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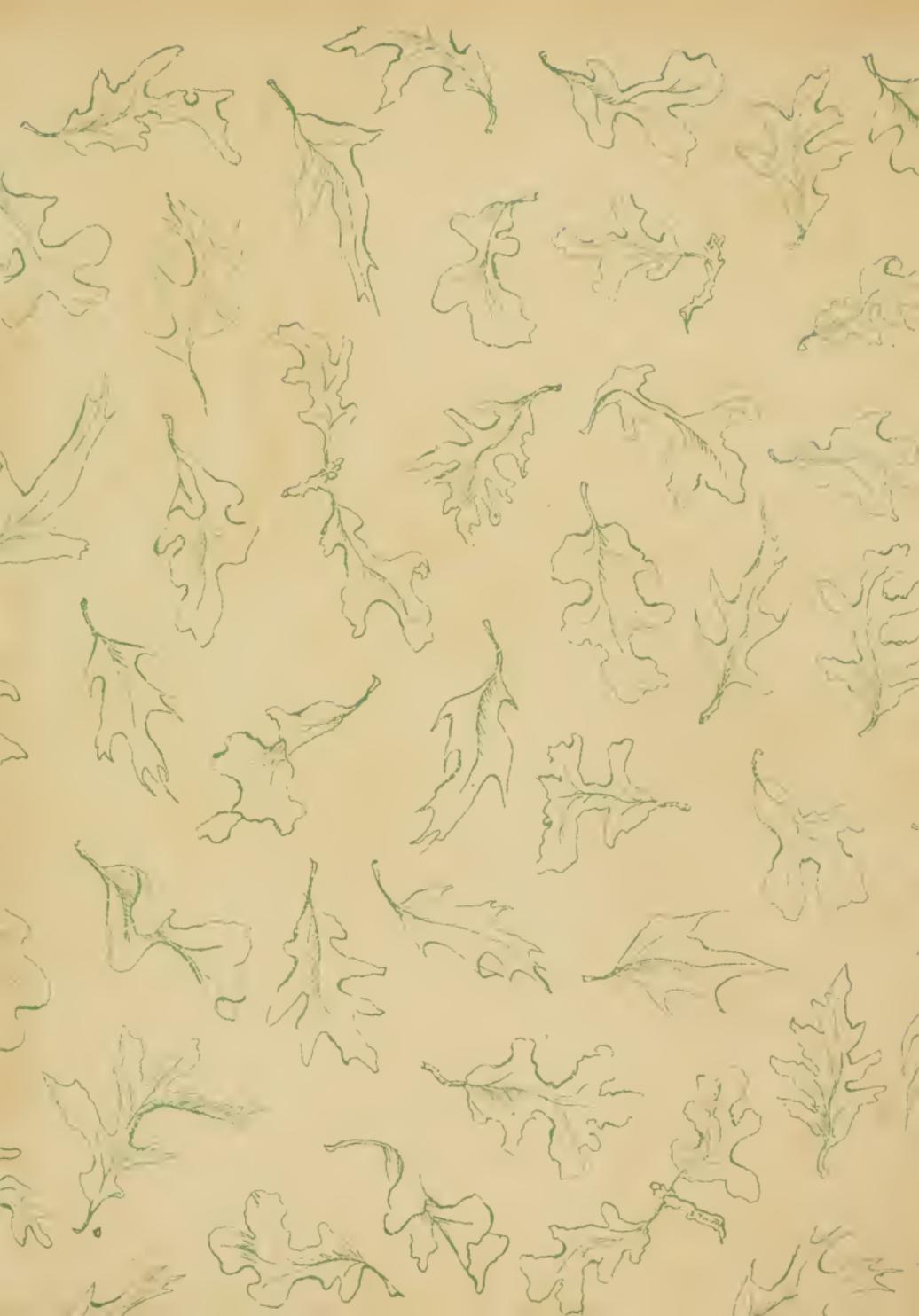
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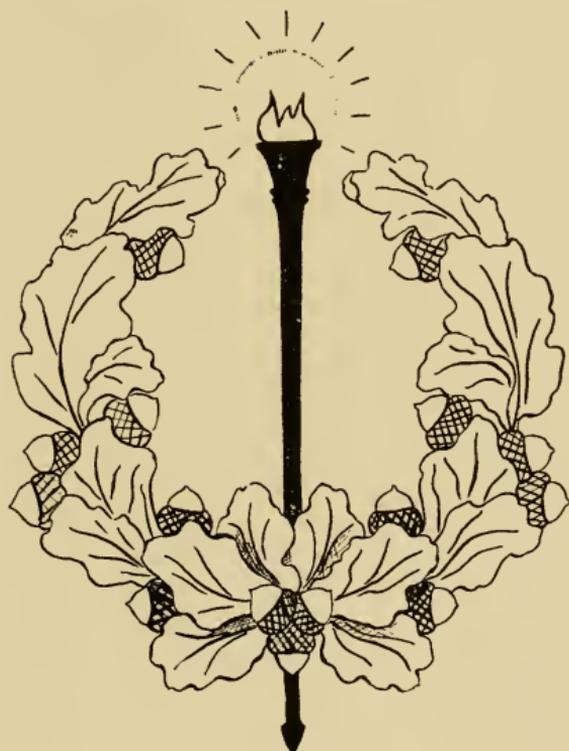
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OAK LEAVES



Vol. 3

1906

No. 1

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Carlyle Campbell Library,
New College

DEDICATED TO
OLIVER LARKINS STRINGFIELD
WHO, THROUGH HIS
GREAT FAITH AND UNTIRING ZEAL
DID MOST
WHEN THE WAY WAS DARKEST
TOWARDS ESTABLISHING THIS INSTITUTION





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Piano and Theory



Mrs. FLORENCE B. APPY. VOICE CULTURE



Miss Kate Ford

Prof of
applied design
and China painting

*"Though this may be play to you,
'Tis death to us."*

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Ed. 1914



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Senior Class

MOTTO: Rowing, Not Drifting.

FLOWER: Marechal Neil Rose.

COLOR: Lavendar.

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After Collye. What?



THE SENIOR'S MASCOT.



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Phi.,
HARRELSVILLE, N. C.

g Proctor

History of the Senior Class



THE history of the class which now stands before you is one of which we are justly proud.

To go back to our organization and trace accurately the important events in our college career would be a task too difficult, an undertaking too great.

We have never known what it was to be called "Fresh"; for not until we became Sophomores did we dare unite under the lavender. It was in the fall of 1903 that our class of ten was first organized. This was a notable day in our lives—one that caused our hearts to well up with gratitude. To be recognized as a class in the Baptist University with the hope that at some time we should stand in cap and gown, and really receive something as a reward for our labors was more than enough to fill us with just pride. During this year our influence was felt not only by the student body, but by the Faculty as well. Many wise and helpful suggestions were offered to different members of the Faculty; and while we were sometimes unable to see the immediate results of these suggestions, we patiently waited, feeling sure that they were being kept and pondered in the hearts of those to whom they had been spoken and in due time would bring forth fruit. Perhaps the Freshmen felt our presence and appreciated our power even more keenly than either the Faculty or the other college classes. To these who were younger—both in years and knowledge—we became very helpful, as many of them can now testify. Their salutation to us during the Freshmen rush gave evidence that there was power among the Sophomores. Our record on class this year was very striking—we passed without a single failure. And as we left college in the spring a new joy shone on our faces, for we were now Juniors.

Ah, who can know what air-castles are built, what plans are laid, what hopes are felt by a class of juniors. None save those who have passed this way. As Juniors we were yet ten. And a more studious class has never been known in this institution. We were devoted to our books, and as a reward each of us passed on the primary examinations. This meant much to us, for we had broken the record. No class had as yet carried off such honors. It was during this year that we were recognized and associated with the Seniors by different members of the Faculty. To our intense delight, we with the Seniors were invited to the homes of Dr. Dixon Carroll and Professor Watson. We were a little new along this line of social life; but by close observation and carefully imitating the Seniors we passed the evenings without a blunder.

And then it was our privilege to entertain the Senior class. This was a supreme event, and how much it counted in our lives we did not begin to realize



SENIORS ON THE CAMPUS.

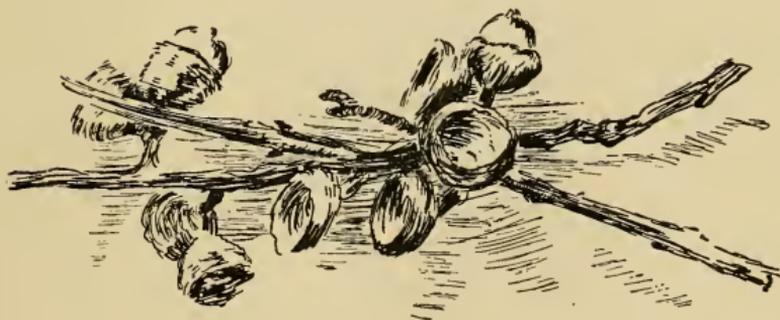


until Dr. Vann kindly reminded us in chapel, a few days later, that a like thing would not occur again.

With the close of this year came the crowning thought that we passed up to the place of Seniors. Through many trials and tribulations had we already passed, but not one would think of turning back. So in the fall of 1905 we returned with strong and noble resolutions to press on to the end. Some of us felt that fearful things awaited us in this last struggle, for we were to pass the way of "Physics." Having been warned of this monster by the former class, we entered in the pursuit with fear and trembling. All went fairly well for a month, but suddenly there came a time when we were tested. What that hour meant, and what we lived through during those sixty minutes we have never yet been able to tell. The anxiety and disquietude were visibly seen on Professor Boomhour's face. His sympathy was stirred, our pleading looks appealed to his mercy; but justice rather than mercy prevailed. But we were not the ones to be defeated, failure never entered our minds; and behold, we stand to-day conquerors.

We are a united band—united by our interests in common. We have learned to share each other's burdens, to lend a helping hand; and as we go out from our Alma Mater we shall endeavor to teach this lesson that, gentleness maketh great.

HISTORIAN.



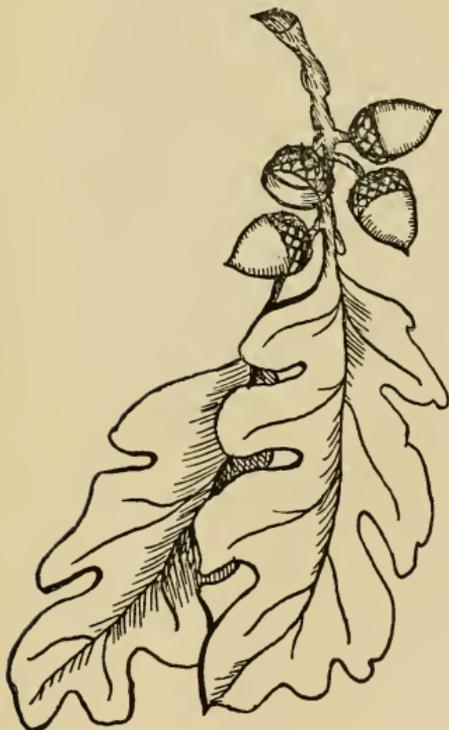
Inserted Where Senior Poem is Supposed to be

The Junior class writes learnedly
Of nymphs and classic rhymes,
In Iambic metre book lore
The Sophs give vent at times.
The Freshmen sing an ode to love,
(Their stanzas never mix),
But the class that's never been inspired,
Is the Senior—nineteen six!

We've hunted knowledge year by year,
And found some startling facts,
We've found out how to do some Math,
And just what science lacks;
We've found Shakespeare and Keats and Burns,
But 'spite of all these cues—
In spite of looking four years long—
We've never found the Muse.
So the class without a poet
Sits and mourns and has the blues.

We wonder why it never came,
Why fate was so unkind!
To keep our class thus blinded
To the poets measured line!
We back the passion—this we see—
Prosaic is our fate!
We bow before it, meekly, crushed,
O for some rhymes innate!

But we've passed in all our studies,
And the world for us contains
Some hope yet, for the thought still cheers,
That solid prose remains.
We love each other better
For this common lack of fame,
Tho' we can't express this love of ours
In the language poets name:
Yet the class without a poet
May get there just the same. J. '06.





DIPLOMA GRADUATE IN ART.



HESLOPE PUREFOY, Phi.,
ASHEVILLE, N. C.

1907



Handwritten signature or initials



JUNIOR CLASS.

Junior Class

FLOWER: Lily-of-the-Valley

COLOR: Nile Green.

Motto: To Endure NO Equal.

Clickety! Rickety! Rax!
Rickety! Clickety! Clax!
Hi! Yi! Yi! Yix!
Junior Class; Nineteen Six.

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ETHEL MAY CARROLL President.
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BESSIE PARKER.
LETTIE PARKER.
MELISSA PHILLIPS.
CLEO SCARBORO.
ADDIE SMITH.
LUCILE WITHERS.
LOUISE WYATT.
MAMIE WRIGHT.

The Song of the Shuttle

Junior Class Poem

Clear and radiant rose the dawn-tide bidding us to journey far
To a mansion grand in beauty that no earthly face can mar.

Many chambers has this mansion, wrought of marble, laid with gold;
Where the Looms of Life are standing ready for the Weaver's hold.

Three the years that we've now threaded silken warp and woof of pearl,
To the music of the shuttle, softer than a brooklet's swirl.

Gliding, gliding ever swifter, this the song the shuttle sings,—
And our hearts beat fast and faster o'er that it brings.

"O, fair weavers, true and tireless, moments flee on golden wings;
And the years their passage hastens, bring to you most wondrous things.

Ah, 'tis well that you are weaving, weaving robes of spotless hue,
Stronger than the steeled armor, purer than the ether's blue.

For the seed-time and the harvest only once shall bring their cheer,
Ere you'll leave this princely mansion for a boundless, wind-swept sphere.

When shall war the din of battle as Life's hostile forces clash;
When the summer skies shall lower, burdened with the thunder's crash.

Yet, O Weavers, be not fearful; shrink not at the trumpet's sound,
Leave your looms with hearts courageous: onward to the battle-ground.

For 'tis there that Winged Victory gives her heritage of peace,—
A foretaste of joy celestial, which can never know surcease."

ADDIE SMITH, '07.

Junior Class History



IN the year of our Lord 1903, we, the Class of '07, organized as the Freshman Class of B. U. W.

Three years of college life are nearly gone, and there have developed twenty-four cheerful lasses, all worthy of graduation next year.

This brief sketch will endeavor to show how in three years this evolution has occurred, and how 1907 has made herself worthy of note.

Athletics have not been deserted by us. Have we ranked in literary and social circles? Yes.

A good time? Yes.

And laurels? Certainly—1907's history is full of them.

We were a "fresh" class indeed, and enjoyed our banquets, feasts and all social feats during this most important of all years. Then, we were only on the first flight of steps, with three long years, as we thought, before us. Persevering and endeavoring to "catch" all of our opportunities, we soon became the "all know girls"—a Sophomore.

This was a year of hard work and great struggle, but in June, 1905, we found we were really a dignified class of Juniors, even though the May sun shone hot and tired were our brains.

Now we stand on the third flight of steps, ever waiting and watching to grasp the goal that is only one flight above us.

Soon we shall ascend, and enjoy the honor, glory and privilege that will become the noted Seniors of 1907.

We, as Juniors, have indulged very extensively in the social functions of the year. And have thoroughly enjoyed all our required work.

We all dote on Psychology, and declare it is the most interesting and fascinating study in the course. We reason for hours over the very short lessons, and even though most of our acts are reflex we get *Will* back of them and soon our minds are concentrated and we find we have Voluntary Attention. James Psychology is a wonderful and practical book, for in here we find we are always conscious, even in our sleep, and that nobody is sane; a very sad truth to relate to us.

Chemistry we all adore. Soon we shall have a real diamond out of an old black piece of charcoal.

We declare that an equal amount of any metal will undergo either a physical or chemical change, with same amount of laughing gas.

Some of us look to the sky on the clear, starry nights and find Jupiter with all of its splendor shining forth.

We still *parlez-vous* and so have reached *Deutsche*, too.

Our class meetings have been most inspiring to us all.

In the annals of history, this class will be *the* class of our school.

HISTORIAN.

Sophomore Class

MOTTO: Through Difficulties to Glory.

COLOR: Purple.

FLOWER: Violet.

