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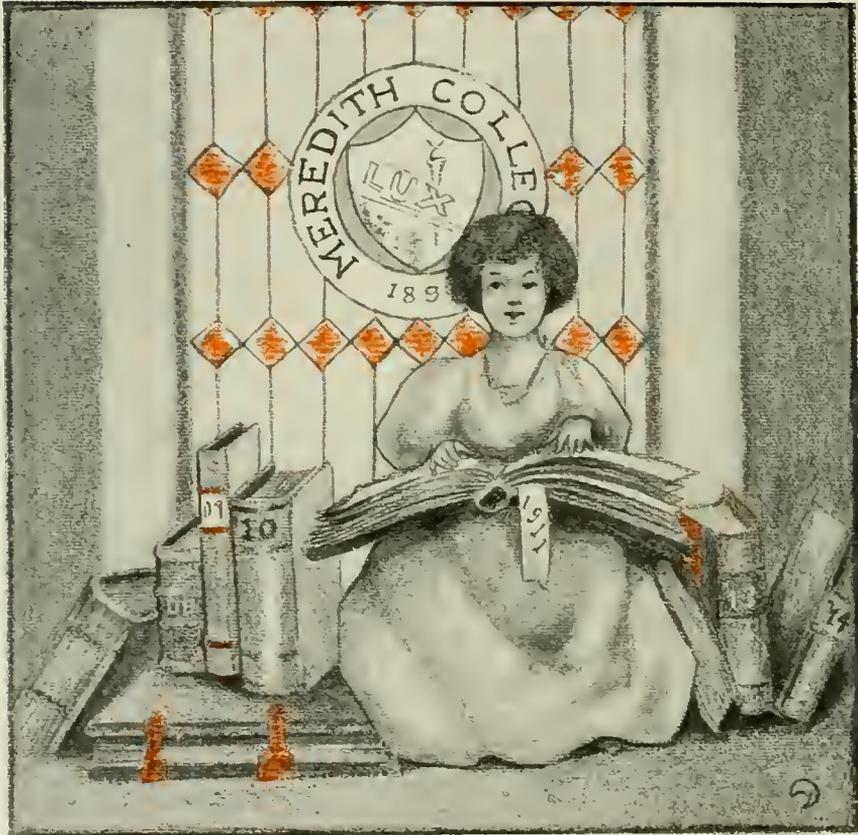
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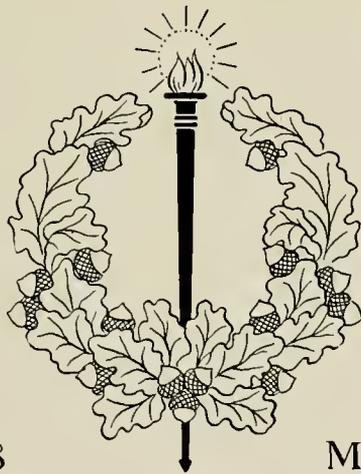
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Once Upon
A Time.

1911
1911

OAK LEAVES



Vol. 8

MCMXI

Meredith College Library
Raleigh, North Carolina



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To

William Carey Tyree

*stern, strong foe of the wrong, staunch, unfailing defender of
the right, preacher of righteousness with the spirit
of the ancient prophets, gentle lover of his
race and faithful servant of his Lord,
we dedicate this volume as a
token of love and esteem*



DR. W. C. TYREE

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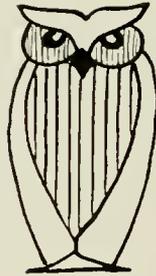
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Editorial



YES, we know what we've got to do. The toil-worn, honor-crowned Staff, who have just "hung up the fiddle and the bow," have already gently confided that life for us is no longer a flowery bed of ease, nor yet shall it be thus evermore, until the *dummy*, our fond, young hope, heir of our wisdom and wit, bedewed with our tears, and sealed with our blessing, goes away, only returning to "redound to our glory," or to bear witness to our everlasting disgrace. "Oh, Lord of Hosts, be with us yet, be with us yet!"



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ART EDITOR



HOLLAND, PHI.
BUSINESS MANAGER



MEMORY, ASTRO.
ASSISTANT-EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



WATSON, ASTRO.
ASSISTANT-BUSINESS-MANAGER

OAK LEAVES



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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



TUCKER, PHI.
JUNIOR EDITOR



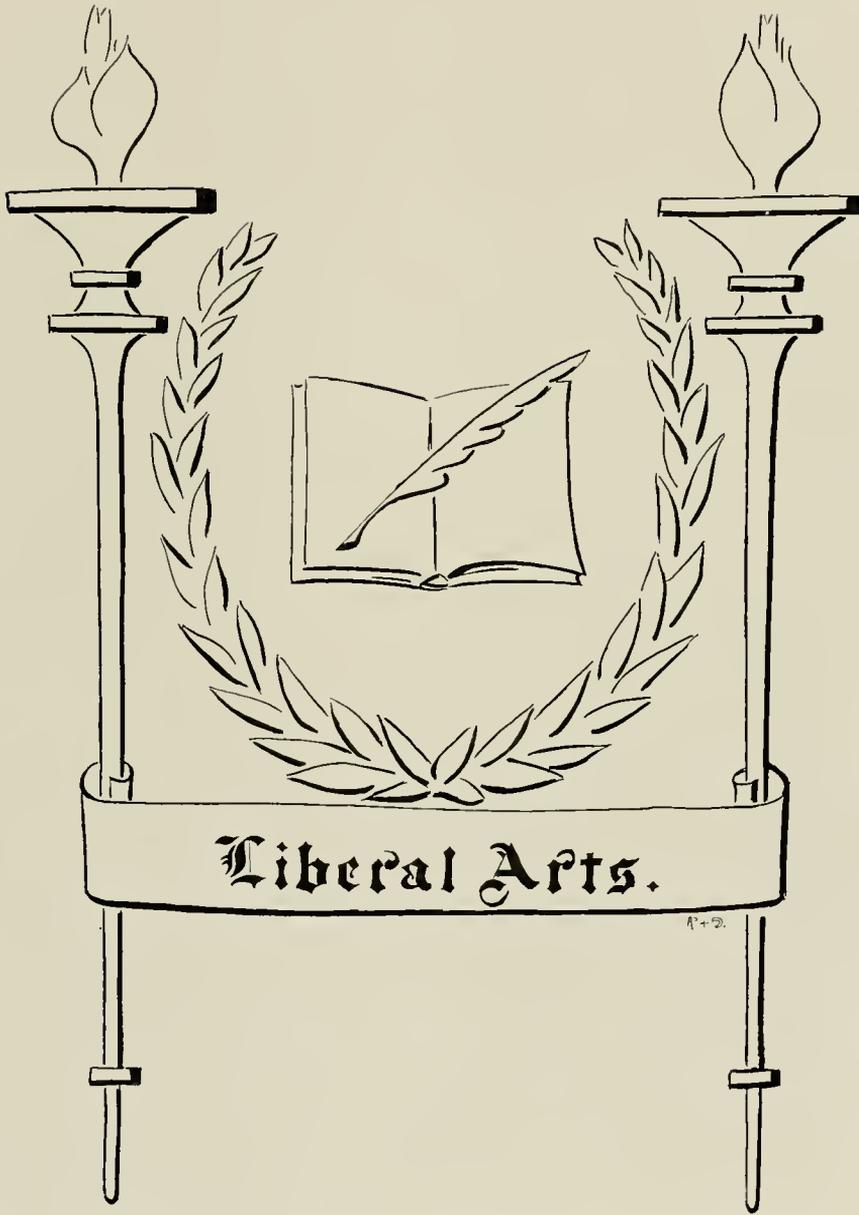
CARROLL, ASTRO.
SOPHOMORE EDITOR



JOHNSON, ASTRO.
JUNIOR EDITOR



HORN, PHI.
SOPHOMORE EDITOR



Senior Class

MOTTO: Womanliness, Worth and Wisdom

FLOWER: Sweet Pea

COLORS: Blue and White

Officers

LILA KEITH.....	PRESIDENT
HARRIET BENNETT.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
LILA STONE.....	SECRETARY
EMMA BYRUM.....	TREASURER
ESSIE HUNTER.....	HISTORIAN
MINNIE MIDDLETON.....	PROPHET
FAY MEMORY.....	POET

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MIDDLETON, MINNIE CLAIRE	WILLIAMS, LILLIAN DANIEL



Lillian Allen.

WAYNESVILLE, N. C.

All perfect-finished to the finger nail.



Lucile Overhead

MOREHEAD CITY, N. C.

Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat,
And, therefore, let's be merry.



Harriet Connie Bennett

CLINTON, N. C.

She has a mind
Deep and immortal, and it would not feed
on pageantry.

so blessed a disposition



Emily Cornelia Boyd

CHARLOTTE, N. C.



Emma C. Byrum

EDENTON, N. C.

Of me you may write in the blackest of ink,
I say what I mean and I know what I think.



Beulah Elaine Cople

MONROE, N. C.

Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman.



Pearl Howard

ROSEBORO, N. C.

She has a natural, wise sincerity,
A simple truthfulness.

Not careless in deeds,
Nor confused in words,
Nor rambling in thought.



Essie D. Hunter

HOLLY SPRINGS, N. C.



Euseby Joy Huxley

WADESBORO, N. C.

The very pink of courtesy.



Lila Mary Keith

WILMINGTON, N. C.

Manage? She'd manage the head off you.



Bessie Evans Jones.

CLIO, S. C.

A damsel of high lineage and a brow
May blossom
And lightly was her slender nose
Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower.

Little, but oh, my!



R. Fay Memory

WHITEVILLE, N. C.



Ada M. Middleton

WARSAW, N. C.

Allus a-reaching out, Jim was, and a-help-
ing some
Pore fellow on to his feet.
He'd never a-keered how hungry he was
his se'f
So's the feller got sumpin' to eat.

I am Sir Oracle.
When I ope my lips, let no dog bark.



Minnie Claire Middleton

WARSAW, N. C.



Sila M. Stone

APEX, N. C.

Loyal fore'er and aye.

I laugh; for hope hath happy place
With me.



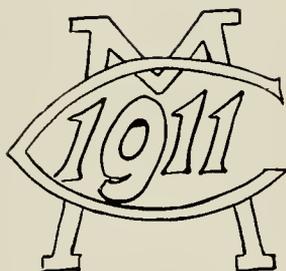
Willa Louise Weather.

APEX, N. C.



As chaste as unsunned snow.

Lillian Daniel Williams
FRANKLIN, VA.



Senior Class History



REAT periods in any history cannot be distinctly marked—no one day can be claimed as the exact starting point of any movement. So it is in writing the history of the class of nineteen hundred and eleven. We cannot find the exact starting point. To do this we would have to know just when the aspiration to graduate at Meredith College came into each member's life, for with this dream came the ideals which have helped to mould women from the brave little Freshmen who passed through idealizing Sophomority, and reserved Juniority to actual Seniority.

It was just four years ago that eleven girls, having dared and passed the classification board, side by side, joined hearts and hands, and organized, all undisturbed, a Freshman class. The small number made possible close companionship and united effort. It was these Freshmen who, for the first time on record, silently found and kept the mysterious crook, to be sure not all the year, but quite long enough to make the Seniors look grave and serious, and yawn in chapel, if by chance they were present.

Although the Freshman days bring no unpleasant thoughts, the glory of Sophomority rises clamourously above, asserting that there is decidedly more fun in being wise and doing things than in looking innocently at others as they play the important rôle. The spirit of the class was fully manifest on Hallow'een, when a ghost parade passed through the halls, initiating the new girls into college life, and winning respect from all concerned. In truth the class was one for which the College might cheer—twenty-five aspiring Sophomores, reading Livy and working Trigonometry with as much enthusiasm and vigor as they exercised on the basket-ball court. Much study, however, could not prevent a full attendance at the regular Saturday class meetings when the various committees made their reports, and the important business was attended to.

The enthusiasm of the Junior year, though threatened hard by Psychology and Ethics, ebbed not a whit, and found full expression in social meetings, in class songs, and college calls. A class meeting meant recreation and a

pleasant hour to every Junior. Often "To the class of our dear old nineteen-eleven" greeted the ears of those who chanced to pass our place of meeting.

And now, we are in the midst of what we saw during the three years respectively; first as glory, second as the realization of a dream, and last as the attainment of a well-earned title—Seniority. And what does it actually bring? Is it joy alone, or is it merely work? The answer is neither, for we have now, as in other years, joy and work intermingled. Sometimes the work is hard, but hard tasks are soon forgotten in such delightful experiences as a fairy-like trip to the Wake Forest Baraca Reception, or a pleasant evening at A. & M.

The forward look, so characteristic of the college girl from the time she enters college, grows on us now as the Senior year draws to its close, and we wonder how it will actually seem to be out in the world. Even as we wonder, a feeling of greater joy comes to us, for we realize that with the change comes the chance to live a more active and useful life which alone can crown our happy college days.



Senior Class Poem

*I fled to the cave of an ancient seer,
Through the fog and rain, where fight
All the hosts of Dark; and a thumping fear
Had gripped my heart, for around and near
Were snarling the beasts of night.*

*I crouched me low at the feet of the sage;
On my brow he laid his hand,
While his lips moved soft with the love of age—
I remembered no more the hungry rage
Of goblins in all that land.*

*Then, silent, he lead me to cavern door,
And pointed a way to the right.
When, lo! in the sky, all dark before,
There glittered a brightness. Said he "Nevermore
Snarl 'round you the beasts of night!"*

*So I kissed his hand and I said, "Adieu,
O sage of the heart of youth."
But he called me back as he said "To fear
I whisper my name that I tell to you—
The Seer of the Crescent of Truth."*

*Away over hills and dales I sped
To follow the glowing gleam.
Far off in the forest, among the dead,
The goblins devour the dying, 'tis said,
Who sleep in the darkness and dream.*

*Shine ever, O rounding crescent, shine,
Illuminate the way of youth,
I journey no longer by other sign,
I pour out my incense before thy shrine,
O, Seer of the Crescent of Truth!*

PARTING HYMN.

Dedicated to the Class of 1911.

S. E. Davis.

Wade R. Brown.

1. Fa - ther, we've reached the part - ing of the ways,
2. Our God, we bow before thy feet, con - fess - ing

And yet in prayer we would a mo - ment stay,
What we have here a - chieved is all from Thee;

For Thou hast led our gra - cious Al - ma Ma - ter,
Teach - er and taught, we crave a - like Thy bless - ing,

As she led us— To Thee the praise al - way.
On un - tried paths we still will trust in Thee. A - men.

Junior Class

MOTTO: "After it, follow it, follow the gleam"

COLORS: Red and White

FLOWER: Crimson Rambler

Officers

EDNA ERVIN...PRESIDENT	LULA DITMORE.....SECRETARY
KATE WATSON..VICE-PRESIDENT	MARVEL CARTERTREASURER
VIRGINIA WILKINSON..POET

Members

BASS, ELIZABETH
CARTER, MARVEL
DITMORE, LULA
EDMUNDSON, EUNICE
EDMUNDSON, MILDRED
ERVIN, EDNA
HOLLAND, ALMA
JOHNSON, FRANCES
JOHNSON, RUBY
JONES, SALLIE
OLIVE, LIDA
WATSON, KATE
WILKINSON, VIRGINIA



Star Followers

"Follow, follow, follow the gleam!"
Our spirits heard, as in a dream,
As with cheerful hearts and gay
Fared we forth one autumn day
To fight and win, on life's highway.

The sea of life lay calm and clear,
As tho' no storm clouds lingered near,
To wreck our fragile little bark
That knew no guide except the spark
Of flame, that glimmered thro' the dark.

But shadows fell across the path,
And storms beat down in angry wrath—
But now and then we caught the gleam,
A far-off glow that fain would seem
A light from out the mists of dream.

The waves took up the mystic theme
Of "Follow, follow, follow the gleam!"
We followed on, our hearts aglow
With hope—and eager still to know
The meaning of this life below.

What is thy light, oh, wondrous star,
And where the goal that seemed so fair?
Although we cannot see the way,
We know ahead, the brightening ray
Will lead us to eternal day.

We feel thy presence ever near,
Inspiring hope, dispelling fear,
Pointing ever to that goal,
Whose magic portals ever hold
A welcome for the pure of soul.

With loyal hearts and courage strong,
We'll follow, tho' the way be long,
'Till in nineteen twelve, the light appear—
The shining goal we dreamed afar—
And thine, the praise, our guiding star.

Sophomore Class

FLOWER: Maiden Hair Fern

COLOR: Fern Green

GEM: Emerald

Officers

GERTRUDE HORN.....	PRESIDENT	LINDA NEWTON.....	TREASURER
HALLIE HESTER.....	VICE-PRESIDENT	HATTIE HERRING	HISTORIAN
MAY STEELE.....	SECRETARY	BERNICE KELLY.....	POET

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CARMEN, BESSIE	JOSEY, SALLIE
CARROLL, BERTHA	KELLY, BERNICE
GRINDSTAFF, LUCY	MEMORY, MAUD
HERRING, HATTIE	NEWTON, LINDA
HESTER, HALLIE	NORWOOD, LOU
HIGHSMITH, ANNIE	STEELE, MAY



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class Poem

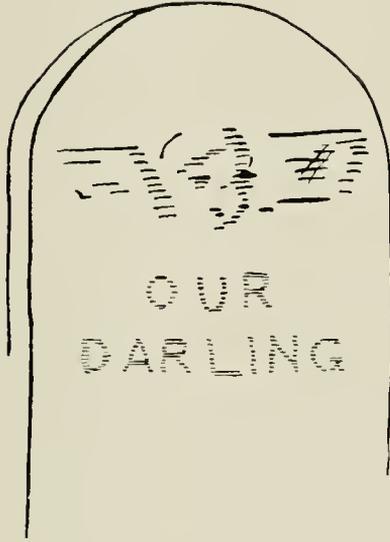
Bright old Sophomores, merry
Sophomores, gay old Sophomores we:
Learned in Livy, learned in Trig, and learned in poetry,
 We have heard our college call,
 We the "brightest" class of all,
 Competent whate'er befall,
Able Sophomores we.

Oft in pleasure, sometimes fun, and oft in duty too,
Oft together we have met, we the tried and true,
 Oft has sparkled merry jest,
 At the Freshman's sad unrest,
 At the way they did *their best*,
Poor young creatures blue

Generous Sophomores, helpful Sophomores, sympathizing, kind,
As we listened to some story, troubling Freshman's mind,
 Ne'er so busy but we'd hear
 Eagerly the Freshman's fear
 With our sympathetic ear,
Ah, ye Freshmen blind!

Nor all for fun, nor all for joy, have we passed the year,
But in drinking deeper knowledge from the fountain clear,
 This has been our steady aim,
 Not for honor, nor for fame,
 But to win a loyal name
To our college dear.

And now goodby, thou Sophomore year, year of all the best;
Much thou hast meant, much thou hast taught, deeper than mere jest
 Year of Junior calm is nigh,
 And our Sophomore joys must die,
 With regret we say good-by,
Happy year so blest.



DEAD

come to
therefore
going over
will be,
around to
to then
money in
more a
can't go.
to many
come back
to going
after who
of it at
coming in
of any
writing on
coming into
many to it
into the

The remains of little Freshman, infant daughter of Mrs. Meredith, were laid to rest in Oakwood cemetery, September 17, 1910. The funeral services, which were short and extremely pathetic, were conducted at the grave by the terror-stricken nurse and guardian, the Junior family—an unusual procedure. Details of the death and funeral will not be given here as all parties concerned endeavored to keep it a secret, not wishing to expose to the public their deep emotions. The reporter arrived upon the scene just in time to see the funeral train depart in swift and sorrowful procession from the cemetery.

