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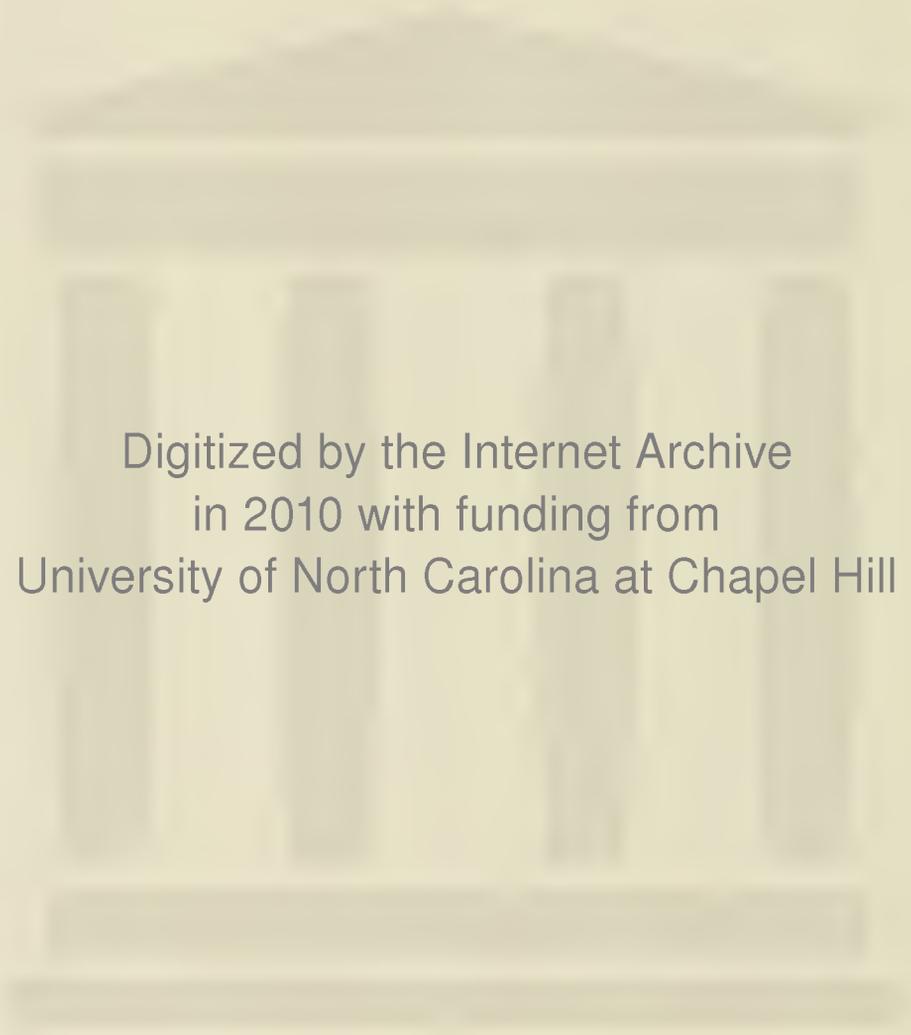
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RALEIGH, N. C.



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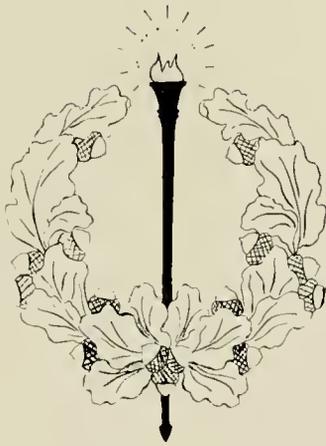
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For Miss Ida with the
sincere thanks of the Editors
for her invaluable help in
making our book a success.



1912

OAK LEAVES



Vol. 9

MCMXII

Edited and Published by the
ASTROTEKTON & PHILARETIAN SOCIETIES
MEREDITH COLLEGE, RALEIGH, N. C.

Illustrations by the Students of the Art Department

Carlyle Campbell Library
Meredith College

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DEDICATED WITH GRATEFUL REGARDS

TO

NOAH BIGGS

Soldier in the Armies of his Country—Public Spirited
Citizen—Upright Man of Affairs—Faithful and
Honored Servant of His Denomination
Generous Patron of the Higher
Learning—Friend of the
Orphan—Lover of
Little Children





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Dr. Ernest Jedliczka, Berlin; R. Huntington Woodman; L. Philipp, Paris
Dean—School of Music—History of Music

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Student Cornell University
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Housekeeper for Boarding Club

WINIFRED COBB WALLACE

Matron

MRS. OCTAVIA SCARBOROUGH NORWOOD

Nurse

BERTHA LUCRETIA CARROLL

Student Assistant in Physical Education



“Good morning, madam, I have here a copy of the Meredith College

OAK LEAVES.

