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Mary Monroe.





# The Lotus

For MCXVI

Published Annually  
by the  
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TO  
**Mrs. GEORGE J. RAMSEY**  
WHOSE UNTIRING EFFORTS  
AND EVER-READY ASSISTANCE  
HAVE AIDED US  
WE RESPECTFULLY AND DEVOTEDLY  
DEDICATE THIS VOLUME



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("Unwept, unhonored and unsung")

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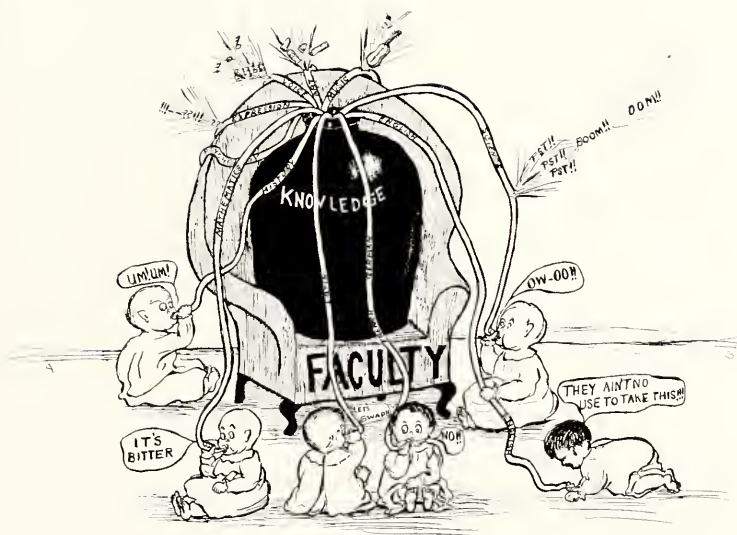
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SENIOR



## Senior Class

COLORS: *Old gold and dark blue*

FLOWER: *Daffodil*

MOTTO: *Non Finis sed Initiatas*

MARY NOBLE BURKHEAD . . . .	<i>President</i>	North Carolina
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MARY LOU POWELL . . . . .	<i>Historian</i>	North Carolina
MAUDE COBB . . . . .	<i>Poet</i>	North Carolina
ISLA MITCHELL . . . . .	<i>Prophet</i>	North Carolina
BETTIE WATSON . . . . .	<i>Last Will and Testament</i>	North Carolina
MARY MONROE . . . . .	<i>Statistician</i>	North Carolina
ROUTH MERCER . . . . .	<i>Class Song</i>	North Carolina



MARY NOBLE BURKHEAD, B.L.S.  
Lexington, N. C.

"'Noble' by birth, yet nobler by great deeds."

Mary Noble is one of those people whose very presence is invigorating. Her energy carries her through everything, from the hardest fought fights on the basketball field to the dulllest grind of cramming for tests, and never leaves her looking otherwise than alert and vigorous. Her intellect and executive ability, moreover, are such that she can turn that energy to nearly anything with equally good results, as you can see by the many honors given her. Once in a while, however, on Sunday nights, this energy having been rather restrained all day, finds vent in little antics which—but let us draw the curtain over the rest of the scene.

Σ Φ, Η Θ Μ; President Sophomore Class, 1913-14; member Student-body Council, 1913-14-15-16; Fire Lieutenant, 1914-15; President Junior Class, 1914-15; Joke Editor *LORVS*, 1914-15; member Missionary Cabinet, 1914-15; Secretary Athletic Association, 1914-15; Junior Basketball, 1914-15; Senior Basketball, 1915-16; President Senior Class, 1915-16; Editor-in-Chief *LORVS*, 1915-16.

LOUISE DOWTIN, A.B.  
Warrenton, N. C.

"Gentle of speech, but absolute rule."

"Big" Downtin may deceive you by her saintly appearance, but you would not have to live in the same building with her very long to discover the humorous side of her disposition. A beacon light she has proved to be to the Peace-ful assembly on class as well as off. Bashfulness formerly was a characteristic of hers, but in the rôle of President of Student-body she has gained the courage of Napoleon and the eloquence of Patrick Henry.

Η Θ Μ; President of Student-body, 1915-16; Treasurer of Y. W. C. A., 1915-16; Vice-President Η Θ Μ, 1915-16; Vice-President Senior Class, 1915-16; member Student-body Council, 1915-16; Fire Lieutenant, 1914-15.





RIAH BLOUNT, B.L.L.  
Appleton, S. C.

"Thou art strong and great."

Riah hailed from South Carolina and joined this illustrious class in 1915. She has been the shining star of the class in athletics, having won the tennis championship in her Junior year, besides being the champion jumper of the basketball team. With this start, she was chosen president of the Athletic Association during the year of '15 and '16. She has also been engaged in other lines of activity as well. As a "rough-house raiser" of the fourth floor, she has few equals. But with it all, Riah has managed to always be on the spot, and be there well prepared.

I. O. M.; Vice-President Home Missionary Society, 1914-15; President Athletic Association, 1915-16; Basketball, 1914-15-16; Tennis Championship, 1914-15; Treasurer Home Missionary Society, 1915-16.

ISLA MITCHELL, B.L.L.  
Yanceyville, N. C.

"A merry heart goes all the day."

"Preacher," during her four years sojourn within these Peaceful walls, has broken all records along the lines of spiritual progress, until she has at last joined the coveted position of Cabinet member. Her tongue is her greatest weapon, for she landed here talking, and I suppose she will leave engaged in the same occupation. "Preacher" loves everybody and everybody loves "Preacher." Yanceyville should indeed be proud to claim this product of Peace's peaceful influence. Out of the chaos and confusion of the fourth floor she has brought a quietness that is beyond comprehension—that is, between the hours of 12 and 7:25 a. m. Don't let this nickname of "Preacher" mislead you, for one day spent at Peace would convince you that she will not be in the pulpit any time soon.

Σ Φ Κ; Vice-President of Irregular Class, 1913-14; Treasurer Σ Φ Κ Literary Society, 1915-16; Member of Student Council, 1915-16; Chairman of Visiting Committee Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1915-16; Class Prophet, 1915-16.





EOLINE MONROE, A.B.  
Sanford, N. C.

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

Have you read in the Bible about those people that "shine as lights in the world"? Well, when Paul or Peter, or whoever did write that wrote it, he probably waxed prophetic and thought of Eoline. She has been the firm foundation of the Y. W. C. A. of Peace from time immemorial. She is one of the people you can count on. I'll tell you this, though in confidence, if you should chance to see Eoline once in her room with a crowd of girls, you wouldn't take her for a bright and morning star. Eoline has quite a reputation for doing the proper thing; but there's one thing she does that is not commendable—she's nobody's "wee lassie" herself, and she will fall in love with men half a head shorter than she is.

Σ Φ. Π Ο M; Treasurer of Senior Class, 1915-16; President of Y. W. C. A., 1914-15-16; President of Missionary Society, 1913-14; Delegate to Blue Ridge, 1913-14; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1913-14-15-16; Delegate to Oxford Missionary Union, 1914; Delegate to Student Volunteer Movement, 1914; Fire Lieutenant, 1913-14-15-16; Joke Editor of *LORUS*, 1913-14; Treasurer of Π Θ Η Literary Society; Freshman Basketball, 1912-13; Sophomore Basketball, 1913-14; Student-body Council, 1914-15-16; German Club, 1914-15-16.

FANNIE NICHOLSON, B.L.S.  
Fayetteville, N. C.

"In the right place is her heart."

"Nick" is another one of the landmarks of Peace, and has indeed been a substantial one. "A word and a smile" for everybody has been her slogan, and with this she has climbed the ladder of fame. "Nick" delights in expressing her own opinion, and does this on frequent occasions; but in spite of it all she is perfectly harmless. "Nick" tries to leave the impression that she is a "man-hater," but we who know her best have found that there is a weakness in her heart for doctors. As one of the Editors-in-Chief of this brilliant publication, she has discharged her duty well, and some day we expect to see her expounding her opinion and beliefs in "Butler's Analogy."

Σ Φ K; Secretary Missionary Society, 1913-14; Treasurer of Junior Class, 1914-15; Club Editor *LORUS*, 1914-15; Chief Marshal, Commencement, 1914-15; Editor-in-Chief *LORUS*, 1915-16; Member of Student-body Council, 1915-16; German Club, 1915-16.





CHARLOTTE ANNE SOUTHERLAND, A.B.  
Henderson, N. C.

"As full of spirit as the month of May."

Search the Peace records through and through, and we dare you to find a single poorly prepared recitation charged against Anne; and yet, somehow, she's been seldom known to study. Her unflinching sense of humor has been a source of inspiration (?) to the whole Senior Class, though, as Mademoiselle once said, "Charlotte Southerland is a verree quiet girl *when you don't know her.*" You very infrequently find her very far away from Alice Ward, and we dread to think of the evil day in May when they will be severed. We bequeath to her our sincere hope that her admiration for red-headed people will never lead her very far astray.

Σ Ψ; Π Θ Μ; Captain Junior Basketball, 1914-15; Senior Basketball, 1915-16; German Club, 1914-15-16; Secretary Senior Class, 1915-16; Secretary Athletic Association, 1915-16; Literary Editor of *Lott's*, 1915-16; Student-body Council, 1915-16.

ALICE WARD, B.L.L., EXPRESSION  
New Bern, N. C.

"It is good to be merry and wise."

Alice may be the smallest one of the class in size, but her records will prove that she has been up and hustling. Besides a literary diploma, she is taking home with her a diploma in Expression and a Domestic Science certificate. Being so well fitted for life, we are eagerly watching what career she will choose. Her aspirations for the future are high, but her love for Peace is still higher, so some day she may return and take a "post-graduate" course. If such should happen, both would be gainers, for Alice has proved that she can do when she will.

Σ Ψ; Π Θ Μ; Business Manager *Lott's*, 1915-16; Club Editor *Lott's*, 1914-15; Secretary Y. W. C. A., 1915-16; Member Student-body Council, 1915-16; Secretary Junior Class, 1914-15; Secretary Π Θ ΙΙΙ Literary Society, 1914-15; Secretary and Treasurer of Sophomore Class, 1913-14; Fire Lieutenant, 1915-16; German Club, 1914-15-16; Vice-President Freshman Class, 1912-13; Freshman Basketball, 1912-13; Domestic Science Certificate, 1915; Sophomore Basketball, 1913-14.





MARY LOU POWELL, B.L.L.  
Whiteville, N. C.

"The shallows murmur and the deeps are still."

Mary Lou has ever proved herself faithful to the duties required of her, and can always be relied on to know her lessons. We regret that she has attended to those duties to the exclusion of all but a few other interests, for we realize she is a valuable friend and acquaintance, and we envy the girls of "Paradise Alley" who know her best, for she is a very loyal "angel." She was elected Class Historian this year, and we are looking for very interesting results from her capable brain.

H O M; Class Historian, 1915-16; Member of Student-body Council, 1915-16; Junior Basketball, 1914-15; Secretary of Literature Missionary Cabinet, 1914-15.

MARY ALICE COBB, VOICE  
Tarboro, N. C.  
CERTIFICATES IN EDUCATION, ENGLISH,  
PHILOSOPHY

"Deeds are better things than words are,  
Actions mightier than boastings."

