ross stood at attention, ready to answer the questions that were asked him occasionally. "Well done," was the General's comment, as he laid his maps aside and dismissed the scout.

The next day Gen. Hampton, his staff and the young scout were on the same road that Ross knew so well. When they reached a certain house they saw an old gentleman getting water from a spring. He came up to the gate, and bowing courteously, said, "General, come have a drink of my spring water; you won't find cooler anywhere."

Hampton looked at the scout, who was supposed to find out, without going into the houses, whether the neighbors of the camp were friends or enemies. Ross gave the signal that it was all right, and they went to the spring.

"Won't you do us the honor of coming into our house?" asked the gentleman, after the drink of cool, refreshing water. Gen. Hampton accepted the invitation, and they were taken into the parlor. It seemed very familiar to Ross, though he

suffered a feeling of estrangement when the two captains took their seats on the sofa that he and Laura had occupied the day before.

The gentleman went out and soon returned with his wife and two oldest daughters. They were introduced first to the General and then to the other officers.

Ross stood at the end of the line. "I hope Laura told her mother not to give me away," he thought. He was put at ease by the kindly "Glad to meet you," with which she greeted him.

It was a grand scene—the gray uniforms, the flash of swords, the two beautiful young ladies and the host and hostess with their aristocratic air. Yet the room seemed empty, how inexpressibly empty, to Ross!

A bright ripple of laughter sounded in the hall, accompanied by the tripping of light feet. More than one turned to see who was entering the door. In came Laura, bright and beautiful. She courtesied gracefully, rather coquettishly, to the guests. Her father introduced her, beginning with the General and going down the line. She had spoken to about half of them, when she happened to catch sight of Ross at the other side of the room. Clapping her hands, she cried in an outburst of delight, "And there's our friend Mr. Ross!"

Wade Hampton's keen glance shot toward the culprit. Ross had an uncomfortable feeling of weakness. The objects about him seemed to swim in confusion. Confinement for thirty days was bad enough under any circumstances. Bread and water was a disagreeable diet for a healthy soldier; but to be disgraced before this company, and Her--!

She saw her mistake at once. The color left her face, and clasping her hands over her heart she cried, "What have I done? O, what *have* I done?" She came nearer to him, the beseeching face mutely asking forgiveness.

"It just means ball and chains," he answered, endeavoring to take it manfully, "and I guess I can wear 'em."

The room became very still as Hampton opened his mouth to speak. Ross was painfully aware of the attention fixed on him.

"Miss Laura," said the general, as he looked from Ross to Laura who stood there pale and trembling, "do you know what the result is when a scout enters a private residence?"

"No," she faltered helplessly.

"Imprisonment for thirty days. He has broken the rules," continued Gen. Hampton, "and if I had never seen your face he should pay the penalty; but having seen you, I don't blame him." Then he added with a smile, "I would have done the same, myself."

CAROLYNE STUART WHITING.







## Mother Peace.

### I.

The day for which our hearts have yearned—  
To which our very dreams have turned—  
Whereto our thoughts and deeds were planned,  
Though long delayed, is now at hand.  
We fondly hoped when it should wake  
With joy our thralldom we should break,  
But lo! we shrink from the release  
You now bequeath us, Mother Peace!

### II.

You taught us how to read the rune  
On rock and cliff and reef and dune—  
The orbit of a world to trace  
And name the stars in outer space,  
To love the lost idyllic age,  
Great Homer's, Dante's, Shakespeare's page—  
The art of ancient Rome and Greece,  
But, most, to love you, Mother Peace!

### III.

What though we leave thy blessed door  
For paths divergent evermore,  
And far away our footsteps roam  
Beyond the deep's estranging foam?—  
Oft when the light fades down the west  
And ebb the vast tides of unrest,  
We'll come to thee and find surcease  
From life's hard conflicts, Mother Peace!

*Written for the Class of 1906  
by Henry Jerome Stockard.*



## Sigma Phi Kappa Society.

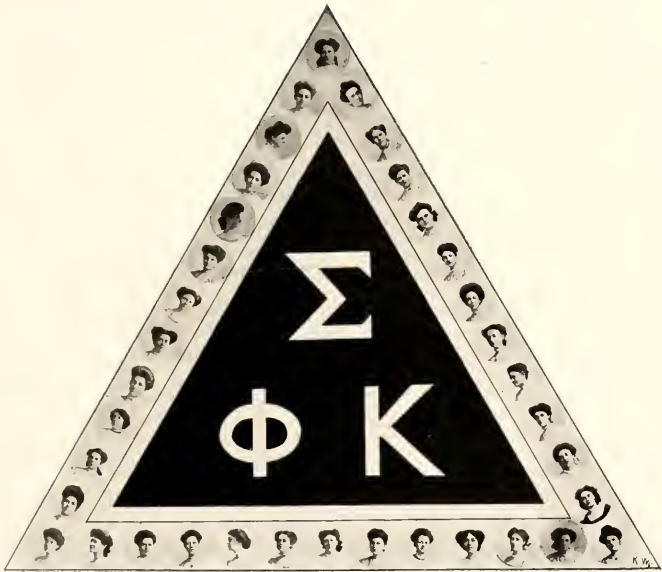
FLOWER: *Carnation.*

COLORS: *Yale Blue and Old Gold.*

MOTTO: *Vita sine literis mors est.*

KATHLEEN WALKER . . . . .	<i>President.</i>
ANNIE MONTAGUE . . . . .	<i>Vice-President</i>
IGNE SCOTT. . . . .	<i>Secretary.</i>
MATTIE MCNINCH . . . . .	<i>Treasurer.</i>

CLARA ARMISTEAD	MARGUERITE MCCLINTIC
SUE BAKER	MARY MCCORD
MILLIE BEARD	SUSIE MCGEE
MINNIE BOND	JULIA MCNINCH
CORA CARTER	ADELINE MORRISON
GLADYS CHAPMAN	MARY MORRISON
ALLSTON DARGAN	MARY RASCOE
LILLIAN FIELDS	LIZZIE ROBERTS
EMMA FINLAYSON	FANNIE MAY SIDBURY
FRANCES GOODSON	ELOISE SLOAN
DOUGLASS HAND	FREDDIE TUCKER
EMMIE HAYWOOD	HILDA WAY
EMMA KELLY	CATHARINE WHARTON
EVA KELLY	BLANCHE WILLIAMS
ELEANOIRE KING	GLADYS WELLS
MARY KING	ANNIE YOUNG
MIGNONETTE KORNEGAY	MARY BRIGGS
SUE LONG	