Rah, Rah, Rah!
Wahly, Wah, Wah!
We are the class,
We are, we are!

Noble in deeds,
Helpful in needs,
This is the class
That well succeeds.

Officers

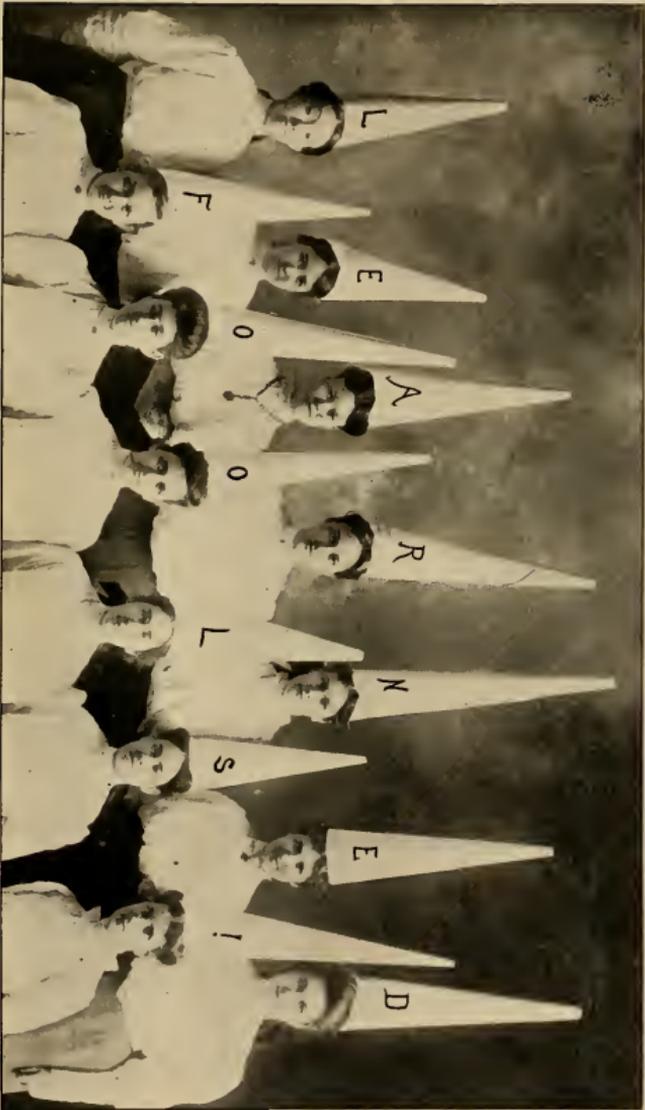
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ANNIE JOSEY Vice-President.
LOSSIE STONE Secretary.
BESS TILSON Treasurer.
MAY BALDWIN Poet.
ALICE BOYD Historian.
ETHEL MOORE Sergeant-at-Arms.

Members

ANNIE JONES.	ALMA OWEN.
MAY BALDWIN.	LULA OLIVE.
ALICE BOYD.	ETHEL MOORE.
DORA COX.	BESS TILSON.
ANNIE CRISP.	NANNIE PIGG.
ANNIE JOSEY.	LOSSIE STONE.
LOUISE LANNEAU.	







SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class Poem

There is a goal for which we strive
As we our tasks pursue;
It is not for the richest prize,
But for a purpose true.

The way not always plain to us,
Is oftimes dark and drear,
Yet in our hearts abides a trust
Too great to know a fear.

As rivers, flowers, birds and trees
High purposes observe;
The wind like a voice among the leaves
Softly whispers, Live to serve.

Sing on, ye birds, your inspiring lays,
Waft winds your message bold
To cheer us in the darkest ways
That lead us to the goal.

That goal not commonplace nor low,
Nor dulled with sordid care,
But glistening far with golden glow,
And high hopes written there.

MAY BALDWIN, '08.



History of the Renowned Class of 1908

[Preface.—Practically nothing is gained in the reading of any history from the mere enumeration of events and dates; therefore it is not the object of the author of this volume to overtax the mind of the reader with subordinate and unimportant details; rather the writer has attempted to give only those incidents and facts connected with her subject, the Class of 1908, which are of importance in the history of the world.

Baptist University, March 9, 1906.

A. H. B.]

The greatness of the Class of 1908 can be said to have begun with the drawing up of the Declaration of Independence in the year 1904. There were a few members of the class who thought this was a dangerous step to take, but the days of depending on our so-called superiors were over; we determined to revolt. The struggle was not long and fierce, for "Courage" was our watchword. We organized into a compact body, taking oath of allegiance, and were unmolested by our enemy, the Sophomores. We adopted the name of Freshman, a name which we were proud to own and cherish.

Of all dates in history, this date of 1904 should be remembered as marking an epoch in the world's progress. It is true that very few dates have been of such import as to be reckoned in history as marking an era, but the organization of the present class is one of those few events, taking its stand alongside of 476, 1453, and 1789.

It is most marvellous how some great changes have been ushered in so quietly, while for years the distant sound of the trumpet has heralded the coming of others. All nations, almost before we made known our name, were ready to pay us the greatest honor ever shown to a class of our beloved Alma Mater. The greatest event that has ever occurred in the United States; the World's Fair at St. Louis was held to celebrate our organization.

Over the stormy, beaten paths which are trod by all Freshmen, our journey lay that year. The end marked one-fourth the distance to the goal, which stood invisible in the far-distance, but whose brightness reflected future fame and renown on each member.

We look back now with no regret, but with the wildest enthusiasm on that our first period. Firmly and steadfastly we laid a foundation of the different stones found in the wide field of knowledge, cemented together with the mortar of social intercourse. The most pleasing aspect of our social life, as we think of it now, was the Freshman banquet. It was then we proved our strength to the Sophomores, and made them say, "I came, I saw, and I was conquered."

Space will not allow a more detailed account; so it is necessary to give here a brief outline of some of the things learned that year:

1. The cut system, its advantages and disadvantages.
2. That Virgil, and not Æneas, was the author of the Æneid.
3. That things are not always as they seem, as exemplified by the study of Geometry.
4. How to trace poetry from its earliest existence to Shakespeare.
5. That we had reached a point where it was necessary to study, and that very hard.

It is now necessary that we turn away from the past and give you a glimpse

of the present of this wonderful organization. It has grown into a most powerful factor, which demands the greatest respect, and is no longer known as Freshman, but honorable Sophomores. As number plays the chief part in some minds, perhaps it would be wise to mention here the number of members of our union. We began with sixteen; three are missing this year, not because of disloyalty, but because they have emigrated for a noble cause. Thus we are left only thirteen in number, which in this age of enlightenment is no longer considered unlucky, but rather the most lucky. We are like the thirteen original colonies in importance, and the oracle predicts a future more glorious.

Armed with the mighty weapons of intellect, we have been able to conquer and make ourselves masters of the strongly fortified and hotly besieged forts in the broad field of knowledge which we have traversed this year; such as the innumerable formulæ of Wentworth's trigonometry over which many before us have fallen; Livy's wonderful history of the Romans, through whose long and labyrinthine lines, filled with thousands of obstacles, hosts have lost their way and given up in despair; plant and animal structure easily mastered, after the many drills and frequent interrogations of our commander: "Is it all clear?" English, the most difficult, with its numerous allies, had finally to succumb to our power. The securing of the other posts, far most formidable ones, must be omitted until a fuller and more detailed text is compiled.

Yet notice must be given to the entertainment given by our leader after the capture of Fort Livy. Never was a band more graciously and royally entertained. No leader could surely have been prouder than ours. She bestowed on us names of ancient renown and fame. Among the many tactics engaged in was writing rhyme; it was then we showed our poetic genius not yet destroyed by the rude arts of war, which verses were kept by our commander as worthy souvenirs of the occasion. After hot chocolate and other dainties were served, we departed filled with new life and vigor for taking the stronghold of Horace.

Now, in conclusion, the greatest of all our achievements will be briefly discussed. This achievement is one which makes the nations rejoice and spread our praises far and wide, over land and sea. For years the people have been mourning a loss which nothing could recompense. In the primitive years of the race a flower, the fairest ever known, bloomed and filled the whole earth with its fragrance. 'Twas the loss of this flower whose name the Muse whispered, Fancy. Before then the world was happy, but another flower—no, not a flower, a weed—became the idol of the nation's heart. This cankerous weed, Science, waxed, and Fancy waned, until it languished and died forsaken of all. But now they rejoice, for in us they see the resurrection and incarnation of Fancy. If Wordsworth could only brush the dust from his eyes, he would close them again, soothed back to sleep by our nature lyrics, far more beautiful and tender than the songs which Orpheus played to win back Euridyce from the lower world.

The curtain must now fall on this glorious scene, which marks the end of the second period of action of this wonderful organization, and bid the reader await the appearance of the "Vision Splendid."

HISTORIAN.

99





Freshman Class

MOTTO: Lofty aims and earnest endeavors.

COLORS: Dark Green and White.

FLOWER: Daisy.

Yell

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Klickety-Kline,

We're the Class of 1909.

Class Officers

HELEN HILLIARDPresident.

LOUIE POTEATVice-President.

UNDINE FUTRELLSecretary.

ALICE NEWCOMBTreasurer.

LESLIE PROCTORHistorian.

HATTIE SUE HALEPoet.

JUANITA WILLIAMSSergeant-at-Arms.

Roll

SADIE LOU BRITT.

LUCY HAYES.

LULA HOWARD.

FLORENCE PAGE.

MARTHA LAWRENCE.

ANNIE KATE WHITE.

LUOLA WILSON.

SUE WILSON.



Class Poem

We're just beginning college,
This brilliant Freshman Class
And we hope that by no other
Will we ever be surpassed.
We study hard on Latin,
We learn French verbs galore,
And work on our Mathematics
As we never worked before.

Although we're very studious,
We're always in for fun,
And our hard old English lessons
We're sometimes known to shun.
We're often found at midnight
Within a freshman's room,
But being called down by the Matron,
We stop our fun full soon.

Although we're young at present,
Father Time will come to our aid,
In a very few more years
We'll all be "settled and staid."
Great plans for our Alma Mater
We always bear in mind,
To make her proud indeed
Of the Class of Nineteen-Nine.

HATTIE SUE HALL, '09.

Freshman Class History



ONE bright morning in the month of September, only fifteen girls, who anticipated becoming members of the Freshman Class, could be seen wandering around the halls of B. U. W., with wide-open mouths and staring eyes.

We were especially looking out for the Sophomores, as we had heard of their tender care of the Freshman in the ages of the past. But, alas! we were not wise enough to escape their scheme, which was to announce that there would be a meeting of the Freshman Class, in such a room, at such a time. Of course nearly all of us were there, as we thought it would be an event in the history of the college.

Sad to relate, it was only a false alarm.

Afterwards we tried several times to O-r-g-a-n-i-z-e, but the Sophomores hunted at our heels in spite of our jealous efforts. Our only refuge was to meet in a private home on the grounds, where we were sheltered by the protecting arms of Mrs. Poteat.

The next great affair of the class was the "Freshman Banquet," which proved quite a rare success—??

As you will see, the history is very short, but it has been filled with great and numerous events.

LESLIE PROCTOR, '09.

Fifteen ate we in number,
Raleigh is our present home;
Each one is highly gifted,
Soon we will be widely known.
Hheavy work and honest effort,
Mixed with pleasure is our lot;
Ever we'll these days remember,
Ne'er forget this dear old spot.



Freshman Calendar

- Sept. 15.—Grand rush and subdued retreat.
Sept. 20.—Attack of Sophs.; spirited skirmish.
Sept. 25.—Timely aid by Mrs. Earnshaw.
Sept. 30.—Victorious Organization.
Octo. 16-20.—Papa and Mamma came, and Teddy, too.
Nov. 11.—Debate with Sophs.; Fresh. squelched.
Nov. 31.—At home to A. and M. and W. F. C.; saw "Buddy."
Dec. 1.—Freshman "speaks."
Dec. 2.—Head aches.
Dec. 25.—Santa Claus.
Jan. 9-13.—Mid-term exams. "O infandum."
Feb. 22.—Freshman Banquet.
Feb. 23.—Mrs. Norwood in demand.
March.—Recuperation.
April 1.—Our birthday.
April 16.—Egg-hunt on the campus.
May 13.—Exams.!!!
May 19.—Sophs. at last!!!!
May 23.—Home!!!!





Certificate Pupils

PIANO: } BESSIE EMERSON SAMS.
 } FLORIDA TAYLOR AVERA.

VOICE: LOULA HALL BRIGGS.

Thursday Afternoon Sketch Class

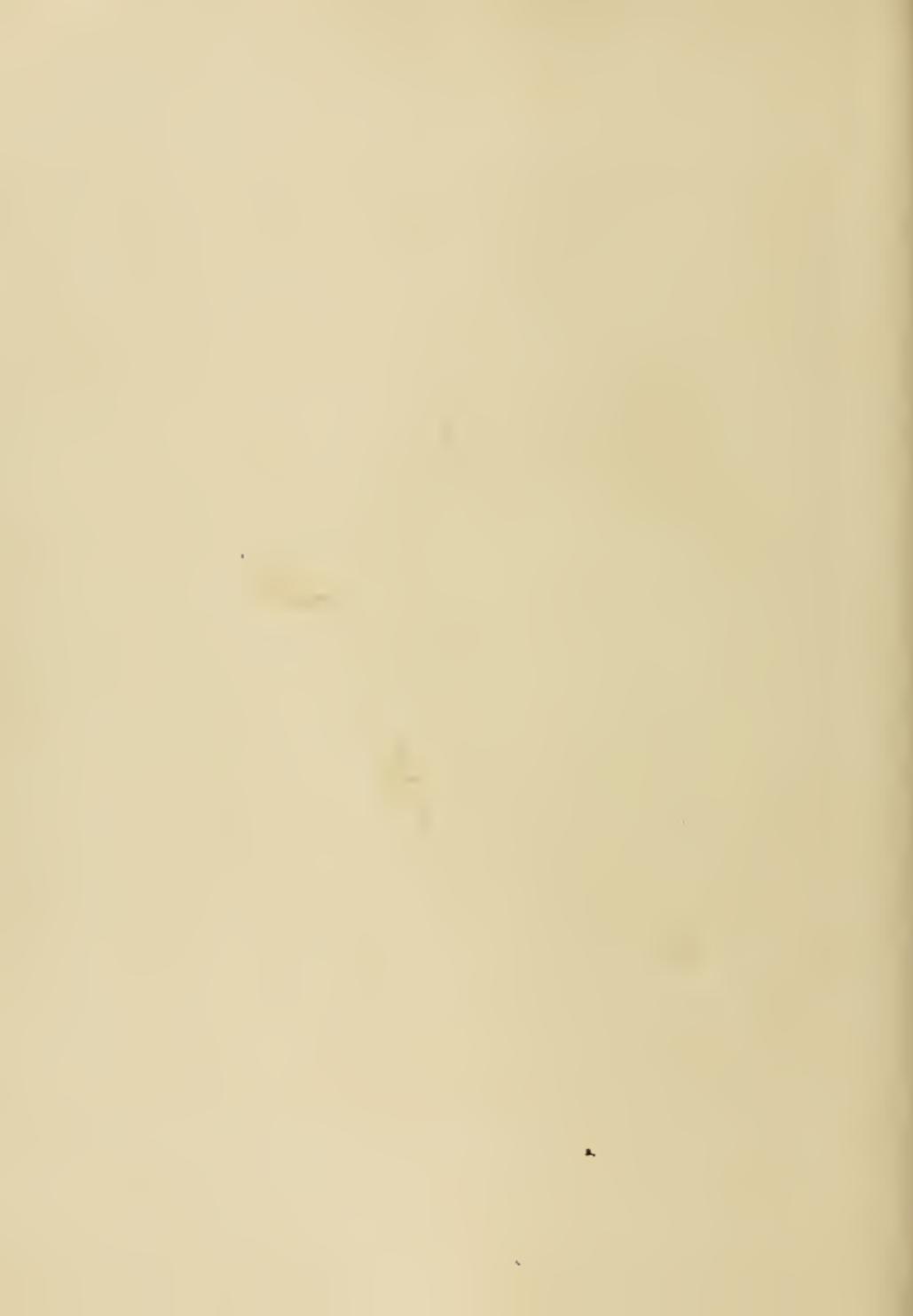
HESLOPE PUREFOY.
ETHEL PARROTT.
LEILA DOUGLASS.
SALLIE JACKSON.
ORA LANCASTER.
RUTH POPE.
BESSIE ROGERS.
MRS. J. C. ELLINGTON.
MRS. WORTH HANKS.

