

THE
LOTUS
1925



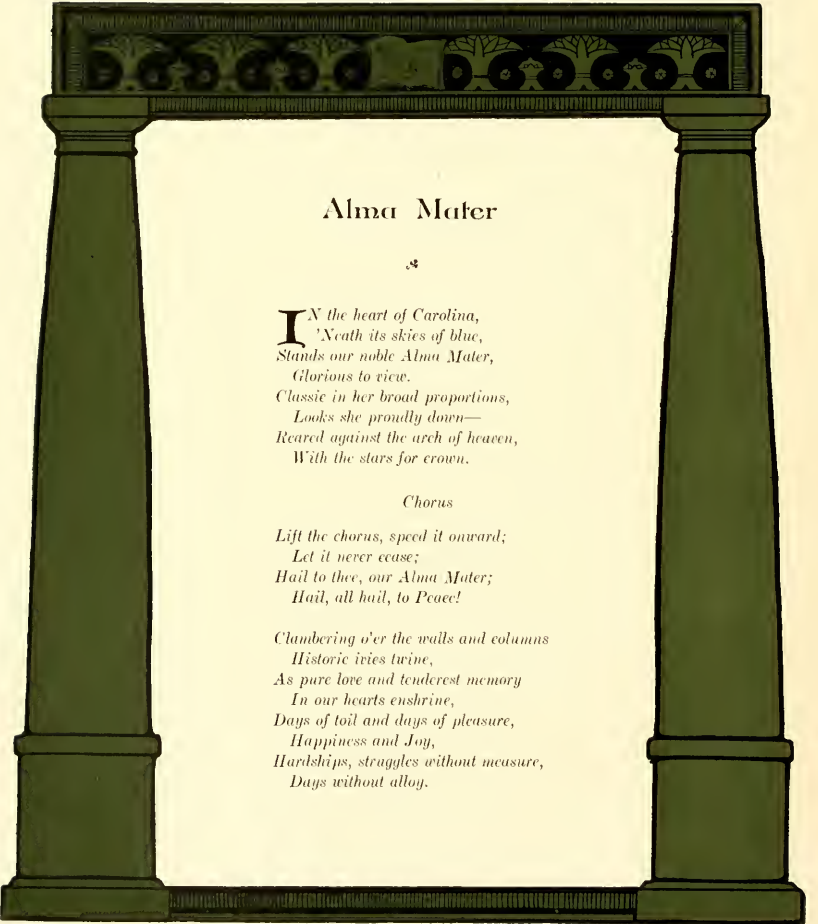
W. C. PRESSLY

THE LOTUS



MCMXXV

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY THE
PI THETA MU AND SIGMA PHI KAPPA
LITERARY SOCIETIES
OF
PEACE INSTITUTE, RALEIGH, N. C.



Alma Mater



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

Chorus

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

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



This Book

•

FORGETFULNESS and Lotus leaves—two golden things,
A sweet forgetfulness of things at hand,
A losing of one's self in scented dreams
Of girlhood days. This book shall be
A Memory of Youth, a little treasure ease
Of gay adventures, a hall where hang
The portraits of our friends, a story book
Where much is left unwritten.
And to its pages we shall steal, sometimes,
Shall breathe the incense of the Lotus leaves,
Shall conjure up the past in pageantry,—
Shall resurrect old Peace.

MARY MARGARET WRAY, '26



DEDICATION

TO

WILLIAM C. PRESSLY

As an expression of our appreciation for his never failing interest and inspiration in our school life, and his invaluable co-operation in the production of our Annual, we affectionately dedicate this volume of
THE LOTUS.

LOTUS



WILLIAM C. PRESSLY

The Editors to the Readers of THE LOTUS



OUR ANNUAL 's out, our toil is o'er,
 Our pencils lie at rest;
 Our chairs are pushed back, our desks swept clear,—
 We've given of our best.

*No more we'll wander streets, forlorn,
 No more for ads we'll ask;
 No more the midnight oil we'll burn,—
 We've finished this our task.*

*Oh, schoolmates dear, receive this book,
 The work of happy hours!
 You'll find the pages etched with scenes,
 And rich in memory's flowers.*

*We've mirrored on the pages here
 Your girlhood deeds and schemes;
 Glad school days, filled with work and play,
 And happy golden dreams.*

*Dream o'er each page with memories filled,
 Turn back the fleeting years;
 Remember friends, dear scenes recall,
 With laughter filled, and tears.*

EDITORS OF THE LOTUS



LOTUS

THE
LOTUS
1925



Louise Shelbourne
EDITOR IN CHIEF



Mary Martin Kugler
BUSINESS MGR



Elizabeth Lawrence
EDITOR IN CHIEF

THE
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ASSOCIATE EDITORS
AND MANAGERS



The Spirit of Peace

I DREAMED a shining dream, one night:
 Four lovely maidens gathered round my bed
 And murmured in my ear with accents sweet
 As sound of clear, cold water to a man,
 Weary and faint, at some long journey's end.
 Their garments glistened white as snow made bright
 By moonbeams; and the blackness of their hair
 Was like the night when no stars light the sky;
 And on the face of each such glory lay,
 I turned my eyes and feared to look on them.

And then the first did nearer bend, and say,
 "Oh, Child of Peace, look on me well and see
 One who is ever near you. It is I
 Who fill the world with radiance, brighter far
 And more eternal than the shining sun;
 'Tis I who give you friends with hearts of love,—
 I am the Spirit of Friendship, strong and kind."

And then another voice did speak to me—
 It was the second; pearls were in her hair,
 Like tears against the softness of a cheek.
 "Oh, Child of Peace, 'tis I who touch your heart
 And give you joy in others' joy, and bring
 The quick and sorrowing tears for others' pain,
 And put sweet comfort in the clasping hand,—
 I am the Spirit of True Sympathy."

And then the third spake gently, "It is I
 Who lay soft fingers on your eyes, that they
 May only see the good in those you meet,
 And blinded be to all the little faults;
 I close your lips against the angry words,
 And bring a kindly feeling to your heart,—
 I am the Spirit of Kindness, Child of Peace."

At last the fourth, divinely fair and bright,
Touched me with hands made beautiful by scars
Of hard tasks done for others; and her voice
Was sweeter than the others and like a bell.
She spake: "Of all the many beauteous things
That men have done, or spoken, or have thought,
I am the fairest, for my beauty sprang
From that of love, and sympathy, and light;
The world is made more bright because of me,
And men are better, and their hearts more true;
I am the Spirit of Unselfish Service."

And then their voices ceased, and gradually
They nearer drew together, arms entwined,
And seemed to merge into a single form,
More stately and more wonderful than they;
Whose face shone with a new and dazzling glow—
Whose voice rang out like music in the night.
"In me," she said, "Friendship and Sympathy
And Kindness and True Service meet as one,
And are made yet more lovely."

"Who art thou?"
And clear the answer came, as passed the dream—
"I am the Spirit of Peace."

MARTHA BRAGAW, '26





VEIW SECTION

Peace

WITHIN our hearts her name shall live;
 Her praise shall never cease;
 She'll cherished be for evermore,—
 Our Mother Peace.

In classic majesty she stands,
 With ideals lifted high;
 Her honor and her glorious fame
 Shall never die.

She takes us in her loving arms
 And freely loves us all;
 Her tender thoughts and blessings rare
 Upon us fall.

In long lines through her gates have passed
 Her happy daughters true;
 And, like those girls of yester-year,
 We'll love her, too.

LEILA HUBBARD, '25





MAIN BUILDING



AN INVITING PATHWAY



MAIN BUILDING (SIDE VIEW)



THE LULU B. WYNNE HALL



INTERIOR OF LULU B. WYNNE HALL



CENTRAL HALL



THE JAMES DINWIDDIE MEMORIAL CHAPEL



MISS MAY McLELLAND, *Dean*



FACULTY

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MAY McLELLAND
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Librarian

ELIZABETH REAVIS
Assistant Librarian

ETHEL GRAMMER
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MRS. MARY FOWLER
Matron and Head of Infirmary

HUBERT HAYWOOD, Jr., M.D.
Attending Physician

MRS. MARGARET MERRIMAN KENNEY
Alumnae Secretary

MARY KIRKPATRICK
*Secretary, Executive Committee
Board of Trustees*

Faculty 1924-1925



MAY McLELLAND

(Queens College; Teachers College, Columbia University)

Flora MacDonald College, 1907-1909; North Carolina College for Women, 1909-1914;
Peace Institute, 1916—

Dean

RUTH HUNTINGTON MOORE

(National Academy of Design and Art League, New York City; Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia; Max Bohm; Henry Salem Hubbell; Frederick MacMonnies; Raphael Collin (Paris, France); Myron Barlow; William M. Chase)

Peace Institute, 1909—

History of Art

WINIFRED M. KUHN, A.B., B.E.

(Randolph-Macon; George Washington University)

Pittsburgh Public Schools, 1915-1916; Peace Institute, 1916—

Mathematics

MARGARET McMURRAY INGRAHAM, A.B., A.M.

(Vassar College; Cornell University; Columbia University)

Public Schools of New York and New Jersey, 1905-1911; Palm Beach County High School, Florida, 1912-1916;
Peace Institute, 1917—

English

MARY MARTHA PRICE

(Queens College; Columbia University)

North Carolina Public Schools, 1907-1919; Peace Institute, 1919—

English

EMMA MELVIN, A.B.

(University of Tennessee; Cornell University; University of Chicago)

College for Women, Columbia, S. C., 1902-1909; Public and Private Schools of Knoxville, Tennessee, 1909-1914; Rowland Hall, Salt Lake City, 1914-1915; Miss Sayward's School, Overbrook, Philadelphia, 1915-1919; Gwyn School Spartanburg, South Carolina, 1919-1920; Peace Institute, 1920—

Latin

Faculty 1924-1925

(Continued)

BLANCHE BOUDE BOWMAN

(Indiana Normal School; Indiana Business College)

Indiana Girls' School, Indianapolis, Indiana, 1912-1915; Central Business College, Indianapolis, Indiana, 1918-1920;
Peace Institute, 1920—

Commercial Subjects

ELIZABETH PARKER LINTON

(Drexel Institute; University of Pennsylvania)

Westtown's Friends School, Pennsylvania, 1921-1922; Peace Institute, 1922—

Home Economics

ESTHER LUCILE BROWN, A.B.

(University of New Hampshire, 1916-1920; Yale, 1920-1924)

Assistant in Research to Prof. A. G. Keller, Yale, 1920-1924, Peace Institute, 1924—

History and Education

MARJORIE LALOR, A.B.

(Goucher College; Johns-Hopkins School of Hygiene and Public Health; Marine Biological
Laboratory, Woods Hole, Mass.)

Catonsville, Maryland, High School, 1921-1922; Peace Institute, 1924—

Science

ALICE LEWIS, B.S.

(Teachers College, Columbia University)

Tennis Counsellor Fernway Camp, summer 1924; Peace Institute, 1924—

Physical Education

PHYLLIS ROBINSON, Ph.B., A.M.

(University of Vermont; Radcliffe College)

Peace Institute, 1924—

French

ELLEN GARNETT WILSON, A.B.