When you want executive ability and enthusiasm and stick-to-it-iveness, go to "Cobbie." During the four years we have had her she has never failed us, whether as Y. W. C. A. Cabinet Member, as President of Athletic Association, or President of her Literary Society. To say that she is popular is putting it mildly, and that she has many honors, superfluous, for she has had them to refuse. We are predicting great things for her in her chosen realm of music, and our best wishes are with her wherever she goes.

Σ Ψ; H O M; President of Literary Society, 1915-16; German Club, 1912-13-14-15-16; Captain Sophomore Basketball, 1913-14; Freshman Basketball, 1912-13; Commencement Marshal, 1913-14; Chairman Room Committee Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1914-15; President Athletic Association, 1914-15; Chairman Social Committee Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1915-16; Member Student-body Council, 1915-16; Fire Lieutenant, 1915-16; Advertising Editor Lotus, 1915-16; Delegate to Blue Ridge Conference, 1915.





ELIZABETH BLOUNT WATSON, PIANO  
Smithfield, N. C.  
CERTIFICATES IN ENGLISH, FRENCH

"As fair and musical as bright Apollo's lute  
stringed with his hair."

Have you ever heard Bettie play the piano? Then you have something yet to live for. We, unmusical editors, fearing to display our ignorance, can only refer you to Mr. Brawley for a description of her playing. Judging from Bettie's extreme reluctance to speak up and express her opinions on class you might think her a rather retiring young lady if you had never seen the abandon with which she plays the piano and basketball. In addition, however, to her rôles of piano pounder and basketball puncher she is proficient in that of a heart smasher. Oh, yes, she is! I know those protests and denials of hers, but don't you believe them. Just watch her blush.

II O M; Captain of Special Basketball, 1914-15; German Club, 1914-15-16; Treasurer of Athletic Association, 1915-16; Senior Basketball, 1915-16; Member of Student-body Council, 1915-16; Chairman Music Committee Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1915-16; Last Will and Testament, 1915-16.

MAUDE BRYAN COBB, EXPRESSION  
Fremont, N. C.

"A daughter of the gods; divinely tall and  
most divinely fair."

With her ever quick and ready wit Maude sees "the point" before the rest of us have realized that there is a point; and when she tells a joke herself the twinkle in her eyes compels you to laugh if nothing else, though, of course, there always is something else to laugh at in Maude's joke. When she tries, she can wax brilliant on class, too, but she is not as much interested in doing it there as in her expression work, for that is her guiding star, and the profession will be honored by her success some day. We are trying to persuade her to go to Boston next year to perfect herself in the art, but we are afraid that "somewhere (somewhere else) a voice is calling," for she isn't as enthusiastic as her talents merit.

II O M; Special Basketball, 1914-15; Captain of Senior Basketball, 1915-16; Treasurer of II O III Society, 1915-16; President of Home Missionary Society, 1914-15; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1915-16; Member Student-body Council, 1915-16; Fire Lieutenant, 1915-16; Senior Class Poet, 1915-16.







MARY MONROE, ART  
Sanford, N. C.

CERTIFICATES IN ENGLISH, SCIENCE

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low."

If you should just judge by Mary's appearance, the gentle dignity of her expression, and her quiet little smile, you would probably shed a pensive tear over the thought of her unfitness for this sinful world and go and order some white roses as a suitable token of your regard. Then, if you should chance to get a deeper insight into her character before the flowers arrived, you would cancel the order and get her a monkey on a stick. Mary would probably take the monkey to class and make it perform behind somebody's back—still with that look of seraphic innocence on her face, meanwhile she would say something in that low gentle voice of hers that would convulse those who heard it; but what that would be I cannot tell, for you never know what Mary's going to say until she says it.

Σ Ψ; Π Ο Μ; President of Special Class, 1914-15; Member Student-body Council, 1915-16; Class Statistician, 1915-16.

ROUTH MERCER, VOICE  
Elm City, N. C.

"How beautiful it is to love."

"Rufus" heart is indeed heavy to leave Peace, where she has been so faithful. And her heart grows still heavier as she thinks of leaving the A. and M. boys. In spite of her numerous attacks of "heart trouble," Rufus has managed to come out on top, with a career before her rivaling even Miss Farrar's. Yes, some day we expect to see her presiding over the Warrenton choir. The merry laugh and the cheerful smile will leave a vacancy at Peace that will be hard to fill.

Σ Ψ; Σ Φ Κ; Commencement Marshal, 1913; President Irregular Class, 1912-13; Member German Club, 1912-13-14-15; President German Club, 1915-16; Vice-President Special Class, 1914-15; Class Song, 1916; President Sigma Phi Kappa Society, 1915-16; Member Student-body Council, 1915-16; Advertising Editor of *Lorus*, 1915-16.





MARGARET M. WALKER, Voice  
Andrews, N. C.

CERTIFICATES IN PHILOSOPHY, ENGLISH,  
EDUCATION

"All the weary sounds of nature borrowed  
sweetness of her singing."

Margie came to us two years ago from Queens, where she was voted "the best all-round" member of her class, and we are proud to count her among ourselves. You have only to look at her picture to realize that she possesses personal charm and the thing which, however it may be "only skin deep," is irresistible. Of course, we are sure that she will star in the musical world, and here of late we've been wondering if she will not add a Ph.D. to her many honors, for she stars, too, in Philosophy and Education.

Α Δ Γ; Σ Φ Κ; Special Basketball, 1914-15; German Club, 1914-15-16; Tennis Substitute for Special Class, 1914-15; Senior Basketball, 1915-16; Member Student-body Council, 1915-16; Secretary of Missionary Society, 1915-16; Secretary Σ Φ Κ Literary Society, 1915-16.





AGNES YOUNG

Jonesboro, Tenn.

CERTIFICATES IN ENGLISH, PHILOSOPHY,  
SCIENCE, HISTORY

"The lovely form, her nature ease, all harmony and grace."

Mademoiselle once said of this young lady, "Agnes Young is a veree sweet girl, but her mous, her mous! It will make a racket." Had Mademoiselle only added that her mischievous eyes and little dancing feet twinkled continually, you would have had a complete picture of Agnes. There are several ways, we think, in which Agnes would rather spend her time than in studying, but you really wouldn't know it from her marks. You see, her intellect is almost as bright as her eyes. Her most beloved occupations are breaking rules and dancing. We will not supply any definite details to uphold any statement about the former, for a reason, in fact, for various and sundry reasons. As to the latter, we will only say that she has lately dropped Bible that she may have more time for asthetic dancing.

Π Θ Μ.

LINNIE BRAE GILLILAND  
Greensboro, N. C.

CERTIFICATES IN ENGLISH, EDUCATION

"What is the end of study? let me know."

Linnie is the reciprocal of Agnes Young. Linnie was never known to make a racket; in her soft brown eyes a shadow lies quite different from the twinkle in Agnes's, and her feet move always gently and noiselessly. Linnie, moreover, studies to such an extent that she would burn the midnight oil, only that that would be breaking a rule, and therefore out of question. Instead, she arises in the "wee sma' hours of morning" and makes perfectly proper use of legitimate sunlight.

Π Θ Μ; Secretary of News Missionary Cabinet, 1914-15; Member of Student-body Council.



## Senior Class Poem

This is the song of the Seniors  
Drifting over a silvery sea,  
Where the memories come to haunt us,  
And the things that are to be  
Seem to cry, and seem to daunt us,  
And sing to you and me.

Singing a song of memory,  
Of great days past and gone,  
When we all came together,  
And lived and worked so long,  
In spite of wind or weather,  
And lived and loved so long.

So fare thee well, dear Alma Mater,  
We bid thee a sad adieu,  
For we have learned to love thee,  
And we plight our faith anew  
With those who thank and bless thee  
And love thee, ever true.

So this is the song of the Seniors,  
Drifting over a silvery stream,  
Where the memories come to haunt us,  
And the stars, within their gleam,  
Seem to cry, and seem to want us,  
Want the class of Fair Sixteen.

MAUDE BRYAN COBB

## Senior Class History

Some one has said, "History is the biography of great men." If that be true this is not history, because this is the story of four years of natural development of a class of young women from verdant Freshmen to dignified Seniors.

It was in September, 1912, when the class of 1916, a group of eleven inexperienced girls, entered into college life at Peace. We were not aware of the fact, but our experience was similar to that of any other Freshman Class. The Sophomores availed themselves of the privileges of upper classmen to the fullest extent. They called upon us often at night for the purpose of hazing. They led us into horrifying unknown places, but, of course, we did not show any fear. They delighted in giving us Salt on all occasions, but we took our initiation into school life with all necessary meekness and good nature.

This year we made ourselves known in Athletics, especially on the basketball field, where we equally matched the other class teams.

Day after day we were comforted with various tasks, such as themes to write and problems to solve. Soon examination week was upon us and we began to wonder if we would be Sophomores next year.

After three months had passed we returned and took up the work of full fledged Sophomores. We found that some of our members had withdrawn and others, who shared our common aim, had taken their places. We felt very proud to be Sophomores, and our presence seemed to us vital to the welfare of Peace. However, some of the upper class ungently reminded us that every one did not agree with a Sophomore's own estimate of herself, and it seemed, when our beautifully written themes were returned to us decorated very artistically with red ink, that even the Faculty differed in their opinion also.

At the beginning of our Junior year our number increased. This year, like all others, was not free from hardships, for we had "Psych" to contend with. But these hardships were offset by our achievements in Athletics. To our great joy, one of our classmates was the proud winner of the Tennis Championship. We prided ourselves over the success attained in basketball, for, in spite of the fact that the Specials won over us after a very exciting and close game, we were the glorious victors of a very interesting game against the Seniors on Thanksgiving. Socially, our greatest event, which was a most brilliant and successful affair, was the reception at the end of the year given by the Juniors to the Seniors.

Probably not a little enjoyment was due to the fact that the boys were allowed to enter our sacred precincts and that they took full advantage of their privileges.

After a very pleasant vacation we returned and found that we had finally arrived from that day of verdant Freshman to that glorious day of Seniorhood. This year, our last, has been the brightest and happiest, and, notwithstanding trials and temptations, each individual proved herself to be fully competent to accomplish the task given her and to appreciate the honor of each privilege.

Now, with hands joined, we stand united at the goal; but we find that it is not the final goal at all, for it is only the starting point. We know that the way is rough and the path only partly marked. Each one must run her own race. But because our aim will still be the same as before, and because we once stood with hands clasped, we will scatter through different fields still united. The intangible but indestructible spirit of friendship will endure all changes and never lose its power.

After all, as the members of our class look back we realize that it is a glorious class with an honest record behind it. When we measure values, we realize that the finest record to leave behind is not only in scholarship, athletic attainments, numbers of offices held, but also in making Peace a better place. With this belief that we have made the place better by our presence, the Class of dear old 1916 resigns her honored position to the Class of 1917.

HISTORIAN

## Last Will and Testament

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA  
COUNTY OF WAKE  
CITY OF RALEIGH

} PEACE INSTITUTE, May 23, 1916

Be it known unto all whom it may concern, that we, the Senior Class of 1916 of the aforesaid state, county, city, and college, considering the uncertainty of existence, being of sound mind, and excellent memory and understanding, do, while we are still in possession of these faculties, make, ordain and declare this to be our Last Will and Testament.

We, the undersigned, the said Senior Class, on this the twenty-third day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and sixteen, do hereby will and bequeath to the hereinafter mentioned persons and organizations the following items, to wit:

ITEM I. To the Junior Class, we do will our place as Seniors, carefully bestowing our privileges in such a way that, should they prove too much for the Juniors, a good many may be taken from them. We also bequeath to the said Juniors all of the useful and useless knowledge afforded by Peace, which we, the Class of '16, failed to assimilate.

