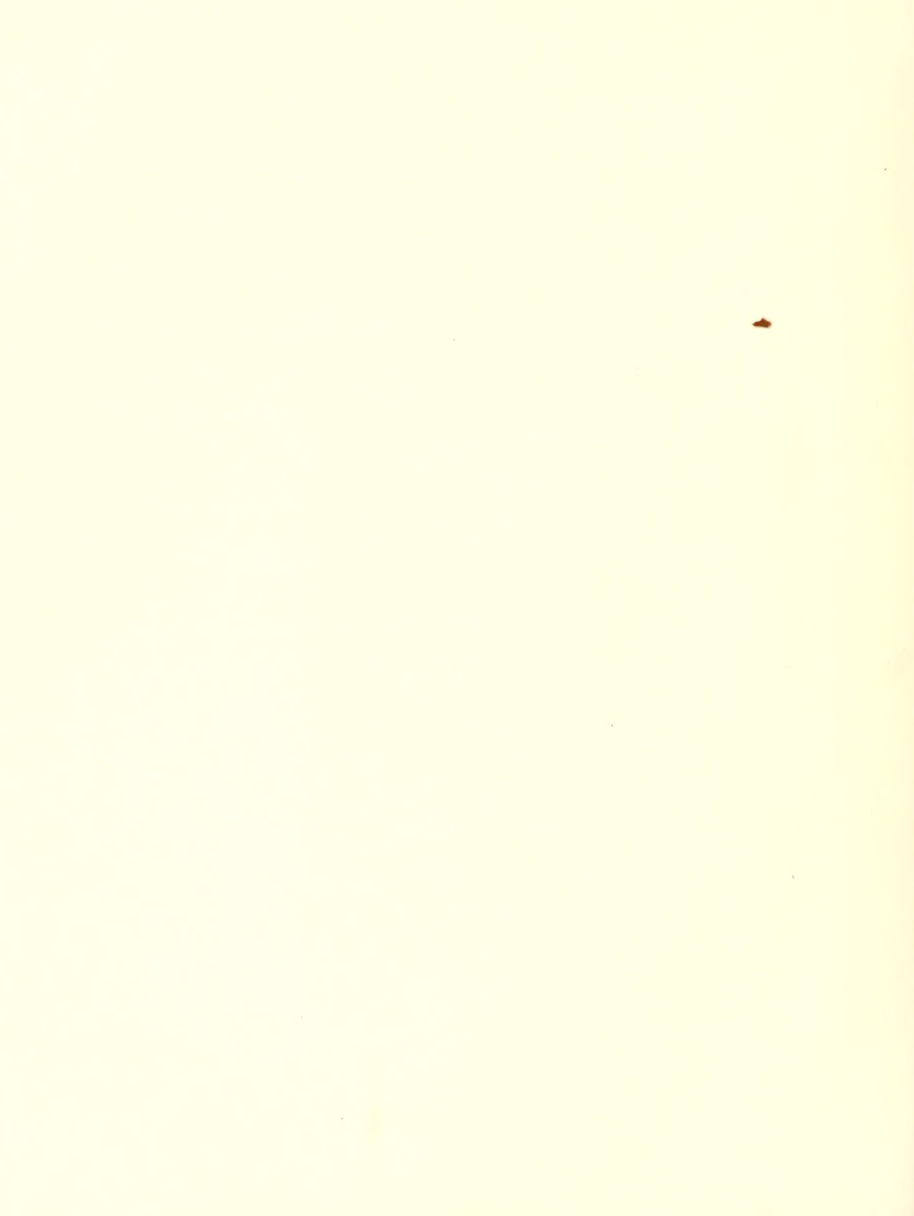


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The cover features a decorative border composed of a repeating pattern of roses. A central floral wreath, also made of roses, is positioned behind the title. A vertical stem with a large, tied ribbon at the top extends from the wreath down towards the center of the page.

The Lotus

For MCMXV

*Published Annually
by the*

*Sigma Phi Kappa and Pi Theta Mu
Literary Societies*

of

Peace Institute

Raleigh, N. C.

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□



SNOW
SCENES
AT PEACE



To
Miss Ada V. Womble
whose ready sympathy and loving thought
have always aided us
we affectionately
dedicate this volume



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FANNIE NICHOLSON
ALICE WARD
Club Editors





THE EDITORS





Sketch from life for large
portrait in oil.—

RHM
1914 -

Henry Jerome Stockard

"His life was gentle and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world 'This was a man.'"

When Dr. Henry Jerome Stockard passed away, last autumn, the State of North Carolina lost one of her noblest sons, a deep thinker, a great educator and a singer of songs that were beautiful; and the Peace girls lost a true friend.

Beautiful tributes have been paid him by loving friends, far and near, but he cannot be missed more, by any, than by those girls of Peace who sat at his feet in the classroom, and who knew and loved him as friend, adviser and college president.

Every pupil found in him a true and safe counselor, and a firm and steadfast friend. He moved among us as the incarnation of what is true and beautiful and good in life. Respect for him was as natural as it was easy. His motives were as pure as the sunlight and his soul as white as snow. His mind was clear and his thoughts deep. Both tenderness and strength were his in even balance. His presence stimulated the timid and restrained the overbold. True to himself, he could not be false to others.

It has been said of him, by one of his friends, that "a genuine poet has exchanged the chaplets of earth for a crown of righteousness on holier heights than Olympus and a sunnier land than that where he lived and taught and wrought."

One of the misfortunes or frailties of our human nature is that we do not fully appreciate the true worth of our friends while they are yet with us. But after they are taken from us and we behold, in clearer outline, the purity of their motives, their aims and objects in life, then it is that we enshrine them and place them where they belong. While standing too near a great painting, we often see what we deem a flaw or a defect. But when we take our position at a point a little farther removed, then the beauty and mystery hold us in the power of its magic charm.

And this is true in looking at the life and character of a great man. And we are standing now at the vantage point of a just and righteous estimation.

What tribute worthy of his fame
Can word or fitting phrase bestow!
These sacred walls still breathe his name,
And Peace laments her son laid low.
The laurel wreath which love has twined
And still keeps fresh with memory's tears
Speaks but the feelings deep enshrined
That shall survive the passing years.
Not a mere dreamer—though he dreamed
And felt the fan of Fancy's wings!
He knew the real from what seemed
The value and the worth of things.
In all his work he lived, rejoiced,
And all his powers of soul displayed;
The call of Duty clearly voiced
The Call of God, which he obeyed.

ELIZABETH BELK, '11.



UPS & DOWNS of the



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OUR SENIOR CLASS

Senior Class

COLORS: *Garnet and Cream*

FLOWER: *Jacqueminot Rose*

MOTTO: *Non sibi sed aliis*

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Vice-President

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Historian

MAY WILLSON North Carolina

Poet

LULA THORNE North Carolina

Prophet

MARY STEPHENSON North Carolina

Last Will and Testament

MARIE BROOKS North Carolina



MASCOT OF THE CLASS OF 1915



MARGARET LOIS THOMPSON, B.L.L.
McDonald, N. C.



"Tom" is Miss Prosser's eternal rival for managing the affairs of the Institute. Lois's popularity is proved by the number of letters she receives, which bear such various types of penmanship (mostly masculine). However, she boasts of being a practical reformer. Her line of reform at the present time is that of blotting out that senseless habit commonly known as flirting.

PATTY WILLIAMS CROSS, A.B.
Sanford, N. C.

The personification of knowledge, yet "Dink" has not learned how to make herself immune from the powers of Cupid. Although she posed as an ardent suffragette in her Junior year, 1915 finds her susceptible to the charms of a certain medical student. "Dink" has not allowed her studies to interfere with an all-round college course, and is a typical Senior in every respect.





MARY LOUISE HORTON, B.L.L.
North Wilkesboro, N. C.

"Dear's" bright remarks and wonderful diction are a source of constant pleasure to the faculty. She is fond of using all the big words in the dictionary, and sometimes knows what they mean. Her ability as a talker is probably the cause of her unusual success as an "advertising editor." In spite of the fact that she hails from the mountain district and has its natural peculiarities, "Dear" is an all-round good fellow.

GLADYS BARNES WALLACE, A.B.
Elm City, N. C.

Why haven't you heard of Gladys, the prima donna whose fame we predict will be worldwide—that is, if noise counts? But this is by no means her only accomplishment, for her labors in the Expression and Piano departments have yielded wonderful results. Gladys's good nature is too often imposed upon, perhaps because she is the youngest member of the class.





MAY ETHEL WILLSON, B.L.L.
CERTIFICATE IN DOMESTIC SCIENCE
Roxboro, N. C.

"Doe" can laugh at less, laugh longer, laugh louder than any two girls in school; even laughs at her own jokes. Her skill in the Culinary Department is only exceeded by her studious (?) disposition. She is a firm believer in the note-book system, having written volumes, which, if quantity be considered, should be published as classic literature. May is a good sport and is always ready and glad to help the other fellow.

ELEANOR CROSS JOHNSON, PIANO
Weldon, N. C.

"Little One" is as loquacious as she is small. She looks like a young cherub when she smiles (with the exception of her flirtatious eyes). Many have wondered at her constant good humor, but we who know her have concluded that it's the result of far-off (?) echoes of Cupid's wedding bells. "Little One" is all right, and our only regret is that there is not more of her.





MARTHA RACHEL PEARSALL, EXPRESSION
CERTIFICATES IN PEDAGOGY AND ENGLISH
Wilmington, N. C.

"Teen" looks as if she knows more than she will tell, but we doubt it. She has the reputation for always doing the right thing, so her deeds go without question. Perhaps because she is a Student Volunteer for the foreign field. But some of us know from observation that she can raise a rough house as well as anybody. This fact makes "Teen" a sure cure for melancholy and an ever-present help in time of trouble.

NANNIE CORYNNE JONES, ART
CERTIFICATES IN ENGLISH, HISTORY, EDUCATION AND PHILOSOPHY
Sauford, N. C.

Who has ever heard Nan's infectious giggle and failed to laugh? She is one of our most accomplished artists. She loves to draw and paint, cups and hearts with arrows to pierce them being her favorite design. Her plans for the future are not yet known, but it is probable the year 1916 will reveal them, but we must not say more or we shall be guilty of using personalities.





MARIE CHRISTIAN MOSELEY, Voice
Kinston, N. C.

"Billiken" talks like a buzz-saw and says about as much. It is reported that she was once caught peddling "last-gotrades," but we have our doubts about it. She does not mind an argument, and we advise you not to dispute her unless you are prepared for a scrap. She really has good business ability, which fact is proved by her position on the Editorial Staff.

MARIE BROOKS, Piano
Sunbury, N. C.

"Brooks" works her mouth over-time without having said anything yet to startle the world. She has told the world a great deal, still it does not seem to be the wisest; but there's nothing personal in this, of course. In truth she really has a brilliant mind, but wisely refrains from imposing on it with too much study. She stars on chewing gum and chewing the rag, but in spite of this "Brooks" is a good sport.





LULA PATTERSON THORNE, Voice
CERTIFICATE IN ENGLISH
Airlie, N. C.

Lula looks like a saint, but bides her looks. Be it said to her credit, however, she was here a whole year before any of us realized that she was made of the same clay as other "Peaceful" girls. You can always find her in the path of duty except when stopped by a cup of coffee, which stimulant is the only known cause of her high spirits and jovial disposition. It is highly probable that her solos rendered at the Soldiers' Home will not soon be forgot.

HATTIE HOWARD TAYLOR, Piano
Tarboro, N. C.

"Hattie" has more vacant hours than there are on the clock. However, she seems to have no trouble in disposing of them. "Sleep, innocent sleep!" She has a great fondness for music and possesses a touch almost divine. Notwithstanding this, our heartfelt sympathies go out to the prospective pupils who are to seek her instruction in the coming year.