Rev. J. C. McGlohon passed away September 20th. Many friends and

and to
that was
every one
and to
many to
come in to
will be there
come and
what are
going to
kind of
and to be
coming
singing in
and that
Bell Co.,
printing
up-to-date
Lynchburg,
hustling firm

Freshman Class

COLORS: Yellow and Black

FLOWER: Black-eyed Susan

Officers

LOUISE FUTRELL.....PRESIDENT
LILIAN WILKINSON.....VICE-PRESIDENT
SALLIE MARTIN.....SECRETARY
MATTIE GRIFFIN.....TREASURER
MARY MOORE.....HISTORIAN
BELLE McNEILL.....POET

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LILLIAN MABEL BALLENTINE	MINNIE STAMPS GOSNEY
MARY SWANNAVOA BAUCOM	MATTIE VIVIAN GRIFFIN
EUNICE GERTRUDE BENTON	ROE BERTHA JOHNSON
KATIE VICTORIA BULLARD	FOREST MARGARET LANCASTER
SALLIE LEONA BULLARD	JANIE OLIVIA LYON
INDA GRAY COLLINS	LELIA BELLE MARKHAM
WILLIE OLA ELAM	SALLIE EMMA MARTIN
MYRTHA FRANCES FLEMING	MARY NELSON MOORE
MARTHA LOUISE FUTRELL	

ISABELLE McNEILL
CALLIE DOROTHY PERRY
JENNIE MAE SENTELLE
ALMA IRENE STONE
CORA LEIGH TYNER
EUPHEMIA LIVINGSTON WATSON
FANNIE LOUINE WATSON
LILIAN AGNES WILKINSON
ANNE McKAUGHAN



FRESHMAN CLASS

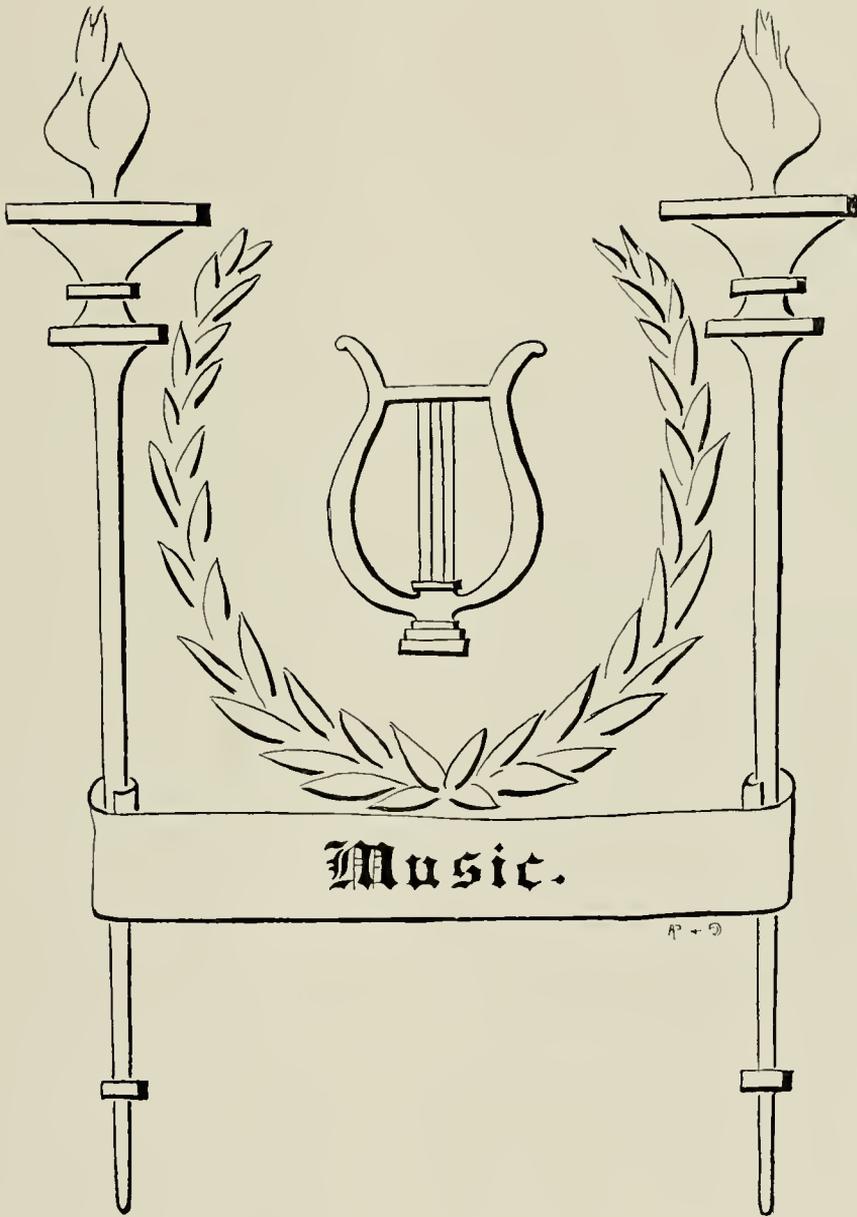
The Bird and the Girl

A LITTLE BIRD FLEW 'MID THE FLOWERS AND GRASS,
NOR DREAMED THAT SHE WAS FAIR:
WHILE A LITTLE GIRL STOOD BY A LOOKING-GLASS
AND CAREFULLY DRESSED HER HAIR.

IN THE SUNLIGHT SANG A GAY, SWEET SONG,
THE LITTLE BIRD UNAFRAID,
BUT THE GIRL, IN A CORNER ALL DAY LONG,
PROTECTED HER SKIN BY THE SHADE.

THE LITTLE BIRD ATE OF THE SIMPLEST FOOD
WHILE THE GIRL ON DAINTIES FED,
AND THE LITTLE BIRD SANG THAT LIFE WAS GOOD,
BUT THE POOR LITTLE GIRL WAS DEAD.

B. L. C., '13.



Music.

A. + D.

Senior Class

BLALOCK.....	...DIPLOMA IN PIANO
FAUCETTE.....	...DIPLOMA IN VOICE
GOODWIN.....	...DIPLOMA IN VOICE
LINCOLN.....	CERTIFICATE IN VOICE
LOVING.....	DIPLOMA IN PIANO
MAGETTE.....	...DIPLOMA IN PIANO
NEWCOMBE.....	...DIPLOMA IN VOICE



Sarah Lambert Blalock

SOUTH HILL, VA.

"There's nothing ill can dwell in
such a temple."



Margaret Augusta Faucette

RALEIGH, N. C.

"Thy voice is heard through rolling drums."

Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had, when they sang together.



Rose Goodwin

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C.



Nellie May Lincoln

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Steel true and blade straight.

"An arch coquette,
Blithe, merry and gay."



Alice Bayard Newcomb

RALEIGH, N. C.



Juliette Loring

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

Her story, 'tis an easy thing to know,
Heaven made her fair and true and sweet,
And as was meet,
Earth kept her so.



Mary Lucille Magette

WILSON, N. C.

Her hand unstained, her uncorrupted heart,
Her comprehensive head.



LD



ASHCRAFT



COOK



MINOR



TYNER



JUNIOR MUSIC CLASS

Sophomore Music Class



BOONE, OLIVE

CARTER, GRACE

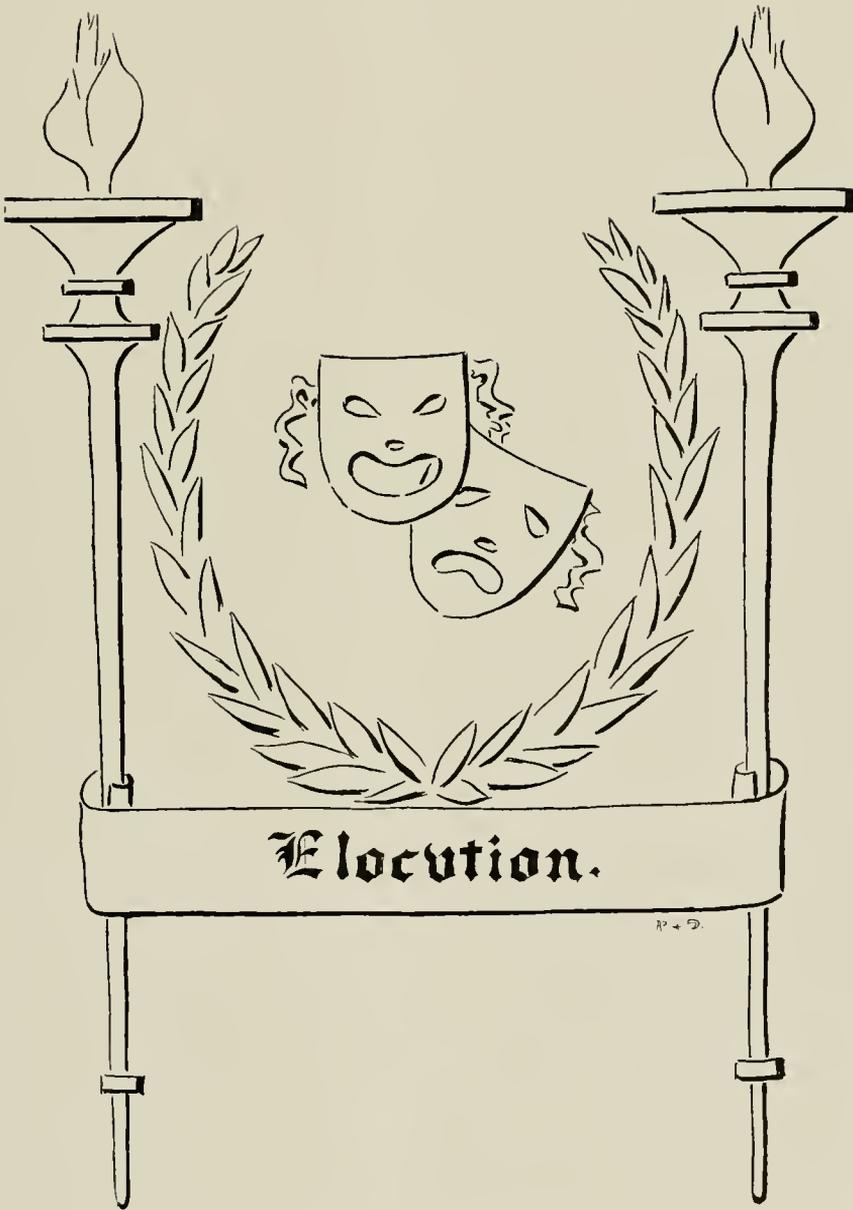
BUTLER, OSSIE

NEAL, HALLIE

ELLIOTT, MARY



THE COLLEGE CHOIR



Elocution.



Anna Julia Chapman

KAPP'S MILL, N. C.

Whose heart is like a mountain spring,
Whose thoughts like merry rivers sing.



Dramatic Club

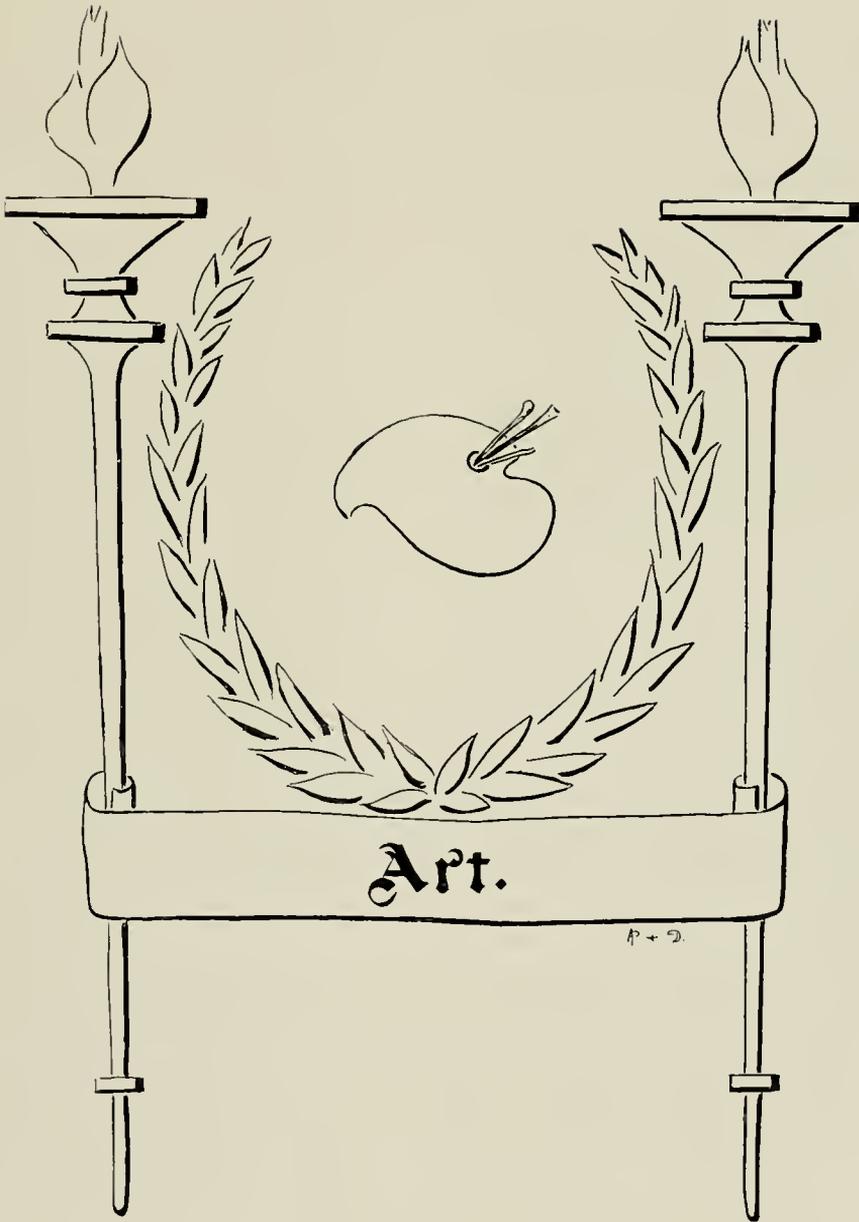
MOTTO: Naturalness—"To thine own self be true"

Officers

MISS PHELPS.....	SUPERVISOR
MRS. BLALOCK.....	PRESIDENT
JESSIE WOODALL.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
ELIZABETH LOVILL.....	SECRETARY-TREASURER
ANNIE THOMPSON.....	DRAMATIC CRITIC

Plays Presented

In 1905.....	As You Like It
In 1907.....	Twelfth Night
In 1908.....	A Winter's Tale
In 1909.....	The Merchant of Venice
In 1910.....	Hamlet
In 1911.....	The Merry Wives of Windsor
In 1911.....	The Servant in the House





Leonita Denmark

RALEIGH, N. C.

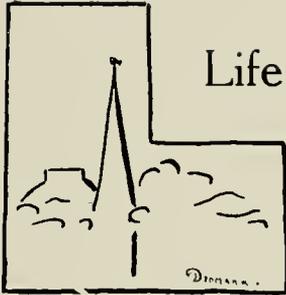
Hear ye not
The hum of mighty workings?

There's a woman like the dewdrop,
She's so purer than the purest.



Ruth Claire Ivey.

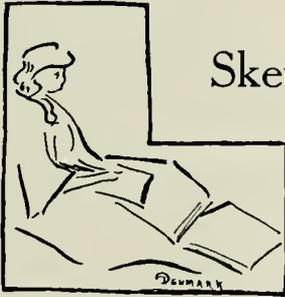
RALEIGH, N. C.



Life Class

LEONITA DENMARK	ALICE SHUGART
RUTH IVEY	ELIZABETH RAY
FANNIE WEBB	LUCY SANDERS
	FAY MEMORY

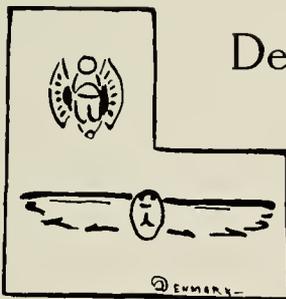
*"A beautiful body perishes, but a work of art dies not."—
Da Vinci.*



Sketch Class

RUTH IVEY	LUCY SANDERS
LEONITA DENMARK	ELIZABETH RAY
LUCY MIDDLETON	EULIE WATSON
ALICE SHUGART	BESSIE BURBESON
FANNIE WEBB	ROBBIE SAMS

"Nature paints her shadows in pale purple."—Ruskin.



Design Class

ANNA PRIDGEN	MARY CARTER
RUTH WILLIAMS	SALLIE CAMP
VIRGINIA HAYNES	JESSIE WOODALL

"And so however full our philosophy or lofty our imagination, we shall still care for washing brushes—for the sweeping of the house."—La Farge.

K. K. K.

"It is pretty, but is it Art?"—*Kipling.*

Kaptains of the Klan

I. ISABELLA—"The man with the red tie."
K. LOUISE—"Kraftsman."
P. HESLOPE—"Ex-Officio."

Komrades

LEO. D.—"Paint-Putter and Art Ed."
L. CINDY S.—"Our Steady."
A. ELIZABETH R.—"The Senator from Madison."
F. ANNIS W.—"Will-o'-the-Wisp."
R. CLAIRE I.—"A Dreamer of Dreams."
A. ——— S.—"The Pheasant Hen."
R. FAY M.—"The Winged Victory."
JANIE C.—"Arch Enigma."
L. ——— M.—"The Blue Bird."
ANNA P.—"A Bit of Dresden."
RUTH W.—"The Blessed Damosel."
K. VIRGINIA H —From "The City Beautiful."

Komrade by Kurtesy

L. MARY K.—"The Suffragette."

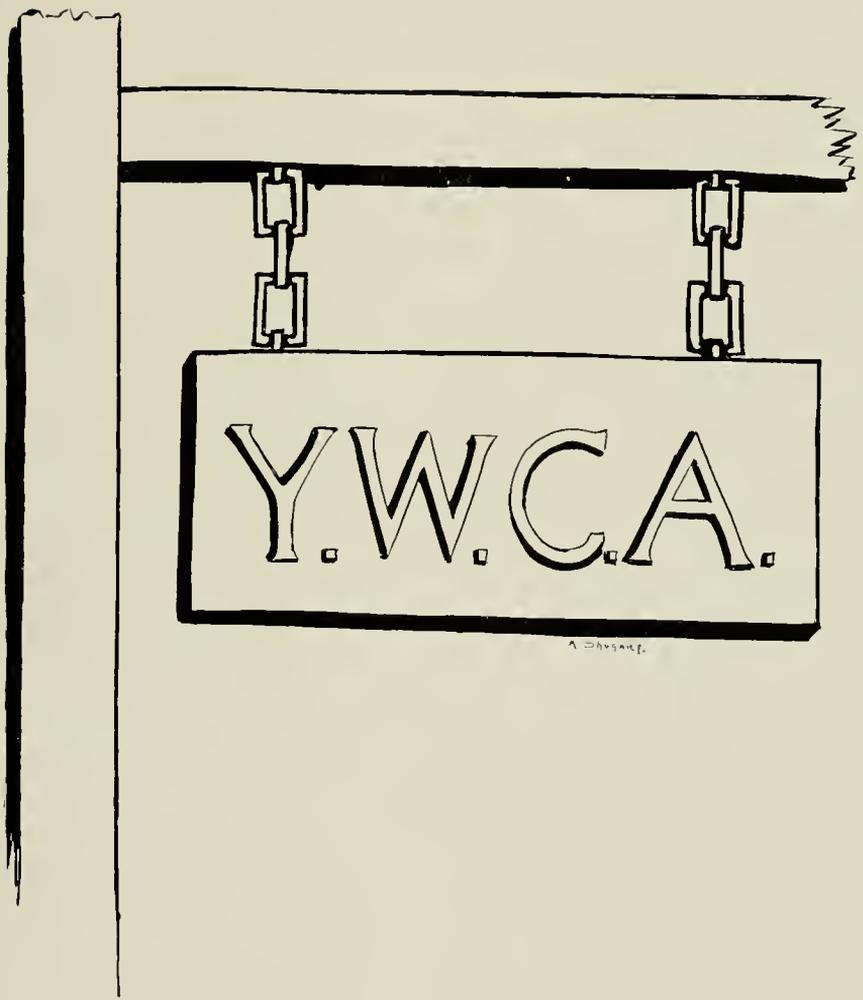
Kalendar

February 17—"The Post—Impressionists." March 31—Japanese Art of To-day.
March 3—Winslow Homer, his Art. April 14—Industrial Art of To-day.
March 17—La Farge's Influence. April 28—Miniature Painting.
May 12—Social Meeting.