ITEM II. To that honored body, the Faculty, in token of their many kindnesses and mercies for which we can never repay them, we do will and bequeath these several small legacies, hoping that they will receive them with the same loving spirit with which we give them.

To Doctor Ramsey we bequeath an automatic reminder, so that he will not be late for Bible class any more and will always be able to remember his numerous dates with the Rotary Club. He may also have the Rotarians as his guests *any* time he wishes.

To Mrs. Ramsey, we leave the liberty to have a Dickens Party at least once a year, and she may arrange the date six months ahead, so that nothing will interfere.

The Misses Beale are very fond of trips to Florida; so, after much consideration, we have decided to allow them to spend an entire winter (in the near future) in that lovely state, after which they must come directly back to us.

Miss Hannah, you have enjoyed living on Paradise Alley, and especially have you enjoyed your midnight strolls to and from Room 26; therefore we will give you a perfect right to call down the occupants of said room from now on, at any time of day or night, without causing any hard feelings.

We reluctantly give Miss Womble the privilege to give up her work in History and Pedagogy, and accept one of the many positions offered her to teach Esthetic Dancing and Physical Culture.

To Miss Wilson we gladly bestow the honor of writing the next annual themes, should the girls of next year prove to be the untalented kind that we, unfortunately, were this year.

We wish to leave to Miss Nan Jones a "Marriage license." This being Leap year, we are sure that she will compete in the great race, and we would like to aid her in her undertaking.

Mrs. Moore, we leave you the right to exchange tables with Miss Nan Jones permanently, if you desire to do so; for we realize the necessity of having at least one teacher at every table regularly, and since you are absent so often and Mr. Brawley is almost never there, we feel it our duty to give the "dear" girls at your table the privilege of discussing with one of their superiors the fashions and customs in the North, and other topics of worldwide interest at meal time.

Miss Louie Jones, you may make it compulsory for every one of your pupils, after leaving Peace, to further pursue her musical career under the training of that most noted pianist, whom we all have learned to love through your incessant remarks concerning his ability—Mr. Swayne.

To Miss Zachary we leave the privilege to chaperon Sarah Sanders and Mildred Parrott to the movies every afternoon and to the basketball games every Saturday night. May no one interfere with this greatest delight of our Harmony teacher.

We have decided that, in spite of *her* scoldings and *our* hardships, we will let Mrs. Fowler be Matron as long as there is a piece of Peace left, for we have all been here long enough to understand her unusual manner of showing affection, and the new girls who will come will soon learn "not to be afraid."

To the remainder of the Faculty we leave our appreciation for the pleasures and punishments that they have dealt to us.

ITEM III. We leave to Fannie Hatch her only request—a "Hope Chest" filled with all of the dainty embroideries and ribbons that we possess.

All of the east-off bedroom slippers of the Senior Class, we will to Harriotte Camp, to be used as Fox-trot slippers.

Louise Downtin, who was this year "Speaker of the House," wishes to leave her honored position to the rightful heir, Minette Marshall. There are others in the race, but since Minette was the deviser of Louise's title, we feel it our duty to leave the nomination in her favor.

ITEM IV. To the Sophomore Class we leave the Freshmen to be cared for in everything, as well as we have cared for them, and especially on Initiation Night.

ITEM V. To the Freshmen and Specials we leave our sympathy and encouragement with the assurance that by perseverance they may reach the dazzling height that we have attained.

And now, having disposed of all our property, we do hereby constitute and appoint "William" sole executor of this our Last Will and Testament.

In witness whereof, we, the said class of 1916, do herewith set our seal and signature, this the 23d day of May, 1916.

(SEAL)

CLASS OF 1916 (BETTIE WATSON)

## Senior Class Prophecy

It came to pass in the second month, on the twenty-fifth day of the month, in the fourth year of the reign of George, son of Ramsey, as I, of the tribe of Jones and Mitchell, sat on the housetop with the other sojourners in the desert of Peace, that a spirit of prophecy fell upon me, and a voice said unto me "Prophecy!" and I prophesied concerning the fate of my colleagues in the land of Peace.

And behold a fair palace, wherein sat Bettie, the sweet musician, playing to all the rulers and governors of the land. And to the harmonies of the divine music a fair damsel leaped and danced, with the clashing of the cymbals. And I looked, and lo, it was Agnes.

In the same city was a troupe of damsels led by a singer of renown, and they went throughout the land, singing and dancing before the people on the street-corners. And the name of the leader, Margie, became obnoxious to William, the doctor of the synagogue, whose wife was Mary Lou of the house of Powell. And he stirred up the people that they should cause those women to depart from their coasts. And lo, it came to pass that the women of the city arose in their wrath in defense of their sister, and heeded not the words of their lords and masters, but made laws unto themselves. And they marched through the streets of the city bearing banners of yellow and white, whereon were written in mystic letters, "Votes for Women." And at the head of the procession, on a great charger, rode the fair-haired Amazon, Eoline, and with her rode Fannie, giving orders to right and left, as of old. And so Margie, being avenged by her sisters, abode in that city and attained fame and fortune. Selah.

And behold, a great light shone round about me, and I saw a great sign, and on it, in letters of fire, the legend "Maude Bryan Cobb and Alice Ward, in 'The Follies of 1926.'" And there were multitudes of people thronging into the doorway beneath the sign, and they spake each to his neighbor of the skill of these actresses.

And I lifted up my voice and said, "Verily, fair is the fame of these my classmates; but is there no sound of marriage revelries and the rejoicing of the bridegroom in the land?"

And a voice answered and said, "Yea, for verily, in the days when these maidens went out from Peace, it was leap year. And behold, the wise virgins bedecked themselves in their short skirts and their high heels, and they took



counsel with themselves saying 'Lo, is it not best that I should procure unto myself a husband?' And behold, one of them, Riah the Blountite, having enticed a young and innocent bridegroom, descended from her window in the third watch of the night, and departed with him into a far country.

"And Routh, the fair daughter of the House of Mercer, commended thus with herself, and she said 'Behold, what profiteth it me that I should sing all the days of my life? Rather shall I take unto myself a husband. And she lay in wait, and kidnapped 'Bill,' and carried him into her own country.

"And Anne, the Hendersonite, saw the example of her sisters, and said 'Lo, I will go and do likewise'; and she decked herself in her purple and fine linen, and went to meet the bridegroom. And I looked at his hair, and behold, it was red."

The second vision of Isla, of the tribe of Jones and Mitchell, concerning those of the class of 1916 who won reputation in the fields of art and literature.

Behold, in my vision I saw a flying scroll, and it came near unto me, and behold, it was the Literary Digest of 1926. And I opened it, and I saw therein many cartoons, cunningly conceived, and they bore the name of Mary Monroe. And I turned the leaves, and I saw a poem "To a Pie," and I read, and behold, the poet's name was Linnie Brae Gilliland.

And in the same book was a chronicle of all the acts of Mary Noble, and the wisdom that she wrought among the children of the land, and how that she taught them many new games and how that they became mighty athletes in the land. And on the next page mine eyes beheld the words "Chapel Hill"; and I looked, and lo and behold, a new president thereof had been chosen, and her name was Mary Alice. And her praise was in the mouths of all, concerning her mighty deeds in the college.

And I turned in the spirit to the land of Peace and lo, there was Louise. And she sat with dignity and grace, in the chair of Science, and she taught the young the difference between H<sub>2</sub>O and H<sub>2</sub>S.

So the spirit of prophecy left me. Selah.

PROPHET



L.B. Gliland.

# JUNIOR

## Junior Class

COLORS: *Black and gold*

FLOWER: *Marchal Neil Rose*

MOTTO: *Ad Al a*

AGNES WHITE.....	President
STELLA MCGOWAN.....	Vice-President
FRANCES JONES .....	Secretary
NITA WOODARD.....	Treasurer

RUBY MITCHELL  
LUCILLE STALLINGS  
ANNIE PICKARD

BETH EASLEY  
LENOIR MERCER  
ANNIE McDADE

FANNIE HATCH



## The Song of the Junior

### Introduction

Should you ask me whence these stories,  
Whence these legends and traditions,  
I should answer, I should tell you,  
From the sunshine of the campus,  
From the shadows of the oak-trees,  
From the ivy-crowned columns,  
From the corridors and class rooms,  
Of thy gates, Oh noble Peace!  
Ye who sometimes in your musings,  
Of your youth, the long past May-tide,  
Dream with tenderness of friendships,  
And of scenes but dim-remembered,  
Stay and read our rude inscription,  
Read our song of these, the Juniors.

### The Peace Pipe

From the country, towns and cities,  
To the land of Peace and Concord,  
Came these girls, at close of summer,  
Were not then the jolly Juniors,  
Were but Freshmen, green and silly,  
Or but Soph'mores proud and foolish,  
Could but dream of future greatness,  
Spake the "Man of Peace" in this wise:  
"I have given you books to pay for,  
Fondle these at time for classes.  
I have given you 'gym' to dance in,  
Learn the Maxixe, one step, fox trot,  
Given you 'lab,' and stores of chemicals,  
Blow yourselves up with them straightway,  
Given you practice rooms, pianos,  
Let them never then be idle,  
Drown the sound of Seaboard whistles  
By your never ceasing practice.  
Do not then be discontented,  
Be at "Peace, sweet Peace" henceforward,  
And as angels dwell to-gether.

### The War Path

Having passed our days as Freshmen,  
And the trials of the Soph'more,  
We have reached the land of Juniors,

And have bravely fought our battles,  
Both in Physics and in English,  
In Psychology and Latin.  
But of these you wish to hear not,  
For you know that old, old story.  
And you smile not to remember  
Fundamentals, laws and axioms.  
So we tell our story simply  
Of the things not writ in text books.

#### **The Junior's Wooing**

"As unto the bow the cord is  
So unto the girl her case is,"  
Thus the sad and lonely Junior  
Said within herself and pondered  
Dreaming still of soft and laughing  
Eyes, beneath a golden halo  
And of all the merry dimples  
Of the Fair One, whom she gazed on  
For the first time yesterday.  
"Do not come around me casing,"  
Sternly said her room-mate, noting,  
All the signs her face betokened.  
Then at once set out the Junior,  
Would not heed the warning given.  
Underneath the stern oak's branches,  
On the campus, there, she spied Her.  
Ran upon the wings of Morning,  
Sank beside Her, whisp'ring softly,  
All the ravings which a lover  
Ever deems he pleads with grace.  
Thus it was the case was started,  
Where it ended—well, it hasn't,  
So we leave imagination  
To construct the scenes we blush at.

#### **The Famine**

Ever always in the winter  
Are the Juniors hungry, hungry,  
When we rise at morn are hungry,  
When we go to bed are hungry,  
When we get up from the table,  
When we feast, in midnight's silence,  
Ever, always, are we hungry.  
Many plans have we devised

To appease this woeful hunger,  
And the "Little Store" came foremost  
In our list of benefactors.  
O the crackers and the Hershey's,  
O the potted ham and olives,  
O the cakes and fruits and eandies,  
Of that blessed "Little Store"!  
But our dimes last not forever,  
Neither nickels "ad finitum,"  
So we hasten to the kitchen,  
Calling forth our powers persuasive,  
Calling dignity, demanding  
George to save us from starvation  
Or perchance we find a "busy"  
Staring at us from the doorway,  
We contrive to gain an entrance.  
Then when all is said and finished  
And we go to bed at night,  
Dream we only of the famine,  
Of the dread and cruel famine.