(Agnes Scott College; Biblical Seminary)

Greenville, Virginia, High School, 1921-1922; Renick, West Virginia, High School, 1922-1923; Peace Institute, 1924—

Bible

Faculty 1924-1925

(Continued)

Music Department

JAMES P. BRAWLEY

(William Mason; Joseffy, New York; Leschetisky, Vienna, Austria)

Synodical College, Fulton, Missouri, 1896-1901; Peace Institute, 1901—

Music Director, Piano, Organ, History of Music

LOVIE JONES

(Joseffy, New York; Wager Swayne, Paris, France; Fontainebleau School of Music, France;
Francis Moore)

Meredith College, 1901-1902; Peace Institute, 1902—

Piano

VERA ROUNTREE

(Brenau College Conservatory; Cincinnati Conservatory; Frank La Forge)

Georgia Public Schools and Private Teaching, 1917-1921; Peace Institute, 1923—

Piano, Harmony and Theory, History of Music

MERIBAH MOORE

(Julian Walker; Joseph Pizarello; Ruth Harris-Stewart; Herbert Witherspoon)

Church and Concert; Member Musical Art Society, New York City, 1917-1918, Soloist, Madison Avenue M. E. Church,
New York City, 1916-1923; Peace Institute, 1923—

Voice

HARRIET WAKEMAN

(New England Conservatory; Eugene Gruenberg; C. M. Loeffler; Sam Franko; Frederick E. Hahn)

Meredith College—Peace Institute, 1924—

Violin

MRS. W. R. McLELLAND

(Cincinnati Conservatory; Lamm, Sweden; Grotz, France)

Oxford Female Seminary; Statesville College; Tyler College, Texas; Peace Institute, 1923—

Music Practice Supervisor

Art Department

RUTH HUNTINGTON MOORE

(National Academy of Design and Art League, New York City; Pennsylvania Academy of Fine
Arts, Philadelphia; Max Bohm; Henry Salem Hubbell; Frederick MacMonnies; Raphael
Collin, Paris, France; Myron Barlow; William M. Chase)

Peace Institute, 1909—

Expression Department

MIRIAM EVERTS

(St. Faith's School; Wheaton College; Leland Powers School of the Spoken Word)

Chautauqua and Lyceum: St. Faith's School; Peace Institute, 1923—



POST GRADUATES



Elizabeth M. Kellar.



Mary Pate.



Frances Walsen.



CLASSES

Senior Class

COLORS: *Red and White*

FLOWER: *American Beauty Rose*

MOTTO: *Ad Astra per Aspera*

MARTHA LEE BORDEN	<i>President</i>
JULIA JOHNSTON	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
LAURA WEATHERSPOON	<i>Historian</i>
LEILA HUBBARD	<i>Poet</i>
BESSIE MASSENGILL	<i>Prophet</i>
ELLIS COVINGTON	<i>Lawyer</i>
CARL HUDSON	<i>Class Mascot</i>

Members

MAUDE BARNES	BESSIE MASSENGILL
LILLIAN BLUE	MILDRED MIDYETTE
MARTHA LEE BORDEN	MARY A. MORGAN
JESSIE BROWN	INA MAE ODOM
ELIZABETH CAMPBELL	OLIVE PITTMAN
ELLIS COVINGTON	ELIZABETH REAVIS
CATHERINE GAY	LOUISE SHELBURNE
LEILA HUBBARD	DOROTHY SMITH
SARA HUDSON	BRUCE SPEIGHT
JULIA JOHNSTON	ELIZABETH TURNER
MARY M. KUGLER	LAURA WEATHERSPOON
ELIZABETH LAWRENCE	EMMA WOOTEN
ELIZABETH MARSH	





MISS ELIZABETH LINTON



CARL HUDSON
Class Mascot



ELIZABETH TURNER
McCullers, N. C.

Σ Φ Κ

President Student Body, '25; Student Council, '24, '25; Vice-President Y. W. C. A., '24; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '24, '25; President Sigma Phi Kappa Society, '25; President Junior Class, '24; Captain Greens, '24; President Dramatic Club, '24; Secretary Sigma Phi Kappa Society, '22; Vice-President Sophomore Class, '23; Monogram Club, '21, '22, '23, '24, '25; Green Tennis Team, '24; Walking Lieutenant, '24, '25; Fire Marshal, '22, '23; Statistics, '23, '24, '25.

"None but herself can be her parallel."

Liz is one of the landmarks of Peace, and we don't know what we will do without her genial good nature to cheer us up when we are down hearted. We envy her her ability to carry on an animated conversation on any subject at any time; when she tries she can wax brilliant in class, too. Liz is as talented as she is attractive; she has a wonderful talent for music of any kind. As president of our class she has wielded an influence that will be felt long after she is gone.

MAUDE RHODES BARNES
Raleigh, N. C.

Π Θ Μ

Treasurer of Pi Theta Mu Society, '25; Student Council, '24; President of Day Students' Club, '24, '25; Day Students' Club, '21, '22, '23, '24; Monogram Club, '23, '24; Dramatic Club, '24; Green Tennis Team, '24, '25; Green Basket Ball Team, '21, '22, '23, '24.

*"It doesn't pay to worry,
Things will happen anyway."*

For four years Maude was with us as a day student; then she brought her sunny smile right over to Wynne Hall. Maude never worries over anything, or if she does, she never lets any one else worry. Where there's smoke there's fire—where there's Maude there's fun. We hear that Maude is very fond of a well-known New England summer resort. Does the rumor mean anything?





LILLIAN BLUE
Gibson, N. C.

Π Θ Μ

Student Council, '24, '25; Secretary Student Body, '24, '25; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '23, '24; Fire Marshal, '23, '24, '25; Dramatic Club, '23, '24, '25; Walking Lieutenant '21, '22, '23, '24, '25.

"She strives best who serves most."

When a responsibility comes Lillian's way she assumes it and does her duty, earnestly and well. She has been a capable secretary of the Student Council, and an inspiring example to the rest of us. She is the kindest hearted girl in school and mothers us all.



MARTHA LEE BORDEN
Goldsboro, N. C.

Σ Φ Κ

President of Senior Class, '25; Vice-President of Sigma Phi Kappa Society, '24, '25; President of Cotillion Club, '25; Vice-President of Junior Class, '24; Associate Editor of *Voices of Peace*, '25; President of Preparatory Class, '22; Choral Club, '21, '22, '23, '24, '25; Secretary of Sigma Phi Kappa Society, '24; Secretary of Sophomore Class, '23; Commencement Marshal, '24; Statistics, '23, '25.

"All the gladsome sounds of nature borrow sweetness of her singing."

You have only to look at her picture to know that she possesses irresistible personal charm. She possesses not merely charm, however, but ability as well, for Martha Lee has been for years a strong member of the Class of '25. Peace will miss her, but we know she will make a success in the musical world for has she not a lovely voice—and a Victrola?





JESSIE BROWN
Washington, N. C.

Σ Φ Κ

Captain of Greens, '25; Varsity Basket Ball Team, '24, Green Basket Ball Team, '24, '25; Green Tennis Team, '24, '25; Treasurer of Sigma Phi Kappa, '25; Monogram Club, '25; Dramatic Club, '24, '25; Secretary and Treasurer of Dramatic Club, '25; Cotillion Club, '24, '25; Walking Lieutenant, '25.

"On with the dance! let joy be unconfined."

Jessie's long suit is dancing, and wherever you find a crowd moving to the tune of some jazzy melody, she is sure to be among them—brown eyes snapping and light feet twinkling. She does, however, sometimes turn to serious things.



ELIZABETH CAMPBELL
Wallace, N. C.

Σ Φ Κ

Treasurer Student Body, '25; Student Council, '25, Y W C A Cabinet, '24, '25; Treasurer Athletic Association, '25; Treasurer Senior Class, '25; Cotillion Club, '21, '22, '23, '24, '25; Floor Manager Cotillion Club, '24; Chief Commencement Marshal, '24; Walking Lieutenant, '24, '25; Statistics, '24, '25; Glee Club, '24; Beta Pi Delta Club, '24, '25.

"Must I work? Oh, what a waste of time."

Lib never appears to work; in fact no one has ever seen her doing so. Nevertheless, she has the faculty of appearing as wise as an owl in her studious looking glasses, which she assumes for special occasions, notably for Education class. She is always ready to cast off her Senior dignity, which she wears so well, and every one loves her for her merry nature. Lib is another member of '25 who has grown up at Peace. Her special bobbies are Senior privileges and red Buicks.





ELLIS COVINGTON
Raleigh, N. C.

Π Θ Μ

President Day Students' Club, '25; Class Lawyer, '25;
Day Students' Club, '24, '25; Dramatic Club, '25;
Student Council, '25.

"Music exalts each joy; allays each grief."

Have you ever heard Ellis play the piano? No? Then you have something yet to live for. We, the unmusical editors, can only refer you to Mr. Brawley for a description of her playing. She is always bright and bappy, getting the best out of life without taking it too seriously.

CATHERINE GAY
Wilson, N. C.

Σ Φ Κ

Dramatic Club, '24, '25; Choral Club, '23, '24, '25;
Glee Club, '23, '24; Member of Music Club, '24, '25;
Walking Lieutenant, '23, '24, '25.

*"I love my teacher, but you know
My fun must have a little show."*

Have you ever seen Catherine without a smile? Catherine is one of the few people who are always ready to enter into any fun or even mischief that happens to be passing through school. She worked from the first for a special degree in "Talking" and has received her diploma with high honors. But she is not all "hot air," for Catherine can and does "buckle down" to work sometimes.





LEILA HUBBARD
Lumber Bridge, N. C.

Σ Φ Κ

Dramatic Club, '24, '25; Choral Club, '24, Class Poet, '24, '25; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '24, '25; Annual Staff, '25; President Life Service Band, '25; Walking Lieutenant, '25.

*"To follow knowledge like a sinking star
Beyond the utmost bounds of human thought."*

In spite of all our efforts Leila always walks off with the honors and is exempt from all her exams. She is always ready to undertake any task, no matter how difficult it may be, and with her earnestness she always sees it through. Leila will some day be a great poet, we feel sure, for she indeed has talent.

SARA HUDSON
Monroe, N. C.

Σ Φ Κ

Secretary of Y. W. C. A., '25; Undergraduate Representative Y. W. C. A., '25; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '25; Associate Editor of *Lotus*, '25; Dramatic Club, '24, '25; Walking Lieutenant, '25.

"How beautiful it is to love."

Sara's heart is indeed heavy to leave Peace, where she has been so faithful. In spite of her numerous attacks of "heart trouble" she has managed to come out on top. We wonder how Sara can keep up her studying and yet talk so long over the telephone. We all envy Sara's disposition, for she seems to have a "smile a minute."





JULIA JOHNSTON
Mooreville, N. C.

Π Θ Μ

President Pi Theta Mu Society, '25; Secretary Pi Theta Mu Society, '24; Secretary Senior Class, '25; Walking Lieutenant, '25; Commencement Marshal, '24; Dramatic Club, '24, '25; Choral Club, '23, '24; Green Basket Ball Team, '24; Green Tennis Team, '24.

*"Demure and quiet is she—and yet methinks
There's something more beneath."*

Julia never says much, but when she does open her lips, we all stop to listen. Judging from her reluctance to speak up and express her opinion in class, you might think her a rather retiring young lady, but in the role of a heart breaker she is proficient.

MARY MARTIN KUGLER
Washington, N. C.

Σ Φ Κ

Business Manager of Lotus, '25; President of N. W. C. A., '25; Member of Council, '25; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '25; Statistics, '25; Dramatic Club, '24, '25; Cotillion Club, '24, '25; Choral Club, '24, '25; Monogram Club, '25; Green Basket Ball Team, '24; Green Tennis Team, '24, '25; Walking Lieutenant, '25; Delegate to Blue Ridge Conference, '25.

*"Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
and be a friend to man."*

Munsie is one of those people whose very presence is invigorating. She is one of those people you can count on. "A word and a smile for every one" has been her slogan, and with this she has climbed the ladder of fame. Her intellect and executive ability are such that she can turn her energy to nearly anything with equally good results. Once in a while, however, this energy, having been rather restrained for some time, finds vent in little antics which—but let us draw the curtain over the rest of the scene.