Konsolation

"Konsistency is the hobgoblin of little minds."





Y.W.C.A.

A. D. H. S. G. P.

Y. W. C. A., 1910-11

MOTTO: "Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit saith the Lord of hosts"

Officers

ADA MIDDLETON.....	PRESIDENT
MARVEL CARTER.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
MINNIE MIDDLETON.....	SECRETARY
RUTH COOK.....	TREASURER



THE CABINET

Y. W. C. A. 1910-1911



THE Association year of 1910-1911 has been a year of growth and development in our college association work. And it has but shown in its accomplishment that our young women are coming to realize more and more what the Association means in the college life. Thus we find that the membership has grown to include practically every girl in college, and the work has gone forward.

There have been many things during the year to bring our college association in contact with the work elsewhere, and thus get a broader vision of the whole. In April nineteen and ten, Miss Burner, of the territorial committee, came to us, bringing ideas from the work and plans of other college branches of the Association. And in the same month Mrs. St. John, a returned missionary from China, was with us. Her message was one of even broader interest than mere association work; it was of the world's work, and our relation to it. Then the reports of the great work of the Woman's Missionary Union at Oxford were brought to us by our delegates.

With the resuming of the work in September, the college delegates to the Conference at Asheville reported to the Association the various features of that work. Then in the next month the Students' Volunteer Secretary, Miss Helen B. Crane, was with the Association. She emphasized largely the missionary work and the relation of the college work to it. And later in November the Association heard Miss Edith Crane's report of the World's Missionary Conference at Edinburgh.

Aside, however, from these things which have come, in a way, from other sources, and even from other lands, the College Association in its routine work has accomplished more than in previous years. It has been felt not only in the increase in number but in the increase in Bible study classes and mission classes. It is but the fulfillment of a promise of previous years.

Through the year, the force of the great world-cry has been felt and echoed, "The evangelization of the world in this generation." Mrs. St. John brought it before us, as she came with her message from the heart of the great Chinese kingdom. The increased mission pledges of the girls have shown its place in their hearts and minds. The Student Volunteer Band has spoken of it by its increased number. The spirit of world usefulness is coming among us. And the question has become more insistent, "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"



Student Association

MINNIE MIDDLETON, PRESIDENT
EDNA ERVIN, VICE-PRESIDENT

ESSE HUNTER, SECRETARY
ALMA HOLLAND, TREASURER

Executive Committee

CARTER, MARVEL
ERVIN, EDNA
HOLLAND, ALMA

HUNTER, ESSE
JOHNSON, RUBY
LINCOLN, MAY

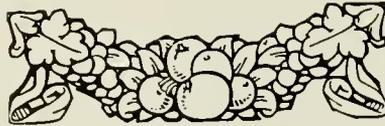
PAGE, MINNIE

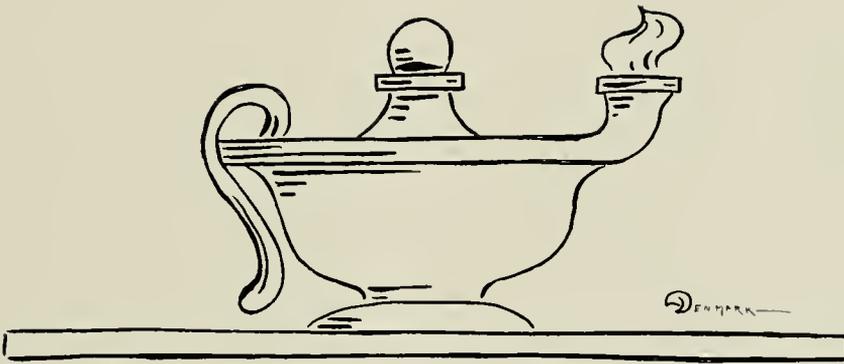
The Student Government Association



THE development that results in lasting good in any organization is necessarily somewhat slow. The oak does not grow to twice its original size in twelve months or even longer, but year by year a new ring is added to the heart of the tree. In much the same manner the Student Government Association has been steadily increasing in our college, basing its strength in the well-planned system of its first constitution. Changes there have been, of course, many of them, but each one was the result of a new need or condition.

One sign which is more encouraging than any other is the spirit of loyalty and appreciation which has been manifested by almost the entire student body whenever any measure was proposed by the Executive Committee. It is proof of great possibilities in any girl, when she bears uncomplainingly a deserved reproof, when she sees clearly that any punishment suggested by those in charge of the Association, requires moral courage and an enthusiastic belief in the final good to all the students. But even now the loyalty is not what it should be, has not yet reached the standard to which it will attain in the next few years. Those things which have seemed hardest acquire a certain air of joy and triumph when we remember that not 1910-11 alone will be influenced by the overcoming of difficulties, but that these are merely the beginnings, the digging down to a firm ledge of truth on which to build the Student Government Association, an organization of which every Meredith girl may well be proud, to which she should be loyal. Such an association will send out from our college well-rounded, broad-minded young women with a keen sense of appreciation for the vision of nobler things, gained in the experiences and helpful difficulties of self-government.





Literary Societies

Philaretian Literary Society

MOTTO: "Plain living and high thinking"

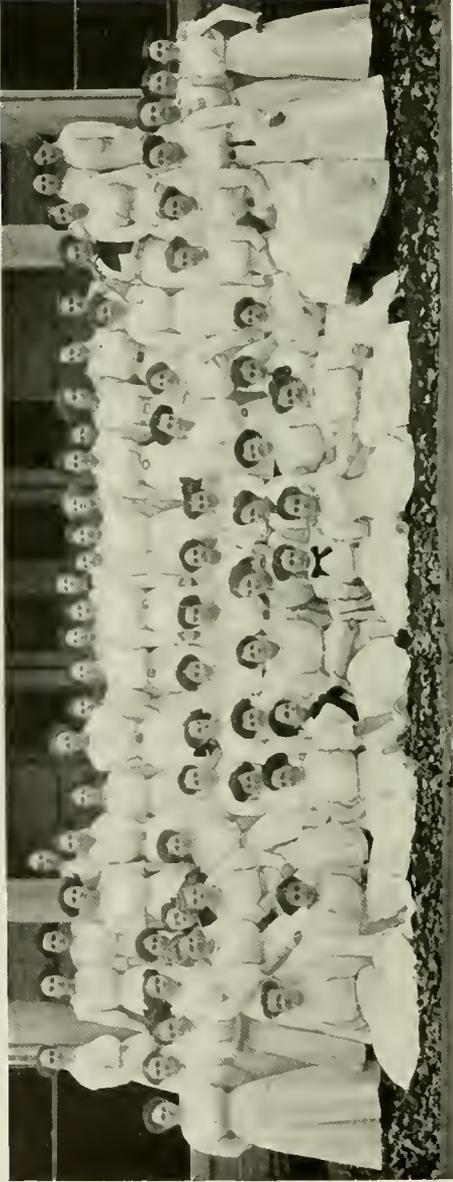
COLORS: Violet and White

FLOWER: Violet

Officers

ANNIE THOMPSON.....	PRESIDENT
LUCILE ARTHUR.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
ELIZABETH LOVILL.....	SECRETARY
WILLA WEATHERS.....	TREASURER





PHILARETIANS



PHILARETIAN QUARTETTE

Astrotekton Literary Society

MOTTO: "Too low he builds who builds beneath the stars"

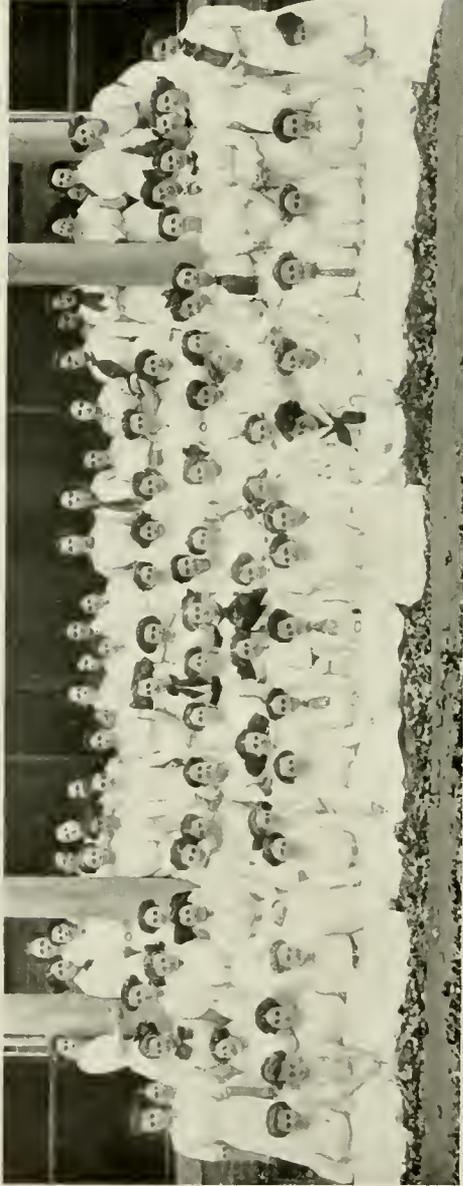
COLORS: Gold and White

FLOWER: Narcissus

Officers

LILLIAN ALLEN...	PRESIDENT
PEARL HOWARD.	VICE-PRESIDENT
LILIAN WILLIAMS.SECRETARY
VIRGINIA WILKINSON.	...TREASURER





ASTROTEKTONS

Sorosis

Officers

MISS PHELPSSUPERVISOR
LUCILE ARTHUR.....PRESIDENT
BESSIE LANE.....VICE-PRESIDENT
ELIZABETH LOVILL.....SECRETARY-TREASURER

Members

LILLIAN ALLEN	RUTH IVEY
LUCILE ARTHUR	RUBY JOHNSON
MYRTLE ASHCRAFT	LILA KEITH
ELIZABETH ANDERSON	BESSIE LANE
EMILY BOYD	ELIZABETH LOVILL
HARRIET BENNETT	FAY MEMORY
EMMA BYRUM	MAUDE MEMORY
BEULAH COUPLE	ADA MIDDLETON
MARVEL CARTER	MINNIE MIDDLETON
LULA DITMORE	LIDA OLIVE
EDNA ERVIN	LILA STONE
PEARL HOWARD	ANNIE THOMPSON
GERTRUDE HORN	WILLA WEATHERS
ALMA HOLLAND	KATE WATSON
EMILY HUNTLEY	LILLIAN WILLIAMS

The Sorosis of Meredith College was organized February, nineteen hundred and six, for the purpose of promoting original research work for the study of parliamentary usages, and for advancing platform work in general. The membership is limited to thirty girls, who are eligible to a college class. For the past four years, there have been no vacancies in the membership and the work and influence of this organization have steadily increased.

The fall term of the school year nineteen hundred and ten and nineteen hundred and eleven, marks an epoch in the history of the Sorosis, for with the opening of this term, an entirely new phase of work was taken up, the programs for the entire year being taken from the library of the American School of Home Economics. Each member has been enthusiastic over this new work which has, doubtless, been the most interesting and beneficial of any yet accomplished by the Sorosis. Much credit is due our Supervisor, who made it possible for us to secure the library necessary for the study of home economics.



SOROSIS



WILKINSON



ALLEN



ELMORE



CANADY



TUCKER



LOVILL

COMMENCEMENT MARSHALS

THE ACORN



STAFF



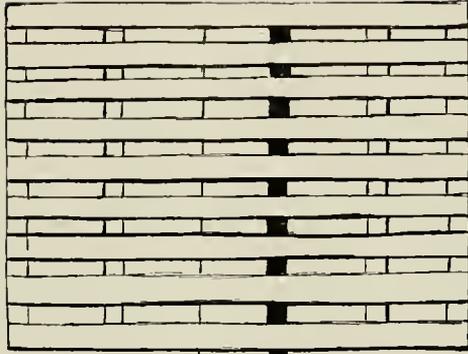
ACORN STAFF

Little White Cloud

Oh, little white cloud, how light thou dost rest,
On the heart of thy love, the sky!
Thou canst feel his heart-throbs and his tender caress,
Thou art moved by his gentlest sigh.

Oh, little white cloud, like thee I would rest
On the great, true heart of my love,
I would still his heart-throbs and return his caress,
And be happy as thou art above.

J. L., '11.



ATHLETICS

LANDERS.



Athletic Association

Officers

LILA STONE	PRESIDENT
KATE WATSON	VICE-PRESIDENT
SALLIE JOSEY	SECRETARY
MARGARET GULLEY	TREASURER



Senior Basket-Ball Team

Officers

EMILY HUNTLEY....	...CAPTAIN	EMILY HUNTLEY	...CENTER
BEULAH COPPLE.....	...RIGHT FORWARD	LILA STONE.....	...RIGHT GUARD
EMMA BYRUM.....	...LEFT FORWARD	PEARL HOWARD..	...LEFT GUARD



Junior Basket-Ball Team

Officers

LIDA OLIVE.	..CAPTAIN	LIDA OLIVE..	CENTER
ELIZABETH LOVILL.	..LEFT FORWARD	EDNA ERVIN..	..RIGHT GUARD
KATE WATSON .	..RIGHT FORWARD	ALICE SHUGART LEFT GUARD



Sophomore Basket-Ball Team

Officers

SALLIE JOSEY.....	---CAPTAIN	SALLIE JOSEY.....	CENTER
BERNICE KELLY.....	RIGHT FORWARD	BERTHA CARROLL.....	RIGHT GUARD
HATTIE HERRING.....	LEFT FORWARD	GERTRUDE HORN.....	LEFT GUARD



Freshman Basket-Ball Team

EUNICE BENTON
CAPTAIN

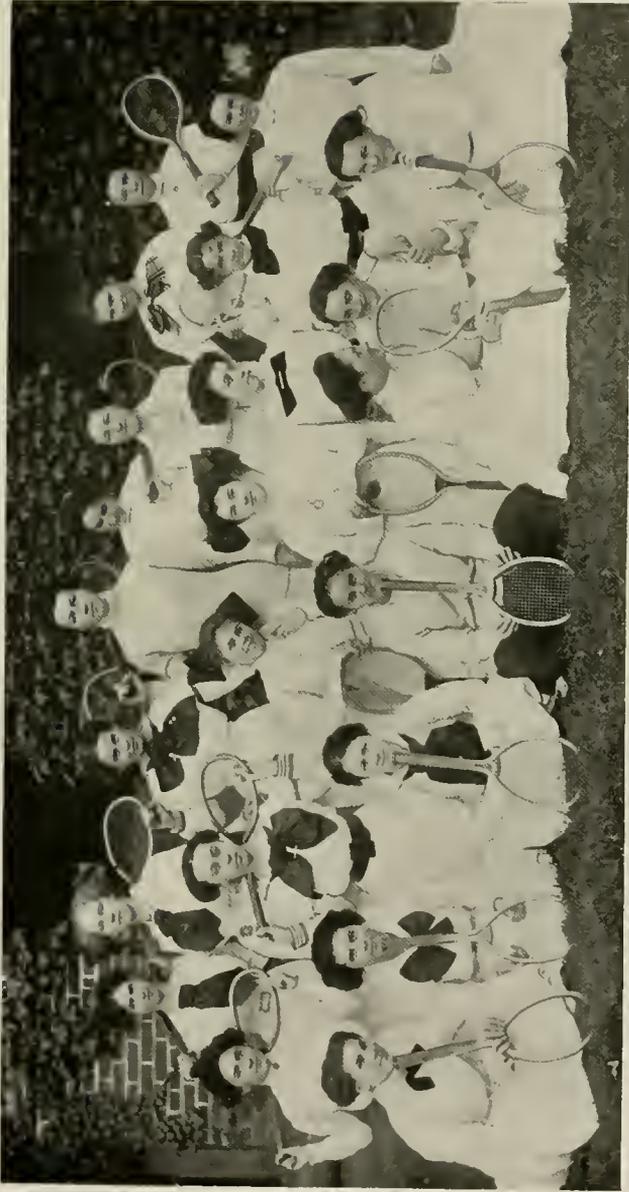
WILLIE ELAM
RIGHT FORWARD

EUNICE BENTON
LEFT FORWARD

INDA COLLINS
CENTER

SALLIE MARTIN
RIGHT GUARD

LOUINE WATSON
LEFT GUARD



TENNIS CLUB



Senior Tennis Team

MINNIE MIDDLETON

EMILY BOYD

BEULAH COPPLE

LILA STONE

The Search for the "Worth Whiles"



MARGARET RAYMONDE came in from a drive with Richard Clement, threw herself across her bed, and burst into tears which she had restrained with difficulty for a good part of her drive. When she grew—for her own benefit—calmer, she began formulating her injuries aloud.

"He was cruel, that's what he was! And to think I used to have such gorgeous dreams of what our college days in the same town would be. I wish we were back in the grammar school when he used to bring me such rosy apples, and share his sandwiches, and called me 'Meg,' and then the time he fought John Parker for calling me a tattler when it was John's own sister who told on him."

Margaret had become so absorbed in her reminiscences that she forgot all about his present cruelty, and was sitting up drying her tears, but suddenly remembering, she lay down and sobbed again.

"And he doesn't think of a thing but half-backs, and home runs, and love sets, and captains and quarter-backs, and deuce games, and umpires," she enumerated breathlessly, with tennis, football and baseball terms muddled together in her head.

Then she came to the chief grievance of the drive. "He almost said it was old-fashioned nowadays not to know tennis and those things, and he knows I don't know any of them. I think reading is ever so much nicer than those rough, brutal games," then trailing off to the Meg of the grammar school—"and I—I don't want him to play them *for he might get hurt!*"

Margaret wept a little longer, and then bathed her face, and carefully powdered her nose before going downstairs, for it would never do to appear with signs of tears after a drive with Richard.

It was as she had said. They had been sweethearts all their lives, and everyone took it as a matter of course that Richard should take her driving and to parties, and be an ideal village *beau*. They had always planned their lives together, and their mothers had looked on approvingly when, as tots of six and eight, they had played *house* with Margaret as mistress, "just as they would when they were grown up."

Indeed every one was pleased with the arrangement, until Richard returned from A. & M. after his Freshman year. That summer they seemed to differ in their opinions, and both felt a vague uneasiness and a desire to shun argument. But during his Sophomore year, Richard played on the base-ball team, and took a vast interest in everything athletic, and that summer their ideals seemed to diverge more than ever.

The morning after the outbreak on account of his *cruelty*, they were driving again and Margaret spoke of books.

"Dick, have you read *The Lover's Fate*? It's just out."

Richard admitted that he had not.

"That meadow over there reminds me of the underlying theme of that book. The soft grass waving in the morning breeze does not suggest the poisonous serpent which may lurk near its very roots, and those glowing wild roses and the star-like nettles have nothing to warn one of the thorn and the sting any more than does the life, outwardly calm, reflect its secret bitterness."

At first Richard was amused at her sentimentality.

"I could put that meadow to a practical use if it were mine," he said. "I'd change it to a baseball park as soon as I could get the rose bushes hewn off."

Margaret's lips curled a bit scornfully as he again brought up the hateful athletics.

"But to the book, Meg," he continued. The girl's heart flushed warm at the old title but grew cold as he went on. "I wish you wouldn't read books like that. They are never true to life. Why don't you read something worth while? I am so anxious for you to meet the sisters of some of my friends again this year. They go in for athletics themselves, and you just ought to hear them cheer at an A. & M. baseball game. They get so much out of life in every way."

Richard had been nervously whipping at the bushes along the road while he delivered this rebuke to Margaret, but suddenly looking at her he was surprised at the angry flush on her face.