#### **The Triumph**

"Honor be to all the Juniors!"  
Cried the Sophomores, Freshmen, Specials,  
As they burst forth from the Office,  
One glad night in drear December,  
From the office of "Pa Ramsey,"  
Where was signed the longed-for paper  
Granting them the Junior privilege.  
Many things the Juniors promised,  
Ere they were allowed to sign it.  
Never must a Junior, idly,  
Stand upon the street and chatter.  
Ne'er when meeting an acquaintance,  
Even though her best beloved,  
Deign allow to him the honor,  
Of the price of ice-cream sodas.  
Never must she flirt with strangers.  
She must shun all public places,  
As the Almo and Superba,  
As the Raleigh Union Station,  
As the Yarborough or Bland,  
If she ask not "Chappie's" escort,  
To defend her from all dangers.

Yet, when all these things are promised,  
Many joys there are remaining:  
All the pleasures of inspection,  
In the shops, or at the windows,  
All the glories bound and gathered  
In the five and ten cent store,  
All the ice cream of the drug stores,  
All the joys of "Fayetteville."  
Thus it was the Sophomores shouted,  
Thus it was the Specials cried,  
"Honor be to all the Juniors!"  
As they then assumed in triumph  
This the Junior privilege.

#### **The Juniors' Departure**

On the campus broad and grassy,  
In the pleasant "Class Day" sunshine,  
Will the Juniors stand, and waiting.  
All the air'll be full of freshness,  
All the earth be bright and joyous.  
From the faces of the Juniors  
Gone will be each trace of sorrow,  
As the fog from off the water,  
As the mist from off the meadows.  
With a smile of joy and triumph,  
With a look of exaltation,  
Will the Juniors stand, and waiting.  
Willing thus, and yet reluctant,  
They will wait th' eventful summons,  
Which proclaims and shouts, applauding,  
"Hail, Oh Seniors. Now To Be!"  
And within the heart of each one,  
Many things will echo, softly,  
"Never bloomed the earth so gaily  
Never shone the sun so brightly,  
As to-day they shine and blossom,  
When we gain the heights we seek for."  
Thus will pass our class of Juniors,  
In the glory of the sunset,  
In the purple mists of evening,  
To the goal we e'er have sought for,  
To the land of the Hereafter;  
To the land of Seniorhood.

BETH M. EASLEY



MAUD HUPCHURCH

# SOPHOMORE CLASS

## Sophomore Class

COLORS: Purple and gold

FLOWER: Violet

MASCOT: Joe Lacy

GLADYS STALLINGS. . . . . President

LOIS MONROE. . . . . Vice-President

MARY REED HOBBS. . . . . Secretary and Treasurer

CECILE HAMMOND

LUCILLE BUCHANON

MARY REED BUCHANON

MINETTE MARSHALL

CLAUDIA WHITE

MARY STEVENS





## Sophomore Rhyme

In the years that number four,  
We have reached the Sophomore.  
It's of all the second one,  
Just two more, and we are done.

Done for good and done forever.  
We have vowed that we will never  
Even look at books at all;  
No more go to Study Hall.

Last year we were Freshmen green,  
Green as you have ever seen,  
Skipping here and cutting there,  
Always without thought of care.

We will reach our goal at last,  
Junior final safely passed;  
Stately Seniors all the day,  
We'll forget our former way.

But through every year we go,  
One thing always we should know:  
These are happy, merry days,  
Soon we'll reach the harder ways.

Come and join us in a song,  
We, the jolly Sophomore throng.  
What care we about tomorrow?  
Life for us is free from sorrow.

CECILE HAMMOND



MAUD H. UPCHURCH.

# FRESHMAN CLASS

## Freshman Class

COLORS: *Red and white.*

FLOWER: *Red Rose*

MOTTO: *The "Dip's" not reached at a single bound.*

EMMA WHITE.....	President
BETTIE YELVINGTON.....	Vice-President
HARRIETT CAMP.....	Secretary
HILDA GOSNEY.....	Treasurer

ETHEL BUFFALOE  
FANNIE SCHWARTZ  
MAUD JOHNSON

BLANCHE JOHNSON  
THEO WOOTEN  
GERTRUDE TANKERSLEY



## **Freshman Class History**

The Freshman Class was born Wednesday, September 16, 1915, when each child was given a classification card and directions as to its uses. Though we had never seen so many winding stairways, we did not get lost hunting for the numerous teachers to sign our card.

One morning towards the last of September, we were suddenly awakened by a gentle "ba-a-ba-a," which seemed to come from the court below our windows. At first we tried to smother the sounds (thinking that it was the Sophs serenading us), but "Bill's" cries still penetrated the room. We were afraid all day and dreaded the fateful night, but we lived through the crisis and are now tried and true friends of the horned "Bill."

Another memorable event was the night of Hallowe'en. How the chills creep up our spines when we think of that time! We could not proceed ten steps without meeting some fearful object. Nevertheless, we enjoyed the occasion. After the delightful dinner, there were many different contests and fortune-telling games and a regular get-acquainted party.

Christmas was the next festive time. The days were counted every little while, and it seemed as if the 18th would never come. At last the day arrived and we bade a joyful good-bye to Peace for two weeks.

We have made many friends during the year and have found many warm hearts. We also have a fair start in our college career, and are going to make the coming years as pleasant as possible, both in our work and in our play.

MAUD JOHNSON



# SPECIAL CLASS

## Special Class

COLORES: *Black and red*

FLOWER: *Orchid*

MOTTO: *Per laborem ad sidera*

MAUDE UPCHURCH, *President*

JEAN HAMMOND, *Vice-President*

JOHNSIE GRAVES, *Secretary and Treasurer*

MARY NICHOLSON  
 MAUD CLARK  
 MARY HOLLINGSWORTH  
 BETTIE MAE CHEATHAM  
 HALLIE JONES  
 MILDRED PARROTT  
 RUTH HARGETTE

ALMA KEITH  
 LILLIAN WHITE  
 ELOISE WIGGINS  
 THEO WOOTEN  
 MARY ELLEN CULBRETH  
 MILDRED BRIGGS  
 MARY PORTER WHITE



## The Hospital Fair

He had nearly made the round of the tables, and was fifteen or twenty dollars poorer than when he came in, though of course that was a detail. He owned a large pin-cushion, a nut cake, a packet of colored tissue shaving-paper, a three-pound box of fudge, at a dollar a pound, a hand-painted wall-calendar, a card-board scrap-basket tied with ribbons, an embroidered tobacco-pouch, and a huge bunch of red roses; and he was trying to carry all these things, for they don't "send" at a hospital fair. *Her* table was nearly the last in the line, and she laughed outright when she saw him.

"Hello!" he said, his eyes brightening as he came up to her. "Where's your megaphone?"

"Oh, I don't speak," she laughed. "I leave that for the girls at the other tables."

"They know the art," he said ruefully. "It's done in better form than it is on the midways, but just as effectively."

"I should judge so," she returned, with a survey of his laden arms.

"Mayn't I drop this armful behind your table and leave it there?" he pleaded. "You won't have to tell."

She shook her head. "Everything bought has to be carried away. It's the penalty for buying."

"Then there are two penalties!"

"What's the other?"

"The price. And two against one is not fair."

She laughed again.

"It's hospital fair," she retorted.

"Hospital fare isn't good."

"It is at our hospital.—A housewife, did you say?" She turned swiftly to a new customer, a portly lady in purple. "Yes, we have them. Here's a pretty one at two dollars and a quarter. Oh, yes, I can make change. Thank you."

"They didn't make change at the other tables," he said, as she returned.

"You mean they wouldn't."

"They said they couldn't."

"They meant they shouldn't."

"Let me put these things down," he begged.

"Will you take them up again by and by?"

"All but the roses. They're for you."

"Oh, thank you, but you'll take the other things?"

"If I don't forget." He deposited his burden behind the table. "What do *you* sell?"

"Sewing-things. Housewives, for instance."

"I thought housewives were out of date."

"They're coming in again."



"Are all these at two dollars and a quarter?"

"Oh, no! There are several over two dollars and a quarter."

"I need one at some price," he said. "Laundries are poor hands at mending."

She picked up one in colored floss.

"This is three dollars and a half."

"I want something dearer than that."

She glanced at him.

"Well, here's one at five dollars."

"Dearer still." His eyes were fixed on her face. She felt it flush brilliantly.

"This at six dollars is the most expensive I have."

"I want to pay more."

"How much?" It was an incautious question, and she knew it instantly.

"All my worldly goods," he quoted solemnly.

"I must leave you," she said, "those people want to buy something."

"I'll wait," he said.

She was a long time with the new customers. Then she did not come back to his end of the counter. He went over to hers.

"Aren't the rooms lovely?" she said.

"I want one from this table," he persisted.

"One what?"

"One housewife."

"At the price you named?"

"Yes."

Her glance meant mischief. "Does the price go to the hospital?" she asked.

He was taken aback. "Well, no," he said. "Not in this case."

"Where does it go, then?"

"To the housewife."

"That's against the rules."

"Against what rules?"

"Against the rules of the Fair."

"It's not against the rights of the fair."

"Now you're punning," she said.

"May I have it?" he pleaded. There was a light in his eyes.

"Have what?"

"I've told you already."

She did not deny this. There was a light in her eyes, too.

"There's another customer," she said.

"Never mind the customer, tell me."

"But I can't neglect customers, how would the hospital fare?"

"I'm more interested in how *I* fare at the hospital fair."

"Well," she whispered, as she flashed away, "possibly I might some time let you have one a little—dearer—even than the ones they sell at a hospital fair."