Life Class

HESLOPE PUREFOY.
LEILA DOUGLASS.
RUTH POPE.
BESSIE ROGERS.



Bellevue Dreyfus
1906.





BUSINESS CLASS.

Business Class

MOTTO: With a quick mind and accurate pen, we are sure to win.

FLOWER: Cowslip.

COLORS: Black and Gold.

Officers

MARY ADELAIDE REAPresident.

BERTHA WIGGSVice-President.

SUSIE A. MOORESecretary and Treasurer.

Members

EMILY BOYD.

MYRTIE PROCTOR.

MYRTIE CAMP.

BLANCHE REECE.

SUDIE DICKENS.

ADDIE REA.

LUPHELIA HERRING.

MAUDE SAMS.

MABEL KELLY.

SARAH STYERS.

SUSIE MOORE.

BERTHA WIGGS.

Our Alma Mater

The brief sketch here presented we hope will justify the love which we cherish for our Alma Mater and our honest pride in her.

High Purposes

The school was never designed simply as a money-making enterprise, nor as a finishing school for shallow and flippant young women, but as a college of high grade, whose course should mean hard work and whose diplomas should represent real culture. Its founders thought that a girl was as worthy and as capable as her brother, and was entitled to an equal chance with him. They therefore endeavored to establish a school which would offer a grade of instruction equal to that given in our colleges for boys. To this end they modeled their curriculum after that of Wake Forest at the outset, and have gradually raised the standard since the first opening. They have also adopted the policy of putting at the head of the departments teachers who have been trained in some of the great universities, and with two exceptions, require these teachers to confine themselves to one subject, that they may do the work of specialists.

They proposed, furthermore, to found a school that should be permeated and dominated by the spirit of Jesus Christ, and whose influence should tend to promote and propagate the faith of their fathers. So that they established a School of the Bible, whose course is not compulsory but elective, and which counts like any other study for the A.B. degree. In keeping with this purpose, the students themselves, aided by some of the teachers, have organized a Young Women's Christian Association, weekly classes for Bible study and some other classes for the regular study of missions, and conduct a daily prayer meeting among themselves.

Remarkable Growth

The first opening found only one school building. But the students had not all actually assembled before the Trustees were compelled to purchase another house; and now there are five buildings used for dormitories and school rooms. In addition to these there has been erected a new kitchen and a large central boiler house. The first year's Faculty numbered twenty-one, just two-thirds of the number of the present Faculty. The first enrollment of students showed 220 names; the present registration is 356. The debt of \$43,000.00 has been cancelled,

and a small endowment fund has been raised and invested. It is doubtful whether this record has been surpassed in the history of Southern education.

Government and Religious Life

The government is almost entirely in the hands of the students themselves, under a set of regulations submitted by the Faculty and adopted by the student body. They have their own Executive Committee, which has the general oversight of the order and deportment of students, and which reports delinquencies to the self-governed body. Only incorrigible cases are turned over to the Faculty. Students whose deportment is meritorious and whose grades are passable are eligible to membership on the Honor Roll, after a month's probation; and if at the end of another month they prove worthy, those who have reached the age of seventeen are promoted to the self-governed body, where they remain until they disqualify themselves by bad conduct or a poor grade of work. This system tends to promote honor, self-reliance, self-restraint, personal responsibility, and reciprocal helpfulness. It promises the best solution of the problem of discipline that has yet been devised.

The religious life of the school ought to count largely on the history of the State in coming years. This spirit is fostered by the regular church services and Sunday School every Sunday morning; by the daily chapel exercises; by a vigorous Young Woman's Christian Association, which conducts its services in the chapel every Sunday evening; by the six mission classes, numbering some seventy-five students; by the weekly Bible classes, numbering about sixty students; and by the daily prayer meetings. These are all voluntary, with the exception of the chapel exercises and the attendance at the churches on Sunday morning.

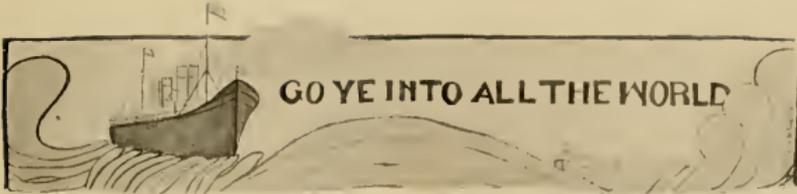
The Outlook

The record of the school's brief history is inspiring. It is also suggestive. The unprecedented opening for the first session, the remarkable growth of seven years, the conversion of a heavy debt into an endowment, the gradual acquisition of real estate, the multiplication of school buildings, the yearly improvements in equipment, the enlargement of the Faculty, and the number and character of its alumnae,—all these go to show abounding vitality and prove its right to live. They also give assurance of still larger things ahead. If its birth was welcomed by many and loving friends, its splendid history has multiplied their number and intensified their devotion, and magnified their visions of its future. For, while the beginning has been great, it is only a beginning. Indeed, no year of its existence has failed to witness signs of vigorous growth. Last year saw the

finishing and equipment of the stately Faircloth Hall, and the other buildings made necessary by the heavy increase in the student body. The latest move was the purchase of a splendid three-manual pipe organ, believed to be one of the handsomest instruments in the South, which will be installed this summer. This will necessitate a still further enlargement and general improvement of the chapel. Even now an adequate and well equipped gymnasium, a separate Infirmary building, and Music Hall with seating capacity of two thousand, are all clamoring for early erection. Larger grounds will ere long add an air of beauty, dignity and comfort. And by and by a large endowment will multiply facilities, improve equipment, raise the standard of admission, and afford fine opportunity for graduate study.

But where are the means to come from? From the hearts of our people. Already some are making bequests for us in their wills. Others will make large donations in life when they realize somewhat of the great future of the school; for success draws donations. In the coming years our loyal and powerful Alumnæ Association will find means for pouring rich gifts into our treasury. The night was long, but the morning has dawned, and we anticipate with joy the splendid noontide in the history of our Alma Mater.





W W C A

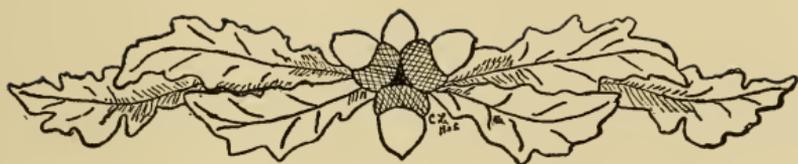


MAUDE BURKE,
Our first Missionary.



OFFICERS OF THE Y. W. C. A.

—



Y. W. C. A.

MARY LEE BIVENS President.
VICTORIA PICKLER Vice-President.
MABEL JOHNSON Secretary.
LIZZINIA MOORE Treasurer.
DORA COX Corresponding Secretary.

Chairmen of Committees

MARY JOHNSON.	ETHEL CARROLL.
SALLIE JACKSON.	MABEL JOHNSON.
BESSIE SAMS.	BESSIE WILLIAMS.
LIZZINIA MOORE.	ANNIE JOSEY.
VICTORIA PICKLER.	SALLIE TOMLINSON.

Officers of the Self-Governed Body

VICTORIA PICKLERPresident.
MARGARET BRIGHTVice-President.
ADDIE SMITHSecretary.
BESSIE WILLIAMSMember.
ETHEL CARROLMember.



OFFICERS OF THE SELF-GOVERNED BODY.

Literary Societies

Astrotekton Society

He builds too low, who builds beneath the stars.

COLORS: Gold and White.

FLOWER: Narcissus.

Officers

MARY JOHNSONPresident.
WILLIE LEE STEMVice-President.
MARGARET BRIGHTSecretary.
MABEL JOHNSONTreasurer.
ANNIE JOSEYCor. Secretary.



OFFICERS OF THE ASTROTEKTON SOCIETY.



OFFICERS OF PHILORETTAN SOCIETY.

Philoretian Literary Society

MOTTO: Plain Living and High Thinking.

COLORS: Violet and White.

FLOWER: Violet.

Officers

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS	President.
NINA BROWN	Vice-President.
ESSIE MORGAN	Secretary.
PEARL JOHNSON	Critic.
HESLOPE PUREFOY	Critic.
LUCY PETTY	Historian.

The College Rising Bell

Dreaming, dreaming of the future
Sits the thinker of to-day,
And he does not know the meaning
Of the curious winding way—
Comes a whisper of assurance
To his ears, for she will tell
All the answers to his problems—
. . . 'Tis the college rising belle.

Dreaming, dreaming of the future
Is the sleeper of to-night,
And the maiden sits enraptured
With a calm and heavenly light.
Comes the blow of an assassin
To her hero, and the knell
Sounds out with funeral tolling—
. . . 'Tis the college rising bell.

E. M. C.

Swannanoa Horne is anxious to know whose birthday is on the 22d of February.

Soph.—“What are you all studying in English now?”

Fresh.—“Wordsworth's Imitations of Immorality.”

The Southern Club

Officers

- MISS JESSIE LOUISE JONESPresident.
MISS CAROLINE BLAIRVice-President.
LUCILE D. WITHERSSecretary and Treasurer.

The Club owes its organization to Miss Jones, Professor of English, Miss Blair, Professor of History, and Mr. Watson, Professor of Mathematics. It was organized for the purpose of studying and promoting interest in Southern literature and history. Only students who are members of college classes or are taking work in college English or History are eligible for membership.

Although young, the Club has taken a stand as one of the leading organizations in college. The programs never fail to be interesting as well as instructive. On March the 9th Miss Jones gave a most pleasing lecture on Kennedy's "Swallow Barn," which, as the author pointed out, has a beauty and simplicity much akin to that found in the "Vicar of Wakefield." We have also been so fortunate as to secure other lecturers of note, for on March 30th we had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Henry Jerome Stockard.



Athletic Association

KATE BEAMAN President.
WILLIE LEE STEM Vice-President.
JENNIE FLEMING Secretary.
STEPHENS CARRICK Treasurer.

Advisory Committee

Faculty: Miss PHELPS.
Seniors: KATE BEAMAN,
LUCY PETTY.
Juniors: ETHEL CARROLL,
STEPHENS CARRICK.

BASKET BALL TEAM

MARY JOHNSON. ONA LONG.
LUCILE WITHERS. WILLIE LEE STEM.
FRANCIS COVINGTON. LETHIA LANCASTER.

Subs.

BESSIE HUMPHRIES. HATTIE SUE HALE.

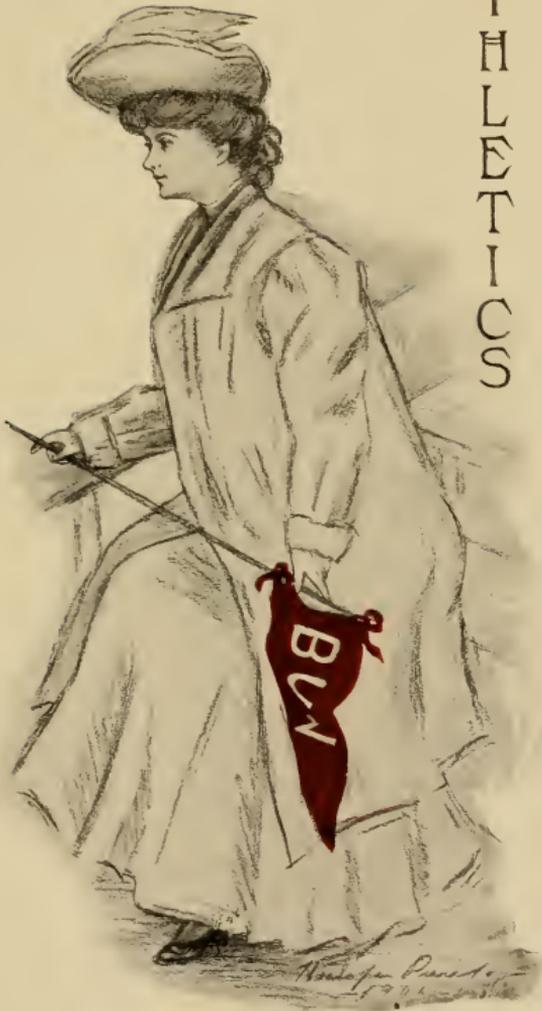
TENNIS CLUB

KATE BEAMAN. LIZINIA MOORE.
ESSIE MORGAN. FLORIDA AVERA.
LUCY PETTY. ELLA BRADY.
MAMIE WRIGHT. PATTIE WATSON.
REBECCA KNIGHT.

YELLS

We are the girls!
We are the girls!
We are the girls the people see!
O! Who are the girls?
Why, we are the girls!
We are the girls of 'Varsity.

ATHLETICS





OFFICERS OF ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.



BASKET BALL TEAM.



TENNIS CLUB.

Autumn's Shrine

I asked the Wind where Autumn dwells,
If dreary peaks or fertile dells
 Know Autumn best ;
In singing rythm answered he :
" But follow close and thou shalt see,
 Do my behest."

In airy lightness swift I flew
O'er hoary frost and chilling dew—
 I knew not where.
But in an old familiar place,
I met sweet Autumn, face to face,
 And knew her there.

'Twas there I loved her, years gone by,
And in her secrets sought to pry
 Ere I did roam ;
I lost her for a little while,
But going back I found her smile,
 At my old home.

She deftly wrought among the leaves,
Hand keeping time with gentle breeze,
 Wrought high and low.
She dressed the leaflets for their death
Ere Winter came with icy breath
 And cruel snow.

Wind whispered to me, "Ask her now
While thus she paints that golden bough."
 " My best loved shrine,"
She murmured through the old-time smile
Which I had loved but lost awhile,
 " Is here—with thine."

ETHEL CARROLL, '07.

RALEIGH, N. C., Feb. 10, 1906.

MY DEAR LIZ:—I seat myself to write you a few lines to let you know that I is now servant gal at de Babbist Female University fur Wimmen. I has a good job and de gals what is gittin deir intuition here am mighty good to me. Dey's a kind hearted set, but des got more fool notions and cranky idees dan dis country niggah can keep up wid. For institute, (as Prof. W—— says) dey has a little crosseyed pigeon house stuck up in de hall what dey calls deir joke box, and dey puts ebery joke and smart thing dat dey can think ob on paper and puts it in dat box. I robbed it de udder night and found a piece of potery written by one of de Sockmore gals which was to be put in de book what dey prints ebery year and calls dere animal and ob which de following is a copy:

Oh! see the lovely girls,
College girls,
What a world of mischief is hidden neath their curls!
How they chatter, chatter, chatter, like young sparrows in a tree,
And they flatter, flatter, flatter, with the compliments they scatter
Every masculine they see!
Making love, love, love, (Oh! the artless little doves)
To everything in pantaloons that comes into their world;
Oh! those girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls,
Those bewitching, laughing, dimpling college girls.

Dey's got a bullet boahd and when any ob de gals lose or wants anything dey writes it on a piece ob paper and sticks it on dat boahd. De uthah mawnin dey had sompin about de college spirits being dead and berried up stairs in dat vault in de fifth story, but I knows dat aint so, fur we seed dat very spirit Satdy night. Dey's got a old farm bell what dey rings fur meals. It sounds kinder home like to me when it goes ding, dong, ding, dong. Dey has a room down stairs what dey calls de elabeforatory and dere is some queer doins gwine on in dere. Sometimes when de leaves de doah open and when dey does de scent what comes out ob dere would take de breff ob one ob dese talking machines. Up stairs dey has a place where dey paints picters and dey calls dis de stewdio. Dey took a rooster de udder day and cloreformed him, den laid him on a table to paint his pictur.

Well, Suh! when dey got thro paintin him dat rooster stayed reformed and dey couldnt unreformed him, do dey did try to bring him to by crammin bread down his neck. I wuz sorry fur him case I'ze been reformed once myself—twas when de doctah man pulled out one of my teeth.

