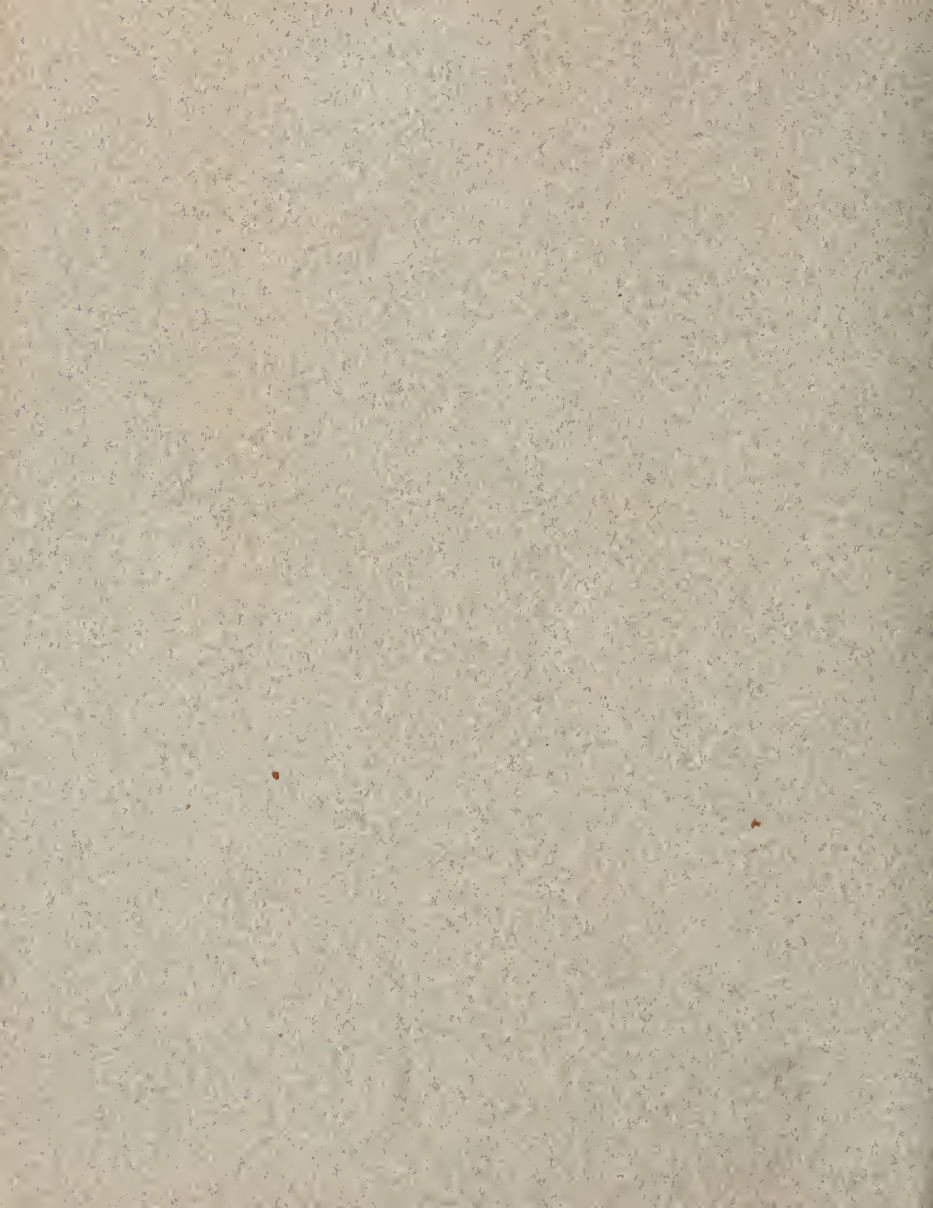




1910











VOLUME NUMBER NINE

# The Lotus

FOR 1910

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY THE

*Sigma Phi Kappa and Pi Theta Mu*

LITERARY SOCIETIES OF

PEACE INSTITUTE



RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

M C M X



## Greetings

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To the faculty, students, alumnae, and friends of Peace, we extend our hearty greetings in this, the ninth volume of *THE LORUS*. Many long but interesting hours have we spent over our work, but we trust not in vain. We hope that this *Lorus* will be a pleasant and lasting memento of the year 1910 at Peace. We wish to thank the students and friends who have helped us with this volume.

"Now take a look at the book"



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To

Miss Edith Royster

our friend and former teacher, we lovingly dedicate  
this volume of *The Lotus*



## Editorial Staff

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JENNIE SHAW, II O M	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
MARY RASCOE, Σ Φ Κ	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
ELIZABETH MACNAIR	BUSINESS MANAGER
VIRGINIA HARRELL	ADVERTISING EDITOR
LOUISE SLOAN	JOKE EDITOR
ELIZABETH BELK	CORRESPONDING EDITOR
ELIZABETH TAYLOR	ART EDITOR
BESSIE KING	LITERARY EDITOR



EDITORIAL STAFF



“The View”

## Alma Mater

---

In the heart of Carolina,  
    'Neath its skies of blue,  
Stands our noble Alma Mater,  
    Glorious to view,  
Classic in her broad proportions  
    Looks she proudly down,  
Reared against the arch of Heaven,  
    With the stars for crown.

Chorus: Lift the chorus, speed it onward,  
    Let it never cease,  
Hail to thee, our Alma Mater,  
    Hail, all hail to Peace!

Clambering o'er the walls and columns  
    Historic ivies twine  
As pure love and tenderest memory,  
    In our hearts enshrine  
Days of toil and days of pleasure,  
    Happiness and joy,  
Hardships, struggles without measure,  
    Days without alloy.

Chorus:



## To the Faculty

---

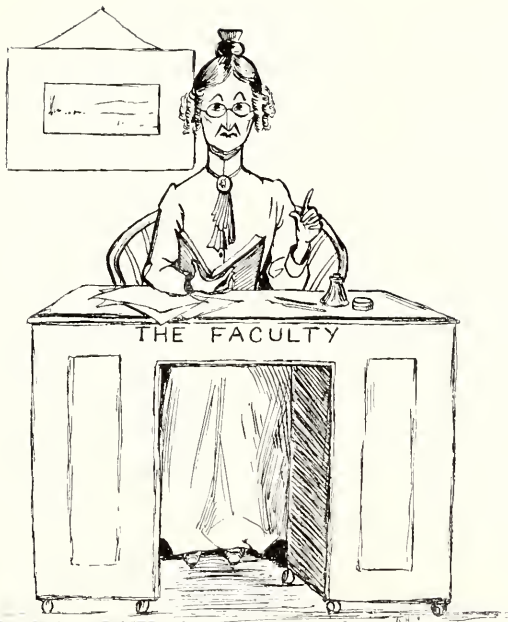
When we are skipping serene and calm,  
Having thought of no alarm,  
To whom does distance lend a charm—?  
The Faculty.

When we make racket during "Med."  
When "Absent from Duty" hangs o'er our head,  
Who makes us pale and shake with dread?  
The Faculty.

When our school-days all are o'er,  
When on class we go no more,  
Whom do we then praise and adore?  
The Faculty.

Then drink to our jolly times at Peace,  
Here's hoping they will not decrease,  
Then drink to the last, but not the least—  
The Faculty.

VIRGINIA HARRELL.





FACULTY

MABEL ROYSTER  
ADA V. WOMBLE  
MAUDE MERRIAM

MARY LYON  
PRESIDENT H. J. STOCKARD  
MILLIE S. BEARD

ROSE A. WALLACE  
ETHEL HASKIN  
LUCILE MOORE



FACULTY

ETHEL FIELDING  
ANNIE H. BOBBITT

MAMIE WITHERS  
JULIA J. A'NSPAUGH  
(LADY PRINCIPAL)  
LEONOMIE DUMARS

RUTH H. MOORE  
DR. McWHITE

PROF. J. P. LUDERHL

LOVIE JONES

### A Toast to the Classes

---

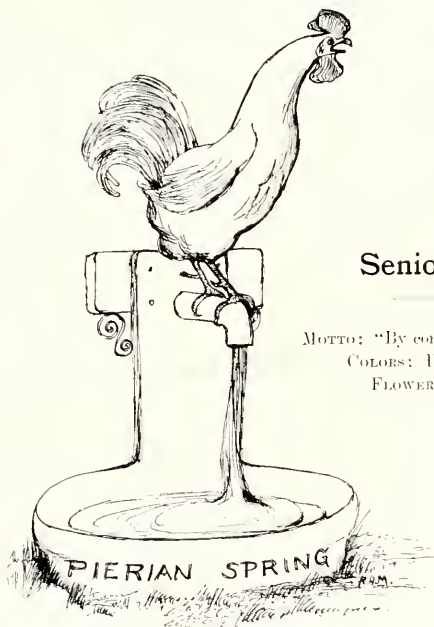
Here's to the Freshman  
So verdant and green,  
Such a sad ignoramus  
Has never been seen.  
She always goes 'round  
With a tear in her eye,  
And the Soph'more says "Home,"  
Just to see Freshie cry.

Here's to the Sophomore  
So full of conceit,  
With a bad case of bighead  
The poor Freshman to greet.  
She has never a thought  
But in which doth lie  
The gist of these words:  
"What a big bug am I."

Here's to the Junior  
So jolly and nice,  
With ambitions and trials,  
Of work a good slice,  
An "In-coming Senior"  
She adopts for a name,  
And is very aspiring—  
An A. B. is her aim.

Here's to the Senior,  
The best of them all,  
With many a privilege  
And stately and tall.  
Fresh, Soph'more and Junior  
Admire and adore  
And dream of the treats  
That for them are in store.

MARY JORDAN RASCOE.



## Senior Class

MOTTO: "By conquering grow strong"

COLORS: Pink and Green

FLOWER: Sweet Pea

ADA JONES . . . . .  
 LABEL PUGH . . . . .  
 ELIZABETH MacNAIR . . . . .  
 ELIZA LINDSEY . . . . .  
 LOUISE SLOAN . . . . .  
 RUTH SANDERS . . . . .  
 MARGARET JONES . . . . .

PRESIDENT  
 VICE-PRESIDENT  
 . . . . . SECRETARY  
 . . . . . TREASURER  
 . . . . . HISTORIAN  
 . . . . . PROPHET  
 . . . . . POET

### MEMBERS

MINNIE BOND  
 RUTH CHAMPMAN  
 CLARICE ELLAS  
 ADA JONES  
 MARGARET JONES  
 BESSIE KING  
 ELIZA LINDSEY

ELIZABETH MacNAIR  
 MABEL PUGH  
 MARY RASCOE  
 MAMIE RENNIE  
 RUTH SANDERS  
 LOUISE SLOAN  
 AMY STOCKARD



BEING ADOR'D BY "MAJETTE"

*Minnie Turner Bond.*

Windsor, N. C.

"op"

*I statue tall—I hate a dumpy woman.*

B. L. S.;  $\Sigma \Phi K$ ;  $\Delta \Delta$ ; Vice-President of Sigma Phi Kappa Society, 1908-09; Vice-President of Class, 1908-09; Treasurer of the Missionary Society, 1908-09; President of Sigma Phi Kappa Society, 1909-10; President of Missionary Society, 1909-10; Commencement Marshal, 1907-08.

*Ruth Brooke Chapman*

Griffen, N. C.

"RUFUS"

*Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast*

B. L. L.;  $\Sigma \Phi K$ ; Member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1908-09, 1909-10; President of Music Club, 1909-10.



"EATING"







"CASING"

*Clarice J. Elias.*

Raleigh, N. C.  
"DABLING"

*She is pretty to walk with and witty to talk with and  
pleasant to look upon.*

B. L. S.;  $\Sigma \Phi K$ ; Vice-President of Class, 1907-08;  
Vice-President of Sigma Phi Kappa Society, 1909-10;  
Commencement Marshal, 1908-09.

*Ada S. Jones.*

Raleigh, N. C.  
"BABY"

*Had thou art worthy; full of power;  
As gentle, liberal-minded, consistent.*

B. L. S.;  $\Pi \Theta M, \Delta \Delta$ ; President of Class, 1909-10;  
Secretary of Y. W. C. A., 1909-10; Member of Cabinet,  
1908-09, 1909-10; Captain of Basket-Ball Team, 1908-09.



"MAKING EYES"



"STUDYING"

*Margaret Cooke Jones* —

Raleigh, N. C.  
"POKEY"

*I am Sir Oracle; and when I open my lips let no dog bark*

B. L. S.; H. O. M.; Historian of Class, 1907-08; Class Poet, 1909-10.

*Bessie King*

Raleigh, N. C.  
"BESS"

*Welcome ever smiles,  
And farewell goes out sighing.*

B. L. L.; H. O. M.; Historian of Class, 1908-09; Editor of LOTUS, 1909-10.



"DREAMING"





"RIDING"

*Eliza Blodette Lindsey*

Raleigh, N. C.