## Pi Theta Mu Society.

FLOWER: *Pansy.*

MOTTO: *Mere Licht.*

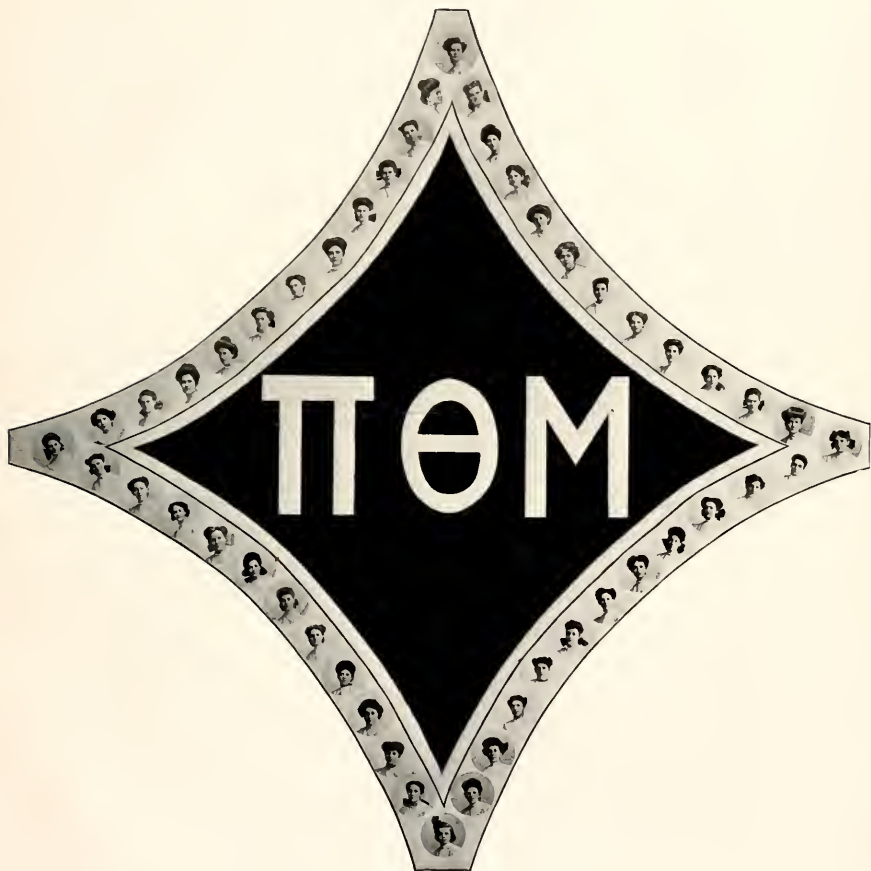
COLORS: *Black and Old Gold.*

CLAUDE CALDWELL	<i>President.</i>
SALLIE COLE	<i>Vice-President.</i>
DORETHA FARMER	<i>Secretary.</i>
KATE PATTERSON	<i>Treasurer</i>

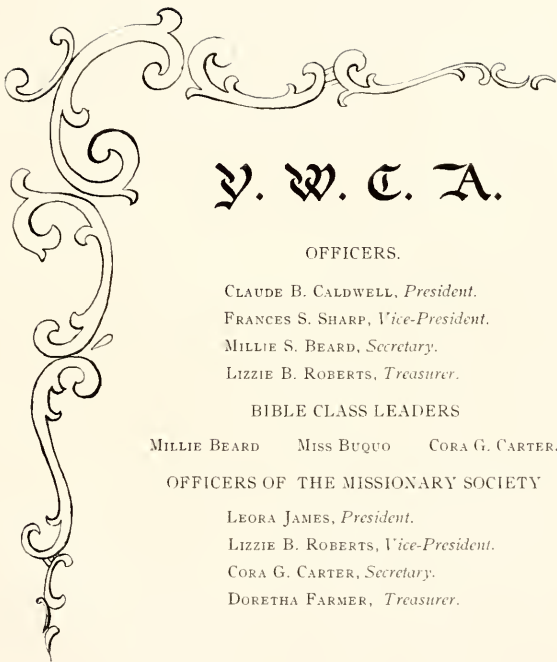
IDA' BLOUNT  
MARY CORBETT  
JENNIE COX  
BESSIE CUNNINGHAM  
CLYDE DAUGHTRIDGE  
LADY DOLES  
FLOSSIE FITZGERALD  
ETHEL GAITLEY  
LOTTIE GAYLORD  
MARIE GRIFFIN  
LUOLA HIGH  
AMELIA HOUCK  
LEORA JAMES  
ADA JONES  
PATTIE LEE  
FRANK THOMPSON  
ELIZABETH MACNAIR  
LILIAN MACNAIR  
ESSIE SHAW  
MARY SLOAN  
ANNETTE PARRISH

KATE WOODALL  
FRANCES ROBINSON  
EDNA ROBINSON  
MILDRED SAUNDERS  
MARY THOMPSON  
MYRTLE WADE  
JESSIE WILSON  
LAURIE WINGATE  
CARRIE McQUEEN  
FLORA McIVER  
MAIE McMILLAN  
CAROLYNE WHITING  
GENEVIEVE WROTON  
LULA BESS WROTON  
RUTH YOUNG  
FRANCES SHARP  
AMELIA STOCKARD  
BLANCHE PENNY  
CELESTIA PENNY  
BESSIE PRINCE  
BETTIE OLIVER









# Y. W. C. A.

## OFFICERS.

CLAUDE B. CALDWELL, *President.*  
FRANCES S. SHARP, *Vice-President.*  
MILLIE S. BEARD, *Secretary.*  
LIZZIE B. ROBERTS, *Treasurer.*

## BIBLE CLASS LEADERS

MILLIE BEARD    MISS BUQUO    CORA G. CARTER.

## OFFICERS OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY

LEORA JAMES, *President.*  
LIZZIE B. ROBERTS, *Vice-President.*  
CORA G. CARTER, *Secretary.*  
DORETHA FARMER, *Treasurer.*







## The Night Hawks.

BLANCHE HILLIARD WILLIAMS  
LILLIAN EARLE FIELDS  
SUE FOXHALL BAKER  
EMMA SPICER FINLAYSON  
CLARA FOWLKES ARMISTEAD

IONE PARKER SCOTT  
DELLA MAE FARMER  
MYRTLE AGNES WADE  
HILDA CALDWELL WAY  
MARY CATHARINE WHARTON

1

I remember, I remember,  
The room was 21—  
It seemed a most convenient place  
To have a lot of fun.

2

I remember, I remember,  
A night when all was dark—  
And ten bad girls were skipping out  
To celebrate a lark.

3

I remember, I remember,  
How we shook and quaked with fear—  
And every little mouse's squeak  
Seemed a teacher hovering near.

4

I remember, I remember,  
The good things gathered there—  
The cakes and nuts and pickles too—  
In which we hoped to share.

5

I remember, I remember,  
The pains we had to bear  
When we were all laid up next day  
Under Mrs. Fowler's care.

6

I remember, I remember,  
The promises we made,  
To be good girls, to keep the rules,  
And never more be bad.