The book attempts to present every phase of college life—intellectual, religious, social, and athletic. Its purpose is to quicken the memory of those who have attended the College in the past, and to heighten the anticipation of those who are planning to come in the future. I am sure, madam, that you will be interested in looking it over.”



OUR PRESIDENT

After the Diploma, What?



Senior Class

"After it, follow it, follow the gleam"

Flower: *Crimson Rambler*

Color: *Red*

Officers

KATE MACARN WATSON, PRESIDENT

RUTH BURNLEY COOK, VICE-PRESIDENT

MARY VIRGINIA WILKINSON, SECRETARY

EDNA TRYPHENA TYNER, TREASURER

FRANCES LIVINGSTON JOHNSON, HISTORIAN

MARGARET EDNA ERVIN, POET

Class Roll

A.B.

BASS, ELIZABETH

EDMUNDSON, MILDRED

JONES, SALLIE

CARTER, MARVEL

ERVIN, EDNA

OLIVE, LIDA

DITMORE, LULA

HIGSMITH, MAMIE

WATSON, KATE

EDMUNDSON, EUNICE

JOHNSON, FRANCES

WILKINSON, VIRGINIA

JOHNSON, RUBY

ELOCUTION

LOVILL, ELIZABETH

OLDHAM, SALLIE

PREVATT, DOVIE

ART

WEBB, FRANCES

MUSIC

ASHCRAFT, MYRTLE

McCULLERS, MARY

COOK, RUTH

MINOR, ALLEINE

ELMORE, MATTIE

TYNER, EDNA

Seniors



FLORENCE MYRTLE ASHCRAFT
WADESBORO, N. C.

*High erected thoughts seated in the heart of
courtesy.*

Who but Myrtle could be end man on the
bass row so efficiently? Who but Myrtle
could laugh and jest so wittily, and who but
Myrtle could maintain an unabated Faculty
crush for two consecutive years?

*A learned lady famed for every branch of
every science known.*

What Senior has not groaned in helpless
envy to see Elizabeth drop her theme in the
box a week before it was due, and to hear
her inquire what the history lessons will be
for weeks in advance?



ELIZABETH ANNE BASS
RALEIGH, N. C.

Seniors



MARVEL INEZ CARTER
APEX, N. C.

Write me as one who loves his fellow men.

Marvel is the idol of the Newish and a friend to the rest of us. When you get in trouble reach for Marvel's hand—she will give you a lift every time.

It's guid to be merry and wise.

Ruth has the distinction of being the most talkative member of the Senior Class, and perhaps the most optimistic. She is always ready for a lark, but she doesn't desert you when there is work to do. We do not know what she is going to do next year, but we have heard ----



RUTH BURNLEY COOK
LA CROSSE, VA.

Seniors



LULA CAROLINE DITMORE
BRYSON CITY, N. C.

But she saw not; her heart was elsewhere.

Who was it that said: "Lula Ditmore is the only member of the class who really looks like a Senior"? She *is* a very important member of the class, for without her, who could uphold our dignity, and who else would smile and nod across a table three-quarters of an hour per day?

Du bist wie eine Blume.

Why so pensive, gentle maiden, art thou grieving because there is no more elective Latin for thee? Grieve no more. Thou canst still in thy imagination traverse the Elysium fields, and thou canst henceforth astound thy acquaintances with thy Latin quotations and references to thy beloved *Horace*.



EUNICE LEE EDMUNDSON
GOLDSBORO, N. C.

Seniors



LOIS MILDRED EDMUNDSON
GOLDSBORO, N. C.

*Happy am I, from care I'm free!
Why aren't they all content like me?*

You can count on Mildred to steer clear of work and worry. She believes in taking life as it comes, and getting all the fun out of it that she can.

*Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act
And make her generous thought a fact.*

Have you ever known Mattie to be on time anywhere or ever to remember the very thing you told her not to forget? But she is so prompt in her repentance and so altogether irresistible that you simply cannot scold her.



MATTIE MAY ELMORE
BRYSON CITY, N. C.