"LIZA JANE"

*Happy I am, from care I am free;  
Why aren't they all contented like me?*

A. B.; H O M; Treasurer of Class, 1909-10.

*Elizabeth Mae Nair*

"MAGGIE E"

*To business that we love we rise betimes.*

A. B.; H O M;  $\Delta \Delta$ ; Chief Marshal, 1908-09; Editor of Lott's, 1909-10; Secretary of Class, 1909-10; Secretary of Y. W. C. A., 1909-10; Manager of Tennis Club, 1909-10; Cabinet Member, 1909-10; Captain of Basket-Ball Team, 1909-10.



"HUYLER'S"





"BASKET-BALL"

Mabel Pugh

MORRISTOWN, N. C.  
"OWLY"

*She tastes the joy that springs from labor.*

B. L. L.; H. O. M.; Treasurer of Missionary Society,  
1909-10; Vice-President of Class, 1909-10.

Mary Jordan Rascoe

Windsor, N. C.  
"MAY"

*O that this too, too solid flesh would melt.*

B. L. L.; Σ Φ K; Δ Δ; Commencement Marshal,  
1906-07; President of Class, 1908-09; Editor of LOTUS,  
1908-09; President of Student Body, 1909-10; Editor in  
Chief of LOTUS, 1909-10; Vice-President of Music Club,  
1909-10; Manager of German Club, 1908-09.



"SNORZING"





"CASING"

*Mary Christian Rennie*

Norfolk, Va.

"MAMIE"

*If to her share some female errors fall,  
Look on her face and you'll forget them all.*

B. L. L.;  $\Sigma$   $\Phi$  K; N X; Secretary and Treasurer of Class, 1907-08; Secretary of Sigma Phi Kappa Society, 1908-09; Treasurer of Y. W. C. A., 1908-09; President of Y. W. C. A., 1909-10; Cabinet Member, 1908-09, 1909-10.

*Ruth McHenry Sanders*

Smithfield, N. C.

"SANDY"

*A maid of grace and complete majesty.*

B. L. S.;  $\Pi$   $\Theta$  M;  $\Sigma$   $\Psi$ ; Vice-President of Pi Theta Mu Society, 1908-09; President of Pi Theta Mu Society, 1909-10; Class Prophet, 1909-10; Cabinet Member, 1909-10.



"STROLLING"





"READING LIFE"

## Louise Sloan

Davidson, N. C.

"SON"

*Syllables govern the world.*

B. L. L.:  $\Sigma \Phi K$ ; Treasurer of Sigma Phi Kappa Society, 1908-09; Historian of Class, 1909-10; Commencement Marshal, 1908-09; Cabinet Member, 1909-10; Inter-Society Debater, 1909-10.

## Amelia T Stockard

Raleigh, N. C.

"AMY"

*Ever gentle and gracious with all her learning.*

A. B.; H O M; N S; President of the Class of 1908-09; Secretary and Treasurer of Last Year's Class, 1906-07, 1907-08; B. L. L. (1908-09).



READING "BILLET-DOUX"



## Senior History

*(As told at a midnight feast)*

---

O H! how jolly it was stealing down the back steps on our way to a midnight feast in the Gym given us by the Sophs. The Junior banquet is always great, but nothing is more fun than this annual midnight feast and retelling of college pranks, the last night we are here.

The boards creaked, but on we went as the teachers peacefully slept, innocent of our great transgression.

At last we reached our Mecca, and entered the spacious hall dimly lighted with two candles. In the center was a large pile of fruit and boxes of candy, around which were quickly gathering friendly Sophs and our erstwhile dignified Seniors, their hair in curl papers, getting ready for commencement. Our Senior classmates from town slipped in, followed by one or two stray alumnae, and the doors were closed and locked.

While we were sitting on the floor in a mystic circle around the spread joyfully eating away, Hilda (once famous for making toasts in her school days) arose and said, "As I can't drink this banana, I propose to eat it to the health of the Class of 1910. Well do I remember when they first came to Peace as green Fresh, wearing enormous hair ribbons to make up for deficiency in the headline. Health to the success you have won!"

Up spake Louise, sitting next her, "Health, I hate even now to think how I nearly ruined mine crying. I believe I did not cease that entire year."

One of the Sophs, "I bet half those tears were spent over some unfaithful case, for there never was a Fresh who did not case."

Minnie, "Yes, my first year I forgot the very existence of books, being so busy skipping and casing."

Mamie, with a sniff, showing that everybody—even Seniors—case said, "If you don't stop saying such awful things about casing I will go right upstairs to my darling Jessie."

"Were you ever blacked?" asked one of our hostesses.

"No," replied Mary Rascoe; "the nearest we ever came to it was last spring during the revival at the Presbyterian Church."

Elizabeth MacXair, "Nor were we ever hazed by upper classmates, for we suffered greatly with a peculiar disease called 'homesickness,' which affected our eyes so badly that our vision was continually bazy."



A Soph, "When you were Freshmen there may have been a lack in quantity of head matter, but during your second year I can testify to the fact that your noble shoulders supported remarkably enlarged craniums, and as for bows—yes, you had beaux, alias trousered tribe, a-plenty. Eating this Huyler's brings up now the dim recollection in my mind of the time when Ruth's friend brought her such a large box of candy that he was taken for a delivery boy."

Another Soph, "You may have had beaux, but not Davidson beaux. Well do I remember when you gave them a reception, how you stayed at home from the ball game in order to look your best that night. When after much discussion you procured places in the receiving line, you dressed up in your best lib and tucker, came down, stood in the parlor in solemn array, waiting, waiting, waiting, for boys who never came."

Ruth Chapman, "Well, we were not all so very frivolous minded, for not long after that experience, one of our number had the courage to call into assembly that august body, called the faculty, to consider matters of grave importance concerning her course of study. It being her first appearance before so learned a body, she was naturally very frightened, her knees shaking continually, one keeping time to 'Yankee Doodle,' the other to 'Dixie,' but thanks to fluffly ruffles this fact was unknown and the day was won."

Amy, "Do let me tell something funny on the day pupils. When we had a meeting to decide on our class pins, Bessie suggested that they be set with opals, but Margaret said that was not sensible, for in three years we would be ashamed to wear them, because of the date. Then Clarice declared opals were milucky and that we would never be able to get any one to wear them. It is needless to say the pins are plain."

A Sophomore, "Do have some more fruit and candy, for we must not leave any. Take freely, but do not snatch."

Mabel Pugh, "You know how to drum up trade, and would have made a fine barker for our Carnival."

Soph, "Just listen at that. Will the Seniors never quit talking about their great Carnival?"

Ada, "Well, it was a great success—"

Eliza, interrupting, "Yes, we made three times as much money as any previous class on account of our up-to-date side shows. Who would not go to see Cook and his north pole, or Ludesky, the world-renowned midget, to say nothing of the vaudevilie and moving-picture show!"

After a pause the President of the Sophomore Class arose and said, "The Seniors certainly are to be congratulated on their success. They are an

illustrious throng, and we will miss them sorely. They have wisely used their greatly longed-for privileges and made excellent chaperons. Think of all the offices they so worthily hold: President of Student Body, nine members of its Disciplinary Committee; President of Y. W. C. A., seven members of its Cabinet; President of Missionary Society; Treasurer of Missionary Society; Presidents of both Literary Societies; Vice-President of  $\Sigma\Phi\Kappa$ ; Editor-in-chief of THE LOTS, and three associate editors! May they always be as honored as at Peace!"

The suggestion of leaving Peace and our dear college friends brought forth many a crumpled handkerchief, and as we were going upstairs, ominously weeping on each other's shoulders, we espied coming our way a dark object which looked very much like Miss Amspangh. Dreading her usual three-hour-and-forty-nine-minute lecture, and forgetting that never more could we be "restricted"; from sheer force of habit we scattered in all directions to places of refuge under beds, behind trunks, etc.

In the distant future other experiences may be forgot, but I am certain that we will always remember that last night at Peace, with all its joys and sorrows. "Oh! how mad, and bad, and glad, and sad it was, but, oh, how sweet!"

LOUISE SLOAN,  
Historian.

## Wherein the Future Is Revealed

---

DEAREST MAYME:—The last of May again! It seems impossible that it has been five years since we parted at Peace—no pun intended.

I just saw in the *World's Work* for April an account of the valuable work you've been doing in Japan, so I know you've had little time to keep up with the Class of 1910.

You will be interested to hear of the various and sundry destinies of the girls, because you were always loyal to your classmates. You should have been in Raleigh last winter and heard the lecture on "Woman's Rights" made by Minnie—you remember the numerous talks she used to give us at school on that subject. She has only gained force with time so you won't be surprised to hear that the legislators were at her feet in a few minutes.

Clarice was there looking as attractive as usual—she was just back from her honeymoon and only went to hear a classmate. She is far too busy with the thoughts of "the only man" to care what rights women have.

Bessie King and Mabel Pugh went down from Peace. I suppose you know Bessie is lady principal. Think of the girls seeing "B. K." on their applications instead of "A. G. A." Mabel has the chair of English. Poor girls! I wonder if she expects them to work as hard as she did.

Margaret Jones was there, too. She was back in Raleigh after studying for several years. Her scientific articles are quite famous.

Did you ever see such a class?

Amy was there also. She came down a few days before from Washington to make a visit at home. Three years of married life have not lessened her enthusiasm over "what *he* likes for breakfast!" Of course we were interested to know which cereals he preferred, etc.

Ruth Chapman and Ada Jones passed through the other day on their tour South, and are stopping only in the largest places. Ada's readings are creating quite a sensation and Ruth's playing far surpasses Johnny Philander's highest aspirations! It is fine for them to be together, as they were roommates the last year.

I haven't seen Mary Rascoc since last summer on the coast; she was as practical as usual. She was married the summer after we left school—no wonder she couldn't be persuaded to go abroad!

Another of the girls that has joined the holy bonds of matrimony is Eliza Lindsey. Although her surroundings are somewhat changed, her smile has lost none of its radiance!

Poor Elizabeth MacNair! she is still studying, and is now at Columbia University, making quite a record. Did you ever see such ambition? I hope she is as happy as our dear married friends.

By the way, have you seen the latest book on "Rights of Seniors," by L. Sloan. Louise has made quite a hit; her one inexhaustible subject!!! I hope she has settled that at last to her own satisfaction.

I thoroughly appreciate your confiding in me the secret nearest your heart. My most ardent wish is that you'll let the great event take place in this fair land of ours. Of course I am dying to meet your affinity, for he must be a model on a pedestal.

As for *my poor dear self*, I have come to the conclusion that my affinity lives on Mars. Possibly you may remember the night I thought I saw him from the Observatory at Wake Forest. What would Miss Lyon say to that? Am seriously thinking of purchasing an air-ship to go in search of "*him*." I wonder if the Peace girls would contribute to the worthy cause?

Just let me know when you set the date and possibly you will have the chance of cruising the Pacific in an air-ship with,

Your old chum,

REUB.

## A Senior's Dream

---

'Tis now the darkest hour of night  
When ghosts begin to stir;  
By the flicker of my candle light  
My vision is a blur.

I view these Shades as through a mist,  
These Shades of ages past;  
My fondest hopes are coming true,  
I'll see them all at last.

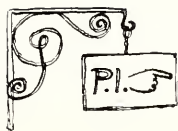
The Shade of Bishop Butler is  
The first upon the list,  
And am I right? I can't be sure,  
I think he shakes his fist.

Immortal William next appears,  
Great lines as if to say:  
But when I ask them eagerly,  
The old chap skips away.

The soul of Robert Browning  
Comes forth from out the night,  
But when I seek of him some aid,  
He vanishes from sight.

I wake—the candle-light is dim;  
With sighs my thoughts I turn,  
From passing Shades to books again  
Some deeper thoughts to learn.

CLASS POET.



## Junior Class

MOTTO: "Labor conquers all things"

COLORS: Gold and White

FLOWER: Ox-eyed Daisy

### OFFICERS

MARY P. WARD	.....	PRESIDENT
ELEN WILSON	.....	VICE PRESIDENT
FLORA CURRIE	.....	SECRETARY
ETHEL GAITLEY	.....	TREASURER
MYRTLE KING	.....	HISTORIAN
ELIZABETH BELK	.....	POET

### MEMBERS

MARY WARD	ELLEN WILSON
JENNIE SILAW	MYRTLE KING
ETHEL GAITLEY	FLORA CURRIE
ELIZABETH BELK	



JUNIOR CLASS



## Junior Class History

---

### JUNIOR CLASS

Now here is the Class of Nineteen-eleven,  
It's quality, not quantity, here that you see,  
Not many in number, in fact only seven,  
Earnestly striving to win a degree,  
Three years we have worked with this one thought o'er us,  
Encouraged by each Senior Class that goes by!  
Even now tho' our goal seems just before us,  
Needless to say, we must still harder try!

Easy the days we spent here as Freshmen,  
Light-hearted Sophomores we all did appear;  
Ended our ignorance—now we are Juniors;  
Vastly important as Seniors next year—  
Enjoying each goodly privilege that's given,  
Nearer the goal we approach, tho' with fear!

MYRTLE KING, Historian.

## My Dream Ship

---

The night is serene, and the half-moon's low,  
The little stars glimmer and come and go,  
And the fire-flies gleam, now here, now there,  
While the cricket's dull monotone fills the air.