Little else was said during the drive, which was the last they took together that summer, for Margaret steadily refused to see him for the three weeks which remained before Meredith opened, and Richard returned to A. & M.

One day after Margaret had been at Meredith about a month, her Sophomore roommate, Rachel Curtis, came rushing in from class and found her curled up on the window-seat reading.

"Come play tennis, Margaret," she invited, tugging at her boot-lace preparatory to changing her shoes. "The girl next door will lend you her racket." "Oh, I don't know how," returned Margaret, "and besides I want to finish my book."

"What is it?" inquired Rachel.

"*Cecil Channing's Bride*," answered Margaret, "and Lady Gwendoline Mortimer is the sweetest character I ever read of."

Rachel squinted at the back of the book. "It seems to me your book has a slightly yellow tinge. You had better come work some of that novel out of your system. Why don't you read something that is worth while?"

Margaret wondered if "something worth while" was essentially a college phrase and what it was meant to include. Perhaps playing tennis was doing "something worth while." She decided to try it and see.

During the next hour Margaret was initiated into the mysteries of love games and love sets.

"Why don't we ever have a deuce game?" she asked, remembering Richard. "I thought you had that in tennis."

"You do when you've learned to play," hinted Rachel.

At her first serve she had sent both balls against the wire at the back line, high above Rachel's head. Next time she reformed and tapped them so lightly that they barely reached the net. And thus she alternated from one extreme to the other. When it came Rachel's serve, she would wait until the ball had bounced, then plunge awkwardly across the court after it, striking it sometimes with the handle of the racket, often not at all.

But she grew interested. She admired the ease with which the other girls swung their rackets, and envied them their manipulation of the balls. Just before she fell asleep that night, she whispered to herself, "I believe it is one of the 'worth whites,' and I'm going to learn it."

The next day she finished *Cecil Channing's Bride* and asked Rachel what she would suggest for her to read next.

"I'm trying to find what you people mean by 'something worth while,'" she said.

Rachel suggested Dickens, and Margaret resolutely began one of the thick, brown volumes. At first she found him rather mild, and apt to linger too long over his descriptions, but soon she fell more into the quaint style, and more and more seldom did she take down the gayly-colored paper-bound books from the shelves, to turn their leaves slowly and fondly.

She gradually worked her way from Dickens to other great writers just as she soon added basket-ball to her athletic accomplishments.

Richard Clement spent the next summer in the West with some other college boys, and Margaret was free to play tennis with her neighbors without being observed by him. Indeed, she would not let him know anything of her changed attitude towards athletics, when at the beginning of her Sophomore year she was elected captain of the class basket-ball team.

In December there was an inter-class game between the Sophomores and Juniors. After the game several loyal classmates marched Margaret off in triumph, while a knot of Sophomores gathered on the court and excitedly reviewed the game.

"Margaret made six of the eight points and——"

"She kept her nerve better than any——"

"I know—and if she had gotten shaky little Mary French would have too, and she did well."

"Indeed she would, and all the others would too."

"Every one of that team would follow Margaret through a fiery fur——"

"Wasn't that last throw simply gorgeous!"

"Magnificent, and it broke the tie, too!"

"She was standing right here, too," and the speaker rushed over and planted herself in the very corner of the court, as firmly as if she intended to stand witness forever to that last wonderful goal.

In fact all the school remarked on Margaret's good playing, not even the defeated Juniors excepted.

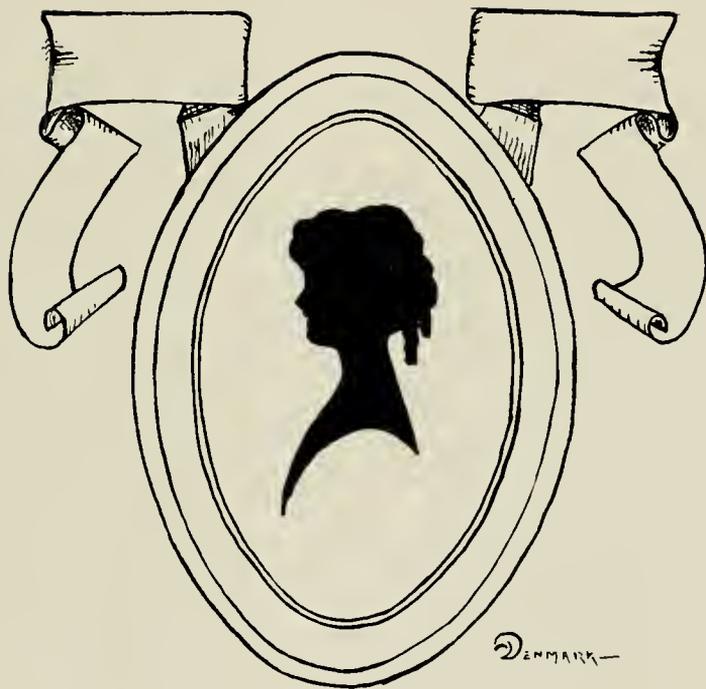
That very day A. & M. won a big football game, and that night came over in full force to serenade Meredith. Richard Clement, now a Senior, stood in an automobile just at the front entrance and led the boys in the yells and songs, issuing orders through a long trumpet. Margaret leaned over the balustrade just above him, tired but happy, for she felt that at last she had something in common with that surging mass of enthusiastic college men.

Just before they left they gave nine Rahs, followed by the name of that day's special hero. After a moment's deliberation the girls gave the same call followed by Raymonde, clear and distinct. Richard looked up and saw her, and guessed at the change which had been effected. He snatched his white cap from his head and lifted it to her on the end of his long trumpet—a flag of truce with enough blood of conflict still upon it to trace the letters A. M. Margaret received it, and waved it as the boys left the campus, A. & M. and Meredith joining in *Auld Lang Syne*.

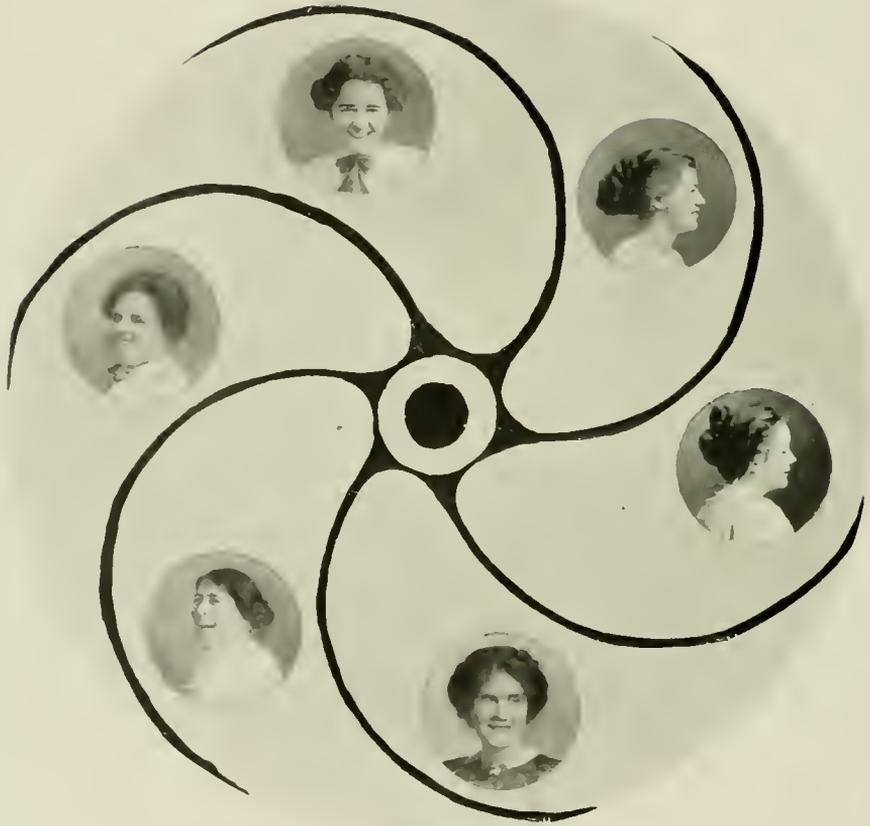
HATTIE HERRING, '13.



OUR LIBRARY



Clubs



The Merry-go-Round

"Laugh, you varlet, laugh away!
Life is but a holiday!"



ATHLETIC GIRL—ALLEINE MINOR

"But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And 'twill not fail."—*Shakespeare.*



MOUNTAIN GIRL—WALLACE TUCKER

"But on and up, where Nature's heart
Beats strong amid the hills."

—*Lord Houghton.*



AUTOMOBILE GIRL—SALLIE CAMP

"In her bright car she bade him ride,
With one fair form to grace his side."

—*Scott.*



SOCIETY GIRL—LILA KEITH

"What shall be the maiden's fate?
Who shall be the maiden's mate?"

—*Scott.*



HORSEBACK GIRL—HALLIE HESTER

"Sing, riding's a joy—for me, I ride."—*Browning.*



RAINY-DAY GIRL—LOU NORWOOD

"Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life,
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray."

—*Byron.*



SUMMER GIRL—LILLIAN WILLIAMS

"Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year."—*Logan.*



WINTER GIRL—RUTH WILLIAMS

"Thee, with the welcome snowdrop, I compare,
That child of winter."—*Wordsworth.*



The Merry-go-R

"Laugh, you varlet, laugh,
Life is but a holiday!"



THE MYSTIC FIVE



THE SENIOR CLUB



The Ladies of the Decoration

KATHARINE GRAY HANCOCK

LINA MELKE GOUGH

MARY LUCILLE MAGETTE

MILDRED McLEAN McINTYRE

MARY HELEN CARTER

MARGARET CALDWELL NORMAN

JULIA ELLA PRIVETTE

Scotch Clan

(CAMPBELL)

SLOGAN:

"Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learnin' I desire."—*Burns*.



FOY ELIZABETH JOHNSON

FRANCES LIVINGSTON JOHNSON

MARY LYNCH JOHNSON

KATE CAMPBELL JOHNSON

MAUD MACDONALD MEMORY

KATE MACARN WATSON

RACHEL EUPHEMIA MEMORY

EUPHEMIA LIVINGSTON WATSON

ISABEL MACNEILL

The Campbells are cousins, O ho! O ho!
The Campbells are cousins, O ho!



*“Six
Hearts*

*That
Beat AS
one”*



Down on the Lumbee

PLACE: Down on the Lumbee river
 "Where the eddies ripple cool."

And sometimes dreamed our lispng songs
 Of humanhood
 Might voice his silent harmony
 Of waste and wood,
 And he, beholding his and ours,
 Might find it good.

—John Charles McNeill.

DOVIE PREVATT.....	PRESIDENT
ETHEL WILLIAMS.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
ANNIE BELLE HUMPHREY.....	SECRETARY
EDNA TYNER.....	TREASURER

Members

LEON BEARD
 ANNIE RUTH CALDWELL
 WRENNIE FLOYD
 LINA GOUGH
 ANNIE BELLE HUMPHREY
 BERTHA JOHNSON
 ELMA JOHNSON
 FOREST LANCASTER

MILDRED McINTYRE
 CATHERINE MARLEY
 EDNA PREVATT
 BEULAH PREVATT
 DOVIE PREVATT
 CORA TYNER
 EDNA TYNER
 ETHEL WILLIAMS



The Long and the Short of It

MOTTO: "Love me little, love me long"

YELL: Three longs and three shorts for Meredith!

MARGARET GULLEY
MARY HARRIS

FAY MEMORY
LIL WILLIAMS

MAUD MEMORY
MILDRED EDWARDS

"The Seven Sisters"

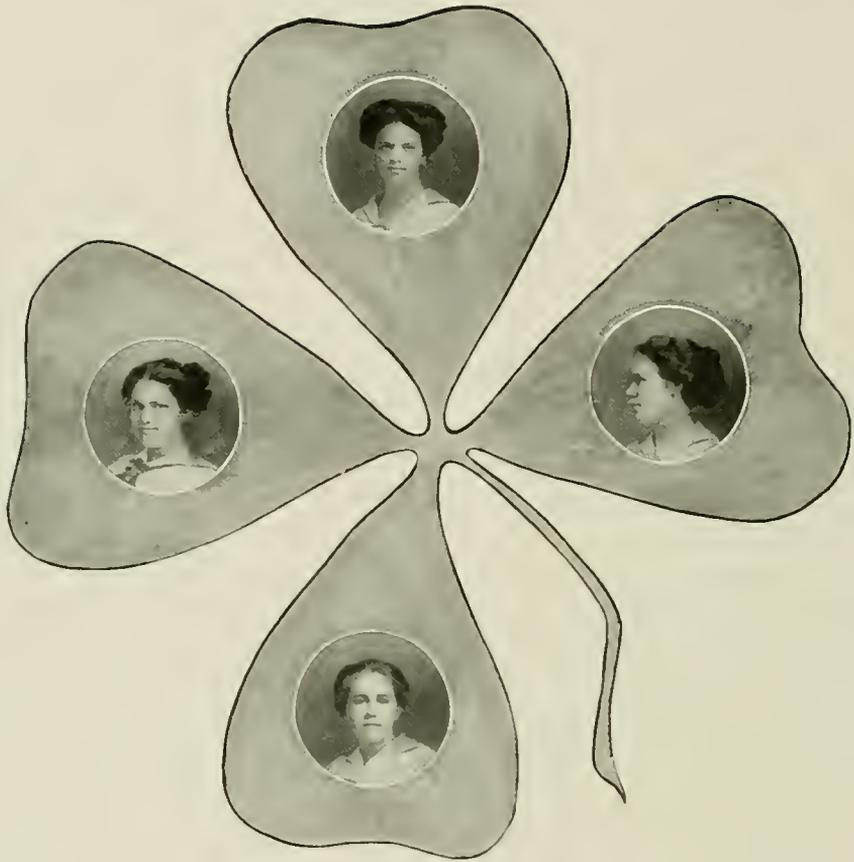
Roll

CHARLES WELLS
MAYOR WASHINGTON
CLARENCE TILGNER
WILLIAM WALKER
MRS. J. WALKER
MRS. J. WALKER
MRS. J. WALKER
MRS. J. WALKER





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Four Leaf Clover Club

MEETING PLACE: The clover patch

MOTTO Let us strive through faith and hope, but mainly through luck to gain that greatest of possessions—love

Members

MAMIE BRADSHER
LORAIN Winstead

SALLIE LOVILL
GERTRUDE HORN

Poem

"One leaf is for faith and one is for hope
And one is for love, you know;
And God put another one in for luck;
If you search you will find where they grow



Kurly Kinks Klub

"Curly locks! curly locks! wilt thou be
mine?"

Thou shalt not wash the dishes, nor yet
feed the swine—

But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
And feast upon strawberries, sugar and
cream."

MASCOT: French poodle—*Friser*



Little—Oh—Dear

And up at the top of that lavender-tree
A silver-bird singeth as only can she;
For, ever and only, she singeth the song,
"I love you, I love you!" the happy day long;
Then the echo—the echo that smiteth me here!
"I love you, I love you! my Little-Oh-Deer!"

Echoes

A wild shriek, and a dash down the corridors——

"Which way are they coming, Faircloth or Main Building?"

"Oh, look out there, Bettie! Don't knock me over."

Clattering, crowding, the whole three hundred were soon bunched excitedly on the front veranda, clinging to pillars and balustrades, struggling to catch glimpses of familiar faces among the torch-lit mob down below.

"Fay, don't push me over the railing into the top of that bass horn."

"Gee, girls, isn't this perfectly elamagorgeous? Look at that darling boy carrying that torch. If he doesn't look out he will get all his hair burnt off."

"Say, Pete, see that little girl standing by the post? She is my friend. Jolly good sort, too."

"Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Mer-e-dith!!
A. & M.!!!"

"Oh, chil'ren, listen! Let's do something."

"Think, somebody, quick!"

"Gracious alive! What shall we do? Let's give 'First she gave me honey.'"

"All right, here goes. Now, for goodness sakes, don't lose your courage, and let it die out like a funeral dirge."

"Come on, Pauline, old sport, you'll have to lead," excitedly whispered one. A little dark, wiry girl hopped upon the top step, dramatically got her breath, and began in a high soprano.

"Hand me down my bonnet," timidly other voices volunteered, from the different parts of the veranda, and nobly helped to push the little song up the hill of high C, whence the leader had started it. But it proved too great a strain upon the majority, so the little tune trailed pitifully off, while the girls looked sheepish and shame-faced.

The white-shirted, bare-headed boys covered the embarrassment of the moment with a shout of amused laughter, then began their blood-stirring "Old A. & M." at the top of their voices, whistling the chorus, high and clear.

"Oh, girls, I am so glad I'm living I'm 'most dead."

"Did you ever see such a crowd at one time?"

"Isn't that song inspiring?"

"Oh, they're going. Please let's show our appreciation somehow."

"Well, for gracious sakes, May, stop squeezing. I won't be as big as a polka dot."

"I can't help it! Everybody else is pushing. I'm 'most green-eyed myself!"

Now the girls began rather waveringly, "Adieu, kind friends, adieu," but the tune grew fairly strong and respectable after a while.

"Wait a minute, boys; let 'em finish; bless their hearts!" came a shout from below.

"Get off my toes, Jim Sprunt! That girl you are looking holes through ain't studyin' you."

As A. & M. faced about, the girls on the veranda turned eager faces after them, gazing longingly. The crazy, happy "Farmers" with smoky torches held high, dashed off the campus as fast as they could for stepping all over each other, singing *Auld Lang Syne* while the drum beat "tum-tum, tum, tum, tum."

Reluctantly the girls sauntered in with backward glance and ear strained for the last echo from this throng of college men, doing honor to their triumphant football squad.

"Girl's, it's a shame. Aren't we ever going to learn to sing decently?"

"I think we must be bewitched. We do perfectly grand when we practice, then get out on the veranda, and it sounds like a half dozen mosquitoes."

"Oh, why can't they stay longer?"

"Well, silly, they're coming again after the Thanksgiving game."

"Gracious knows, I hope we will learn something by then. I feel like a two-cent piece when about three of us get to wailing out, *There is a Tavern in the Town*."

"We've sure got to begin having practices. Miss Carter'll help."

"You bet. But don't slam the door down. Girls surely are keeping up a lot of racket for study hour."

"Come on, Polly, don't stand there at the front window all night."

Then a little fair-haired girl in an A. & M. varsity sweater, bedecked with two stars, dragged herself away and gurgled, "I adore Du—I mean *A. & M.*!" Then all blushing and confused, she darted around the corner, followed by a friendly, understanding laugh.

