

THE LOTUS



MCMXXVI

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY THE
STUDENTS OF PEACE INTSTIUTE
RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

To Mrs. Jane Simpson McKimmon, distinguished alumna of Peace, whose eminent success as a pioneer in the field of home demonstration work has won for her a state-wide and national recognition that reflects a glory on our school, and whose never-failing interest in all our activities has won for her a large place in our hearts, we affectionately dedicate this volume of THE LOTUS.



MRS. JANE SIMPSON MCKIMMON

To the Readers of The Lotus

WITHIN the Garden of old Peace each year
 There grows a single flower, a Lotus flower,
 The little seed of memory lies still
 Beneath the garden-soil for many months,
 At last up comes a tiny, straggling shoot,
 And we, the Gardeners, tend with loving care
 And nourish it with effort, with long hours
 Of ceaseless labor, shielding it from winds
 That seek to blight its shining leaves.

And now today

The Lotus-flower unfolds, and we to you
 Give this new blossom from Time's flower bed,
 Its leaves are fragrant with sweet memories
 And faces that we all have loved so well,
 Keep well this flower, for it will never fade,
 But through long distant years will bring to you
 Remembrance of your happy days at Peace.

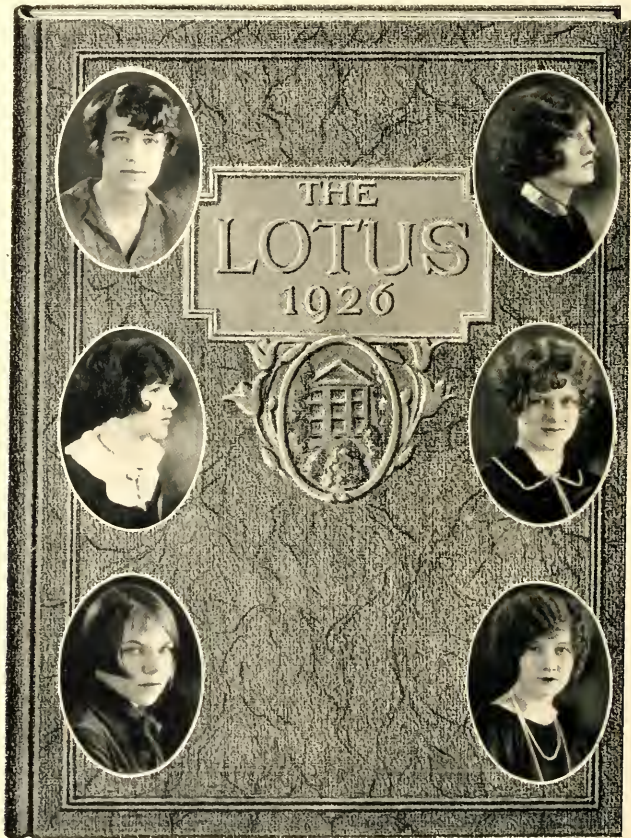
THE
LOTUS
1926



MARTHA BRAGAW
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



MARY M. WRAY
BUSINESS MGR.



The Walls of Peace

O WALLS of Peace, could you but speak,
 The tales that you would tell!
 Of laughter gay and noble deeds,
 Of lessons done surpassing well,
 Of jokes and pranks wth your bounds,
 With shouts and cries and mystic sounds.

Through all the years that come and go,
 With changing fashions o'er and o'er,
 You know our hopes, our joys and plans,
 In present days as well as yore.
 Girls' hearts you know are more than gold,
 So guard the treasures that you hold.

MARY R. SMITH, '27



MAIN BUILDING



AN INVITING PATHWAY



MAIN BUILDING (SIDE VIEW)



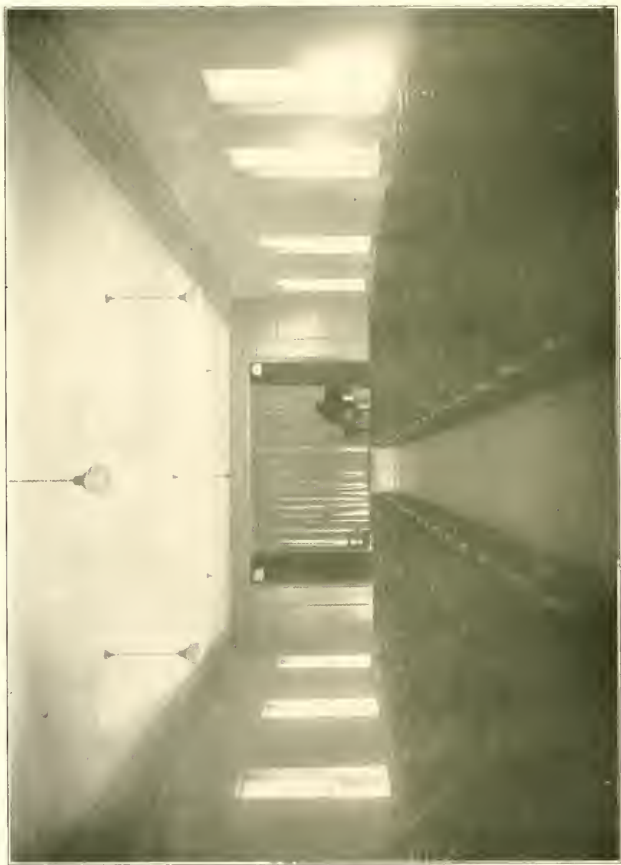
THE LULA B. WYNNE HALL



LULA B. WYNNE HALL—VOICE STUDIO



CENTRAL HALL



THE JAMES DEWAR MEMORIAL CHAPEL.

Miss May McLelland
DEAN



W. C. Pressly
BUSINESS MANAGER



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Secretary to Board of Trustees

A Freshman's Meditations

THE Freshman looked and heaved a sigh
 As the dignified Seniors marched slowly by;
 And thought of the years she'd have to wait,
 Before she could march and graduate.

There was the French she'd have to pass,
 Before she could join the Senior Class;
 And three long years of English to take,
 Before she could march and graduate.

She'd have to work a little more
 And keep her grades above a four;
 For she'd have to make the average rate,
 Before she could march and graduate.

As those stately Seniors went marching by,
 She looked again and heaved a sigh;
 And thought, "I too, will walk in state
 When I march down and graduate."

EDITH NORRIS



CLASSES
BOOK

0

Senior Class

COLORS: *White and Gold*

FLOWER: *Sunset Rose*

MARY REDFEARN.....	<i>President</i>
ELSIE FOUNTAIN.....	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
ELISABETH DAVIS.....	<i>Historian</i>
MARY MARGARET WRAY.....	<i>Poet</i>
MARTHA BRAGAW.....	<i>Prophet</i>
PATTIE CHAPPELL.....	<i>Lawyer</i>
BILLY PRESSLY.....	<i>Class Mascot</i>
MISS MARJORIE LALOR.....	<i>Class Adviser</i>

Members

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------|
| PHYLLIS ALBRIGHT | AZALENE HATCHER |
| DAISY BAGWELL | JEANNETTE HERVEY |
| MARY ELLIS BEASLEY | CHRISTINE HOWARD |
| MARGARET BEDDINGFIELD | LILLIE LANE |
| LOIS BEST | LONA MARTIN |
| VIRGINIA BOYD | ESSIE MIZELLE |
| MARTHA BRAGAW | AMIE J. PARHAM |
| MARTHA BURKHEAD | GERALDINE PERSON |
| GEORGIE CALLOWAY | MARY REDFEARN |
| PATTIE CHAPPELL | HATTIE REGAN |
| ELISABETH DAVIS | SWANNANOA SEARS |
| OPHELIA EDGERTON | MARGARET L. SMITH |
| ELSIE FOUNTAIN | MARY THACKER |
| THELMA FRAZIER | EMMA WOOTEN |

MARY MARGARET WRAY





MISS MARGORIE LATOR



BILLY PRESSLY



PHYLLIS ALBRIGHT
Raleigh, N. C.

Π Θ Μ

Treasurer of Pi Theta Mu Society, '26;
Dramatic Club, '25; Day Students' Club, '25-'26

Phyllis comes and Phyllis goes,
Dancing gayly on her toes;
Powder just right on her nose,—
Thus she comes and thus she goes.

DAISY BAGWELL
Raleigh, N. C.

Σ Φ Κ

Varsity Basketball Team, '25; White Basketball
Team, '25; Dramatic Club, '25; Day Students
Club, '25-'26.

Daisy is jolly, industrious, fair,
Spreading a spirit of fun everywhere.
Daisy, you good old guard, what would
we do
Out on the basketball court without you?





MARY ELLIS BEASLEY
Kenansville, N. C.

Π Θ Μ

She is like "a flower from an old bouquet,"
Every one of us is glad she came our way.
Though she's been at Peace with us just
one short year
There isn't anybody that we find more
dear.

MARGARET BEDDINGFIELD
Raleigh, N. C.

Σ Φ Κ

Day Students' Club, 25-26

Margaret, Margaret, quiet lass,
We hardly hear you when you pass;
But still you work, and still you play,
And more we like you every day.





LOIS BEST
Warsaw, N. C.

Σ Φ Κ

Treasurer Student Body, '26; Vice President Y. W. C. A., '25; Y. W. C. A. Calmet, '25-'26; Commencement Marshal, '25; President Dramatic Club, '26; Dramatic Club, '24-'25; Beta Pi Delta, '25-'26; Vice President of Σ Φ Κ, '26; Secretary Σ Φ Κ, '25; Treasurer Y. W. C. A., '26

More charming and pretty
The older she grows,
Lois has followers
Wherever she goes.

VIRGINIA BOYD
Mooreville, N. C.