7

I remember, I remember,  
When we were out of pain,  
How quickly we forgot it all  
And were as bad again.



### The Wanderers.

We've wandered here,  
 We've wandered there,  
 Till now we've wandered *most* everywhere.

Favorite wandering place  
 Favorite expression .

Song, Up in the Gallery; Color, Black; Months, February and March.

FLORA MAE IVER  
 JULIA MAC NINCH  
 LILLIAN MAE NAIR

Legislature  
 "He looks like Romeo with his hair cut."

Giggler  
 Talker  
 Guyer



### The Jumper Club.

MOTTO: Jump at every chance you get  
 TIME: Jump! any time.

LUCILE MOORE  
 GLADYS CHAPMAN

MARGUERITE McCLINTIC  
 FRED. J. TUCKER

FLOWER: Johnny Jump Ups,  
 PLACE: Jumpkins  
 DORETHA FARMER  
 CORINNE DOLES



## The H. M. Club.

MOTTO. "Variety is the spice of life."

GENEVIEVE WROTON: "Love me little, love me long."  
 MATTIE MCNINCH: "The muck the merrier."  
 FLOSSIE FITZGERALD: "Enough is as good as a feast."  
 FLOESSIE WILSON: "Naught venture naught have."  
 SALLIE COLE: "The better part of valor is discretion."  
 LILLIAN MACNAIR: "Whoever loved that loved not at first sight."  
 CAROLYN WHITING: "She moves a goddess and she looks a queen."  
 IDA BLOUNT: "Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall."  
 JENNIE COX: "Be bolde, be bolde, and everywhere be bolde."  
 MILLIE BEARD: "And if it please you, so; if not, why, so."  
 CORA CARTER: "I have no other but a woman's reason, I think him so, because I think  
 him so."  
 MARY CORBETT: "No better than she should be."  
 ALL: "Lord, what fools these mortals be."



## Blue Beard's Wives.

PASS WORD. Slip the key.

EMBLEMS. Skull and Cross Bones.

LADY DOES: Beheaded for dropping the key in the terrible pool.  
 HILDA WAY: Lost her head trying to escape punishment.  
 EMMA FINLAYSON: Head taken off for losing the key.  
 IDA BLOUNT: Decapitated for stealing into the forbidden room.  
 CORA CARTER: Head chopped off for being caught in the act.  
 CLAUDE CALDWELL: Head blown off for failing to carry out the pass word.





## Valentine Club.

MOTTO: "Love is of man's life a thing apart,  
'Tis woman's whole existence."

FLOWER: *Tulip.*

CHIEF OCCUPATION: *Dreaming.*

SONG: *Moon Dear.*

FAVORITE PASTIME: *Falling in love.*

IONE SCOTT

LILLIAN EARLE FIELDS

CLARA ARMISTEAD

HILDA WAY

SUE BAKER

MARY McCORD

CATHARINE WHARTON

MYRTLE WADE

EMMA FINLAYSON

BLANCHE WILLIAMS

DELLA MAE FARMER

MRS. BERTHA ORNDORFF



## D. S. S.

(THE GANG)

COLORS: *Red and White.*

MOTTO: "*Beware of the office.*"

SONG: "*Good-bye my lover  
Good-bye.*"

OCCUPATIONS: *Reading  
Newspapers, playing ten-  
nis, and going to the  
Northside.*

FLOWER: *Red Carnation.*

FRANCES GOODSON: "*Say,  
don't look at me like that!*"

LILLIAN MACNAIR: "*Not  
every guy'll do!*"

FLORA MACIVER: "*When  
someone you want to talk  
to is talking to someone  
else, it makes you feel like  
—like you don't want any  
dinner.*"

MISS MORRISON: "*Pity me!*"

A. A. MORRISON: *The Gen-  
tleman from Cabarrus.*

K. E. PATTERSON: *The Gen-  
tleman from Scotland.*

J. R. MCNINCH: *The Gen-  
tleman from Mecklen-  
burg.*



## Happy Hooligans.

MOTTO: "Oh, happiness our being's end and aim  
Good, pleasure, ease, content,—what e'er thy name."

FLOWER: Marry—[gold]  
For it takes the cash, the genuine cash,  
To go to Giersch's you know.

CHIEF OCCUPATION: Adoring our Chaperone      CHIEF CONCERN: Paying debts.  
Saturday night's occupation—Going to Giersch's.  
Sunday afternoon—Meditating and writing to—Mamma.  
Monday morning—Memorizing Shakespeare.  
Tuesday noon—Dispensing hospitality.  
Wednesday afternoon—Going to Dress Parade.  
Thursday afternoon—Stuffing ice-cream.  
Friday—Visiting the North Side.

MYRTLE WADE  
EMMA FINLAYSON

LILLIAN EARLE FIELDS  
CATARINE WHARTON

DELLA MAE FARMER  
MRS. BERTHA ORNDORFF



## Sun Bonnet Babies and Sunny Jims.

MOTTO: "Be Sunny."

CORA CARTER, Millie's Sunbonnet Baby  
LIZZIE ROBERTS, Frances's Sunbonnet Baby  
MARIE GRIFFIN, Kathleen's Sunbonnet Baby  
LADY DOLES, Ida's Sunbonnet Baby

FLOWER Smilan,  
M. BEARD, CORA'S "JIM"  
F. SHARP, LIZZIE'S "JIM"  
K. WALKER, MARIE'S "JIM"  
I. BLOUNT, LADY'S "JIM"



### Peter Pan Club.

MINNIE BOND  
BETTIE OLIVER

ANNETTE PARRISH  
JENNIE COX

MIGNONETTE KORNEGAY  
LAURIE WINGATE

MARY RASCOE  
GENEVIEVE WROTON



### The Quarrelers.

MOTTO: Agreed to disagree.  
CANDY: Lime drops.

FLOWER: Nettle and Poison Oak.  
YELL: Shut up!!

ARMISTEAD, CLARA  
BAKER, SUE  
FARMER, DELLA MAE  
FIELDS, LILLIAN  
FINLAYSON, EMMA  
SCOTT, IONE  
WADE, MYRTLE  
WAY, HILDA  
WHARTON, CATHARINE  
WILLIAMS, BLANCHE

Fellow at V. P. I.  
Fellow at Harvard  
Fellow at N. C. Medical College  
Fellow at Wake Forest  
Fellow at V. M. I.  
Fellow at University of N. C.  
Fellow at Davidson  
Fellow at Trinity  
Fellow at Yale  
Fellow at A. and M.

AMBITION  
To win a Fellow—(Ship.)