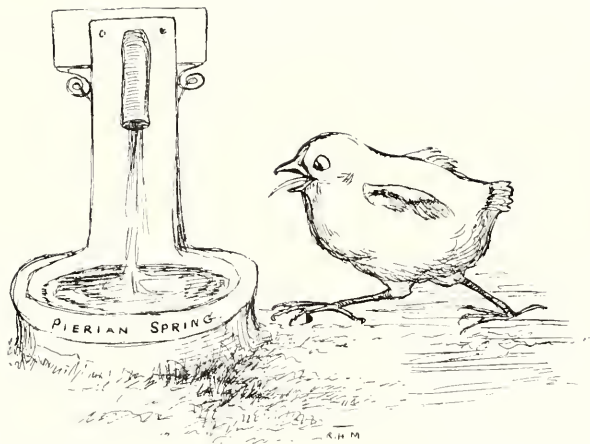
My dreamship is sailing across the blue sea,  
My fairy-like dreamship is coming to me;  
And it's nearing the harbor, I know by the sound  
Of the murmuring breeze that is hovering 'round.

There's the fragrance of rose on the soft gentle breeze,  
And echoes of singing float up from the seas,  
And a garden of love all the wide world seems,  
When my vessel makes port with its cargo of dreams.

One is of happiness, one is of love,  
One is of infinite peace from above,  
And one is of gladness, and one is care-free,  
But all are as one, love, for all are of thee.

My beautiful dreamship is coming to-night,  
The breeze whispers low that its sails are in sight,  
And the starlight blends in with the pale moon's beam  
While I sit in sweet rapture and dream and dream.

ELIZABETH C. BELK.



## Sophomore Class

Motto: "Well begun is half done"

Colors: Blue and Gold

Flower: Daffodils

### OFFICERS

SUSIE BROWN	.....	PRESIDENT
NANNIE PETTEWAY	.....	VICE PRESIDENT
JULIA WILLIAMS	.....	SECRETARY AND TREASURER
CORA LEE MONTGOMERY	.....	HISTORIAN
MISS WALLACE	.....	FACULTY MEMBER

### CLASS ROLL

SUSIE BROWN	JULIA WILLIAMS
CORA LEE MONTGOMERY	NANNIE PETTEWAY
KATHERINE ROGERS	ELIZABETH TAYLOR
MARY LEE CAPEHART	



SOUTHDALE CLASS

## Sophomore History

WELL begun is half done," we said last year with sinking heart, as we looked down the long road before us to which there seemed to be no end. "How should we ever stand such treatment as those Sophs meted out to us!" We thought then if ever we reached the second year of college life we would certainly have some pity on those beneath us! But now that we have reached the midway point our spirits are a little brighter. Indeed they rose several degrees last fall when we realized we had an opportunity to get a little fun for ourselves. We quickly acquired some little appreciation of the feeling of upper classes for the lower ones, and after all "Freshies" are so "Fresh" they do need just a little salt to save them! So down went our first good resolution, and we did not keep the Golden Rule. But who could have, after nursing revengeful wrath for a whole year. Say, would you? And how effectively we helped to save them, just ask some of their number; they'll tell you.

But pride ever goeth before a fall and the title of Sophomore was shorn of some of its glory after we began studying French, that cruel eye-opener. Sophomore is of Greek origin,  $\Sigma\theta\phi\omicron\varsigma$ , wise, and  $\mu\upsilon\lambda\lambda\omicron\varsigma$ , a fool. Think of wearing that brand for one whole year and that too when you have been working like a Trojan and studying yourself thin and pale! Well, whoever first named us that, certainly did not show his wisdom.

How glad we have been to preserve our magic number, seven! We are resolved to stand or fall together! So imagine our joy when we seven were exempt from the first quarter's tests. Oh, our charmed number is a boon, for we have remained throughout the year bright and shining lights. We are easily the Pleiades of Peace. Just ask the Seniors about safe sailing when we are in the ascendency. They can give you the basket-ball score if—they have not forgotten.

We have certainly been learning that life is made up of both lights and shadows. The Juniors and Seniors have caused many a cloud to hang over us. They accuse us of jealousy. We shall never forget how black were the clouds and how stormy the atmosphere at Peace that night the Freshmen and Sophomores had to trudge along to study hall, while the Juniors and Seniors, being allowed to accept the invitation to the Y. M. C. A. reception out at A. & M. College, started off under a clear and starry sky, to say nothing of the three chaperons Mr. Stockard asked to accompany them!

About the hardest thing we have had to endure at the hands of Seniors was the accusation of stealing hot chocolate! That was one thing our pride and self-respect would not stand. If we had not been so incensed over being thought guilty we would have enjoyed the whole affair very much, for it was a good one on them, to study two hours cheered by the thought of hot chocolate you are going to have at skipping period and enjoy talking over the afternoon reception, then to find (after hard studying) that somebody has enjoyed the treat before you, leaving only the empty bucket, is indeed a sad fate.

Well, our class has its many faults, but one thing, no one can ever accuse us of having no consideration for other people. We have a history, we shall not burden the coming classes by adding more pages to the already overburdened course at Peace.

HISTORIAN.

## We Are Seven

---

(With apologies to Wordsworth)

I met a little college girl;  
"A Sophomore," she said;  
Her golden hair with many a curl  
Did cluster 'round her head.

She had a sweet and winning air,  
A strong yet temperate will,  
Which did the Presidential chair  
Enable her to fill.

"Classmates and chums, my little maid,  
How many may you be?"  
"How many? Seven in all," she said,  
"A jolly seven are we!"

"And who are they? I pray you tell."  
She answered, "Seven are we;  
Tho' one an F. F. V., so swell,  
Six are from old N. C.

And two of us, like Robert E.,  
That grand and good old man,  
Are glad to claim the name of Lee—  
The best in all the land!

The first that came was Nannie Jane,  
Who n'er has much to say,  
You'll never find her raising Cain,  
Tho' teacher's far away.

'Tis true but six at Peace now dwell,  
While one is in Raleigh,  
She's always there at tap of bell,  
Tho' strange as this may be.

And there is one whose name's un-said,  
But her we'll not forget,  
My! all the Latin she has read,  
A marvel, Juliette!

We seven at games would ever play,  
Until the hour was late,  
Just honors on our class to lay,  
Against those Seniors eight.

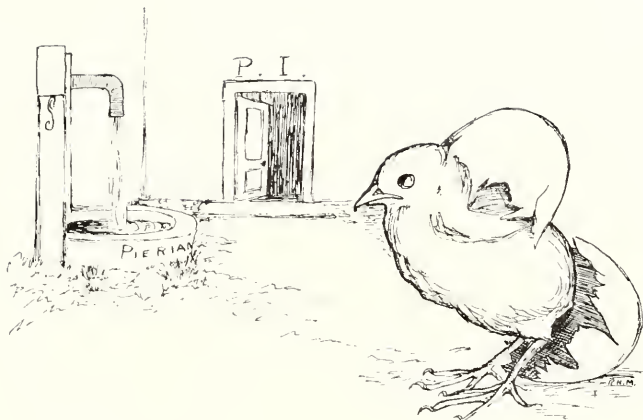
And when the game was won all fair,  
We to the feast would go,  
What pleasures we encountered there,  
You will not guess I trow."

"No doubt your days have happy been,  
My little maid," I said,  
"But happy days are for you yet,  
Tho' other years have fled.

Still may you be the magic class,  
For two more years at Pease,  
And all you learn, my little lass,  
Pray let it e'er increase."

C. L. M.





## Freshman Class

MOTTO: "Palma non sine pulvere"

COLORS: Light Blue and White

FLOWER: Forget-me-not

### OFFICERS

ELIZABETH SPARROW  
 IRENE WARREN  
 IRVING ROYSTER  
 ELIZABETH HOWARD  
 EUNICE BORDEN

PRESIDENT  
 VICE-PRESIDENT  
 SECRETARY AND TREASURER  
 HISTORIAN  
 POET

### MEMBERS

BLANCHE SCOTT  
 ELIZABETH BAKER  
 IRENE SMITH

JENNETTE WARREN  
 MARY MORE ALLEN  
 BESSIE JACKSON  
 ALICE THURSTON PENDER

FACULTY ADVISER—MISS HASKIN



FRESHMAN CLASS

## Letters of a Freshman

*(Two days after she arrives.)*

MY DEAREST DARLING MOTHER:

I arrived here all safe and sound, but I don't believe I can possibly stay. I am almost dead. I have met about four hundred girls and I never *will* be able to tell them apart. I don't like any of them one bit or anything else up here. Please come right away and take me home. I can't write any more for crying.

Your own little homesick daughter,      EMILY.

*(Three days after Thanksgiving.)*

MY PRECIOUS MOTHER:

It did me *so* much good to have you up here with me. I couldn't have enjoyed anything more. Actually, I'm beginning to like this place right well. It is not so bad as I thought. It's true everything is rules, rules, rules, but where will you find a school without rules? Just think! It is only about a month before I will be at home and to stay two weeks! I can hardly wait for the time to come! There is no news to write about, except—we did have a rather exciting basket-ball game yesterday between the Sophomores and the Seniors. The Sophomores won and have been strutting around with their heads in the air ever since. They are the most conceited crowd of girls I ever have seen. Must close for this time. Write to me real often.

Your loving daughter,      EMILY.

*(Three weeks after Christmas.)*

MY DARLING MOTHER:

Well, here I am again at this horrid old place and things are twice as bad as they ever dared be before Christmas. I am not homesick! Oh, no, I've completely gotten over that! It's dreadful, though. They have added a hundred rules to the already immense number, and have started restricting us. We did have a glorious time at the reception, but we had to work ourselves to death for it. The Sophomores are getting worse every day. They look down on us as if we were nothing. Just as if next year we won't be exactly where they are now. Miss Am-spaugh did something to-day that has never been heard of before. She entertained us—*us* who have been laughed at and joked about all the year! I tell you, the Sophomores were only too glad to treat us nicely after that. I

even overheard one of them saying she wished she were a Freshman. Must get to my studies now. I have been studying terribly hard since I got back.

Your affectionate daughter,      EMILY.

*(Three weeks before Commencement.)*

MY DEAREST MOTHER:

Commencement is almost here and I am so excited. Everybody is busy with examinations now. I have been studying harder than I've ever studied before. I will certainly welcome the rest when school is over.

Annie is real anxious for me to visit her in June. She is the dearest girl I know, and I can't bear to think of leaving her in a few weeks. We are planning to room together next year, and, when we really are Sophs, don't you know we're going to command the Freshmen to wait on us!

We had lots of fun May Day. Lots of A. and M. boys came over and added so much to our fun.

I must close now, for Annie and I are going to study.

It won't be long before you'll see      Your devoted,      EMILY.

*(Two days before leaving.)*

MY DEAREST MOTHER:

I've only time for a note to tell you how happy I am about seeing you so soon, and how miserable I am at leaving the girls—especially one. I don't see how I can leave her. But she is going to write to me every day, and is going to visit me, you know.

I passed all of my examinations, I am glad to say. My Freshman year is over, and in three more years I shall be a Senior. I can hardly wait!

Everybody is packing to go, and crying over the separations, and happy over going home—all at the same time. And I am doing even more—I'm writing a letter in the meantime.

But I must go now. Remember, just three more little short days with these dear girls, and then I shall see you.

Don't fail to meet me at the station.

Your happy little daughter,      EMILY.

## Freshman Poem

Sing a song of Freshmen,  
Green as grass. Oh, my!  
Three and ten gay gigglers  
In that Freshman P. I.

When the P. I. is opened,  
Four long years from now,  
These same verdant Freshmen  
Will make their Senior bow.

POET.

# IRREGULAR CLASS

Mary Ann Graves  
Frances Strickland

Saura Carter  
Mary Bromley  
Alice Graves

Edith S. Fowle  
Alice Johnson

President - Mary Ann Graves  
Vice President - Matie Moyer King  
Secretary and Treasurer - Cammie Macheill

Gertrude - Punt

Lydie A. Walters

Elizabeth M. Johnson

Oliver Updegrave

Bessie W. Wiers

Agnes McLean

Virginia H.

Edith W. Thackston  
Mary Queen Brown

# BULLETIN BOARD

Professor Stokard makes all girls applying for diplomas to give an application immediately. These applications must be stamped by Stokard no later than at 4 P.M. No girls will be seen, relation to Solomon & Stokard from your home. How much you spend on your weekly, how many boys you get weekly, how many jobs you have, supplies for yourself, what you have, must say time you know.

Always bring your money with you. If you cannot bring it, ask an acceptable surprise and I will write there is a seat in the dining room or not. J.H.

The girls are neglected to wear their middle dresses down to dinner. J.H.

Great Aunts. Give it for next century. Wash it. Pickle and perfume and recommend with connection. Not good place where to come. No to and never mind.

It is the best of us. I am sure of it. I am sure of it. I am sure of it. I am sure of it. I am sure of it.

Girls may go walking every afternoon with a surprise. Girls under restriction may take advantage of the opportunity to see their friends. J.H.

The girls are under instruction to use the girls at convenience. Miss Cole is always around some time.

The girls are under instruction to use the girls at convenience. Miss Cole is always around some time.