Π Ο Μ

Freshman Class Poet, '23; Dramatic Club, '24
Fire Lieutenant, '24.

Here's to Virginia, sweet and gay,
And jolly, as every one knows,
She's helped us laugh our way through
Peace—
We'll feel like crying when she goes.





MARTHA ADDERTON BRAGAW

Lexington, N. C.

H O M

Associate Editor of LOTUS, '25; Editor in Chief of LOTUS, '26; Associate Editor of *Voices of Peace*, '25-26; Class Prophet, '26; Statistic, '26; Monogram Club, '26; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '26; Delegate to Blue Ridge, '25; Green Basket ball Team, '25-26; Green Tennis Team, '25-26; Dramatic Club, '25-26; Beta Pi Delta, '25-26; Commencement Marshal, '25; Fire Marshal, '25

Little girl, with your golden hair,
You know very well that all of us care;
You're sweet and dainty, and capable too,
We can't imagine what we'd do without
you.

MARCHA ADDERTON BURKHEAD

Lexington, N. C.

H O M

President of Student Body, '26; Student Council, '25; President of Junior Class, '25; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '25; Beta Pi Delta, '25-26; Associate Editor of LOTUS, '25-26; Monogram Club, '26; Varsity Basketball Team, '25-26; White Basket ball Team, '25-26; White Tennis Team, '25-26; President Music Club, '25; Statistic, '25-26; Junior Class Poet, '25; Choral Club, '25

Martha—music, laughter, joy!
She keeps us straight, yet she's a dear.
Every body loves her, too,
And days seem bright just 'cause she's
here.





GEORGIE CALLOWAY
Concord, N. C.

Σ Φ Κ

Dramatic Club, '25; Music Club, '25
Georgie, Georgie, quiet and slight,
The girls love her with all their might.
We know from the list of Georgie's beaux
She's sure to make friends wherever she goes.

PATTIE CHAPPELL
Raleigh, N. C.

Σ Φ Κ

Editor in Chief of *Voices of Peace*, '26; Associate Editor of *Voices of Peace*, '25; Class Lawyer, '26; Vice President of Senior Class, '26; Captain of Varsity Basketball Team, '25; Green Basketball Team, '25; Green Tennis Team, '25; Monogram Club, '26; Day Students' Club, '25-26

P 's for popularity with her classmates every one;
A is for ability to get a hard task done;
T is for talents, with which she's truly blessed;
T is for true-blue—she's that with all the rest;
I is for intelligence—Pattie's right there;
E is for every one that loves her everywhere.





ELISABETH ANN DAVIS
Lexington, N. C.

Π Θ Μ

Student Council, '25; Assistant Business Manager LOTUS, '25; Business Manager *Voices at Peace*, '25-'26; President Athletic Association '25; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '25-'26; President of Pi Theta Mu Society, '26; Vice President Pi Theta Mu Society, '25; Statistics, '24-'25-'26; Gullion Club, '24-'25-'26; Vice President Sophomore Class, '24; Glee Club, '24; Beta Pi Delta, '24-'25-'26; White Tennis Team, '24; School Cheer Leader, '26; Walking Lieutenant, '25-'26; Class Historian, '26.

She might have been a goddess
Or a queen, in Ancient Greece;
But we're glad she's just our own dear
Lib,
Queen of our hearts at Peace.

OPHELIA EDGERTON
Goldshorn, N. C.

Σ Φ Κ

Mungram Club, '26; Green Basketball Team '25; Fire Lieutenant, '25-'26; Dramatic Club '25-'26; Choral Club, '25; Music Club, '25

Ophelia goes her gentle way
With secrets hidden in her eyes;
"Waters still run deep," they say,
And quiet pools reflect the skies.





ELSIE FOUNTAIN
Tarboro, N. C.

Σ Φ Κ

Associate Editor of LOTUS, '24; Student Council, '26; Secretary and Treasurer of Senior Class, '26; Associate Editor of *Voices of Peace*, '26; Dramatic Club, '24

Elsie's clever, Elsie's shy,
Elsie's sweet as she can be.
Elsie's little, but oh my!
Shall we miss her? Wait and see!

MARY VIC FOWLER⁶
Clinton, N. C.

Σ Φ Κ

Dramatic Club, '25; Music Club, '25

She tries to worry 'cause she thinks her
work is going wrong,
But spite of all this worrying, she always
gets along.
There's nobody just like her - we couldn't
do without her--
Because there's something likeable and
loveable about her.

⁶Mary Vic will not graduate as she left school at mid-term.





THELMA FRAZIER
Raleigh, N. C.

Σ Φ Κ

Day Students' Club, '25-26.

Thelma's always gay and happy
(Read it in those black eyes, snappy).
She can cook and she can sew—
A finer girl we do not know.

AZALENE HATCHER
Raleigh, N. C.

Π Θ Μ

Day Students' Club, '25-26

Azalene is quiet,
But when she comes your way
You feel a bit of extra brightness
Added to the day.





JEANNETTE HERVEY
Chase City, Va.

Σ Φ Κ

Dramatic Club, '24; Virginia Club, '25

Jeannette's a true Virginian
With an ever-ready smile;
We're awfully glad she came to Peace
And N. C. for a while.

CHRISTINE HOWARD
Mooresville, N. C.

Π Θ Μ

Statistics, '25; Vice President Pi Theta Mu, '26; Captain of White Gym Team, '25; Varsity Basketball Team, '24-'25; White Basketball Team '24-'25-'26; White Teams Team, '24-'25-'26; Pine Marshal, '25; Dramatic Club, '25

Chris's sweet and cheerful smile
Makes us love her all the while.
She is never, never cross—
Her leaving Peace will be a loss.





LILLIE ROUSE LANE
Wilson, N. C.

Σ Φ Κ

Student Council, '26; President of Sigma Phi Kappa Society, '26; President of Athletic Association, '26; Varsity Basketball Team, '25; Statisties, '26; Vice President of Junior Class, '25; Monogram Club, '26; Green Basketball Team, '25-26; Green Tennis Team, '25-26; Dramatic Club, '25-26.

Here is a jolly girl
With a lily-white nose;
Full of pep and athletics
And weet as a rose!

LONA MARTIN
Hazellhurst, Miss.

Π Θ Μ

Dramatic Club, '25.

Dainty, slender, happy, sweet,
Swift she goes on tripping feet;
Always ready, always "there"
Is Lona of the curly hair.





ESSIE MIZELLE
Windsor, N. C.

Σ Φ Κ

Representative of Student Body, '26, Fire Lieutenant '26, Choral Club, '25-'26, Dramatic Club, '25.

Essie's on the Council and she tries hard to be

A serious-looking person, to prove her dignity;

But Essie's smiles just will pop out—
We like them best, without a doubt.

AMIE JORDAN PARRHAM
Kinston, N. C.

Σ Φ Κ

Captain of Green Gum Team '26, Varsity Basketball Team, '25; Secretary Sigma Phi Kappa Society '26; Fire Chief, '26; Statistician, '25; Green Basketball Team '25-'26; Green Tennis Team, '26; Dramatic Club, '25.

The cheeriest voice, the readiest smiles
Has peppy Jordie, good old scout.
She's lovable and always gay,
The best of girls, without a doubt.





GERALDINE PERSON
Pikeville, N. C.

Σ Φ Κ

Dramatic Club, '25.

Geraldine has eyes of brown.
We have never seen her frown;
She doesn't have so much to say,
But smiles are welcome any day.

MARY CORNELIA REDEFEARN
Asheville, N. C.

Σ Φ Κ

View President of Student Council, '26; Pres-
ident Senior Class, '26; Monogram Club, '26;
White Basketball Team, '25-'26; White Tennis
Team, '26; Fire Lieutenant, '25; Dramatic Club,
'25-'26.

She's the nicest girl—
So sincere and sweet;
She makes the very "bestest" friend—
She really can't be beat.

*Emma you surely
have been a
true friend, I
hope that now
my sweetest
friendship will not
please.
peace & love
H. A. H.*



HATTIE REGAN
Laurinburg, N. C.

H O M

Dramatic Club, '26.
Dancing feet, tip-tilted nose—
Mischief lurks within her eyes,
She is fond of fun and pranks;
Yet she is true-blue as the skies.

SWANNANOA SEARS
Raleigh, N. C.

H O M

Swannanoa is quiet and shy
And dainty as a butterfly.
She fluttered into Peace's heart—
She's kept her place there from the start.





MARGARET L. SMITH
McCullers, N. C.

Σ Φ Κ

Margaret L. is always bright
(Especially on each Thursday night).
It seems (though one can never tell)
I hear a ringing wedding bell.

MARY THACKER
Raleigh, N. C.

Π Ο Μ

Monogram Club, 26; Day Students Club
'25-'26

Without a single voice contrary
We will vote our own dear Mary
Fine as any girl we know.
May good luck ever with her go!

Her's wishing
 you the best of
 luck. Emma, May
 you two be as fine
 as you are now. I
 we shall soon
 depart from Grace
 but will ever
 love you
 Margaret





MARY MARGARET WRAY
Raleigh, N. C.

Σ Φ Κ

President Y. W. C. A., '26; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '26; Associate Editor of *LOTUS*, '25; Business Manager of *LOTUS*, '26; Student Council '26; Dramatic Club, '25; Music Club, '25; Treasurer of Music Club, '25; Fire Lieutenant, '25; Statistics, '25; Class Poet, '26; Delegate to Blue Ridge, '25; Delegate to World Court Conference, '26

Mary Maggie, you're so fine,
 Sweet and gentle, loving and kind,
 Search where we may, look where we
 will,
 We can't find another your place to fill.

EMMA WOOTEN
Waoskie, N. C.

Σ Φ Κ

General Diploma, '25; Music Diploma, '26.