“Sonny-Boy”

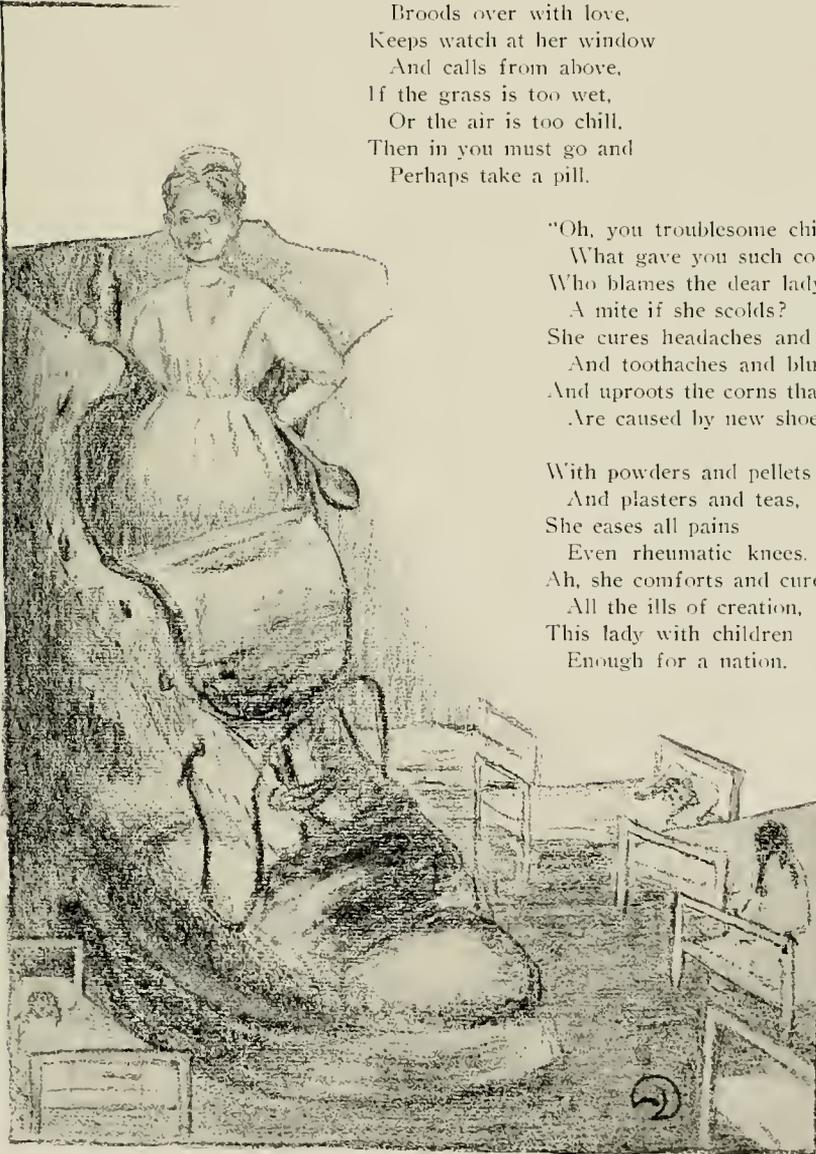
There lives a dear lady—
You cannot but know,
For her glory comforts you
Wherever you go—
With numberless children,
Not even so few
As those of the woman
Who lived in a shoe.

There are lean ones and lank ones
And little ones too,
And long ones and low ones
And fat not a few;
There are black eyes and blue eyes,
And green eyes and yellow,
Some sober, some sad, some
Would squint at a fellow.

And all, our dear lady
Broods over with love,
Keeps watch at her window
And calls from above,
If the grass is too wet,
Or the air is too chill,
Then in you must go and
Perhaps take a pill.

“Oh, you troublesome children,
What gave you such colds?”
Who blames the dear lady
A mite if she scolds?
She cures headaches and heartaches
And toothaches and blues,
And uproots the corns that
Are caused by new shoes.

With powders and pellets
And plasters and teas,
She eases all pains
Even rheumatic knees.
Ah, she comforts and cures
All the ills of creation,
This lady with children
Enough for a nation.



The Summer Experiences of the Seniors

According to Dan Cupid



It was nine o'clock on Sunday night and six girls, comfortable in gaily-colored kimonas, and with hair done up snug and tight, regardless of style and rats, lounged in Minnie Middleton's room. Each was nibbling at the remains of a Thanksgiving box, entirely at peace with the world on the strength of the good things just devoured.

"Looks to me like," remarked Lila Stone, gouging at the last olive, floating tantalizingly about in the bottle, "that you'd be a bigger girl than you are, Minnie Middleton, if you're used to the likes o' this."

Perhaps Minnie could have explained the incongruity referred to, but before she had time "B. Lane" took that task upon herself, emphasizing every other word with a caressing little pat of her tresses, held in durance vile. "'Scuse me, Lila, but you can't judge size by what you have to eat. Look at me, for instance. If I didn't get any more than I look like I get, I fear I'd be somewhat on the scale of the little Russian Prince. You saw him at the Fair, didn't you?"

"What you eat doesn't have anything to do with it. You just look at me—and my appetite is very poor." This from Cilly raised such a howl that Minnie, who is President of the Students' Association, waved her arms and demanded quiet in a shriek that had about as much effect as pouring water on a duck's back.

"I wish somebody would find out what's the matter with Emma. She sure is grouchy to-night," put in Emily. The person under discussion rolled slowly over on the window seat, stared up at the wall, and deigned no reply.

"Well, I think she has either eaten too much, or she didn't get a letter from Chapel Hill——" The sentence was left unfinished, because the offending mouth was effectually stopped by a well-aimed pillow from the hands of scandalized Emma.

And then followed a most startling suggestion—startling, issuing whence it did. "'Scuse me, girls, but I have the grandest idea. Let's have an experience meeting and tell about—er—well, let's get confidential and—um—tell about the impressions we made on the sterner sex last summer."

For a whole minute not a word or sound was heard, but the expressions on the girls' faces were eloquent. "B. Lane" to say anything like that! Matter-of-fact, prim, hardworking old "B. Lane!" Then such a chorus of exclamations burst forth, that poor "B. Lane" was soon blushing clear up into her hair at her audacity.

But matters really reached a climax, when Lila, the red-headed, the blustering, the sworn man-hater, rose up and declared herself "B. Lane's" defender, and that the experience meeting was in order. "Although I can't stand the pressure with the light burning," she added by way of conclusion. Thereupon, out went the light, and in came the moonbeams, transforming a bunch of noisy, chattering magpies of girls into a subdued group, snuggled down against each other on the pillows and window seat, waiting for somebody to begin the revelation.

Lila, having assumed the position of mistress of ceremonies, in the most peremptory manner called upon Lila Stone to hold forth, which she did in her best style.

"All right, Lila, only I think I could make it a little more interesting if you left my head on my shoulders."

"Forgive me, my dear, the strain is something awful."

"Well, girls, he is a Senior at the University of Maryland, and we had such a blissful time last summer. He is awfully bashful, but he says I have a way of drawing him out, and making him forget how uncomfortable he is. We used to have some of the loveliest walks, when it got cool and dusky, and it was just grand being confidential and getting peeps into each others souls, and chil'ren, you'd be surprised to know how very alike we are in our likes and dislikes. Things were just getting to a climax when we both had to go back to school. The last evening he came, I wore my pink satin, you know the one I had made for commencement last spring, and of course it's not good taste to say so, but he sure looked at me *soulfully*. Fact is, he was so absorbed in looking at me that he forgot to talk—and that was our last chance. But the long silences meant so much more than silly chattering, and I had a post card this week telling me to save the pink dress, so I am expecting further developments later. Perhaps I will tell you more then." There was a pause and everybody drew a deep breath after this recital. Then Emma remarked disgustedly, "Why, Lila, that's the most ornery affair yet. Not a bit romantic."

"Oh, yes," burst out Cilly, "Emma can tell you a tale that beats that all hollow—something classy, about drives in the rain, moonlit summer houses,

quarrels and tears and Chapel——” but before this breathless jumble could be finished, Emma descended like a small-sized whirlwind upon poor, unsuspecting Cilly.

“Now, look here, Miss Cilly, chase yourself, or you’ll get yourself in a fix. Say one more word, and I’ll see if I can’t tell a few interesting——”

“Well, just be ealm, Emma, and I’ll stop. Goodness knows I don’t want any of my poor, little, half-finished affairs dragged out of the closet.”

There would have been an uncomfortable pause here, but Ruth saved the day. She valiantly marched into the gap. “You know, my dears, it has all come about in my case through my scientific bent of mind. Of course I’m ‘specially dippy on the subject of Physics. Well, one day last June our doorbell got out of whack, and I decided to mend it. And you know Mr. Boomhour wasn’t here when I wanted to ask questions, so I had to betake myself to the State Library, and, there in that grand old reading room with its historic atmosphere, I met my soul’s affinity, a perfectly grand Princeton junior, working on his senior thesis.” Ruth got no farther. This was truly interesting. A dozen questions were fired at her at once, but Ruth wouldn’t talk any more, so the girls began casting about for another victim, who chanced to be Lil.

Everybody knew Lil had an affair, but that was all. Everything seemed enveloped in mystery. But her roommates had testified to letters and post cards with an ever-changing post mark. When she was called upon to reveal the meaning of these proceedings, Fay, who sat next her, casually remarked, “Wonder what makes your cheeks so hot, Susie, and *do* stop squirming.”

“Honest,” finally stammered Lil, “there isn’t anything,” then in a sudden ecstasy of enthusiasm, “Did you know I am having my voice trained? I honestly think, to be able to sing with feeling, to sway vast audiences, is the grandest calling in the world.” This was surely an astonishing outburst, and many were in the dark literally and figuratively, but one or two wise little ducks were able to put two and two together. Letters from the same person with the never-the-same post mark and Lil’s new ambition meant but one thing.

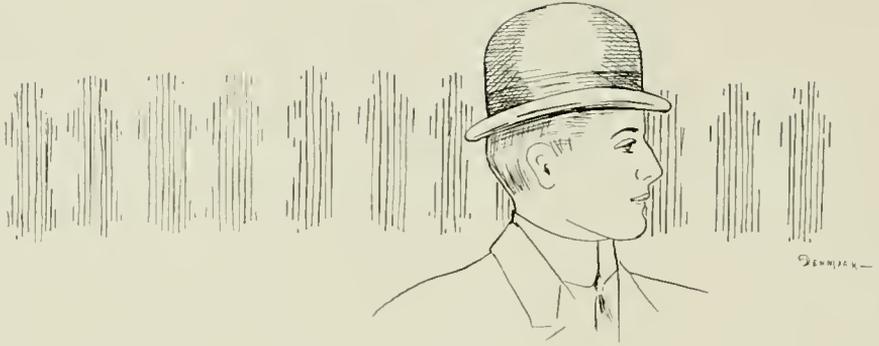
Then “B. Lane,” as originator of this grand and mighty scheme, was ruthlessly dragged from her small corner, where she had purposely gotten, all her courage having oozed away. “B. Lane, you’ve got to do it, so just begin,” was the burden of everybody’s cry, so she began almost in tears, but waxing eloquent as she warmed to her subject.

“Scuse me, girls, but I can’t talk on this subject. I am peculiarly reticent about it. But, since it is you, I suppose I shall have to yield. You

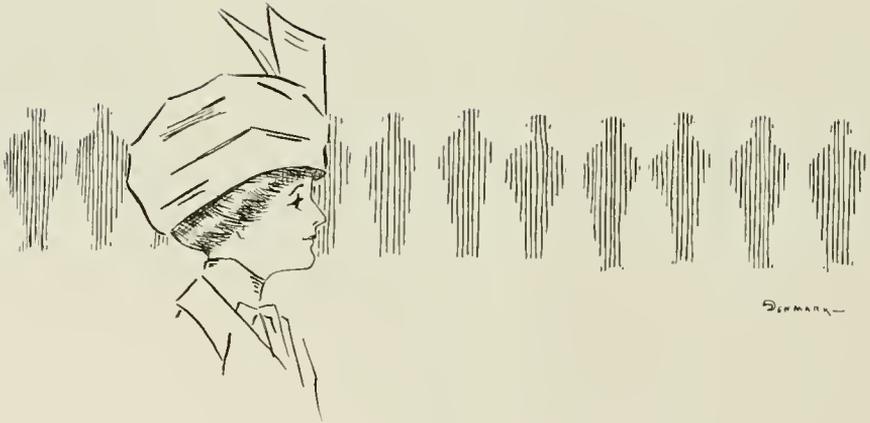
know mother and father got an idea that I needed a change last summer. Said I looked fagged out, so they sent me to spend vacation on my uncle's Texas ranch. Of course I was very much wrought up over it, because I wanted to study, but they bundled me off. I'll never forget that weary journey and my first week on the ranch. I felt that death would be a relief from my wretchedness. But suddenly the looks of things changed. My uncle's overseer came home from a business trip, and from the moment we looked into each other's eyes, and his big brown hand closed over my little one, I knew it was a lost cause with me. O, my dears, he is so strong and masterful and kind. I tried to be prim and independent at first, but in spite of myself, I adored him. He taught me to ride and shoot, and positively, girls, I got plump and good-looking, but of course the heavy responsibility of Physiology and such close association with the skeleton have already made me thin again. But——" and here her voice rose to a triumphant shriek, "it's the ranch for mine after commencement!" If the other tales of true love were astonishing, this one left everybody completely flabbergasted. Surely nothing in the history of the class could touch it. Even Fay's experience did not show up quite so gorgeously by contrast with "B. Lane's," which she began with a joyful gurgle.

"Oh, Susie, he is the grandest, noblest man beneath the heavens! So tall and splendid, and eyes so soulful! You should have heard him sing *My Rosary* to me, so thrillingly tender, that I was 'most choked with tears. And he has got the grandest machine. I have some perfect memories of long stretches of white roads beneath a full moon, and he and I spinning on together. So dreamy and *impressionistic*, don't you know——"

Just here while everybody was perfectly quiet, drinking in every word of Fay's rhapsody, which was gradually getting into treble clef, there came a sharp, peremptory rap on the door, and "Girl-s-s-s, the light bell ha-s-s-s rung-g" in a well-known voice, snatched a smothered shriek out of Minnie, and produced such a scurrying homeward, as has never been witnessed before, considering so many knees weak with fright.



SUNDAY A. M.



MONDAY P. M.

As Told in Her Diary



JUNE 10.—This is such a gorgeous old world, and I am always so idiotically happy! Nothing ever happens, but if I can live here with Mother and Father always in this dear old house, I know I sha'n't want anything else. This morning as I came up the street, I longed wildly to get the whole thing, magnolias, stately white-pillared house, all in my arms and just love it like you can love a thing that you've got close up to you.

And Mother, little, white Mother! She makes me feel like a big bear of a girl, unworthy of her. But when she loves me out of her eyes and then smiles at Father in that heavenly, mysterious way, Father strokes my rough head and tells me I'm "a girl after his own heart." After that I'm crazy with joy for the rest of the day. Oh, I know lots of girls would call this a tame sort of life, but, Diary mine, who cares? They don't understand.

June 15.—If there's one thing in the world which delights my soul, it's seeing Mother with very old folk. This afternoon as I sat in the library wrestling with the stocking bag and the darning gourd, little Miss White came over. She's the quaint little maiden lady who lives down the street in the old-fashioned white cottage with the dormer windows and yellow jessamine vines. Mother met her half down the garden path and brought her into the porch. Then she brought the easiest chair for her, and sat down beside her, holding her hand. Mother knew exactly what to talk about and Miss White fairly bubbled over with the news she'd come to tell. She just idolizes her nephew, who is a Virginian, and he is coming to spend two months. Then Mother was so delighted: Brother will be home at the same time, and so it went, Mother talking always in that tender, kindly little voice of hers that makes you want to catch her and hold her tight up against you. And when Miss White was gone, that's what I did. Will I ever be sweet like Mother?

June 20.—I think I told you, Diary, a few days ago that nothing ever happens. But things are getting a little exciting. Listen here—Brother is home. He is more like Father than ever. Mother and I see it so much more every time he comes. Somehow the big responsibility which he has shouldered, having all those men in the lumber camp look straight to him for everything, has steadied him. But he still teases and tells me I'm prettier in the dark than

anywhere else and he wonders Mother isn't afraid of me. I don't in the least mind being ugly so long as I'm sound, but the other, about Mother being afraid, hurts sometimes, and when Mother sees it she makes him stop.

And now, *do* listen. I got myself in an awful scrape this afternoon. Father and I sailed in the skiff over to the shoals for a swim—by the way, Father admitted to-day that I'm a better swimmer than he—and had got home late. He had to hurry to the office and left me to tie the sails and put up the skiff. When everything was trig and tight, and the boat house locked, I started home, up our quiet street. The sun was getting low and all along the side wall where the big trees are it was perfectly cool and shady, but the river—you know our street is right on the river—was still sunlit and sparkly, and the children were bathing out in front of the Lawrences. I just got to feeling so gay and giddy that I puckered up my mouth and began whistling. I was swinging along, my wet mane down my back, and whistling gaily when, by an evil dispensation of fate, I chanced to look up. There in Miss White's front yard, propped up against the tree at the gate, was a big fellow lazily smoking a pipe and regarding me in an astonished and altogether amused manner out of his cool, gray eyes. I don't see how I saw the color of his eyes, because I was *so* confused, and mad *clear through*. Who ever heard of such impudence!

June 26.—I do wish nobody would ever come to this town who doesn't belong here, and half of those who do would move away. And Nellie Bower is such an old stupid! Why did I ever think to get her to walk with me on our wharf? But it was such a perfect night and we were having such a good time with our feet swinging off over the water. Seems that since Nelle has married we don't see each other much now-a-days. But this night seemed like old times. Then that big man had to come sauntering down the wharf right past us. As he came back, he and Nelle recognized each other. Horror of horrors, it was Miss White's nephew! Nelle introduced him and he sat down with *his* feet swinging off, just like ours, on the other side of Nelle. I sat up perfectly stiff and straight and dumb, while he and Nelle talked of when they were children and going to school together before I came to live here.

Then he came on with us, and more misery still, when we got to Nelle's gate she calmly stepped in and left that man to walk home with me. I was in an agony of embarrassment and didn't even try to talk. He didn't talk much, but what he said was in the deepest, dearest voice I'd ever heard.

You know even the devil must have what's due him. For one thing, he told me I needn't feel bad about the whistling, that I could outwhistle even him.

When we got home, Mother was waiting on the steps, like the angel she is. Of course I had to introduce the man, and Mother was charmed when she learned he was Miss White's nephew. Standing on the steps, they talked on for a few minutes, and in that short while, Mother was so entranced that she made him promise to come over for the evening soon. Goodness knows I tried to keep Mother out of it. I was standing with my back to one of the porch pillars, just like a stone, holding one of her hands, but how could she know I wasn't loving her when I gave her hand a squeeze each time she said something rash?

July 2.—It seems, dear Diary, that I can't find time to tell you things these days. Brother tries to make me believe he doesn't approve of me, but just the same he surely likes to have me do things with him. Honest, he has gotten to the point where he makes me sit beside him when he smokes. And what do you suppose? He told Mother the other day that if I were not his sister he'd marry me, whether I would or not. That was a very amazing thing for Brother to say.

Mr. Courtney came over last night, as he'd promised Mother he would. Mother and Father and he and I sat on the porch. It is so dear on our porch when the moon shines. The porch floor and the lawn are all checkered in shadows and pale patches of light, which fall through the magnolias. And the moonbeams on the river seem to be dancing away in throngs to a great gathering of their kindred out beyond the bar.

But let me get back to our guest. Diary, my own, he has been everywhere, and he can tell about it after a fashion that makes you half-way believe that you yourself are buying grapes in the little Italian towns or seeing the Flower Festival in Japan. I was very content sitting on the steps with my head against Mother's knee. But finally Brother came in and sat down beside me, and with that my peace of mind was ended. Brother's very presence can tease sometimes. I just told Mother and Father good-night, and went in.

July 15.—Nothing of importance to tell, Diary. Just the same beautiful, quiet summer-time. Brother and Paul Courtney and I were over on the shoals to-day. Had a grand swim. We began at the west marsh and came out at the east abreast! Brother hugged me and said, "Plucky little sis!" Paul Courtney looked exactly like he did the time he caught me whistling.

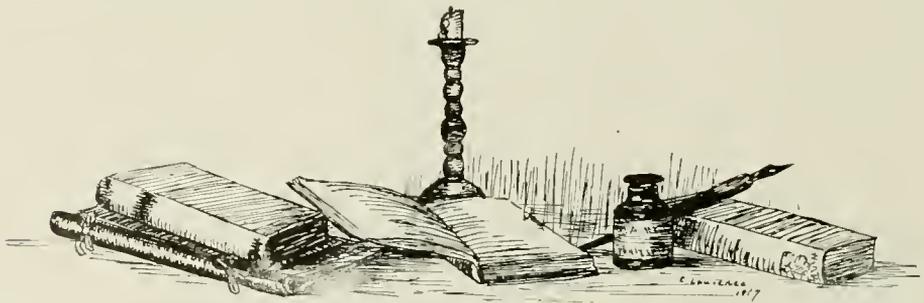
only he didn't smile. I know he must have the strongest opinion of me, ever. But I don't care! Mother and Father and Brother and the neighbors' children love me.