For the purpose of the girls, I am sure of it. I am sure of it. I am sure of it. I am sure of it. I am sure of it.

The girls are under instruction to use the girls at convenience. Miss Cole is always around some time.

# Literary Societies.





PI THETA MU SOCIETY



## Pi Theta Phi Society

### OFFICERS

RUTH SANDERS	PRESIDENT
HALLIE COVINGTON	VICE-PRESIDENT
ELLEN WILSON	SECRETARY
CAMMIE MacNEILL	TREASURER

### MEMBERS

LUCY BULLOCK	BEULAH MAJETTE
LENA BOOKER	ESSIE McQUEEN
HALLIE COVINGTON	LUCIE MOORE
FLORA CURRIE	CORA LEE MONTGOMERY
NELLIE DAVIS	MABEL PUGH
ALLIE GRAVES	IRVING ROYSTER
ETHEL GAITLEY	RUTH SANDERS
HELEN HARRELL	IRENE SMITH
ADA JONES	JENNIE SHAW
BESSIE JACKSON	ELIZABETH TAYLOR
ALICE JOHNSON	FLORRIE UPCHURCH
MARGARET JONES	MAGGIE VINSON
EFFIE KELLEY	JEAN WARD
BESSIE KING	AMY STOCKARD
MYRTLE KING	SUE THACKSTON
ELIZA LINDSEY	MARY WARD
MARGERY McKEY	AGNES WILSON
ELIZABETH MURPHY	ELLEN WILSON
ELIZABETH MacNAIR	JESSIE WILSON
AGNES McLEAN	LIZZIE WATKINS
MARY McLEOD	IDA WILLIAMS
CAMMIE MacNEILL	LIZZIE WINSTON



SIGMA PHI KAPPA SOCIETY

## Sigma Ibi Kappa Society

### OFFICERS

MINNIE T. BOND  
CLARICE ELLAS  
ETHEL WOODARD  
MARJORIE MONTAGUE

PRESIDENT  
VICE-PRESIDENT  
SECRETARY  
TREASURER

### MEMBERS


VIRGINIA ADDINGTON  
MARY MOORE ALLEN  
MARY AYCOCK  
MINNIE BOND  
EUNICE BORDEN  
MARY BORDEN  
ELIZABETH BELK  
SARA BLALOCK  
SUSIE BROWN  
MARY LEE CAPEHART  
LAURA CARTER  
RUTH CHAPMAN  
MAGGIE COOPER  
MADELINE CUTCHIN  
EVELYN HOPE DANIEL  
MARY CLEVES DANIEL  
EMMA DARNELL  
CORNELIA DARNELL  
GEORGIA DAVIS

PEARL EVANS  
ETHEL FOWLE  
LILLIAN FOUNTAIN  
KATHERINE GOODSON  
EVA GRADY  
DAISY HAYWOOD  
ELIZABETH HOWARD  
SADIE HARPER  
MARY HOLLISTER  
BESSIE HOLLISTER  
VIRGINIA HARRELL  
LAURA IVES  
EVA KELLY  
SARA KORNEGAY  
JIM KORNEGAY  
MATTIE MOYE KING  
CARRIE LEWIS  
JULIA MCNINEH  
VELMA MORROW  
RUTH MITCHELL

RUTH NICHOLSON  
MACE PARKS  
ALICE THURSTON PENDER  
XANNIE PETTWAY  
FAYE PIERCE  
MARY RASCOE  
LOUISE RASCOE  
MAMIE RENNIE  
LOUISE SLOAN  
BLANCHE SCOTT  
GERTRUDE SMITH  
ELIZABETH SPARROW  
FRANCES STOCKTON  
LOUISE THOMPSON  
PAT WALZER  
BLANCHE WILLIAMS  
IRENE WARREN  
JULIA WILLIAMS  
BILLIE WILLIS



SSAF SHOTS



# Statistics.

LILLIAN FOUNTAIN	Most Fascinating
"BETSEY" TAYLOR	Prettiest
MARY WARD	Most Sincere
VELMA MORROW	Most Athletic
PAT WALSER	Most Mischievous
FLORA CURRIE	Most Religious
LAURA IVES	Most Attractive
HALLIE COVINGTON	Most Sentimental
MABEL PUGH	Most Studious
MARY RASCOE	Most Practical
BESSIE HOLLISTER	Most Graceful
RUTH NICHOLSON	Most Accomplished
EUNICE BORDEN	Most Popular
MADÉLINE CUTCHIN	Most Susceptible
RUTH SANDERS	Most Stylish
ELIZABETH BELK	Most Original
GERTRUDE SMITH	Greatest Chatterbox
MARGERY McKEY	Cutest
BILLIE WILLIS	Handsomest
JENNIE SHAW	Greatest "Caser"
IDA WILLIAMS	Best Dancer
MARY HOLLISTER	Wittiest
ALLIE GRAVES	Best Dressed
JESSIE WILSON	Typical College Girl
MOST POPULAR ROOM	No. 30

VALENTINE'S  
DAY.



## The Valentine Party

DEY sho' did hab some doin's up to Peace Institute las' night," said Aunt Dinah, one day last week, when she came to bring my clothes. "Yaas'm, dey sho' did. My gal Ca'line wu'ks up dere in de laundry, an' one night she come home an' told me an' Rastus 'bout a Valentine party dey gwine ter hab up dere purty soon.

"I 'low I gwine ter go, e'ase me an' Rastus b'long ter de same lodge dat Sis Pr'eilla what cooks up dar b'longs—de Knights ob Gideon, an' I 'low dat Sis Pr'eilla'll let us in an' gi' us some'n t' eat an' we could look on froo de key-hole, an' nobody'd see us.

"Well, Ah put on dat green skirt you gimme Chris'mas, an' a light blue waist, an' a pink sash, an' elar to gracious, I ain' been so dressed up since de Knights ob Gideon tumbled out, at Brer 'Lias Johnson's funeral.

"Well, me an' Rastus went up to sit wid Sis Pr'eilla, e'ase we 'lowed she mought git lonesome.

"Sis Pr'eilla wuz glad ter see us, sho' 'nough, an' bimeby she bring us some ob de bes' t'ings ter eat I eber did see. Dere wuz salad—not de turnip kin' we uses when we biles de put—but some new-fangled stuff wid dressing on it, an' dey wuz little h'alt shape cakes, de bes' I eber seen, only dey wuz too small tuh snit me! We had ice cream, even better dan dat whut de Free-Will Baptis' Chu'eh had ter dere Fish Fry an' Ice Cream Festival.

"De gals up to de school had de real sho' 'nough brass ban', lak dey hab in de circus, ter play w'ile dey eat, so me an' Rastus an' Ca'line an' all ob de res' had a real ole-fashion square dance an' Vergimny Reel, in de dish room. Hit sho' did make me feel young ag'in ter dance ter real ban' chimes!

"But, bless yo' soul, honey, when we went in, who should we see in dar but my own Teddy Roosevelt an' Sis Cha'ity's Thomas Jefferson Abraham Lincoln, jes' a-dancin' de cake walk as spry as you please, an' ers-singin' Georgia Camp Meetin' 'twel hit mos' drown de ban' music! De chillun ob dis day an' generation am jus' too sma't fer sho' but as de school gals jes' couldn't he'p laughin' Ah reckon Ah'll hab ter let him go dis time.

"Dey say dey gwine ter hab a nudder 'm nex' week, an' Ah sho' ain't gwine ter miss dat 'm, neither.

"Whut dat you say, honey? Dis de money for de clo'se? T'anky, honey, t'anky ma'am."



VALENTINE PARTY



## The Last Girl on Restriction

(Dedicated to W. W.)

I'm the last girl restricted,  
Left here all alone;  
All my other companions  
Are punished and gone.  
No one of our number,  
No other, is nigh—  
To share all my troubles  
And give sigh for sigh.

"I'll not leave thee, fair one,  
To pine and learn hymns;  
Since the others are skipping,  
Go, skip thou with them."  
Thus, gladly, I listened  
To the teacher's fine scheme—  
But awoke to find out  
I'd been dreaming a dream!

So soon may I follow  
When next week rolls 'round  
And from this peaceful circle  
Spend a day out in town,  
When my comrades have left me,  
And fond ones are flown,  
Who likes to inhabit  
This bleak place alone?

JESSIE WILSON.

WASHINGTON'S

BIRTHDAY

CELEBRATION.



## Sigma Phi Kappa Banquet

---

ON the night of the twenty-second of February the Sigma Phi Kappa Society entertained the Pi Theta Mu Society at a colonial dinner. The banquet hall was elaborately decorated in the national colors, while the tables, which had been arranged in a diamond shape, were daintily decorated with candelabra, smilax and hand-painted place cards. Silk flags appropriate to the occasion were at each guest's place.

Music was furnished by Levin's Orchestra and between the courses interesting and original features were introduced. The quaint steps of the minuet were danced by two graceful young ladies dressed in colonial fashion. After this a quartette of old negro "mammys" appeared and sang in a truly Southern fashion the melodies of Dixie.

After dinner the evening was spent in dancing. The young ladies in their colonial costumes made a lovely picture in the intricate figures of the "Virginia reel." An interesting little contest in which the prize was awarded to the young lady who guessed the correct number of cherries on the tree, concluded the pleasures of the evening. Miss Ruth Sanders, president of the *HΘM*, was presented with this prize, which was a handsome copy of "Rubáiyát."



SIGMA PHI KAPPA BANQUET



## Intersociety Debate

QUERY: *Resolved*, That co-education is beneficial.

AFFIRMATIVE

JENNIE SHAW  
BESSIE KING

NEGATIVE

LOUISE SLOAN  
VIRGINIA HARRELL

(Won by the Negative)



### Certificate Class

ETHEL GLADYS GAITLEY

Maxton, N. C.

MATHEMATICS, ENGLISH

VIRGINIA NOWELL HARRELL

Roadsboro, Va.

ENGLISH, HISTORY, PHILOSOPHY, PEDAGOGY

JULIA RAMSEY MCNINCH

Charlotte, N. C.

ENGLISH, FRENCH, HISTORY, PHILOSOPHY, PEDAGOGY



## Graduating Recital

RUTH CHAPMAN

PIANO

ADA L. JONES

EXPRESSION

Death Disk	. . . . .	Mark Twain
	Ada Jones	
Sonata, Op. 27 No. 2	. . . . .	Beethoven
	Ruth Chapman	
Set of Turquoise	. . . . .	Aldrich
	Ada Jones	
Revery	. . . . .	J. P. Ludebeuhl
Etude	. . . . .	Chopin
From an Indian Lodge	. . . . .	MacDowell
To a Water Lily . . . . .	. . . . .	MacDowell
Witches' Dance . . . . .	. . . . .	MacDowell
	Ruth Chapman	
Wrestler of Philippi	. . . . .	Newberry
	Ada Jones	
Concerto in G Minor	. . . . .	Mendelssohn
	Ruth Chapman	





*Ada S. Jones.*



*Ruth Brooks Chapman*

## Graduating Recital

JULIA R. CULBERTH

---

- |  |                    |
|--|--------------------|
| I. (a) Aus meinen Grossen Schmerzen                | <i>Franz</i>       |
| (b) Leise zieht durch mein Gemüth                  | <i>Robinson</i>    |
| (c) Du bist wie eine Blume                         | <i>Robinson</i>    |
| II. Arie "Die Sonne sie lechzt"—"Samson et Dalila" | <i>Saint-Saens</i> |
| III. (a) Purple Heather                            | <i>Gay</i>         |
| (b) Hindoo Slumber Song                            | <i>Ware</i>        |
| (c) Allah  | <i>Chadwick</i>    |
| (d) One Spring Morning                             | <i>Nevin</i>       |
| IV. Arie "Lodernde Flammen"—"Il Trovatore"         | <i>Verdi</i>       |



*Julia R. Culbreth*

"I never heard so musical a discord, such sweet thunder."

ATHLETICS.