ELIZABETH STEELE BEARDEN, Aier
Clayton, N. C.

There comes "Say" with a book under her arm. The cares of college life hang heavily on her young shoulders. However, her vacation trips to Columbia, South Carolina, furnish her with ample food for reflection, but whether this is romantic or otherwise, we are not prepared to "Say." In spite of a troublesome roommate, she has managed to assimilate the dictionary, as well as the deeper things of Psychology.



MARGARET REBECCA SCOTT, Voice
Graham, N. C.

"Becky" believes in getting all that is coming to her out of the good things of life. Her only weakness is boys. She loves so many of the dear creatures that she can't help being somewhat of a flirt. Aspires to be a heart smasher. If there are no boys around she takes the next best and loves a girl, but the fact that she is the only Senior accused of having a case should not detract from her dignity in the least.





EOLINE MONROE

CERTIFICATES IN ENGLISH, PEDAGOGY, SCIENCE
PHILOSOPHY
Sauford, N. C.

"Eh" looks unnatural outside of the Y. W. C. A., but sometimes she is allowed to associate with the unredeemed. Gives the impression of always having something important to do, but, if she has, no one has ever caught her doing it. "ER" is harmless and only needs some of the Y. W. C. A. veneer rubbed off in order to make of her a successful M. D., which is her highest ambition.

TENA MAY STEPHENSON, Voice

CERTIFICATE IN ENGLISH

Raleigh, N. C.

Tena May believes in combining work with play, the latter ingredient in the majority. She really is smart—but let her tell you about that. She is not over enthusiastic about her studies but is interested enough to get to classes before they are dismissed. May does not like anything that smacks of monotony and, in spite of the numerous picture shows, she has a habit of passing all her work.





CORA ELIZABETH WYATT
CERTIFICATES IN ENGLISH AND HISTORY
Raleigh, N. C.

Cora has a habit of smiling at you, herself and the world. She has the advantage of living out in town, which places her in a position to give us all the town news as well as current events from Wake Forest. Cora could be a good student if she were not at the disadvantage of having a "friendly" case.



Senior Directory

PATTY CROSS

Σ Ψ, Η Ο Μ. Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1914-15; Vice-President of Senior Class 1914-15; President of Student Body 1914-15; Treasurer of Junior Class 1913-14; German Club 1914-15.

LOUISE HORTON

X X, Σ Φ Κ. Secretary Senior Class 1914-15; Member Student Body Council 1914-15; Treasurer of Y. W. C. A. 1914-15; Advertising Editor the *Lotts* 1914-15; Senior Basketball Team 1914-15; Delegate to Carolina Convention 1915; Fire Lieutenant 1914-15; German Club 1913-14-15; Junior Class Poet 1913-14; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1913-14; Junior Basketball Team 1913-14.

MAY WILLSON

X X, Σ Φ Κ. Class Historian 1915; President Sigma Phi Kappa Society 1915; *Lotts* Staff 1915; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1915; Member Student Body Council 1915; Vice-President Junior Class 1914; Treasurer Sigma Phi Kappa Society 1914; Treasurer of Irregular Class 1913; German Club 1914-15.

LOIS THOMPSON

Η Ο Μ. President of Senior Class 1914-15; Editor-in-Chief of *Lotts* 1914-15; Secretary Y. W. C. A. 1914-15; Member Student Body Council 1914-15; Senior Basketball Team 1914-15; President of Junior Class 1913-14; Business Manager of *Lotts* 1913-14; Vice-President of Y. W. C. A. 1913-14; Chief Commencement Marshal 1914; Member Student Body Council 1913-14; Junior Basketball Team 1913-14; Delegate to Biennial Convention of Y. W. C. A. in Richmond, Va., 1913; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1912-13; "Most Sincere" Η Ο Μ 1913-14; Freshman Basketball Team 1911-12.

EOLINE MONROE

Σ Ψ, Η Ο Μ. President of Y. W. C. A. 1914-15; Treasurer of Η Ο Μ Literary Society; President Missionary Society 1913-14; Joke Editor of *Lotts* 1913-14; Fire Lieutenant 1913-14-15; Delegate to Blue Ridge 1913-14; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1913-14-15; Delegate to Oxford, Missionary Union 1914; Freshman Basketball Team 1912-13; Sophomore Basketball Team 1913-14; Student Body Council 1914-15; German Club 1914-15; Delegate to Student Volunteer Movement, 1914.

GLADYS WALLACE

X X, Η Ο Μ. Vice-President Sophomore Class 1912-13; Sophomore Basketball Team 1912-13; Secretary Junior Class 1913-14; Junior Basketball Team 1913-14; Captain Senior Basketball Team 1914-15; Treasurer Senior Class 1914-15; Senior Basketball Team 1914-15; Chairman Social Committee of Η Ο Μ Literary Society 1914-15; Member Student Body Council 1914-15.

REBECCA SCOTT

Σ Φ, Σ Φ Κ. Secretary of Σ Φ Κ Society 1914-15; Member of Student Body Council 1914-15; German Club 1913-14; President of German Club 1914-15.

MARIE MOSELEY

A Δ Γ, Σ Φ K. Treasurer Special Class 1913-14; Special Basketball Team 1913-14; German Club 1913-14; Student Body Council 1914-15; Vice-President Σ Φ K Literary Society 1914-15; Vice-President Missionary Society 1914-15; Senior Basketball Team 1914-15; Treasurer Athletic Association 1914-15; Member German Club 1914-15; Business Manager the LOTTUS 1914-15.

ELEANOR JOHNSON

X X, H Θ M. Special Basketball Team (Captain) 1913-14; Tennis Champion 1913-14; Senior Tennis Team 1914-15; Student Body Council 1914-15; Chairman Music Committee Y. W. C. A. 1914-15; Chairman Program Committee H Θ M 1914-15; Most Enthusiastic H Θ M 1914-15.

LULA THORNE

Σ Φ K. Treasurer Σ Φ K Society 1914-15; Member of Student Body Council; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1914-15; Class Poet 1915; Basketball Team 1915; German Club.

HATTIE TAYLOR

Σ Φ, H Θ M. Varsity Basketball Team 1912-13; Freshman Basketball Team 1912-13; German Club 1912-13-14; Manager of German Club 1914-15; Member of Student Body Council; Fire Lieutenant; Census of H Θ M 1914-15.

MARIE BROOKS

A Δ Γ, H Θ M. Fire Lieutenant 1913-14; Member of German Club 1913-14; Census of H Θ M Literary Society 1913-14; President H Θ M Literary Society 1914-15; Fire Lieutenant 1914-15; Member Student Body Council 1914-15; Advertising Editor of the LOTTUS 1914-15; Member of German Club 1914-15; Senior Basketball Team 1914-15; Secretary Missionary Society 1914-15; Last Will and Testament of Senior Class 1914-5.

ELIZABETH BEARDEN

Σ Φ K. Student Body Council 1914-15; Secretary Missionary Society 1913-14; Tennis Association 1913-14, 1914-15.

NANNIE JONES

H Θ M. Editor-in-Chief of LOTTUS 1913-13; Secretary of Y. W. C. A. 1913-14; Vice-President of Y. W. C. A. 1914-15; Vice-President of Phi Theta Mu Society 1914-15; Art Editor of LOTTUS 1914-15; Member of Student Body Council 1914-15.

TENA MAY STEPHENSON

A Δ Γ, H Θ M. Class Prophet 1915.

CORA WYATT

H Θ M

RACHEL PEARSALL

Σ Φ, Σ Φ K. Delegate to Y. W. C. A. Conference at Black Mountain, N. C., 1912-13; Chairman of Devotional Committee Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1913-14; Delegate to Student Volunteer Convention, Kansas City, Mo., 1913-14; Vice-President of Special Class 1913-14; President of Missionary Society Y. W. C. A. 1914-15; Editor-in-Chief LOTTUS 1914-15; Student Body Council 1914-15; Fire Lieutenant 1914-15.

Senior Class Poem

Beyond us lies the vast unknown
Too deep for human mind to fathom,
A path, with solemn myst'ries strewn;
A soul, a life, to guard 'gainst seathom.

With falt'ring step upon the vale
We, loath to leave our carefree realm
To mount a sea of unknown gales
Alone, with none to take the helm.

Like waves that dash upon the rocks
Defeated, yet begin anew
So we, cast down 'neath trails and shocks
Will, rise, and higher marks pursue.

Tho' college days are past and gone,
Yet sweetest thoughts will e'er remain
Of pleasures spent and friendships born
Such sacred ties our hearts retain.

Behind us, clothed in memories sweet
Are days aglow with youthful joy;
Capricious fate we dare not meet,
Lest cherished hopes be but alloy.

A beacon light! A vital force!
Oh! Alma Mater, never cease
To guide aright life's changeful course.
Farewell! Farewell! oh noble Peace.

L. THORNE

Senior Class History

In September 1911 the Class of '15 matriculated, although few of us really knew what we were doing. Thirteen strong we came, seeking new worlds to conquer in the Elysian fields of erudition. Acknowledged heroes and conquerors in our native lands, we came confident of an easy victory. But, like the Macedonian monarch, we were destined to meet a stronger foe than we; yea, we were destined to bite the very dust with our teeth. In number we were lucky, but as a class we were without form and void; and verily darkness was upon the faces of many of our number. For many weeks we were often reminded of the fact that Sophomores were in school, and memory recalls painfully the many midnight speeches and douches, which we performed for the edification of our Sophomores. Alas! this year, like all other Freshman years, found an end, and we left the kingdom of Peace (?) determined nevermore to darken the school-room door.

However, as the story always goes, the majority returned in the fall of 1913, and although some of our classmates were missing, their places were taken by others. Thus we entered upon a new career. We were no longer strangers in a strange land. Courage and womanliness were written upon our countenances, while the verdancy peculiar to Freshman—often rivaling the green sward of the campus—had entirely disappeared from our make-up, and we felt ourselves full fledged Sophomores, verily "wise fools."

With the passing of our Sophomore year we came to a fuller realization of what it means to be at the kingdom of Peace. At the beginning of our Junior year twelve answered to the roll call, with four additional members. As Juniors we had many ups and downs, pleasant and unpleasant days. Yet finally like all other time "it passed," and we parted, some to mountains, seashore and plains, there to forget for a season the petty bickerings of college life, remembering only the bigger and more pleasant things. And when we came together again in September, seventeen in number, one prevailing desire animated us, namely, the bringing of the divided factions of Peace life into a harmonious unity. In these endeavors we have been ably seconded by the other classes, and the result

is progress toward that unity of life, of interest and of ideals, the consummation of which, let us hope, is now at hand.

As we think of Commencement we forget the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," that afflicted us during our early sojourn at Peace. We forget that egotistic, domineering attitude which characterized us as Sophomores. We forget the more serious problems that confronted us as Juniors. To us it is all but a pleasant dream. It seems but a yesterday since we came, and yet almost tomorrow we must depart. Behind us we can see along our pathway the beginning of faults and their groves as well as the birth of higher ideals, which can reach their fruition in the dim future. Before us—but to the common eye it is not given to look into the future. To the prophet we leave the pleasant task of drawing back the veil and looking into the future. We trust that his penetrating eye will see evidences of success unprecedented and enduring and above all true love to our Alma Mater.

HISTORIAN.

Last Will and Testament

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA }
COUNTY OF WAKE } PEACE INSTITUTE, MAY 1915
CITY OF RALEIGH }

To all whom it may concern:

We, the class of 1915 of the aforesaid state, county, city and college, realizing that soon, with diplomas in our hands and Peace in our hearts, we shall go forth from these scenes of our college life, never to return, wish, before departing, to dispose of our property. Therefore, we do make, ordain and declare this to be our last will and testament.

FIRST, and foremost. We do hereby surrender this beloved institution of learning to the class of 1916.