ELIZABETH LAWRENCE
Fayetteville, N. C.

Π Θ Μ

Editor-in-Chief of *Lotus*, '25; President of Dramatic Club, '25; Associate Editor of *Lotus*, '24, Secretary of Pi Theta Mu Society, '25; Dramatic Club, '24, '25; Walking Lieutenant, '25.

*"Original wit, a heart of gold;
A heart to fit, are hers, we're told."*

We must not judge Betty's worth by her size, for it is far greater than that. There is a charming quaintness about Betty that has won for her many true friends. On bright days as well as on dull days she has a cheery "Hello" for every one. She is a conscientious student and can always be depended upon. If all Massachusetts girls are like her, we want some more.



ELIZABETH MARSH
Raleigh, N. C.

Π Θ Μ

Day Students' Club, '24, '25; Dramatic Club, '24

*"Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles from other maidens are."*

Lib may be one of the smallest in the class, but her records will prove that she has been "up and busting." To say that she is popular is putting it mildly, for Lib loves every one and every one loves Lib. Peace will miss her and the latest news from V. M. 1





BESSIE MASSENGILL
Dunn, N. C.

Σ Φ Κ

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '25; Statistics, '24, '25; Dramatic Club, '24, '25; Prophet Senior Class.

*"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."*

A human alarm clock, whose each alarm produces a convulsion of laughter among her listeners. Bessie has the rare gift of imitation, and her delightful mimicry has charmed us on many a long evening. "Ben" is a typical example of, "When joy and duty clash, let duty go to smash."

MILDRED MIDYETTE
Jackson, N. C.

Σ Φ Κ

Dramatic Club, '24, '25; Glee Club, '24; Music Club, '25; Walking Lieutenant, '25.

*"A mind forever varying through strange seas of
thought."*

If you have ever been in class with Mildred you know what a joy it is to have some one entertain you with bright remarks. There are times when her candor would surely get her into difficulty were she not Mildred. We are expecting Mildred to be a Congress-woman some day, for she is an expert on the Constitution.





MARY ALLEN MORGAN
Mebane, N. C.

Σ Φ Κ

Treasurer of Y. W. C. A., '24, '25; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '23, '24, '25; Statistics, '23; White Basket Ball Team, '23, '24; Fire Marshal, '23; Dramatic Club, '24, '25; Delegate to Davidson Conference, '22; Walking Lieutenant, '24, '25.

"No legacy is so rich as honesty."

Ever since she came to us, Mary Allen has been filling a big place in our school life. She is always ready to lend a helping hand, and her sweet smile and gentle manners win your heart immediately. Without her extraordinary ability the Y. W. treasury could not exist.

INA MAE ODOM
Ahoskie, N. C.

Σ Φ Κ

White Basket Ball Team, '24; Walking Lieutenant, '25.

"Who says little has little to answer for."

Ina Mae bears herself with true Senior dignity, but if you know her very well, you know that she can be as gay as—well, as Bessie, for instance. Ina Mae is a true sport and a valuable friend.





OLIVE PITTMAN
Raleigh, N. C.

Π Θ Μ

Editor-in-Chief of *Voices of Peace*, '25; Day Students' Club, '24, '25.

*"Give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you."*

When you want executive ability and enthusiasm go to Olive. She always knows the right thing to do at the right time—and she always does it. Olive is a conscientious worker, but she is never too busy to give you a warm smile and a helping hand.

ELIZABETH REAVIS
Raleigh, N. C.

Σ Φ Κ

Senior Class Prophet, '24; Monogram Club, '21; Cotillion Club, '21, '22, '23, '24, '25; Choral Club, '22, '23, '24; Glee Club, '21, '22; Dramatic Club, '24; Assistant Librarian, '25.

"She has an artist's skill, a student's knowledge, and a soul's glad life."

Never do you meet her that she does not greet you with a smile. We are glad Betty Hill is back with us this year, and we envy her her two diplomas.





LOUISE SHELburnE
Washington, N. C.

Σ Φ Κ

Editor-in-Chief of *LOTUS*, '25; Council, '25; Senior Representative, '25; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '24, '25; Secretary of Y. W. C. A., '24; Chairman of Devotional Committee, '25; Dramatic Club, '24, '25; Green Tennis Team, '24, '25; Green Basket Ball Team, '24; Varsity Basket Ball Team, '24; Statutes, '24, '25; Walking Lieutenant, '25; Secretary of Sigma Phi Kappa, '24; Delegate to Blue Ridge Conference, '25; Monogram Club, '25; Cotillion Club, '24, '25.

*"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all she knew."*

It doesn't seem quite fair for such an amazing amount of knowledge to be compressed within the cerebrum of one single human being when it might easily have been distributed among a dozen or more people. We wonder at Louise, for although she seems never to let college duties interfere with college pleasures, her work never suffers. But what's the use of trying to describe her? You all know her. But don't get the idea that Louise is one of these long-faced, serious people! You should hear her laughing and talking on the Hall!



DOROTHY SMITH
Stem, N. C.

Σ Φ Κ

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '25; Dramatic Club, '24, '25; Walking Lieutenant, '25.

*"Some talk seldom, some talk never,
But Dot, like a brook, flows on forever."*

Dot is faithful and true not only to her friends, but also to athletics. She has proved her capability in basket ball by playing center on Varsity in her Junior year.





BRUCE SPEIGHT
Stantonsburg, N. C.

Π Θ Μ

Varsity Basket Ball Team, '24, '25; White Basket Ball Team, '24, '25; White Tennis Team, '24, '25; Dramatic Club, '24, '25; Fire Chief, '25.

"Small but bright withal."

To almost every one, Bruce appears a very quiet, shy girl; but really she isn't one bit shy! Bruce makes a true friend if you are fortunate enough to know her. She enters into all school sports with enthusiasm and has won fame as a forward on the Varsity.



LAURA WEATHERSPOON
Raleigh, N. C.

Π Θ Μ

Class Historian, '25; Green Basket Ball Team, '23; Music Club, '25; Academic Honor Roll, '22, '23, '24; Day Students' Club, '22, '23, '24, '25.

"Others are fond of fame; but fame is fonder far of her."

Although Laura is a day student she has always taken great interest in our school activities. She has great ability and always outshines us in our classes. Our ambition is to make as high marks as Laura makes. We feel sure that she will some day awake to find herself famous. She has been not only an excellent student, but also one who can always be depended upon as a true friend and comrade.





ESTHER WOMBLE
Moncure, N. C.

Σ Φ Κ

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '25; Dramatic Club, '24, '25;
Walking Lieutenant, '25.

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

Esther's heart must indeed be merry, for did any one ever see her when she wasn't smiling and ready with a bright word for everybody? She is one of our Expression stars, and on the stage can make her face look far from cheerful, but personally we prefer her own natural smile.

We are sorry that Esther didn't come back after Christmas to graduate with us. We have missed her.

EMMA WOOTEN
Ahoskie, N. C.

Σ Φ Κ

Choral Club, '24; Walking Lieutenant, '25.

"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."

A girl more generous hearted than Emma is hard to find, and, though she is naturally reserved and quiet her fine traits have won her many friends.





ELIZABETH LINK
Lenoir, N. C.

Π Θ Μ

Dramatic Club, '25

"Her smile shows her happiness; her friends her popularity."

Bet, as she came to us in our Senior year from Davenport, has been with us only a short time. We wish that she were going to receive a diploma with us, but, at all events we are glad that she has been one of the "links" in our chain of friendship.



Senior Class Poem



THE class of 1925 has passed from Peace,
 The days which were such happy ones are done;
 The goals we longed to reach, the deeds we meant to do,
 Must rest now with the laurels we have won.

*So freely of our deepest love we gave, O Peace,
 And loyalty unflinching, tried, and true—
 Loyalty inspiring us to ever give
 The noblest and the best of things to you.*

*We worked to fill your annals fair with golden deeds,
 To hold a true and unstained honor high;
 To meet life's problems honestly and unafraid,
 To see our duty and not fail to try.*

*We strove to honor and to reverence green and white,
 In sports to play a fair and honest game;
 In contest for great victories to reach the goal,
 That we might add new glory to your name.*

*So in thy noble heart, dear Peace, we leave a mark
 To keep the memory of us alive;
 An impress that shall linger on throughout the years—
 A picture of the class of '25.*

LEILA HUBBARD, '25



Class History

THE task of writing a history of the class of 1925 has been given to one who appreciates the honor, yet realizes the inadequacy of her powers for the task. This inadequacy arises not from lack of literary training chiefly, but from the importance and the remarkable achievements of that class. Since our matriculation we have been systematically and painstakingly led up the steps of college life. At times (more specifically at Exam. times) the way has seemed difficult and we have been discouraged, but struggles and setbacks have made the final glorious success all the sweeter.

In September, 1921, a Freshman class of fifteen began the first step of its career at Peace Institute, with Miss Mary Owen Graham as president of the school and Frances Crisp as president of the class. A great awakening soon took place in our midst, for we realized that studying was not the only thing we had to do at Peace. Rules were not only to be learned but to be remembered and to be obeyed; rooms were to be kept "spick and span," and "Mother" was not here to perform the tasks that had too often been left to her at home. And last, but by far the most pleasant duty, we must decide which society to join. Had compliments galore and numerous good times not been showered on us by members of both societies? Then, after our careful choice, came initiation, with all its horrors and nightmares, which, however, were soon pushed far back in our subconscious minds as more pleasant events occurred to occupy our conscious minds. Vacation time, too, soon came and we went home! How happy we were, and yet how dignified in the presence of smaller brothers and sisters who had not yet been "away to school."

How important we felt when, in September, 1922, we came back to school as well-informed Sophomores who could tell the new girls just how and when everything should be done! As we look back we hope we didn't overstep the bounds and act *too* superior. Pleasant memories remain with us of those days of conscious wisdom.

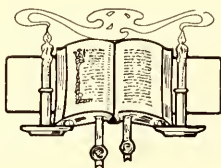
In 1922 we chose Miss Elizabeth Linton as our class teacher, and in the years that have followed she has been ever helpful in both trivial and important matters. Her counsel, frequently sought, has never been sought in vain. Surely a history of our class would not be complete without mention of her whose guidance has been a strong factor in our college career.

In our Sophomore year we also took part in the beautiful Peace Pageant which celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the school. The climax of the year, however, came on Class Day, when we held the daisy chain for our sister, the class of '23. Sad a bit we were, too, to see our sister class leaving, yet vaguely we hoped for that far-off day when we, too, should leave with flying colors.

Never were there forty-five jollier Juniors than we were in September, 1923. And, strange to say, we continued to be jolly and happy, although trigonometry, with the aid of Miss Kuhns, and Horace, with the aid of Miss Melvin, succeeded in being, at times, somewhat disturbing. Luck evidently was with us and we actually found time to plan the Junior-Senior banquet, which proved to be the most glorious social event of the season. Imagination cannot paint a more beautiful picture than we presented on that occasion in the Virginia Dare ballroom of the Sir Walter. A program, consisting of toasts, impromptu speeches, and songs kept the "ball a'rollin'." In fact everything went along smoothly and we all had such a good time that we were not—visibly anyhow—terrified over the number of forks.

A glorious era was begun when we inherited the name of Seniors. How happy we were to get back to school in September, 1924, to prove that we could and would be a model Senior class. We twenty-two have labored as a unit, striving to uphold the lofty ideals of our stately old college. And now, at our Commencement time, we go out through the gates of Peace, with admiration for our Alma Mater instilled in our hearts; and reverence for her too sacred to describe; and love too deep for words.