Senior Class Poem

A LMA Mater, as we stand upon the threshold
 Of adventure, we turn our eyes from the glittering glades
 Beyond, and pause to cast one lingering glance
 At thee, our guardian and friend.

A magic panorama of the past sweeps by us,
 And we see ourselves as first we came to thee,
 Young, untried, untaught. We see thee,
 Alma Mater, as thou moldest us
 In thy gentle hands, working diligently
 For our perfection in beauty and in strength.

Thou freely gavest us of thy wisdom,
 And as we grew more sure, more confident
 Of our coming power, thou furnishedst deeds to do
 To prove our skill. Generous thou wert ever,
 As thou gavest us of thyself in pain and pleasure,
 Teaching us the meaning of life and the goodness of God.

We thank thee, oh Peace, for the joys of friendship
 And for the better understanding of mankind
 That have come to us through thee.

We salute thee reverently as we stand upon the threshold
 Of adventure, and turn our eyes from glittering glades
 Beyond, to cast one lingering, loving glance at thee.

MARY MARGARET WRAY



Senior Class History

THE curtain is beginning to fall on a play in three acts, in which the Senior Class have been the actors. In the first act we were Sophomores, none of us having entered as Freshmen.

In September, 1923, a Sophomore class of eighteen strolled through the gates of Peace, and we continued to stroll for several days, for we'll have to admit that we didn't know what it was all about. Strange voices said, "That's room bell," or "That's rising gong," or "Mr. Pressly starts registering this morning." They might as well have told us in Greek. But before long a student body meeting was called, and Liz McKellar, president of the student body, told us the "cans and can't's." Each quarter we rejoiced in getting more privileges.

First, we had to endure initiation, through which we came with a few scratches, but none the worse for wear. Then the big day came when the Seniors gave us their honors for *that day only!* It was the Sophomores who didn't have to sit in study hall, the Sophomores who could have callers that evening, and the Sophomores who could use the telephone. That day will always stick in our memories.

In September, 1924, two of us from the old Sophomore class walked through the gates of Peace. We knew a little more about rules and regulations than we had the year before. With us came thirty new Juniors. We were overjoyed to find a gorgeous brand-new chapel, and could scarcely believe it was ours. Martha Burkhead was our class president and very capably she sailed us over rough as well as smooth seas.

The big social event of the year was the Junior-Senior reception. At last we could attend that famous banquet at the Sir Walter.

We did not realize that we would soon be Seniors, until, on Class Day, June 1, 1925, the Seniors pinned the green and white ribbons on us and afterwards sang, "Where, oh, where are the Jolly Juniors? Safe now in the Senior class!" Seniors! It almost made us shudder. But we determined that day to carry our responsibility and our dignity to the best of our ability.

And so, in September, 1925, twenty-nine Seniors came in, a day early, to greet the new girls and to chaperon. Now we had full Senior privileges and a new one added—we could go to the corner drug store.

The Junior-Senior reception came as bright and gay as ever, and we were now guests instead of hostesses.

We chose Miss Lalor as our Senior class teacher, and we are sure that we could never have gone through the year with such success, if she had not so willingly and patiently advised us the many times we have gone to her.

Today our hearts sadden at the realization of the few short days left to spend with our college mates and our Alma Mater. Even though our skies at times have been dark, and the seas so rough that we feared we would shipwreck, we have had twice as many bright skies and smooth seas, and these pleasant memories are the ones which will always be first in our minds. When we pause today and look back over our play in three acts we realize that we have done little, and that we may not have succeeded in all of our undertakings. But we are sincere in saying that we have tried our best, fought our battles in the cleanest, fairest, noblest way we knew how, and been loyal to Peace. And as we leave you, O Peace, we pledge again our love, honor, and loyalty.

ELISABETH DAVIS, *Historian.*



Last Will and Testament

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

WE, the class of 1926, of the aforesaid state, county, and city, being of a sound and disposing mind, realize that the "Parting of the Ways" has come; and, being possessed of certain articles, ideas, and ideals, accumulated during our stay, do hereby will and bequeath said articles, ideas, and ideals as follows:

ARTICLE 1

To our class teacher, Miss Labor, we leave our deepest love and appreciation for the interest she has shown in the class of '26.

ARTICLE 2

To the incoming Seniors, the Class of '27, we will all our virtues, including our talents, dignity, and good reputation. These valuable virtues we relinquish only with the assurance that they will be passed on to the succeeding Seniors in their present status, without any alterations.

ARTICLE 3

To the incoming Juniors, the Class of '28, we leave our old notes on all the *Steeves and Risline* essays for the year, and numerous easy subjects for essays, with the hope that they will get as much joy out of writing them as we got.

ARTICLE 4

To the incoming Sophomores, the Class of '29, we bequeath our class colors, our flowers, and our motto, that they may follow in our glorious footsteps.

ARTICLE 5

To the incoming Freshmen, we leave the motto, "Let your conscience be your guide."

ARTICLE 6

Section 1. To Miss McLelland we bequeath a student body whose members are never tardy nor absent from classes.

Section 2. To Mr. Pressly we bequeath a private office, and at least two minutes to himself each day.

Section 3. To Miss Brown we leave a sufficient sum of money to enable her to send all of the next year's graduates to one of the northern universities; and a well equipped library of 500,000 volumes.

Section 4. To Miss Ingraham we leave a Senior Class which never uses "this" in the wrong place.

ARTICLE 7

Section 1. Amie J. Parham leaves her "gift o' gab" to Maud Schaub.

Section 2. Martha Burkhead wills her Senior dignity to Nancy Fish.

Section 3. Edith Norris leaves a new set of reducing records to Sallie F. Best.

Section 4. Lib Davis leaves two feet of her height to Lucie Garrison.

Section 5. Lillie Lane bequeaths her athletic ability to Helen Clapp.

Section 6. Martha Bragaw wills her gracefulness to Anne Ball.

Section 7. Mary M. Wray bequeaths her talents to Lib Love.

Section 8. Phyllis Albright leaves her faculty of "getting by" teachers to Betty V. Wright.

Section 9. Daisy Bagwell wills her enthusiasm to Betsy Baird.

Section 10. Mary Vic Fowler leaves her ability to speak French to Janet Tucker.

Section 11. Essie Mizelle wills her office of taking the roll in Chapel to Lacy McAden.

Section 12. Lois Best leaves her numerous "boy friends" to Margaret Thornton.

Section 13. Martha Burkhead leaves her musical ability to Mollie Allen.

Section 14. Lona Martin bequeaths her love for Domestic Science to Katherine Parsons.

Section 15. Margaret Smith wills her care of the scrapbook for Education B to Marian Wright.

Section 16. Mary Redfearn leaves her interest in State College to Martha Gruver.

Section 17. Mary Thacker bequeaths her knowledge of medical students to Lib Bowden.

Section 18. Jeannette Hervey leaves her demureness to Bert Sterling.

Section 19. Margaret Beddingfield wills her love of composing poetry to Gaynelle Teer.

ARTICLE 8

As executors of this Last Will and Testament we name Anne Ball and Marian Wright, so that we may rest assured that we leave our valuable possessions to be divided in such a way as these worthy and revered persons may deem best and proper, and to be passed on to our respective heirs in the manner and order herein stated. Therefore, we hereunto set our hand and seal, this first day of June, nineteen hundred and twenty-six.

(Signed) CLASS OF 1926.

PATTIE CHAPPELL, *Lawyer.*

Witnesses:

MRS. McLELLAND.

MR. BRAWLEY.

Peace Institute,
Raleigh, North Carolina.



Senior Class Prophecy

MANY years have passed since I stood rather tremblingly, but nevertheless proudly, upon the platform in the chapel at Peace, and received my diploma and Bible with the rest. I had often said, during my carefree years at Peace, when I thought, as did all the others, that I really had *no* time at all, that some day I was going to be at the head of an orphan asylum. Of course, I said this jokingly, but it has become a reality, and now, with two hundred little boys demanding every minute, I realize that at Peace I had a great deal of time, after all.

But at last I have an afternoon to myself. The younger boys are in bed and the older ones have gone to the movies with the Scout Master. Surely none of them can fall downstairs, or swallow a safety pin, or want his stubbed-toe bandaged, for at least two hours. I think I shall take this free time to look over that old trunk I haven't opened in years.

* * * * *

Rummaging in the trunk, among other things I came across the Peace Lotus of 1926. How long ago it seemed! I brushed the dust away and sat down on the floor before the fire, in spite of my gray hair and two hundred pounds. Here were all the faces I had loved so well, smiling back at me. The Seniors, especially, my own class, seemed to call me back to youth and Peace.

"Dear me," I said, peering at them more closely through my glasses, "I wonder what became of them all!"

And then a sudden thought struck me. Lotus leaves! Ulysses had eaten them, and forgotten the past. Perhaps, if I ate the leaves of this Lotus, I could see what had happened to my classmates.

Here were Phyllis Albright and Daisy Bagwell. I nibbled the page slowly and thoughtfully, gazing into the fire. And there before me in the flames, a great tent took shape. I thought at first it was a circus, and experienced the delicious thrill that circuses tents have always given me. But I was disappointed. Under this tent a revival was going on, and the eloquent revivalist was none other than my classmate, Phyllis, who had taken special courses at Carolina and State College. My eyes filled with tears—because it was so hard to keep from laughing. Phyllis was always so quiet and demure, I couldn't believe she had come to this.

Just across the street from this tent was a great gymnasium. A class of startlingly stout people were prone upon the floor, rolling and puffing simultaneously. At one end of the hall, a tiny, slender girl was giving directions to a plump, pinkish gentleman. It was Daisy Bagwell, as snappily pretty as ever. From the look in her eyes, I judged the plump, pinkish gentleman to be her husband.