23

MATTIE MCNINCH  
 GENEVIEVE WROTON  
 LULA BESS WROTON  
 LADY DOLES  
 LIZZIE ROBERTS  
 MARIE GRIFFIN  
 JENNIE COX  
 LAURIE WINGATE

FLORA McIVER  
 FLOSSIE FITZGERALD  
 KATHLEEN WALKER  
 CLAUDE CALDWELL  
 EDNA ROBINSON  
 LUCILE MOORE  
 GLADYS CHAPMAN  
 FREDDIE TUCKER

MAIE McMILLAN  
 KATE PATTERSON  
 LILLIAN MACNAIR  
 ANNETTE PARRISH  
 ADA JONES  
 MARY THOMPSON  
 MARGUERITE McCLINTIC



**The Rose-Mary Club.**

MARY SLOAN  
 MARY RASCOE

MARY KING  
 MARY THOMPSON

MARY CLARK  
 MARY CORBETT

MARY EVANS



## Vergnügen.

COLORS: Black and White

FLOWER: Moonflower.

MOTTO: Work by moonlight.

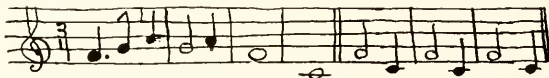
SONG: "What's the matter with the Moon  
To-night."

(Cause the moon won't tell.)

To-night."

### EXPRESSIONS

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1. <i>Sunny</i> JULIA McNINCH<br>"Think I'll send for Skee-zicks."                          | 7. <i>Nothing but</i> MARIE GRIFFIN<br>"Oh, I'm so mad! I wish I was married!" |
| 2. <i>Plain</i> FLORA McIVER<br>"Temperature's rising."                                     | 8. <i>Why,</i> FRANCES GOODSON!<br>"Goss-h I'm thinking!"                      |
| 3. <i>I want</i> MARY MORRISON<br>"Have you seen George?"                                   | 9. <i>Only</i> ANNIE MONTAGUE<br>"O, dear heart!"                              |
| 4. <i>Of course</i> ADELINE MORRISON<br>"Nobody knows what a turtle knows but<br>a turtle!" | 10. <i>Hump,</i> MATTIE McNINCH<br>"Go 'West' and shoot Jack!"                 |
| 5. <i>My name's</i> KATE PATTERSON<br>"Oh, Peter-rica!"                                     | 11. <i>Simply</i> KATHLEEN WALKER<br>"Whoa dar, Nebuchadnezzar!"               |
| 6. <i>Just</i> LILLIAN McNAIR<br>"My Gracious Love!"  | 12. <i>The Ghost of</i> _____<br>13. "Der ain't no man."<br>WHISTLE:           |





## The Family.

MOTTO: *No place like Home.*

TIME TOGETHER: *All the time.*

ANNIE LEE MONTAGUE  
 EMILY BENBURY HAYWOOD  
 KATHLEEN UNDERWOOD WALKER  
 MARIE LEAH GRIFFIN  
 FRANCES STEDMAN SHARP  
 ELIZABETH BOYD ROBERTS

SONG: *Auld Lang Syne.*

LOAFING PLACE: *"Moriah's" room.*

Grand "Paw."  
 Grand "Maw."  
 Paw Jo "Sire."  
 Maw Mo "Riah."  
 "Josh-u-way."  
 "Liza Towhead."

TOYS: *Tin Soldier and Doll Baby.*

FAMILY PAPER: *News and Observer.*

WATCHDOG: *"Mike."*



## The String Club.

MOTTO: Royalty

In purple and fine linen  
The string club above others shine,—  
The purple on the lilacs—  
The girls on the line.

COLORS: Purple and Gold

FLOWER Lilac

FAVORITE TOAST: Here's to a man's heart,  
Which is just like this little glass,  
It can be rapidly filled with love,  
And emptied just as fast.

Miss Martha has a "shine"  
Always dangling on her line,  
But no one owns her heart  
For the girls come in for their part.

Though the Legislators have tried to woo,  
And other men have come in too,  
Still the girls will not let her do  
Anything that she will rue.

Although Miss Martha holds the end of the  
string,  
There is always room for others to swing.  
For Lillian's strings are beaux galore—  
Doctors, ball players, preachers and many  
more,

For with the witchery and charm of a gypsy  
maid,  
On a heart she has made a raid.  
And Myrtle's shafts are wont to harrow  
And wound a lawyer with cupid's arrow.

There is the boy on the hill, for dainty Sue,  
Who is forever saying "I love you."  
For Claude, fair and gallants tall  
Come one and all to Peace's Hall.

Della May lets no one stay,  
So boys when you have the opportunity, make  
hay—  
Gladys Chapman sighs for a valiant knight,  
With helm, and lance and armor bright.

### MEMBERS

MARTHA FAUSTA FOWLKES

LILLIAN EARLE FIELDS  
MYRTLE AGNES WADE  
SUE FOXALL BAKER

CLAUDE BALDWIN CALDWELL  
DELLA MAE FARMER  
GLADYS CORNELIS CHAPMAN



## Naughty Nibblers.

MOTTO: "The way to a man's heart, the hungry sinner,  
Since Eve ate the apple is a good dinner."

FAVORITE GRUB: Anything that is grub. FAVORITE DRINK: Vinegar.  
EATING TIME: All the time.



CLUB MEMBERS AND THEIR FAVORITE EATABLES.

DELLA MAE FARMER . . . . .	Candy [when Royster is around]
SUE BAKER . . . . .	Malaga Grapes
BLANCHE WILLIAMS . . . . .	A. and M. Strawberries
HILDA WAY . . . . .	Butter [from A. and M. Dairy]
CATHARINE WHARTON . . . . .	Peanuts
LILLIAN FIELDS . . . . .	Candy and fruit, when a certain
MYRTLE WADE J. . . . .	lawyer is in town.
IONE SCOTT . . . . .	"The Ginger-Bread Man."
EMMA FINLAYSON . . . . .	The woman eater.
CLARA ARMISTEAD . . . . .	All around eater.



### In "Ole Ferginny."

- "Uncle Bill Joshua" Beard.  
"Aunt Betsy Maria" Cunningham.  
"Aunt Emmaline" Johnson Finlayson.  
"Aunt Maggie Ca'line" McClintic.  
"Aunt Fanny Jerusha" Sharp.  
"Aunt 'Liza Jane" Roberts.



## The South Carolina Club.

FAVORITE SONG:

'In the Shade of the Sheltering Palms.'

GENEVIEVE WROTON

IDA G. BLOUNT (Eh?)

LULA BESS WROTON

## The Stragglers.

BOUQUET:

*Roses, bluebonnets, and orange blossoms.*

*Stroller down Broadway:*

A. ELEANOIRE KING.

*Texas bronco buster:*

CLAUDE B. CALDWELL.

*Flower girl:*

ANNETTE PARRISH.

MOTTO: *At PEACE with the rest.*



## Three Scenes from "Roll Call."

The Celebrated Screama—Drama.

Time 7.00 P. M.

Place—Chapel

Cast—Four girls to a seat

Leading ladies—Misses Clark, Buquo, and Fowlkes.