But Lor, chile, you oughter been her last Satdy night. Dere was sho sumthin doin! Not long ago one of de gals bought a par ob dem rollin skaters and brung dem to school. Dat sot de whole school afire. Dere wont no rest nor peace till most of dem gals got skaters and got mission from de faculty (dat is what de President and de uder teachers call deyself) to use de chapel on Satdy nights fur to skate in. Well we niggahs had to see de fun. So last Satdy

night we crope up de windin stairs dat leads from de fust flo to de secon flo and went to de chapel doah and looked in. Dere sho was u surkus inside. De gals had taken dem benchers what shuts up like a doah-hinge and piled dem back in de corners and de had plenty ob room out in de middle ob de flo. About two dozen ob em wuz rollin round on de flo and de way dey did wuz sho ridicularious. Some ob dem could skate pretty well, and some ob de others wuz stumpin around jes like little calves when dey fust try to walk. After while de fun begun. De gals commenct a-gwine round and round in de room and fust think you know de one dat was in front set down on de flo—Bump! De uthes comin on fell on top o' her and dey wuz de wurst mixed up set ob gals dere you eber seed. Dey sho had a good time. After while some ob de gals come to us niggahs and said if we would go down and git em some biskets and pickles dey'd lend us deir skaters and we could skate down in de dinin room or out in de hall. We went down and got some pickles and biskits and brought dem to de gals. Dem gals would do anything mos for pickles and biskits. We got de skates and started back down dem stairs. Nigger, dat sho am one dark place where dem stairs turn, and when we started by it Marthy, who wuz in front, thot she seed some-thin white and she hollered out "O Lawd" and jes turn loose and fell right down dem stairs, and she wont by herself nuther fur every one of us niggers turnt loose and went down after her. De next thing I remembers wuz Marthy prayin "Lawd, forgive me fur stealin dem biskits and pickles," an about what a load she had on her consents. Der Hattie said, says she: "Shut yo mouth, dere aint no load on yo consents, its dat nigger Loula on de back ob yo neck." Well de all pulled demselves out ob de pile and I took what was left, and we went in de dinin room and lit de gas. We moved de chairs and tables in de corners and stropped our skates on and de fun begun. In de mix up de skates got mixed up, de wheels of one of mine was larger dan de wheels on de uther one and de uthers wuz mixed up de same way.

Hattie got at one end ob de room and Marthy at de uther, den Marthy she sung out, "Look out, I'se comin," and Lor bless yo life chile, she turnt loose and come. She made two or three wild kicks and den started to role like we'd seen de gals do up steirs. About de same time I started to role across de room and when I did our skates what don't match made both of us to turn in ter de uther and fore I knowed it my head and Marthy's head had come together and looked like de hole seben stars had turnt loose and fell thro de ruf.

As you can see by de way I can impress myself Ize gittin to be quite a eddicated nigger. De air is full o eddication round here and we niggers is gittin our chare. I guess Ise writ enuff fur dis time, so wid many compressions ob affectation and disregard, I begs de dishonor of prescribing myself according to the lunifications of my jurisdictionary.

Very sincerely, your friend and well digger,

LOULA.

P. S.—I got dis highfalutin endin frum a letter what de President ob dis University wrote a few days ago whitch he lost and I read befo I gib it back to him.

ROSA BARROW, '07.

Editor's Dreams

Many books while I am napping,
All arrayed in maroon wrapping,
Roll upon me. I awaking
Yawn, and sigh—for its no faking.

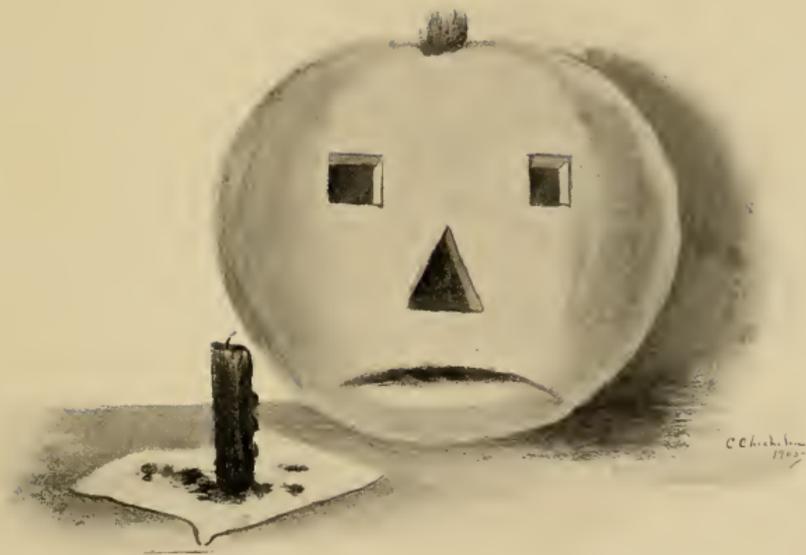
Doggy came into my dream
On a pair of coat sleeves,
Rolled my pen and ink about,
And sat upon my "Oak Leaves."

Love sought me in a shady spot,
Under an oak I've ne'er forgot—
Called me his own.
I thought the place was holy ground;
Love fled, an annual I found—
Enough, alone.

Enter here, you little fairy,
Stop awhile, I beg you tarry;
Stay! I'll close my manual."
I'm agent for the Annual;
Enroll your name?"

At the usual hour I slept
Noting nothing. In there crept,
Nodding like a gray-haired sage,
Inked and blurred, a little page,
Entered while I looked and wept.

All my dreams of glory are
Luring lights as of a star
In the night-time leads me on;
Comes a book when this is gone
Echoes often, "'Tis not far."

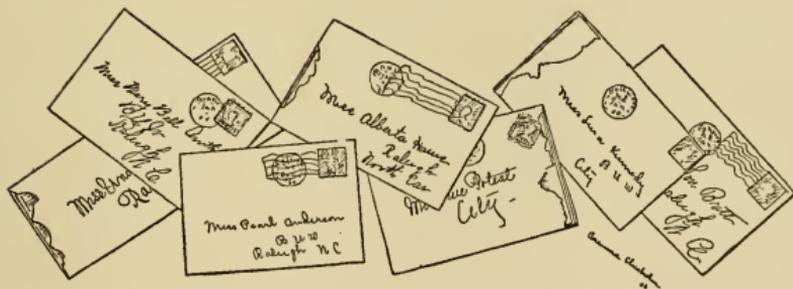


Heavy falls the dew of sleep,
Every murmur hushes ;
Silence treads bare-foot around,
Luring lights and flushing
O'er the Orient display
Pens and paints and brushes
Ere the coming day.

Endless I was onward flowing,
Through a verdant low-land going,
Hailing from an unknown shore.
Entered on an oak leaf, rowing,
Love went by, was seen no more.

Upon a stone I saw a bird
Nibbling what old nature weaves,
Drawing near 'twas this I heard :
"It is not every little bird
Now that summer trees are stirred
Enjoys the taste of oak leaves."

E. M. C., '07.



To-Night

The noon-day I love, and the dawn,
 The twilight,
And the rest ;
 But night
I love the best
When the others are gone.

When the stars are out, and the dark
 Is half light,
 When the moon
 Is bright
I listen, for soon
I shall hear—O, hark !

To the Silent voice ! such a song
 Nor a bird
 Nor a man
 E'er heard,
Nor the great god Pan—
I have loved it long.

To the weary heart, what a balm
 For the waves
 Are no more—
 Peace leaves
Deep and shore
With an infinite calm.

O ! teach, sable friend, how aright
 I may hear
 As it sings,
 The cheer
That thy Silence brings—
For I love thee—Night !

E. M. C., '07.



Mrs. NORWOOD.

"So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

Bills Rendered

To Miss Cronkhite, for wearing out the radiator.

To the University, for night-mares caused by eating "pink ham."

To the Lady Principal, for mental anguish due to the suspense caused by table shifting.

To the student body, for loss of bean-bags and tennis balls.

To the chafing dish owners, ten gallons of alcohol and a barrel of vinegar.

To Eula Wright and Evelyn Aydlett, for staring a hole through the street car.

Problems Solved

- (1) Physics class + Prof. B's Explanation = Confusion.
- (2) (Mr. Brown + a hymn book) — a smile = The unknown.
- (3) $\frac{\text{Mr. Boomhour}}{\text{Tears} + \text{conscience}} = c$
- (4) Dr. Vann + Chapel Announcements = Infinity.
- (5) B. U. W — rats = quiet study hour.
- (6) (Mary J. + annual) — Heslope = Consternation.
- (7) Junior class — conceit = 0.
- (8) Back parlor + seniors = Class meeting.
- (9) Senior class — recognition of social equality = Junior banquet.

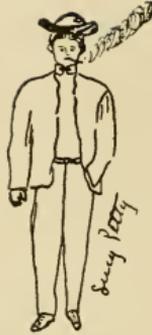
Ask Jennie Fleming and Fay Morgan how they enjoyed the candy that Mrs. Cronkhite gave them permission to order.

Why do girls change places at the tables? So that Miss B. may have a new audience for the napkin-ring lecture.

(Miss F., hearing the prayer-meeting girls sing "My faith looks up to Thee")—"Oh, is that the chorus?"



Carrie Morgan



Suey Perry



Anna Brown

SENIOR.

IDEALS



Mary Johnson



Kate Pearson



Victoria Riddle

Bess Williams



Mary Lee Brown

Senior Ideals

Behold, ye maidens! thrill with shame!
Here are the men renowned to fame
Who shall our Seniors please;
What is there in the callow youth
You Freshmen think so fine, forsooth!
Compared with such as these?

Admire the lofty, Earnest brow
Of souls to whom the Mary's bow;
And note the ardent eye
Of —— hero, firm of chin,
(Whose arm seems to have tumbled in)
He will propose or die!

Bessie's is liberal, hand in pocket,
(And limbs just slightly out of socket)
With jaunty, club-like air;
B. fears he isn't just the stuff,
Because "Not earnest, girls, enough,"
But still she finds him fair.

A flower in his button hole,
M. L.'s a proper little soul,
So modest, blushing, coy!
His hair, erected in his fright,
Prevents his hat from sticking tight—
He's mama's baby boy.

This lecturer is talking fast,
He'll urge his suit and win at last;—
No tongue-tied bumpkin here!
(Why are his arms extended so?)
He reels off Browning, Ibsen, Poe,
And every poet queer.

Behold the solemn eyes and hue,
Of N.'s *mirable dictu!*
There will be a "new leaf,"
She'll sit each Sunday in the pen
To hear his "Ninthly, brethren!" through,
And think it all too brief.

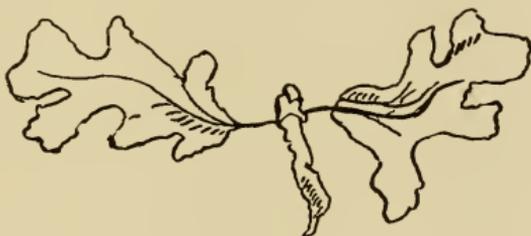
In contrast, oh, the varied class!
See here how chose another lass,
To wed a Newport dude,
He'll never be a stupid poke.
But horrors! Seniors, beaux can smoke—
Don't look surprised, it's rude.

This proper gentleman is left,
(Of fingers three he seems bereft)
With overcoat in style,
Pure curly locks and rounded hat,
He's somewhat young, but what of that?
He has a winning smile.

Now gaze upon this brawn and muscle!
K.'s is a lover who can hustle,
He'll fight to win his fate!
The hero of a football rush
Will never fail to make a crush
Even on Seniors great.

In short, these worthy gentlemen
Drawn by the Senior's gifted pen
Inspiring are to see,
Since they betray such mighty brains,
We hope they'll win (what else remains)
Their maidens of degree.

So study that when thy summons comes
To stand the innumerable examinations
That move us to the pale realms of vacation,
Where each shall take her place in the happy halls of home,
Thou go not like the cramming girl at night scourged to her bed,
But aided and soothed by loving teachers,
Approach thy fate, like one who wraps the drapery of her couch about her
And lies down to pleasant dreams.



Fannie.—“Did you ever read ‘Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come’?”

Florence.—“No, I have never read many of Shakespeare’s works, you know.”

Miss Bishop.—“Miss Hayes, why did Dido wish to hear Æneas repeat his story?”

L. Hayes.—“Why, because he wished to hear it again, Miss Bishop.”

Miss B. (blushing).—“Evidently, Miss Hayes, *you* have never been in love.”

Christ Church at Sunset

One afternoon when the last golden and crimson tints were fading in the west, I was stopped by the peacefulness and solemnity of Christ Church at sunset.

The last rays of the tired sun rested on its gray stone walls, built in the form of a cross, and to which hung the cool green ivy. The dying sun seemed to give its parting blessing to this church, which seemed to belong to the ancient world with its Gothic architecture, its sloping roofs, low arched doors, with worn steps inviting the weary passer-by to enter and forget the busy world outside. The sweet, expressive face of the Good Shepherd in the stained-glass window was lighted up by the beams of the departing sun, giving Him a peaceful and serene expression with the helpless little lamb in His arms.

The birds going to bed in their nests hidden among the ivy, warbled their vesper hymns in soft, sweet notes as if afraid to disturb the quiet.

The dull red of the roof grew brighter from the reflection of the deep pink in the sky. A dark, cool shadow fell across one of the open windows, in which one caught a glimpse of rest and repose within.

As I stood in quiet rapture the soft strains of the organ stole through the window. There was a touch of sadness in the melody, but oh! so sweet, vibrating with love and praise. It soared higher and higher, filling the evening air with loud triumphant notes, then falling back again into soft, low strains, to rise again triumphantly, pealing louder and louder as an invitation to heaven's gates to open in the west.

I looked again at the beautiful, strong, yet tender face in the window and a hallowed light shone around His head and a smile of peace and joy on His lips, by degrees the color melted from the sky and the face faded into darkness, still with the smile of love and joy.

The organ with a last sweet tremor, as if it had poured its soul in harmony with the scene, hushed into silence, and slowly the curtain of night hid from the eye of man the holy church standing as a symbol of peace and quiet to all the passers-by.

PEARL HECK.





DRAMATIC CLUB.

The Dramatic Club

MOTTO: Naturalness—to thine own self be true.

COLOR: Sea-foam green.

Officers

LUCILE DEVEREAUX WITHERS President.

GRACE DAPHNE ROGERS Vice-President.

SALLIE SPRUILL BAKER..... Secretary.

CORRINNA CHISHOLM Treasurer.

Members

SALLIE BAKER.

IONE GULLEY.

ELLA BRADY.

SALLIE OLDHAM.

JOHN BASS.

GRACE ROGERS.

FLORENCE BUTLER.

ANNIE THOMPSON.

FRANCES COVINGTON.

LUCILE WITHERS.

CORINNA CHISHOLM.

EDNA WALTERS.

LENA WRIGHT.

The Elizabethans

"So here the most illustrious maid of York,
Deficient nor in virtue nor descent,
Most beautiful in form, whose matchless face,
Adorned with most enchanting sweetness shines,
Her parents called her name Elizabeth."

MOTTO: In maiden meditation, fancy free.
FLOWERS: The Red and the White Rose.

Queen

Ona Elizabeth Long.—Pleasantly between the pelting showers, the sunshine gushes down.

Ladies of the Court

Mary Elizabeth Meeks.—Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch, as the sunbeam.

Louise Elizabeth Wyatt.—Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low.

Elizabeth Jane Johnson.—She comes in shape no bigger than an agate stone.

Foy Elizabeth Johnson.—Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.

Lettie Elizabeth Parker.—We grant, although she had unusual wit she was very shy of using it.

Mary Elizabeth Parker.—Wisely and slowly, they stumble that run fast.

Mary Elizabeth Humphries.—Alack, there lies more peril in their eye, than twenty of their swords.

Kathleen Elizabeth Williams.—A taste of books which is still the pleasure and glory of my life.

Elizabeth Emerson Sams.—Of all the arts, great music is the art, to raise the soul above all earthly storms.

Elizabeth Gladys Tilson.—The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good.

Elizabeth Maynard Pulliam.—Her angel's face, as the great eye of heaven shined bright, and made sunshine in the shady place.

Sarah Elizabeth Styers.—She is pretty to walk with, and witty to talk with, and pleasant too, to think on.

Cora Elizabeth Wallace.—A peace above all earthly dignities, a still and quiet conscience.

Elizabeth Wood Williams.—Elegant as simplicity, and warm as ecstasy.

Frances Elizabeth Wilson.—The course of true love never runs smooth.

Frances Elizabeth Smith.—Give me a look, give me a face, that makes simplicity a grace.