LAURA WEATHERSPOON, *Historian*



Last Will and Testament

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

WE, the Senior class of 1925, of the aforesaid state, county, city, and college, being in full possession of our faculties, and realizing that, not many days hence, we must leave these beloved Walls of Learning and all their associations, for a new, and perhaps fairer life; and realizing that all our properties and numerous possessions, though worn and misused, must be disposed of, do hereby make known our last Will and Testament.

ITEM 1

To our class teacher, Miss Linton, we leave our deepest love and appreciation for the loyal, helpful spirit that she has always shown to the Class of '25.

ITEM 2

To the Class of 1926:

1. Our numerous Senior privileges, our Senior dignity, and the feeling of superiority and capability which always distinguishes the Senior Class.

2. The many virtues, talents, and eccentricities that characterize the Class of '25.

3. Wynne Hall, where we spent this last year together, a place of unforgettable memories, and the thing that we find hardest of all to relinquish. We know, however, that we could not find better hands in which to leave it, and we feel that we shall be amply rewarded if the future Senior class derives only half the enjoyment from it that we have derived.

ITEM 3

To the Class of 1927:

1. Our best wishes and hopes for success in Junior English.

2. The pleasures and toils that accompany the Senior Banquet.

ITEM 4

To the Class of 1928:

1. Our best wishes for the four long happy years that lie before them. May they enjoy Peace, and love her as much as we have enjoyed her and loved her, and may they all obtain the sheepskin they hope for.

ITEM 5

To the new girls:

1. The privilege and joy of being rushed by the Pi Theta Mu's and the Sigma Phi Kappa's. May they enjoy the first two months of their stay at Peace as much as we did.

ITEM 6

To Mrs. Fowler:

1. An Infirmary full of canaries only.

2. A student body that will ask for no Sunday morning excuses.

To Miss McLelland:

1. A student body with no "sunset glows."

To Miss Moore:

1. A quiet Senior House.

To Miss Brown:

1. Pupils who never use "you-all" or other provincialisms.

To Miss Lalor:

1. Complete silence.

ITEM 7

1. Maude Barnes leaves Lib Davis three or four feet from her height.
2. Lillian Blue wills Katherine Parsons her job as secretary of the Student body.
3. Martha Lee Borden bequeaths her Victrola to Miss McLelland.
4. Jessie Brown bequeaths her "pep" to Thelma McRackan.
5. Elizabeth Campbell leaves her Senior dignity to Phyllis Albright.
6. Ellis Covington gives her faculty for last-minute class preparation to Georgie Calloway.
7. Catherine Gay leaves her mischievousness to Eva McDonald.
8. Leila Hubbard bequeaths her ability for being exempted from all Exams. to Gaynelle Teer.
9. Sara Hudson leaves all her discarded beaux to Annie Culbreth, in hopes that she may treat them better than she has treated them.
10. Julia Johnston wills her daily letter to Lois Spruill.
11. Mumsie Kugler leaves a generous portion of her avoidupois to Martha Muse.
12. Betty Lawrence leaves her "New England brogue" to Dorothy Ward.
13. Bet Link leaves her Thursday night date to Jo Thomason.
14. Lib Marsh bequeaths her demureness to Amie Jordan Parham.
15. Bessie Massengill leaves her wit to Alton Erwin.
16. Mildred Midyette leaves her "argumentativeness" to Nannie Sylvester.
17. Mary Allen Morgan leaves her financial ability to Roberta Sterling.
18. Olive Pittman wills her executive ability to Helen Clapp.
19. Ina Mae Odom wills her reserve to Mary Bell McIlhenny.
20. Elizabeth Reavis gives her love for the library to Marian Wright.
21. Louise Shelburne wills her privilege of going to Edwards & Broughton to Martha Burkhead.
22. Dot Smith bequeaths her dogmatism to Mary Margaret Wray.
23. Bruce Speight wills her athletic ability to Dot Gunn.
24. Elizabeth Turner wills her "animated conversation" to Margaret Hughes.
25. Laura Weatherspoon leaves her studiousness to Lela Odom.
26. Esther Womble bequeaths her dramatic powers to Annie Jessup.
27. Emma Wooten wills her musical temperament to Lois Best.

ITEM 8

As executor of the Last Will and Testament, we do appoint Mrs. McLelland, in order that we may rest in Peace in the assurance that our esteemed and valued possessions will be entrusted to safe and capable hands, and will pass on to our respective heirs in the manner and order herein stated.

In witness whereof we, the Senior Class of Peace, do hereby set our hand and seal, this first day of June, Nineteen hundred and twenty-five.

(Signed) CLASS OF 1925.

Witnesses:

ELLIS COVINGTON, *Lawyer*.

KATHERINE HERRING,

MARIAN WRIGHT.

Peace Institute,

Raleigh, North Carolina.

Senior Class Prophecy

EASY there, Jeremiah! The speedometer is registering ninety-nine and those peaks ahead are unusually high. They are the Himalayas, are they not?

"So they are, but the plane runs better at this speed, and anyway who wants a slow honey-moon?"

"Oh, I'm sure you know this road well enough, my pilot hero."

I said nothing more, for the night was quite pleasant. Jeremiah and I were engaged in such an interesting conversation—when the crash came! Everything seemed to happen. The aeroplane was breaking into a thousand pieces and I was falling down, down, down, through the cold air.

In a moment I stood on a low mountain peak, barefooted and clad in a white robe. I was not cold as I eagerly watched the people below drag my body from underneath the ruins of the plane. I shouted with all my strength, but they did not hear me.

Then I heard the rustling of wings. Oh, how I trembled with fear! And gathering my white robe around me, I looked to behold Hermes himself.

"Oh, Hermes, do you not recognize me?" I asked.

"Why, hello, child—surely I remember you. But what are you doing here?"

Then I told him the story of my desire to see the world with Jeremiah, and of our misfortune.

"Oh, that's tough luck! You probably made the wrong detour—but come with me. I'll take you with me anywhere you'd like to go. Suppose we make some pop calls. Is it a go?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Then let's go over to Mars for the game. The University of Mars chooses the Varsity Team today at the Horse Shoe Match."

We arrived just in time for the Horse Shoe Match. Hermes and I had a seat in the beautiful Helium heated grandstand. As I sat on the velvet cushioned bench, a familiar voice startled me. There was Lib Turner talking in that sweet old hoarse voice.

"What's the score?"

"And sure I will love you —."

"She's the Dream girl of —."

"Paradise Alley."

The first half of the game was over. The grandstand became suddenly silent and the radio announced, "A Concert at Davidson College by The Hubbard Orchestra." It was true that Leila had mistaken Davidson for a sort of Paradise and decided to make that her headquarters. Between the orchestra numbers Leila sang. I nudged Hermes and said,

"Mrs. McLelland should hear her now."

Again the game was on. This half flew by and was over. How proud I was when Bruce Speight was announced the winner of the day. A laurel wreath was placed on her mass of black curls, for curls were quite in vogue that season.

As we strolled around, I noticed a girl standing on a high ladder, pasting ads on a billboard. It was Lillian Blue, and how she seemed to love her profession!

Glancing at the billboard, I read, "Borden's Listerated Gum." What! Was Martha Lee no longer a prima donna? Yes. She had given up everything, that she might make even a greater contribution to the world of boarding-school girls. The ad read—

"Well flavored, noiseless, listerated gum, guaranteed to be quite the thing to chew on all occasions by the best bred people."

We left Mars and found ourselves standing by a hospital bed where Catherine Gay was undergoing treatment for photographer's lockjaw. Dr. Esther Womble, her physician, who had given up her work as a dramatist for a better loved profession, said that the lockjaw came from sitting for an Annual picture.

Next, I stood in an office. Sara Hudson sat at the desk and Betty Lawrence at another in the adjoining room. Sara was an agent for Frat rings and pins. She was now closing up an order for a dainty miniature.

Betty, who had become an editor, muttered, in her very own brogue, the names of her subscribers as she stamped their names on the backs of "The Downfall of Man."

Maude Barnes burst into the room. Maude declared that she had become a clever shark with all cross-word puzzles. Even the Trinity puzzle had worked out satisfactorily, and she was now on her way to Durham.

Hermes and I decided now to visit a few theatres. In the first show Ina Mae Odum was blowing kisses over the footlights to an enthusiastic audience, and rather in the direction of a group of dark-haired men.

In the next show Lib Campbell starred. After teaching Kindergarten all day she was playing in "A Hunter's Hunt."

In the audience I saw Dorothy Smith, a society leader, and Betty Link, beautifully gowned, who had become a fashionable divorcee.

All this was too much for Hermes, so we departed. As we were crossing the street, I saw a big car with a Mooresville license tag. Could it be Julia's? I wondered. So it was. She had followed in the footsteps of a certain former roommate, for on the back of the car was a "Just Married" placard.

I was overjoyed to see on the corner my old friend, Mary Allen Morgan, industriously ringing a bell for the "boiling pot." She was at her old job of raising money.

Ellis Covington was giving a program at the Capitol Theatre so we stopped in just long enough to get a program. It read—

Piano Solo.....	Ellis Covington
An Original Poem.....	Ellis Covington
My Journalism Class.....	Ellis Covington
On College Humor.....	Ellis Covington

On the back of the program I noticed a large ad:

WOOTEN & REAVIS
MUSIC STORE
Come and buy your Jazz
WOOTEN PHONOGRAPH
REAVIS PIANOS

But now Mildred Midyette was entering her "Seventh Heaven." She was sitting for her first time on the Supreme Court bench.

Next I found myself on a large plantation. The beautiful colonial home stood in a large grove. I drew nearer and to my surprise saw Mary Martin Kugler standing in the door calling, "Mr. Poole, Mr. Poole! Do you know where William is? I want this rocking chair on the other side of the porch. It must be moved at once. My old friend, Miss Jessie Brown, is coming to-day. And bring a complete price list of Fountain pens. How she could ever become so interested in the Fountain pen business I don't know—unless it was the result of an affair she had with

She was interrupted, for, coming up the walk, was Olive Pittman with a pad of subscription blanks. She had been made editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. "And surely you need the *Journal*, Mumsie." I heard her say.

I began to wonder how many girls from the class of '25 were teaching.

I learned that Elizabeth Marsh was the head of a terrible school, drilling into the minds of terrible girls the ravages of the rouge pot and rolled hose.

Laura Weatherspoon was an Instructor in Education, English, and various minor subjects. She had loads of time to spend on music and hours and hours for pleasure.

Hermes and I then went down to Oerakoke, N. C., and here we found Louise Shelburne. Louise had held down the Vassar Chair of History all winter, but now that vacation had come, it was Oerakoke and the gang for Louise.

I thanked Hermes for his kindness. "But before you go, Hermes, pray tell me what did become of poor Jeremiah," I asked.

"Your Jeremiah had no sooner hit this earth than he was again heavenward bound. And now, in parting, please accept this four-leaf clover."