SECOND. In token of our appreciation of their loving kindness and tender mercies, we do bequeath to the members of the faculty these several small legacies:

To Doctor Ramsey, a room at the Country Club, and permission to wear his bedroom slippers to breakfast every morning.

There has always been a great demand for room No. 35; history has shown that its occupants have no difficulty in procuring diamond rings, and ere long, the faint sound of wedding bells is sure to be heard in the distance. It follows that this coveted gift rightly belongs to our lady principal, Miss Prosser.

Mrs. Moore always has numerous eye-glasses left to her, but we feel it our duty to leave still more, so that she can see far enough into the future to lay her plans for the coming years.

Now, here comes another applicant for room No. 35. Miss Wilson pleads most earnestly that she be allowed to have it for just one month. She seems to think she could accomplish wonders in even so short a time, but since this room has already been disposed of, she shall have her second wish, which is a whole quart of red ink. We also give Miss Wilson the right to have published, in any of the standard magazines, of today, our original stories and poems.

And Mrs. Ward has wanted a mule ever since she has been at Peace. It seems cruel to let her most ardent wish remain unfulfilled; so at our earliest convenience, we will purchase a mule for our voice teacher.

Certainly we shall recommend Miss Womble as playground director in some large kindergarten, where she can play ball and skate, as well as jump the rope.

We leave with pleasure to Miss Derrick the right to carry out the plan that Mrs. Moore has made for her, to live out in town next year, and continue to teach

at Peace. She also has our permission to continue discussing the editorials of the *Raleigh Times* in her reading classes.

We feel deep sorrow that Miss Hannah should have to struggle for so many hours to work out the originals in Geometry, so we have decided to leave her our original note-books, although it is hard to part with them, "and the perfect right to use any proof she wishes."

Now the four "B's" trouble me no little—Mrs. Booker, Miss Bonney, Miss Bobbitt and Miss Beale. Let me think, Oh! they may take walks for their health at any time they wish.

Miss Jones insists that she is only a postponed bride, so in case she continues to be postponed, we leave her the right to teach at Peace Institute as long as she desires.

Mademoiselle, you may chaperone a party abroad at any convenient time, and very soon we hope to be able to give you charge of the choral class.

Oh! Miss Kruma, you need a maid so much. We hate to think of the hardships that may be inflicted, but we feel it our duty to leave either Louise Horton or Anne Southerland behind to fill the position.

We will take pleasure in furnishing Mr. Brawley with gasoline for the coming year, provided he is more generous with his "taxi."

THIRD. To the Juniors we do give and devise our knowledge of the art of dignity, and the love for learning, which has always distinguished us.

FOURTH. Lastly, to the present under-graduates we do solemnly bequeath our love and devotion, hoping that it may be graciously received.

In witness whereof, we, the said class of 1915, do hereunto set our hand and seal, this the 17th day of May, 1915.

(SEAL)

CLASS OF 1915 (MARIE BROOKS)

Prophecy of Senior Class

"Lois, you're such a dear to come and spend the week-end with Jack and me! Goodness, I haven't seen you in decades, not since the summer after we left Peace. And that's been, when? Most five years!"

"But, come, let's go to dinner; it was announced ages ago. Goodness gracious, I was about to forget to ask you how your kindergarten work is progressing. Dear me! How famous you are becoming!"

After dinner Lois and I bundled Jack off to a directors' meeting, much to his disgust and Lois's amusement. She teased him about being such a "henpecked" husband; but he isn't one really!

Then I took Lois into my own little "Den" to see my greatest hobby, which had just arrived—"a Hindu crystal ball."

"Why, Lois, didn't you ever see a Hindu crystal? Well that's lovely! Now the very first time you try one, you can see all your old schoolmates. Aren't you charmed?"

"You see, you just pass your hands this way, and wish *real* hard, and you can see anything you like. Oh! Let's take the Senior Class in alphabetical order; Marie Brooks first—wish hard now."

"Do you see anything? No? Yes I do—Look! Oh! what a charming little bungalow—But hush, the door is opening, look there's Marie in a dear little pink apron; I believe she's looking for some one. Now who is that good-looking man coming in the gate? Turn away quick, Lois, she's running to meet him.

"Hm? Yes, I'm glad she is so happy, too. But you know that is just what we expected, isn't it? Now, who comes next? Oh yes, Elizabeth Bearden.

"Dear me, look at that pretentious pile of brick. What is that over the door? Ah yes,

OFFICES OF BOARD OF INFORMATION CONCERNING EUROPEAN WAR

"Let's peep inside. Well, I wish you would look at who is sitting in the President's chair. Now who on earth would have guessed that 'Say' Bearden would be doing that?

"Pattie Cross comes next, doesn't she? Are you wishing hard?

"Merely, such a mob of men! Oh, Lois, look at Pattie on that 'stump.' Did you ever imagine she could be such a mannish-looking suffragette campaign speaker? I'm sure I never did!

"Now for Louise Horton. Ah! there she is playing. That tall man with the long, shaggy hair must be her professor. Yes, of course he's that famous Austrian, Dr. Kraustramina. So Louise is still in Vienna. Well, I s'pose she will soon be another Paderewski."

"Wish now for the 'littlest' girl in the senior class. Well, if that isn't the dearest little modern farm. Let's see what is on the mail box—H. C. Come on, Lois, we don't have to investigate further concerning the whereabouts of Miss Eleanor Johnson."

"Pass your hands this way for the next one. Whew! Evidently that is some multimillionaire's ballroom. Did you ever see such stunning costumes? Look closer and tell me who is in the center of that large group of royalty and diplomats. Ah! Nannie Jones. Doesn't she look charming in that 'costume de bal' of old rose with silver lace? Lois, you know I always had an idea that she would develop into a society bud!"

"But we will have to change the scene. My, Oh! what a hot, stuffy looking courtroom,

And if there isn't Eoline Monroe cross-examining a 'man.' What a splendid lawyer she is; she must be helping her 'kin'(dred), musn't she?

"Now what do you see? Gracious me! Look at Marie Mossley! Would any one have ever conceived an idea of Marie being a model? But of course, since American fashions have become the premier fashions of the world, Mlle. Siloecome uses typical American girls as her models for her openings in Paris and London.

"But wish again! Ah! A moonlight school in Albenarle, and such a sweet-faced man teaching. Who is that helping him? Um, Rachel Pearsall! Doesn't she make the sweetest little teacher? But that expression in her eyes when she looks at him—Lois, I think you'd better look away.

"I believe S comes next. Do you recognize this? Yes, it's the biggest Opera House in New York. I think that is the Metropolitan company performing. Ah! if the leading prima donna isn't Rebecca Scott! Just what you expected? I, too!

"Now for Hattie Taylor. She was always so elusive that you had better wish doubly hard! My, a bench in the park and some one proposing to Hattie. The back of his head looks familiar, doesn't it? He seems to be giving her a great 'Rush.' I wonder how many times she has refused him in five years.

"We need not try to see Lula; for she is still on her 'honeymoon.' You knew, didn't you, that I gave an announcement party for her last fall? Yes, she wouldn't marry until she had taught two years."

"But we will just have to hurry; it's horribly late and Jack will be here any minute.

"There is May Willson standing by a wall, smiling of course. But look, that man is going to shoot her! Oh shucks, there is a camera. So, she's a moving picture actress. Well, well, I guess she will soon be as famous as Mary Pickford, don't you?"

"Now for Cora Wyatt. Dear me, I think I remember reading about her invention, a collapsible dog collar. Ah! there she is, walking with her prize hounds. They say she is quite enthusiastic over the subject of dogs.

"Let's see what Gladys Wallace is doing, and we will have completed the Senior Class, excepting our own dear selves, and we certainly know where and what we are doing, don't we, honey-love? Now, wish hard as everything! Oh! a rehearsal, and Gladys Wallace is the prima donna. But what is the play? There is a poster at the back of the stage

HEART OF GOLD

HIGH CLASS VAUDEVILLE

Featuring

GLADYS WALLACE

OTHER STARS INCLUDED IN CAST

"I don't believe I would *ever* have thought that of her. Would you?"

"But listen—Oh it's Jack.

"Yes, Lois and I are coming at once."



Illustration by [unreadable]

JUNIOR CLASS

Colors - DARK BLUE AND OLD GOLD

Flowers - DAFFODIL

Motto - NON FINIS SED INITIATUS

MARY NOBLE BURKHEAD, PRES.
 ANNIE GILL VICE PRES.
 ALICE WARD SEC.
 FANNIE NICHOLSON TREAS.
 ANN SOUTHERLAND

RIAH BLOUNT
 LOUISE BOWTIN
 ISLA MITCHELL
 AGNES YOUNG
 MARYLOU POWELL

FACULTY MEMBER
 MISS HELEN H. WILSON



The Shoe's Tale

During my Freshman days, I was only worn on fair Sundays and holiday occasions, so I spent most of my time, wrapped in tissue paper, in a horrid narrow box. This year seemed ages long for I was homesick for my bright, sunny place in the store window.

The next year, when Mary proudly called herself a Sophomore she took me out of my box much oftener and occasionally even wore me to school. I was quite content this year for I had learned a great many of the girls and was present at many of their feasts and frolics. This year passed more rapidly than my first and I swelled with pride as I thought of becoming a Junior.

At last September rolled around and Mary, with an affectionate pat, placed me in her trunk to return to Peace. This year I was taken for everyday use and my greatest desire was realized. Now I knew every one of the girls, but the ones that seemed dearest to me were the Juniors.

Up and down the steps I have gone day after day until my sole is almost worn out, but my heart is still light and I will stay with the Juniors even after my days of service are over. The Junior privileges conquered my sole, but I was willing to sacrifice that for Mary's sake.

In return for my many days of patient toil I have succeeded in placing Wordsworth, Byron, Shelly, Keats, etc., on the tip of my tongue and trigonometry under my heel.

As commencement is drawing near, I realize that my happiest days are almost over, for my sole is gone and my tongue is tired. But with my last expiring breath I cry "Hail to the Juniors and to the class of sixteen."

ANNE SOUTHERLAND.



LB Gilliland

SOPHOMORES

OFFICERS PRESIDENT

Louise Graham

Agnes White
TREASURER

Frances Jones

Annie McDade

Beth Easley
VICE PRESIDENT

Lucile Stallings

Ruby Mitchell

Nifa Woodard





The Rime of the Youthful Sophomore

It is a youthful Sophomore,
And she stoppeth one of three.
"By thy rumbled hair and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

"The classroom's doors are opened wide,
The teacher is inside;
The girls are met, the task is set,
And I must go," she cried.

She holds her with her trembling hand,
"There was a feast," quoth she.
"Hold off! unhand me, foolish girl!"
Eftsoons her hand dropped she.

She holds her with her glittering eye,
The other girl stood still,
And listens like a three-year child;
The Sophomore hath her will.

"The plans were laid, the choice was made,
Merrily all the day,
We whispered two by two apart,
And all were glad and gay.

"And now the light bell rang, and from
Some door on every hall,
A teacher sallied forth, and grim,
She chased us homeward all.

"A Cacher here, a teacher there,
A teacher all around;
They issued out and roamed about
Like creatures in a swoon!

"Then one by one their lights went out
And we did laugh for joy,
In whispers hoarse we planned our course,
With bliss without alloy.

"A girl now rose upon the right,
Out of her room came she,
With bated breath, and on the left
She met a friend with glee.

"Then forth from rooms, from here and there,
We came, for eating dressed.
We did not speak, fearing to break
The teachers' peaceful rest.

"All gathered in the chosen room,
By candles dimly lit.
We huddled close upon the floor,
And round the feast did sit.

"Cheese and olives everywhere,
And we for fear did shrink,
Cake and candy everywhere,
And lemonade to drink.

"Then passed a happy time, for each
And every hungry maid—
A happy time! A happy time!
How gay each hungry maid;
When listening, I thought I heard
A sound and was afraid.