Seniors



MARGARET EDNA ERVIN
CATAWBA, N. C.

A good companion and as firm a friend.

This, ladies and gentlemen, is the President of our Students' Association. Yes, I know those dimples make such a statement sound startling, but the dimples have a way of disappearing at executive meetings. This temporary seclusion, however, makes them all the more fascinating when they go to dress parades or trips up to the parlors.

I hold my peace, Sir? No!

Mamie, as the tilt of her chin may show, has the courage of her convictions; and the spirit to forbid the world to run over her rough shod—be that world represented by friend or foe.



MAMIE HIGHSMITH
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

Seniors

* * * *Those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour.*



FRANCES LIVINGSTON JOHNSON
RALEIGH, N. C.

*One she seems of cheerful yesterdays and
confident tomorrows.*

Whence that schoolmarmy air, that fluttering consideration of others, that patronizing interest in the Newish, that voluntary election of Education? Thy fate is sealed, O wretched maiden, thou shalt teach school!



RUBY CATHARINE JOHNSON
DELWAY, N. C.

Seniors



SALLIE WESLEY JONES
RALEIGH, N. C.

*A daughter of the gods, divinely tall
And most divinely fair.*

Sallie, though a town member, has always taken an active part in our class. She has rejoiced in our joys, and in our sorrows her calm optimism has often driven away the clouds.

A winsome wee thing.

What would we have done without our tiniest girl when we were Juniors? It was nothing for her to flit through the transom, to hide under Josiah's desk, and to climb through the stove chimney in North Cottage. No, we didn't get it—but it was not Elizabeth's fault.



MARY ELIZABETH LOVILL
MT. AIRY, N. C.

Seniors



MARY ELIZABETH McCULLERS
SMITHFIELD, N. C.

*She is pretty to walk with
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on.*

Dainty, quiet, serenely self-poised, she walks among us, beloved by many, by one adored.

The mirror of all courtesy.

You don't mean to say that you have been at Meredith this long and have not heard our Geraldine Farrar sing in A Minor! How did you escape?



ALLEINE RICHARD MINOR
OXFORD, N. C.

Seniors

The applause, delight, and wonder of our stage.



SALLIE PICKETT OLDHAM
WILMINGTON, N. C.

You will see Sallie bowing before the footlights yet. She is a born actress, and she is sure to succeed in anything she undertakes, for all difficulties melt into nothing before that cheerful grin of her's.

Rich in saving common sense.

Lida is especially famed for two things: She has always been a star in Basketball—we are not afraid to put her up against any center in college; and what other Senior has ever cracked so many jokes with the Faculty?



LIDA MAY OLIVE
APEX, N. C.

Seniors



DOVIE PREVATT
LUMBERTON, N. C.

*Her heart can ne'er be bought nor sold,
Howe'er it beats, it beats sincerely.*

Does Dovie really keep the handbooks on file? Does she really attend all the things Miss Smith says she ought? Does she read *Current Events*? Do we remember when she was Proctor? Who can deny it?

*One who never turned his back but marched
breast forward.*

Edna believes that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," so she has devoted herself to voice with untiring energy for the last four years. She has also elected all the history. This shows what an unusual girl she is. Who else could enroll *Shubert's Serenade* and delve among musty Congressional Records with apparently equal enjoyment?



EDNA TRYPHENA TYNER
BUIES, N. C.

Seniors



KATE MACARN WATSON
RIVERTON, N. C.

*My heart was social, and loved idleness
and joy.*

It is not necessary to introduce Fannie to the girls. It is not necessary to introduce Miss Webb to the business men down town. But to you who have possibly escaped her earnest plea for an ad or a subscription, we present the business manager of our Annual. And who can say that she has neglected a single opportunity to mention the OAK LEAVES?

I did not affect a rapture unknown.

Marooned on a desert island she would be perfectly happy could she fashion some manner of table whereon she might sit, swing her feet, and talk—and even the fishes of the deep would come up to listen.



FRANCES AMIS WEBB
OXFORD, N. C.

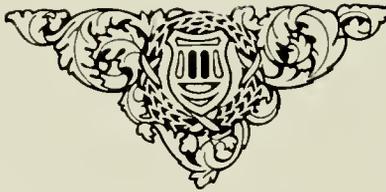
Seniors



MARY VIRGINIA WILKINSON
WAKE FOREST, N. C.

Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit.