The pictures faded, and I nunched on another leaf. The rumble and roar of a city sang in my ears, and I found myself with my nose flattened against a window pane. On the window over my head, white, frosty-looking letters made known to the world that it was "Child's." Inside, a white-capped, white-aproned, sunny, blue-eyed young lady flipped pancakes to amazing heights and caught them again. It was Hattie Regan. She'd learned how on hearts, they told me. The odor of the sizzling pancakes became so enticing that I entered, and gave an order. While I was eating, the orchestra struck up a ticklish tune, and the *premiere danseuse* entered (They didn't have them at Child's when I was young). She tripped in and out, light as a butterfly, whisked her brief skirts in my face, and came near enough for me to recognize Swannanoa Sears, the very essence of grace and charm. I saw "a little devil in her eye" so I directed her to Phyllis's revival.

As I came out of the restaurant I came near being knocked down by a great limousine which whirred to a stop at the curb. A smartly-uniformed chauffeur sprang out to hold the door open. Imagine my surprise to recognize the athletic shoulders of Lillie Lane beneath the blue coat. Women have certainly entered every field, now.

Having no limousine, I boarded a street car. As we rode along, I observed the people about me. Across the aisle a man and his wife were discussing politics heatedly. She seemed to be having the best of the argument. Upon closer scrutiny, I recognized them as Mr. and Mrs. Bill King. Mrs. King was a classmate of mine.

I got off the car, when we were outside the city, and strolled through the woods. Suddenly the quiet was broken by the sound of a human voice, speaking away at a great rate. As I rounded a bend in the path, I discovered a young man upon his knees. His face was flushed, his eyes were pleading, he gestured with his hands. He was evidently rehearsing something.

"Oh! Lona, please, won't you, will you, can't you, could you, would you?"

That was enough. I somehow felt in my heart or bones or wherever one feels such things, that he wasn't going to be disappointed.

As I strolled along, I found a newspaper. The headlines attracted my attention. "Secretary of the Treasury Presents New Plan of Finance." I read on and found that the plan was sure to be accepted, as it was the Best plan. The Secretary was our own Lois (N. B. The Secretary in private life is Mrs. J. W.). The newspaper was torn and I was unable to see the rest.

When I reached the end of the wood, I came upon a great billboard, which said,

HAVE YOU A COMPLEX?
 CONSULT DR. AMIE JORDAN PARHAM
 WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS PSYCHO-ANALYST

I made a mental note of this, for future reference.

As I stood there, I felt a tap on my shoulder, and, before I could speak a word, the newcomer had launched forth into a mile-a-minute discourse on the merits of some great Encyclopedia which she was selling. It was Georgie Calloway. The price of the book was ten dollars, but when she recognized me, she let me have it for nine ninety-eight, just for old times' sake. With Georgie was Ophelia Edgerton, her business manager, who remonstrated with her for giving me the reduction. "Business is business," said Ophelia. As I was signing up for the book I noticed this title, "A Complete and Enlightening Summary of All the Knowledge in the World," by Christine Howard and Virginia Boyd. I can remember, now, they showed symptoms in our Education B Class, back at Peace.

I continued my walk, and soon came upon a couple walking briskly, with an athletic swing. At first I mistook them for a feminine Mutt and Jeff, but upon coming closer I gave a little shriek of joy and ran forward to hug Lib Davis and Elsie Fountain. I asked them what in the world they were doing, walking at such a great rate, and they soon informed me that they had become so fond of the daily hour of exercise at Peace that they had given their youth and beauty to the cause and were traveling over the country on foot, introducing the system into

various colleges and universities. They had had unusual success, especially at Carolina and State College.

We walked along together until we reached a bend in the road. Here was an attractive little booth with a large sign over it which read, "Information." We entered and were greeted by a smart, pretty little woman in a white linen dress. It was Pattie Chappell, who was using her various talents for the benefit of a rushed and worried humanity. She introduced us to her assistant, a big, good-looking man who seemed not the least bit disturbed over having a "boss" just one-third his size.

Soon I went on my way and came to a great University. In the big science laboratory, though it was nearly dark, two figures still bent over their microscopes. I recognized them as Jeannette Hervey, and her room-mate Margaret L. Smith, who were pursuing scientific knowledge to the end. Jeannette was Professor of Biology and Margaret her assistant.

As I stood there, I heard a most terrific explosion. I rushed outside to see Thelma Frazier and Mary Redfearn flying skyward at a terrific rate. They had struck a match to see how much gas they had in the car. They waved me a sad good-bye.

It was dark now, and I was hungry. I saw a sign which invited hungry passers-by to partake of hot dogs and rolls. I entered the little room, and had a hot dog thrust at me over the counter by my erstwhile classmate, Mary Ellis Beasley. She was pretty as ever.

As I ate my hot dog, I heard a great noise in the street. My inherent curiosity drove me into the street, and there, standing in an automobile, was Azalene Hatcher, selling a new and wonderful kind of patent medicine. She was a most convincing speaker, and as I stood there spellbound, Mrs. John Smith, the wife of the multi-millionaire, came forward and gave an order for a dozen crates. Imagine my astonishment to recognize Essie Mizelle. She took me into her car, to speak to her sister-in-law, likewise a multi-millionaire, and this, too, was an old friend of ours, Margaret Beddingfield.

I needed, now, a place to spend the night. Margaret and Essie invited me to stay with them, but I'm not used to millions, so I refused. I saw the blue triangle of the Y. W. C. A. not far up the streets, and went on. When the

hostesses came out to meet me, who should they be but Mary Thacker and Geraldine Person. I heard somebody laughing upstairs. I'd know that laugh anywhere. I rushed upstairs and threw my arms around—or rather as far as I could reach around—Mary Margaret. We sat down and had a delightful talk about her work. She is a trapeze performer in Barnum & Bailey's circus, and finds it most uplifting.

I had nibbled my last Lotus-leaf. I was back in the land of the present. Oh, how nice it was to know what had become of all my classmates! I got up from the floor and went to the telephone and called a number.

"Oh, Cousin Martha," I said "Get George to drive you over for a little while. I'm dying to tell you what's become of all our Class at Peace."

I knew she would, because she can manage that husband of hers just as well as she managed the Peace student body in 1926.

MARTHA BRAGAW, *Prophet*.



Who's Who Among the Seniors

Name	Address	Hobby	Aspiration
Phyllis Allright	"Phyl"	Houseships	To lengthen her "line"
Daisy Bugwell	Betsy	Brothers	Undiscovered
Mary Ellis Beasley	Mary Ellis	Ice Cream	To Pass
Margaret Beadingbold	"Muggie"	Home Economics	To apply the hobby
Lois Best	Lavinia	K. N.	To turn "Black"
Virginia Boyd	"Gin"	Council	To model "Clay"
Mardia Bragaw	"Tussy"	Preserving Pease	To train an Orphan Asylum
Mardia Barkhead	Mattie	Writing Letters	To go home
Georgia Calloway	"George"	Magazine	To survive Miss Ingraham
Battie Chappel	"Pat"	Striped poles	To be "Long"
Elizabeth Davis	"Lily"	Sundays	To walk on stilts
Ophelia Edgerton	"Phelia"	Davidson	To go to the dentist
Elsie Fountain	"Pete" Pam	Worrying	To marry a King
Mary V. Fowler	"Victrola"	Square Dances	To keep his house
Thelma Frazier	Thelma	Miss Linton	To be like her hubby
Azalene Hatcler	"Lena"	Postage Stamps	To be a librarian
Jeannette Horvey	"Horvey"	Peanuts	To have a gold tooth
Christine Howard	"Lil"	Buddies	To have long hair
Lillie Lano	Lona	Cleaning up	To go to Michigan
Loua Martin	"Baby" Essie	Sleeping	To rival "sleeping beauty"
Essie Marello	"Jordan"	Fairs	To own a loud speaker
Amie J. Parham	"Jerry"	Old English	Every or anything
Geraldine Payson	"Red"	Football Games	To own a season ticket
Mary Redfern	Hattie	Summer School	To have "Gin" with her
Hattie Regan	"Swan"	Thursday Night	To awake in Wake Forest
Swannona Sears	Margaret L.	French	The Highest
Margaret L. Smith	Mary	Books	Speed
Mary Thacker	"Mary Muggie"		To be Mary Puckford's only rival
Mary Margaret Wray			

Junior Class

ELIZABETH JENNINGS,
SALLIE F. BEST.....
DOROTHY YOUNG.

.....President
.....Vice President
.....Secretary-Treasurer

*I dreamed a very wondrous dream
One silver, moon-lit night—
A rainbow-winged fairy came
In garments glist'ning white.*

*Within his hand he held a ring—
'Twas set with two pure pearls:
He rubbed it twice, and from the stones
Appeared a group of girls.*

*"And who are these, O sprite," I cried,
"That walk so blithely by?"
"This is the class of '27."
Low came the sprite's reply.*

*"A heritage of gold have they,
Left to them through the years
By all the girls who're gone before
Beset by many fears."*

*Then I awoke; the sprite was gone,
But in my heart I knew
The Juniors would not fail old Peace,
And, Juniors, so do you!*





RUBY ADAMS

Π Θ Μ

Dramatic Club, '26



SUE MAE BAKER

Σ Φ Κ

Secretary of Student Body, '26; Statistics, '25-'26; White Basketball Team, '25; White Tennis Team, '25; Fire Lieutenant, '26; Music Club, '25; Dramatic Club, '25; Choral Club, '26



SALLIE FAISON BEST

Π Θ Μ

Commencement Marshal, '26; Statistics, '26; Dramatic Club, '26; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '26; Associate Editor of *Voices of Peace*, '26.