- Scene I Miss C. "Clara Armistead."  
"Absent from duty," (glances around to see the effect on the audience for Clara never (?) skips).  
Sue Baker. "Oh, Clara."  
Carrie McQueen (jumping up) "Miss Clark, please announce that I can't find my "Lounsbury's English" and the finder will please return promptly. I was studying it at six o'clock this morning and now I will miss my lesson to-morrow." (And here the studious girl bursts into tears interrupted only by an occasional incoherent murmur about her English.)  
Della Mae, "Law me! that's nothing, why I have lost my heart."  
Miss C. "Lottie Gaylord."  
"Ex-er-cised" (a shout of applause at this news! ! !)  
Miss C. "Up North the girls walk ten hours daily and still have time for Basket Ball."
- Scene II Miss B. "Celestia Penny,"  
C. "Absent from duty (C. is a professional, hence loud yells).  
Marie Griffin, "Miss Buquo, how is the Lady Principal over at A. and M ?—and pray tell me has he given you any more butter lately?"  
At this crucial moment, Mattie McNinch, wee Titania(?) falls from her seat mid screams of "top it."  
Hilarity galore!  
"To climax it all," Miss Nannie walks in and delivers a much needed lecture on leaving our respective seats.
- Scene III. Order.  
Miss F. "Catharine Wharton,"  
"Two lates—absent from duty excused, exerci-ed, talked and—  
Miss F. "Is that *all*?"  
"No, m'am, I forgot to say that one late was excused."  
Emma F. "Say, Miss Fowlkes, don't you want Gladys("Hush Emma" from the "insane girl") to"—  
A Chorus of "Ouchers."  
Miss F. "Goils, I'll have to report you"—  
A Bat! !  
Hoop skirt tableaux.

Curtain.

F. #

# Three Bells.

TIME: *Sunday Morning.*

PLACE: *Dreamland*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

*Belles who sat up late on Saturday night.*



"HOLY" MOSES!

7:30 A. M.

AARON!!

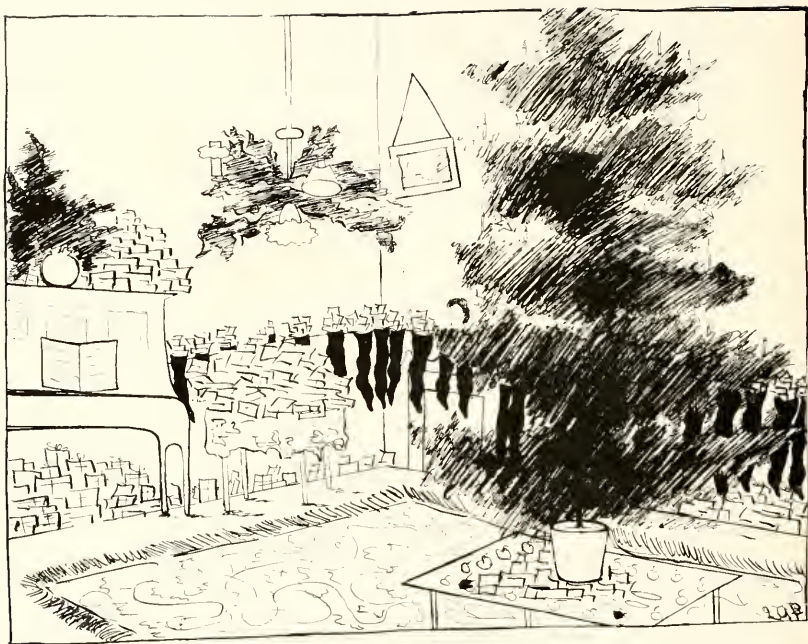
7:55 A. M.



THREE TAPS!!!

8:00 A. M.





## In the Good Old Christmas Time.

"'Twas the week before Christmas  
And all thro' the house  
Every creature was stirring  
Even each little mouse!"

But what was the matter with the little girls and mice who were usually so very quiet? Even the Seniors who had been drilled in "dignification" all during their seven year sojourn at Peace forgot all their excellent training and were flying around like chickens with their heads chopped off!

We were not surprised at the little Freshman for exhibiting such delight when they caught a glimpse of the sitting-room, with its brilliantly lighted Christmas tree and the row of stockings stretching all around the walls. But think of *Seniors* acting so childish!

Do you wonder that this was such a joyous occasion since every body received so many pretty things? And how this all happened was that, two weeks before this eventful night, there was found on the bulletin board a series of suggestions, placed there by some unknown benefactor reading thus:

## How to make Christmas Presents out of Nothing.

---

Get a bottle which has once contained soothing syrup, and cover with small remnant of silk or ribbon. If material is old and worn, all the better. It will not only be cheaper, but more effective. Fringe ribbon (if faded), at bottom of bottle tie with two and one-half inches of baby ribbon. This will make a lovely little ornament for dresser.

\* \* \* \* \*

An attractive present for your "case." Get a small piece of red card board, the cost of which will be a mere trifle. Cut in shape of heart, just the size of a locket. With white ink write the following on centre of heart. "I'm wearing my heart away for you." Suspend heart to a red ribbon just length of a necklace. This should be worn instead of locket or crosses.

\* \* \* \* \*

A match box with a hole punched in one end and a hunk of fat meat in the middle, makes a useful as well as ornamental gift in the capacity of a rat-trap.

\* \* \* \* \*

A ribbon block for No. 2 ribbon with top partly removed. Cover with a small piece of velvet from your last winter's hat or dress. Line with silk scraps saved from crown of hat. In order that it will be recognized as a jewelry case, purchase a gold stick pin from "The Five and Ten Cent Store."

\* \* \* \* \*

A lovely bureau scarf may be made from the remnants of an antedate kimono. If holey all the better, as this will admit of eyelets. Use border of kimono for ruffle. If it happens to be soiled or frizzled out, put on in zigzag manner, which adds to its beauty.

While doing your Xmas shopping, collect as large a number of white muslin samples as possible. The greater variety the more artistic. Featherstitch about a dozen of them together with strands of variegated threads pulled out of drugget, where it shows less. From the depths of the rag-bag select a few fragments of lace, not ninety-three years old (this touch of antiquity will only enhance its value). Whip this around the border, if your time is limited, don't bother to turn down the hem as a raw edge finish is very fashionable this season.

\* \* \* \* \*

Handsome garterettes may be easily made by taking a few pieces of old hat elastic, and brightening them up with a piece of faded ribbon, and adding a few stems of last-summer-hat's flowers.

\* \* \* \* \*

All colors of black and white ribbon make lovely sachets in delicate tints. Fill with moth balls, tobacco dust and CS<sub>2</sub>.

\* \* \* \* \*

Bind two pieces of pasteboard together with shoe strings dipped in diamond dyes. Color one side elaborately with crayons used in Junior History Class. On the other side have drawings. This will make an attractive and useful music folio. It will cost you nothing.