"At first it seemed a little sigh,
And then it seemed a creak;
It moved and moved—we heard a step—
And not a girl did speak.

"A sigh, a creak, a step at last—
And still it neared and neared.
As if to creep up unawares,
It softly stole and veered.

"Alas! (thought I, my heart beat loud)
How fast it nears and nears!
Who can she be, that fills my heart
With strange foreboding fears?

- "The girls arouse; out goes the light;
The feast is quickly thrust
Beneath the bed, and after it,
Roll two girls in the dust.
- "Three others rushed behind the screen,
Two to the closet fled;
The two remaining trembling ones
Leaped wildly into bed.
- "We listened, and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The moon was out, and clear the night,
My roommate's face by its light gleamed white,
From my brow the sweat did drip —
Till slowly creaked the chamber door,
A teacher entered, and once more
A groan escaped my lip.
- "I closed my lids, and kept them closed,
And the balls like pulses beat.
For the teacher there—yes, the teacher nigh,
Lay like a load on my weary eyes,
And the feast was at my feet.
- "And soon I heard her angry voice,
Inquiring who was here.
And with its sound it shook my heart,
And left it full of fear.
- "And her righteous wrath did roar more loud,
And the girls did sigh and moan;
Yes, full of fury and despair,
The girls all gave a groan.
- "They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spoke, nor moved their eyes;
They only trembled at her voice,
And shuddered at her cries.

“The teacher raged, the girls moved out,
And back to their rooms stole they;
And into bed they slowly crept,
And never a word did say.

“What loud uproar bursts from that door?
The next class now will meet;
And hark the ringing dinner bell,
Which biddeth me to eat!

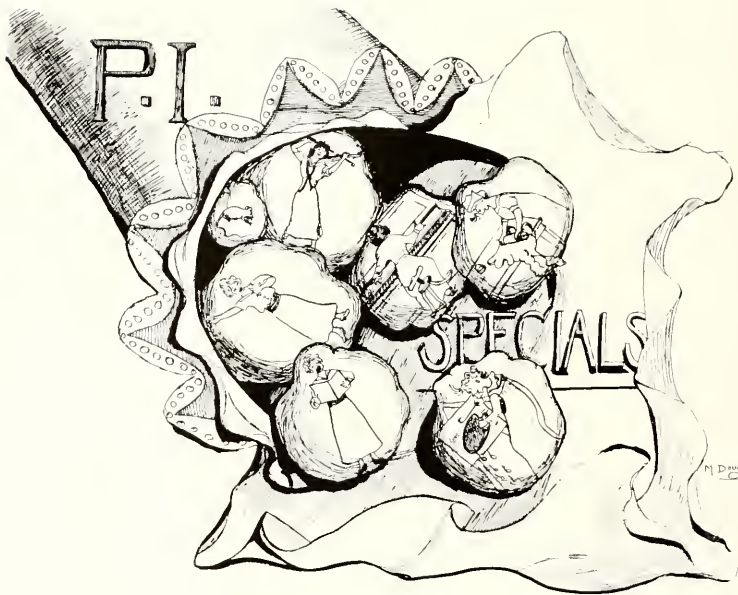
“Farewell, farewell! But this I tell
To thee that I have found—
She liveth well who shameth well
All teachers roaming round.

“She liveth best, who keepeth best
All rules both great and small,
The faculty, who maketh them
They watch and catch us all.”

The Sophomore, whose eye is bright,
Whose hair is ruffled o'er,
Is gone; and now the other girl
Turns from the classroom door.

She went like that had been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn;
A sadder and a wiser girl,
She rose the morrow morn.

AGNES M. WHITE.







—MARIE GOVINGTON—

Flower: Forget-me-not

Colors: Light blue and white

Motto: *Maximus in minimis*

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EULA SWANN, *Vice-President*

SUSIE DAVIS, *Secretary*

HILDA GOSNEY, *Treasurer*

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ANNE CRINKLEY

Faculty Member, Miss HANNAH



Reminiscences

It was the month of December, and old mother Nature had laid a snowy cover around the southern home that had been the pride of many generations. In the sittingroom a roaring fire, the only light in the room, cast a golden glow over the father and daughter, the only occupants of the room except a maddense cat that lay purring in the hearth corner. The setting was auspicious for reminiscences, and these came to Calhoun Legare as bees to fragrant flowers.

"It was a pleasant Spring afternoon, yes, I remember quite well, the flowers were budding and the birds singing, and she was strolling on the campus with the other girls, when I went to pay my respects to the lifelong friend of my father, who was then president of the school." Thus mused he, half aloud, half to himself, as if he were enacting the entire scene again in his mind.

"The next time, oh! the scene had changed; the waves were lapping the moonlit shore, the breezes were laden with the perfume of magnolia blossoms and rhododendron, and the strains of soft music were in the air, when a young girl and her lover, wearing a soldierly uniform of gray, came from a near-by cottage. I was indifferent at first, but when the moonlight fell upon her upturned face, the memory of that other day returned, and those eyes, so beautiful, seemed to challenge. The fates were not with me then, I had to don the gray also, and leave the beautiful Isle of Palms to the palmetto and her. Long marches followed, the roar of cannon, the beat of drums, a sudden charge, then all was a blank. Consciousness dawned slowly and painfully, but my eyes seemed to rest upon peaceful surroundings. I was being cared for well and recovery was rapid. One morning I descried a place in the wall that seemed curious. Upon investigation I found that the plastering could be easily removed, which I did for lack of other occupation, and a small diary fell out. This I read disinterestedly for a while, for it told of midnight feasts and college stunts, but alas! when I turned the next leaf, little did I know how my heart would throb and my brow flush, for it gave a description of budding flowers and singing birds and of a young man, 'very attractive,' it said, who had come to see the president, and it bore the date of April 23, the day on which I had, indeed, paid a visit to a certain school and seen a certain young lady strolling on the campus. Then I knew that she had seen, and possibly cared. How my heart fluttered when I learned that the school had been turned into a hospital and that I was occupying her room, the room of Catherine Westbrook, for such was the name upon the diary."

At this, Catherine Legare raised her head and leaned forward. Up to this time she had been interested as she always was in her father's stories, for he told very interesting ones of battles and the boys in gray, but this one was unusual.

"I did not remain long in those peaceful surroundings, as my recovery was complete and I felt that my country had need of me," continued her father still in a low voice, but an unusual brilliance was in his eyes.

"It was in August, a warm, dreamy night. I was with an army officer, a friend of mine, and a masquerade ball was to be given in our honor before we left again for the front. On our way, my companion told me of his beautiful cousin who would be there and of his fruitless efforts to win her love and hand. The costumes were gorgeous and the scene dazzling, but one individual attracted my attention and held me spellbound. It was a slight figure clad in the costume of the days of her grandmother. My friend, after the unmasking, approached with the object of my desires, the girl in the dress of her grandmother, who was introduced to me as his cousin, Miss Catherine Westbrook. At last we had a formal introduction. What happiness to be in her presence and hear the music of her lips! Time is fleeting, and how rapidly that night passed, but before it fled she had promised to see me again on my return."

The cat purred on unmindful of the swiftness of time and the memories raging in the minds of father and daughter. The fire burned low and the glowing coals lent beauty to the picture.

"After vicissitudes of fortune, at last the supreme night such as this when a blazing fire roared in the parlor hearth. Catherine Westbrook consented to be my bride. I won her. I won your mother, the girl with the starry eyes, who wrote a diary at Peace Institute in 1859. And you are to graduate at that same old college in May, the college in which your mother spent many days and where your father was restored to health."

Both father and daughter gazed at the dying embers a long time after the completion of the story, and a moisture was on the lashes of both, that winter night.

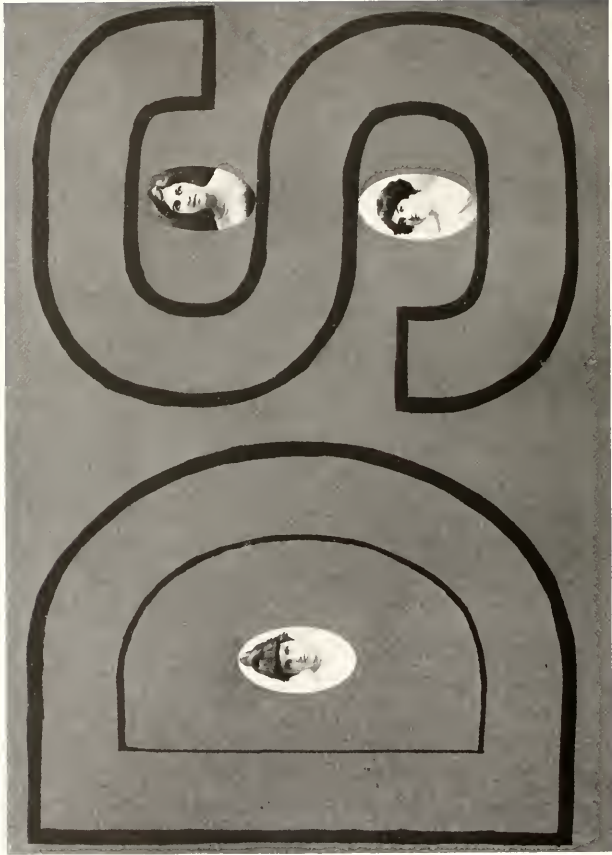
ELIZABETH STEELE BEARDEN, '15.



"THEIR MASTER'S VOICE." (Thursday in the Studio.)

A. M. White 1915.





SECOND YEAR DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASS
MAY WILSON ANNIE GILL
ALICE WARD



HELEN SIMMONS
SUSIE DAVIS

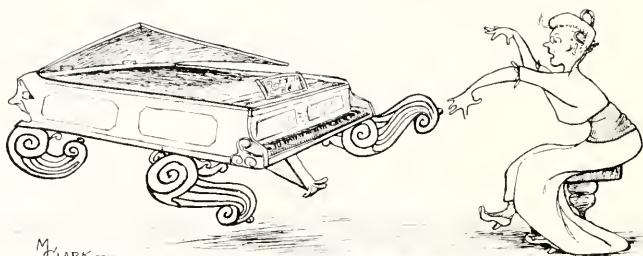
HALLIE JONES
MAY STEPHENSON

FRANCES JONES
MARY POST

LOIS THOMPSON
LANNIE GILLILAND

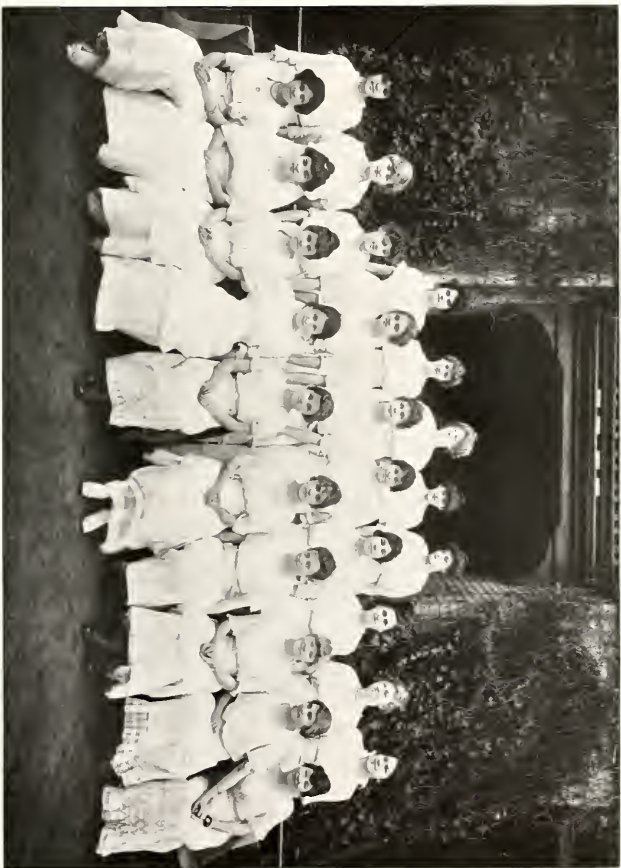
RACHEL PEARSALL
ELIZABETH GIBSON

Teacher: Mrs. Warren Booker



M. LARK —
1915 —

MUSIC



Glee Club



Careful of his Voice
(After Jesse Owens)