Painting on the Canvas

ART

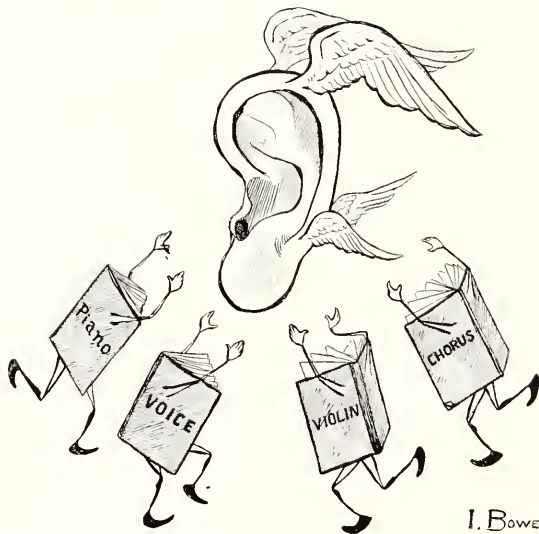


MARJORIE CHAMBERLAIN  
LILLIAN MORGAN

### Domestic Science

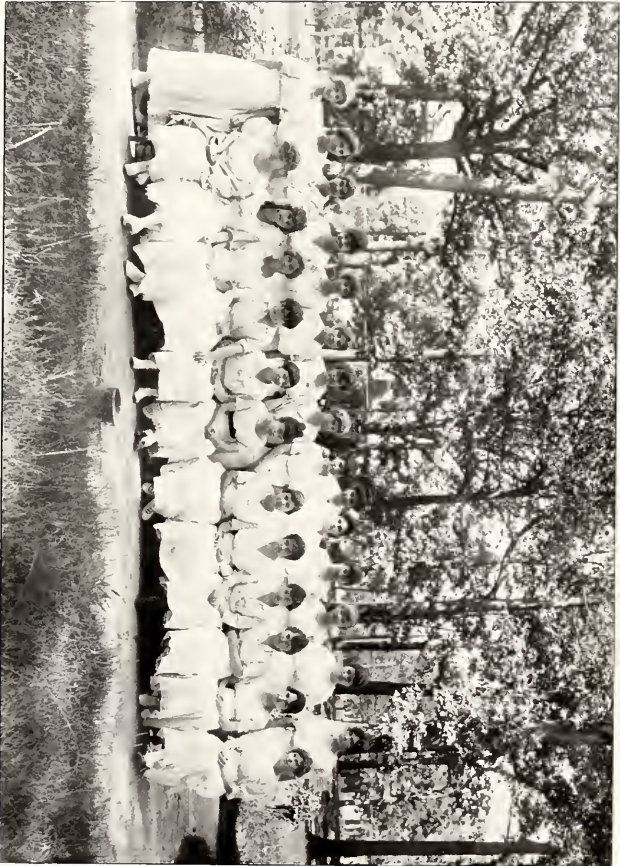
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BETTYE YERGENSON  
EMMA WHITE

WENDEE CAMP  
HARRIETTE CAMP

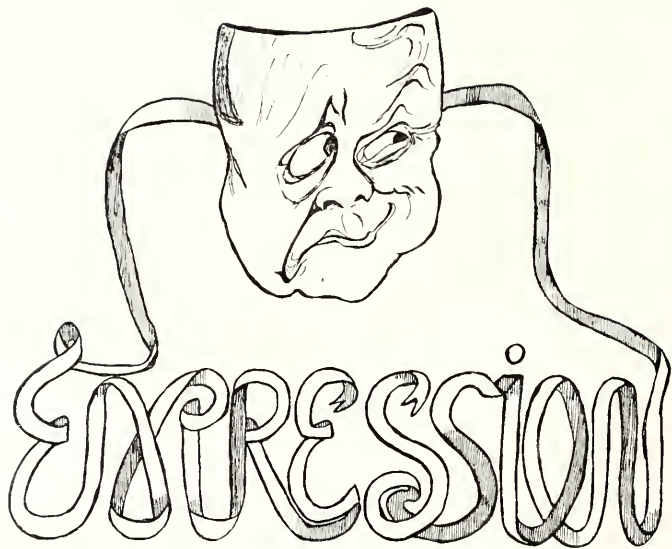


I. BOWE.

# MUSIC



CHORAL CLASS



MAUD H. URBURCH.  
1916.





## A Schedule in Rhyme, of the Usual Peace Time

- 7:00 A. M. The mournful notes the gong sounds through the floors  
Are answered only by the peaceful snores.
- 7:25 A. M. Five minute bell! Some girls arise,  
Comb their hair and wet their eyes.
- 7:30 A. M. Breakfast!! Squeals!!  
Such a scurry!  
Middies snatched up  
In a hurry!  
Hair pins, boudoir slippers gay,  
Must be found without delay.
- \* \* \* \* \*
- Girls clothed in strange collections  
Marvel as they pass inspections.
- 8:45 A. M. A call to Chapel! And with easy grace  
Each girl assumes a pious, saintly face.
- 9:00 A. M. Lessons! Lessons!! Lessons!!!  
Our work is never done,  
But the result of shirking  
Is certainly no fun.
- 12:30 P. M. Lunch and the mail,  
For the strong and the frail.
- 1:00 P. M. These next two hours we spend in study too,  
And so, of course, we're glad when they are through.
- 3:00 P. M. Mail, again! Athletics,  
Gym, or basket ball  
Tennis, dancing, shopping  
Calls for one and all.
- 6:00 P. M. At dinner, we're every one happy and gay,  
'Tis there we discuss the events of the day.
- 7:15 P. M. To study hard for two whole hours,  
Requires the use of all our powers.
- 9:15 P. M. In skipping time,  
Our lessons o'er,  
We crowd into  
The "little store,"  
Or gossip with  
The other girls,  
While they prepare  
Their hair for curls.  
And many more  
Such things we do,  
Which I will not  
Relate to you.
- 9:30 P. M. "To your own rooms, girls,"  
Comes the firm command;  
Then, reluctantly,  
Noisy crowds disband.
- 10:00 P. M. Now silence, ominous silence, reigns supreme  
And tired girls crowd in their beds to dream.

M. N. BURKHEAD



## It Pays to Advertise

- Wanted:* A Duck (et).  
Maud Upchurch.  
Routh Mercer.
- Wanted:* A hair-tonic guaranteed to produce a lasting rainbow effect.  
Johnsie Graves.
- Wanted:* A number of invalids who will require constant attention.  
Mrs. Fowler.
- Wanted:* A lot of rouge, a lip stick and an eyebrow pencil guaranteed to look natural.  
Mildred Parrott.  
Sarah Saunders.
- Wanted:* A bill passed to prohibit the sale of liver in North Carolina.  
The Peace Girls.
- Wanted:* The position of lady principal, for next year.  
Miss Lillian Beale.
- Wanted:* A rule book containing specific directions as to how to run a new automobile.  
Mr. Brawley.
- Wanted:* Permission to spend every week end at home with all the afternoons of the week thrown in.  
Mildred Briggs.
- Wanted:* Morgan's Store to be moved from Person to Blount Street.  
Frances and Hallie Jones.
- Wanted:* Some one to correspond with.  
Ruth Hargette.
- Wanted:* A Kappa Sigma pin.  
Mildred Parrott.
- Wanted:* A permanent boarder to be fed in the kitchen.  
Mrs. Moorman.
- Wanted:* An automatic, swift, guaranteed, after-the-five-minute-bell, dressing machine.  
Gladys Stallings.
- Wanted:* A reserved seat in heaven with a row of boys behind.  
Sarah Sanders.  
Minette Marshall.  
Mildred Parrott.  
Mary Reed Hobbs.
- Wanted:* Credit at the Y. W. C. A. store.  
Mrs. Moore.
- Wanted:* Orders for embroidery.  
Mary Alice Cobb.
- Wanted:* A midnight lunch.  
Editorial Staff.
- Wanted:* An invitation to a dance, anywhere, any time and with anybody.  
Mildred Parrott.
- Wanted:* A private expression teacher to develop a new laugh for her.  
Eloise Wiggins.
- Wanted:* Another masculine music teacher to tease whenever she likes, without any offense.  
Mrs. Moore.
- Wanted:* A more cheerful expression for Miss Petite (Ellen) Beale.  
The Peace Girls.
- Wanted:* The position to teach Senior English for next year.  
Mary Monroe.
- Wanted:* A restriction of hours put on Mary Stevens's clog-dancing.  
Second-floor Girls.
- Wanted:* Permission to conduct Y. W. C. A. exercises every Sunday night.  
Mr. George (Pat) Ramsey.
- Wanted:* Several private secretaries to help her do her work.  
Johnsie Graves.
- Wanted:* An electric piano to play accompaniments.  
Miss Peet.
- Wanted:* One good music lesson.  
Mr. Brawley.

## Student Body Council

LOUISE DOWTIN, 1916, *President.*

RIAH BLOUNT	MARY LOU POWELL
MARY ALICE COBB	ANNE SOUTHERLAND
MAUDE COBB	ROUTH MERCER
LINNIE GILLILAND	MARGARET WALKER
ISLA MITCHELL	ALICE WARD
EOLINE MONROE	BETTIE WATSON
MARY MONROE	AGNES YOUNG

FANNIE NICHOLSON

MARY NOBLE BURKHEAD, *President Senior Class*

AGNES WHITE, *President Junior Class*

GLADYS STALLINGS, *President Sophomore Class*

EMMA WHITE, *President Freshman Class*





**In Memoriam**

HANNAH COLEY

Died 1916



**In Memoriam**

MANLY W. TYREE

Died 1916



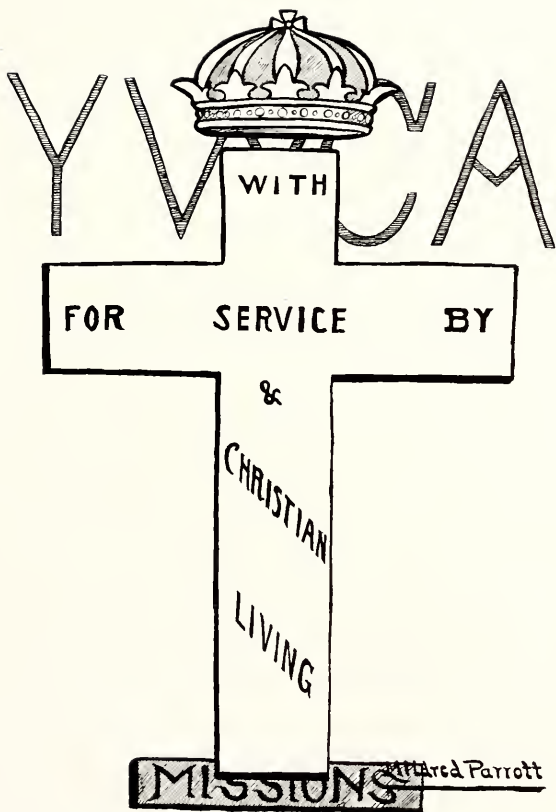
### Commencement Marshals, 1915

FANNIE NICHOLSON, *Chief*  
GERTRUDE MONROE                      BETH EASLEY  
HELEN SIMMONS                         JOHNSIE GRAVES



### Commencement Marshals, 1916

FRANCES JONES, *Chief*  
JEAN HAMMOND                         MARY HOLLINGSWORTH  
GLADYS STALLINGS                     HARRIET CAMP



## Y. W. C. A. Cabinet

<i>President,</i>	ANNIE GILL
<i>Vice-President</i>	MAUD UPCHURCH
<i>Secretary</i>	ALYCE WARD
<i>Treasurer,</i>	LOUISE DOWTIN

## Chairmen of Committees

<i>Foreign Missionary</i>	AGNES WHITE
<i>Home Missionary</i>	MAUDE COBB
<i>Social</i>	MARY ALICE COBB
<i>Devotional</i>	BETH EASLEY
<i>Visiting</i>	ISLA MITCHELL
<i>Poster</i> , . . . .	HALLIE JONES
<i>Room</i> . . . .	JOHNSIE GRAVES
<i>Music</i>	BETTIE WATSON
<i>Xmas</i> . . . .	STELLA MCGOWAN
<i>Honorary Member</i> ,	EOLINE MOSROE
<i>Faculty Member</i> .	MISS EMMA C. BONNEY





## **Young Women's Christian Association**

The Young Women's Christian Association is a force of vital importance in our school, as it is 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. Interesting meetings are held every 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.

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. These are thoroughly enjoyed.

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

## Appreciation of Three Modern Poets

In writing an appreciation of the three modern poets, Alfred Noyes, Robert W. Service, and Madison Cawein, I have made no effort to show them as the three greatest modern poets, although they do in some ways far surpass all others, but I have selected these because of their extreme individuality of style and thought. Each of these poets interprets life and nature in an entirely different manner, and the original way in which each portrays his own feelings makes their works an interesting study.