ADELE BLUE

Π Θ Μ

Choral Club, '26.

MARY SHORE BLUE

Σ Φ Κ

Statistics, '26; Commencement Marshal, '26; White Tennis Team, '26; Choral Club, '26.

ELIZABETH BOWDEN

Π Θ Μ

Dramatic Club, '26; Day Students' Club, '26

REBECCA BOWEN

Π Θ Μ

Day Students' Club, '26.

STEPHANIE BRAGAW

Π Θ Μ

Associate Editor of LOTUS, '26; Associate Editor of *Voices of Peace*, '26; Vice President Y. W. C. A. '26; Dramatic Club, '26.





PAULINE BROADHURST
H O M

ESSIE BUFFALOE
H O M

VERNA BUTLER
Σ Φ K

MARY COPPRIDGE
Σ Φ K

HATTIE BELL COVINGTON

H O M

Commencement Marshal, '26.

RUTH DAVIS

H O M

MARY EMILY DEARMON

Σ Φ Κ

DOROTHY DICK

Σ Φ Κ

Green Basketball Team, '25-'26; Green Tennis Team, '25-'26; Dramatic Club, '25; Monogram Club, '26; Choral Club, '26.



*Emma, 1/2
with my
fine and
you can
be again!
a one
(1/2)*



MARY OLIVER ELLINGTON

Π Θ Μ

Dramatic Club, '26; Advertising Committee for
LOTUS, '26

MARGARET FIELDS

*Emma, stop & read, it's so nice
let you always!
Margaret*

LUCIE GARRISON

Σ Φ Κ

ERNESTINE GUNTHARP

Σ Φ Κ

*You best me to write
Hinda in a day!
I see how words
remember me
very*

SUE HAMILTON
Σ Φ Κ

LAURA MABEL HAYWOOD
H O M

Associate Editor of *Voices of Peace*, '26; Dramatic Club, '26.

RUTH HENDERSON
H O M

MARTHA HOBBS
Σ Φ Κ

Dramatic Club, '26.





*... you've got to ... all back
... can get our ... with ...
... sure ... to ...
... with ...
... Isabe*

ISABELLE HOYLE
Π Θ Μ

Fife Lieutenant, '26; Dramatic Club, '26; Green Tennis Team, '26.

MARY HOLLEMAN
Π Θ Μ

Day Students' Club, '26.

ELLA HOWARD HUDSON
Σ Φ Κ

ELIZABETH JENNINGS
Σ Φ Κ

President Junior Class, '26; Student Council '25-26; Statistics, '24-25; Beta Pi Delta, '25-26; President of Sophomore Class, '25.

WILMA KIRBY

Σ Φ Κ

Commencement Marshal, '26.

SARAH McCORMICK

Σ Φ Κ

ROSEMARY McCoy

Π Θ Μ

RUBY MITCHELL

Σ Φ Κ



*Your face
was all
in white
to witness
some thing*



LUCY MONROE

Σ Φ Κ



MARTHA MOOMAW

Σ Φ Κ



MARGARET NICHOLSON

Σ Φ Κ

Associate Editor of LOTUS, '26



EVELYN PEACOCK

Π Θ Μ

Dramatic Club, '26.

PEARLIE RAY

Σ Φ Κ



SALLIE PAGE RUFFIN

Π Θ Μ



LEANORA SCOTT

Π Θ Μ

Advertising Committee for LOTUS, '26



MARGERITE SMITH

Σ Φ Κ

Green Tennis Team, '26; Dramatic Club. '26



*The only silent
reminder of
"Marguerite"
and it says
"I love you!"*



MARY R. SMITH

Π Θ Μ



KATE STEELE

Σ Φ Κ

Associate Editor of LOTUS, '26; Statistics, '26; Dramatic Club, '26; White Basketball Team, '26; Varsity Basketball Team, '26.



ROBERTA STERLING

Σ Φ Κ

Advertising Committee for LOTUS, '26; White Basketball Team, '26; White Tennis Team, '25-26; White Cheer Leader, '26; Fire Lieutenant, '25-26; Dramatic Club, '25; Music Club, '25.



MILDRED STEPHENSON

Π Θ Μ

BLANCHE TAYLOR

Π Θ Μ

Dramatic Club, '26; Advertising Committee for
LOTUS, '26.

EDWINA WILLIAMS

Π Θ Μ

SHIRLEY WILLIAMS

Σ Φ Κ

White Tennis Team, '26; Virginia Club, '26,
Dramatic Club, '26.

ANNE WILSON WHITE

Π Θ Μ

Choral Club, '26.



*Edwinna, I really
miss you
will not
forget me.
Please
write
to me.
Shirley*



ELIZABETH WOOTEN

Σ Φ Κ

Associate Editor of LOTUS, '26; Dramatic Club, '26; White Tennis Team, '26.



DOROTHY YOUNG

Σ Φ Κ

Choral Club, '25; Statistics, '26; Commencement Marshal, '25; Chief Marshal, '26; Beta Pi Delta, '25, '26.

ELIZABETH CLARK

Σ Φ Κ

MAUDE CROOM

MARGARET CROWDER

Π Θ Μ

FANNYE ROGERS MANN

EDITH NORRIS

Π Θ Μ

MARGARET WARD

Π Θ Μ

1927



Emma & dear I
 are so glad to see
 you back this year
 and we enjoyed
 you "Emma" "H.P."
 "H.P." "H.P."
 "H.P." "H.P."
 "H.P." "H.P."
 "H.P." "H.P."
 "H.P." "H.P."
 "H.P." "H.P."
 "H.P." "H.P."

Second Year Commercial Class

ELOISE BONEY

JULIA BRIDGERS

JULIA CUPPEDGE

ELIZABETH GREEN

Typists for 1926 LOTUS and *Voices of Peace*





SOPHOMORE CLASS

FLORENCE BRIGGS
CATHERINE MONROE
NOMI Mc BRIDE
EDITH HOLLOWAY

ANDERSON YORK
DOROTHY WARD
JEANETTE ERST
NANNIE SYLVESTER

ELIZABETH ALLAN
MELISSA BROWN
ALLIE LOUISE FOUNTAIN
CATHERINE PARSONS

MARY PATTERSON
MABLE REIER
MAGGIE SEARS
MILDRED SMITH

Good luck
come on
up, can't
forget will



COMMERCIAL CLASS, First Year

LINDA SMITH
KRYSTY HARRELL
LILA WYNSK

HELEN PRYBARD
HELEN PINNIS
ELIZABETH MARSH
ANNIE BRETH O

MARIE BARBOL
LOTTIE LEE DORSETT
OLIVA FOUNTAIN
JENNIE MALLARD

MARIE McDADE
BESSIE PARRISH
LENORE SWAIN

Emma
please!
write
love to
ever for
not Helen
please
see love
you not
please

Emma I love you
I certainly
to and I hope
you'll please
I'll remember
me by this picture
Maie



Junior Preparatory Department

Preparatory III

BETSY BAIRD
ANNIE CLIBRETH
MARY CARLTON GAVIN
MARTHA GRUVER
SARAH GRUVER
JOSEPHINE HARTON
MARY SMITH KINZEL
ELIZABETH LOVE
LACY McADEN
NANCY RAND
JOSEPHINE RICHARDS
MARGARET WELLS

ELEANOR LAYFIELD
ELIZABETH LAYFIELD
LOIS McAREN
RHEA McCOWN
CORNELIA McKIMMON
ELIZABETH MOSLEY
EMMA BURNS NORRIS
CARY PETTY
MAUD SCHAUB
GAYNELLE TEER
MARGARET THORNTON
KATHERINE THRIFT
NELLA WARD
ZELLAH WASHBURNE
MARIAN WRIGHT

Preparatory II

MOLLY ALLEN
ANNE BALL
LILLIAN BRISON
HAZEL BROWN
HELEN CLAPP
ELIZABETH DUNN
NANCY FISH

Preparatory I

MARY SIMMONS ANDREWS
FLORENCE BALMAN
NELL HAY
FRANCES SIMPSON
JANET TUCKER
ELSIE MASON UNDERWOOD
SARAH WHITE
BETTIE VAIDEN WRIGHT

Seventh Grade

MARY ARMBURSTER
MARY LOUISE BARBER
PAULINE COFER
DOROTHY DUNN
MARGARET ELEY
VIRGINIA EVANS
MARGARET LITTLE
FRANCES THOMPSON
DOROTHY TRUX
ANNIE LAURIE UNDERWOOD
MABEL S. WEATHERSPOON



Special Students

ADKINS, ELIZABETH
 ALLEN, ELIZABETH M.
 ARNOLD, MRS. W. W.
 BYNUM, MARY
 COVINGTON, HALLIE N.
 CURRAN, HUGH M., JR.
 HAYWOOD, SHIRLEY
 HERRING, MIXIE
 HOLLAND, ATHALEA

KELLEY, MARGARET Y.
 KIMBALL, VANWYCK
 KUHNS, WINIFRED M.
 LEE, KATY
 LEWIN, WADE C., JR.
 LOWRY, FRANCES F.
 MITCHELL, MRS. T. B.
 PERKINS, MRS. D. T.
 RICHARDSON, KATIE

SANG, HENRY J.
 SERMON, MRS. P. R.
 SHAW, ANNIE
 STEPHENSON, LINA
 WATSON, VIRGINIA
 WEST, MRS. H. A.
 WILLIAMS, AUDREY
 WILLIAMSON, MARGARET
 WYATT, MARY EUGENIA

Graduating Recital

EMMA WOOTEN, *Piano*

- I. SONATA, Op. 26 *Beethoven*
 Andante con variazioni
 Scherzo
 Marcia funebre
 Rondo
- II. ETUDE C, MINOR *Chopin*
 SENTO *Cyrl Scott*
 STACCATO STUDY *Scharwenka*
- III. CONCERTSTÜCK *Weber*
 Larghetto
 Tempo di Marcia
 Assai presto

Orchestral accompaniment played by MR. BRAWLEY



A decorative border with floral and leaf motifs surrounds the central text.