Hattie Jones

Music Pupils

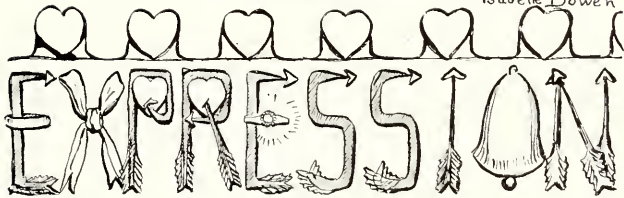
MARIE BROOKS
MARY ALICE COBB
LOUISE DOWTIN
BETH EASLEY
BESS FRANKLIN
HILDA GOSNEY
LOUISE GRAHAM
RUTH HARGETT
ELEANOR JOHNSON
STELLA MCGOWAN
ROUTH MERCER
GERTRUDE MONROE
ANNIE RAMSEY
MAY STEPHENSON
REBECCA SCOTT
HATTIE TAYLOR
EMILY THOMPSON
MARGIE WALKER
GLADYS WALLACE

BETTIE WATSON
AGNES YOUNG
ANNA BRIDON
MAUD CLARK
ANN CRINKLEY
LOUISE HORTON
ANNE SOUTHERLAND
LULA DAUGHTRIDGE
MAE FORMYDUVAL
FANNIE NICHOLSON
RACHEL PEARSALL
MARY POST
ANNIS RIDDLE
GLADYS STALLINGS
LULA THORNE
EULA SWANN
GLADYS WALLACE
PEARL FOUNTAIN
IDA MAY JORDAN

MILDRED STODDARD
ETHEL BUFFALO
RUTH FOUNTAIN
SELMA FOUNTAIN
FRANCES JONES
ALMA KEITH
OLLIE KEITH
ANNIE McDADE
ISLA MITCHELL
RUBY MITCHELL
MARY LOU POWELL
LUCILLE STALLINGS
LULA STOCKARD
MAUDE UPCHURCH
FRANCES WEBB
BLANCHE WHITE
CORA WYATT
MILDRED PARRISH
SUSIE DAVIS



adapted by
Isabelle Bowen



When Women Get the Vote

A Dream

I saw "Sweet Peace" as it will be
When suffrage bills are passed,
When the "Old North State" has found that we
Should have the vote at last.

I wandered through each classroom door,
To live again, anew,
The scenes, which once in days of yore
Had worn a different hue.

But once inside I stood amazed
To comprehend the sight
And—did you ask why I was dazed
And drew my breath in tight?

Well, listen to my story then
And 'twill be straightway seen
Why sights like these could not be ken
By a Peace girl of '15.

Child labor laws had done their work,
The girls were now set free
From sums to do, and tasks to shirk,
And teachers, stern, to flee.

The teachers now the fight did wage,
They worked till they were spotted,
Recited lessons, page by page,
While pupils—only nodded!

When music lesson time came 'round,
Again I suffered shock,
For the new method which I found
The old way seemed to mock.

James Peter made the music
While the girl sat calmly by
So enraptured, so enchanted,
That she didn't blink her eye.

When 8:15 arrived that night
What sights did I behold?
The *faculty*, with all its might
Studying, as ne'er of old!

The pure food laws had been passed, too,
And now instead of hash
The fare is White's ice cream. No stew
Is more concocted out of trash.

Equal pay was given that day
And teacher's "pet" no more
Got 99, for only *play*
When others, 4!

Then Dr. Ramsey had improved,
He made no more bad notes,
To call up girls for sins removed—
You see—he wants the votes!

But there! As I was dreaming more
I felt the house to fall,
And rousing up, was on the floor,
Awake! And so—that's all!

BETH M. EASLEY.

Preparing for the Annual



SENIOR GETTING HER "BEAUTY STRUCK"

Student Body Council

PATTY CROSS, 1915, *President*

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ELEANOR JOHNSON
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MARIE MOSELEY

RACHEL PEARSALL
REBECCA SCOTT
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HATTIE TAYLOR
LULA THORNE
GLADYS WALLACE
MAY WILSON

CORA WYATT

LOIS THOMPSON, *President Senior Class*

MARY NOBLE BURKHEAD, *President Junior Class*

AGNES WHITE, *President Sophomore Class*

GLADYS STALLINGS, *President Freshman Class*





Commencement Marshals, 1914

LOIS THOMPSON, 1915, CHIEF

MARY ALICE COBB, 1916

HELEN NICHOLSON, 1917

MARIE COVINGTON, Special Class

OLGA SMITH, Irregular Class



MK Stoddard .

Y.W.C.A. (store)

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet

President.	EOLINE MONROE
Vice-President	NANNIE C. JONES
Secretary..	LOIS THOMPSON
Treasurer.	LOUISE HORTON

Chairmen of Committees

Foreign Missionary.	RACHEL PEARSALL
Home Missionary.	MAUDE COBB
Religious Meetings.	LULA THORNE
Poster . .	MAUDE UPCHURCH
Music	ELEANOR JOHNSON
Social . .	MAY WILLSON
Association News	ANNIE GILL
House and Room	MARY ALICE COBB
Visiting . .	PATTIE CROSS
Faculty Adviser	MISS BONNEY



The Young Women's Christian Association

The Young Women's Christian Association is a force of vital importance in our school, as it is at the head of our religious life. Its aim is to make Christian co-workers of the girls while in school, and to make of them stronger, purer, better women who will go out into the world to live for Christ.

The work of the Association this year has been very successful. With one or two exceptions every student is a member. Interesting meetings are held each Sunday evening in the Y. W. C. A. room, and are usually conducted by the girls or faculty members. These meetings are well attended. Every second Sunday the Missionary committee takes charge of the service, giving reports on both foreign and home missions. In connection with this work there are four interesting mission study classes which hold weekly meetings. Their purpose is to show the great need of missions and the vast opportunities offered by them. These classes have proven a great help.

For a few minutes after breakfast regular morning prayer services are held, which we believe have added much pleasure and interest to the Y. W. C. A. work.

Several times during the session there are social meetings of the Association. These are always enjoyed thoroughly.

The Y. W. C. A. store, which has been in existence for the past two years, is in a very flourishing condition.

The Cabinet meets every Tuesday evening to discuss the business of the Association.

Three delegates represented our Y. W. C. A. at the nineteen-fourteen Blue Ridge Conference.

We have endeavored to bring every phase of this great Y. W. C. A. work before the girls, and to interest them in it, which after all is to point out to them the fundamental principles of the Christ-life.

The Camp Fire Girls of America

One of the movements of the greatest importance to girls of today is the organization of Camp Fire Girls. This idea was first considered in the spring of 1911, when Dr. and Mrs. Gulick, Mrs. Ernest Thompson Seton, Miss Grace Dodge, Mrs. Ella Flagg Young and several other prominent women, who were interested in the welfare of the girls, met together and discussed the advisability of an organization which would do for girls what the Boy Scouts was doing for boys. Preliminary work was done all the spring and fall, and during the following winter a manual was prepared, funds secured, an organization created and offices opened. It was publicly announced March 17, 1912.

The Boy Scouts had been so fully developed by then that the people knew of the organization and were strongly in favor of it. It made gentlemen—stronger, better boys—giving them a desire to help, and not hinder, the progress of humanity. Ever since the Boy Scouts have become so popular the girls have longed for something of the same kind, so that when the Camp Fire Girls was announced, everybody sought immediately for information regarding organizing, and by December, 1913, over four thousand guardians had been appointed and over sixty thousand girls enrolled. The Camp Fires were started in every state and territory in the Union.

In the beginning, the organization was financed by some of the wealthiest and most influential women and men in the United States. But, now, it is almost self-supporting, and authorities state that by March 17, 1915, three years from the date of first announcement, it will be entirely self-supporting.

From this statement, one would suppose that the dues were high, but they are not. The annual dues to the National Board from the Camp Fire are "a cent a girl a week," therefore there is no class of girls too poor to join.

The organization is neither for rich nor for poor; it is for girls—to inspire in girls a desire to better the conditions by which each finds herself surrounded—to make better homes. The Camp Fire teaches the girls to do all manner of useful, beautiful things and to glory in their work. It fits the need of the city as well as the country, summer as well as winter, indoors as well as outdoors.

The schools are great agencies for the character forming of boys and girls; the Camp Fire is the great agency to help a girl form her own character and to guide her in the right way by placing before her noble and worthy ideals. Boys

play with other boys in order that they may understand how to deal with each other when they meet as men. Why should not girls be given an opportunity to rehearse, in play, the activities with which they will be engaged in later life?

But the mere thought of being able to help themselves and those about them is not the main factor which draws girls into the organization; it is so beautiful in form that it will attract and hold the affections of girls. The name, Camp Fire Girls, with its Indian associations, is in itself attractive to them. Scouting is a masculine activity; hence the name, Boy Scouts, which the boys all like; keeping the fire burning in a camp or in the home is feminine activity. The word "camp" symbolizes the outdoor spirit. But the Camp Fire Girls is not patterned after the Boy Scouts; it was worked out for girls.

The costumes, with their embroidered symbols and worn with strings of brightly colored beads, are fashioned after the manner of Indian dress. The robe is of khaki, bordered at sleeves and bottom of skirt by dark fringe. It is loose fitting and slips over the head with leather laces a short distance down the front. These robes are embroidered in Indian figures and symbols, as the owner chooses. Each girl, when she becomes a member, selects some Indian name and a symbol for it. This symbol is in part a motto, a desire, which she is expected to live up to. The headband, made of small colored beads closely woven together, has the symbol of her name woven into it. This same design is embroidered on the robe, if she cares to take the time to embroider it.

Now, let me explain the beads to which I referred. There are seven different colors, each color having a different shape and significance. These are called honor beads or honors. Red honors, symbolic of red blood, stand for health craft; flame colored honors, home craft, as the flame has always been the center of the home; brown honors (woods), camp craft; blue honors (blue sky), nature lore; green honors (creation, living things), hand craft; yellow honors (gold), business; red, white and blue honors signify patriotism. But how are the beads obtained, you ask? Under each division of honors, there is a list of duties, everyday duties most of them, things that every girl can do. For the accomplishment of each of these tasks, a girl receives a bead, the color according to the head under which her task comes. For example, if she has slept out of doors for a given length of time between October and April, or has swum a required distance, she receives a red bead. If she learns the names of fifteen wild flowers or birds, she receives a blue bead, and so on. Then, when the girls are arrayed in their robes and attend the ceremonial meeting, which is held, when possible, in an open wood around a big fire, called the Council Fire, they wear the beads they have earned strung on leather thongs around their necks. The strings are long or short according to the achievements of the girls. Thus, each girl is always working to gain beads, for she does not wish her string to be the shortest. And in gaining honors, she is gaining interest and a knowledge of practical things. She learns to cook,

sew, clean house, be strong and healthy, to know and appreciate nature, to work for public welfare and many other things too numerous to name here.

The Camp Fire Girls, aside from the symbolic headbands and names, have other mottoes to live up to. The watchword of the Camp Fire is *Wohelo*, which means work, health, love; and is obtained by combining the first two letters of each of the three words. Then, there is the Law of the Fire which every girl must learn and promise to obey to the best of her ability. It is to "seek beauty, give service, pursue knowledge, be trustworthy, hold on to health, glorify work and be happy."