Alfred Noyes, the English poet, is perhaps more widely known in America than either Service or Cawein, since he is now traveling over our country giving lectures in all important cities. His great popularity is due more than anything else to the irresistible spirit and cadences of his music, and his disposition to take the most hopeful view of life. Noyes is preëminently a lyrical poet, therefore it is the splendid rhythm and imagery of his poetry which attract the readers. As one of the critics says, "Everywhere one will find swing and melody as studied as a fugue."

Noyes puts infinite originality into the presentation of the simplest and oldest ideas. Because of his broad sympathy and his understanding of all phases of life, he draws his subjects from every field. He writes of children's fancies, romantic adventure, beautiful aspects of nature, enchanted islands, and tragedies. Indeed there seems to be no limitation to his genius. On all of these subjects Noyes writes with so much simplicity and beauty, so much understanding and feeling, that he is interesting to all classes. He is an intensely human poet, and his poetry conveys human feelings. "The Flower of Old Japan" is typical of several of his poems dealing with the fancies and emotions of childhood. In his lighter moods he writes of love, drinking songs, butterflies, and many things. But he can be serious as well, as is shown in his "The Origin of Life," and especially in "The Old Knight's Vigil" in "Sherwood."

Noyes's simple, childlike faith in God is one of his most striking characteristics. For him the universe is not a place that needs explaining, but a delightful place in which to make one's self happy. He sees God's hand in everything, and therefore we find no questionings or doubts in his poetry. He wrote his "Origin of Life" in answer to certain scientific pronouncements. The following is typical of much of his poetry in which he shows that he does not believe in too much scientific analysis.

"We have named the stars and weighed the moon,  
Counted our gains—and lost the boon."

One feels that Noyes is indeed a modern poet. He gives us human emotions at their biggest and deepest and "has caught the soul of the Elizabethan age like no writer since that time."

In criticising the poetry of Robert W. Service, it is well to give a brief résumé of his life. Because of the fact that his years have been filled with more

struggles than fall to the lot of the ordinary man, his poetry cannot be considered without some understanding of his life. Service was born in Scotland in the year 1878. As a boy he worked as a bank clerk until he became dissatisfied and restless. He then emigrated to Canada when he was twenty-one years old. Traveling steerage, he landed at Vancouver with only five dollars in his pocket. He earned money enough to keep him alive by chopping trees and driving reaping machines through the great wheat fields, until, in a spirit of adventure, he worked his way down toward Mexico. After such occupations as school-teaching and newspaper reporting, he obtained a position in a bank. In a short time the firm sent him North to the Yukon, at the time of the gold rush, and he remained there in the branch bank for eight years. It was these years of frontier life in that "land of the midnight sun" which made such a great impression on him and which finally found expression in "Songs of a Sour Dough," a book that reached its seventh edition in an incredibly short time. So it came about that the drudging bank clerk began to receive so many checks that he gave up his banking, that he might see more of the world. He went to Turkey during the time of the Balkan war, and after that to Paris, which is his present home, and the inspiration of his new novel "The Pretender."

Service's literary fame lies in his wonderful descriptions of the Canadian Northwest. He feels the spell of the land so deeply, and portrays it in his poetry in such a realistic manner, that he makes the reader feel that he, too, is experiencing the charm of it. Most people have as their conception of the vast, still north, where the thermometer is sixty below zero, a region of starvation and death,—a land to shun; but Service, although he, too, hated the "Great white silence" at first, says that he would trade it for no land on earth because

"It's the beauty that fills me with wonder  
It's the stillness that fills me with peace."

Service's best poems are descriptions of nature in the northland, but he has also written humorous poems such as "The Cremation of Sam McGee," "The Gramophone at Fond-du-lac" and others. His dialect poems, such as "The Baldness of Chewed Ear," and "The Cow Juice Cure," are especially good, in that they give us clear concepts of the class of people who dwell in the north.

One of Service's most striking characteristics is his cheerful optimism. The following is the thought of much of his poetry:

"Be honest, kindly, simple, true;  
Seek God in all, scorn but pretense;  
Whatever sorrows come to you,  
Believe in Life's Beneficence!"

In the little poem "Comfort," he says that no matter what happens,

"Why you've still the sunshine left you  
And the big blue sky."

and then he ends with,

"You've got God, and God is love."

One other interesting point about Service's poetry is his beautiful and fitting diction. He paints true pictures merely with words, and makes his readers feel them too. What can be more beautiful and suitable in describing "The Land God Forgot" than

"The lonely sunsets flame and die  
The giant valleys gulp the night,"

and in the "Rhyme of the Remittance Man,"

"While above the scented pine gloom piling heights of golden glory,  
The Sun-god paints his canvas in the West."

A very different sort of poet is Madison Cawein, the third poet whom I have chosen to consider. He has not the wide range of subjects that either Noyes or Service has. He is essentially a nature poet, and his works lie virtually in this one field. Although Cawein did succeed the few times he stepped outside his narrow circle, as is shown in "The Feud," yet, because of his intimate knowledge of nature and fondness for it, he invariably chose to write nature lyrics. He shows much originality, and imaginative power in his rhymes and in his diction. For instance, nothing could be more fanciful than his description of the shooting star in "Solstice,"

"The night goes stealing to her tryst  
Breathing a fragrant sigh;  
One jewel from her starry wrist  
Drops down the quiet sky."

In his poem "Before the Rain" he has been wonderfully felicitous in making the sound correspond to the sense,

"Hours passed,  
Before was heard the thunder's sullen drum  
Rumbling night's hollow."

Toward his native state, which is Kentucky, it is said that Cawein occupied as definite a relation as Whittier did toward New England. He is undoubtedly the best poet of nature that America has produced in the last generation. In his recent death not only America, but England as well, has lost one of its greatest poets of nature.

After considering the works of these three poets, it may be seen that, although each lived in this age and was affected to a certain extent by the same influences of the time, yet they are entirely different. Their works are typical of three different types of poets. Noyes is, in a way, like Browning in that he understands all phases of life and writes of its rougher aspects, as well as the romantic ones. Service reminds one of Kipling. He is the type of poet who moves the reader with his wonderful power of describing things that are unknown to the average person. And then Cawein, "the laureate of Kentucky," is just a nature poet, although to interpret nature is not a little thing by any means.

LINNIE BRAE GILLILAND

## Peace Get-together Dinner

It might have been called a "Peace Party," had Henry been along; it looked more like an old-fashioned family gathering—but it really *was* a Peace banquet at the Yarborough, during the 1915 Teachers' Assembly.

Thanks to Mrs. Griffin, and her loyalty, the Peace girls were given the right-of-way to the Yarborough, which was in great demand, as the other colleges were having "Get-together" dinners, too. It was due to that same alumna's artistic taste and thoughtfulness that the private dining-room was most attractively decorated in autumn colors and fruits. On the long tables were runners of red and gold leaves, while here and there were plump persimmons and jolly old pumpkins hiding beneath clusters of grapes.

When Miss Mary Aycock had presented Mrs. Terrell and Miss Ada Womble with pink roses in honor of their being president and secretary of the Raleigh chapter, the fun and feasting began. Mrs. Terrell presided charmingly, and the dining room was soon filled with the fun and laughter of sixty enthusiastic Peace girls,—eating, drinking and making merry over things that had been. Every administration was represented, the Burwells, the Dinwiddies, the Stockards, the Ramseys. There were all stages and ages of Peace girls, from Mrs. William Aycock, the youngest mother, to Mrs. Lacy, the youngest grandmother. But between them all, whether they knew each other or not, was the same connecting link—love of Peace and interest in all Peace girls.

Then Mrs. Terrell insisted that each girl give an account of herself. Twenty-four teachers arose with befitting dignity. Various other professions made themselves heard in the land: one was "just being busy," another "just looking after children" or "keeping house." Finally some one said "just looking after my husband"—and instantly, several pairs of wistful eyes were turned on the speaker.

When the last girl had pleaded either "Guilty," or "Not Guilty," there was a toast to Peace. Then the old Peace songs, rich in feeling, deep in meaning were sung—and the banquet was a warm, happy memory.

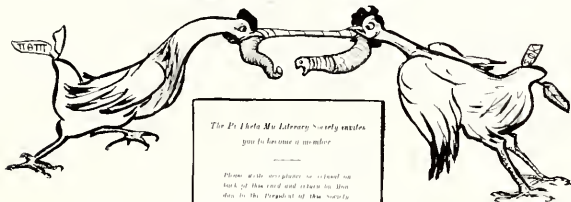
MINNIE S. SPARROW

# LITERARY SOCIETIES

*The Sigma Phi Kappa Literary Society  
invites you to become one of  
its members*

PLEASE WRITE ACCEPTANCE OR REFUSAL ON BACK OF  
THIS CARD AND RETURN BY MAIL TO THE  
PRESIDENT OF THIS SOCIETY

ELMER WAGMAN	WILL WARDER	WALTER WALKER
WILL WARDER	WILL WARDER	WILL WARDER
WILL WARDER	WILL WARDER	WILL WARDER
WILL WARDER	WILL WARDER	WILL WARDER
WILL WARDER	WILL WARDER	WILL WARDER



*The Psi Kappa Mu Literary Society invites  
you to become a member*

Please write acceptance or refusal on  
back of this card and return by mail  
to the President of this Society

MARK HIGLEY	WILL WARDER
WALTER HIGLEY	WILL WARDER
WILL WARDER	WILL WARDER
WILL WARDER	WILL WARDER
WILL WARDER	WILL WARDER
WILL WARDER	WILL WARDER
WILL WARDER	WILL WARDER
WILL WARDER	WILL WARDER
WILL WARDER	WILL WARDER
WILL WARDER	WILL WARDER

ELMER WAGMAN  
WILL WARDER  
WILL WARDER

I. BOWEN -  
& M. M.



## **Sigma Phi Kappa**

### **Officers**

ROUTH MERCER  
BETH EASLEY..  
MARGARET WALKER.  
ISLA MITCHELL ....

*President*  
*Vice-President*  
*Secretary*  
*Treasurer*





## **Sigma Phi Kappa Society**

MYRTIS CONNELEY  
BETH EASLEY  
RUTH HARGETTE  
FRANCES JONES  
HALLIE JONES  
BLANCHE JOHNSON  
ROUTH MERCER  
LENOIR MERCER  
ISLA MITCHELL  
RURY MITCHELL  
EMMA MITCHELL  
FANNIE NICHOLSON

MARY NICHOLSON  
ANNIE PICKARD  
LUCILLE STALLINGS  
GLADYS STALLINGS  
ANNIE UZZLE  
MARGARET WALKER  
AGNES WHITE  
MARY WHITE  
NITA WOODARD  
BETTIE YELVINGTON  
ELOISE WIGGINS  
THEO. WOOTEN

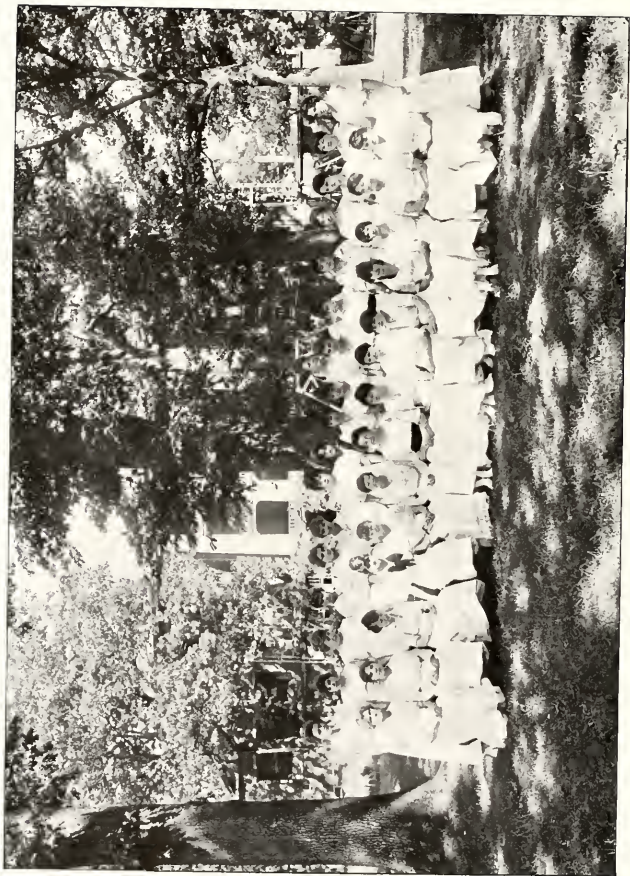


## Pi Theta Mu

### Officers

MARY ALICE COBB . . .  
LOUISE DOWTIN . . .  
MAUDE UPCHURCH  
MAUDE COBB . . . .