August 1.—What a long time since I told you anything! But prick up your ears, to hear something wonderful, glorious, which happened yesterday. Nelle and Corinne and Bent, Brother, myself, and a few of the others, went over to the surf for a dip and for supper afterwards. You know I never am unhappy, but I was yesterday, oh, so queerly unhappy! Even the sunshine looked sad and wistful and I wanted to weep all day, only I couldn't. The only comfort I got was when Mother kissed me on the eye-lids. I think it must all be because the Fall is coming, and Father is going away for a two-weeks stay to-morrow, and Brother, who has gotten to be so dear, goes back to the camp up in Michigan the day after Father goes away. Just Mother and I for those two long weeks.

But let me tell the thing I started with and stop being foolish any longer. When it began to get dusky and nearly all of the color was out of the sky, I ran away and began walking fast up the beach. The ocean was very calm, veiled in mist and just purring softly, and just where the faintest rose pink was dyeing the west, the evening star winked as merrily as if I wasn't feeling as forlorn and wretched as a girl could.

I heard some one walking on the sand behind me, and turned around. Paul Courtney was coming. I waited until he came up and then we walked on side by side, not saying a word. It was getting to be miserably uncomfortable. Suddenly Paul reached for my hand and stopped short. I was scared, he was so fierce, and he held my hand so tight that I wanted to scream. But I managed to look at his eyes, and then I stopped being afraid.

"Polly, I'm going to-morrow. Are you sorry?" he asked, his voice deep and low. Somehow I got courage to say "Yes," and then— Oh, Diary, you stupid old dear, don't you understand? *You* and *I* are going to live in Virginia in the autumn!





The Seniors Go to the Wake Forest Baraca Banquet



QUARTER of six, on the afternoon of November the nineteenth, brought with the usual darkness and clanging of the first dinner-bell an unusual scurrying about of girls on the halls, excited shrieks, and lastly the "honk, honk," of four big machines launching up on the campus, causing the hearts of twenty girls to thump with joy. The Senior gives a last fluff of powder to excitement-crimsoned cheeks, tucks rebellious locks under a delicate scarf and says, standing off from her Sophomore roommate, "Do I look nice?" Then she flies down the hall, and joins the crowd at the front of main building, and with them lustily raises the yell, "Ray! Ray! Bully for B'Racas, Ray!" Other yells—then into the cars, Mr. Wilkinson and Mr. Broughton in their midst.

The machines were "cranked up," the "chug-chug-chugging" began, and each girl tucked luxuriously in furs, blankets and pillows, sighed with contentment in her soul of souls and buried her chin into her big, soft muff as one after another the cars pulled off.

The big, clear white headlights devoured ever faster and faster the broad dark stretches of Blount street. The lights glinting from the windows of the big, old houses by which they whirred seemed dull, dead, to the Senior whose heart sang to the soft whirring of the car. Her eyes, far-gazing into the distance, pictured *glorious* college fellows, clear cut and muscular—

and lots of them—big enthusiastic clumps of them. First she sees them giving ringing college yells as the girls come in; then she sees herself with the grandest one, talking somewhere, and—*his—eyes—*—!

Into the velvety blue night the brilliant double lights of four winged cars chase each other swiftly, evenly, happily. Now and then there is a soft, musical chord, low-pulsing from the leading car answered by the loud, mellow “honk, honk,” of the one in the rear.



“Ye Old-Time” Faculty Meeting as Compared With the New



THE old shall pass away and give place to the new.” It is true of more things than one, Faculty meetings not excepted. Of course none of us know, save through circumstantial evidence, what takes place at these meetings of the wise and the just, but we do surely know that mighty upheavals and subsequent revolutions have been in order for some few years.

We judge that of old, the Faculty met serenely at an appointed time each month, and consulted with each other upon such problems as Jane Smith’s ability to keep up in Freshman mathematics, or whether or not Ann Jones should be allowed to change from the literary course to music. Or possibly, on rare occasions, they got to the exciting point of discussing the advisability of entertaining the trustees and the Senior Class. However, nothing of transcendent, soul-stirring interest ever took place. Order, precision and smooth sailing were the ear-marks of the Faculty meeting of yesterday.

But as time changes all things, even so it has changed the uninterrupted course of Faculty meeting to an event, meteoric in its brilliancy and in the uncertainty of its results. Ye wist not on what morning ye shall be kept standing outside the door of history recitation room, shifting from one foot to the other, yet daring not to withdraw.

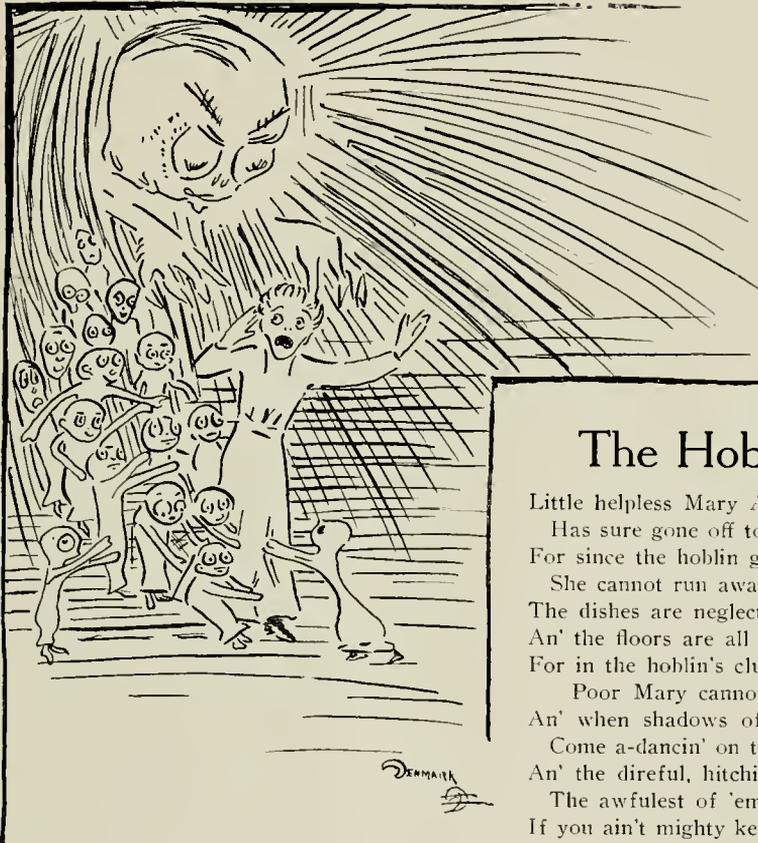
On such an occasion as this, one might well employ her time by lending her ears to the voices floating over the transom. Every subject which comes up for discussion is based in one way or another, upon its relation to the Carnegie unit or the next Meredith catalogue. Miss Smith is enthusiastically urging that science requirements be made larger. One almost sees her eyes and her gestures and the force which they give to her argument. Dr. Vann is a little doubtful. He fears lest the number of units required will exceed the capacity of the North Carolina high schools, an objection which Miss Smith overcomes quickly enough—surely high school standards will be raised only when the college makes it necessary. It is finally settled that one unit of physics shall be required, and that biology shall be a first year subject rather than a second year. In our mind’s eye, we already see the drooping feathers and wrinkled foreheads of next year’s Freshman Class.

Then after a pause, English bubbles over. The seventh annual meeting of the Association of Southern Colleges and Preparatory Schools convenes in a few days at Athens, Georgia. The great advantage to be gained by having a representative from Meredith College is urged upon the Faculty. This matter is skillfully presented, we have no doubt, since soon we hear it moved and carried that Miss Colton shall go, in behalf of Meredith, to impress upon all educational institutions that we *exist*, and by dint of much gnashing of teeth and hard work, shall attain their glorious heights ere long.

Then we hear Miss Paschal's voice advancing a new idea. After grave thought and much weighing of argument, she thinks it wise to give zeroes for all classes cut before and after holidays; that by this rather severe measure alone, the regular attendance of college students is assured. Gentle-hearted, conservative Mr. Boomhour is not so sure of this, thinks this matter worthy of longer and more serious consideration. But his opinion is overborne and Miss Paschal comes out with flying colors, when Miss Meserve and Miss Colton in a breath declare this the existing rule at Vassar and Wellesley.

Just here Miss Ford happens to remember that Sue Blank, who already has eighteen hours of work, has petitioned for two more. But everybody suddenly remembers waiting classes and Miss Smith suggests that this can be discussed "afterward." Each, assuming that inimitable, awe-inspiring classroom air files *out* and we file *in*, sorely alive to the fact that we are in the clutches of those whose decrees are the unchanging and inevitable result of the workings of great minds. Yet, half joyful we be that we are dragged "by main strength and awkwardness," whether we will or not, into the everlasting glory of standard colleges and endowed institutions.





The Hoblins

Little helpless Mary Ann
 Has sure gone off to stay,
 For since the hoblin got 'er
 She cannot run away.
 The dishes are neglected,
 An' the floors are all unswept,
 For in the hoblin's clutches
 Poor Mary cannot step.
 An' when shadows of the grippin' things
 Come a-dancin' on the wall,
 An' the direful, hitchin' hoblin,
 The awfulest of 'em all,
 If you ain't mighty keerful
 To stay around about,
 The hoblin'll git you
 Ef you

*Don't
 Watch
 Out!*

There was onc't a little gal
 A-dressin' way up-stairs,
 An' when they went to call her,
 She wasn't anywheres,
 But beside her dressin' mirror
 Stood a hoblin—slim and tall,
 With head of huge dimensions,
 And with feet extremely small,
 Whose figure was like nothin'
 Which ere graced the sight of man,

A mockery of the person
 Of their precious Mary Ann,
 An' as the family entered,
 It seized them one by one,
 An' tied their feet together
 'Till its fearful work was done,
 An' then it strode *two inches*,
 With a fierce, shrill, conquerin' shout,
 An' the hoblin'll git you,
 Ef you

*Don't
 Watch
 Out!*

Meredith, Pro and Con



GRIMES' BEACH schoolhouse had never been so crowded as it was on the evening of June the tenth, nineteen hundred and ten. The women and children sat on straight-backed benches, and the men who could not find seats in the windows, or on the edge of the platform, stood up around the walls. Four or five lanterns, suspended in different parts of the room, furnished light for the occasion, and scarcely rendered visible the rough, red faces of the honest fishermen. The sea breeze was almost excluded from the room on account of the forms of the men in the windows, but the intense heat was scarcely noticed, for this was an occasion of great excitement. Nat Grimes, the most highly esteemed fisherman in the little settlement, had returned not long since from a visit to Meredith College, and was going to deliver an address which promised to be a literary triumph.

Every eye was directed towards the platform as Tom Payne rose to introduce the speaker.

"I guess ye all know this is Nat Grimes," said Payne, "an' I reckon ye know, too, that he's goin' to tell ye something here to-night that'll do ye good all yer lives. I am powerful glad you brought the chillun, cause its for them the speech'll do mos' good. Gentlemen, this is Nat Grimes."

Hearty applause filled the room as Payne took his seat, and Grimes came to the front. His sharp little eyes sparkled in the light of the lantern nearest him, and his round, fat face was redder than it had ever been before. With a few twists of his fingers, and a pinch or two at the bottom edge of his new home-made coat, he began:

"Gentlemun, and feller sisters, I ain't braggin', but ye all know that I got 'bout the best edication of anybody on Grimes's Beach."

"Reckon ye have, yes sir-ee!" came from different parts of the room.

"An' I was thinkin' 'bout how I'd like to do somethin' fer my feller friends, so I'm goin' to tell ye 'bout what a *college* is.

"Ye know I got a darter named Charity. Well, I just made up my mind to send Charity to a college, 'cause she's learnt all she can 'roun' here; but I didn't 'low to send her to none of 'em 'thout I found out fer myself how she'd get along, 'cause in my travels I have come acrost folks that say their gals had more sense before they lef' home than they had when they come from one of these colleges. I heard considerable about a place named

Meredith College, and so I jist thought I'd go see about it; so I did. After I done some inquirin' I got there, and it was about three weeks before the breakin'-up time, so I stayed mos' till school stopped—'cause after all, fellers, a college is a school. It's a school where they have the ones that are goin' to live and eat and sleep there.

"I went up to that Meredith College and the bossman, the President, said I could do all the lookin' roun' I wanted to. It was about dinner-time, and I went in the dinin'-room with the President. U-m, folks, it's the biggest dinin'-room ye ever saw, and the most fine lookin' young ladies was at them tables. We walked right down the middle of the room, all 'tween them tables, till we come to the last one where the President sat. While I was walkin' 'long by them gals, they was gigglin' and snickerin' and I heard one of 'em say I had a pretty, rosy complexion. I liked to a-told her it looked a sight better'n if it was chalky like hern.

"Well, ye know, ginerally, when I git to where I'm goin', I set down, so when I got to my eatin'-place, I set myself down, and pulled up my cheer to the table. Then I looked 'roun' an' every single soul in the dinin'-room 'cep' me was standin' up back of their cheers and snickerin' like they didn't have no raisin'. Purty soon a bell tapped and they got still, and then the President, he asked the blessing and in a minute they shuffled their cheers roun' and set down and you never did hear such a fuss. I didn't keer much if I didn't do just 'zactly like the rest.

"I couldn't help noticin' how many kinds of gals was there, and how many kinds of ways they had their heads fixed. There was fat ones and lean ones and you never did see such a sight of heads in your life. Some of 'em had their'n twisted all up 'roun' an' 'roʊn' all over their heads, and would you believe it? Some had their'n fixed with all sorts of curls and things till it looked 'bout like pictures I've seen of old Miss Martha Washin'ton. Some of 'em had bows on their heads big as I don't know what; look like they wuz gittin' ready to fly any minute.

"I guess by now ye all want to hear what we had to eat. Well, that day we had soup an' crackers an' roasted potatoes. That soup was good, and I thought Charity could thrive toler'ble well on it. Sometimes they had other kinds of things, mostly beef, and I didn't see no trouble 'bout that, 'cause I knew Charity had good teeth.

"After we got done eatin', the President took me and my little bundle, that Charity and Sue had fixed for me, and we went over to his house, and I found out where I was going to stay—and then I told the President to make home-folks of me, and let me jist prow' 'roun' to suit myself—so he did.

I would like to tell ye everything I looked at, 'cause I reckon I saw everything there was to see, but gentlemun, I'm jist goin' to tell ye a few of them things as they come to me.

"One of 'em was what they call the *practice hall*. Why, fellers, you couldn't hear your own ears when you went in there, and it was worse on your senses than a dog and cat fight. There was little rooms about as big as pigeon-holes, and the doors of them rooms had little holes in 'em. I peeped through some of them and there was gals settin' down there, playin' on pianers, throwin' their hands first up and then down; some of 'em was standin' up with their mouths wide open and pullin' down their chins, callin' it singin'. There was some up-stairs rooms, too, and in one of 'em was a nigger settin' down turnin' a crank, and a gal set up there playin' a organ with her hands and feet both. In another little cubby hole was a gal standin' playin' a fiddle, and whether ye believe me or not, gentlemun, that was all goin' on at one time. Nobody didn't stop fer nobody else. They didn't care whether they kept time or not. I don't think that's no way to learn gals how to play and sing music.

"They've got a meetin' house up there built all in the college, and in it they've got the biggest organ ye ever seed, with three sets of playin'-keys. They have meetin' in there every mornin', and the singin' young ladies come in walkin' two by two and goes up on that platform where the organ is, and sets there till meetin's over, then comes back out. I guess I'll be up there again some time and see Charity comin' in with the singin' folks.

"But, folks, I guess the most powerful-strange thing they've got up there is them *bulletin boards*. I learnt a new word while I was at that college that was jist the very word that tells what them bulletin boards is. They is jist *cute*. They has all sorts of papers pinned up on 'em. I tell ye the truth—I don't care what ye want, if ye jist write it on a piece of paper, and pin it on one of them bulletin boards, ye'll get it shore as ye live. Make's no difference what it is. Yes, sir-ee, that's a powerful contraption.

"I used to go about to the teachin' rooms, too, but I never did understand much they was doin' in them. Well, when I don't know much about things I usually tries to believe they's what they ought to be; so I guess them teachers is doing what they ought to do and Charity'll fare all right 'bout that.

"But them teachers! Land, they is a curious lookin' set—some one way and some another. One of 'em walked like a Pekin drake and another carried 'roun' with her what they called a *dog*. It was a long, flop-eared, slick, black thing, with legs no longer than your finger, and weren't good for nothin' but to bark and run. Now *weren't* that a fine thing for a *teacher* to be carryin' along with her?

“One day the President took me to one of them *senate meetings*, where all the teachers set up there big as kings and tried to boss each other. But the President managed to hold his end of the barg’in. I couldn’t get no sense out of the meetin’, so while a man was makin’ a speech ’bout some kind er *units* or other, I jist took a nap.

“Speakin’ about takin’ naps, Jo Daniels, ain’t you ’sleep while I’m speakin’ for the uplift of this place? You needn’t think you got a ’sense for goin’ to sleep here, jist cause I went to sleep there, ’cause they was talkin’ ’bout somethin’ I couldn’t see into, and *I* am speakin’ pure, plain English.”

Somebody punched Daniels. He instantly opened his eyes and looked about him in a shame-faced manner, then the speaker continued:

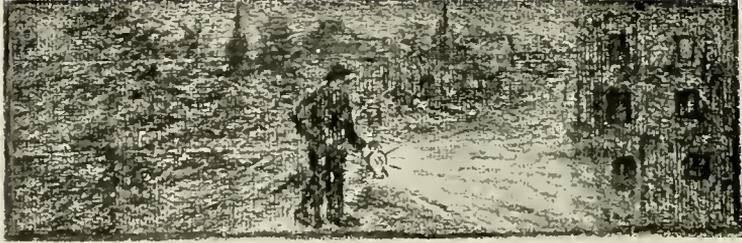
“Jist a few more words, gentlemun and sisters. They had a kind of party up there one time, and I jist wished you could a-seen how them gals acted. They was all dressed up in their finery, and they stood up there in the hall and peeped and giggled and waited till their fellers come. Then they jist went clear wild, and acted like they had never seen a man before. I’d like to give Charity worse than a piece of my mind if she acted like that.

“Well, on the last Sunday mornin’ before breakin’-up time, the whole shootin’-match turned out and went to church two by two. Long as I weren’t a part of the college, I walked along on the other side of the street and looked on. Purty close up in front there was marchin’ a crowd of them young ladies with long, black dresses on and little square caps on their heads. They told me they was the ones that got the diplomers. A diplomer is a big piece of paper that tells the one that gets it has been to that college and has learnt all they could teach her. I thought they ought to wear red or yaller dresses, and look a little bit happier than they did with them long black gowns; but it was all mighty nice, and the other gals in their white dresses looked purty enough to make up for it.

“Well, next day I ’cided I had stayed ’bout long enough to know if I liked that Meredith College, so I ’cided to leave. I believe they kinder hated to see me go, I’d been ’ronn’ there so long, but I jist had to come back and help git Charity off up there—and the President told me *with his own mouth* that she could git one of them diplomers in about *eight* or *nine* years.

“What I want ye all to do is send your darters to Meredith College, too. Yes, Charity’s goin’ next year. I reckon everybody there’ll know Charity Grimes, ’cause they’ll be sure to ricollect her Paw.”

ROSE GOODWIN, '11.



Song of the Night Watchman

The long night through
I watch for you:
Till morning break,
And you awake,
I vigil keep,
Sleep, sleep.

Forget the day,
Away, away,
Where toil is not,
And woe forgot,
Nor any weep,
Sleep, sleep.

If harm befall,
I hear your call,
And ready stand,
With shepherd hand,
To guard my sheep,
Sleep, sleep.

In dreamland fair,
Without a care,
Till night is gone
I slumber on
In silence deep,
Sleep, sleep.

E. M. C., '07.

Dissertation on Chapel Lectures



VERY Meredith girl usually has some definite reaction of feeling for the different activities in which she may be interested during her college life. For instance, gymnasium, society hall, practice hall, mean only one thing, but when the mind comes to dwell on the meaning of chapel, there is such a confusion of sentiment, as only those much given to introspection can in any manner define.