There are three ranks below that of Guardian. First, the Wood Gatherer; then, the Fire Maker; then the Torch Bearer. For each rank there is an emblem: for the Wood Gatherer, a ring—seven fagots bound together, each fagot standing for one clause in the Law of Fire; for the Fire Maker a bracelet, and for the Torch Bearer a pin, each symbolic of the rank. There are, also, emblems which are embroidered on the middy blouses: for the Wood Gatherer, just two brown logs, crossed; for the Fire Maker, a flame is added; and for the Torch Bearer, a blue smoke is placed around and above the flame. So much do these symbols mean that no girl of a Wood Gatherer's rank is allowed to wear a bracelet or pin or to use a blouse with an emblem on it higher than her own.

In the Camp Fire, as with the Boy Scouts, various signals are used—signals of danger, fire, direction, greeting, etc.

Perhaps this will give some idea of the plan and work of the Camp Fire Girls. The organization is so useful in content that it will serve the needs of the various associations that are working for the interests of girls; so timely that it can really help in the readjustment of woman's new relation to work and to the community, that is necessary for the people of today, and that it will bring girls and women into a more sympathetic understanding of their new relations in life. It will help to create a standard for woman's work and show that the common things of daily life are the chief measures of beauty, romance and adventure.

MARY NOBLE BURKHEAD.



"Office Hours"

Missionary Society Officers



RACHEL PEARSALL
President

MARIE MOSELEY
Vice-President

MARY NOBLE BURKHEAD
Treasurer

MARIE BROOKS
Secretary

BETH EASLEY
Secretary
Sunday School Extension

MARY LOU POWELL
Secretary
of Literature

Getting Up in the Morning

Oh sleep! it is proclaimed a blessed thing,
Beloved of weary ones from pole to pole.
'Tis this we hear the poets, musing, sing;
'Tis this each school girl echoes from her soul.
Yet howe'er sweet and blissful be our sleep,
It always has, alas! too soon, its end,
For when our *Peaceful* slumbers are most deep,
And dreams their visionary charms do lend
There creeps into this wondrous realm of bliss
The dreaded sound of earthly things again.
And though we would the warning gladly miss,
The *gong* its forty strokes proceeds to ring!
The dreadful hammered notes ring, loud and long,
And oh, how awful is that rising gong!

BETH M. EASLEY.



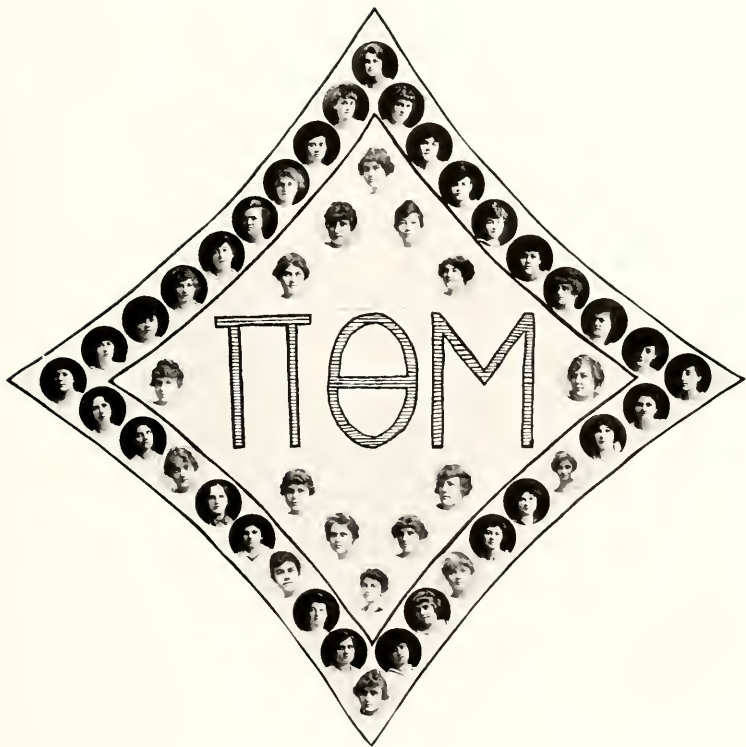


Literary Societies (The Morning before Initiation)



MARIE BROOKS
NAN C JONES
ALICE K WARD
EOLINE MONROE

PRES.
VICE PRES.
SEC.
TRES.



Pi Theta Mu Literary Society

Officers

MARIE BROOKS.	President
NAN C. JONES.	Vice-President
ALICE WARD.	Secretary
EOLINE MONROE.	Treasurer
MARY ALICE COBB	Pi Theta Mu Light

Members

ANNIE MAY AIKEN	JOHNSIE GRAVES	ANNIS RIDDLE
RIAH BLOUNT	ANNIE LEE HENDERSON	LILLIAN SCOTT
MARIE BROOKS	HILDA GOSNEY	EULA SWANN
MARY NOBLE BURKHEAD	ETHEL HOLDING	MAY STEPHENSON
MAUDE CLARK	ELEANOR JOHNSON	ANNE SOUTHERLAND
MARY ALICE COBB	NANNIE C. JONES	FANNIE SCHWARTS
MAUDE COBB	ALMA KEITH	LOIS THOMPSON
ANNE CRINKLEY	OLLIE KEITH	EMILY THOMPSON
PATTY CROSS	ALICE BALDWIN	HATTIE TAYLOR
SUSIE DAVIS	EOLINE MONROE	MAUDE UPCHURCH
LOUISE DOWTIN	MARY MONROE	GLADYS WALLACE
MAY FORMY DUVAL	GERTRUDE MONROE	ALICE WARD
LOIS FORMY DUVAL	VERA MILLS	EMMA WHITE
ANNIE McDADE	STELLA MCGOWAN	BLANCHE WHITE
ANNIE GILL	RUTH NEVILLE	ELIZABETH WATSON
ELIZABETH GIBSON	MILDRED PARROTT	CORA WYATT
LINNIE GILLILAND	MARY POST	AGNES YOUNG
LOUISE GRAHAM	MARY LOU POWELL	MARY STEVENS



My Cousin Tomy



Sigma Phi Kappa

Officers

MAY WILLSON, . . .
MARIE MOSLEY
LULA THORNE,
REBECCA SCOTT, . . .

President
Vice-President
Treasurer
Secretary



Members of Sigma Phi Kappa

ELIZABETH BEARDEN

MARY CLARKSON

LULA DAUGHTRIDGE

MARGUERITE DOUGLASS

BETH EASLEY

RUTH HARGETTE

LOUISE HORTON

FRANCES JONES

HALLIE JONES

ROUTH MERCER

ISLA MITCHELLE

RUBY MITCHELLE

MARIE MOSELEY

FANNIE NICHOLSON

MARY NICHOLSON

RACHEL PEARSALL

REBECCA SCOTT

HELEN SIMMONS

LUCILLE STALLINGS

GLADYS STALLINGS

LULA THORNE

MARGIE WALKER

NITA WOODARD

AGNES WHITE

MAY WILLSON

ELOISE WIGGINS

“Bill”



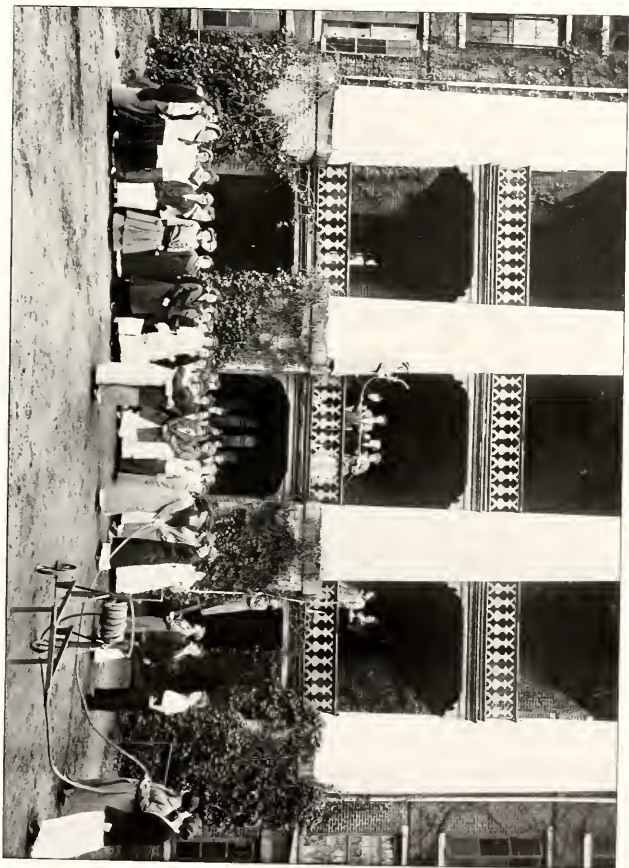
The above is a picture of one of the finest specimens of his kind. He is the "exclusive property" of this society, and were he ever allowed to roam away from these sacred borders, we feel sure that the secrets he guards so carefully would be as safe in his hands as in those of the most loyal member. He is the most important character in the scene on the night of initiation unless we except the new girls. Of course they feel their importance. On initiation morning he makes his appearance bright and early and is much in evidence all during the day. The new girls "eye" him from a distance and think it only a good bluff, but when night comes they find the bluff changed into a stern reality. As soon as Bill has performed his duties, he makes his way into the hearts of all the new girls; he already has a firmly established place among the old ones, and they associate him with one of the pleasantest occasions of their lives.



LBGittland.

1912

— Sunday, after quiet hour.



FIRE DRILL.

Fire Lieutenants—Second Floor: LOUISE MOSSING, RYONEL PEASANT.
 Third Floor: HARRIE TAYLOR, LOUISE HORTON, MARY NOME BREWER.
 Fourth Floor: MABLE BROOKS, RUBY MITCHELL, LOUISE DOWDIN.