*President*  
*Vice-President*  
*Secretary*  
*Treasurer*



## Phi Theta Mu Literary Society

RIAH HILL BLOUNT	LOIS MONROE
MARY NOBLE BURKHEAD	MARY MONROE
LUCILE BUCHANAN	STELLA MCGOWAN
MARY REED BUCHANAN	ANNIE MCDADE
MAUDE CLARK	MINETTE MARSHALL
MARY ELLEN CULBRETH	MILDRED PARROTT
MARY ALICE COBB	MARY LOU POWELL
MAUDE COBB	ANNE SOUTHERLAND
BETTIE MAE CHEATHAM	SARA SANDERS
HARRIETTE CAMP	SARAH RIMER
WRENNIE CAUDLE	MAUD UPCHURCH
LOUISE DOWTIN	ALICE WARD
ANNIE GILL	EMMA WHITE
LINNIE GILLILAND	BLANCHE WHITE
HILDA GOSNEY	LILLIAN WHITE
ETHEL HOLDING	CLAUDIA WHITE
MARY HOLLINSWORTH	ELIZABETH WATSON
CECILE HAMMOND	AGNES YOUNG
JEAN HAMMOND	FANNIE SCHWARTZ
FANNIE HATCH	JOHNSIE GRAVES
MARY REED HOBES	ALMA KEITH
EOLINE MONROE	LILLIE MORRIS
	MARY STEVENS



# FIRE DRILL

Jean Hammond

## Elegy

(Written after a fire drill.)

The fire gong tolls a call which all obey,  
The sleepy crowd winds slowly down the stairs,  
Miss Womble downward plods her weary way,  
Her brain depressed with curlers and with cares.

Now trails the last kimono through the hall,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where Miss Wilson lets her anger fall  
On one who ill her stifled mirth controls.

Save where, from yonder bath tub up the stairs,  
An angry girl doth to Miss Beale explain,  
That, fire drill catching her all unawares,  
She, in that tub, could not get out agan.

Full many a girl, more hurried than serene,  
Left doors half open to the cold night air,  
Full many a tardy maid, her room unseen,  
Did not have time to turn the light on there.

The names, the rooms, of those who thus transgressed  
Miss Wilson asks; then each room passes by,  
And strews rebukes, with dignity expressed,  
To teach those slothful miscreants how to fly.

For her who, pitiless of girls in bed,  
Doth toll that gong, no matter though it's late,  
Of chance by lonely contemplations led,  
Some kindred spirit shall inquire her fate.

Haply some Peace girl, since grown old shall say,  
"Oft have I seen her after ten o'clock,  
Rushing with hasty steps down stairs away,  
To hang that gong, and make girls thither flock.

"She now hath passed from this world's toils away,  
By Gabriel's side she sings a joyous song;  
And when he blows his trump, the great last day,  
She'll wake the dead with that same old fire gong."

AGNES WHITE



# ATHLETICS





*President*  
RIAH BLOUNT



*Vice-President*  
MAUD UPCHURCH



*Treasurer*  
BETTIE WATSON



*Secretary*  
ANNE SOUTHERLAND





SENIOR TENNIS



JUNIOR TENNIS



SOPHOMORE TENNIS



FRESHMAN TENNIS



SPECIAL TENNIS

## Athletics 1915-16

The interest which was aroused in athletics last year by the presentation of the loving cup has continued this year. The Seniors, being conquerors over all in basketball, have the honor of having their name engraved on the cup.

### Schedule of Games

<i>Date</i>	<i>Contestants</i>	<i>Winner</i>	<i>Score</i>
November 25	Senior-Junior	Senior	10-5
January 21	Soph-Special	Special	12-7
February 28	Soph-Special	Special	11-2
February 28	Senior-Junior	Senior	9-6
March 6	Senior-Special	Senior	6-3

ANNE SOUTHERLAND

*Secretary*



## Senior Basketball Team

MOTTO: Play to win

COLORS: Dark blue and gold

YELL: Cannibal! Cannibal!  
 Sis! Boom! Bah!  
 Are we in it?  
 Yes we are!  
 Seniors, Seniors!  
 Rah! Rah! Rah!

MAUDE COBB

*Captain, Goal*

BETTIE WATSON

*Goal*

MARGIE WALKER

*Guard*

RIAH BLOUNT

*Guard*

MARY NOBLE BURKHEAD

*Center*

ANNE SOUTHERLAND

*Side Center*





## Junior Basketball Team

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!*

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

STELLA MCGOWAN	.....	Captain, Goal
ANNIE MCDADE	.....	Goal
ANNIE PICKARD	.....	Guard
BETH EASLEY	.....	Guard
FANNIE HATCH	.....	Center



## Sophomore Basketball Team

COLORS: Purple and gold

YELL: Nigger hoe potato  
 Holy post alligator  
 Ram, bam ballagator  
 Sis! bomb! Bah!  
 Sophomores, Sophomores,  
 Rah! Rah! Rah!

CLAUDE WHITE . . .	<i>Captain, Center</i>
MINNETTE MARSHALL . . .	<i>Forward</i>
MARY REED BUCHANAN . . .	<i>Forward</i>
LUCILE BUCHANAN . . .	<i>Side Center</i>
CECILE HAMMOND . . .	<i>Guard</i>
MARY STEVENS . . .	<i>Guard</i>





## Special Basketball Team

COLORS: Red and white

### SONG:

Hurry up, hurry up  
 With the basketball  
 Play right at it  
 Don't you get excited  
 Play, play, play, and earn the cup,  
 For we can eat the Soph'mores up.

### YELL:

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

MAUD UPBURCH...  
 JOHNSIE GRAVES...  
 MARY HOLLINGSWORTH...  
 LILLIAN WHITE...  
 MAUDE CLARK...  
 BETTIE YELVINGTON...

... *Captain, Forward*  
 ... *Forward*  
 ... *Guard*  
 ... *Guard*  
 ... *Center*  
 ... *Substitute*

## Source of Information

NAME	PLACE OFFENSES FOUND	CHARACTER OCCUPATION	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	DESTINY
Louise Dowlin	At the collector's bench	Running the student body	Now do remember that, girls	To be a reformer
Anne Southerland	With Alice	Studying Latin with Beth	I know I look younger than she does	To be a sweet little wife
Miss Bonney	Chasing Beth and Eoline	Sending girls on errands	That's exactly what I said	To die in China
Eloise Wiggins	At mail call	Reading her boy letters to girls	I feel so sick	To write a twenty volume history
Mr. Brawley	In the pantry	Running his Jackson	Now while everything is quiet	To be a Padreswaki
Annie Prickard	Conceded from Miss Wilson	Sissing Miss Wilson	I'm not interested in that	To be an English teacher
Dr. Ramsey "Pa"	Country Club	Smoking	Er—er—er	To die of apoplexy
Mildred Parrott	At leatherer Smith's	"Making up"	He gave me the rish of my life	To be disappointed in love
Maud Uplandish	In Mary Bevel's room	Entertaining the public	One of the Cuddlers	To be in vauclerville
Mrs. Stevens	By the study papers	Expounding her philosophies	Oh! moans. Oh! tempora	To lead a suffrage parade
Mary Nicholson	With Margie	Talking to Margie	I love Margie	To die for Margie
Francis Jones	Everywhere	Talking	? (her name is legout)	To be a cook in a restaurant
Johns' Graters	In front of the mirror	Rolling up curls	Do I look all right?	To die of spring fever
Miss Ella Beale (Deities)	Where she isn't expected	Managing other's affairs	You'll have to ask Mrs. Ramsey	To be miserable
Mary Beal Buchanan	Out of place	Quarreling with Lucille	Now to save your life	To be the fat lady in a side show
Mary Lou Powell	In her own room	Eating pencils in secret	Harriet hush-up your side of the bed	To be eccentric
Mildred Briggs	At the telephone	Crying	I want to go home	To live and die at home
Mrs. Fowler	Chasing dirt	Boasting Pease	You're going to die	To be nation in heaven
Agnes Young	In the gym	Dancing	I'd rather have an excuse than a less <small>sub</small>	To be an invalid
Mary Stevens	Visiting	Looking innocuous and planning mischief	Well I believe	To be a obig dancer
Ida Mitchell	Visiting Miss Wamble	Running her tongue	Be quiet and let me talk	To die talking



## **Sigma Psi**

COLORS: Red and green

FLOWER: Tulip

Founded in 1904

### **Sorores in Collegio**

ALICE WARD	New Bern, N. C.
ROUTH MERCER..	Eln City, N. C.
MARY ALICE COBB..	Tarboro, N. C.
MARY NOBLE BURKHEAD.	Lexington, N. C.
MILDRED PARROTT...	Kinston, N. C.
EOLINE MONROE	Sanford, N. C.
ANNE SOUTHERLAND..	Henderson, N. C.
MARY MONROE..	Sanford, N. C.
AGNES WHITE	Shanghai, China.
EMMA WHITE....	Raleigh, N. C.
MR. BRAWLEY...	Raleigh, N. C.



## Nu Nu

FLOWER: Violet

COLORS: Lavender and white

### Sorores in Collegio

PEARL FOUNTAIN . . . . .	Raleigh, N. C.
MARY NICHOLSON . . . . .	Littleton, N. C.
JOHNSIE GRAVES . . . . .	Carthage, N. C.