Elizabeth Estelle Harrell.—None that I more love than myself.



THE ELIZABETHANS.



KRACK KRITICISM: "It is pretty, but is it Art?"—Kipling.

KOMBINATION: Krome Yellow and Kobalt Blue.

KRONIC KONDITION: Klimbing.

KULMINATION: Kapability.

Members

"Man with the red tie".....	I. Isabelle P.	N. C.
"The designer"	K. Louise F.	S. C.
"The Painter".....	Elizabeth R.	N. C.
"The Question Mark".....	Heslope P.	N. C.
"The Decimal Point".....	R. Catherine P.	N. C.
"The Cynic".....	J. Marion D.	Ala.
"Angel Visitor".....	M. Royal S.	Ga.
"Konstant Talker".....	"Dolly" W.	Tenn.
"La Kritique Aimable".....	M. Belle W.	N. C.
"Yankee Doodle".....	R. Frances P.	Pa.

"Konfab" Kalendar

- September 28.—Klan Konvened.
October 12.—Caffin's Article on American Painting.
October 26.—Shattered Angels.—Borglum.
November 9.—Municipal Architecture.
November 30.—Cloissonne Ware.
December 7.—Sir Casper Purdon Clarke.
December 14.—Egyptian Excavations.
January 18.—Macmonnies.

February 1.—Stained Glass Windows.
February 22.—Rodin.
March 8.—Contemporary Japanese Art.
March 29.—St. Gaudens.
April 12.—J. McNeil Whistler.
April 26.—The Women Artists of To-Day.
May 3.—“Season’s Art Exhibits.”—Caffin.
May 17.—Illustrators.

KONCLUSION: “Konsistency is the hobgoblin of little minds.”



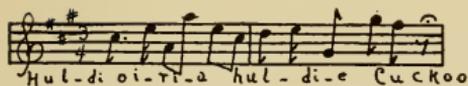


The University Quartette

Motto:

"Soft is the music that would charm forever."

MRS. HENRI APPYInstructor.
HANNAH BAIRDFirst Soprano.
M. NETTIE RODWELLSecond Soprano.
LOUIE POTEATFirst Alto.
CORRINNA G. CHISHOLMSecond Alto.



The Dizzy Dozen

MOTTO: Aim at the moon if you hit a stump.

SONG: All I want is fifty million dollars.

YELL:

Gee Whiz, Gee Whiz, Dizzy, Dizzy, Dizz.

Four times three,

A dozen are we.

Gee Whiz, Gee Whiz, Dizzy, Dizzy, Dizz.

Officers

MYRTLE CAMPDisdainful President.

SALLIE OLDHAMDecisive Vice-President.

MYRTLE TEAGUEDignified Secretary.

BESSIE HUMPHRIESDazzling Treasurer.

Members

1. MYRTIE CAMP.

2. BESSIE HUMPHRIES.

3. SALLIE OLDHAM.

4. LUZIE MOSS.

5. ADA BRIGHT.

6. MYRTLE TEAGUE.

7. PAULINE MOSS.

8. ADA SHEARIN.

9. FLOSSIE BAGWELL.

10. GLADYS WHITE.

11. BLANCHE REECE.

12. FANNIE WILSON.



Victorious Talking Machines



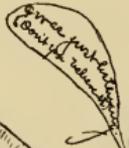
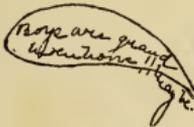
N. B.



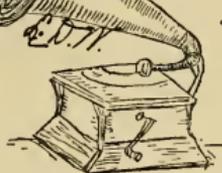
X. B. W.



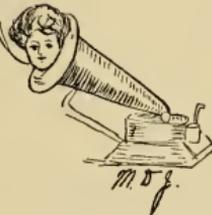
S. I. C.



W. L. S.



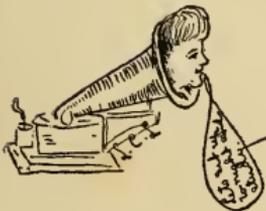
I. D. T.



M. D. F.

We don't believe in quietude
 We love to make a noise
 We talk of fads and fancies fine
 Of books and brains and boys.

In vain the quiet hour comes
 Or study bell resound — because
 We don't think anything worth while
 Except to work our jaws.



H. A. D.



A. M. P.

A Wail from Room 309, Fourth Floor, M. B.

Tap! tap! tap!

On the radiator pipe, O! Cronkhite.

We would that our tongues could utter

The thoughts that arise in our fright.

O, ill for the girls above thee,

That shout with each other at play;

O, ill for the silent hour,

When girls o'er your head get gay!

Helen Hilliard wishes to go to Bretsch's Bakery for some Metronomes (Macaroons).

Miss Paschal.—“When are right triangles equal?”

Miss A. Watson.—“When the leg and the hyp of one are equal respectively to the hyp and leg of the other.”

JAPANESE SEXTETTE

Six books on a book shelf have come into view,
Their bindings are purple and crimson and blue;
You see, these six volumes are costly and rare,
And each title suggests a maiden so fair.

"The Love of Azalea," which stands first in place,
Suggests a fair maid with a sweet, winsome face;
For everyone loves her—just give her a look
And you'll know why for Essie I've chosen this book.

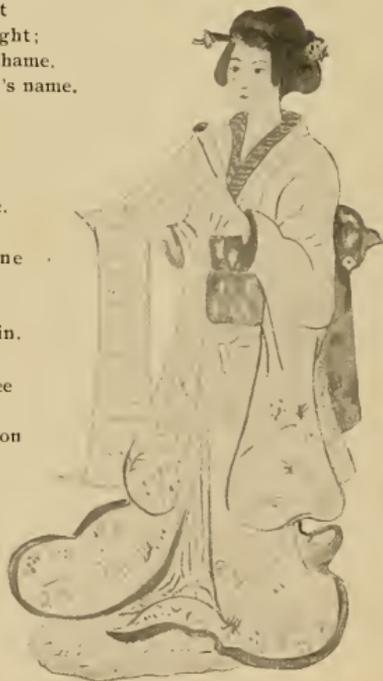
A Japanese Nightingale"—have I not said
That the name of the book must describe us the maid?
Then this being true, it is made manifest
That the sweet singer Lucy this book describes best.

"The Heart of Hyacinth" next comes in sight
Suggesting a maiden with eyes sparkling bright;
For the hearts *she* has won put all others to shame,
"Queen of Hearts" should perhaps be Evelyn's name.

"The Maid of Japan" 's an adorable maid,
And also she's quite a fine artist, 'tis said.
Japan is quite famed for its art, so you see
That's why this book suggests Heslope to me.

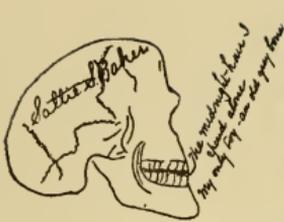
"The Wooing of Wistaria" suggests next in line
A maiden with eyes that sparkle and shine.
Her suitors are many, and so 'tis no sin
When "wooing" is mentioned, to bring Eula in.

"A Japanese Honeymoon" 's the last book I see
Suggesting a maiden as sweet as can be.
If we judge from the present, O sure 'twill be soon
—Mamie's trip—A Japanese Honeymoon!

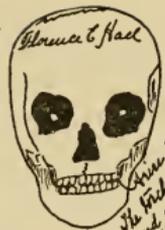




GHOSTS' CLUB.



The music is the same
The same name
My only way can be my love



The birds in the line
Around which are the
Spill burning

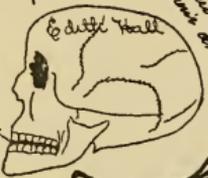


I hate myself when
I hate like a flower
and die with a dead
name better

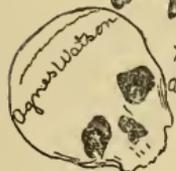


at night in the dark
I should be in white
and from the night!

The name is the same
and the same in the light
is a part of the
same



I hate myself when
I hate like a flower
and die with a dead
name better



Touch my robes and
you shall see
of things which you can
see to his

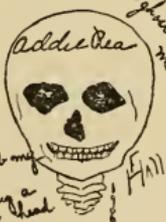
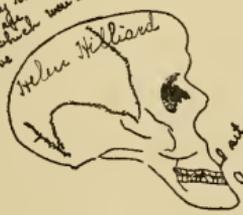
My sweetest music
is alone
a little tick on a day
I shall love



I sit upon a white
tomb stone
and about my
around my
I find the tomb my
only bed
and fear not through a
dead man's blood



Beware ye people of
I am a
with ghosts as well as
men's minds



Hill

The Bell

Ere the East has flushed with day,
Silence, frightened, steals away,
For a clang has stillness broken,
For a tyrant's tongue has spoken,
And the clangor and the clamor of dismay
Startles maidens from their dreaming,
Harshly called from joyous seeming

By the bell—
Rising bell.

While the air is yet a-quiver,
Come the girls with yawn and shiver,
Tying knots and settling collars,
Groaning for the day that follows,
And with hurry and with skurry,

Like a river,
Pours into the hall the throng,
Hastened by the cling-a-clang

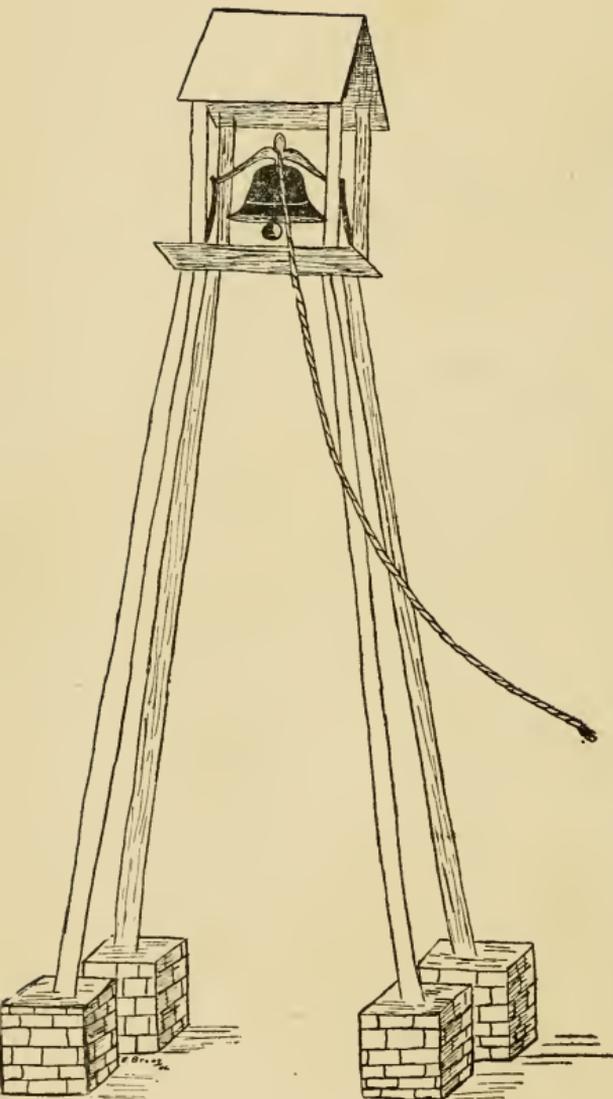
Of the bell—
Breakfast bell.

When the maids in books are stealing
Glances quick, like souls appealing
For a moment more of time,
Strikes the hateful, fateful chime,
With a crash that sets sound reeling,
Crushing hopes of gain and glory,
In the ancient classics hoary,

Rings the bell—
Lesson bell.

All things pass—the day is ended,
Half-learned tasks awhile suspended;
Rest from toil is earned and sweet,
Fly the moments, happy, fleet—
But ere joy has frayed care mended,
Once again, harsh echoes flinging
And through sleep till gray dawn ringing,

Goes the bell—
Lights-out bell.





The Rivals

Sing we oft and dance and play,
Every one rejoicing:
And our mission night and day
Silently we're voicing.
On we go, each one crying,
"None before me, I am trying
Secret heart of Earth to pry in!"

TRYSTING PLACE: An X.

SESAME: Aut vincere aut mori.

COLORS: Sunbeam and Snowdrift.

Vocations

Spring:	KATHLEEN WILLIAMS, ADA BRIGHT, UNDINE FUTRELL,	} Opening buds to the music of birds.
Summer:	AGNES WATSON, ETHEL MOORE, MAMIE BRINKLEY,	} Painting peaches in cadence with the Harvest song.
Autumn:	ADDIE SMITH, ETHEL CARROLL, LOSSIE STONE,	} Putting the leaves to sleep to the air of West Wind.
Winter:	MARGARET BRIGHT, NETTIE RODWELL, MELISSA PHILLIPS,	} Scattering snowflakes to the tick of sleigh-bell metronome.

Poem

(With apologies to Poe.)

Once upon a midnight dreary, while we lingered quiet and "feary"—
Over many a stolen morsel of forbidden store,
While we whisper nearly napping—suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping on our chamber door:
" 'Tis our teacher," we muttered, " tapping at our chamber door;
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate empty plate was quickly placed upon the floor;
Eagerly we wished the morrow, vainly did we try to borrow,
From each other in our sorrow, courage to go ope' the door—
For the cruel and heartless teacher, who had been there just before,
Nameless here forevermore.

Presently our souls grew stronger, hesitating then no longer,
Deep into the darkness peering—long we stood there wondering, fearing,
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token
That a teacher just before had tapped upon our chamber door—
Darkness then and nothing more.

While we stood engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing,
For we couldn't help agreeing, that no living human being
Could so quickly leave the door,
Suddenly was the stillness broken as a word was quickly spoken,
By a badly frightened maiden, whose voice was with trouble laden,
" O, my soul, shall we ever reach that '*Honor Roll*'—
Tell me quickly, I implore?"
Quoth the teacher, " Nevermore."

E. H.

Determinates in Math. have lately been translated by the Sophomores as detriments.



C. C. C.

Cute Codak Club

Morro: We take anything, everything, and anybody.

Photographs come, photographs go,
But we "Codak" forever;
Tho' Monday is our special day,
We take according to weather.

We've pictures scenic, we've pictures gay,
We take the time to take 'em.
They're never bad, they're always good,
For its the C. C. C.'s who make them.

Some C. C. C. Expressions

Pattie Watson—"Goodness, I'm tired o' standing still."

Ella Brady—"Well, I'm looking as good as I can."

Swannanoa Horne—"Did you ever see the sun so bright?"

Grace Rogers—"Shoo-nuff. Don't wiggle."

Jennie Fleming—"If I want it taken this way, what you got to do with it?"

Lynne Hall—"I know I look the swellest thing at all."

Ione Gulley—"Johnny! I wish she'd snap it."

The Eight from Hungary

We drink to the people who like to eat,
Hungry even while they dream.
And those with pleasure, with joy we greet,
All those who refuse neither pickles nor cream.

CRY OF THE CLAN:

O Fudge!

CAMP:

Around the Chafing Dish.

EXCUSE FOR BEING:

Eat, Drink and be Merry.

FLOWER:

Cauliflower.

COLOR:

Olive Green and Turkey Red.

LONGINGS:

Welsh Rarebit!Alice Newcomb.
Oysters!Grace Rogers.
Ice Cream!Undine Futrell.
Chicken!Louie Poteat.
Cheese Sandwiches!Helen Hilliard.
Olives!Lulie Dickson.
Huyler's!Swannanoa Horne.
Washington Bread!Jeanette Daniel.



EIGHT FROM HUNGARY.

Guide Book and Directory for Baptist University for Women

Adjoining lot.—A vacant strip of ground which may be rented for athletics, provided the grass isn't damaged.

Astrotekton Hall.—A wide expanse of floor and walls.

Blackboard.—A convenient arrangement used by Mr. Boomhour when words are inadequate.

Brains.—Apply to Freshman Class.

Bell.—Alarming sound which issues from behind kitchen.

Crushes.—Well organized throughout the school—President, Miss Cronkhite.

Crying.—A pastime indulged in only by Annual Editors and those who failed the Honor Roll.

Corrective Work.—Means by which one may learn to be graceful. Invented by Miss Phelps, operated by Miss Royster.

Donis.—A landmark.

Discipline.—Easily found—no need for directions.

Faircloth.—Dormitory. Chief characteristic, delightful little rooms, 3 by 5 feet.

Greenery.—Most prominent in early Fall—occasionally specimens of ever-green found in May.