Fire Chief:
 Miss WILSON

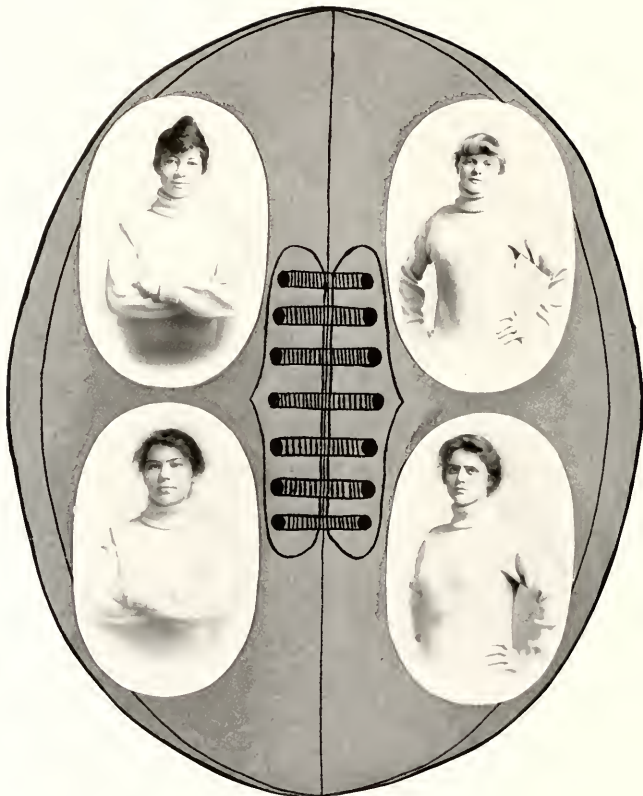
Source of Information

NAME	PLACE MOST OFTEN FOUND	CURIOUS OCCUPATION	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	HIGHEST AMBITION
Edna Means	Everywhere	Doing her duty	Oh Lord, send me a man!	To get married
Paulie Cross	In the moonlight	Studying	Gosh ding!	To play lody
Rebecca Scott	On Fayetteville Street	Casine with Miss Prosser	Wish I was married	To catch a legislator
May Willson	Miss Womble's room	Getting out of studying	Oh, to graduate	To finish at "Pepp"
Mary Monroe	Where she shouldn't be	Playing jokes on Eolipe	I don't know	None whatsoever
Elizabeth Bardon	In her own domicile	Studying	I've got to go study	To teach
Miss Womble	On the war path	Choosing skippers	Out of order	To have order
Eleanor Johnson	In the fresh air	Living on invalid's diet	Oh, I'm so tired	To be deliberate
Mary Noble-Burkhead	In other people's business	Telling others what to do	What is it? I'll tell you	To know it all
Mrs. Moore	Studio	Talking about Mr. Brawley	How perfectly screaming	To be on time
Mac Farmyard	In a hair-dyeing establishment	Looking for Miss Dorrick	Can you talk with your eyes?	To be reckless—
Gladys Wallace	Anywhere but at home	Grumbling	Old age is awful	To be like (*) May Willson
Miss Prosser	Yarborough	Keeping up with society	When I was in Washington	To make Peare a sorpey school
Louise Troutsom	Editorial rooms	Converting sinners	Thank I'll bet that go in? You're crazy!	For the Lottes to be a stress
Elizabeth Gibson	Infirmity	Casine with L. Horton	I got a joke for the Annual	To be an Expression teacher
Mary Post	Mrs. Barbee's	Talking clothes	I'm going to be an old maid	To get married
Miss Krina	In bed	Working Aunt-Southerland	I should be a concert player	To do absolutely nothing
Mr. Brawley	The table	Smoking	There are many inductions	An easy chair and a cigarette
Maer-Moseley	The Post-office	Expressing her mind	She's a nut!	To be attractive
Mary Nicholson	Room 72	Reaching Lida Thorne	She "talks" me I could come home	To quitrate
Beth Easley	Miss Wilson's room	Running her tongue	I'll do it if I please to	To finish an "A" College in Va.
Mrs. Fowler	Pill counter	Blessing people out	Raise up! Swallow it!	To shut up Bunn and Dr. Ramsey in Chapel
Dr. Ramsey	Country Club	Playing golf	Er—er—er—er—	Free cigars



PHOTO: J. M. H. / G. P. / A. S.

ATHLETICS



Athletic Officers

MARY ALICE COBB. . .
MAUDE UPCHURCH.
MARIE MOSELEY. . .
MARY NOBLE BURKHEAD

President
Vice-President
Treasurer
Secretary

(14) 新島婦科





Tennis Club

LUCILLE STALLINGS
 RIAH BLOUNT
 ELIZABETH BEARDEN
 FANNIE NICHOLSON

MARGIE WALKER
 GERTRUDE MONROE
 MAUD CLARK
 MAUDE COBB

LULA DAUGHRIDGE
 EMILY THOMPSON
 EULA SWANN
 AGNES WHITE

STELLA MCGOWAN
 BETH EASLEY
 GLADYS STALLINGS
 NITA WOODBARD



ELEANOR JOHNSON
Senior Class



RUTH BLOUNT
Junior Class



LUCILE STALLINGS
Sophomore Class



MAUDE UCHURCH
Special Class



Senior Basketball Team

Motto: For victory we strive

Colors: Garnet and Cream

Yell: Hullahaboo, Hooray, Hooray!
 Hooray! Hooray!
 What did I hear you say?
 S—E—N—I—O—R
 Senior!

SONG:
 Tune: "Pride of the Prairies"
 Rah, Rah, for victory
 Seniors must win
 Fight to the finish,
 Never give in
 You do your best,
 girls,
 We'll do the rest, girls,
 Rah, Rah, for old
 Seniors!

GLADYS WALLACE	Captain, Center
LULA THORNE	Forward
LOIS THOMPSON	Forward
MARIE BROOKS	Substitute, Center
LOUISE HORTON	Guard
MARIE MOSELEY	Guard
MAUDE UPCHURCH	Substitute



Junior Basketball Team

Motto: Play to win

Colors: Dark blue and gold

Yell: Cannibal! Cannibal!
 Sis! Boom! Bah!
 Are we in it?
 Yes we are!
 Juniors, Juniors!
 Rab! Rah! Rah!

ANNE SOUTHERLAND
 MARY LOU POWELL
 MARY NOBLE BURKHEAD
 MARIAN CLAYTON
 RIAH HILL BLOUNT
 AGNES YOUNG
 GERTRUDE MONROE

Captain, goal
 Goal
 Center
 Side-Center
 . . . Guard
 . . . Guard
 Substitute



Colors:
Black and Gold

YELLS:
Basket ball!
Well, I guess!
Basket ball!
Yes, yes, yes!
Basket ball!
Give it room!
Basket ball!
See it boom!

Sophomores!
Well, I guess!
Sophomores!
Yes, yes, yes!
Sophomores!
Give them room!
Sophomores!
See them boom!

Riff! Riff! Riff! Riff.
Let's give 'em a horse
laugh
Hee!! Haw!!

Sophomore Basketball Team

BETH EASLEY, Captain

JOHNIE GRAVES.	Forward
ANNIE McDADE..	Forward
LOUISE GRAHAM.	Center
NITA WOODARD	Guard
BETH EASLEY....	Guard

Colors:
Red and Black

YELL:
Boom-a-rang,
boom-a-rang
Rip! Rah! Ree!
Ching-a-lang,
ching-a-lang
Who are we?
Yip skip i yi ho
Rip! Rah! Ree!
S-P-E-C-I-A-L-S
Specials, Specials!

SONG
Hurry, up, hurry up
With the basketball
Play right at it,
Don't you get excited.
Play, play, play and win
the cup,
For we can eat those
Juniors up.



Special Basketball Team

BETTIE WATSON, Captain

MILDRED PARROTT and MARGIE WALKER	Guards
STELLA MCGOWAN and BETTIE WATSON	Forwards
MAUDE COBB	Center
MAUD CLARK and EMILY THOMPSON	Substitutes

Athletics, 1914-15

The increased interest shown in athletics this year, due largely to the interclass games in basketball and tennis, has been a source of great pleasure to the Athletic Association. A new custom, which we hope will continue the enthusiasm already aroused, was established. The Association presented to the school a silver loving cup, on which will be engraved each year the name of the team winning the championship in basketball. This honor for 1914-15 was won by the Special Class. The trophy for the tennis championship, which was awarded to the Junior team, was a banner with the words "Tennis Championship" in Peace colors.

Schedule of Games

BASKETBALL

<i>Date</i>	<i>Contestants</i>	<i>Winner</i>	<i>Score</i>
November 22	Soph-Specials	Special	21-2
November 26	Senior-Junior	Junior	15-6
February 1	Soph-Special	Special	16-5
February 8	Senior-Junior	Junior	8-6
February 20	Special-Junior	Special	6-5

TENNIS

November 28	Senior-Junior	Junior	12-0
December 12	Soph-Special	Special	12-0
January 21	Soph-Special	Special	11-1
February 27	Senior-Junior	Junior	12-0
March 15	Special-Junior	Junior	10-2

M. N. BURKHEAD
Secretary

Do These Sound Familiar?

Well, girls, I am interested to know that from the standpoint of Psychology.

That's screamingly funny! Perfectly killing!

I'm just not going to call the mail until you are all quiet.

My de—ah—ah—ah—!

Have mer—ey girls!

I'll tell the world that.

Zatt iss goot.

Oh! isn't that terrible!

Be sure to get some definite idea of the fundamental principles of this lesson.

Girls, your lack of general information is positively amusing.

Has anybody seen Annie?

I say, young ladies, "Good Morning!" in case I missed any of you at the door.

Now let's look at the practical side.

There will be a Senior meeting right after chapel.

You're a nut!

I declare I've got that but I left it at home.

Oh! I say, don't you know, don't you know—I say the girls never did that at Oxford College.

I just don't know what to do about that game.

Now, before I begin, are there any questions you would like to ask?



First letter
from Home



M. Hinton
1915



Local Sororities

N N

Σ Ψ

Λ Δ Γ



Alpha Delta Gamma

Flower: Red Rose

Colors: Red and white

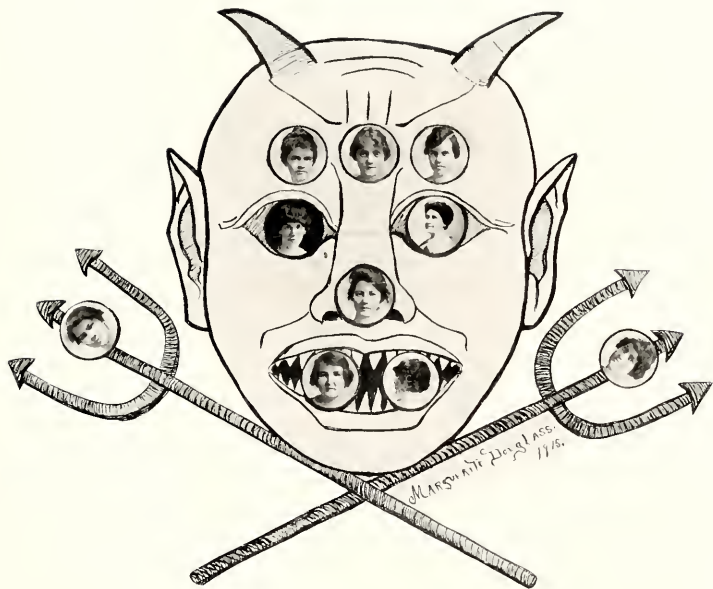
Founded in 1910

Sorores in Collegio

MARIE BROOKS	Sunbury, N. C.
MARGUERITE DOUGLASS	Raleigh, N. C.
BETH EASLEY	Clarksville, Va.
MARIE C. MOSELEY	Kinston, N. C.
GLADYS STALLINGS	Birmingham, Ala.
LUCILE STALLINGS	Birmingham, Ala.
TENA MAY STEPHENSON	Raleigh, N. C.
NITA WOODARD	Whitakers, N. C.
MARGIE WALKER	Andrews, N. C.

Sorores in Facultate

MISS ANNIE BOBBITT.	Henderson, N. C.
MRS. F. M. WARD	Plainfield, N. J.





SIOGA Psi BANQUET



Sigma Psi

Colors: Red and green

Flower: Tulip

Founded in 1904

Sorores in Collegio

HATTIE TAYLOR . . .	Tarboro, N. C.
ALICE WARD . . .	New Bern, N. C.
MARY ALICE COBB . . .	Tarboro, N. C.
PATTIE CROSS . . .	Sanford, N. C.
EOLINE MONROE . . .	Sanford, N. C.
RACHEL PEARSALL . . .	Wilmington, N. C.
MILDRED PARROTT . . .	Kinston, N. C.
MARY MONROE . . .	Sanford, N. C.
ANNE SOUTHERLAND . . .	Henderson, N. C.
HELEN SIMMONS . . .	Graham, N. C.
ROUTH MERCER . . .	Elm City, N. C.
AGNES WHITE	Shanghai, China
REBECCA SCOTT . . .	Graham, N. C.
MARY NOBLE BURKHEAD . . .	Lexington, N. C.
ETHEL HOLDING . . .	Raleigh, N. C.

Sorore in Facultate

MISS THURSA MAE DERRICK . . .	New York, N. Y.
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Nu Nu

Flower: Violet

Colors: Lavender and white

Sorores in Collegio

MAY WILSON	Roxboro, N. C.
LOUISE HORTON	North Wilkesboro, N. C.
GLADYS WALLACE	Elm City, N. C.
ELEANOR JOHNSON	Weldon, N. C.
MARY NICHOLSON	Littleton, N. C.
LULA DAUGHTRIDGE	Rocky Mount, N. C.
PEARL FOUNTAIN	Raleigh, N. C.
JOHNSIE GRAVES	Carthage, N. C.