1914



RUTH NICHOLSON  
PRESIDENT



E. MACNAIR  
TENNIS MANAGER



S. KOUSDAY  
BASKET-BALL MANAGER



J. SHAW  
SECRETARY AND TREASURER

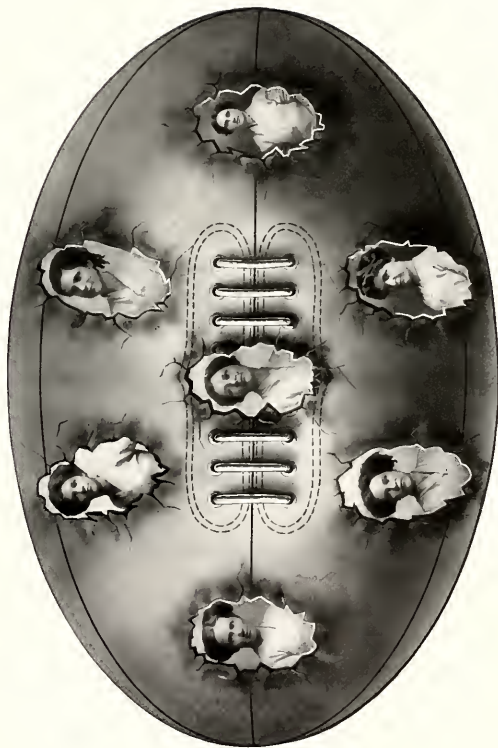


## Tennis Club

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MINNIE BOND  
 MARY RASCOE  
 ETHEL GAITLEY  
 MADELINE CUTCHIN  
 FLORRIE F. FURCH  
 ADA JONES  
 LIZZIE WATKINS  
 ELIZABETH SPARROW  
 LIZZIE WINSTON  
 ELIZABETH HOWARD  
 MATTIE MOYE KING  
 PEARLE EVANS  
 RUTH CHAPMAN  
 LOUISE SLOAN  
 SARA BLALOCK  
 CORA LEE MONTGOMERY  
 MARGERY McKEY  
 ALICE JOHNSON

LOUISE RASCOE  
 RUTH MITCHELL  
 NANNIE PETTIWAY  
 MARY LERGH CAPEHART  
 MABEL PUGH  
 FRANCES STOCKTON  
 VIRGINIA HARRELL  
 GERTRUDE SMITH  
 ALLIE GRAVES  
 JULIA McNINCH  
 MARY McLEOD  
 HELEN HARRELL  
 SARA KORNEGAY  
 ETHEL WOODARD  
 AGNES WILSON  
 RUTH NICHOLSON  
 ELIZABETH BELK  
 JESSIE WILSON



### Varsity Basketball Team

JESSIE WILSON  
RUTH NICHOLSON

SARA KORNEGAY  
VELMA MORROW  
MISS HASKIN—Coach

MAMIE BENNE  
JENNIE SHAW

## Senior Basket-Ball Team



ELIZABETH MACNAIR	CAPTAIN
MARY RASCOE	CENTER, MABEL PUGH
MINNIE BOND	GUARD, ELIZABETH MACNAIR
MAMIE RENNIE	GOAL, ADA JONES

One I zip!  
 Two I zip!  
 Three I zip, I zaw!  
 We are for the Seniors  
 And we don't give a straw.  
 Razzle, dazzle, hobbie, gobble,  
 Sis, boom, bah!  
 Seniors! Seniors!  
 Rah! Rah! Rah!



## Sophomore Basket-Ball Team

SUSIE BROWN  
 RUTH NICHOLSON,  
 CORA LEE MONTGOMERY  
 VELMA MORROW

.....	CAPTAIN
GOALS, .....	SUSIE BROWN
CENTERS	ELIZABETH TAYLOR
GUARDS, .....	SARA KORNEGAY

YELL: Hullabaloo! Rah! Rah!  
 Hullabaloo! Rah! Rah!  
 Who! Rah! Who! Rah!  
 Sophomore! Wah! Wah!





### Junior Basketball Team

JENNIE SHAW  
EVA KELLY  
JENNIE SHAW  
JESSIE WILSON

	CAPTAIN
FORWARDS	ETHEL WOODARD
CENTERS	LAURA IVES
GUARDS	ELIZABETH BELK



### Freshman Basketball Team

YELL: Freshman! Freshman! What are they?  
Best old team that's been this way.  
To beat the Juniors, oft we pray.  
But to aspire to Seniors would not pay!

MAGGIE COOPER	MATTIE MOYE KING	GOALERS
MARGERY McKEY		RIGHT GUARD
BLANCHE SCOTT		LEFT GUARD
PAT WALSER		FIRST CENTER
ELIZABETH SPARROW		SECOND CENTER
PAT WALSER		CAPTAIN
ELIZABETH MURPHY		SUBSTITUTE



SIXTH SEPTEMBER GAME

## The Basket-Ball Game

---

CLASS spirit never ran so high as at the time of the basket-ball game between the Seniors and Sophomores. Both were sure of winning, but the Sophs had the best team. For a week or two the teams had practiced and now the day of the game had at last arrived. All the Sophomore "rooters" wore green and white ribbon, and the Senior "supporters" red and white.

Just before three o'clock Miss Haskin, the referee, called both teams into her room and gave them a good talk:

"Now look here, children," she said, "we don't want any hard feeling, nor any bad playing. Somebody must win the game and somebody must lose it. Now, if you are the one to win, know how to take your victory, and, if you do not win, know how to take a defeat. Let's not have any hard feelings, for what's a basket-ball game anyhow?"

They knew this was good advice, but each girl felt that a "basket-ball game" was a question of great importance at that time—and one of even the greatest importance.

Out at the court the girls were impatiently awaiting the players, yelling for their side and keeping up a regular uproar. Suddenly all the noise on Soph side stopped and the Senior side sent up cheer after cheer, as around the corner of the building ran the Senior team. They were closely followed by the Sophs, and now no longer were their "rooters" quiet, but all were on their feet, waving various articles of green and yelling at the top of their voices. Quickly the players were wrapped in coats and capes until the game should begin. Finally, when the Senior team saw Miss Anuspaugh come out waving high a red banner, they forgot all their dignity and hers, too, and carried her proudly to the field on their shoulders. They felt that with the Lady Principal on their side they could not fail.

When the whistle was blown the players ran out on the court and the ball was thrown up in the center. Then there was great excitement, breathless expectancy, and much cheering on the part of the onlookers. Both teams played their very best, yet it seemed that no ball could get by Velma Morrow and Sara Korngay, guards for the Sophomores. No matter where they were nor how high the ball was thrown it went into their hands. Like a flash it went to

Elizabeth Taylor or Cora Lee Montgomery in the center, into the hands of the goaler, and then to the basket. Yet the Seniors made good plays, cheered by the yell:

One I zip!  
Two I zip!  
Three I zip, I zaw!  
We are for the Seniors  
And we don't give a straw.  
Razzle, dazzle, hobble, gobble,  
Sis, boom, bah!  
Seniors! Seniors!  
Rah! Rah! Rah!

At the end of the first half the Sophs were ahead, but in their hearts the Seniors were yet confident of success.

Out on the field they took their places for the second half. For Ruth Nicholson and Susie Brown to get their hands on the ball meant a score for the Sophs. The goal guarding of Minnie Bond and Elizabeth MacNair, however, often kept the ball from them and sent it to Mamie Rennie or Ada Jones, who did fine goaling for the Senior side. Finally, but all too soon, it seemed, time was called and the big match game, long talked of, was ended.

The joy of the Sophs was unbounded, when they found the score was sixteen to eight in their favor. Yet the Seniors knew how to take a defeat and with broad smiles they congratulated their opponents. Indeed, there was no "hard feeling," for each girl was confident that she had done her best and she was pleased with everything.

Soon the two teams were invited to the "Gym," where delicious hot chocolate, cake and mints, given by Miss Amspangh and Miss Wallace, awaited them. The health of the Seniors, Sophs, and of the hostesses were drunk, and when the jolly party separated the vote was unanimous that "the best always comes last."

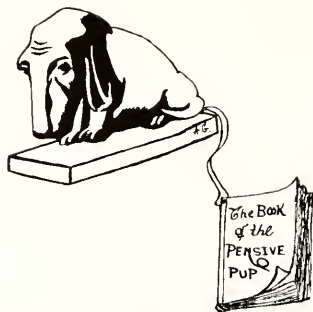


## Physical Culture Class

MISS HASKIN, Director

MACE PARKS  
SARA BLALOCK  
MARGERY McKEY  
RUTH MITCHELL  
IRVING ROYSTER  
ALICE THURSTON PENDER  
MARY McLEOD  
CORA LEE MONTGOMERY  
SUSIE BROWN  
LILLIAN FOUNTAIN  
JENNIE SHAW  
MARY LEE CAPEHART

ADA JONES  
HELEN HARRELL  
ELIZABETH BOWARD  
ELIZABETH BELK  
RUTH NICHOLSON  
RUTH SANDERS  
LIZZIE WINSTON  
ETHEL WOODARD  
ALICE JOHNSON  
LOUISE THOMPSON  
VELMA MORROW  
BETSY TAYLOR



She that readeth a letter on class, beware, lest being asked a question which she heareth not, she maketh one zero.

When Millie is on duty, beware, for she doth the door early, and verily thou shalt be late to meals.

Johnny Philander, thou shalt not play tennis with Mrs. Ludbuehl, for verily I say unto thee, it is wrong for men to beat their wives.

She that catcheth an apple on class, beware, lest it falleth, and rolling down the aisle is confiscated by the teacher.

Billy Shakespeare died not early, many are his good works. Learn thou then!

Beware of the road which leadeth to Northside, for verily the way of the transgressor is hard.

Let not the wearer of the "middy blouse" enter the dining room, for she is an abomination in the eyes of Miss Aunspaugh.

There is nothing low about Peace—no, not even shoes.

Harken unto me, ye of little sense, and take heed, for verily I say unto you, thou shalt breathe every half hour at the ringing of the bell, for so it hath been decreed by Miss Wumble.

L. SLOAN.

## Student Body

---

MARY JORDAN RASCOE

PRESIDENT COMMITTEE

(Seniors)

MINNIE TURNER BOND

ELIZABETH MACNAIR

MAMIE CHRISTIAN RENNIE

RUTH CHAPMAN

MABEL PUGH

RUTH SANDERS

ADA JONES

MARY RASCOE

LOUISE SLOAN

MARY WARD

PRESIDENT JUNIOR CLASS

SUSIE BROWN

PRESIDENT SOPHOMORE CLASS

ELIZABETH SPARROW

PRESIDENT FRESHMAN CLASS



W O C  
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MAMIE RENNIE	President
ADA JONES	Vice-President
ELIZABETH MacNAIR	Secretary
JIM KORNEGAY	Treasurer
MINNIE BOND..	Chairman of Missionary Committee
RUTH CHAPMAN	Chairman of Music Committee
RUTH SAUNDERS	Chairman of Social Committee
JENNIE SHAW.	Chairman of Intercollegiate Committee
LOUISE SLOAN..	Chairman of Poster Committee
ELLEN WILSON..	Chairman of Devotional Committee



### Missionary Society

MINNIE BOND  
HALLIE COVINGTON  
ELLEN WILSON  
MABEL PUGH

President  
Vice-President  
Secretary  
Treasurer

## A Case of Motor Aphasia

---

"Ding-ding, ding-ding." It was the door-bell.

"O Eva, do let me go to the door," arose the general chorus in the library.

"I spoke first and here goes," said a jolly Junior.

She flew down the hall and coyly opened the front door. A masculine figure, tall and silent, loomed up in the darkness.

"Good evening," she ventured.

"Westeotte is my name," quoth he.

"Do come in, Mr. Westeotte. And whom do you wish to see?"

With a look of hesitancy he entered. He uttered not a word.

After waiting in vain for the man to reply the girl asked timidly, "Whom did you say you wished to see?"

At this his embarrassment increased perceptibly. The girl suppressed a giggle while the man, endeavoring to shake off his confusion, drew a deep breath as if summoning his evaporating courage.

"My name is Westeotte," he blurted forth.

"But, Mr. Westeotte, if you will only tell me the name of the young lady upon whom you are calling, I will gladly tell her of your arrival."

"I have an engagement with a young lady—she knows I am coming, but I—" here his voice trailed off in utter despair.

"Really, sir, I must know the young lady's name before I can go for her."

"Westeotte is my name, but—"

"Very well, Mr. Westeotte, if you will not give her name I will send the maid, who will carry your card to her."

The man looked to the right, to the left, for the help that was not forthcoming.

"If you will inform the young lady with whom I have an engagement that—that—"

"But, Mr. Westeotte, how can I when you won't even tell me her name?"

She cast him one disgusted look and turned and fled. This was her last resort.

For a moment he gazed after her despairingly. Then a sudden light of inspiration broke over his face. He started down the hall full speed.

"Come back, come back," he called to the fleeing one, "I now recall her name. Won't you kindly tell Miss X that I am here?"

VIRGINIA HARRELL.

## Central Hall in Early Morning

SCENE: *Central Hall.*

TIME: 7:31 A. M.

CHARACTERS: *All lovers of—*

"The innocent sleep,  
Sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

LAURA IVES (*putting on skirt*): "I'll swigger, I just simply can't get this kirt fastened. Won't you—"

MARY WARD (*fastening belt*): "I always get up at Moses, but somehow I'm *never* ready!"

VIRGINIA HARELL (*tying Allie's sailor tie*): "Allie, I believe it was some one just trying to scare the girls, for it was too early—"

ALLIE (*fastening second of twenty-three buttons on new Mary Jane*): "I agree to all that's been said, still, no more practicing for me at night."

FRANCES (*hooking up green dress*): "What on earth are you all talking about?"

RUTH (*putting on red sweater—why?*): "You crazy thing! Didn't you hear about poking a stick in Pat's practice room window?"

PAT (*wiping face with towel, which she calmly leaves on the banisters*): "Yes, and when I went to fasten the door the handle moved. Then some one's hand moved around on the glass outside."

BILLIE (*mouth full of hairpins, and screwing her hair in an artistic (?) knot*): "Now, honey, wasn't you scared!"