ORGANIZATIONS
and ACTIVITIES
BOOK
III





Student Council

MARTHA BURKHEAD..... President
MARY REDFEARN..... Vice President
SUE MAE BAKER..... Secretary
LOIS BEST..... Treasurer

MARY REDFEARN, *President Senior Class*

ELIZABETH JENNINGS, *President Junior Class*

ELIZABETH MARSH, *Day Student Representative*

ESSIE MIZELLE, *Student Body Representative*

LILLIE LANE, *President Athletic Association*

ELSIE FOUNTAIN, *Senior Class Representative*

MARY MARGARET WRAY, *President Y. W. C. A.*





YWCA CABINET



Mary Margaret Wray
President



Stephanie Bragaw
Vice-President



Elisabeth Davis
Social Service



Lois Best
Treasurer



Frances Lowry
Secretary



Martha Bragaw
Devotional



Sallie Best
World Fellowship



Naomi McBride
Social Standards



Sigma Phi Kappa Officers

LILLIE LANE	President
LOIS BEST	Vice President
AMIE JORDAN PARHAM	Secretary
DOROTHY DICK	Treasurer





Sigma Phi Kappa Literary Society

MOLLY ALLEN
 MARY SIMMONS ANDREWS
 DAISY BAGWELL
 BETSY BAIRD
 SUE BAKER
 ANNE BALL
 MARIE BARRE
 MARGARET BEDDINGFIELD
 LOIS BENT
 MARY SHIRRE BLUE
 ELOISE BOWEN
 HAZEL BROWN
 VERA BUTLER
 GEORGIE CALLOWAY
 PATTIE CHAPPELL
 HELEN CLAPP
 PAULINE COFER
 MARY COPPRIDGE
 ANNIE CULBRETH
 MARY EMILY DEARMON
 DOROTHY DICK
 OPHELIA EDGERTON
 MARGARET FIELDS
 NANCY FISH
 ALLIE LOUISE FOUNTAIN
 ELSIE FOUTSAIN
 MARY VI FOWLER

THELMA FRAZIER
 LUCIE GARRISON
 MARTHA GRUYER
 SARAH GRUYER
 ERNESTINE GUNTHER
 SUE HAMILTON
 EVELYN HARBELL
 JOSEPHINE HARTON
 JEANNETTE HERVEY
 MARTHA HOBBS
 VIOLA HOOKS
 ELLIE HOWARD HUBSON
 ELIZABETH JENNINGS
 MARY SMITH KINZEL
 WILMA KIRBY
 LILLIE LANE
 MARGARET LITTLE
 ELIZABETH LOVE
 LAUY McADEN
 LOIS McARN
 SARAH McCURDICK
 RHEA McCOWN
 CORNELIA McKIMMON
 RUBY MITCHELL
 ESSIE MIEELLE
 KATHERINE MONROE
 LUCY MONROE
 MARTHA MOOMAW

ELIZABETH MOSKELY
 MARGARET NEHOLSEN
 EMMA BURNS NORRIS
 ANNE JORDAN PARHAM
 CATHERINE PARSONS
 GERALDINE PERSON
 CARY PETTY
 HELEN PINNIX
 PEARL RAY
 MARY REDFEARN
 JOSEPHINE RICHARDS
 FRANCES SIMPSON
 MARGARET L. SMITH
 MARGUERITE SMITH
 KATE STEELE
 ROBERTA STERLING
 NANNIE STUYVESANT
 MARGARET THORNTON
 DOROTHY TRUXAN
 JANET TUCKER
 DOROTHY WARD
 XELA WARD
 SIBBLEY WILLIAMS
 ELIZABETH WOOTEN
 EMMA WOOTEN
 MARY MARGARET WRAY
 DOROTHY YOUNG





Pi Theta Mu Officers

ELIZABETH DAVIS
CHRISTINE HOWARD
HELEN PRITCHARD
PHYLLIS ALBRIGHT

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer





Pi Theta Mu Literary Society

RUBY ADAMS
 PHYLLIS ALDRIGHT
 ELIZABETH ALLEN
 MARY ARMISTEER
 LOTTIE BARBER
 FLORENCE BAUMAN
 MARY ELLIS BEASLEY
 SALLE FAISON BENT
 ADELE BLUE
 ELIZABETH BOWDEN
 REBECCA BOWEN
 VIRGINIA BOYD
 MARTHA BRAGAW
 STEPHANIE BRAGAW
 ANNE BRETSCH
 FLORENCE BRIDGES
 LILLIAN BRISON
 PAULINE BROADHURST
 MELISSA BROWN
 KENNY BUFFALO
 MARTHA BURKHARD
 HALLIE COVINGTON
 HATTIE BELLE COVINGTON
 MARGARET CROWDER
 ELIZABETH DAVIS
 RUTH DAVIS
 LOTTIE DORSETT

DOROTHY DUNN
 ELIZABETH DUNN
 NATALIE DUNN
 MARGARET ELEY
 MARY OLIVER ELLINGTON
 JEANNETTE ERNST
 VIRGINIA EVANS
 MARY GAVIS
 AZALENE HATCHER
 NELL HAY
 LAURA MABEL HAYWOOD
 RUTH HENDERSON
 ISABELLE HOPLER
 MARY HOLLMAN
 EDITH HOLLOWAY
 CHRISTINE HOWARD
 ELEANOR LAYFIELD
 ELIZABETH LAYFIELD
 FRANCES LOWRY
 NAOMI McBRIDE
 ROSEMARY McCOY
 MABEL McDADE
 ELIZABETH MARSH
 EDITH NORRIS
 EVELYN PEACOCK
 HELEN PRITCHARD
 NANCY RAND
 HATTIE RAYAN

SALLIE PAGE RUFFIN
 LEANORA SCOTT
 MAGGIE SEARS
 SWANNANDA SEARS
 ALICE SEWARK
 LINDA SMITH
 MARY R. SMITH
 MILDRED SMITH
 MILDRED STEPHENSON
 LENORE SWAIN
 BEATRICE TAYLOR
 GAYNELLE TERRY
 MARY THAYER
 FRANCES THOMPSON
 KATHARINA THURFT
 ANSIE LAURIE UNDERWOOD
 ELSIE UNDERWOOD
 MARGARET WARD
 MABEL WETHERSPHON
 MARGARET WELLS
 ANNE WHITE
 SARAH WHITE
 EDWINA WILLIAMS
 BETTIE WOODEN WRIGHT
 MARIAN WRIGHT
 LILA WYSSIE
 ANDERSON YORK



VOICES of PEACE





SCENE FROM "THE ROMANCERS"

Officers of Dramatic Club

MISS LOUISE McFADDEN.....

LOIS BEST.....

MARY MARGARET WRAY..

KATE STEELE.....

Director

President

Vice President

Secretary-Treasurer



*Dear
 in the
 his day
 really hope
 you will
 a friend
 Missions
 and I know
 you will
 love
 day!*

Dramatic Club

ANNE BALL
 LOIS BENT
 NELLIE BENT
 F. JANE BOWDEN
 MARTHA BROWN
 STEPHANIE BROWN
 HAZEL BROWN
 YVONNE BUTLER
 ANNIE CULBERTH

ELIZABETH DAVIS
 MARY OLIVER ELLINGTON
 NANCY FISH
 LUCIE GARRISON
 SARAH GREYER
 LAURA MAHL HAYWOOD
 MARTHA HOBBS
 ISABELLE HOPPER
 LILLIE LANE

NAOMI McBRIDE
 CATHERINE MONROE
 LUCY MONROE
 MARTHA MORGAN
 EVELYN PEARSON
 MARY JOHNSON
 HATTIE REAGAN
 LINDA SMITH
 MARGUERITE SMITH
 MARIAN WRIGHT

KATE STEELE
 MILORDE STEPHENSON
 BLANCHE TAYLOR
 MARGARET THORNTON
 SARAH WHITE
 EDWINA WILLIAMS
 SIBBY WILLIAMS
 ELIZABETH WOOTEN
 MARY MARGARET WREN



SCENE FROM "THE ROMANCERS"

Seecuty embt



Choral Club

SUE MAE BAKER
 ESSIE MIZELLE
 DOROTHY DICK
 ADELE BLUE
 PAULINE COFER
 CATHERINE PARSONS
 SALLIE FAISON BEST

SUE HAMILTON
 ANNIE CULBRETH
 MARGARET FIELDS
 MARY SHORE BLUE
 ANNE WILSON WHITE
 NAOMI McBRIDE
 ELOISE BONEY

CATHERINE MONROE





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Dorothy Young, *Chief Marshal*, Hattie Bell Covington, Sallie Best, Mary Shore Blue, Wilma Kirby



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Frances Lowry, Roberta Sterling, Mary Oliver Ellington, Leonora Scott,
Mary Emily DeArmon, Blanche Taylor, Elizabeth Marsh



Well old dear
 please don't
 ever forget me
 cause I sure
 do love you
 so when you
 come to
 Wrightsville
 please come
 to see Folly.