Of course, outsiders would say that one naturally thinks of chapel in connection with the religious and literary side of college life, but in their ignorance they err, as those who have been called thither at the most unexpected and inopportune time could easily prove. Surely the chapel is a place of many interests, but chiefest of all, lectures, lectures on such varied topics, that even though a girl do nothing else, she deserves a seat with the justly rewarded, if she be clever and level-headed enough to keep up with them all and be in her appointed place at the proper time.

We have said that these lectures are of many varieties, and verily, we mean what we say. All of us are familiar with Mr. Ferrell's rising up during chapel exercises and announcing that the tickets for the next lecture will be on sale at a given hour. This is followed immediately by a very audible sigh, and later by two hours' patient tolerance of some droning lecturer on Goethe's *Faust*, or some other equally interesting subject, while we think with despair of the unlearned recitations for to-morrow. Unless, perchance, he who persecutes is a certain scholarly Mr. Wilkinson—then the cares and the responsibilities of the future are cast into oblivion, while, spell-bound, we sit forward to catch every Britishly-pronounced word, and charming intonation, as he shifts from side to side, arms akimbo, and black gown floating in the air.

Then, what one of us is there who has not had the experience of descending to breakfast on Monday morning to be faced at the door by a notice in a familiar handwriting, "Miss Paschal wishes to see all the girls in the chapel at nine-thirty o'clock. Please take regular seats." Could there possibly be such a shatterer of plans? It means good-bye to the room all cleaned and laundry put out by ten o'clock, and a calm resignation to the inevitable, which is a rehearsal of "Don'ts," and "Be sure to get on the campus by five-thirty o'clock, and to wear a wrap in passing from one build-

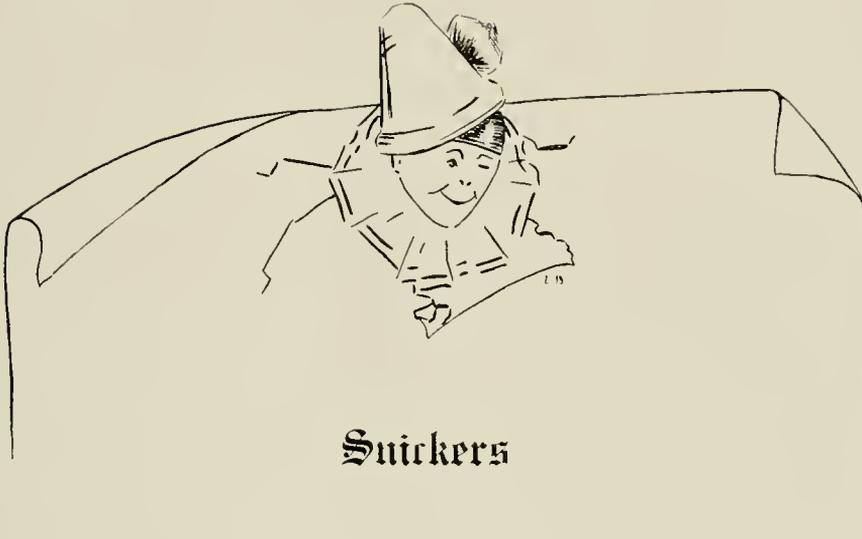
ing to another," and "to read the hand-book"—all of which is emphasized by slow repetition, enumeration on the finger tips, and a gentle rising on the toes at every new point.

The lady principal is followed by the librarian, who rises with a charming little smile and a gentle, deprecatory air, and informs us that we are not to eat peanuts in the library, that we should not walk across the floor like shod animals, that above all else laughing aloud is strictly forbidden; all of which instructions are about as easy to abide by as to remember to put laundry money in on time.

But the most exhilarating and alive, yet withal the most blood-curdling and hair-raising at times, are those over which the college physician presides. Every statement which she sees fit to make is driven home to the brain of an utterly amazed audience, which by the way is assembled chiefly through threats, curiosity, and a latent sense of hero-, or, more correctly, heroine-worship—every statement, we say, is driven home with a force and emphasis which brooks no denial. "Every young lady in this institution is expected to wear a sleeve and not a lace curtain on her arm, and if I find on the first day of November one single girl in low shoes, nothing under high heaven shall prevent her from being sent home immediately!" Let it be understood that "every young lady in this institution" goes away from the chapel sufficiently impressed.

Last, Miss Royster posts a notice to the effect that she wishes to meet the student body in the chapel at a stated hour. Every girl adores the physical director, and in spite of a little swearing under the breath, we go and listen while she holds forth. She announces that it has been decreed we shall wear a certain amount of clothing this year, and that a failure to abide by this new resolution means a calamity, the nature of which will be stated when necessary; that physical exercise until this year has been considered a joke, but that time has passed and it is at last a stern reality; that gym suits shall be the order of the day and not one girl shall escape, no not one. Despondent and grouchy, yet loyal just the same, we troop out, and the chapel has seen us again the victims of "the powers that be."

These instances are only a few of the many, enough to demonstrate the fact that lectures figure extensively in the life of Fresh, Soph, Junior and Senior, and that if chapel walls could break their wise silence, wonderful revelations they could make to those who know not.



Snickers

Lila Keith (looking at a picture of Shakespeare, his birthplace and his church, all in one frame, but noticing only his birthplace)—“Where have I seen this house? Oh, I know, in Biltmore!”

Lucile Arthur, having been called up before Miss P., thought that she would make a good impression by confessing all and so began explaining about some rule she had broken. Miss P. (having called her up for an entirely different matter) said: “My dear, I fear you have more sins than I know of.”

No wonder she plays for Jim! L. A. and L. M. were in a room just above the gym while classes were going on one p. m. Hearing the music L. A. asked: “Who is that playing?”

L. M. replied: “Oh, it’s M. N. playing for gym!”

V. W.: “In getting the reaction of lead and air, we find it to be $Pb + O = Pbo$. There is only one part oxygen, because there is only one oxygen in the air.”

Mr. B.: “I take it we would all suffer if there was only one part and you used that.”

“BONEY”

F. W.: “Julia, you ought to like this meat.”

J. P.: “Why?”

F. W.: “Because it’s so bony.”

L. W., while walking one day chanced to pass by a telephone pole just as the man who was working on the wires was phoning to headquarters.

“Hello,” said the man.

Lorraine, thinking he was yelling at her, exclaimed to her companion, “crazy Ike!”

When Mr. B. corrected the biology note books on the twenty-ninth day of September for the first time this year and added the date in his usual manner—9-29 M. B., who had heard that he used a peculiar system of marking, was very anxious to know how much she really got, as he had only given her nine twenty-ninths.

Two girls were discussing how to spell rutabaga.

G. H.: "Who was that, a musician?"

Some time last year, the following notice was on the bulletin board:

"When the girls have company at night, will they please turn off the lights when they leave the parlors, if they are on?"

G. H. (at dress parade, as the band passed by): "Oh, I know a boy in the choir!"

M. W., after working on a reaction for some time, finally went to Mr. B. with this remark: "Mr. B., I just can't make this come out right. I don't know what to do with this C. P."

Mr. B.: "You will just leave that out, will you? It only means *chemically pure*."

Newish (looking at statue of Venus de Milo): "Did Venus lose her arms before she died?"

M. B. (playing finch with M. H.): "Let's play best two out of three."

M. H.: "How is it played? I've never played it."

L. K. (looking through a stack of books at the State Library in search of something on the War of 1812) to Emily Huntley: "Emily, I can't even find out when the blooming thing happened."

Mrs. B.: "Josiah, please go to Dobbin-Ferrall's and get me some grosgrain ribbon for shoe laces."

Mr. B. (to Mr. M. in Dobbin-Ferrall's): "My wife wants some blue-green ribbon for shoe laces."

Miss C. (on English Literature I): "Some authors criticise Shakespeare for being too fond of talking. That, however, is characteristic of the Elizabethan age."

Student (aside): "We'll all agree that fondness for talking is decidedly Elizabethan."

A. H.: "Miss D. just stands on a chair and peers down into your voice."

L. K. was talking to Miss J. one day about a certain taxidermist.

Miss J.: "Isn't Mr. A. a taxidermist?"

L. K.: "No, he's one of those men who stuff birds and animals."

A Hollins girl and a Meredith girl was on a hayride together this past summer.

Hollins girl: "Gertrude, start up a song. You're a bella donna!"

Meredith girl: "Thank you! I'm so glad I do your eyes good!"

VACCINATION

M. D. (writing to her mother for her matriculation fee) : "Please send me ten dollars for my vaccination fee."
Mother (in reply) : "If your vaccination fee is ten dollars, I hope you won't have to be vaccinated often."

R. P., observing an accumulation of lint under her vaccination shield, and becoming very distressed exclaimed : "Well, I do declare, I believe the thing is moulding!"

L. M., having heard that vaccination will take in a fresh cut, was terribly afraid her's would take in her mouth, as she had recently had a tooth extracted.

An A. M. C. boy, who came to see L. W., at the Philatretian reception, said : "If I don't stop looking at Miss H., I'll fall in love with her."
L. W. : "Stop looking."

I. P. (walking out on Boylan Heights, and seeing the penitentiary in the distance) : "Well, I didn't know we were this near A. & M."

L. W. (at A. M. C. dress parade) : "Is that P. L. carrying that flag (U. S. A.)?"
H. N. : "No, he carries the A. M. C. flag."
M. G. : "Well, what flag is that?" (Referring to U. S. A. flag.)

We're sure our time was not wasted.
We know our jokes have been read.
For often a curious person
Will stand upon his head.



“And by Their Works Ye Shall Know Them”



UPON the face of matters, girls are very much alike, but if you stop to reflect a moment, you will find that it is easier to contrast them than to compare them.

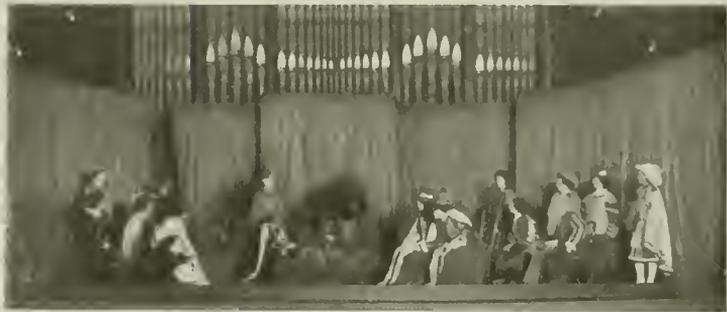
And how many different kinds of girls are necessary to college life, with all its varied interest, and its individuality! Of course girls can be classified into the studious, the athletic, the loafers, and the mischief-makers. You find that sort of classification among every tribe, clan, family, or organization. But at Meredith College, what is it about a group that makes it stand out? With what essential thing do you always associate that group? Why, naturally, their section of the State. It is the bunch from the mountains, with their rosy faces and barrels of fine old apples; the coast girls, sun-burned and breezy, with their oyster stews and tales of fish-frys; and the girls from the middle section, many of them unused to a body of water larger than a pond, or a mountain larger than a hill, yet strong and staunch and loyal, who combined, give life and vigor to any school. Of course, sometimes, when individuals from these different groups get together there may be differences of a political nature, but usually, since none are especially well up on politics, and are Democrats or Republicans simply because father or brother is, such a small difficulty is smoothed over without any damage and each falls to listening with the greatest avidity to this girl's tale of wonderful moonlight picnics on the sound or beach, of jolly dances in the pavilion, of that mountain girl's camping experience, or a blood-curdling shooting affair when the sheriff tried to catch a mountaineer moonshiner, back there where the whole family of fifteen live in one room, and there aren't any railroads, but plenty of dogs, and guns, and revenue officers.

The middle girl, although she usually has no marvellous yarns to spin, has the advantage in being able to listen to all the rest with a keenness of interest equally flattering to mountain and coast. And this middle girl is a great old girl, broad and liberal-minded in every phase of college life with which she is associated. And she is always dispensing good things from boxes which mother has packed, with a thought for everything that appeals to a schoolgirl's appetite.

Then the girls who come from other states are subjects of a peculiar interest, and fortunate in their misfortune, for because of their unattached character, and their distance from home, and a fancied idea on the part of the others that they are lonely and weepy each is rivaling the other to see who can do the more for the little aliens. We have a notion that they have about the happiest time of the lot.

And, by way of conclusion, who dares to say that college life with its fine opportunity of growth, through contact with other girls and their ideas, and their outlook on life, is not the best part of a girl's life, no matter what has gone before, or what shall come after?





SCENES FROM *HAMLET*



THE "INS AND OUTS" OF FAIRCLOTH

Her Maiden Effort

Class Poem

The college halls were crowded
With faces young and bright
Who sought to get some knowledge
And ~~interest~~

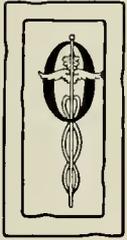
The homes are lonely, the college town
With faces young and bright,
But ~~at~~ ^{at} when curtains are ~~pulling~~ ^{drawn} down
Many are the ~~tear dimmed~~ ^{eyes that weep} eyes that
Bright.

Again and again the freshman ~~strains~~ ^{tries};
As evening shadows round her creep,
To ~~soothe~~ ^{try} to rest the ~~watery~~ ^{watery} eyes
Unwillingly they close in sleep.

A few such days and all goes well,
The "newish" gets less new,
And all the difference one can tell,
I am I and you are you.

Finis:

An Old-Fashioned Garden



NE would never guess that an old-fashioned garden lay hidden behind the weather-beaten high board fence. It was only the near and dear, or the fortunate outsider with a third-story window who knew about this garden spot, as far removed from the hurry and cares of a busy town as though in some far-away, dreamed-of, but never realized country.

Virginia creeper and jessamine vines clambered over the old gray fence in the wildest of fashions. The wide path, which began at the gate opening off the kitchen garden, rambled aimlessly about and finally ended at the old summer house, set down carelessly somewhere near the center with the lattice work showing only in places where the honeysuckle, whose breath reached me clear to my window, allowed it to get a peep at the daylight.

Nearest me a bed of jonquils, dazzling in the morning sunshine, looked against the dark earth as though they had been plucked and placed in an immense brown bowl. Against the left side of the fence, rose trees crowded flaunting their blooms in the faces of the dainty jessamine. Beyond the summer house, bright-hued crocuses did their best to put to shame the yellows and reds of the tall canna-lilies banked up just behind them.

But that which I loved best was the bed of violets and lilies-of-the-valley, almost lost in the gaiety and gorgeousness of the other flowers. They kept closely together in a distant corner, seemingly afraid of their big, showy neighbors, but white and sweet and dainty in the distance.

L. A., '11.

If Thou Wert a Beggar

*Oh, if thou wert a beggar, love,
A wild rose would I be,
A-blooming by a lone road,
Where only thou might see.
And if perchance thou'dst pass that way
And turn and look on me,
Then I thy heart would gladden, love,
And I'd bloom on for thee.*

*Or, if thou wert a king, my love,
A jewel then I'd be,
Which thou did'st treasure so, my love,
That no one else would see.
And in the quiet hours thou'dst come
And fondly gaze on me,
Then I would sparkle brighter still,
For thee and only thee.*

J. L., '11.

Mona Lisa



IN studying Mona Lisa, background and costume mean nothing only as they serve to throw into relief the face and hands, unfathomable in their meaning and in the mystery which veils them.

One is not struck by Mona Lisa's beauty. There are many faces in art more beautiful, but not one which reveals more, yet baffles even in the revelation. What does Mona Lisa's smile mean? There is a veritable little devil of mischief lurking about the lips and in the shadows about the eyes, eyes which loving, would love infinitely.

Mona Lisa's is a mischievous face, yet looked at in another light the smile all fades and in its place there comes a touching pathos suggesting a heart-breaking secret, carried with a resignation and simple dignity befitting a queen. The hands, so closely following the face in every quality of expression, help to deepen this impression.

Mona Lisa might have been a coquette or perhaps she was something worse, dragging men into lives of recklessness and sin by the witchery of her smile and of her deep eyes. One scarcely likes to think of her thus, but it is in the face, even as sorrow and dignity are there.

What Mona Lisa was we dare not say; charming, mischief-loving girl, woman of sorrow, or coquette. She was at least a woman of intellect whatever were the qualities with which she combined it. We can well imagine her brilliant and sparkling with the gayest of the gay, or grave and level-headed, holding her own with the philosophers and men of letters of her day.

And when all is said, that unknown something still haunts one, gleaming through the little smile, tantalizing, perplexing and defying all interpretation.

L. A., '11

Editorial



WELL, Seniors, and college folk all, here's the annual. Is it what you expected, *more* than you expected, or *less*? Tell us quick while we wait breathless, clutching our hearts, and ready to succumb to this horrible suspense.

Good or bad, we, your staff, are glad that it is finished, and that we shall be able to sleep at night without visions of belated girls scurrying up to Tyree's, of elusive poets, of stubborn business men, promising advertisements for *next* year, all chasing themselves in a hideous, never-ending procession through the semi-consciousness of our long suffering and much-harassed brains.

Of course, we aren't implying that we haven't had a good time. Funny happenings pop up at the most unheard-of times. And the moments, few and far between, when you feel that the annual is great and "All's well with the world," are like oases in the desert, sufficient in themselves to make up for the times when the "blue devils" insist upon dragging you off "by main strength and awkwardness."

Truly, it can be said of each editor "She hath done what she could." What more can the angels in high heaven do? Remember, girls, if you like your annual, think it the best ever, then it is due to your enthusiasm and material help that it is so. On the other hand, if you don't like it, it is bad, perhaps, because you didn't do what you might have done. It is *your* annual. See?

And, now listen to a gentle reminder. We've got to have an annual always, have we not? The Acorn is all right and perfectly proper in its place, but we need the Oak Leaves, too. Then with "a long pull and a strong pull" all together, we'll keep it. Otherwise, in our spinsterhood we shall have only a pleasant, fleeting memory of the joys of college life, and not a youth-renewing record in black and white, between two precious old brown leather covers, stamped with the Meredith seal.



And They All
Lived Happy
Ever After.