Halls.—Used occasionally for passage from one room to another.

Infirmary.—A resort for non-church goers.

Jokes.—Departed this life in November, 1905.

Physics.—Advanced study of Math.

Pass Marks.—See Junior Class on Geography.

Pink Ham.—Standard Sunday night dish.

Tears.—Preserved in Physical Laboratory for use of Seniors on quiz days.

Vocabulary.—Apply to Bessie Williams. Fresh stock always on hand.

Work.—See Senior Class studying Physics.

Mr. Boomhour.—“Who can give an example of putrifaction?”

Hattie Sue.—“Why there's a petrified man out in the cemetery.”

Prof. Watson's Prep. Algebra pupil to Prof. W.—“I think I ought to stop Algebra and take up *Math.*”

Betty's Sacrifice



T. AUGUSTA'S SCHOOL and the Mason Seminary, both girls' schools in the little town of L——, were strong rivals in all sports known to the twentieth century girl.

For years back, as far as any of the girls had ever heard from their older sisters and even mothers, there had been great rivalry along many lines; and for the past few years, many contests in athletic sports had been held. Each year, however, the result had been the same; the Seminary girls held the championship in basket-ball and tennis; and the St. Augusta girls always came out ahead in golf and base-ball. In consequence of this, the spirit of rivalry was steadily dying out, and an effort was being made by both schools to put into play some new sport. Strange to say, skating had never been attempted.

This winter, however, this sport had been more popular than all others, and the St. Augusta girls had been wild to challenge the Seminary girls to a skating contest. The matter had been referred to the Faculty, and the girls hoped the coveted permission would be granted, for all conditions were favorable for such a contest.

One gray, cloudy afternoon, soon after the matter had been put in the hands of the Faculty, Betty Macon came rushing up three flights of stairs, and grabbing the astonished Lottie Wilson, her room-mate, around the waist, she exclaimed breathlessly, "Oh, Lot, can you imagine? I have just the grandest news to tell you. We are *really, truly*, going to skate! At least the Faculty is willing we should challenge the Seminary girls. Nell Fields just told me so not three minutes ago."

"Truly, Bet?" questioned Lottie delightedly. "It is too good to be true!"

"Yes, we really are!" cried Betty, dancing wildly about.

"We are going to practice out on the pond every day for two weeks, and then the best skater is going to contest with the Seminary, if they accept our challenge—Oh, but I just know they will, for they will be as sure of winning as we are. Oh, but aren't you just wild about it? I simply couldn't have stood it if the Faculty had refused us. Do go and tell the good news around. I can't, for I haven't translated a word of that poky Latin. Oh, Lottie, how hard I am going to work! We must win!"

"Betty Kins, I am as glad as you are. Won't we have fun? Let me go and tell Laura and Ethel—they will be wild to know. And," glancing at her watch, "It is almost time for the first dinner-bell."

The news spread like wild-fire over the school; before dinner-time every girl knew it, and at the dinner-table that night there was more excitement than had been witnessed at St. Augusta's in many a day. That very night the challenge was sent to the Seminary, and the next day came a prompt acceptance. Saturday followed, and every one who was not supplied with the necessary outfit, went down to invest in a pair of skates. A white sweater and a tam-o-shanter, together with a blue skirt, was to be the St. Augusta uniform, while the red cap and sweater was chosen by the Seminary.

And the time drew near when the best skater was to be chosen. The best two were easily recognized to be Betty Macon and a girl named Delia Jackson; but of these two it was impossible to decide which was the better. They were an odd pair; Betty Macon, tall, slender, and fair, easily recognized as the most popular girl in school; the best golf-player, captain of the basket-ball team, and a leader in all the school frolics and scrapes; and insignificant little Delia Jackson, who, heretofore, had been noticed by no one. Not very bright, and not very dull, she seemed to have no particular place among the girls, until the skating had begun. But, from the first, her long, even strokes had surpassed those of every other girl, even Betty herself having hard work to keep up.

No one knew Delia Jackson, gentle and shy as she was; no one knew how she longed to be "one of the girls," and when skating was taken up, her heart rejoiced, for the one thing she loved and could do was to skate. She had done nothing yet to win the admiration of the girls, she must win the contest and then they would love her, she must surpass Betty Macon, although she worshipped her more than any one else in the world.

The days passed rapidly; the Augusta girls practiced every day. According to habit, they depended chiefly on Betty, although Delia skated quite as well. But now, for the last two or three days, Delia had surpassed Betty, and the ardor of the girls, who had already planned a grand celebration in honor of their idol, the predestimal victory, was somewhat dampened as this quiet, timid girl gradually took the lead, and Delia's sensitive little soul was hurt more than once by their sharp, wondering glances and exclamations of amazement.

No one knew what a turmoil went on in her mind. She must surpass Betty, she must win. She wished it more than anything else in the world. But if she did, would not the girls hate her? Would they love her, if she surpassed their idol—Betty? Would Betty love her? The next thing she wished to being

the hero of the contest, was that Betty should care for her. She knew that she could surpass them all, if she would, for she had not yet done her best. But then if she did not win, Betty would.

Things stood thus when the girls went down to practice for the last time before the final choice. Betty was there with the encouragement of all the girls backing her. Poor little Delia was there with the undecided question in her heart. That afternoon she did not surpass Betty, they kept along together, and the girls began to hope once more that their idol would come out hero of the occasion.

About dusk that night Betty was in the class parlor, professedly studying, but really thinking. Everything was very quiet, and she thought she was alone, but just as she was about to get up to turn on the light, she was arrested by the sound of sobbing over among the cushions, "Oh, I must, I can't. Oh, why is it that the Betty that I love so much must be my rival? I must win—I can, but no, I won't. Betty *must*; the girls—care—more—for that. Would they love me if I should win?" she sobbed incoherently. "No, they never will love me anyway, and Betty must win because I love her. Oh! Oh!" Then drying her eyes she got up and walked slowly away.

Betty caught her breath. She understood now. Why had she not thought of it before? Her generous heart went out to the shy little Delia. She must give up the race, but, Oh, it *would* be hard to see another win. A sudden thought came to her, and she began to think—harder than she had ever thought before.

The day for the preliminary contest dawned clear and bright. The girls from both schools were down at the pond long before time to begin. Only three of the St. Augusta girls had entered for the final choice; and of these three, Betty and Delia were decidedly the best skaters, the other girl skating "just for fun," as she expressed it. Betty and Delia were both there on time; Betty standing on the bank amid the enthusiastic crowd of girls, Delia, gliding gracefully around on the ice—alone.

After a few moments the girls went out on the pond, and the race began. Delia and Betty moved off more slowly than usual. It was characteristic of Betty that she let the other girls get ahead of her at the start, and she supposed that Delia was practicing the same game. But when they had gone around the first time, and still Delia did not make any steps to gain upon her, she looked back.

There she saw Delia a few feet behind, while the other girl who was "skating just for fun" was steadily gaining upon her. The girls on the bank,

thinking that something was the matter, grew excited, and wild cheers reached the confounded Betty. Again, she gazed behind, and as she saw the firm, determined gaze of Delia, she understood for the first time, Delia was not trying to surpass her, and that would mean defeat for them in the contest if something were not done. Oh, something *must* be done!

After wildly searching her brain for a plan, Betty gave her ankle a sudden twist and fell over on the ice. As the astonished Delia came by she cried out, "Faster, Delia! Do your best. Win for the girls and for me!" Delia looked back at the prostrate figure. The race was "up to her." She must win. With a mighty effort, she pressed forward. The other girl, encouraged by her apparent success, was steadily gaining, skating as she had never skated before. Faster and faster, Delia skims over the ice, and on the last half of the last round she is almost up. The goal is in sight. With a last great effort, she darts forward and passes the line just a little ahead of the other girl.

The girls ran to congratulate Delia, who did not know how to receive attention such as she had never known before. Looking around she saw Betty, coming toward her with ankle strong and sound. Running to meet her, Delia threw her arms around her and exclaimed, "Oh, now I understand, but why did you do it?" "Because I just had to, you dear little unselfish thing; you are the best skater and you would not win because you loved me, and because I loved you, I said you must win, so I just fell on purpose," said Betty, as the girls crowded around Delia enthusiastically cheering the plucky little winner.

Excitement ran high the next day; and every one was supremely happy, Betty most of all, when Delia won the race by almost a third of a round.

The celebration that had been planned in honor of Betty was given for the shy little Delia, who had won not only the race but also the hearts of her school-mates at St. Augusta's School.

ANNIE JONES.

University Regulations

1. Students at the University are required to receive not less than six visits from young men each month, regardless of relationship or acquaintance.
2. Every young lady is requested to correspond with at least ten A. and M. boys.
3. Any young lady who has not completed her toilet when the breakfast bell rings, will be allowed the required preparation on the way down stairs.
4. All damage done to college property by the students will be charged to and settled by the different members of the Faculty.
5. Parents are requested to send plenty of boxes, especially on all days except Christmas, Thanksgiving, and Easter.
6. No student is allowed to attend church without special permission from home.
7. All dust and trash must be swept under the bed or behind a trunk in the hall; no dust pan to be taken down. Middle of the floor must be swept once a week; under beds and dressers at Commencement.
8. All young ladies are required by the nurse to sit on the campus bareheaded at least one hour daily; if they have a cold, two hours are required.
9. Field work is positively forbidden.
10. Students are requested by the Faculty to visit the dining-room at least eight times each day.
11. All fruit parings must be thrown from the windows.
12. Students are urged to visit every room on their hall during study hour.
13. Eating pink ham on Sunday night is positively against the regulations.
14. Any Self-Governed girl caught reporting another girl is liable to public expulsion.
15. Chaperones are positively forbidden.
16. No student must, under any condition, be given the pleasure of an examination.
17. Students are required to extend to the postman true Southern hospitality.
18. Any deviation from these rules will be severely punished by those who are not on the Honor Roll.

Ask the Physics class if they have yet become acquainted with the third letter of the alphabet.

A Fable

The wind gently swayed the net of the basket-ball goal and the old forsaken basket stretched its arms out toward the surrounding walls of Faircloth and to the blue sky above. "I'm lonesome and weary standing here day in and day out," it said in a melancholy tone.

"Yes, things are rather boring these days. There's absolutely nothing doing," replied its twin opposite. "Perhaps its because I'm growing old, but my thoughts frequently turn to the bright happy days of the past, the days when the field between you and me was full of the little figures in red who threw the big, round ball into my arms and shouted with pure delight when they saw me enfold it. "How I wish they'd come back again!"

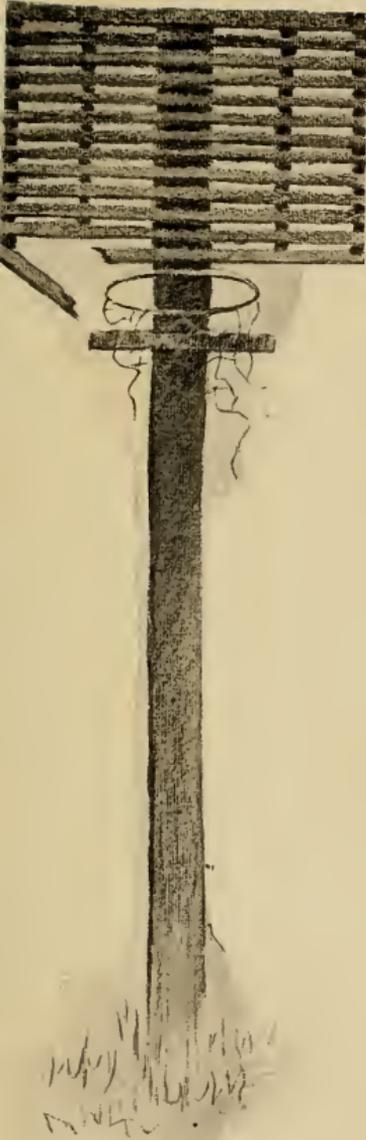
"Yes," murmured the other goal, whose net was hanging limply on the iron circlet by a single string. It makes me sad to think of it all. Do you remember in the fall when they returned to us with expectancy in their faces, how all this eagerness gradually died away? I felt the something lacking as well as they. Together we missed the enthusiastic lookers-on and the dark figures with the big voices who used to help them play. Altho' the red color was discarded I recognized the face of one of the little number not long ago. She was looking at me from a window with eyes that told me that she'd not forgotten; that the love in her heart for me was only smouldering."

It's twin echoed these sentiments.

Another stronger puff of wind broke the one string that held the net of the west goal and blew it to the ground. Just then the basket-ball came rolling out soft and mushy looking. It rolled slowly and a sighing sound issued from its body, while it became gradually smaller. It too, seemed tired. It reached the net lying on the field, gave one last sigh, turned over and expired. Only a limp piece of leather remained.

Side by side the ball and basket lie, while the moral to this fable is being solved!

M. D. J. '06.



Book Reviews

HOW TO CONDUCT CHAPEL SINGING—*By Wade R. Brown.*

Some very valuable hints are given in this small volume as to the secret of inspiring a young and restless audience.

We find that the Author would have the leader recommend a general opening of mouths whether sounds issue forth or not. He would have the leader sing the selection as a solo if it is new and unfamiliar to the audience.

Smiling upon the audience has also its effect—not always a desirable one, however. Keep both arms waving frantically, although it is best to have the pianist behind the screen, but waive high enough to allow her a glimpse occasionally over the top.

These are some of the suggestions of the author.

He has himself been very successful along these lines and knows thoroughly of what he is writing.

MARCIUS AND CLOE.

This is Helen Bishop's latest novel, and is conceded by good authorities to be her best work. It is a romance of old Roman life in which the interest centers around the marriage of Marcius and Cloe. The love scenes seem rather sentimental but, as the author explains in the preface, they can only be appreciated by those few whose souls have felt the unalloyed rapture of great love.

The following lines show the passion of the hero:

Give me a thousand kisses, then a hundred, then another thousand, then a second hundred, then another thousand, so that no one may know the number of our kisses."

The brilliancy of the sentimental element is eclipsed by the dazzling radiance of Nature in all its beauty, brightness, sympathy, grandeur and elevating influence.

The soul of even the most phlegmatic is raised into a state of ecstasy through communion with the nymphs of the woodland.

Those who wish to enlarge their vocabulary should not fail to read this book.

SPECIFIC GRAVITY—*By Josiah G. Boomhour.*

This is a study in style. It is clear and lucid. No one can fail to enjoy it. Even those who have studied little science will find in it much of valuable information. The author gives a charming account of the condition of life if Specific gravity were not in existence. And yet he shows wherein it is absolutely valuable to life, especially as a help to Physics.

It must be noted that the author once taught the famous class of 1906, five members of which became world renowned Physicists, the remaining three being reduced to hopeless manias.

A FADED VIOLET—*By T. Neil Johnson.*

A new romance just published is creating quite a stir among the summer girls and lovers of light literature. The book lacks depth of feeling, but the fanciful way in which the author paints the old, old story is unusually quaint and charming.

His love scenes are full of passion, as can be seen by the following words of Harold, taken from the love scene between Harold and Geraldine.

"My fair angel, queen of my heart, love of my life, sunshine of my existence, for you and only you I live," etc., for several pages; but it is a passion created by the brain and not the heart. We read between the lines and see that the author is young and inexperienced in the school of love. But he needs only to feel the throb one time to become a romance writer of the first class.

His works will in time probably rival those of "The Duchess." The literary world would do well to keep him in view as a coming writer.

CULTURE IN THE SOUTH—By *Carrye Berry Phelps*.

This book is especially written for young women. The secret of its power lies in the fact that the writer has put such earnestness, enthusiasm and undaunted spirit into it. Its mission is far-reaching, to bring to the South some little of Boston, its culture, its arts, and, most of all, its proprieties.

After reading the book it is interesting to picture vividly to oneself the condition of Southern young women when its influence has been felt and heeded in this benighted section. How perfect will be the quiet that reigns as young women, with chests up, answer with prompt decision to every tap of every bell, when they prefer to take corrective work on Saturday afternoons when all the world is making merry, and play basket-ball with discreet attention to the amount of breathing necessary and a modest effort to keep both feet on the ground.

The twenty-seventh edition has just been published.

MUSIC THE FOOD OF LOVE—By *Grace L. Cronkhite*.

Price only 25 cents; paper cover, 15 cents. Second-hand copies easily obtained.