BESSIE MASSENGILL, *Prophet*

Who's Who, and Why, in the Senior Class

Name	Nickname	Where oftenest found	Hobby	Ambition
Lillian Blue	"Lilly Anne"	Interviewing Miss McLelland	Posting council notices	To have black hair
Maude Barnes	"Maude"	Wandering	Hunting English notebook	To cease to be a step ladder
Martha Lee Borden	"Marthy"	With Dot Gunn	Playing the Victrola	To be a prima donna
Jessie Brown	"Kit"	Hanging around the fountain	Fussin'	To have a M. A. N.
Elizabeth Campbell	"Coots"	Up town	Red Bricks	To live in Raleigh
Ellis Covington	"Ellie"	At the piano	Senior English	To play like Mr. Brawley
Catherine Gay	"K"	In mischief	Phone calls	To live in state
Leila Hubbard	"Midget"	On duty	David-son	To be a poet
Sara Hudson	"Peter"	At Alfred Williams's	Raving	To be a dentist's wif
Julia Johnson	"Jule"	At Wynne Hall	Evening mail	To spell her name with a K
Mary Martin Kugler	"Mumsie"	In No. 319	Ads	To be as thin as Martha Muse
Elizabeth Lawrence	"Betty"	In the kitchen	Eating	No such word in her vocabulary
Elizabeth Link	"Bet"	With Hope	Dates	To fasten happiness to the Link
Elizabeth Marsh	"Tab"	Touring	V. M. I.	Too lofty for expression in words
Bessie Massengill	"Ben"	With Phyllis	Trunk speeches	To reform Peace
Mildred Midyette	"Mid"	Anywhere but in the right place	Dodging Mrs. McLelland	To revise the History of Art book
Mary Allen Morgan	"Mra"	Y. W. Store	Taking care of Lillian	To make a million dollars for the Y. W.
Ina Mae Odum	"Ina"	With Emma	Observing	To keep up with Dot
Olive Pittman	"Ollie"	Looking for Miss Ingraham	Voices of Peace	To be an efficient school-teacher
Elizabeth Reavis	"Betty Hill"	In the library	Silence	To please Mr. Brawley
Louise Shuburne	"Rey"	In Mr. Pressly's Office	Airing Miss Brown's vocabulary	To have A(y)Cock
Dorothy Smith	"Dick"	"Lamping around"	Doodling for Caroline	To drown Psychology
Bruce Speight	"Bruce"	In the library	Basket Ball	To work ahead
Elizabeth Turner	"Tab"	Sky-high	Procrastinating	"Jess" to be
Laura Weatherspoon	"Laura"	Studying	Coaching	To make 100 per cent in every subject
Esther Womble	"Esther"	Looking for Helen	"Education and Action"	Freuding afternoon walks on Blount St.
Emma Wooten	"Eau"	With Ina Mae	Accompanying on the sly	To harmonize with everything

Junior Class

MARTHA BURKHEAD.....

President

LILLIE LANE.....

Vice-President

ESTHER BROWN.....

Secretary-Treasurer

MARTHA BURKHEAD.....

Poet

*The Seniors always laugh at us,
Though why I do not know;
For they themselves were Juniors
Not so very long ago.
But let them all make fun of us;
We should worry—we should care—
Since this, the class of twenty-six,
Is unusually rare.
We're mischievous, we're marvelous,
We're naughty but we're nice;
We're often hard to manage—
Yet of life we are the spice.
We're slangy, and we're silly,
We're determined, and delightful;
We're hilarious and happy,
Though frivolous and frightful.
We're pert, we're pertinacious;
We're resourceful and resolved;
And nothing of importance happens
But a Junior is involved.
So let the Seniors have some fun;
Their laughter soon will cease,
When we, the class of twenty-six,
Shall rule this land of Peace.*



PHYLLIS ALBRIGHT

Π Θ Μ

Dramatic Club, '25; Day Students' Club, '25.



DAISY BAGWELL

Π Θ Μ

Day Students' Club, '25; Dramatic Club, '25; Varsity Basket Ball Team, '25; White Basket Ball Team, '25.



MARGARET BEDDINGFIELD

Π Θ Μ

Day Students' Club, '25.



LOIS BEST

Σ Φ Κ

Vice-president of Y. W. C. A., '25; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '25; Walking Lieutenant, '25; Commencement Marshal, '25; Dramatic Club '24, '25; Beta Pi Delta, '25.





MARTHA BRAGAW

Π Θ Μ

Associate Editor of *LOTUS*, '25; Associate Editor of *Voices of Peace*, '25; Dramatic Club, '25; Green Basket Ball Team, '25; Green Tennis Team, '25; Beta Pi Delta, '25; Commencement Marshal, '25; Fire Marshal, '25.



ESTHER BROWN

Σ Φ Κ

Member Student Council, '25; Representative Student Body, '25; Varsity Basket Ball Team, '24; White Basket Ball Team, '24; Choral Club, '24, '25; White Tennis Team, '24; Fire Marshal, '24; Music Club, '25; Monogram Club, '24



MARTHA BURKHEAD

Π Θ Μ

President of Junior Class, '25; Student Council, '25; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '25; Beta Pi Delta, '25; Associate Editor of *LOTUS*, '25; Varsity Basket Ball Team, '25; White Basket Ball Team, '25; White Tennis Team, '25; Dramatic Club, '25; President of Music Club, '25; Statistics, '25.



GEORGIE CALLOWAY

Σ Φ Κ

Dramatic Club, '25; Music Club, '25.

PATTIE MAE CHAPPELL

Σ Φ Κ

Captain of Varsity Basket Ball Team, '25; Associate Editor of *Voices of Peace*, '25; Green Basket Ball Team, '25; Varsity Basket Ball Team, '25; Day Students' Club, '25.

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ELISABETH DAVIS

Π Θ Μ

Student Council, '25; Assistant Business Manager *Lotus*, '25; Business Manager *Voices of Peace*, '25; President Athletic Association '25; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '25; Vice-president Pi Theta Mu Society, '25; Statistics, '24, '25; Cotillion Club, '24, '25; Commencement Marshal, '24; Dramatic Club, '24, '25; Vice-president Sophomore Class, '24; Glee Club, '24; Beta Pi Delta, '24, '25; White Tennis Team, '24, Walking Lieutenant, '25.

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OPHELIA EDGERTON

Σ Φ Κ

Green Basket Ball Team, '25; Choral Club, '25; Dramatic Club, '25; Music Club, '25

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ALTON ERWIN

Σ Φ Κ

Statistics, '25; Green Tennis Team, '25; Dramatic Club, '25.





MARY VIC FOWLER

Σ Φ Κ

Dramatic Club, '25; Music Club, '25.

THELMA FRAZIER

Π Θ Μ

Day Students' Club, '25.

MILDRED GILL

Π Θ Μ

Dramatic Club, '25; Music Club, '25; Commencement Marshal, '25; Associate Editor of *Voices of Peace*, '25; Beta Pi Delta, '25.

AZALINE HATCHER

Π Θ Μ

Day Students' Club, '25.

JEANNETTE HERVEY

Σ Φ Κ

Dramatic Club, '25.



MARY MARGARET WRAY

Σ Φ Κ

Dramatic Club, '25; Music Club, '25; Associate Editor of LOTUS, '25; Statistics, '25.



LUCILLE TROXLER

Σ Φ Κ

Dramatic Club, '25



MARY THACKER

Π Θ Μ

Day Students' Club, '25; Dramatic Club, '25.





JOSEPHINE THOMASON

Π Ο Μ

Dramatic Club, '25; White Cheer Leader, '25.



MARY REDFEARN

Σ Φ Κ

Dramatic Club, '25; White Basket Ball Team, '25.



GERALDINE PERSON

Σ Φ Κ

Dramatic Club, '25



AMIE JORDAN PARHAM

Σ Φ Κ

Dramatic Club, '25; Statistics, '25, Green Basket Ball Team, '25.

ORLAN MULL

Π Θ Μ

Varsity Basket Ball Team, '25; White Basket Ball Team, '25;
Day Students' Club, '25.

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MYRTLE NEIGHBORS

Σ Φ Κ

Dramatic Club, '25

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ESSIE MIZELLE

Σ Φ Κ

Dramatic Club, '25; Choral Club, '25.

•

LONA MARTIN

Π Θ Μ

Dramatic Club, '25.





THELMA MCRACKAN

Σ Φ Κ

Green Tennis Team, '25; Music Club, '25; Dramatic Club, '25.



LILLIE LANE

Σ Φ Κ

Varsity Basket Ball Team, '25; Green Basket Ball Team, '25; Dramatic Club, '25.



CHRISTINE HOWARD

Η Θ Μ

Captain White Gym Team, '25; Varsity Basket Ball Team, '24, '25; White Tennis Team, '24, '25; White Basket Ball Team, '24, '25; Dramatic Club, '25; Fire Marshal, '25; Statistics, '25; Walking Lieutenant, '25.



VIRGINIA HOLMES

Σ Φ Κ

Green Basket Ball Team, '25; Green Tennis Team, '25; Dramatic Club, '25.



Sophomore Class



ELIZABETH JENNINGS.....

.....President

RUBY ADAMS
SUE MAE BAKER
PHYLLIS BOWEN
ESSIE BUFFALOE
KATHERINE COSGROVE
DOROTHY DICK
ERNESTINE GUNTARP
EDITH HOLLOWAY

ELIZABETH JENNINGS
FRANCES LOWRY
EVA McDONALD
MARTHA MUSE
LELA ODOM
MARGARET SMITH
ROBERTA STERLING
DOROTHY YOUNG





Junior Preparatory Department

Preparatory III

Catherine Briggs
Jeannette Ernst
Sarah Gruver
Naomi McBride
Shannon Preston
Nannie Sylvester
Dorothy Ward

Preparatory II

Florence Briggs
Maude Congleton
Annie Culbreth
Martha Gruver
Josephine Harton
Edith Holloway
Elizabeth Love
Laey McAden
Catherine Parsons
Helen Pritchard
Josephine Richards

Preparatory I

Molly Allen
Anne Ball
Helen Clapp
Earline Conyers
Elizabeth Dunn
Nancy Fish
Betsy Hull Hatch
Eleanor Layfield
Elizabeth Layfield
Troy Lee Lednum
Rhea McCown
Cornelia McKimmon
Cary Petty
Maud Schaub
Margaret Thornton
Gaynell Teer
Nella Ward
Ruth Wilson
Marian Wright

Seventh Grade

Mary Simmons Andrews
Florence Bauman
Pauline Cofer
Nell Hay
Katherine Herring
Alice Payne
Janet Tucker
Sarah White
Bettie Vaiden Wright



Commercial Department

Toccoa CLARY *President*

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JULIA BRIDGERS
MARY BRYAN
TOCCOA CLARY
JULIA COPPEDGE
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DOROTHY GUNN
MARGARET HUGHES
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DIXIE BELLE LITTLETON
MARY BELL McILHENNY
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ELLA PRIMROSE
MAMIE JOE RUSSELL
MARGARET SHERRILL
LOIS SPRUILL
FRANCES WALSER
DORIS WINSTON



DOMESTIC ART



DOMESTIC SCIENCE

Graduating Recital

ELIZABETH REAVIS, *Piano*
 ASSISTED BY
 MARTHA LEE BORDEN, *Voice*

Program

SONATA (Moonlight).....	Beethoven
Adagio Sostenuto	
Allegretto	
Presto agitato	
SE TU M'AMI.....	Pergolesi
SERENADE.....	Schubert
A PASTORAL.....	Veracini
IMPROMPTUS, OP. 29.....	Chopin
WHIMS.....	Schumann
ALT-WIEN.....	Godowsky
BLACKBIRD'S SONG.....	Cyril Scott
LULLABY.....	Cyril Scott
IRISH FOLK SONG.....	Foote
A BIRTHDAY.....	Woodman
CONCERTO.....	Mozart
Adagio	
Allegro	
Andantino	

(Accompaniment for second piano by Grieg, played by Mr. BRAWLEY.)