"How doth the little busy bee." Have you ever seen Virginia idle? They say she even studies at class meetings and smuggles a book to Tennis games. But she is all right, just the same.



Senior Class History

BEFORE I begin to relate the history of the Class of 1912, let me first say a word in my own defense as Historian. We must remember that the most interesting histories are not always the most authoritative. An historian may write very interestingly by exaggerating and coloring incidents and even adding some details simply to create interest without regard for truth. But it is soon recognized that while his history is very entertaining it can not be accepted as authority.¹

Perhaps some may consider a class history unnecessary. It may even be undesirable, if you consider that *omne ignotum pro magifico est*.² But it is customary to have class histories, and since a record must be kept of the doings of the Class of 1912, I shall try to make it as true and unprejudiced as is possible for a member of the class. In writing history it is necessary to have footnotes giving the reference to the authority from which each point not generally known is taken, else they would have but little weight.³ Though these may prove distracting to a reader not accustomed to them, every one will recognize their need and value, and I hope, will notice them carefully.

It was in September of 1908 that we first came to Meredith College—the Baptist University for Women, then—a valiant little band of fifteen. Each one brought her treasured High School diploma which she proudly showed to the Classification Committee. We were somewhat shocked to find that the professors were not as much impressed with the vast store of knowledge our diplomas represented as we thought they should be, for most of us did not enter Freshman in every subject. However, we tried not to show our surprise and mortification but bore up bravely.

¹M. SH. SMITH, *How to Judge Histories*, p. 19.

²TACITUS, *Agricola*, ch. 30.

³M. SH. SMITH, *Elementary Principles of History Writing*, p. 149.

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

We were the first Freshman Class to organize in peace. Because of this we may have been a little fresh that first year, perhaps, but we did not realize it then. The Sophs had no occasion to administer discipline the whole year. The only time they molested us at all was on Hallowe'en, and then only because it was customary, and not because we needed it, as they themselves told us later.¹

But the greatest event in our Freshman year was one which alone should make the Class of 1912 immortal, even if there were nothing else. It was the changing of the name of the Baptist University for Women to Meredith College, at Commencement. While this perhaps can not be attributed directly to the Freshman Class, was it not our Faculty member who first began agitating the question of the change? And did she not render invaluable service in drawing up the line of argument for the change to the new name, of which we are so proud today?²

Unlike most classes we were not before the public very much in our Sophomore year. We did not spend our time having fun and playing pranks, but putting in good solid work. The most memorable struggles were with English Literature, Latin, and the Fall term of Sophomore Math—of course we came off victorious in every case. For the details of the several conflicts see the *Dean's Register* for that year.³

Perhaps the thing that attracted most attention during our Sophomore year was our treatment of the Freshmen. We were so good to them that the whole class became our devoted admirers instead of bitter enemies, as is usually the case.⁴

¹*Sophomore Observer*, Nov. 1, 1908, p. 3.

²E. A. COLTON, *Address before the Southern Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools*.

³L. D. WATSON, *Dean's Register, 1909-'10*, pp. 150-165.

⁴*Diary of a Freshman in Oak Leaves*, 1910, p. 251.

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

Kind to the Freshmen and friendly with the Juniors, we were devoted to the Seniors, whom we considered the greatest class that had ever been to Meredith. *They* said that Seniors never had more loyal Sophomores than we were.¹

When we came back as Juniors in the Fall of 1910 we were lonesome and felt lost at first without our Seniors. We were inconsolable for a time, but before long we found that work was the best cure for grief, and we had as much of it as we needed. Gradually the Freshmen—our Freshmen—came to fill the place in our hearts that the Seniors had held the year before, and we tried to be as good to them as the Juniors were to us when we were Freshmen.

The crook occupied a large place in our thoughts and time that year. We did not lose as much sleep over it as some classes have lost but nevertheless we had some thrilling experiences in looking for it. Several times we almost had it in our possession, but every time it would elude our grasp—the Seniors would manage to change its hiding place without our knowing it. We were a fearless class and boldly braved the darkness of the Faireloth basement and many other such dread places.²

But the Freshmen and the crook did not absorb all of our attention, for we found time to entertain the Seniors that Spring. It was considered the most formal social function in the history of the College until the Commencement reception of that year given in honor of Mr. Shaw. It was in keeping with the honor and dignity of the Junior Class.³

Though so busy with outside things, we did not neglect our studies at all; we still kept up our reputation for studiousness. While it is true that

¹*Senior Class History*, 1910, p. 5.