MARY RASCOE (*pinning on precious K & I pin*): "Child, that's nothing to what happened in those practice rooms three years ago. Why, one night, I—"

MINNIE (*fastening on collar*): "Do give me a pin, children. I can't find a collar button anywhere. Peter must—"

LOU (*putting on blouse*): "Do you think Miss Amspaugh can see that I haven't but one stocking on? Peter must have carried it away, for I couldn't— Tell them to go slow."

HOLLISTERS (*slipping on brown coats over brown skirts and decam robes*):  
Mary: "I never hated to get up so bad in my life." Bessie: "I was so afraid that man might get in and take the family jewels (!!!) that Mary wore last night. You all remember the dia—"

VELMA (*tying bow on hair, for lack of time to fix it any other way*): "Did you all hear of the man last night?"

SARA (*putting pin in stock*): "I told you all you had better—"

JULIA (*standing in her door just as she crawled out of bed*): "Man! Who said man! Did Miss Coley get him? Oh, my goodness! You all aren't going to breakfast, are you? I thought for once in my life I had heard Moses—and its Aaron!"

BETSY (*fastening shoes on step*): "Hurry, Bush! Nearly every one has gone."

BUSH (*tying shoe*): "I told Margie she had better come on—"

MARGIE (*fastening dress*): "Have they all gone?"

ERNICE (*slipping on red coat over blue skirt plus tan bedroom slippers*):  
"Does my waist (!) do all right? Hi there!"

ELEN (*putting on skirt*): "Oh, do wait just a minute!"

LIZZIE (*pinning up hair*): "They are all running! Hurry!"

VARIOUS VOICES (*coming from all directions*): "Wait just a second,"  
"Do hurry!" "Slide!" "There!" "Give me just one hairpin, or mine will fall off!"

And with a final mad rush all land safely *inside* the doors, which cruelly close on many "lates"!

GERTRUDE SMITH.



ART CLASS



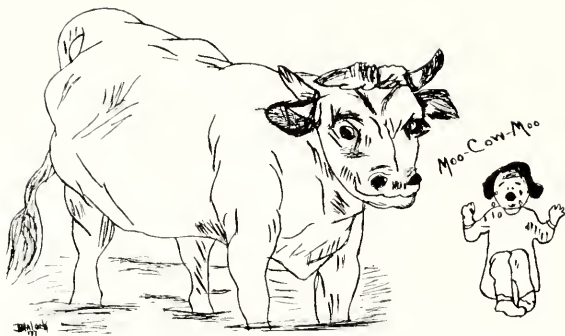
### Art Class

EVELYN HOPE DANIELS  
EMMA DARNELL  
SARA BLALOCK  
LYDLE MOORE  
GRIZELLE HIXTON

MARGERY MCKEY  
EVIE LEIGH MISSELLE  
ANNIE MONTAGUE  
FAYE PIERCE  
MARY WARD

MAY RAY  
FRANCES STOCKTON  
ALLIE GRAVES  
BLANCHE HART  
GERTRUDE SMITH

IRENE SMITH  
LIZZIE WATKINS  
KATHERINE ROGERS  
EVA KELLY



## Expression Class

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MISS HASKIN, EXPRESSION

ELIZABETH BELK  
MARY BORDEN  
SARA BLALOCK

FLORA CURRIE  
LILLIAN FOUNTAIN  
DAISY HAYWOOD

PATTIE WALSER  
ETHEL FOWLE  
ADA JONES  
CELESTIA PENNY  
ELIZABETH BAKER

NANNIE PETTIWAY  
FRANCES STOCKTON  
ETHEL WOODARD

BEULAH MAJETTE  
MARGERY McKEY  
MARY McLEOD



## Rubaiyat of a Peace Girl

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### I

Wake! for the gong that scattered into flight  
The dreams of mother from the field of night,  
Drives sleep along with them from all and strikes  
The sleeper's warning with a stroke of night.

### II

Before the phantoms of the dreams had died,  
While buttoning up my dress methought one cried:  
"When all the breakfast is prepared within,  
Why nods the drowsy breakfaster outside?"

### III

Three minutes passed, and she who stood before  
The center-table, murmured: "Close the door!  
Ye know how little time we have to stay  
And those outside must answer "Late" once more.

### IV

Now the new quarter rousing old desires,  
The studious soul to solitude retires,  
Resolving better grades to make this term  
And for exemption from each test aspires.

### V

Whether at Peace or elsewhere 'neath the sun,  
Whether the tests with ease or terror run,  
The class-room grades keep falling, day by day;  
And weary girls keep flunking one by one.

### VI

A Book of Horace underneath the bough,  
A Trig, a History, a French and then  
O, Pony, dear, beside me on the grass,  
Ah! Campus, wert thou Paradise enow!

### VII

Some for the daily grades they make and some  
Work for the finals soon or late to come—  
Ah! take the cash and let the credit go,  
Nor heed the rumble of the distant drum.

### VIII

For some we loved, the smartest and the best  
That from the ranks of Freshmen upward prest  
Have passed their Senior finals worthily  
And one by one passed out to join the rest.

## IX

There was the Trig to which I found no key,  
 There was the Math through which I might not see,  
 Some little talk awhile of me and thee,  
 And then on class no more was heard of me.

## X

Myself, when ill, did eagerly frequent  
 The infirmary to escape great argument,  
 But meeting her who rules it, evermore  
 Came out the self-same way wherein I went.

## XI

'Twas then my dear ease lisped, "'Tis fugitive—  
 That despot's reign; forget; long as I live  
 I'll love thee." Ah! her tender lips I kissed,  
 How many kisses might I take and give?

## XII

Look to the blooming Rose from Steinmetz—Lo!  
 "Laughing," she says, "To the infirmary I go.  
 At once take the coins from out your purse  
 And lovesick messages from my petals flow."

## XIII

When you and I from out the school are passed,  
 Oh! but the long, long while the school shall last,  
 Which of our coming and departure heeds  
 As the deep sea should heed a pebble cast.

## XIV

And lately by the Bulletin board agape  
 Came bursting on my sight a hideous shape—  
 It was the sign for lyrics to be learned  
 And a whole week in bonds and such red tape.

## XV

The moving finger writes, and having writ,  
 Moves on; nor all your flowing tears nor wit  
 Can lure it back to sign it "J. G. A.;"  
 Nor all your tears wash out the "no" on it.

## XVI

Strange, is it not, that of the Seniors who  
 Before we passed examinations through  
 Not one returns to tell us of the way,  
 Which to discover we must travel, too.

## XVII

'Twas yours last night this day's work to prepare;  
 This night plan for to-morrow's, or despair.  
 Study! For you know not what the test may be!  
 Study! For you know not when you land or where.

XVIII

Ah! love, could you and I with Him conspire  
To grasp these sorry rules of school entire;  
Would not we shatter them to bits and then  
Remake them nearer to the girls' desire?

XIX

Yet, ah! that school should vanish with the rose!  
That youth's sweet-scented valedictory close  
The Senior's course who in these walls have dwelt,  
Ah! whence and whither fled—who knows, who knows?

VIRGINIA HARRELL and ELIZABETH BELK.

## Daily Program

---

7.00 a. m.		Moses
7.29 a. m.		Rising bell
7.30 a. m.		Home run
8.10 a. m.		Finishing touches to toilet
8.15 a. m.		Practice bell
8.20 a. m.		Argument with Emma Darnell
8.30 a. m.		Sweet stroll with ease
8.45 a. m.		High seat in the Synagogue
9.00 a. m.		Torture begins
9.30 a. m.		Torture—continued
10.00 a. m.		"Ring around Roses" with the Pedagogy Imps
10.30 a. m.		Recreation in the library
11.00 a. m.		Rag-time rehearsal in No. 8
11.30 a. m.	Friendly (?) chat with Faculty. Result:	Restriction for two weeks
12.00 m.	Talk over the phone with cousin in town (A. and M.)	
12.30 p. m.		Center rush for hash and apple butter
12.55 p. m.		Billet-doux and checks (?) arrive
1.00 p. m.		Torture renewed
1.30 p. m.		Escape from chapel—short nap!
2.00 p. m.		Reward for the faithful
2.30 p. m.		General breakdown
3.00 to 4.00 p. m.		Trump! Trump!!! Trump!!!
4.10 p. m.		Visit to North Side
5.00 p. m.	"Holy Smoke"—Back Fence Serenade led by Mlle. Dumais	
6.00 p. m.		Bett's Ice Cream, "mf sed!"
6.45 p. m.		Sh-ch-ch! Reminder of contract
7.00 p. m.		"Boston"—cake-walk, and german
7.15 p. m.		Time to write letters, toast marsh-mallows and read latest novels
8.15 p. m.	Visit to library. "Life" arrived—Perusal of News and Observer, etc.	
9.15 p. m.		General search for "trashins"
9.30 p. m.		Room-bell
9.35 p. m.		Oses' soul—sole (?) kiss
10.00 p. m.		Preparation for Indian war-dance, etc.
1.52 a. m.		Midnight feast

**I** DO hereby contract with the authorities of Peace Institute  
that so long as I remain a student here, I shall endeavor  
to break cheerfully all of its regulations in all particulars.

(Signed)

PEACE GIRL.

## A Story

---

ONE Sunday in January, after Mr. and Mrs. Jennings and their only child, John, had partaken of their usual good dinner, they gathered around the large fireplace in the library. Here an old log was sending forth volumes of heat, and many streaks of different colored flames, which twisted themselves into fantastic shapes, and then disappeared up the chimney. Mr. Jennings was comfortably seated in his big, leather chair, with ten-year-old John on his lap, while Mrs. Jennings sat at the right of the two, and smiled sweetly at them with her wonderful blue eyes.

"Well, Dad, what story are you going to tell me to-day? Please make it a nice one, that really happened," said John in a pleading voice.

"All right, son, here's a story which I have been saving for you, and I think you will enjoy it."

After Mr. Jennings lighted a cigar and cleared his throat a time or two, he began—

"Once there was a little boy, who was just as bad as he could be. His name was Henry and he had a sister Mary, whose hair he was continually pulling. For this crime, Henry would get a whipping from his father nearly every day. Now, Henry was a smart boy, and he really loved his parents, and his sister, too, but he would not apply himself to his work and so he vexed his father very much.

"One day Henry was sent home from the public school with a note from his teacher, saying that he could not return to school, unless he would mend his ways and try to be a better boy. But mischievous little Henry would promise to behave no other way than as he pleased, so his father sent him to a boarding school, where he was put under many restrictions. It did not take Henry long to become entirely dissatisfied, and return home to his heartbroken parents.

"Now," said his father, "what am I going to do? You won't go to school, so what will you do?"

"Oh! I want to go to the University, where I can do what I please," answered Henry.

"So his loving and over-indulgent father had him taught privately for three years, in order that he might enter the state University. At the end of this time, Henry was sent off with a trunk full of edibles, and a pocket-book bulging with money. After telling the boy good-bye, his father and mother prayed that their son would be better in the future; that he would study hard and become a successful lawyer. But no such happiness followed, for in a few

months Henry had grown tired of the University and had gone to a nearby town to work. While in this town, Henry wrote home only once or twice, and then for money, which his father never refused.

"After Henry had lived at this place six months, he was suddenly surprised one morning by a telegram from home saying that he should return immediately. The boy held the telegram in his hand for about five minutes after reading it, and a serious look spread over his face, as if he were thinking very deeply, but in a second that expression disappeared, and he lighted a cigarette and walked to the train.

"It was not until he had thrown himself on a seat in the train, and his second cigarette had been smoked, that his countenance again became meditative—Henry was feeling very strange, never before had he been in such a mood. What was his mother's motive for sending such a telegram? Could his father have failed in business or health? And needed his assistance, or was he to be disinherited? A million such thoughts flashed through Henry's mind, and he began to wonder what it would mean to him if any ill had befallen his father. After two hours of such thought he appreciated, for the first time in his life, his father and his home, and it suddenly dawned upon him how ungrateful he had been. In a few minutes, Henry had decided that as soon as he reached home he would ask his father's forgiveness.

"Henry did not wait for any one to answer his call at the door, but he ran hastily into the house until he reached his father's room. There he found his mother and sister kneeling by the bedside of his dead father, wiping their tear-stained eyes. Kneeling, with her arms around Mary's neck, was a young girl. Although Henry was too occupied with his own sad thoughts to notice her, he could not help from seeing her large, blue eyes, which looked up at him with so much sympathy. Henry kissed his mother and sister, and then turned to the bed upon which lay his father—"Here Mr. Jennings stopped abruptly, and gazed sadly into the fire.

"Why, Dad! didn't Henry ever talk to his father again?" asked John.

"No, my child, and he will never know if his father has forgiven him until they meet in Heaven. Henry is a grown man now, and tries to live a good life."

"But, listen, Dad, you never told me who the girl with the blue eyes was!" interjected the inquisitive listener.

With this Mr. Jennings relinquished his gaze at the burning log, and reaching for his wife's hand answered—"She was your mother."

The next thing that John was aware of, both he and his mother were being clasped tightly in the strong arms of his father.

CLARICE ELLAS.

## Mary's Lamb

DEDICATED TO THE PEDAGOGY CLASS

Mary had a little lamb,  
It tickled her all over  
To see it standing one bright day  
Inside the schoolroom door.