\* \* \* \* \*

Out of a comparatively new shoe having the sole completely worn out, construct a hair receiver by hanging it by the strings. A convenient gift—always ready to receive the combings, as each bunch falls entirely through, and sits on the floor of the bottomless boot.

\* \* \* \* \*

Into a small flask of sulphureted-hydrogen gas pour some warm water, and shake well. Thus in a few seconds an exquisite and delicate perfume is obtained, and makes an "all round" gift.

\* \* \* \* \*

For all presents that require too much time and skill to be made by hand go to "The Five and Ten Cent Store."



Cases' Book Number 23.  
Buttinskies Skidoo, Skidee.



BY

L. B. ROBERTSKI AND C. G. CARTERIBUS

THE LOTUS PUBLISHING CO.

Raleigh, N. C.

1907.

## Who's Who in the Case Line.

- KATHLEEN WALKER Graduate with first honors from the school of caseology Now retired and receiving the admiration of undergraduates, who are following her good example.
- SUE BAKER Firm believer in the proverb, "Variety is the spice of life," (as applied to cases.)
- MISS EDITH ROYSTER Noted lecturer on the importance(?) and benefit(?) of this phase of college life.
- ANNIE LAURIE WINGATE Model of faithfulness to a first and only love.
- EMMA FINLAYSON Greatest patron of "Orndorff's Cafe "
- GLADYS CHAPMAN Author of the touching little romance, "Fo(w)lk(e)s I have loved."
- THE B. B. B's: A triple alliance of dignit ed(?) seniors. Purpose, "making love "
- THE KIDS. An interesting collection from the Primary Department, who prove very useful when there is a *man* in the "*case*."

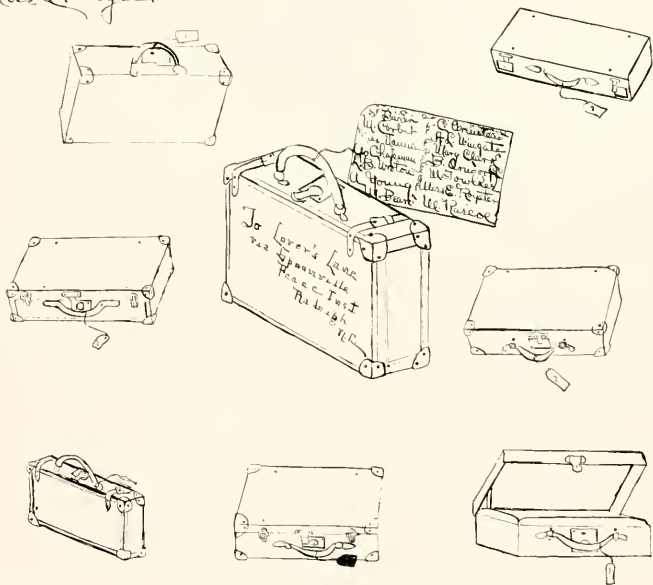
## Stolen Sweets.

When the cases are a-spooning,  
And their love songs they are crooning  
For they know good-nights they soon will have to tell,  
There's a sound which is awaiting,  
With a noise so aggravating,  
Its the ringing, ringing, ringing of room-bell  
If the duty teacher's there now,  
I'd advise you to beware now,  
And your secret hiding-place do not betray.  
When the bell is ringing loudly,  
You can still case on quite proudly,  
If you skip around the hall and softly say:

### CHORUS

Bell, dear, don't ring our knell, dear,  
When cases tell, dear, their sweet good-night;  
But when dear, we kiss again, dear,  
Then keep on ringing, dear, with all your might.

A Case Puzzle. A case for the  
 one who finds these cases; as Spencer and  
Miss E. Royster



## A. B. C. of Cases.

- Angel:** Favorite nickname bestowed by the smitten ones upon the objects of their adoration.
- Buttinskies:** A species of horrible monsters, greatly dreaded in casedom.
- Cozy-Corner:** Any secluded nook, haunted by the temporarily insane. Room for two only.
- Darlings:** A synonym for *cases*.
- Ethereal Gift:** See definition for *angel*.
- Flirt:** One who develops a new case every day, each one more desperate than the last.
- Graduate:** One who has thoroughly mastered the art of casing.
- Heart:** A small part of a school-girl's anatomy, lost soon after her entrance to college. It can usually be found in the possession of some fascinating Junior or Senior.
- Idol:** One who receives the worship of numerous homesick school-girls.
- Jealousy:** A test for proving the sincerity of a case.
- Kiss:** A spontaneous combustion which may be observed nocturnally in the darkest corners of the halls.
- Love:** An indescribable sensation experienced in a violent form in all cases.
- Man:** The cause of many a case, for the reason that things that love the same things love each other. Ax. I.
- Northside:** Means by which the smitten ones are enabled to keep their idols supplied with candy and nabiscos.
- Only:** Only, onliest darling "Berfa." For definition inquire of Emma.
- Porch,** (after 7 P. M. on dark nights): Favorite resort of the "spoons."
- Question:** Asked by cases, such as, "Darling, a hundred years from now will you love me as much as you do to-day?"
- Room-bell:** Cases worst enemy.
- Synptoms of casetheria:** languishing looks, kurious kisses, endearing embraces, crazy conversation, and long, lasting love.
- Teasing:** A form of amusement indulged in by non-cases, causing the victims much embarrassment and many blushes.
- Us:** The sum total of a Case's existence.
- Violets:** "Every morn I bring thee violets," a motto for the most desperately affected.
- "Wearing my heart away for you;"** "Will you love me in December as you do in May?" "Won't you be my lovey dovey," etc. A few songs well known among cases.
- X ray:** An instrument used in ascertaining whether the examined one has more hearts in her possession than at the time of her entrance to college.
- YOU:** "Euff said."
- Zenith:** The conglomeration of the preceding definitions to which all cases aspire to attain.

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---



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# Sulphates

## Most Frequently Heard.

BY	
CLAUDE CALDWELL	"How'd that happen?"
ANNIE MONTAGUE	"Well, for pity sake!"
IONE SCOTT	"I'm a dog if I do!"
GLADYS WELLS	"Oh hush your mouth!"
MISS FOWLKES	"Give in 'absent from duty' at next roll call."
DUTY TEACHER	"Lights out, girls!"
FRANCES SHARP	"Granducious!"
MARIE GRIFFIN	"Oh, my soul!"
LOTTIE GAYLORD	"Say, do you think I look like Lady?"
AT MAIL CALL	"Ione Scott."
MISS CLARK	"Up North—"
GLADYS CHAPMAN	"What a big old tale!"
MATTIE MCNINCH	"Well, I be jumped up!"
MYRTLE WADE	"For the land's sake!"
HILDA WAY	"Ain't yer talkin'!"
FREDDIE TUCKER	"Penny, oh penny!"
CARRIE McQUEEN	"Do you know that old Trench?"
CLARA ARMISTEAD	"I know I'm going to die!"
EMMA FINLAYSON	"I don't give a hoo-rah!"
DORETHA FARMER	"Ain't it the truth!"
KATHLEEN WALKER	"Oh, how swole!"
MRS ORNOFFER	"Oh, pudge!"
MILLIE BEARD	"Oh, pshaw!"
FRANCES SHARP	"Momentious!"
IDA BLOUNT	"Oh do, now!"
MISS BUQUO	"Heigho Kido!"
MISS CLARK	"Is that so!"
ON BASKET BALL GROUND	"Foul!"
ON TENNIS COURT	"Love Fifteen!" (A. and M. boys)



## A Welsh Rarebit.

They have made an awful rule  
Up here lately at our school,  
And they won't let us cook any more;  
So we have to keep the law,  
Eat all our provisions raw,  
And not spill any grease on the floor.