VIRGINIA CLUB

Shirley Williams, Marguerite Smith, Mary Smith Kinzel, Martha Moomaw, Miss Ellen Wilson, Jeannette Hervey, Mary Coppridge, Pauline Cofer



DAUGHTERS CLUB

Catherine Monroe, Frances Lowry, Pauline Broadhurst, Amie Jordan Parham, Mary Margaret Wray, Elizabeth Wooten, Lillie Lane, Hattie Regan



HALL OF FAME

Elsie Fountain, Mary Shores Ilco, Mary Vic Fowler, Alice Louise Fountain, Dorothy Young, Anne Wilson White, Mary Margaret Wray, Martha Bragaw, Margaret Nicholson, Elizabeth Love, Essie Mizelle, Dorothy Dick, Nanna McBride, Elisabeth Davis, Frances Lowry, Stephanie Bragaw, Martha Burkhead



HALL OF SILENCE

Jeannette Hervey, Bess Beard, Ernestine Gantharp, Edwina Williams, Annie Jordan Payham, Martha Hobbs, Mary Redfern, Linda Smith, Hattie Belle Covington, Wilma Kirby, Lollie Louie

Jay's - Paderwicki
 How best teachin'
 me how to fiddle the
 Ivory-O-Ries - How
 good - I'm so
 proud of you gittin'
 two diplomas
 Be good and
 don't forget
 Kaynelle

LOTUS



ACE CLUB

Christine Howard, Ruth Henderson, Hattie Bezan, Hattie Bell Covington, Estelle Hoffer, Virginia Boyd, Linda Smith, Gaynelle Torr, Lillian Brison



ATA HUNKA II

Mary Redfearn, Dorothy Young, Essie Mizelle, Margaret Nicholson, Catherine Parsons, Shirley Williams, Sue Mae Baker, Ernestine Guntharp, Mary Shore Blue, Annie Jordan Parham, Wilma Kirby, Lillie Lane



Beta Pi Delta

ELISABETH DAVIS
ELIZABETH JENNINGS
LOIS BEST

DOROTHY YOUNG
MARTHA BURKHEAD
MARTHA BRAGAW

Initiation

It's the night *before* initiation,
I cannot go to sleep;
I know the songs and the laundry list,
And all the old girls like *me*;
But what fools they will make of *some* girls *tomorrow*!

It's the night *after* initiation,
I cannot go to sleep;
I could not sing the laundry list,
And all the old girls picked on *me*,
Oh! what a fool they made of *Me* to-day.

KATE STEELE, '27







Lillie Lane
President



Jordie Parham
Captain of Greens



Naomi McBride
Captain of Whites

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CHEER LEADERS

ROBERTA STERLING, ELIZABETH DAVIS, JOSEPHINE HARTON



GREEN BASKETBALL TEAM

Lillie Lane, Lucy McAden, Sallie Best, Ruby Mitchell, Anne Jordan Parham, Ellie Howard Hodson,
Martha Bragaw, Anne Ball



WHITE BASKETBALL TEAM

Mary Shore Blue, Adele Blue, Lucie Garrison, Christine Howard, Naomi McBride, Martha Burkhead,
Edwina Williams, Mary Redfern, Kate Steele



VARSIITY BASKETBALL TEAM

Lillie Lane, Kate Steele, Anne Jordan Parham, Anne Ball, Naomi McBride, Martha Burkhead,
Mary Redfearn, Elbe Howard Hudson



GREEN TENNIS TEAM

Amie Jordan Parkam, Marguerite Smith, Elsie Howard Hudson, Isabelle Hodler, Sallie Faison Best, Martha Brazaw, Lous Best, Marian Wright, Lillian Brisson, Verma Butler, Lollie Lane, Virginia Evans



WHITE TENNIS TEAM

Mary Shore Blue, Hazel Browne, Margaret Thornton, Evelyn Harrell, Eloise Honey, Dorothy Young, Mary Redfearn, Martha Burkhead, Shirley Williams, Elizabeth Love, Mary Smith, Allie Louise Fountain, Elizabeth Wooten, Roberta Sterling, Mary Gavin, Anne Wilson White

Farewell

Farewell, dear schoolmates, daughters all of Peace,
 Behind us stretches our long year of work
 Which we rejoice to leave;
 Yet, happy in the joy of finished tasks,
 As, looking round about us now, we see
 Dear old familiar places,
 From which, beloved by long acquaintance, we
 Shall soon be separated, do we not
 Some pain at leaving feel?
 Our hearts grow heavy as this time desired
 Approaches closer; and we find that we
 No longer wish to go.
 Dear Peace, we would we could remain with thee,
 Remain thy children evermore.

ROSEMARY McCoy, '27



A decorative border with floral and leaf motifs surrounds the central text. The border is composed of repeating patterns of leaves and small flowers, creating a classic, ornate frame.

STATISTICS
BOOK
V





Martha Burkhead

Best Allround
Most Popular
Most Talented

Margaret Sherrill
Prettiest





Martha Bragaw
Most Capable

Ann Ball
Best Athlete



"SLIP INTO A BRADLEY
AND
OUT OF DOORS"

Emma, dear:
You're a good
neighbor - Be good

Always
L

Lillian Brison
Most Original



EVE SHARP

Lillie Lane
Peppiest



BEST
PEPPER
FRENCH

Mary Shore Blue
Most Attractive



Elisabeth Davis
Most Stylish





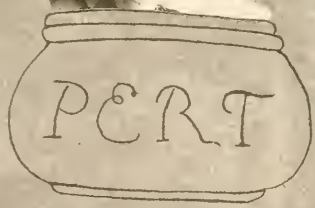
Lona Martin
Best Housekeeper

Chases
Dirt

Makes EVERYTHING "SPARKLE"



Kate Steele
Cutest



INTERNATIONAL STERLING

Mary Redfearn
Most Sincere



Log Cabin
Syrup



Sue Baker

Sweetest

*Know
what we will have
done we will go -
this year too!
for out - you*

Sweet old Emma

I love you - lots more
than you imagine
Please please don't
forget Dad



Bon Ami

"HASNT SCRATCHED
YET"



Catherine Parsons
Best Natured



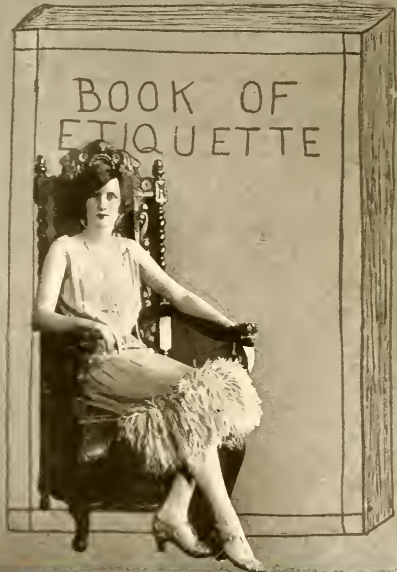
Wilma Kirby
Daintiest

Dot Young
Biggest Baby



BOOK OF
ETIQUETTE

Sallie Best
Most Courteous



Long Ago

Long ago, in London town,
 Where fogs hang low and gray,
 I saw a charming little cat
 Whose name was Nellie Mae.
 She was a paragon of fur,—
 My dear, you should have heard her purr!

Long ago, on Brooklyn Bridge,
 Where many people cross,
 I saw a monkey and the man
 Who seemed to be his boss.
 My dear, you should have heard him play,—
 He stopped the traffic in the way!

Long ago, in Petrograd,
 Where winter's very cold,
 I saw a bear with short black hair,
 Whose look was very bold.
 He was as fierce as he could be,—
 My dear, he looked right straight at me!

Long ago, in Tripoli,
 Where camels run like cars,
 I saw an elephant on wheels
 To make the trip to Mars.
 He was as big as two times four,—
 My dear, you should have heard him roar!

Long ago, in Old Peking,
 Where people eat with sticks,
 I heard a parrot shooting lines,
 But all he said was "Nix!"
 My dear, you should have seen him wink,—
 He acted like a city gink!

Long ago, in Bombay Bay,
 Where treasure ships come in,
 I saw a whale nineteen yards long
 With leather for his skin.
 My dear, you should have seen him drink,—
 He held enough to make him sink!

Long ago, when I was young,
 I saw a lot o' things,
 And I wouldn't change those memories
 With queens and kings.

If e'er you get a chance to travel
 In the sun or snow,
 My dear, I hope you'll pack your bag,
 And catch the train, and go.

MARY MARGARET WRAY, '26

The Departure

WITH a final groan, the dusty train came to a full stop, in front of the little yellow station. The passengers stared listlessly out of the windows at an aged negro, who was pushing an empty baggage truck toward the train. A gray cat peered inquisitively up at the huge black engine and mewled plaintively. Two Plymouth Rock chickens wandered up and down, near the track, picking disconsolately at the scrawny grass. Suddenly, around a bend in the narrow country road, came a buggy, pulled by a thin, discouraged-looking horse. The buggy stopped close beside the train, and two people got out.

One of these was a broad-shouldered boy about eighteen years old. He was clad in a dark blue, double-breasted suit of the latest cut and material. A light gray felt hat was cocked jauntily over one eye. His features, though large, were regular. His tanned skin had the glow of perfect health. In one hand he held a shiny suitcase, resplendent in its obvious newness.

Behind the boy came a wrinkled old man, whose shoulders sagged with weariness. The bright sunshine gleamed mercilessly down upon his worn, faded blue overalls. As he looked at the boy beside him, all the thwarted hopes, the dead dreams of his own youth filled his eyes.

The train gave a warning whistle. The old man threw both arms around the boy, and his roughened hands held him close for a moment. Then, looking down into the clean young face, so like his own, he muttered, in a tone of mingled pride and sadness, "My son!"

The boy's sweet, serious mouth quivered for an instant. Then he straightened his shoulders, and, with one last longing, searching glance, hopped on the train and was gone.

SALLIE FAISON BENT, '27.

A Patch of Purple Writing on Certain Picturesque and Pathetic Happenings at Peace

IT was two o'clock.