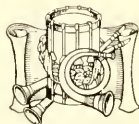


Graduating Recital

ELLIS COVINGTON, *Piano*
 ASSISTED BY
 ELIZABETH McKELLAR, *Voice*

Program

- | | | |
|------|----------------------------------|--------------------|
| I. | SONATA—E MINOR... | <i>Grieg</i> |
| | Allegro moderato | |
| | Andante molto | |
| | Alla Menuetto mio poco piu lento | |
| II. | a. SENTO NEL CORE... | <i>Scarlotti</i> |
| | b. MY LOVELY CELIA... | <i>Old English</i> |
| | c. COME, SWEET MORNING | <i>Old French</i> |
| III. | a. MANDOLINITA.... | <i>Saint-Saens</i> |
| | b. SONG OF THE SEA | <i>Ware</i> |
| | c. POLONAISE—C SHARP MINOR... | <i>Chopin</i> |
| IV. | a. THY BEAMING EYES | <i>McDowell</i> |
| | b. YOU AND I | <i>Lehmann</i> |
| | c. A MEMORY..... | <i>Ganz</i> |
| | d. THE SWALLOWS | <i>Cowen</i> |
| V. | CONCERTO—C MAJOR | <i>Von Weber</i> |
| | Allegro | |
| | Adagio | |
| | Finale | |





FEATURES



Martha Burkheat
BEST ALLROUND



"Lib" Jennings
DAINTIEST



"Chris" Howard
BEST ATHLETE



"Cat" Parsons
BEST NATURED



Lib Davis
MOST CAPABLE



Bessie Massengill
WITTIEST



Mary Marlin Kugler
MOST POPULAR



"Dot" Gunn
MOST STYLISH



Martha Lee Borden
PRETTIEST



Alton Erwin
CUTEST



Mary M. Wray
MOST SINCERE



Sue Mae Baker
SWEETEST



"Lib" Turner
MOST TALENTED



"Lib" Campbell
MOST ATTRACTIVE

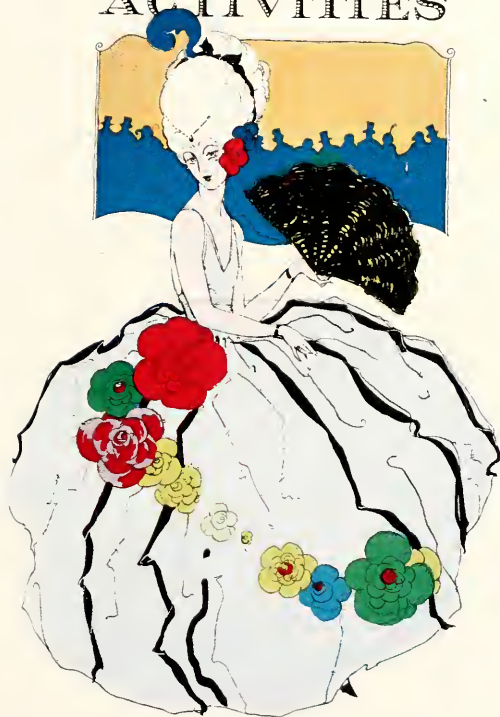


Louise Shelburne
TYPICAL SENIOR



Amie Jordan Parham
JOLLY JUNIOR

ORGANIZATIONS
ACTIVITIES





Student Council

ELISABETH TURNER	President
MARTHA LEE BORDEN	Vice-President
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MARTHA BURKHEAD, *President Junior Class*

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ESTHER BROWN, *Student Body Representative*

ELIZABETH DAVIS, *President Athletic Association*

LOUISE SHELburne, *Senior Class Representative*

MARY MARTIN KUGLER, *President Y. W. C. A.*





Council

On a Tuesday night, it seems,
 Mary was wakened from her dreams
 To scamper down to Central Hall
 In answer to a Council call.
 She hated it because 'twas late,
 She hated worse to meet her fate.
 "They surely must be wrong," she thought;
 "I would have known if I'd been caught."

Around the table Council sat.
 Were these her friends?—They were at that!
 By all they knew and said and did,
 She knew her secret was not hid.
 Out of her room during Study Hall—
 That was the reason for the Council call;
 That was the offense—but that wasn't all:
 "Report two weeks to study hall."

ELIZABETH JENNINGS, '27





Y. W. C. A. Officers

4

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SARA HUDSON
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Vice-President
Secretary
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Chairman of Music Committee
Chairman of Morning Watch Committee
Chairman of Missionary Committee
Chairman of Conference Committee
Chairman of Poster Committee

BESSIE MASSENGILL
DOROTHY SMITH...

{

Monitors

4 4 4





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Sigma Phi Kappa Literary Society

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SUE MAE BAKER
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MILOREO MIDYETTE
ESSIE MIZELLE
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AMIE JORDAN PARHAM

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Phi Theta Mu Society

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 MARIAN WRIGHT





Voices of Peace



Olive Pittman
EDITOR IN CHIEF



Elizabeth Davis
BUSINESS MGR.



Raleigh, N.C.





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 MARTHA LEE BORDEN
 ESTHER BROWN
 MARTHA BURKHEAD
 PAULINE COFER
 TOCCOA CLARY
 ANNIE CULBRETH
 OPHELIA EDGERTON
 CATHERINE GAY
 DOROTHY GUNN

JOSEPHINE HARTON
 MARY MARTIN KUGLER
 MARY BELL McILHENNY
 NAOMI McBRIDE
 RHEA McCOWN
 OLIVIA MITCHELL
 ELIZABETH McKELLAR
 KATHERINE PARSONS
 FRANCES LOWRY
 DOROTHY YOUNG





Dramatic Club

RUDY ADAMS
 PHYLLIS ALBRIGHT
 DAISY BAGWELL
 NEE MAE BAKER
 MAUDE BARNES
 LOIS BEST
 LILLIAN BLUE
 FLOISE BONEY
 MARTHA LEE BORDEN
 MARTHA BRAGAW
 JESSIE BROWN
 MARTHA BURKHEAD
 GEORGE CALLOWAY
 HELEN CLAPP
 TOCCOA CLARY
 PAULINE COFER
 MAUDE CONGLETON
 ELLIE COVINGTON
 ANNIE CULBRETH
 ELIZABETH DAVIS
 DOROTHY DICK
 ELIZABETH DIXON
 OPHELIA EDGERTON
 JEANNETTE ERNST

NANCY FISH
 MARY VIC FOWLER
 CATHERINE GAY
 MILDRED GILL
 DOROTHY GUNN
 ERNESTINE GUNTARP
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 BETSY HULL HATCH
 KATHERINE HERRING
 JEANNETTE HERVEY
 EDITH HOLLOWAY
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 LALLIE LANE
 BETTY LAWRENCE
 ELIZABETH LAYFIELD
 ELIZABETH LAYFIELD

TROY LEE LEDNUM
 ELIZABETH LINK
 FRANCES LOWRY
 LANN MCADEN
 NAOMI MCBRIDE
 RHEA MCDOWN
 EVA MCDONALD
 MARY BELL McILRENNY
 ELIZABETH MCKELLAR
 THELMA MCRACKAN
 LONA MARTIN
 HOPE MELTON
 MILDRED MIDVETTE
 ESSIE MIZELLE
 MARY ALLEN MORGAN
 MYRTLE NEIGHBORS
 LELA ODOM
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 OLIVE PITMAN
 SHANNON PRENTON

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 NELLA WARD
 SARA WHITE
 RUTH WILSON
 MARY MARGARET WRAY
 BETTY V. WRIGHT
 DOROTHY YOUNG

Officers of Dramatic Club

MISS MIRIAM EVERTS.

MISS ELIZABETH LAWRENCE

MISS JESSIE BROWN.

.....Director

.....President

.....Secretary-Treasurer



Scene from "THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH"



Scene from "THE BOOMERANG"



Scene from "THE MAKER OF DREAMS"



Beta Pi Delta

8

FRANCES WALSER

President

LOIS BEST
 MARTHA BRAGAW
 MARTHA BURKHEAD
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 ELIZABETH CAMPBELL
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 MILDRED GILL

DOROTHY GUNN
 ELIZABETH JENNINGS
 ELIZABETH MCKELLAR
 MARY PATE
 ELIZABETH TURNER
 DOROTHY YOUNG





Amy Cheny Music Club

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ESTHER BROWN
MARTHA BURKHEAD
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ANNIE CULBRETH
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MILDRED MIDYETTE
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DAUGHTERS CLUB

Toccoa Clary, Martha Lee Borden, Amie Jordan Parham, Mary Martin Kugler, Catherine Gay, Lillie Lane, Elizabeth Jennings, Leila Hubbard, Nella Ward, Mary Fate, Frances Lowry, Mary Margaret Wray



WASHINGTON CLUB

Mary Martin Kugler, Jessie Brown, Mary Bell McIlhenny, Louise Shelburne



ANTI-BOB CLUB

Franey Lowry, Eloise Boney, Pattie Chappell, Daisy Bagwell, Mary Vic Fowler, Ophelia Edgerton, Annie Culbreth, Myrtle Neighbors, Annie Jessup, Mildred Midyette, Shannon Preston, Lillian Blue, Laura Weatherspoon



DAY STUDENTS' CLUB

Betty Vaiden Wright, Nella Ward, Anne Ball, Azaline Hatcher, Molly Allen, Laey McAden, Nancy Fish, Elizabeth Dunn, Laura Weatherspoon, Mary Bryan, Margaret Beddingfield, Elhs Covington, Pattie Chappell, Elizabeth Peacock, Elizabeth Marsh, Jeanette Ernst, Katherine Briggs, Catherine Cosgrove, Margaret Sherrill, Thelma Frazier, Daisy Bagwell



ATA HUNKA II

Ernestine Guntharp, Jessie Brown, Mary Martin Kugler, Amie Jordan Parham, Sue Mae Baker, Edith Holloway, Helen Pritchard, Ruby Adams, Geraldine Persons, Martha Lee Borden, Jeannette Hervey, Louise Shelburne



SEVEN ACES

Josephine Thomason, Christine Howard, Maude Barnes, Mildred Gill, Phyllis Albright, Betty Lawrence, Julia Johnston

LOTUS



BABY CLUB

Mary Bell McIlhenny, Ernestine Guntharp, Thelma McRackan, Essie Mizelle, Georgie Calloway, Alton Erwin, Marian Wright, Eleanor Layfield, Elizabeth Layfield, Helen Clapp, Bette Vanden Wright, Margaret Pope, Catherine Parsons, Katherine Briggs, Phyllis Albright, Margaret Thornton, Hope Melton, Josephine Thomason, Troy Lee Lednum



HALL OF FAME

Catherine Gay, Lillie Lane, Leila Hubbard, Elizabeth Love, Mildred Gill, Phyllis Albright, Elisabeth Davis, Elizabeth Campbell, Lois Best, Louise Shelburne, Martha Bragaw, Martha Burkhead, Ella Primrose, Mary Bell McIlhenny, Ernestine Guntharp, Shannon Preston, Dorothy Dick, Mildred Midyette, Lucile Troxler, Virginia Preston, Mrs. McLeland

Ninety-four



K. K. K.

Mary Martin Kugler, Jessie Brown, Mary Belle McIlhenny, Alton Erwin, Amie Jordan Farham, Ernestine Guntharp, Martha Lee Borden, Lilie Lane



OP

Esther Womble, Helen Clapp, Margaret Smith, Bruce Speight, Ina Mae Odom, Dorothy Ward, Emma Wooten, Esther Brown



HALL OF SILENCE

Josephine Thomason, Troy Lee Lednum, Christine Howard, Hope Melton, Gaynelle Teer, Elizabeth Link, Roberta Sterling, Margaret Pope, Sue Mae Baker, Edith Holloway, Anne Jordan Parham, Helen Pritchard, Ruby Adams, Geraldine Person, Martha Lee Borden, Jeannette Hervey



ATHLETICS



Elizabeth Davis — President.