The teacher smiled, "O pray come in  
And have the rocking-chair—  
And tell us all about your self—  
Your feet, your eyes and hair.

The lamb was quickly analyzed,  
The object lessons made—  
But now when Mary goes to school  
The lamb plays in the shade.

J. R. McX.





## Pedagogy Class

MISS ADA WOMBLE

TEACHER

CLARICE ELIAS  
 VIRGINIA HARRELL  
 MARGARET JONES  
 EFFIE KELLEY  
 BESSIE KING  
 ELIZA LINDSAY

### MEMBERS

ELIZABETH MacNAIR  
 JULIA McNINCH  
 MABEL PUGH  
 MAMIE RENNIE  
 RUTH SANDERS  
 LOUISE SLOAN

### THEIR PROTEGES

BESSIE BAUGERT  
 MARY HOKE

MARY McGEE  
 LULA STOCKARD

BLANCH WHITE



A  
N  
D







## The Naughty Nine Club

MOTTO: "Videre quam esse"

FLOWER: Black-eyed Susan

CORONS: Brown and Gold

### SORORES IN COLLEGIO

HALLIE COVINGTON	Laurinburg, N. C.
LILLIAN FOUNTAIN	Ashville, N. C.
ALLIE GRAVES	Carthage, N. C.
MATTIE MOYE KING	Greenville, N. C.
MARJORIE MONTAGUE	Raleigh, N. C.
RUTH NICHOLSON	Littleton, N. C.
MAMIE RENNIE	Norfolk, Va.
ELLEN WILSON	Greenville, S. C.
JESSIE WILSON	Kinston, N. C.

### SOROR IN FACULTATE

LUCILE MOORE	Elm City, N. C.
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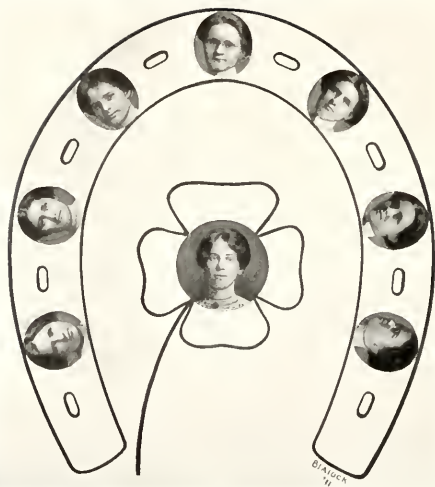
### SORORES IN URBE

AMY STOCKARD	Raleigh, N. C.
MRS. JOHN PARK	Raleigh, N. C.





THE TRIALS OF A PHOTOGRAPHER



## The Happy-Go-Lucky Club

Meeting Place  
Time of Meeting  
Password . . .

Any old place  
On spur of the moment  
"U-need-a-biscuit"

MOTTO: "Do others before they do you"

MEMBERS  
MISS BOBBITT  
NANNIE PETTWAY  
MARY McLEOD  
MARGERY McKEY  
MABEL PUGH

FAVORITE EXPRESSIONS

"Rooms, girls!"  
"Bless her heart!"  
"Good garden seed!"  
"Silence is golden"  
"Well—I'll declare"

MEMBERS

FLORA CERRE  
FLORRIE UPCHURCH  
ALICE JOHNSON  
EVA KELLEY

FAVORITE EXPRESSIONS

"Oh, I-do-say"  
"Tell me some news, girls"  
"Great Gums"  
"I don't care"

TOAST TO CHAPERON  
Here's to the chaperon,  
May she learn from Cupid  
Just enough blindness  
To be sweetly stupid.





### The Gossiping Neighbors

MRS. "AIN'TYE HERN"

MRS. "DEW TELL"

MISS "YE DON'TSAY"

MISS "THEYSAY ASHOW"

"MRS. TONGUE WAGGER"

Motto: "Don't keep no secrets"

Flower: Backfence Sunflower



### The Corresponding Four

IDA WILLIAMS

SARA KORNEGAY

JEAN WARD

JIM KORNEGAY



## The Delta Delta Club

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1910

MINNIE TURNER BOND  
ADA JONES

MARY JORDAN RASCOE  
ELIZABETH McNAIR

1911

JAMES MARY KORNEGAY  
ETHEL WOODWARD

SARAH KORNEGAY

1912

SUSIE WARD BROWN

1913

AGNES McLEAN      LOUISE RASCOE

### IRREGULAR CLASS

CAMMIE McNEILL

### CERTIFICATE CLASS

VIRGINIA HARRELL



DELTA DELTA



DELTA DELTAS AT HIGH CARNIVAL



### The Elizabethan Club

EXCELLENT	ELIZABETH SPARROW
LOVABLE	ELIZABETH BAKER
INDIFFERENT	ELIZABETH PARKS
ZEALOUS	ELIZABETH JACKSON
ATTRACTIVE	ELIZABETH HOWARD
BEAUTIFUL	ELIZABETH TAYLOR
ENCHANTING	ELIZABETH MURPHY
TALKATIVE	ELIZABETH BELK
HAUGHTY	ELIZABETH MacSAIR



### Walking Sticks

Flower: Wandering Jew

Song: Over the Hills and Far Away

VELMA MORROW  
 ETHEL FOWLE  
 BESSIE HOLLISTER

KATHRYN GOODSON  
 MARY WARD  
 EUNICE BORDEN

BILL WILLIS  
 IRENE WARREN  
 ELIZABETH BAKER



BESSIE HOLLISTER  
LAURA CARTER

EUNICE BORDEN

LAURA IVES  
MARY WARD



MARY BORDEN  
GEORGIA DAVIS

MISS ROYSTER

MARY CLEAVES DANIELS  
MARY HOLLISTER



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I. M. WILLIAMS  
L. H. RASCOE  
P. A. WALSER  
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Music furnished by the Gaitley Orchestral Co.



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Q. E.



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MADELINE CUTCHIN  
JENNIE SHAW .....  
MARGERIE McKEY  
EVELYN HOPE DANIELS  
VELMA MORROW .....  
PAT WALSER .....  
GRIZELLE HINTON

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Wilson, N. C.  
Kinston, N. C.  
Chicago, Ill.  
Wilson, N. C.  
Albemarle, N. C.  
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Raleigh, N. C.



QUAKER

EIGHT





## Sigma Psi Club

MISS HASKIN  
 BLANCHE WILLIAMS  
 BLANCHE SCOTT  
 ELIZABETH HOWARD  
 ELIZABETH BAKER  
 ETHEL FOWLE  
 ALICE THURSTON PENDER  
 ELIZABETH TAYLOR  
 RUTH SANDERS  
 ELIZABETH MURPHY  
 FAYE PEIRCE  
 WILLIE WILLIS

Missouri  
 Tarboro, N. C.  
 Graham, N. C.  
 Tarboro, N. C.  
 Tarboro, N. C.  
 Washington, N. C.  
 Tarboro, N. C.  
 Richmond, Va.  
 Smithfield, N. C.  
 Asheville, N. C.  
 Fuison, N. C.  
 Waynesville, N. C.



### The Sigma Psi's Busy Day

- Ethel Haskin, "Bud"—"Sh-leh-leh-leh!"
- Ruth McKelway Sanders, "Rutus"—"Girls, I've got an idea!"
- Ethel Lewis Fowle, "Eth"—"Oh! I wish I were at home."
- Emily Elizabeth Murphy, "Mike"—"Pass the bread, Faye."
- Elizabeth Melane Taylor, "Betsy"—"Give me a glass of water, I want to cry some!"
- Elizabeth Faison Peirce, "Uncle Faye"—"Don't you all think we'd better have another meeting after lunch to-day?"
- Elizabeth Stamps Howard, "Bib"—"Can't you put off that meeting? I've got a date."
- Elizabeth Howard Baker, "Baby-child"—"Let's play, Simon says wiggle waggle!"
- Willie Williamson Willis, "Bill"—"Girls, call me William!"
- Alice Thurston Pender, "Thurs"—"Please, somebody take this note to the fourth floor for me."
- Blanche Billiard Williams, "Little Blanche"—"Oh! the man with the gray coat-suit!"
- Blanche Long Scott, "Bush"—"O say! To-night's ice-cream night."



CHOIR CLASS



## Chorus Class

---

MARY MOORE ALLEN  
ELIZABETH BAKER  
ELIZABETH BELK  
SARA BLALOCK  
LENA BOOKER  
SUSIE BROWN

MARY BORDEN  
EUNICE BORDEN  
MARY LEE CAPEHART  
JULIA CULBRETH  
FLORA CURRIE  
HALLIE COVINGTON  
EMMA DARNELL

ALICE JOHNSON

SARA KORNEGAY  
JIM KORNEGAY

MARY McLEOD  
AGNES McLEAN  
JULIA McNICH  
ELIZABETH MacNAIR  
ELIZABETH MURPHY  
RUTH MITCHELL  
RUTH NICHOLSON  
FAYE PEIRCE  
ALICE PENDER  
MABEL PUGH  
MAMIE RENNIE  
IRVIN ROYSTER

MARY CLEAVES DANIELS  
GEORGIA DAVIS  
PEARL EVANS  
LILLIAN FOUNTAIN  
ETHYL GAITLEY  
CATHARINE GOODSON  
EVA GRADY  
ALLIE GRAVES  
HELEN HARRELL  
ELIZABETH HOWARD  
BESSIE HOLLISTER  
LAURA IVES  
ADA JONES

MATTHE MOYE KING  
VELMA MORROW

JENNIE SHAW  
ELIZABETH SPARROW  
LOUISE THOMPSON  
ELLEN WILSON  
PAT WALSER  
LIZZIE WINSTON  
IRENE WARREN  
WILLIE WILLIS  
FLORRIE UPCHURCH  
ELIZABETH TAYLOR  
MARGERY SPEED  
ETHYL FIELDING

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MISS BECK  
ELIZABETH BELK  
MARY BORDEN  
MENNIE BOND  
LENA BOOKER  
SUSIE BROWN  
MARY LFE CAPEHART  
LAURA CARTER  
H.A. CARPLAND  
RUTH CHAPMAN  
EMMA CLARKSON  
MAGGIE COOPER  
JULIA CULBRETH  
MADELINE CUTCHIN  
ALICE COLE  
MARY CLEAVES DANIELS  
CORNELIA DARNELL  
EMMA DARNELL  
GEORGIA DAVIS  
NELLIE DAVIS  
PEARLE EVANS  
LILLIAN FOUNTAIN  
ETHEL FOWLE  
JULIA GERMAN  
ETHEL GATLEY

MARY GOODWIN  
EVA GRADY  
ALLIE GRAVES  
BESSIE HOLLISTER  
ELIZABETH HOWARD  
HELEN HARRELL  
LAURA IVES  
BESSIE JACKSON  
SUSAN JONES  
ALICE JOHNSON  
MATTIE MOYE KING  
MARY KING  
BESSIE KING  
JIM KORNEGAY  
CARRIE LEWIS  
MARGERY McKEY  
AGNES McLEAN  
MARY McLEOD  
CAMMIE McNEEL  
ESSIE McQUEEN  
MARGUERITE MOSS  
BEulah MAFFETTE  
EVIE LEIGH MIZZELLE  
JULIA McNICH  
VELMA MORROW  
ELIZABETH MURPHY  
LUCILLE MOORE  
CLAYDE NEWSOME  
THELMA NAYLOR

RUTH NICHOLSON  
ALICE THURSTON PENDER  
NANNIE PETTIWAY  
MARY RASCOE  
LOUISE RASCOE  
MAMIE RENNIE  
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PHERABE SMITH  
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MARJORIE SPEED  
MAY STEVENSON  
JENNIE SHAW  
LENA SWANDELL  
AMY STOCKARD  
SUE THACKSTON  
LOUISE THOMPSON  
FLORRIE UPCHURCH  
JENNETTE WARREN  
BLANCHE WILLIAMS  
JESSIE WILSON  
ELLEN WILSON  
IDA WILLIAMS  
LIZZIE WINSTON  
MARY WHITE  
EMMA WHITE  
JEAN WARD  
WILLIE WILLIS  
PATTY WALSER



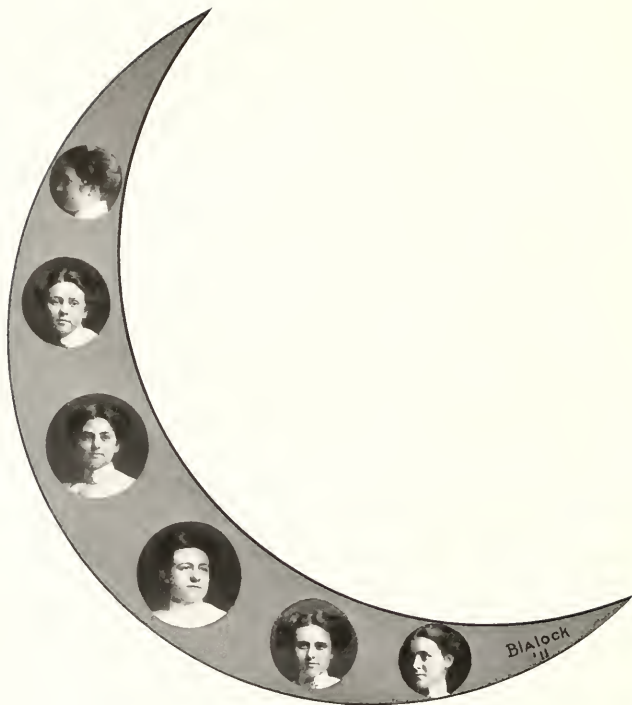
## "The Moonshiners"

EUNICE BORDEN  
 MARY WARD  
 BESSIE HOLLISTER  
 MARY CLEAVE DANIELS  
 MARY BORDEN  
 IRENE WARREN  
 GEORGLA DAVIS  
 LAURA IVES  
 LAURA CARTER  
 MARY HOLLISTER  
 MISS ROYSTER



## "Goin' to Carboro"

Bessie Jackson—"Good-bye, girls."  
 Elizabeth Baker—"Gee, the train's about to pull out!"  
 Jennette Warren—"Why don't that train wait?"  
 Blanche Williams—"Hurry up, hurry up."  
 Elizabeth Howard—"Come on, Alice."  
 Alice Thurston Pender—"Somebody wait for me—please!"  
 Place—Selma.  
 Time—2:30 P. M.  
 Motto—"Always be on time."