The massive columns of Peace stood as if frozen in the cold moonlight of the bleak winter night. Peace slept noisily. Even as on the night before Christmas, not a creature was stirring—save in room 324, where Stephanie Bragaw fought valiantly with a large gray rat over a last bit of cracker.

Ting-a-ling! the golden-throated fire gong burst into song. Although the sound was barely audible, the girls, as if by intention, leaped gracefully out of bed and landed in their brocaded evening slippers, which were ever ready in their jewelry boxes. Each girl threw a shower curtain around her shivering form, and, poising a Spanish comb precariously among her curl papers, slid slowly down the shining mahogany banisters.

Shore Blue led the line, doing the stately Charleston through the front door. Outside, the girls formed in ranks, standing at attention and saluting Miss Lewis as she ceremoniously inspected each mouth for signs of lipstick. Cat Parsons, Jordie Parham, and Gaynelle Teer were sent upstairs again to apply this precious balm—a necessary step towards fire prevention.

The building burst into flames, which cast a lurid light over the large crowd of gaping spectators. Suddenly, the air was rent by the shouts of a group of innocent State College lads, who, with true boyish enthusiasm, were giving fifteen rabs for Peace. They were interrupted by Mrs. Kenney, who rushed up and asked excitedly, "Are any of you little boys Kappa Sigmas?"

The chapel doors creaked volubly, and Mr. Brawley emerged, bending under the weight of a grand piano which he was dragging laboriously from the vaulting flames.

At one end of the building, where the walls swayed dangerously, Miss Ingraham, with a frightened cry, slid down the drain-pipe to safety, her four cats secure under her left arm.

With a dainty jingle—as of tiny sleigh bells—the fire trucks glided softly up the drive. Lillie Lane, huddled against a tree, wept silently because the firemen wouldn't let her run up and down the ladder.

Above Lillie's weeping and the jingling of the bells, wild shouts arose from ninety-one throats: "Firemen! Save my *Woolley Books!* Save my *Woolley Books!*"—but from the 92d throat there came not a sound, for that throat was the throat of Gaynelle Teer—always known as The Silent.

Miss Lalor, leading Sebastian by a heavy cable, dashed down the laboratory steps just in time to witness the heroic efforts being made to stop Hattie Regan, who was bouncing up and down at a great rate—unable to stop because of the elasticity of her heavy overshoes. Just as the crowd became desperate, Mary Smith Kinzel accidentally fell, from her fourth floor window, on Hattie—bearing her swiftly to the earth.

Miss Brown, who had gathered an earnest crowd of Education students, was instructing them to "observe the emotional effect of the conflagration upon this anonymous individual."

Lillian Brison, her long, heavy hair tumbling in profusion about her shoulders, tapped the gong for silence, and Martha Bragaw announced, in her deep, manly voice, "Please bring me your proofs before going to the Sir Walter for dinner!"

No sooner had she finished speaking than a great clamor rose on the stairs, and Miss Kuhns, her roman-striped scarf flapping in the gentle breeze, rushed madly forth, hugging to her breast a huge Sears-Roebuck catalogue.

Kay Steele tripped lightly down the ladder, with Betsy Baird, kicking violently, held tightly under one arm, and a package of vocabulary cards under the other.

Mrs. McLelland, with her usual lack of interest in other people's affairs, completely ignored the fire, and, with a bored, indifferent air, went to quiet Lois McArn, who was screaming in her habitually loud voice.

In the death-like stillness that ensued, Miss McLelland appeared upon the upper porch and said, "Girls, not one of you has signed up! Come in at once, and *every girl sign up for herself!*"

Rain

The black cloud boats rush swiftly by
 And cleave the waters of the sky;
 The mermaids, hiding in the sea,
 Cry, and their tears drop down to me.

MARGARET NICHOLSON. '27

Pardon Me

This truly is a land of Peace.

A bell we never hear.

(Pardon me, while I laugh!)

We never shout, doors never slam—

Not all the livelong year.

(Pardon me, while I laugh!)

We never have to study;

We don't have to go to class.

(Pardon me, while I laugh!)

But we love our books so dearly

That, in study, hours we pass.

(Pardon me, while I laugh!)

We go in and out at random,

No one ever says, "Sign up!"

(Pardon me, while I laugh!)

And to go to Mrs. Fowler—

What a treat!—we all line up.

(Pardon me, while I laugh!)

We have our dates on the campus

Or, sometimes, we go to ride.

(Pardon me, while I laugh!)

And Sunday, when collegiates check,

All of us run and hide.

(Pardon me, while I laugh!)

On Sunday, we always refuse

Our chicken and ice cream.

(Pardon me, while I laugh!)

On wintry nights we much prefer

A fire drill to a dream.

(Pardon me, while I laugh!)

And every word of this is true.

(Pardon me, while I laugh!)

MARtha BURKHEAD, '26

The Difference in Dates

Mary Jane shut her History book with a slam. Her eyes flashed angrily at the thought of having to learn all those useless dates. Her red lips were mutinous as she leaned back in her chair and gazed frowningly at that pesky fly hovering around her head. But slowly her expression changed; her gray eyes grew luminous and dreamy, and her mouth curved in a smile at some rosy thought. Her slender, relaxed body seemed to melt into the soft cushions of the chair, "And I'm going to have a date with him again tomorrow night!" Mary Jane was thinking, as, dreamingly, she pulled her feet up under her, pressed her head against the cushions, and ecstatically closed her eyes.

REBECCA BOWEN, '27

Summer

Summer is a rosebush, laden with blooms;
 Summer is a garden, sweet with perfumes;
 Summer is a young girl, dreaming through the day;
 Summer is a small lad, laughing at his play.

Summer is a sunset gilding the sky;
 Summer is a redbird, soaring so high;
 Summer is a violin, bringing sighs and tears;
 Summer is a soft breeze, smiling at our fears.

STEPHANIE BRAGAW, '27



The Masquerade Ball

We two had not yet met,
 For 'twas a masquerade ball;
 He was tall and grand, the pet,
 I, so very small.

His coat was of scarlet silk,
 My dress was of calico;
 His wig was as white as milk,
 On my hair was but a bow.

Notes floating from the balcony, clear,
 Dancers talking of love, so soft;
 And the time was drawing near
 When our masks we must take off.

What would I see behind that mask?
 Would he be all he had seemed?
 That is the question that I still ask—
 For lo! 'twas but a dream!

ANNE WHITE, '27.



An Old-fashioned Miss

NO one could call her pretty. Her small nose was absurdly turned up. Her mouth was uninterestingly small and her lips were thin and white. Her pale, shiny face made her gray, squinty, lashless eyes seem larger and brighter. She had never used powder, rouge, nor lipstick, much as she needed them all. Unlike modern girls, she still wore white flannel night gowns made with extremely high necks and long sleeves, and a night cap which held her ears down. She lay around lazily and painfully quiet all day, except when she was hungry or otherwise displeased. But sometimes even the plainest babies make the loveliest women.

KATE STEELE, '27

The Ship

OUT to sea the ship was heading,
 With its great white sails a-spreading;
 Foamy waves were beating high,
 And clouds were racing 'cross the sky.

Oh, how I longed to head out, too,
 To cross the sea, so bright and blue;
 But 'twasn't real—the ship and all—
 'Twas just a picture on the wall.

MARGARET WARD, '27



The Ultra-modern Woman

THE delicately carved gilt furniture, the rich pink satin brocade, the rows of powder and cream jars, the downy puffs, the slender vials of sweet, extravagant scents, and the sparkling, iridescent mirrors of the room were like the breath of a tender pink rose, or a sweet, dainty woman. In this very feminine, luxurious room, in an immense Louis XIV bed of gold with a cream lace spread, sat a small woman in a gorgeous negligee of peach and gold chiffon. She had a mass of rich chestnut hair, two pink dimples, and china-blue eyes. From a tiny silver pot on her bed tray she daintily poured steaming black coffee into a pink eggshell cup. Leaning back on a mass of frivolous, lacy, sacheted pillows, she thought for a moment of poor dear Louisa Duffey, of her sagging skin, hennaed hair, thick ankles, and aging eyes, poor girl!

She started, as the door opened and a tiny girl bounced in. With an accustomed and half patient sigh the woman said, "You may as well come in further now, dearie!"

The small brown eyes became more inquisitive and the little girl gasped, "I didn't mean to disturb you, Granny!" Then little Rosemary flew. She had forgotten to call Granny "Aunt Daphne" as Granny insisted on being called!

ELIZABETH WOOTEN, '27



The Players

WE made a lovely little play—
 My Pierrot and I.
 He swore undying love to me
 And said that I must go
 With him to live upon a star.
 We'd hitch two comets to a car
 Of moonbeams, gathered from afar—
 My Pierrot and I.

We made a lovely little play—
 My Pierrot and I.
 He told me I should dine always
 On roses, and my bed
 Should be of clouds shot through with gold,
 While 'round me their white wings should fold
 The dream-sprites. We'd have joy untold—
 My Pierrot and I.

STEPHANIE BRAGAW, '27





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LOTUS

DONE BY

Horton

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AL: I was thinking.

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MARTHA: They used to get Edwina and me mixed up when we were little girls.

MARY MARGARET: Oh, I don't see how! Edwina is so pretty.

MISS McFADDEN (in Library Class): Where would you find a book on Chile?

CAT PARSONS: Under Literature of the Polar Regions.

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NOVELTIES, ETC.

AL FOUNTAIN (in the "Cally"): I want some mustachio ice cream.

CRAFTY ONE: What are Sophocles?

BEAUTIFUL-BUT-DUMB: Eye-glasses, aren't they?

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MARY VIC: I think those old Romans were perfectly awful to let the gladiolas cut themselves up so in the arena!

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