### Sorore in Facultate

MISS HELEN WILSON

### Sorores in Urbe

ALICE COLE	MARY AYCOCK
MARJORIE MONTAGUE	MRS. RICHARDSON
AMY STOCKARD	MRS. BOB. WYATT

MRS. JOHN PARK



# Alpha Delta Gamma

FLOWER: Red Rose

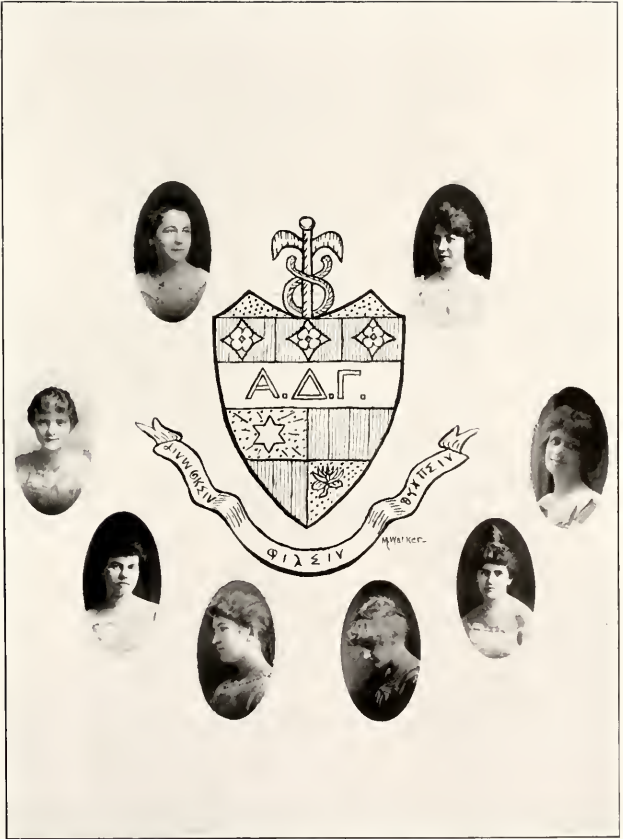
COLORS: Red and white

Founded in 1910

## Sorores in Collegio

BETH EASLEY . . .	Clarksville, Va.
MARGUERITE DOUGLASS	Raleigh, N. C.
GLADYS STALLINGS . . .	Birmingham, Ala.
NITA WOODARD.	Whitakers, N. C.
MARGIE WALKER . . .	Andrews, N. C.
LUCILLE STALLINGS . . .	Birmingham, Ala.
TENA MAY STEPHENSON . .	Raleigh, N. C.
MARY ALICE MORAN . . .	Boston, Mass.





## Limericks

There is a Peace diet called liver,  
(We would it were all in the river!)  
For we cuss and we swear,  
And we all tear our hair,  
As we keep growing fatter on liver!

Among antique relics of Peace  
Is "Moses"—will his sounds never cease?  
For we just groan and sigh,  
And half-open one eye,  
And our slumbers take on a new lease.

But when "Aaron" proclaims his shrill call,  
Confusion begins in each hall,  
Out of warm beds we creep,  
(Although half asleep)  
And down the long staircase we fall.

There was a Peace teacher—You may  
Have heard, she ne'er meant what she'd say,  
She'll change it around,  
Contradict up and down,  
And deny that she's said it, next day.

There's a glad and gay time in the hall,  
When the girls have their morning mail-call,  
We scramble and squeal,  
In our hurry and zeal,  
Till we get none—then how our hearts fall!

There were once five maidens so bright,  
Who are usually good and upright,  
But they got in a fume,  
And tore up Miss Peet's room,  
Oh, that was a gay Sunday night!

One Sunday it was, during "Med"  
When Lucille into Margie's room fled,  
To the closet she flew,  
When Mrs. Moore came in, too,  
"A telegram"—out popped Lucille's head.

A certain young lady one night,  
Got herself in a terrible plight,  
Was kicked by her beau,  
And took camphor to show  
She was driven to suicide, right.

### SEQUEL

The camphor's effects passed away,  
Her grief, too departed next day,  
We're surprised—but—*she's proud*  
Of her actions so loud,  
And dotes on her antics for aye.

THERE WERE



M.C. 1914

EVEN IN THE DAYS OF CAVE WOMEN.



### Embroidery Club

ANNE SOUTHERLAND  
MARY NOBLE BURHEAD  
SARA SAUNDERS

MAUD FURBUSH  
MILDRED PARROTT  
CECILE HAMMOND

MARY MONROE  
JEAN HAMMOND  
MARY ALICE COBB

ALICE WARD  
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## Rotarians' Peace Conference

On Friday evening, February 25th, as twilight deepened into evening, an unusual number of gentlemen were seen coming up Wilmington Street, and, strange to say, they all entered the gates of Peace Institute.

One gentleman was heard to remark, "Do you suppose George 'Girl's School' Ramsey will allow us to speak to the girls?" "No indeed," replied his companion, "don't set your heart on such a pleasure; the girls will not be permitted to even see us, unless a few of the Seniors are allowed to help serve the refreshments."

The mystery was explained; these men were not A. & M. students about to call upon the Peace girls, but Rotarians, who had accepted Dr. Ramsey's invitation to a dinner, which he was giving to the Rotary Club of Raleigh. Through the mist the lights of Peace Institute twinkled the same merry welcome to these more mature, though no less eager men, that the A. & M. boys receive on calling nights.

In the drawing-room Dr. and Mrs. Ramsey greeted the guests and, after presenting the Rotarians to the ladies of the faculty, the announcement was made that each Rotarian would be put in charge of a Peace girl, who would escort him to the dining-room. Forgotten then were wives and sweethearts as dignified fathers and "baby Rotarians" were introduced to the charming Peace girls.

President Cox and Mrs. Ramsey led the way, and they were followed by fifty or more Rotarians, each man escorted by a Peace girl to the dining-room, which was decorated with garlands of green. The tables were arranged in the form of a hollow square. Baskets and vases of red carnations, potted plants and delicate ferns made the tables most attractive and emphasized the color scheme as red and green.

All departments in Peace Institute contributed a share, in making the dinner a success. The girls in the Art Department, under the guidance of Mrs. R. H. Moore, had designed very artistic menu cards. At the top of the card was the emblem of the club, a Rotary wheel, throwing off hatchets and cherries, while under the prettily lettered menu, a lugubrious George Washington uttered this original but undoubtedly truthful remark,—

"Never had a hatchet—  
Never saw that  
Cherry tree in my life!"

The girls in the Domestic Science Department, under the instructions of Mrs. Booker, had made the delicious salad, cheese balls and daintily iced cakes, while the other courses of the bountiful dinner had been superintended by Mrs. Moorman, the efficient head of the Culinary department of the school.

After being seated at the table, the blessing was asked by Dr. W. McC. White, President of the Board of Trustees of Peace Institute. During the dinner the usual business of the club was transacted. The roll-call and introduction of new Rotarians afforded much amusement, especially to those who were unfamiliar with the doings of the Rotary Club.

Between the courses the Peace girls from the Music Department, under the instruction of Miss Peet, and the department of Expression, under Miss Moran, gave their share of the Evening's entertainment. Miss Routh Mercer sang, in a charming way, Spring Tide, by Becker, Miss Agnes White recited Tom Sawyer's Experience in Whitewashing, and the Misses Marjorie Walker, Gladys Stallings and Routh Mercer sang a lullaby and sixteen girls in colonial dress danced the always interesting and stately minuet.

President Cox called upon each member of the club for a short speech, and from these remarks it was not difficult to gather that the Rotarians were having an enjoyable time, and that they hoped to have the same pleasure repeated some time in the future.

After leaving the dining-room, coffee and cigars were enjoyed in Central Hall, where a good time generally filled the hours, until the Rotarians one by one remembered it was time to leave the fascinating girls, and return to life beyond the gates of Peace.

Through the mist the lights of Peace Institute still twinkled—then disappeared—the Rotarians were back in the world, and only a memory remained of one of the club's most unique dinners, their Peace Conference of 1916.





## Jokes

SMART YOUTH (watching William burn the leaves off the campus): "Uncle, that campus is about as black as you are, ain't it?"

WILLIAM: "Dat's all right. Fo' long dis-here campus'll be as green as you is."

NITA (reading the Literary Digest): "Who are the Zep-pe-lins, Agnes?"

AGNES (biting her lip): "Why-er-they're a tribe of Slavs. You know, they live in the southern part of Russia."

NITA (not noticing Agnes's amusement): "Oh, yes, I did know that, only I forgot."

MAUGE COBB: "Why did you move up on the top floor, Mary?"

MARY STEVENS: "To keep from havin' to pray so loud."

BETTIE WATSON: "I wouldn't let Tyree take my profile, because my nose is too long."

MISS BONNEY: "Why no indeed, my dear, it's not too long. I think your nose is beautiful. (It's just like mine. Mine has always been such a trial to me!)"

MRS. STEVENS (philosophizing): "You know, I have noticed that if I live through the month of April, I live the rest of the year."

MISS BONNEY (speaking of the affairs of the nation): "Who is the leader of the House?"

MUNETTE (who hadn't heard the first part of the discussion): "Louise Downtin."

MISS WOMBLE: "What did Erasmus do?"

FRESHMAN: "He wrote with his own tongue a translation of the Bible."

MISS BEALE (answering the phone): "Who is that?"

A & M BOY: "Guess who!"

MISS BEALE: "I don't know."

A & M BOY: "Guess two times."

MISS BEALE: "First, a fool; second, a fool."

PEACE GIRL (at a reception): "I'm very pleased to meet you, Mr. Brown."

A & M FRESHMAN: "I loved you'd be."

MISS WILSON: "How is emphasis secured?"

FRESHMAN: "By putting a lot of distress on it."

MRS. MOORE: "What are your favorite works of art?"

HISTORY OF ART STUDENT: "Cupid and Soockey, and the Dying Gladiola."

LENOIR MERCER (in book store): "Have you a book called the 'Crimson Ship'?"

CLERK: "Why, I think not."

LENOIR: "Well, maybe it was 'The Red Boat,' or 'The Red Yacht.'"

CLERK: "No I haven't those either."

LENOIR (producing memorandum): "Oh! it was the 'Rubyat'."

LUCILLE STALLINGS (seeking for general information): "Are nice young rats?"

MADAMOISELLE (on French class): "Now, ziss sentence, it iss-er-er e-dee-o-mat-ie."

BETH: "Yes ma'izelle, it *is* idiotic."

MILE: "Yes, Bettie, you understand zat iss."

MARY ALICE COBB: "I certainly do want to see Mary Pickwick (Pickford) in Madame Butterfly, tomorrow."

ROUTH MERCER (translating French sentence): "The hen laid the egg."

MADAMOISELLE: "No, no, no, you do not know your English. It iss the hen lied the egg."

MR. LACY: "Who led the Children of Israel out of Egypt?"

MARY NOBLE BURKHEAD: "Isaac."

THEO. WOOTEN: "I hate to go to church at home, for mother and father make me sit with them on the 'bald-headed' row."

LUCILLE BUCHANAN: "Oh, is your mother bald-headed too?"

MISS LILLIAN BEALE (vainly trying to turn the light on): "Girls, being small has its disadvantages."

EMMA MITCHELL: "Routh Mercer, are you going to syrup (wax) the floor when the German Club gives its big dance?"

LUCILLE BUCHANAN (looking at President Graham's picture in the University Calendar): "Oh! Eloise, is this the boy who sent you the calendar?"

MARY NICHOLSON (in book store): "How much is this paper?"

MR. WILLIAMS: "Sixty cents a quire."

MARY: "Then I guess I'll take half a squire."

CECILE: "Do you know George Eliot?"

MARY REED: "No. Is he cute?"

WRENNIE (puzzling out the name on a picture of a boat): "P-s-y-c-h-e. Law, ain't that a funny way to spell fish!"

ANNE: "What are you making, Madamoiselle?"

MADAMOISELLE: "Ruffles for T'odores."

MISS WILSON: "What are the three words of the English language most often used?"

ANNIE PICKARD: "I don't know."

MISS WILSON: "Your answer is correct."

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