Christine Howard —
Captain of the Whites



Jessie Brown —
Captain of the Greens.



Monogram Club

JESSIE BROWN
CHRISTINE HOWARD
BRUCE SPEIGHT
MARY PATE

ESTHER BROWN
MARY MARTIN KUGLER
LOUISE SHELburnE
MAUDE BARNES

ELIZABETH TURNER



Cheer Leaders

JO HARTON MARY BELL McILHENNEY JO THOMASON

School Yell and Songs



What's the matter with PEACE!
 She's O. K!
 Hel! Ho! Hey!
 Tee-yek, Tee-yek, Tee-yek, Tee-yek!
 Tee-yek, Tee-yek, Tee-yek!
 Boom! Rah! Boom! Rah!
 Here we are! Here we are!
 PEACE! ! !

SCHOOL SONGS

We're loyal to you, dear old Peace!
 We're Green and we're White, Dear old Peace!
 We'll back you to stand 'gainst the best in the land
 For we know you have sand!
 Dear old Peace,
 Rah! Rah!
 So smash that blockade, dear old Peace!
 Go crashing ahead, dear old Peace!
 Our team is our fame protector;
 On girls, for we expect a victory!
 For you, dear old Peace.
 Che-Hec-Che-Ha! Che-Ha-Ha-Ha!
 Peace-Peace-Rah-Rah-Rah!

Latin is the first course,
 So traditions say,
 Served to every Freshman,
 'Long with Mathematics A.
 The result is so disastrous
 That to take away the hurt
 The faculty relents
 And serves us English for dessert.

CHORUS.

Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors, All!
 Come and taste the wondrous feast
 That's served in Peace's Hall.
 From the time you enter C. B. B.
 Till your last Commencement Day
 You're stuffed and crammed with knowledge
 Till you fairly pass away!



VARSIY BASKET BALL TEAM

Pattie Chappell, *Captain*, Naomi McBride, Bruce Speight, Daisy Bagwell, Christine Howard, Martha Burkehead, Lillie Lane, Frances Walser



GREEN BASKET BALL TEAM

Martha Bragaw, Jessie Brown, Mary Martin Kugler, Dorothy Dick, Virginia Holmes, Amie Jordan Parham, Ophelia Edgerton, Lillie Lane, Maude Barnes, Pattie Chappell, Louise Shelburne



WHITE BASKET BALL TEAM

Christine Howard, Josephine Thomason, Bruce Speight, Naomi McBride, Martha Burkhead, Roberta Sterling, Helen Pritchard, Esther Brown, Mary Redfearn, Mary Pate, Sue Mae Baker, Daisy Bagwell, Edith Holloway



GREEN TENNIS TEAM

Virginia Holmes, Louise Shelburne, Alton Erwin, Jesse Brown, Mary Martin Kugler, Shannon Preston, Maude Barnes, Martha Bragaw, Dorothy Dick, Thelma McKrackan, Elizabeth Turner



WHITE TENNIS TEAM

Elizabeth Love, Martha Burkhead, Mildred Molyette, Daisy Bagwell, Sue Mae Baker, Mildred Gill, Christine Howard, Bruce Spraght, Edith Holloway, Naomi McBride, Mary Fato, Roberta Sterling, Margaret Thornton, Esther Brown

Pen Pictures of Peace

BREAKFAST—than which there is nothing more charming provided one takes it after ten o'clock in the morning, with soft pillows, a French maid, and a dainty tray as accompaniments. Breakfast, than which there is nothing more welcome when one eats it sitting on the ground, a tin cup of coffee in one hand, a roasted wiener in the other, after a long morning hike. *But—breakfast*, when one sleeps until the last gong and then goes stumbling down the stairs pulling one's clothes after one, bumps into an austere teacher on the way, and slides into the dining room just before Esther closes the door!

Every one is sleepy, and every one is cross, and, in a few moments, class bell will ring and the daily routine will begin. Breakfast can be charming, and welcome, and delightful, but—

MARY MARGARET WRAY, '26



THE door slowly opens, and a short, fat girl walks wearily into the class-room. Her small, greenish eyes wander over to the corner where the teacher always sits.

"Oh, well, I might have known she would be the first one here," she mutters, half under her breath. With a frown on her round, rosy face, and with her unusually large mouth puckered up, she selects a seat. Dragging her feet, she strolls slowly over to the chair, and, jostling it about noisily, sits down with a loud bump. Noisily she puts her books on the arm of the chair, and stretches her short, fat legs under the chair in front.

"Oh, dear! I'm so tired," she says, wiping her short pug nose with a dainty little handkerchief. "Well! I wonder which it will be today, a theme or poetry."

Loudly whispering to her neighbor and moving her chair backwards and forwards, she mutters, "I just know it will be some dry old poetry."

Settling herself back in the chair, she gazes wistfully out of the window. Now and then her eyes wander to the teacher, but she quickly moves them away, and twists her long black curls.

"My! I believe she is going to stop! No, she isn't either! There goes something about Shakespeare!"

Putting her small, fat hand into her sweater pocket, she draws out a vanity box. Ducking her head behind the chair in front, she powders her face rapidly, replaces the box in her pocket, and continues to gaze out of the window.

"Will that bell *never* ring!" she says angrily. "Thank goodness, there it goes!"

Quickly she rises, knocking chairs over as she goes hurriedly out of the room.

MILDRED MIDYETTE, '25

A squeaky door opens gently, slowly, reluctantly; and two black eyes peek fearfully through the opening. One slippered foot slides noiselessly through the aperture, bringing a tiny, huddled figure, enclosed in a flapping red garment, inside. The little figure, having gained entrance to the small white hallway, stops, utterly incapable of moving farther. Her cheeks are blanched and her black bobbed curls seem almost to stand on end. Suddenly a voice booms from the end of the hall.

"What is it?" thunders the voice.

"It—it is only me—er—I, Mrs. Fowler." A tremor shakes the girl as she makes her way slowly down towards the place whence the voice echoes.

"What do you want, Mary?" sternly asks the white-haired lady who possesses the echoing voice.

"I was feeling sorta—sorta—I have a headache, and I—I hurt 'most all over, Mrs. Fowler."

"Well, you *ought* to hurt all over if you don't! You're the wretch I saw playing tennis with no clothes on! It's a wonder you don't die! Something gets wrong with you the minute you come in the gate and stays wrong till you leave! Get in that bed!"

The girl meekly obeys, casting furtive glances at the owner of the voice, who stands with arms akimbo, looking scowlingly at her. She rolls over with a groan, and Mrs. Fowler makes her exit with a bang.

About an hour later the door which closed with a bang opens gently, and the portly, white-haired lady enters, bearing a tray which she deposits on a white table. She smiles lovingly at the sleeping figure, then reluctantly calls,

"Mary, Mary, take this, Honey, and eat this orange. Drink it right down, now, and you'll soon be all right. There! Here's a letter for you from some old boy. Go back to sleep if you want to, Honey."

ELIZABETH TURNER, '25



THE chapel, flooded with the soft silver of the new hunter's moon, stands stately and holy. The half-naked limbs of the trees nearly brush the shimmering window panes, and the shadows of the trees and of the fluttering autumn leaves in the brisk wind, play on the fresh ivory-tinted walls. The room is filled with peaceful silence. The ivory organ gleams white in the dim light like a great silent shrine.

Suddenly there rises a distant noise that rapidly draws nearer. Laughter and low talking chase away the stillness of the room. Troops of girls, moving slowly, file into the room. Then the lights flash on and the shadowy peace vanishes. But in its place a sweeter, deeper, more vital peace falls over the room as the soft evening hymns of the vesper service float out.

MAUDE BARNES, '25



THE Hall of Fame is in an uproar. Not a single teacher, "with stern and forbidding eye," can be seen. But girls—girls can be seen and heard everywhere! They fill the rooms and over-run the Hall, they perch on trunks, window-sills, beds, chairs, dressers, and washstands! Heads protrude from closets, and arms and hands wave frantically from piles of clothes on the floor. Mildred and Cat fight fiercely over one last cracker; a dainty foot collides with a box of candy which clatters to the floor amid sighs and groans. Bessie, with a ruler for a baton, directs a komona'd choir who painfully strain the strains of "Home Sweet Home."

Suddenly the sound of the wedding march played on a tin whistle issues forth, and down the Hall comes a bridal procession. The radiant bride is decked in sniles, rouge, and a sheet for a veil. The Groom is adorned with a mustache. Preacher, bridesmaids, flowergirls—all are there.

Amid the confusion of powder and shoe-throwing, the door of room Number 315 opens quickly, and Mrs. McLelland, gray curls bobbing and spectacles at a sympathetic angle, murmurs excitedly, "Anybody sick?"

PHYLLIS ALBRIGHT, '26



PEACE sleeps! Weary bodies and brains are being refreshed for the next day's tasks. Darkness wraps the whole house in its mantle of silence. Suddenly the stillness is rent asunder! Bang! Bang! Bang! The fire alarm! Its awful summons strikes cold fear into dazed brains, jerked rudely from sleep. One hundred pairs of feet hit the floor at the same instant, and the house is flooded with light. There is a desperate scramble for clothing, windows bang, and frightened voices rise here and there in muffled screams.

Then, slowly, like a death-knell, rumble three deep strokes of the gong! Doors are flung open and queer figures emerge. Some clutch about their shivering figures coats, others, bath-robos. Behold Peace in all its beauty! Behold the Sleeping Beauties! Hair rolled on rags and papers gives an enchanting effect of horns above grease smeared, white patched, sleep swollen faces. Friend gazes into the face of friend and knows her not! Truly, if the princess in the old fairy story had looked like these, she would be sleeping yet.

LOUISE SHELburne, '25



RAIN falls drearily upon the roofs, and upon the trees, and upon the top of a passing automobile. Rain drips from the eaves, and pours from the gutters, and wets a shivering sparrow perched on a wire. Rain makes a river of the streets, and beats down fiercely upon the neat black umbrella of the little lady. She holds on tightly with both black-gloved hands, a determined frown wrinkling her forehead, under the grey curls. He blue eyes peer out anxiously from under the great umbrella, which almost hides her from view. Her feet, carefully clad in high laced shoes, make a little tapping sound on the pavement.

Behind her, their vari-colored umbrellas bright against the dreary grey of the Sabbath morning, walk, in a long line, a crowd of chattering school-girls.

MARTHA BRAGAW, '26



A Waste Basket

I contain 'most everything
 From chewing gum to broken string.
 Just an old trash box, you know:
 That is why they treat me so.
 Knock me! kick me here and there!
 Do—and see how much I care!
 Battered up by one and all,
 Kicked and scowled at when I fall,
 I want peace, but dare not ask it,
 'Cause I'm just an old waste-basket.

ESSIE MIZELLE, '26



Bells of Peace

A GONG! Wake up! Get up and dress!
 Thus our day begins;
 And one's extremely optimistic
 If she hears this gong and grins.

The echoes of the rising gong
 Still around me hover,
 When the air is shattered
 By another and another.

Breakfast over—bells begin
 And all day long they ring;
 My mind *won't* stay on lessons
 Just a-listening for the thing.

A bell calls me to practice,
 To study, or to class;
 They ring the bloomin' things so much
 'Tis wondrous how they last.

By bells I eat, by bells I sleep,
 By bells I play, or sing;
 By bells I walk, by bells I talk—
 There're bells for everything.

One day (the first I spent at Peace)
 A girl rushed madly by;
 Anxious expectation was
 Apparent in her eye.

I thought perhaps she's had bad news
 And begged her that she tell.
 As she dashed on I heard her ask,
 "Was that the second bell?"