For the trouble was, you see,  
That the house was never free  
From the danger of alcohol flames;  
In this way they thought to save  
Girls and teachers from the grave,  
It was thoughtful of dear "Father James!"

But we had a thought, did we,  
That how very nice 't would be  
If we could but cook on the gas,  
For we can all be very quiet  
While we're fixing up our diet  
So the teachers can't hear when they pass.



Then upon a broken chair  
One brave cook stands in the air  
While the others all sit on the floor;  
But just as soon as melted cheese  
Starts all around the pan to grease,  
There is heard a rap-tap on the door!

See the girls make for the bed!  
Hear the bumps upon each head!  
The cheese is thrown over the screen;  
When the teacher saunters in  
(This we know is a great sin)  
There is nothing amiss to be seen.

## “Le roi est mort; Vive le roi!”

- Name his Royal Majesty just departing this life—King, M.  
Name his successor—King, E.  
Is the king old?—No, Young.  
Name his confessor—Bishop, V.  
Who officiated at the coronation ceremony?—Popes M. and E.  
Where did the ceremony take place?—In the Parrish church at Wells.  
Of what is the coronation chair made?—Wood-all.  
Who wrote the coronation ode?—Scott.  
Name the royal consorts—Queen, Mc. C. and Queen, Mc. E.  
Name a cosmetic used by the queen—Whiting.  
Whose duty is it to shave the king?—Millie Shaver Beard.  
Name some of the servants of the royal household—Baker, Carter, Weaver, Farmer.  
Name two of the royal footmen—James and Thomas.  
Name instrument used by hangmen in the execution of justice—Mc (my) Cord.  
Who is the court jester?—F. Sharp.  
Who accompanies the king when out for sport?—C. and L. Hunter.  
Where do they go?—To the Fields.  
In what Way do the sportsmen have to cross the Briggs?—Walk-er Wade.  
Where are the crown jewels kept?—Fort, N.  
Describe the place—High and Long.  
Who is the heir apparent to the throne?—Prince, B.  
What is the character of the prince?—Good-son.  
Who is his best friend?—Gay Lord L.  
Guess his fiance—Lady Doles.  
What does the prince desire?—Moore Penny(s).

## What Would You Have Said?

"Into each town some rain must fall  
Some *Fair-weeks* must be dark and dreary."

MISS ABERNETHY: "I'm so tired; I walked out to the cemetery-tery."

STRANGER (on street-car): "Good-morning! my name is Williams."

MARSHALL COLE: "Well, I can't help it."

LOTTIE GAYLORD (At Nordica, when Mr. Brown makes an announcement): "Is that Mr. Nordica?"

SOPH. HISTORY CLASS: "Miss Buquo, how old must a man be to become president of the United States?"

MISS B.: "I don't know exactly, but you can find out by looking in the Physiology." (Guess she meant to tell by the teeth).

CASUAL OBSERVER: May McMillan and Eloise Sloane look just alike."

M. CORBETT: "Why, I don't see the least remembrance."

MISS N.: "What book will Peace remind you of when you are gone?"

FREDDIE TUCKER: "Paradise Lost."

MARIE GRIFFIN: "Miss Cribbs? Oh, yes, she's the elocution teacher at St. Mary's."

IDA BLOUNT: "Oh, I thought she was the expression teacher."

MISS BUQUO (in Geometry class): "Why are those two angles similar?"

FRANCES YOUNG: "Because they are just alike."

Ask Miss Buquo about her A. and M. "butter."

MISS R. (in history class): "John Milton had a very sad life."

FRANCES SHARP: "Yes um he had three wives."

FREDDIE TUCKER (reading a Texas newspaper): "Oh, I didn't know that newspapers way out in Texas were like ours."

SALLIE COLE: "Well you see, that's so misfortunate."

MATTIE MCNINCH says that she has two other brothers besides Julia.

F. McIVER (In church): "*Doesn't* that man look like Henry Clay?"

A. MORRISON: "Who's Henry Clay?"

CLARA ARMISTEAD wants to know if there are always seven Sundays in January

S. COLE (at table): "Mr. Prunes, will you have some Dinwiddie?"

MARY SLOANE says she has a Shakespeare, but not a *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

FREDDIE TUCKER is just crazy about post-cards from foreign places and has been asking Claude to send her some from Texas.

JESSIE WILSON: "Who is Dr. Lewis?"  
I. SCOTT: "He's Mary McCord's aunt."

M. GRIFFIN: "To-day's the thirtieth (30th). When's the thirty-first?"  
You call a girl's college an Alma Mater, what do you call a boy's?—Alma Pater?  
CLAUDE wants a "*cute*" stamp to put on her letter.

FRANCES GOODSON: "Please tell me, who is Andrew Johnson? I hate to send this post-card of his house unless I know. He might be a nigger."

KATIE WALKER: "Miss P. is going to take the girls in the Astronomy class up to Chapel Hill to see the stars through the microscope."

MISS NANNIE: (at table) "Lula Bess, why is Miss Parker like a Chinese?"

LULA BESS (surprised): "Why?"  
MISS N.: "Well, isn't it day with her when it's night with us?"

CATHARINE WHARTON wants to know if Philip II was Bloody Mary's wife.

After a visit to the art gallery at the museum Julia said, "Oh, I saw Wrightsville Beach!"

FLORA: "Well, I don't know him."

MILLIE: "What nationality were the Siamese twins?"

MISS R.: "Have any of you ever had the inflammatory rheumatism?"

F. #: "Yes'um, I have."

MISS R.: "Have you? Where?"

F. #: "In Portsmouth."

"CORNELL is going to play here soon," said one girl, discussing ball-games.

C. ARMISTEAD: "Well, I don't care anything about that, but I'm certainly going to see "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

B. CUNNINGHAM: "Easter comes on Sunday this year."

ADA: "Well Bessie, don't you know what Easter is?"

BESSIE: "Yes, it's when the Pilgrims landed; isn't it?"