This little volume is written in the form of lectures. The author is an enthusiastic music lover and believes ardently in its magic power over the human heart for all methods of expression. All the passions, she urges, should be spoken in this form. All that the love-lorn swain needs in pressing his suit is a good technique. Then he has the power to pour forth his soul without the small hindrances that now beset his way.

Music is the primeval expression of the soul. Religion can best be given to savages by the sweet strains of a Beethoven sonata rather than by the loving and sacrificing missionary. In order to prove her theory the gifted authoress, only a few days ago, had a thousand claviers shipped to the isle of Zanzibar.

In her remarks on the method of teaching she occasionally cites the Parisian teacher, Maurice Moskowski, as a most excellent instructor.

MICE I HAVE KNOWN—By *Flora Stone*.

This is one of the best written and most valuable of the late books. The spirit of love shown by the gifted young authoress for her subject, the tiny creatures which take such a prominent part in the life of woman, gives it great power. It is valuable because of the keen insight into their nature and a wide and vast experience of their habits.

This book will doubtless soon be as well known as Thompson Seaton's "Wild Animals."

The Maroon

PUBLISHED BY THE GHOULS AT 2 O'CLOCK A. M.

Vol. VII. No. 345.

B. U. W., IDES OF MARCH.

Price—One Farthing.

B. U. W. GIRLS TAKE TO THE STAGE

PRESENTATION OF "AS YOU LIKE IT."

For weeks the Dramatic Club studied Shakespeare's play "As You Like It," not only for dramatic effects, but for a true interpretation of the poet's deepest and real meaning in thought and action.

Monday morning the Club gave to their friends the result of much of their research work in giving a program of the characterization of the play, and the following week gave the play. The stage setting with the accommodations at hand were all that could be desired, and it looked indeed a veritable forest. The costuming, too, was in harmony and most picturesque, thus adding attractions to the whole action.

The young women during the weeks of study had lived the characters, and when they finally gave the presentation each one brought that ease and freedom which comes only by a steady, natural growth in the dramatic art.

(Concluded on page 4)

GREAT ELECTION!

The Marshalls elected from the Astrotekton and Philoretian Societies for Commencement 1906 are as follows: From the Philoretian, Mammie Wright, chief, Malissa Philips, Hannah Baird, subs; from the Astrotekton, Margaret Bright, chief, Willie Lee Stern, Ella Brady, subs.

Complaints of the Harmony Student.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, "Join 5ths
again."

But sadder than these we often see
Augmented seconds, where they
shouldn't be;

Sometimes for us all covered octaves lie,
But hidden not from Miss Cronk-
hite's eye.

Perhaps when the "sequence" has
died away
And we've gone to our happy
homes to stay,

We'll think of Jadassohn &
Reinche too,

And wish we were back at B.
F. U.

PICNIC BY MOONLIGHT

DELIGHTFUL EVENT GIVEN BY JUNIORS TO SENIORS OF B. U. W.

The most delightful class function ever given at the Baptist University for Women was the moonlight picnic given by the Junior Class to the Seniors, Wednesday. All preparations for the event were shrouded in mystery. About a week ago the following invitations were sent:

"Come and trip it on the green,
May second, on Thursday e'en.
When half-past five the town
clock sings,

Meet us where the ivy clings,
Not arrayed in silken gown,
Laces rare and jeweled crowned;
But in rustic garments clad,
Join our throng and just be
glad."

At half-past five the guests assembled on the campus at the corner of the building where the ivy clings. There they were met by large wagons filled with straw. No sooner had they taken their places in these than a May shower came down, but the sun smiled through the rain, and with merry hearts the party left under a canopy of umbrellas. The shower quickly passed, and

(Concluded on 2nd page)

PICNIC BY MOONLIGHT

(Continued from page 1)

with laughter and song the merry crowd drove into the country, no one of the guests knowing whither she was going. After a most delightful drive, they reached "Oak View," the beautiful plantation of Mr. Wyatt. Here several members of the Junior Class were in waiting and received the guests with true Southern hospitality.

The girls who for months had been shut within college walls, strolled through the fields of clover, along the tiny stream at the foot of a pine-clad hill until the twilight came and the call for supper was given. Upon returning to the house, a scene from fairyland greeted them. The lawn had been softly illuminated from the branches of the trees hung with gently swaying Chinese lanterns, while upon the grass had been spread a most delightful luncheon. Place cards were decorated with four-leaf clovers. The color scheme was green and violet, the combined colors of the Junior and Senior classes.

Roses as Fates pronounced Miss Mary Johnson Queen of Senior Class, and Miss Ethel Carroll, President of the Junior Class, in a charmingly witty speech, crowned her the queen of the fete.

This was followed by clever

toasts and speeches from members of both Senior and Junior classes. Many clever songs, in honor of the Seniors had been composed by the Juniors, and these when sung by a chorus of twenty-four beautiful girls, clothed in white, under a moonlit sky, furnished music never to be forgotten by those who heard it.

Fortunes were tried, and the fate of each being bound in a nutshell, hidden around an ivy-mantled tree, amid much laughter and a few groans, the guests learned what their futures would be.

At 9 o'clock the guests, loath to leave the swings and broad oaks, the scene of such a joyful occasion, reassembled. Rollicking college songs and old negro melodies made the homeward drive through the moonlight pass all too quickly. Back once more on the college campus, all the guests declared that no other class had ever given such a pleasant entertainment.

Miss J.—"Mr. Boomhour, if a mad dog were to bite you and you couldn't get a mad-stone, what would you do?"

Mr. B.—"If I couldn't get a stone, I think I would try a stick, Miss Jenkins."

Mr. B.—"Name a solvent for iodine, Miss Johnson."

Miss J.—"Oh, a—dilute solution of water."

LAST COLLEGE SONG OF THE SEASON.

(Tune, "Aunt Patsy.")

Go tell Miss Abbott,
Go tell Miss Abbott,
Go tell Miss Abbott
That the Seniors are gone;
The ones she's been saving,
The ones she's been saving,
The ones she's been saving
To work some new rules on.

Mr. Boomhour is weeping,
Mr. Watson is mourning,
Mr. Johnson is sighing,
For the Seniors are gone;
Then come forth, Miss Abbott,
Then come forth, Miss Abbott,
Then come forth, Miss Abbott,
And bring Miss Cronkhite along

The poor Fresh. are grieving,
The poor Fresh. are grieving,
The poor Fresh. are grieving
To see the Seniors go;
Then go tell Miss Abbott,
Then go tell Miss Abbott,
Then go tell Miss Abbott,
That she'll see them all no mo
'08.

Everything has been "As You Like It" for the last month, but examinations are here and the tune has changed.

Mr. P.—"Am going to New York to-night. Will return by the Bay, that is if I don't get drowned."

Miss Johnson.—"Oh, I hope you will."

(She wondered why he looked surprised.)

IN MEMORIAM.

It is with the deepest regret that we announce the death of our beloved "College Spirit," which took place on the tenth of November, 1905.

By request of the students the body has been carefully preserved and allowed to remain on the halls until now, where once the ripple of girlish laughter floated on the air, only the stillness of death reigns.

Interment will take place in the little secluded chamber on the fifth story of the main building, which will serve as a vault; and to-night at twelve o'clock the weird and ghost-like procession may be seen on the third and fourth floors, bearing their precious burden to its last resting place.

Our hearts go out in sympathy to the bereaved students.

B. U. W. GIRLS TAKE TO THE STAGE

(Continued from page 1)

The music furnished by the School of Music was peculiarly appropriate to the play and was thoroughly appreciated by the audience.

Miss Lena Wright as the Duke living in exile, portrayed well the satisfied character.

Miss Grace Rogers was a typical Rosalind—sweet, womanly and witty, lovable under all circumstances.

Miss Sallie Oldham was a splendid Frederick, unduly aggressive and cruel.

Miss Sallie Baker as Celia was charming, bringing out the sweet unselfish devotion and real friendship for Rosalind, never thinking directly of her own pleasure only as she can give joy and comfort to others.

Miss Ione Gulley made a fine Oliver, bringing out the selfishness and love of gain at first and at the last translating these evil passions into good.

Miss Corinna Chisholm exemplified versatility in taking three characters; as Lord Jaques she was a slow witted, melancholy fellow, as Le Beau a typical courtier, and as Jaques de Bois a scholarly gentleman of the nobility.

Miss Lucile Withers was an Orlando that we all fell in love with; she portrayed the character admirably, bringing a manly strength without losing for one moment her sweet, womanly dignity.

Miss Annie Thompson as Touchstone kept the audience "in a round of amusement." She herself so genuinely enjoyed her part she gave to Touchstone all that the poet conceived in the character.

Miss Edna Walters was an excellent Amiens.

Miss Florence Butler, while she made a good Charles, showed her best work as Silvius; she made an excellent dejected and rejected lover.

Miss Lillian John Bass gave us a fine picture of dear old Adam.

Miss Fanny Mae Long was fine as Sir Oliver Martin, but as William simply convulsed the audience.

Miss Corrinna Herndon made a splendid old man in her presentation of Corin.

Miss Ella Brady as Phœbe was a saucy, heartless girl, not seemingly capable to appreciate a good man's love.

Miss Frances Covington as Audrey was excellent, bringing out the character of the frivolous and yet ambitious country wench.

SOPH'S VIEW OF THE JUNIOR RECEPTION.

The greatest thing of the season, with the exception of the Soph. banquet, surely must be the picnic given the Senior Class by the Juniors.

It was a short time before dinner when every one was aroused from her own particular occupation by a great noise in the street. Three wagons were seen rolling by, packed full of something which upon close observation proved to be a mixture of Seniors, Juniors, Miss Jones, umbrellas, and Mr. Watson.

It was a very pleasant sight to see the rain pattering down upon the rosy painted wagon and the green, healthful cheeks of the maidens. It seemed a very joyful and harmonious occasion for all, as they went forth from our sight, happy as lambs, and did not return until late at night, when they aroused everybody again by those mighty songs and yells.

They all reported a good time, and they had it, sure! There's no doubt about that. Even the Sophs. condescend to say "three cheers for the Juniors."

The skating season is over. It was "just lovely" to skate when you learned how. But while you were learning the infirmary was rather overcrowded.

A Cry from the Preps.

“Climbers”

Motto:

A diploma is not reached by a single grasp,
But we mount to the summit class by class.

COLORS: Baby-Blue and Pink.

FLOWER: Jacob's Ladder.

WATCHWORD: Sheepskin, “Baa”!

OFFICERS

LULIE DICKSONPresident.
JENNIE Y. FLEMINGVice-President.
SWANNANOA HORNESecretary.
FAY MORGANTreasurer.
MYRA VANNSergeant-at-Arms.

MEMBERS

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ELIZABETH ESTELLE HARRELL.

JOHNNY BASS.

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FAY MORGAN.

JEANNETTE DANIEL.

PAULINE MOSS.

LULIE DICKSON.

MINNIE RANSOM.

MAUDE EVANS.

MYRA VANN.

JENNIE FLEMING.

NELLIE WALTERS.

ELOISE GRIFFIN.

JEANNETTE WATSON.



THE CLIMBERS.

Impressions of the Prep. Teachers

"Look, girls! she looks as if she'll be just so easy to win, and in the twinkle of her lustrous brown eyes you don't see that look which spells 'hard and long lessons.'" "In fact, it seems to me that we are all going to enjoy our work this year." "And English isn't nearly so hard as it promised to be." These were our first ideas of our much beloved Miss Livermore; and do we not make this impression plain when we "*wants*" to do everything she desires?

Then we march on to what we feel our destiny; that is, to read our first chapter in Cæsar, and no one but a real Prep. can imagine how we dreaded it. However, when the roll had been called and the teachers began to talk, ("for really she is a law unto herself") we forgot our fears in building so many air-castles and being so much inspired, until before we knew it we were in Pennsylvania dining with Cæsar. But when we woke up to Latin grammar and cold reality, and saw our air-castles going up in smoke, we heard Miss Parry say: "*Does the class agree?*"

Math. was the last fortress to be taken, and appropriately so placed. If you don't believe this, ask any Prep., and she will tell you that she thinks Arithmetic should be in the Senior's course. It was enough to encourage any set of "newish" to see a woman such a superb mathematician.

And by some magic wave of her chalk the very first day seemed to get a little insight into the mathematical world, a view which has been enlarging steadily in the mind of every girl up to this day.

At first we seemed to find it the least bit humiliating to be called a Prep., but now since coming in contact with our Prep. instructors, we feel that every girl envies us of having such lovely teachers.

Preps. Opinion of the Seniors

She thinks she knows it all
Because she's grown so tall
Above her sister Prep.,
Whom she delights to fret.

Oblivious of all rule,
She struts about the school,
And within the walls of college
She airs her mighty knowledge,
And tries with all her might
To put the Preps. to flight.

With just a few old phrases
Of Latin, French and German
The "newish" she amazes.
With all her wealth of learning

She dances through the hall,
And sets Prep. minds awhirl
To find how after all
It is that such a girl
Could have a brain that holds
The knowledge she unfolds.

Preps. Aim

Pull, Preps., with all our might,
Reach for another round;
Every one we gain in sight
Puts further off the ground.
Some day our Freshman neighbors,
Although they thought we'd stop,
In the viewing of our labors
May find we've reached the top.

A newish on taking a street car for the University, found herself alighting in front of Shaw.

A Climber's Road

The August sun was failing fast
When through the Raleigh station passed
A girl who bore 'mid baggage rows,
A look which spoke of recent woes.
 Into a cab she flew,
 Up to the door she drew,
 To enter the B. U. W.
They ushered her in below ;
She was asked her name,
After telling the same,
She was given a room to go.
 In chapel assembled
 She met them and trembled
 Each morning at half-past eight
 The seats they assign,
 With five in a line,
 And the "newish" were marked when late.
Announcements by billions,
Advice by millions,
At this most important of schools !
Then they meet at twilight,
On the first Friday night,
To hear the reading of rules.
 She had a caller every day.
 Our President paused to say,
 " Young ladies, please to meet a man
 At half-past four
 At my front door,
 All those who would buy books, and can ! "
 They ask our lass,
 " Will you join a class ? "
She is eager to take the step ;
 But sad the day,
 She heard them say,
 " You will only be a Prep. "

A Latin student wishes to know if Cicero's Orations against Cataline were originally written in English.

Miss Hayes, of Gates, wants to know what inspired "Bato" (Beethoven) to compose the "Moonlight Sonata."

The Climbers Dream

Hanging on the topmost bough,
Lo, a luscious peach is seen;
All the fruit around us now
Is the knotty, freshy green.

We only wish to reach
And claim it for our own;
That pretty, lofty peach,
Must be our prize alone.

“Let us knock it down,” you say
We will bruise it if it fall;
Climb and get it, that's the way,
Some day we shall have it all.

When the Climbers Ship Comes In

Lulie Dickson—Purchase a barrel of olives at once.
Nellie Walters—Eat bananas three times a day.
Jeannette Daniel—Have everything on her “Heart's Desire.”
Bessie Harrell—Buy a pony to Cæsar.
Mamie Brinkley—Purchase a season car ticket to go to A. & M.
Jennie Flemming—Visit the California Fruit Store daily.
Swannanoa Horne—Live on N—.
Eloise Griffin—Have Mrs. Davis to keep her complexion in order.
Johnny Bass—Buy a pair of ball-bearing skates.
Fay Morgan—Tip the mail man.
Frances Bass—Buy new hair ribbon once a week.
Myra Vann—Take life easy.
Janet Watson—Buy out the Green store.
Pauline Moss—Keep ready money.
Maude Evans—Always keep something good on hand.
Minnie Ransom—Attend all college anniversaries.

Newish (climbing stairs): “Oh, I wish they did have an incubator to come up in.”

“Eat your steak or you'll have stew.”

The Way They Kiss

The Freshman girl bows her stately head,
And fixes her stylish lips,
In a firm, hard way, and lets them go,
In spasmodic little sips.

The Sophomore says never a word,
And you'd think her rather tame;
With her practical view of the matter in hand,
She gets there just the same.

The Junior girl, the pride of the world,
In her clinging and soulful way,
Absorbs it all in a yearful yawn,
As big as a bale of hay.

I have sung a song of the girls who kiss,
And it sets one's brain in a whirl;
But to reach the height of earthly bliss,
You must kiss a Senior girl.