Sorore in Facultate

MISS HELEN WILSON

Sorores in Urbe

ALICE COLE	MARY AYCOCK
MARJORIE MONTAGUE	LILLIAN FOUNTAIN
AMY STOCKARD	MRS. ROB. WYATT
MRS. JOHN PARK	





CLUBS



MAUD HANKIN.

CLUBS



MAUD HANKIN.

CLUBS



Color: Grass green

Motto: Where there's a will there's a way
 Place of Meeting: Where the teachers never ramble
 Chief Occupations: Eating, drinking, skipping, scrambling

"The Dead Game Sports"

Password: I'm—

THE SPORTS

- SUSIE DAVIS....."Bully"
- EULA SWANN....."Pinkie"
- RUTH BARBETTE....."Sport"
- ANNIE MAE AIKEN....."Speedy"
- GERTRUDE MONROE....."Billy"



Ten Little Devils of Paradise Alley

Motto: Do others before they do you.

Moral: Uplift of Faculty

Song	At the Devil's Ball
Meeting Place	East Wing
Flower...	Red tulips
Color	Red—Dark

Chief Devil.....	JOHNSIE GRAVES	Saint Devil	MARY NICHOLSON
Dippy Devil.....	MAUD COBB	Dare Devil	LOUISE HORTON
High Jinks Devil.....	BETTIE WATSON	Just Plain Devil.....	MARY LOU POWELL
—Devil	MAUDE CLARK	Double Devil	MAY FORMY DEVAL
	ALICE BALDWIN	Doe Devil	MAY WILLSON



BLUE RIDGE ROLLERS

LULA THORNE
EOLINE MONROE
ANNIE GILL



HALLOWE'EN AFFAIR

Hallowe'en Banquet

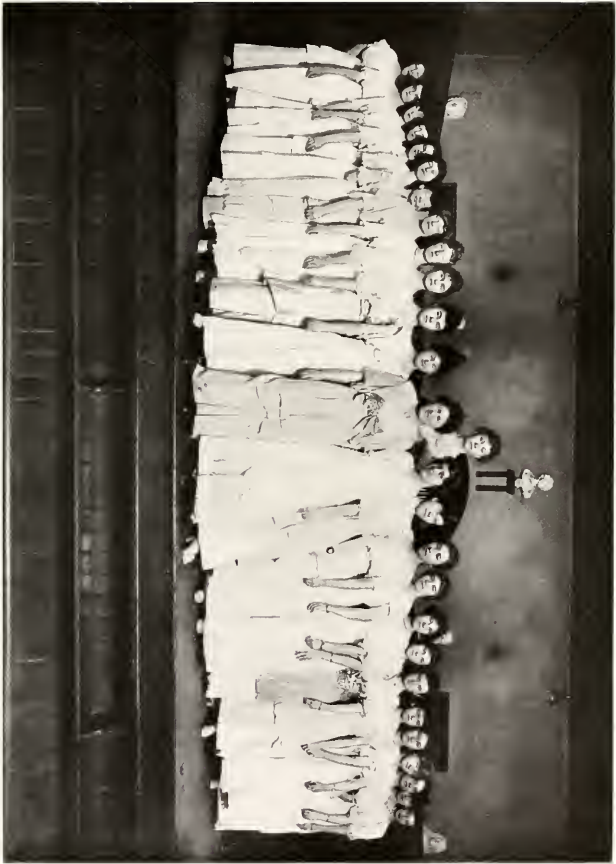
On the evening of October 31 we celebrated Hallowe'en by a banquet, for which the dining room was decorated very attractively with pumpkins in the form of grinning jack-o-lanterns, and yellow and black paper artistically draped on the tables. At each place was a cleverly designed menu card, a place card appropriately adorned with Hallowe'en symbols, and a Hallowe'en favor. When the doors of the dining-room were opened, the student body marched in, the Freshman Class dressed as imps, the Sophomores as cats, the Juniors as witches, and the Seniors as owls. After they were seated, a bell began to toll, and the doors opened to admit a ghostly procession, composed of the faculty, dressed as spirits in long white robes, led by the grim black figure of Death, with a scythe in his hand.

After a delightful banquet of four courses, during which Mrs. Ward sang a dialect song, the girls went to the Y. W. C. A. Room, which was decorated with autumn leaves, corn stalks, pumpkins and moss. There imps, ghosts, witches, owls and cats joined in the customary Hallowe'en frolics, and afterwards, in the gymnasium danced gleefully. On the campus, witches presided over a caldron of steaming mice, frogs and bats, telling fortunes to the awe-struck girls. Then the girls went to bed to dream of witches and ghosts.

German Club

REBECCA SCOTT	<i>President</i>
HATTIE TAYLOR	<i>Manager</i>
MAUDE UPCHURCH	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

MARIE BROOKS	MILDRED PARROTT
PATTY CROSS	ANNIS RIDDLE
MARY ALICE COBB	REBECCA SCOTT
LULA DAUGHTRIDGE	HELEN SIMMONS
MAE FORMY DUVAL	ANNE SOUTHERLAND
LOUISE GRAHAM	LUCILE STALLINGS
JOHNSIE GRAYES	GLADYS STALLINGS
LOUISE HORTON	HATTIE TAYLOR
ESTELLE MCGOWAN	LULA THORNE
GERTRUDE MONROE	MAUD UPCHURCH
EOLINE MONROE	ELIZABETH WATSON
MARIE MOSELEY	MARGIE WALKER
ROUTH MERCER	ALICE WARD
MARY NICHOLSON	MAY WILSON
ELOISE WIGGINS	



Books That Speak Volumes

The House of a Thousand Candles	PEACE (AT 11:30 P. M.)
A Weaver of Dreams MISS DERRICK
The Virginian BETH EASLEY
The Best Man WILLIAM
The Lady of the Decoration MRS. RAMSEY
The One Woman MRS. MOORE
The House of Mirth MISS JONES
An Old Sweetheart of Mine MISS COLEY
Average Jones FRANCES JONES
The Little Minister MISS BONNEY
The Post Girl MARY POST
The Doctor's Lass ANNA THOMPSON
Clever Betsy BETTIE WATSON
The Foreigner MADEMOISELLE
Holy Orders H O M AND Σ Φ K
Tarry Thon 'Til I Come MISS PROSSER
The Danger Trail INFIRMARY HALL
The Melting of Mollie MRS. FOWLER
The Memoirs of a Baby BABY RAMSEY
The Secretary of Frivolous Affairs MARY CLARKSON
In the Morning Glow AT THE RINGING OF MOSES
The House of Silence MEDITATION—SUNDAY AFTERNOON, PEACE
Prisoners of Hope THE PEACE GIRLS
The Street Called Straight WILMINGTON STREET
The Music Master MR. BRAWLEY
The Castaway ANNIE LEE HENDERSON
The Boss DR. RAMSEY
The Land of Promise HOME
The Magnet (?) RIAB BLOUNT
Let Not Man Put Asunder ELEANOR JOHNSON
The Port of Missing Men PEACE INSTITUTE
Freckles MAY FORMY DUVAL
Lavender and Old Lace MISS PROSSER
The Silent Barrier THE DUTY TEACHER
Just Patty PATTY CROSS
The Fortune Hunter MISS WILSON
In the Bishop's Carriage JAMES PETER'S AUTOMOBILE
A Lady of Quality MRS. HOPKINS
Trail of the Lonesome Pine MISS WOMBLE
It Never Can Happen Again THE MIDNIGHT FEAST
Comrades CORBIE AND ANN
Old Reliable LULA (THE MAID)
The Sky Pilot RACHEL PEARSALL
The Christian ANNIE GILL
Trinity Bells LULA THORNE
The Happy Family THE RAMSEYS
Polly Anna or the Glad Book MARY MONROE
The Flirt LOUISE GRAHAM
The Story of My Life LULA DAUGHTRIDGE

Keep the Corners of Your Mouth Turned Up

Smile, Darn You, Smile!

Our heads are AIKEN so that we are CROSS, and instead of filling this space with the accustomed jokes, we have decided to make a BLOUNT talk. We will begin with a NOBLE attempt to POST the greatest amusements enjoyed by the YOUNG of Peace. As we WALKER long by the BROOKS in the sunny SOUTH(er)LAND, we watch the SWAN BOBBITT'S head up and down, and are astonished to hear the WHITE PARROTT asking the FOWLER creatures RIDDLES. We are so fond of outdoor exercise that it requires a DERRICK to get us to Gym. As we do not write EASLEY, we will say no MOORE, for we do not DOWTIN the least that this will land us in our GRAVES

Characteristics of the Faculty

- Miss Wilson (reproves the girl who) goes out to dinner too often.
- Miss Prosser (says that each girl) makes too much noise in the hall.
- Mrs. Stevens (rethinks a girl who) chews gum.
- Miss Kruma (says that every girl) eats too much.
- The members of the Faculty (dislikes to see girls) eat with their knives.
- Mrs. Moore (thinks that a girl) should not be more than fifteen minutes late to class.
- Miss Jones (says that the average girl) should smile more.
- Miss Ramsey (says she knows someone who) wears false teeth.
- Miss Bobbitt (says that a girl) should not wear her skirts so narrow.
- Mlle. Estoppey (believes that every girl) wears shoes that are too small.
- Miss Pugh (thinks that the modern girl) wears her dresses too short.
- Miss Beale (thinks that no girl) should wear high-heeled shoes.
- Miss Womble (thinks every girl) should be in her room at nine-thirty.
- Miss Derriek (thinks that every girl) likes (prefers) the *Evening Times*.
- Miss Hannah (says that a girl) should not talk so much about Math.
- Mrs. Ward (thinks that every girl) should be more interested in the choral class.
- Miss Coley (says that girls) should not flirt with the boys.
- Mrs. Booker (says that girls) should not show partiality toward faculty members.
- Mrs. Fowler (says that the girls) should not be so cross.
- Mr. Brawley (says that his pupils) should not play so much rag time.
- Miss Bomey (says that each girl) should not complain so much about her work.

What Would Happen If—

Agnes White hadn't swallowed the dictionary.
Linnie Gilliland should increase in weight.
Marie Brooks didn't love Miss Wilson.
Lois Thompson had no burn.
Lula Thorne had no suitor.
Miss Womble giggled.
Miss Derrick required no gym.
We had a good place to dance.
May Stephenson prepared her lessons.
Rebecca Scott had no cases.
Eleanor Johnson weren't in love.
Louise Downtin did not kiss.
Mrs. Fowler should gush.
Alice Ward should lose her little pillow.
Annis Riddle did not talk so loud.
Alice Baldwin should speak without being spoken to.
Lula Daughtridge never made a break.
Helen would fuss with Eloise.
Mary Alice Cobb should flunk on math.
Maude Upchurch were to take a degree.
The Seniors could play basketball.
Miss Beale were tall and slim.
Miss Prosser had no opinions.

What Would Happen If—

- Mildred Parrott wore her own coat to the Tea Room.
Riah Blount and Agnes Young had been home cleaning.
Isla Mitchell was discovered talking.
Miss Prosser read some other passage instead of ninety-first Psalm.
Mrs. Moore was not last to breakfast.
We found a word E. Bearden did not know the meaning of.
Miss Prosser did not mention Washington for a week—no, just a day.
Ruth Hargette got no mail.
Lula D. went to the Legislature.
Mrs. Fowler was cross.
Agnes Young was not slow.
Annie Gill did not blush.
Mildred Parrott did not crave a suitor.
Louise Graham played rag.
Fannie and Riah did not ease.
Maude Cobb should keep the library quiet.
Miss Bobbitt should open the office on time.
Mr. Brawley's hunger was satisfied.



END UP



Emma White

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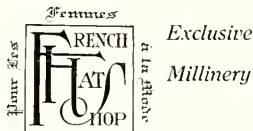
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