Register

	COUNTY		COUNTY
Adams, Lola Carmen	Monroe	Bullard, Katie Victoria	Cumberland
Aiken, Annie May	Wake	Bullard, Sallie Leona	Cumberland
Allbright, Mrs. C. V.	Wake	Butler, Ossie Lynn	Sampson
Allen, Mary Levena		Burleson, Bessie	Buncombe
Allen, Ruth Cleora	Anson	Byrum, Emma Casey	Chowan
Allen, Lillian May	Haywood	Caldwell, Annie Ruth	Robeson
Allen, Virginia	Wake	Campbell, Silas F.	Wake
Alderman, Minnie Viola	Chowan	Camp, Sallie Shepherd	Virginia
Anderson, Lucile	Wake	Carroll, Bertha Lucretia	Pitt
Anderson, Meda Elizabeth	Madison	Carmen, Bessie	Craven
Angell, Annie Lee	Wake	Carlton, Janie	Duplin
Arthur, Lucile Ellington	Carteret	Carter, Marvel Inez	Wake
Ashcraft, Florence Myrtle	Anson	Carter, Grace May	Wake
Ashworth, Lillie Belle	Davidson	Carter, Mary Helen	Johnson
Baker, Louise	Wake	Cates, Verna Lee	Alamance
Ballentine, Lillian Mabel	Wake	Cate, Elizabeth Julia	Orange
Bass, Elizabeth Anne	Wake	Chestnut, Katie Lee	Pender
Barbour, Lily Ethel	Johnson	Clarke, Marjory	Wake
Marshall, Barber	Wake	Coggin, Fannie Moss	Stanley
Barnes, Wilkes Booth	Wake	Collins, Inda Gray	Wake
Baucom, Swannonoa	Wake	Cook, Ruth Berney	Virginia
Beard, Claudia Leon	Robeson	Cooper, Annie	Wake
Beasley, Nora Lee	Cumberland	Cooper, Louise	Wake
Bennett, Agnes Louise	Vance	Cooper, Carrie	Wake
Bennett, Harriet Connie	Sampson	Cooper, Nina	Wake
Benton, Eunice Gertrude	Union	Copple, Beulah Elaine	Union
Best, Annalee	Duplin	Cross, Elizabeth Murray	Wake
Betts, Vivian Gray	Wake	Curtice, Sanger	Wake
Blalock, Sarah Lambert	Virginia	DeLoatche, Mary Elise	Hertford
Blackwell, Dovie Ann	Transylvania	Denmark, Leonita	Wake
Blackman, Lettie Margaret	Wayne	Dewar, Gladys	Wake
Boone, Nina	Guilford	Ditmore, Lula	Swain
Boone, Olive Wharton	Haywood	Dixon, Lala Lucie	Chatam
Boushall, Francis	Wake	Dobson, Margaret Frances	Duplin
Boyd, Emily C.	Mecklenburg	Dockery, Claudius	Wake
Boyd, Claude	Wake	Dunn, Wallace Stanhope	Wake
Boyd, Leafy	Wake	Durham, Walters	Wake
Bradley, May Hilda	Wake	Durham, Ellen M.	Wake
Bradsher, Mamie Eglantine	Person	Eaton, Phoebe Talmage	Davie
Briggs, James	Wake	Edmundson, Lois Mildred	Wayne
Brooks, Minnie Stallings	Nash	Edmundson, Eunice Lee	Wayne
Broughton, Mildred	Wake	Edwards, Lena Lee	Wake
Brown, Julia Ethel	Buncombe	Edwards, Mildred Harrington	Halifax

COUNTY

Elam, Ola Willie..... Virginia
 Eliot, Mary Alma..... Washington
 Ellington, Josephine..... Wake
 Elmore, Mattie..... Swain
 Ervin, Margaret Edna..... Catawba
 Erving, Annie Laurie..... Wake
 Farrior, Hettie..... Wake
 Farrior, Mary..... Wake
 Farrior, Minnie Bryan..... Wake
 Faucette, Margaret..... Wake
 Ferrell, Mary Lois..... Wake
 Ferrell, Ethel Lois..... Wake
 Ferrell, Ina Lula..... Wake
 Fields, Vella Verregin..... Alleghany
 Fleming, Frances..... Wake
 Flod, Wrennie Rhoda..... Robeson
 Fox, Sallie Rossie..... Randolph
 Fox, Cozie Adelaide..... Randolph
 Fussell, Sallie Elizabeth..... Duplin
 Futrell, Louise..... Halifax
 Galloway, Margaret Cartwell..... Surry
 Gatling, Sarah Louise..... Wake
 Gold, Margaret..... Wake
 Goodno, Rachel Colby..... Wake
 Goodwin, Rose Evans..... Pasquotank
 Gosney, Minnie Stamps..... Wake
 Gosney, Hilda..... Wake
 Gough, Caroline Elke..... Robeson
 Griffin, Pauline Helen..... Wake
 Griffin, Mattie Vivian..... Chatam
 Gowan, Olivia..... Wake
 Grimer, Mae Frances..... Virginia
 Grindstaff, Lucy Evelyn..... Jackson
 Gulley, Margaret..... Wake
 Habel, Margaret Royster..... Wake
 Hall, Maud Estelle..... Cumberland
 Hancock, Katherine Gray..... Halifax
 Harris, Mary Frances..... Warren
 Harris, Lela Glenn..... Halifax
 Hayes, Mabel Claire..... Gates
 Haynes, Katherine Virginia..... Rutherford
 Hayes, Frances Cook..... Pender
 Haynes, Minnie Ruth..... Surry
 Herring, Hattie Laura..... Lenoir
 Hicks, Mamie Lee..... Wake
 Hester, Hallie Elizabeth..... Buncombe
 Highan, John V..... Wake

COUNTY

Highsmith, Annie..... Cumberland
 Highsmith, Mamie..... Cumberland
 Hinton, Ivie..... Wake
 Hobbs, May Louise..... Guilford
 Holland, Alma..... Cumberland
 Holloway, Miriam..... Wake
 Holloway, Kenneth..... Wake
 Hope, Mrs. Lelia D..... Virginia
 Horn, Gertrude Cecelia..... Forsyth
 Horton, Lillian..... Wake
 Horton, Savon..... Wake
 Horton, Exum..... Wake
 Howard, Viola Pearl..... Sampson
 Howard, Valeria Johnson..... Sampson
 Howard, Lilie Williams..... Sampson
 Howard, Lula Estelle..... Sampson
 Hudson, Mary Pearl..... Johnson
 Huffham, Bertha Annie..... Columbus
 Humphrey, Annie Belle..... Robeson
 Hunter, Rufus..... Wake
 Hunter, Margaret..... Wake
 Hunter, Lillie Belle..... Wake
 Hunter, Essie Dale..... Wake
 Hunter, Elizabeth..... Wake
 Hunter, Mrs. Kate Skinner..... Wake
 Huntley, Emily Toy..... Anson
 Ivey, Ruth Claire..... Wake
 Jackson, Gertrude Emilie..... Dunn
 Jeffrey, Isabelle Margaret..... Wake
 Jenkins, Mildred McKee..... Wake
 Jenkins, Mrs. Charles L..... Wake
 Johnson, Agnes Frances..... Stokes
 Johnson, Charlotte..... Wake
 Johnson, Arthur..... Wake
 Johnson, James..... Wake
 Johnson, Frances Livingston..... Wake
 Johnson, Mary Lynch..... Wake
 Johnson, Roebertha..... Robeson
 Johnson, Elma Fuller..... Robeson
 Johnson, Katherine Campbell..... Davidson
 Johnson, Ruby Catherine..... Sampson
 Jones, Emma Moore..... Wake
 Jones, Nina Lillian..... Gates
 Jones, Penelope..... Wake
 Jordon, Susie Spurgeon..... Transylvania
 Jordon, Mary Alice..... Wake
 Josey, Sallie May..... Halifax

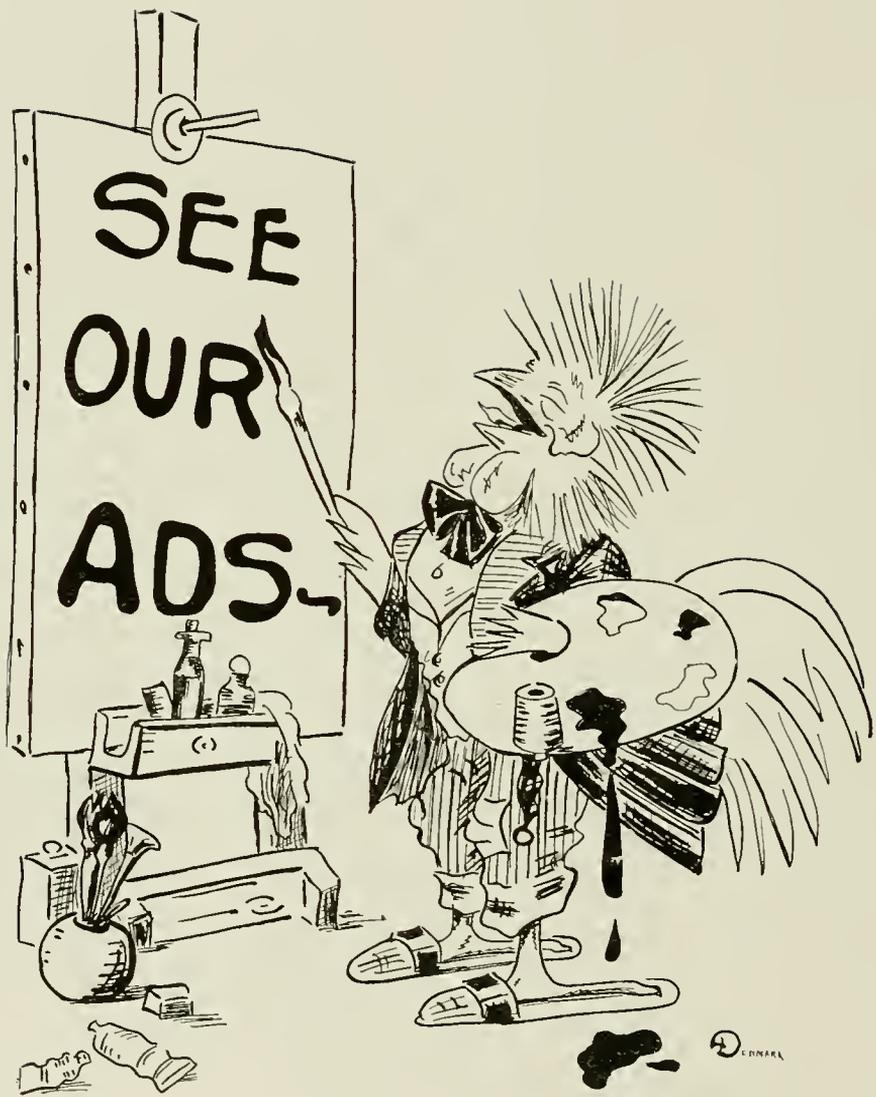
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Keith, Lila May.....	Hanover	Mosley, Bedford.....	Wake
Kelly, Bernice Christiana.....	Johnson	Montford, Elizabeth.....	Virginia
King, Vera Margaret.....	Wake	Myatt, Mildred.....	Wake
King, Liell.....	Wake	Nash, Minnie.....	Pasquotank
King, Olive Calvin.....	Wake	Newsome, Nannie Stanwood.....	Hertford
Kitchin, Elizabeth.....	Wake	Neil, Hallie May.....	Union
Knight, Mrs. W. L.....	Wake	Newcomb, Alice Bayrd.....	Wake
Knowles, Catherine Parker.....	Wayne	Newton, Margaret Olinda.....	Sampson
Lambert, Alice Irving.....	Virginia	Norman, Margaret Caldwell.....	Mecklenburg
Lancaster, Margaret Forest.....	Robeson	Norwood, Rush.....	Wake
Lane, Eva Mand.....	South Carolina	Norwood, Mary Elizabeth.....	Wake
Lane, Bessie Evans.....	South Carolina	Norwood, Lou Wilkins.....	Wayne
Ledbetter, Ida Belle.....	McDowell	Olive, Lida May.....	Wake
Lincoln, Nellie May.....	Guilford	Oldham, Sallie Pickett.....	New Hanover
Lineberry, Ruth.....	Wake	O'Quinn, Willie.....	Wake
Lindley, Lillian.....	Wake	Osborne, Katherine Elura.....	Haywood
Loving, Juliette.....	Cumberland	Osborne, Mattie Wood.....	Haywood
Lovell, Mary Elizabeth.....	Surry	Page, Minnie Evangeline.....	Wake
Lovell, Sallie Matilda.....	Surry	Page, Lida Howell.....	Wake
Lunn, Sarah Isabelle.....	South Carolina	Parham, Sallie.....	Wake
Lyon, Janie Olivia.....	Bertie	Parker, Josephine.....	Wake
Magette, Lucile Mary.....	Wilson	Parker, Ella.....	Montgomery
Mainor, Oliver Mary.....	Kentucky	Parker, Janie Baldwin.....	Montgomery
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Martin, Joseph.....	Wake	Perry, Mary Gertrude.....	Pasquotank
Marshall, Lulie Baldwin.....	Wake	Perry, Callie Dorothy.....	Pasquitank
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Massey, Haywood.....	Wake	Philips, Robert.....	Wake
Maxwell, Hazel.....	Wake	Poole, Karen Ann Ellington.....	Johnson
Maxwell, Gertrude Elizabeth.....	Robeson	Pool, Francis Bleel.....	Johnson
Medlin, Mary.....	Wake	Poole, Veola Gray.....	Johnson
Memory, Maud.....	Columbus	Prevatt, Dovie.....	Robeson
Memory, Rachel Fay.....	Columbus	Prevatt, Edna.....	Robeson
Memory, Annie Cameron.....	Columbus	Prevatte, Beulah.....	Robeson
McKaughan, Annie.....	Virginia	Pridgen, Anna Hardee.....	Lenoir
McNeil, Isabelle.....	Scotland	Pritchett, Wade.....	Wake
McIntyre, Mildred.....	Robeson	Privette, Julia Ella.....	Wilson
McGinnis, Rosa.....	Wake	Ray, Lena.....	Wake
Middleton, Minnie Claire.....	Duplin	Ray, Clarice.....	Wake
Middleton, Lucy.....	Duplin	Ray, Catherine.....	Wake
Middleton, Ada Maie.....	Duplin	Ray, Willa.....	Wake
Minor, Alleine Richards.....	Granville	Ray, Mary S.....	Wake
Morgan, Elizabeth Judson.....	Buncombe	Ray, Bessie.....	Wake
Moore, Lucy Catherine.....	Wake	Ray, Ruth Brickwell.....	Wake
Moore, Mary Nelson.....	Shelby	Ray, Jane.....	Wake
Mosley, Meredith.....	Wake	Ray, Anna Elizabeth.....	Madison

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 Rhodes, Martha Shine..... Pender
 Riddick, Narcissa Daniel..... Wake
 Robertson, Mabel Clarke..... Wake
 Robertson, Elizabeth Prince..... Wake
 Rogers, Annie..... Wake
 Rouse, Bessie E..... Wake
 Royster, Margaret..... Wake
 Rudy, Mrs. Ray..... Wake
 Sams, Robbie..... Madison
 Sanders, Lucy Elizabeth..... Johnson
 Sanderford, Everett..... Wake
 Sanderford, Willie..... Wake
 Sanderford, Dewey..... Wake
 Sawyer, Florence Belle..... Camden
 Sears, Francis..... Wake
 Sears, Evie..... Wake
 Sentelle, Jennie May..... Haywood
 Shearin, Ada..... Nash
 Sheets, Rush Litchford..... Wake
 Shugart, Alice..... Surry
 Smithurst, Mattie..... Wake
 Smith, Sarah Margaret..... Wake
 Smith, Katherine..... Wake
 Smith, Daisy..... Wake
 Spivey, Josey..... Windsor
 Spruill, Corydon..... Wake
 Steele, Mary Susie..... Scotland
 Stephens, Catherine..... Wake
 Stephenson, Lyon..... Wake
 Stilwell, Laleah Pratt..... Georgia
 Stone, Lossie..... Wake
 Stone, Thelma..... Wake
 Stone, Lila May..... Wake
 Stone, Alma Irene..... Orange
 Tillotson, Vallie Claudius..... Granville
 Timberlake, Agnes C..... Wake
 Towler, Barber..... Wake
 Tucker, Wallace..... Buncombe
 Turnley, Louise..... Davidson

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Tyner, Cora Leigh..... Robeson
 Tyner, Edna Tryphena..... Robeson
 Underwood, Roosie Bly..... Sampson
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 Utley, Bessie Helen..... Wake
 Vann, Elizabeth Rogers..... Wake
 Vann, Dorothy McDowell..... Wake
 Waring, Lawrence..... Wake
 Watkins, Sarah Kirby..... Stanley
 Watson, Euphenia Livingston..... Scotland
 Watson, Kate McArn..... Scotland
 Watson, Fannie Louine..... Cumberland
 Weathers, Willa Louise..... Wake
 Webb, Fannie Annis..... Granville
 White, Mary Havens..... Sampson
 Wiggins, Hattie Abi..... South Carolina
 Wiggs, Estelle..... Wake
 Wiggs, Bertha..... Wake
 Willett, Ethel..... Craven
 Williams, Lillian Daniel..... Virginia
 Williams, Frances..... Wake
 Williams, Ruth Cleveland..... Virginia
 Williams, Ethel..... Robeson
 Williams, Clyde Orma..... Duplin
 Williams, Pauline Jeanette..... Georgia
 Williams, Jane Hodges..... Davidson
 Williams, Nannie Bett..... Virginia
 Williamson, Gladys..... Wake
 Wilkinson, Katherine..... Wake
 Wilkinson, Thomas..... Wake
 Wilkinson, Virginia Mary..... Wake
 Wilkinson, Lillian Agnes..... Beaufort
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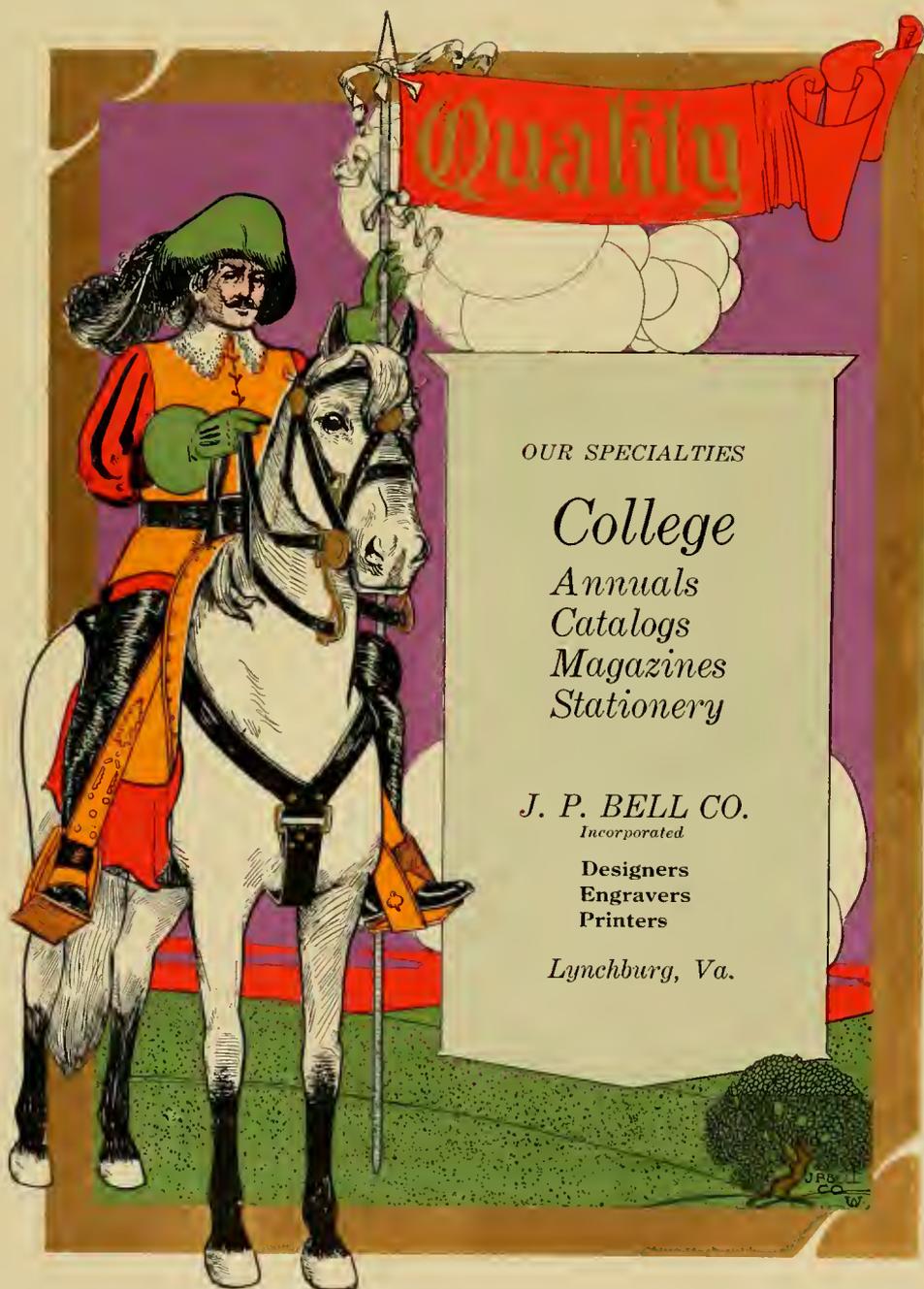
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I count each sock unto the end, and find
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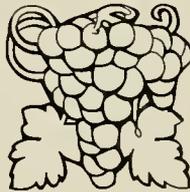
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