—*Ex.*

MRS. NORWOOD

has sometimes

MURDERED

gospel hymns

AT

at an hour which, to the world of
sleepers, seems

MIDNIGHT

PROF. JOHNSON

with great reluctance

GOES

as chaperone to the State Fair,
having a great aversion
to the

MAD

rush

MR. BROWN

on several
occasions

CAUGHT

in the act of

STEALING

time from the next
lesson period

MISS FORD

FIRES

china in

STUDIO

every
Wednesday

DR. DIXON

carefully

DISSECTS

calves' hearts and lungs
for her

PUPILS

in Physiology

MR. BOOMHOUR

will take the Biology
class on

A

TRAMP

next Friday

**PHYSIOLOGY
CLASS**

has

**TORN
TO PIECES**

Gray's Anatomy

**FAIRCLOTH
HALL**

girls

BLOWN UP

for talking after
light bell

BY MISS PERRY

MISS BISHOP

often gathers violets

IN

the gardens of the

PENITENTIARY

**MISS ABBOTT
SHOT**

a warning glance at girls returning
from Sunday school

**MISS CRONKHITE
ARRESTED**

the fad of playing
rag-time music

**MISS BREWER
FALLS**

in coal cellar on her
way home

FROM

dinner, but has the good

GRACE

to appear as dainty and smiling as ever
at breakfast next morning



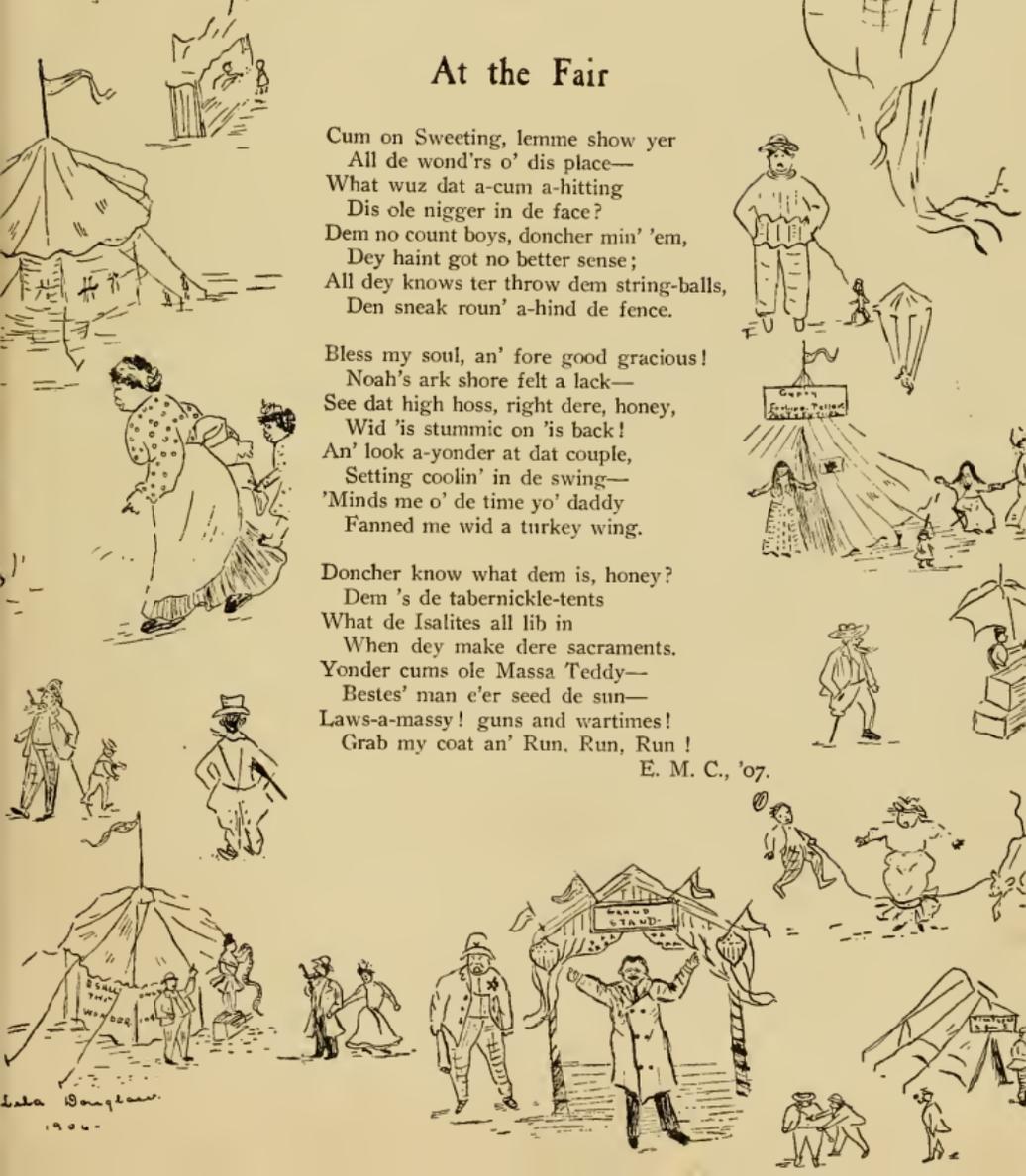
At the Fair

Cum on Sweeting, lemme show yer
 All de wond'rs o' dis place—
 What wuz dat a-cum a-hitting
 Dis ole nigger in de face?
 Dem no count boys, doncher min' 'em,
 Dey haint got no better sense;
 All dey knows ter throw dem string-balls,
 Den sneak roun' a-hind de fence.

Bless my soul, an' fore good gracious!
 Noah's ark shore felt a lack—
 See dat high hoss, right dere, honey,
 Wid 'is stummic on 'is back!
 An' look a-yonder at dat couple,
 Setting coolin' in de swing—
 'Minds me o' de time yo' daddy
 Fanned me wid a turkey wing.

Doncher know what dem is, honey?
 Dem 's de tabernickle-tents
 What de Isalites all lib in
 When dey make dere sacraments.
 Yonder cums ole Massa 'Teddy—
 Bestes' man e'er seed de war—
 Laws-a-massy! guns and suntimes!
 Grab my coat an' Run, Run, Run!

E. M. C., '07.



Calls !!!

In accordance with the new dispensation of Providence, the young women of this school no longer indulge in unmaidenly yells, but express their enthusiasm and college spirit by means of "*calls*," of which the following is a fair sample:

"Good morning! How do you do?"

"I'm well, thank you. How are you?"

"Where you from? B. F. U.?"

"Ain't that funny. I am too."

This, by the way, is "*called*" to the sweet melody of the Moonlight Sonata.

To the Faculty.—"Cast not your girls before swains."

"Many are called, but few get up."



FAMILIAR SCENES.

The Little Green Store.

Governor's Mansion.

The Postman.

Capitol.

Main Building, B. U. W

Capitol and Confederate Monument.

Tennis Court Audience.

The Jassamine Flower

Sitting alone, my darling,
Just at the close of day,
I watched the light of the sunset bright
Fade into evening's grey.

Crimson and gold to purple,
And purpled depths to blue,
With a glancing gleam of silver sheen
Where the quiet stars peep through.

Some one had dropped a blossom
Down on the old stone stair,
And the sweet perfume of the jassamine bloom
Filled the evening air.

And a vision dear and lovely,
Brought by the jassamine flower,
Seemed to come from the gathering gloom
And brighten the evening hour.

I saw you, oh, my darling,
In all your gentle grace,
And the fragrant air kissed your brown gold hair
Into curls about your face.

With eager, loving welcome,
I stretched forth longing hands,
But you slipped away with the fading day
Into the dim dream lands.

Left me with tear wet eyelids,
And heart so sad, forlorn,
That the joy of the day seemed gone away
With your retreating form.

Then I sat in the shadowy twilight,
When the glow had changed to blue,
In the breath of the flower in that quick hour,
Dreamed long dreams of you.

College Song

We salute thee, Alma Mater, we salute thee with a song.

At thy feet our loyal hearts their tribute lay.

We had waited for thy coming in the darkness, waited long,

Ere the morning star proclaimed thy natal day.

Thou hast come through tribulation and thy robe is clean and white,

Thou art fairer than the summer in its bloom;

Thou art born unto a kingdom and thy crown is all of light;

Thou shalt smile away the shadow and the gloom.

In thy path the fields shall blossom and the desert shall rejoice,

In the wilderness a living fountain spring.

For the blind shall see thy beauty and the deaf shall hear thy voice,

And the silent tongue their high hosannas sing.

Where the rhododendron blushes on the burly mountain's breast,

In the mid-land, where the wild deer love to roam;

Where the water-lily slumbers, while the cypress guards its rest—

Lo, thy sunny land of promise and thy home.

Where the sons of Carolina taught a nation to be free,

And her daughters taught their brothers to be brave;

O'er a land of peaceful plenty, from the highlands to the sea,

May thy banner, Alma Mater, ever wave.

Editorial

We stand around a table, an inky crowd, pens, pencils and brushes cast aside, brains frazzled, and a wonderful feeling of relief stealing into our hearts. The manuscript lies before us! Its departure to press will cause an aching void in our lives—a void big enough to hold twice its bulky weight and aching, with the sweetness of relief just in proportion to its bigness.

It has been our aim to make OAK LEAVES a true representative of our college year; to have the reader find something in its pages that will increase his interest in our college, satisfy his artistic nature, and lose himself and all his troubles for the time being, in wonder at the pure nonsense of school girl life.

We are grateful to all who contributed, and this includes our little amateur waste-basket friends. It was encouraging to know that they, too, cared for the Annual's success. We owe especial thanks to Miss Poteat and Miss Jones for many helpful suggestions.

But study hour is over, and lights must be out!

THE EDITORS.



Auf Wiedersehen.



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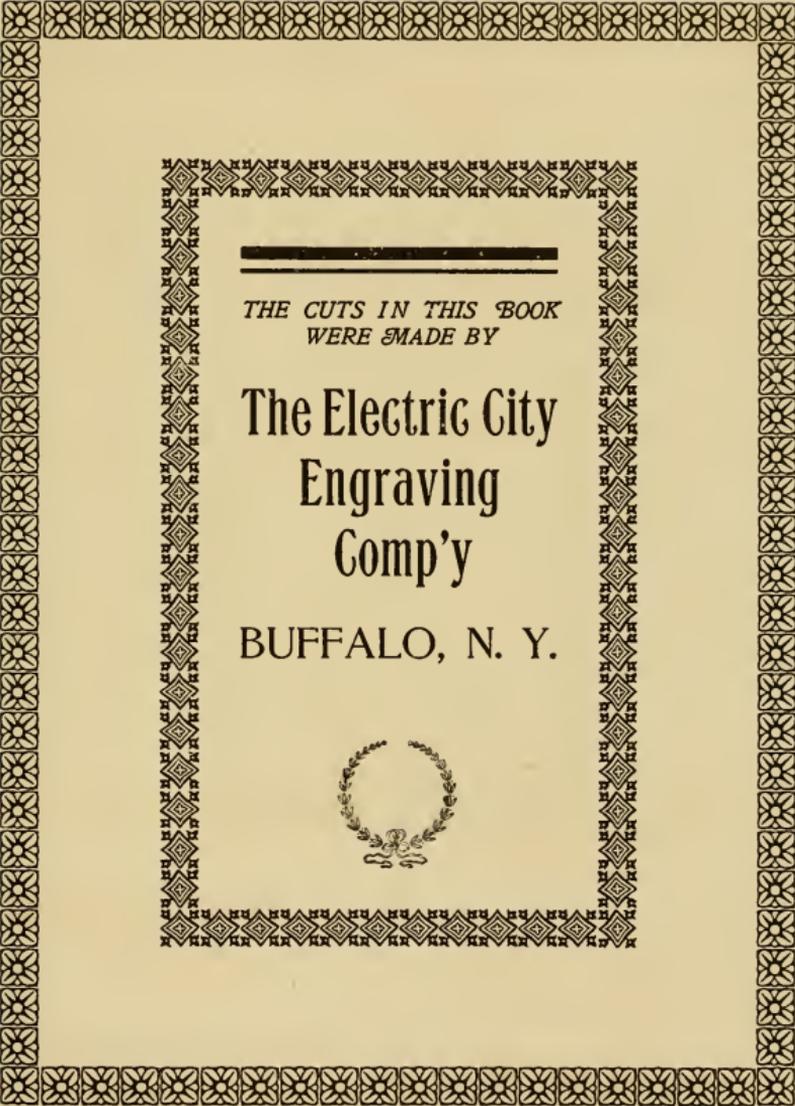
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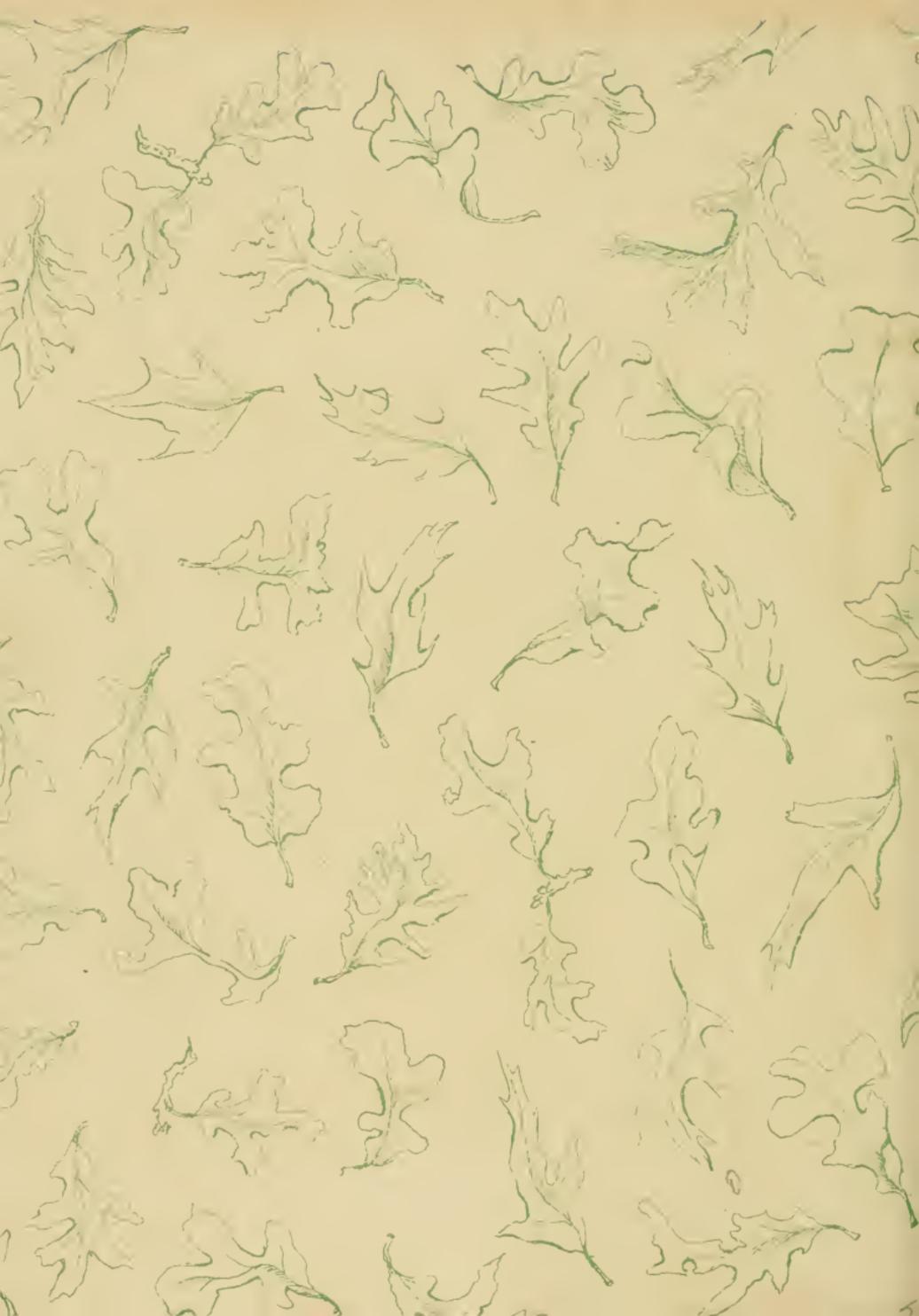
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