Existence here is one huge bell—
 Ringing, ever ringing.
 But we couldn't get along
 Without that constant singing.

As long as there are bells to ring
 Anxiety ne'er shall cease;
 Subconsciously we wait for you—
 Ring on, ye bells of Peace!

MARTHA BURKHEAD, '26



It Might Have Been

THE leaden clouds hung low in the December sky. The wind howled, shrieking around the corner of the little gray station, and whirling around the group of young people on the platform. Soft, white, fluffy snowflakes, whirled down by the angry wind, were rapidly forming billowy drifts. The young people were heavily wrapped. Heavy brown coats were pulled up close under firm boyish chins, and furry collars rested against dainty white throats. Bright eyes sparkled, young cheeks were rosy, lips were vividly red, and young voices, treble and bass, laughed and chatted merrily. Clara, small, slender, and dainty, was the center of the group. A long brown fur coat emphasized the slightness of her straight little figure. A very chic little brown fur toque was pulled down over her soft hair. The features of her attractive face were irregular and not beautiful, but her gray eyes sparkled happily, and her tiny red lips smiled charmingly.

There was a momentary lull in the conversation, and Clara, stepping back, surveyed the young people before her. She looked admiringly at the honest, manly faces, and at the tall, strong, boyish figures. Her eyes caressed the sweet, attractive faces, and the daintily-clad figures of the three girls.

"Oh," she breathed softly, "it is so hard to leave you!"

"Clara, can you think that we do not find it hard, too? It is—well—it is terrible!" and Tom turned hastily away.

A few minutes later the train rumbled up and puffed to a jerky stop. There were hurried good-byes, and a rushing with packages and bags. Then the train pulled off with a little girl on the rear platform, who smiled and waved her handkerchief.

Tom looked intently at the receding train. Suddenly he turned around. His big, brown eyes filled with a pained expression and the smile left his lips.

"Clara," he murmured aside, "Clara, how I shall miss you, my little sister!"

LEILA HUBBARD, '25

A Midnight Visitor

IT was long past midnight;
 Quiet reigned supreme,
 When all at once she heard a noise.
 Could it be a dream?

No, for she was wide awake!
 The footsteps were quite plain;
 They stopped for several moments
 And then began again.

The wind was whistling, sighing,
 And moaning 'mong the trees;
 Thunder rumbled, lightning flashed,
 And—'mid all this—a sneeze.

Who was this person, anyway?
 How annoying it must be
 To creep along so stealthily—
 Then sneeze, as had done he.

The thundering grew fainter,
 The wind grew calmer, too;
 The footsteps faltered as if he
 Knew not quite what to do.

The girls were quite familiar
 With the stairs and trunks and all;
 They wouldn't falter thus, and, if
 They were sick, they'd call.

Mr. Lassiter wouldn't prowl 'round thus;
 The faculty were in bed;
 To whom could those footsteps belong?
 What plans were in his head?

The room had grown quite dark again,
 The rain'd begun to pour;
 Thunder roared—then lightning flashed,
 Revealing in the door—

A ghostlike figure—tall and straight—
 Who scrutinized the number;
 Then knocked as though it intended
 To rouse those within from slumber.

"Elizabeth, Council'd like to see you"—
 Came in a barely audible tone.
 "Put something around you quickly,
 And wait downstairs till I come!"

MARTHA BURKHEAD, '26

A Suitor in the Making

~

EDWARD pushed back the heavy mahogany furniture and rolled up the thick green rugs. The hardwood floor shone like a mirror. He tiptoed across the room, and cautiously looked out through the big French doors. Then he swaggered up in front of a large mirror at the end of the hall. He pulled a small comb from his pocket, and ran it down the middle of his stiff, unruly sandy hair, trying to arrange it in an exact imitation of big brother's. He slowly brushed imaginary specks from the brown suit, which corresponded to the shade of the numerous freckles covering his square face. His generous mouth spread in a proud, happy smile from one protruding ear to the other, and boyish pride filled the deep gray eyes, as he surveyed the manly little figure in the glass.

Giving his hair a final pat, and straightening the little black jazzbow tie, he turned—then stopped, because for the first time he noticed the short knee trousers. His face was mournful, as he bent down to look at the straight, ribbed stockinged legs. Then, straightening up, he exclaimed, "Ah, what's the use of worrying? Spring will soon be here!"

His heavy shoes clattered across the room, as he hurried over to the Victrola. Picking up a record in his plump, rough hands, he put it on, and started the music. The jazziest melody imaginable filled the room. Edward snatched up a pillow from a near-by chair and clutched it to his breast. He watched the door like a hawk, as he awkwardly walked and slid up and down the floor, trying to keep time with the music, and to hold the pillow with a firm but gentle grasp. Big beads of perspiration rolled down his hot, red cheeks, and he softly muttered "One-two-three-four-slide!"

MARY MARTIN KUGLER, '25

~ ~ ~

The Crossword Puzzle

NIGHT now means little study
And that little soon will cease,
For now the crossword puzzle
Has made its way to Peace.

It's really fascinating—
Once begun you just can't drop it;
Everybody's got the craze—
No use to try to stop it.

Those who declared—and even swore—
They'd *never, never* try one,
Now search each paper through and through
In hopes that they may spy one.

The faculty, first, joined the ranks
Of crossword puzzle workers;
Then, one by one, the students came,
Till now there are *no* shirkers!

Mr. Poole has a puzzle Look
That he takes everywhere,
And, as he works, the book he puts
Before him on a chair.

Each student, of course, has one—
She transports it in many a way—
And eagerly snatches a moment
Here and there throughout the day.

Mr. Lassiter used to stay
Where, easily, one might call him,
And we thought, of course, our craze
Would ne'er on earth enthrall him.

But he too's caught in the craze,
And spends the evening hours
Figuring how best he can
Make vertical *three equal flowers*.

Will we never from the strain
Find some slight release?
Or will the only rest we know
Be found in Crossword Peace?

MARTHA BURKHEAD, '26



Skiping Period

✧

WILL we ever forget those skiping periods? The minute the last bell rings, doors fly open and confusion and noise replace the order and quiet which have reigned for three long hours. We girls emerge from our rooms as if from ten years' imprisonment, prepared to make the most of our newly-gained freedom. We gather in groups on trunks or in rooms to discuss the result of that frightful essay that everyone of us has flunked; or the eternal question of the injustice of teachers to students, or the all-absorbing subject of the approaching holiday—anything and everything; and it must be talked about by not less than five people at one time.

In the middle of one of these deep discussions, a girl comes flying down the hall to spread the latest scandal or to tell of the discovery of a box from home. Shrieks and groans issue from a room where a fight is on, and cries of "Help!" bring half the hall to referee said fight until something more interesting calls the fickle mob away. All too soon and not a minute over time, room bell cuts short our hilarious good time. The desperate effort to get to our rooms before the merciless proctor puts yet another black mark in her omnipresent little book, results in one mad scramble. Standing just inside our doors, we continue the interrupted conversations in subdued whispers and with much giggling, until the final bell screams, "Lights out!"

MILDRED GILL, '26





Humor and Advertising

Familiar Voices of Peace

Mr. Brawley: "Now, girls, don't drag."

Miss Lalor: "Girls, how *many* times have I told you—"

Miss Brown: "Now, I want you to feel—"

Mrs. McLelland: "Mildred, I've reported you to Miss McLelland. You've skipped practice twice today."

Mrs. Fowler: "What do—*get* right on in that bed!"

Miss Kuhns: "*This* is the more elegant way of doing it."

Miss McLelland: "Girls, I want you to be naturally beautiful."

Miss Linton: "Oh-h-h-h! N-o-o! *This* is the *only* courteous thing to do."

Miss Robinson: "You don't have to tell me *that*. I *know* it already."

Mr. Pressly: Let us all remain standing while we pass out. Please continue singing as we go down."



Initiation

Initiation was in full swing,
Halls with laughing shouts did ring;
Girls in the yard, absurdly clad,
Tried hard to believe that they were glad—
But you and I knew better.

Each one some foolish caper doing;
Skipping, dancing, singing, chewing;
Running, jumping, giggling, eating—
They dared not stop for fear of a beating,
They all obeyed to the letter.

Night was the hardest time of all—
Every one blindfolded, fearing to fall,
Calling for help, gasping for breath,
Every one simply scared to death—
But all came through together.

MILDRED GILL, '26.

Humorous

Alton Erwin (going to the Infirmary): "Mrs. Fowler—"

Mrs. Fowler: "That's all right; get your clothes off and get right in bed."

Alton: "But, Mrs. Fowler—"

Mrs. Fowler: "Don't 'but' me! If you're sick enough to be off classes, you're sick enough to be in bed."

Alton: "But, Mrs. Fowler, I just wanted to tell you that one of the tubs is leaking."

Miss Ingraham (to Louise): "Who is Amy Cheny Beach? She isn't in any of my classes. Mr. Pressly thought perhaps she was one of the girls who took expression from Miss Everts early in the year—but Miss Everts doesn't know her. Miss Lalor says it *must* be Amie Parham. I've looked and I haven't been able to find her name in the school lists. Who is she?"

Said Miss McLelland one night,
 "Lib Campbell is gone from my sight."
 "Shall Mrs. McLelland go get her?"
 "Oh, no! do not fret her—
 Just call up and let Rufus Hunter."

Lois: "Why in the world do you get up so early?"

Louise: "So I can hear A(y)cock crow."

Lib Turner (excitedly picking up a notebok): "Oh, Miss Brown, I got in a fight with Martha and lost my vocabulary."

Dot Young: "I played in a basketball game once, a long time ago."

Eva McDonald: "What position did you play?"

Dot: "I was a goal."

Lib Davis (in Latin class): "Miss Melvin, what Latin words do P. D. Q. stand for?"

Mr. Brawley: "Miss Lalor, if you want to feel twenty-five years younger, and get a good laugh, go to see Harold Lloyd in 'Hot Water'."

Humorous—Continued

Louise Shelburne: "Oh, Miss Melvin, how often is the *Scientific Monthly* published?"

Money is the least of Peace girls' worries.

Mrs. Fowler: "Have you got any hot tea?"

Waiter: "No'm, but they're hotting it now."

Miss Brown (in History B): "Mildred, what was the significance of the Battle of Saratoga?"

Mildred (absent-mindedly): "Yes, ma'am."

Marion (to Mary Allen): "How much would a nickel package of peanuts cost?"

Miss Lewis (during physical examination): "Martha, do you ever have any trouble hearing?"

Martha: "Ma'am?"

Miss Lewis: "Do you ever have any trouble hearing?"

Martha: "Ma'am?"

Miss Lewis: "Do you ever have any trouble hearing?"

Martha: "Oh, no'm!"

Martha Burkhead (registering): "Miss Kuhns, what is Woolley—one of Lamb's Tales?"

There was a young lady named Jess,
Her feelings were hard to express;
She hung 'round the Fountain,
Methinks she was countin'
'Twould be Braey—and right was her guess.

We Wonder Why

Sara Hudson is so Dinky—yet tall.
Squirrels chase Lib Davis around the campus.
Jessie and Mary Bell hang around the fountain.
Lillie Lane likes Education.

Jessie: "What are you reading?"

Betty: "*The Old Merchant Marine*."

Jessie: "What's it about?"

Betty: "My native land."

Jessie: "You poor fish!"

Julia: "This library is too noisy for me, I'm going into the Senior Library."

Sara: "If it's quiet in there, halloo!"

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 Of the stores all over town;
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If you were on the Staff with us,
 And could see those managers run,
 Then you'd be as bashful as we are—
 I tell you, it isn't much fun.

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ELIZABETH DAVIS, '26.

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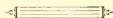
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