MISS CLARK (at dinner): "I told you I wouldn't have any more soup!"

MAID: "Yes'um, but I reckon they thought they'd fill you up for once."

Ask the Jumpers what the 15th of March meant to them.

IN SOCIETY. PRES.: "Piano Solo by G. Chapman."

I. SCOTT: "Is she going to say it or play it?"

MR. STOCKARD (in the study of poetics): "What kind of a line is this, Miss Pattie?"

P. LEE: A diameter—

MISS ABERNETHY: (on class) "How did the French come to America?"

MARY THOMPSON: "In wagons."

MISS A.: "How did they get across the Atlantic if they came in wagons?"

MARY: "Forded it, I reckon."

Two applications found on Miss Nannie's desk on the morning of the Davidson game:—

"May Claude, Cora, Kathleen, Lizzie, Frances and Marie chaperone Miss Abernethy to the ball game this afternoon?"

"May Kathleen Walker and Marie Griffin go down street to flirt with the Davidson boys?"

One Sunday, during meditation, a conversation was overheard as follows: "Just think, Mary, I have never yet told Ione that I loved her! I'm going to tell her to-night for the first time." This from Lucile.

Why does Marguerite sneeze so much?

Why did Marie have such a tender feeling for "Joey" in "The Girl from out Yonder?"

MISS R. (in history class): Tell me about the Peninsula War.

JUNIOR: Oh, that's on the next page isn't it?"

MISS R.: It was in Spain if I remember correctly.

BLANCHE PENNY was telling about the Glee Club and said, "A man sang a solo right by himself."

SUE BAKER wants to know if all the A. and M. boys have to have chaperones when they go down street.

MISS NANNIE: "Hilda, your father writes unique prescriptions for you," (referring to one just received.)

HILDA: "Yes'um, but they do me lots of good."

For the benefit of those suffering with the same or a similar malady, we copy the formula.

*J. Howell Way M. D.*

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7 TO 8 P. M.

C. G.

**R**

GM.

Permission is given Miss Hilda Way to see Mr. Elias, a student at Trinity' on the occasion of his visit to Raleigh in Feb. '07.

J. HOWELL WAY.

1-26-'07.

## Limericks.

There was a young lady named Clara,  
Who was known to be quite a great swearer;  
When Gladys she found  
With Miss Fowlkes' arms around  
She swore that she never could bear her.

There was a young lady named Ida  
Who was once bitten bad by a spider,  
She turned up her nose  
And yelled, "oh! my toes!"  
Then the editors rushed up beside her.

There is a young girl called Susanna  
Who was abnormally fond of banana,  
When she ate 23  
They did not agree,  
And she talked in a terrible manner.

There was a young lady named Lizzie  
Who was often exceedingly dizzy.  
She went to sit down  
And fell on her crown;  
And that's the last of Miss Bizzy.

A lovely girl named Mignonette  
K. W. will surely not forget,  
For she comes to her room,  
With a dust-pan and broom,  
And cleans it up dandy, you bet.

There was a young maid from the town  
So fond of a beautiful gown,  
She'd give her name Whiting,  
And off she'd go kiting  
With a black and red hat for a crown.

On the staff a most beautiful "Lady"  
Loves to linger in spots that are shady,  
She was warned by the girls,  
Who wore little curls,  
Not to marry and spoil her Arcady.

In the class there's a girl that's named Ella,  
Who teaches the children the speller  
So that often, alas!  
When she comes to the class  
You'd never guess she'd had a fellow.

There is a young girl that's named Fred  
Who complains a good-deal of her head--  
When she takes Capudine,  
Looks worse than a fiend,  
And cries "Oh, I wish I was dead."

There was a young girl named Marie,  
Who was always on such a big spree,  
That when she got quiet  
They gave her a diet  
For they thought she was going to "skidee."

Once there was a girl they called Min,  
Who never committed a sin,  
The girls all declared,  
With assent unimpaired.  
To us she's no particle of kin.

There was a young lady named Millie,  
Who sometimes did act very silly;  
When she wore a new dress  
She looked such a mess  
That she got her a beau by name—Willie.

There was a young lady named Sue,  
Who had cases many times two,  
"Good-night, dear" she'd say  
And then run away  
To be met with a lick from a shoe.

There was a young lady, named Cora,  
Who was noted for being a snorer  
She had such a face  
That it won her a case,  
And her right name should be Floradora.

There was once a lady named Coley  
Who never was known to walk slowly,  
Up town every day  
She'd go—no delay,  
And return to say she felt poorly.

There was a maiden Kathleen,  
Who closely resembled chlorine,  
She distorted her face  
And spit up a case—  
That's why she is almost grass-green.

There once was a lady named Fowler  
Who was quite a good-natured growler  
The infirmary she kept  
Where sick girls often wept  
When they found her to be such a howler.

There is a young maid from the West  
Who loves to dress up in her best,  
So that when we see Claude  
We exclaim, "Oh, my Lord!"  
And you can imagine the rest.

## It's All Over Now!!!!!!



What's the matter with the Eds. to-night?  
They don't seem the same old Eds.  
They're dreadful pale, they've lost their might  
They don't seem the same old Eds!  
They walk unsteady through the college hall.  
When they can't walk, they try to crawl.  
What's the matter with the Eds. to-night?  
They don't seem the same old EDS!



## Where to Find It.

	PAGE.
A Comedy in Three Acts. . . . .	18
A Wreath . . . . .	37
A Glimpse Into the Future . . . . .	38
And the Teachers Meet Again . . . . .	53
Abandoned. . . . .	56
Athletics . . . . .	59-63
A Welsh Rarebit . . . . .	109
Calendar . . . . .	7-9
Clubs . . . . .	81-95
Case's . . . . .	101-104
Editorial Staff . . . . .	11
Freshman Class . . . . .	12
Geraniums . . . . .	64
History of the Freshmen . . . . .	15
How to Make Christmas Presents . . . . .	99
His Long Summer Time . . . . .	46
In the Good Old Christmas Time . . . . .	98
In Memoriam. . . . .	45
It's All Over Now . . . . .	116
Junior Class . . . . .	20
Limericks. . . . .	114
Most Frequently Heard . . . . .	108
Sulphates . . . . .	107
See Our Ads . . . . .	105,106
Sophomore Class . . . . .	16
Societies . . . . .	69-80
School of Music . . . . .	49,52
School of Expression . . . . .	47,48
Special Students . . . . .	43
Senior Class . . . . .	25-32
Three Scenes from Roll Call . . . . .	96
Three Bells. . . . .	97
The Class Ivy . . . . .	41
The Musings of the Pump . . . . .	33
"Vive Le Roi" . . . . .	110
"Wait Till the Clouds Roll By" . . . . .	23
What Would You Have Said? . . . . .	111





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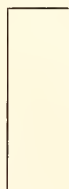
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