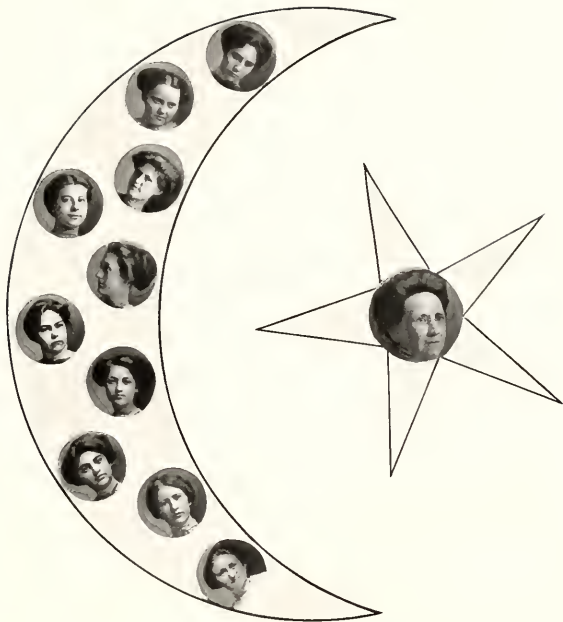


### Gilt Edge Six

---

LOUISE THOMPSON  
RUTH MITCHELL  
CORA LEE MONTGOMERY

MARY McLEOD  
SARA BLALOCK  
MISS DUMAIS



**1910 A—stronomy Class**

MISS POLARIS LYON  
 MINNIE VEGA BOND  
 CLARICE CASTOR ELLAS  
 ADA FOMALHAUT JONES  
 MARGARET CAPELLA JONES  
 EFFIE REGULUS KELLY  
 ELIZA ALTICER LINDSEY

ELIZABETH POLLUX MacNAIR  
 MAJORIE RIGEL MONTAGUE  
 LUCILE SPICA MOORE  
 RUTH MIZAR SANDERS  
 LOUISE SIRIUS SLOAN  
 AMY PROCYON STOCKARD

Those not present when picture was taken.



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## Phunnetics

*(As told on you)*

Cheer up, the worst is yet to come!

ADVERTISING AGENT OF ANNUAL: Where is the Proprietor?

CLERK: In that tall, two-story building across the street.

ETHEL WOODWARD: Was Martin Luther an apostle?

SUSIE BROWN: No, of course not.

ETHEL: Well, I know Paul is.

BESSIE HOLLISTER: What kind of preserves are these?

MARY: Damsion.

BESSIE: You dunce, I know he made them, but what is the flavor?

New girl hearing the bell on a delivery wagon asked, "Is that Moses or Aaron?"

MISS AUNSPAUGH: Give the definition and derivation of lunatic.

MARY McLEOD: It comes from the Latin—luna, moon, and tie, one who; therefore lunatic is the man in the moon.

MR. STOCKARD: Ambassador Bryce is the greatest Englishman that has visited America since Lafayette in 1825.

Lena Booker started into the Capitol, and when asked where she was going said she thought it was the Presbyterian Church.

MARJORIE McKEY: Mary McLeod clogs so well.

FLORA CURRIE: I did not know she took art.

Jennette Warren said that on account of the case of scarlet fever, we were guaranteed until nearly Christmas.

Ivyng Royster put foot-case on the back of her neck to cure the headache.

RETH CHAPMAN: Wish I had that tulle bow you have on.

LOUISE SLOAN: Don't be jealous just because I have a bow (?) that will tickle me under the chin.

MISS WALLACE: What does the reciprocal of  $\frac{\sin}{\cos}$  mean?

MAMIE RENNIE: Why, just to turn it upside down, I suppose.

LIZZIE WATKINS: Did Shakespeare write Kenilworth?

The vaudeville at the Carnival we gave was a perfect success. The costumes were exquisite, owing to our up-to-date Taylor; the Candy Kid was a perfect impersonation, and the fancy dancing especially high class due to our wonderful Walser.

AS IT HAPPENED ON THIRD SATURDAY.—They were sitting in the parlor, handshe.

Miss Amispaugh approached and then they were he and she.

When Mary Raseoe read in history "Liberty Bell was broken while ringing on Washington's 113th birthday," she asked, "How much longer do you suppose he did live?"

Any one wishing to know the railroad connection at Hamlet will please apply to Louise Sloan.

MARJORIE McKEY: I always spend the summer in Michigan.

BESSIE HOLLISTER: Is that a summer resort?



Ethel Woodard said there had never been anything on her in the Annual, for she never said anything out of the way.

When a crowd of girls started downtown Bill Willis remarked, "Let us couple off in pairs of two."

MECKLENBURG COUNTY CLUB

JULIA McNIXCH: I live in Charlotte.

LOUISE SLOAN: I don't.

MOTTO: Watch Charlotte grow.

Duty teacher in dining room: "Please, girls, do not make so much noise, I want to hear myself talk."

MARY RASCOE (in store, addressing a clerk): Please show me some Windsor ties.

LOU: Just listen at Mary asking for Windsor ties, and Irving Royster is always talking about Oxford ties.

Why does Elizabeth Howard like fountain pens?

Benlah Majette after a discussion about service in the dining room, "I think William is the best maid we have."

MARY BORDEN: What is the symbol for water?

KITTE GOODSON (who is struck on frat pins): You goose, A. T. O. of course.

FRENCH TEACHER: What is the word for *soon*?

FLORIE UPCHURCH: Bientot, but I don't think that is the right form, for I can't remember its conjugation.

ON ENGLISH CLASS

LAURA CARTER: Did you call on me?

MISS HASKIN (rather sternly): What did you say?

LAURA: Did you call on I?

PRIMARY CHILD: Who is Father Time?

CATHERINE ROGERS: A Catholic priest.

ON CIVIL GOVERNMENT CLASS

JULIA McNUCH: In Charlotte we have a Recorder.

TOWN GIRL: So have we, the Biblical Recorder.

MARY LEE: What is the English lesson?

ESSIE: The Intimations of Immorality in Manley's Poems.

MARY LEE: I thought Wordsworth wrote it.

Lizzie Baker asked how old Mary Hollister was, and when told, she said, "Well, how old is her twin?"

MISS WOMBLE (on Pedagogy Class): What is a river basin?

BESSIE KING: The sand under the water.

For information concerning a trip abroad apply to Miss Amspaugh and Miss Jones. It will be given individually and not collectively.

Mattie Moye wants to know if the wine she brought from home Christmas is stale.

LAURA CARTER: Look out, that dog will bite you, for it has a muzzle on.

BILL: I have been praying every night that our restriction may be lifted, but it has not done any good.

ERNICK: The prayers of the wicked availeth nothing.

MISS WALLACE (to Mr. Tyree): If you don't make my picture good-looking, I will sue you for damages.

The cry of the greedy (Miss Royster): "Moore, Moore, give me Moore."

On the morning following the intersociety debate Louise Sloan, in an unguarded moment said, "My head nearly 'busted' last night." An honest confession is good for the soul.

Lost—A nose in the rafters of the Pedagogy room. Finder, please return same to office and receive large reward.

The Astronomy Class rejoiced over the fact that they "had to go to the Wake Forest Conservatory to look through their microscope at the constellations and other heavenly bodies."

Pat when writing her statistics came to "susceptibility." After biting her pencil awhile, and scratching her head, she jumped up and hallooed, "I know—it means suspicious, and that's Mrs. Moore."

MARGARET JONES: I am willing to abide by the majority, but I would like to know what the majority is first.

ELIZABETH MAE NAIR: What kind of berries do you like best?

AGNES McLEAN: Tomatoes.

ELIZABETH: Tomatoes are not berries.

AGNES: Yes, they are, for my Physiology says so.

EMMA CLARKSON: Cornelia, when is the 4th of July?

ELLEN WILSON (of History Class): Washington was taciturn. That means silent, Miss Womble.

SARA BLALOCK: How large do lotus trees grow?

AN EDITOR: They are not trees but vines, found only on the banks of the Nile and Roanoke.

MISS ROYSTER (at mail call): First thing you know some one will get a letter and not get it.

## Wear Institute and Conservatory of Music

### For the Education of Young Women

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

Raleigh, N. C.

DEAR FRIEND—As the Christmas holidays are approaching, I feel prompted to write you a few words in regard to this matter. Just after the holidays all the teachers feel a little tired, by the festivities of Christmas, and they do not care to teach full classes, so please allow your daughter to remain at home as long as she cares to, and come back two, or perhaps three, weeks late.

We would also advise that you let her come home as often as possible, especially on Thanksgiving, Washington's birthday, and Easter. Each girl should bring back at least two trunks, one containing edibles of all kinds, especially meats, and the other containing several new evening gowns and as many other handsome clothes as possible. We ask that the gowns be made very elaborately, and décolleté. Gowns with trains must be worn on all public occasions. Each girl should also have several very dressy street and church costumes, as winter coat suits are not showy enough.

Please give your daughter full permission to see any A. and M. boy who may call at any time, as this adds to the popularity of the school.

Your daughter should be encouraged to spend as much money as possible, to study very little, and to be late to all meals, as this makes our school seem more like a society institution.

All of these things we state in our catalogue, but we wish to call your attention to them. We feel sure that you will cooperate with us to make the school a success.

Very sincerely your friend,

HENRY JEROME STOCKARD,

*President.*

## Doings of the Class of 1909

---

**W**E are proud that six of our last year's graduates in the regular and special departments returned this session to continue their studies at Peace, or to assist in the work here.

Amy Stockard is still "at Peace" as a post-graduate. She takes an A. B. this year.

Hilda Way was with us for a short while this winter teaching during Miss Haskin's illness. She is now in Waynesville, N. C.

Lucile Moore is here assisting Miss Lyon in the Science department.

Celestia Penny is teaching school near Raleigh, and comes up once a week for an expression lesson.

Mary Sloan has the chair of Mathematics at James Sprunt Institute.

Kate Walker teaches in Wake County, a short distance from Raleigh.

Alice Henkel and Mr. Henry Rhyme of Mt. Holly, N. C., were married at the First Presbyterian Church at Lenoir, N. C., on Wednesday, November 24, 1909. She is now at home at Mt. Holly, N. C.

Jessie Wilson was in Kinston until Christmas. Since then she has been with us taking a post-graduate course in music and several Senior studies.

Mrs. Young is at her home in Raleigh, N. C.

Bessie Prince is spending the winter with her parents in Dunn, N. C.

Mattie McNeel has remained in Charlotte, N. C., all winter.

Blanche Williams is with us, again taking music, and doing some Junior and Senior literary work.

Faye Pierce, our artist, is back taking literary work also.

Mary Rascoe  
Jenna Shaw  
Virginia Haskell  
Elizabeth M<sup>r</sup> Hair  
Bessie King  
Elizabeth Taylor  
Elizabeth Belk  
Louise Sloan.

IN MEMORY OF

THE EDITORS.

Blalock  
77

Beware the  
Ideas of March.



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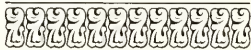
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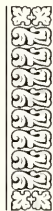


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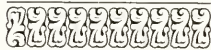
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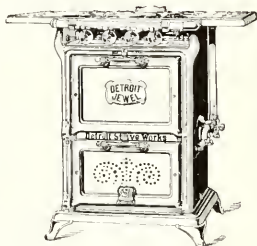
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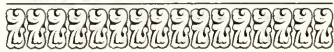
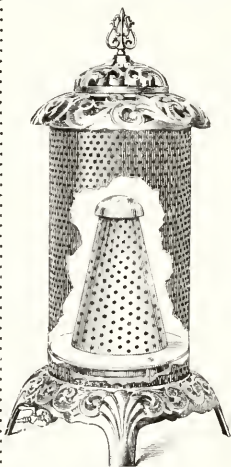
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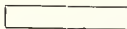
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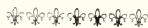
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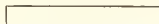
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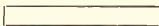
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