²*Records of the Night Watchman*, vol. 12, p. 147.

³R. C. PASCHAL, *Social Functions and Etiquette*, p. 105.

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

most of us had a struggle to get through the deep waters of Psychology, some of our class really enjoyed it, and showed such remarkable ability that our professor agreed with them when they decided that they were destined to be psychologists.¹

But all good things, even, must have an end, and at last we were Seniors, with all the horrors of Literary Criticism and Psychology behind us and the much longed for and much sought for crook safely in our possession. Seniors! This was the state of supreme happiness that we all had looked forward to from the time we first dreamed of college.

But we found this year that the life of a Senior, even, is not pure bliss. Though the Faculty did grant us some privileges that had never been given Seniors before, when we petitioned for them, they were not so kind in every instance. They refused our petition to be allowed to go to the Wake Forest Baraca banquet last Fall. Of course, they had our good at heart, for they felt that it would be unwise and imprudent to allow us to return at night,² but we were terribly disappointed just the same. It was a great blow to us all, and we are just now slowly recovering from the effects of the shock it gave us.

While our Senior year has had its trials and disappointments just as every other year has, yet on the whole it has been the best of all our college life. Most of us have had much lighter courses than in the other years and this has made it easier, though we have had enough outside things to keep us busy so that the time did not hang heavily upon our hands. We have greatly enjoyed and appreciated the kindness of our friends and the social functions given in our honor. We take advantage of this our last opportunity of tendering our sincere thanks to our friends for their kindness.

¹L. E. M. FREEMAN, *Rising Psychologists of the Twentieth Century*, p. 60.

²R. C. PASCHAL, *Care of the Young*, p. 123.

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

This is just the first volume of the History of the Class of 1912. We have been too busy with our school work to have many great deeds to record. But we have tried all the time to do our best and live up to our motto. As we graduate and go out from our Alma Mater, let us not become too busy with worldly and trivial cares to "follow the gleam." If we keep our motto in mind and try to carry it out, there will be many great and good deeds to the credit of the Class of 1912, whether the world ever hears of them or not.

"After it, follow it, follow the gleam."



Senior Class Poem

The end has come, the goal is won,
 The course of four long years is run;
 The crown for which we've toiled is ours,
 Today our path is strewn with flowers.
 The heart beats fast, the pulse is strong,
 Let gladness be poured forth in song.
 For at last has come our conquering day,
 In this long expected month of May.

Then why is sadness in your face,
 And why this sorrow here?
 Upon this day of all our days,
 Oh, why the gathering tear?

Although with joy we feel the present spell,
 Within our hearts we feel the past as well.
 For bright have been our dear old college days,
 And joys untold we've found in all their ways.
 Within these college walls a home we've found,
 A home with friends and loved ones all around.
 Now from these friends the time has come to part;
 Our way alone in life from this we start.
 So now, with sorrowing heart and tearful gaze,
 We stand within "the parting of the ways."

But ours is not a lot for vain regrets,
 Before us each the way lies full of hope.
 We go to fill the needs of this great world;
 We go to strengthen each a wavering line.
 Far down the way the gleam we still can see,
 The guiding gleam that points us to our goal.
 A tempting prize is offered on ahead,
 We each shall strive, for lo! that prize is Life.

Then praises to the guiding gleam,
 That shining from afar,
 As if from out the mists of dream,
 Has been our guiding star.

And praises to our college fair,
 To which the gleam has led;
 Praises to its days of joy,
 And hours of toil now fled.

To it farewell, the gleam leads on;
 We'll follow from afar,
 Until the last great prize is won,
 By aid of our guiding star.



Junior Class

"College, Class, Conscience"

Flower: *Maiden Hair Fern*

Color: *Green*

Officers

HATTIE HERRING, PRESIDENT

LUCY MIDDLETON, VICE-PRESIDENT

KAREN ANNE POOL, SECRETARY

SALLIE CAMP, TREASURER

Members

A.B.

SALLIE CAMP

BERTHA CARROLL

LUCY GRINDSTAFF

HATTIE HERRING

HALLIE HESTER

ANNIE HIGSMITH

GERTRUDE HORN

BESSIE JOHNSON

SALLIE JOSEY

BERNICE KELLY

MAUD MEMORY

MINNIE NASH

LINDA NEWTON

MAY STEELE

ART

VIOLA HAIRE

LUCY MIDDLETON

MUSIC

OLIVE BOONE

IVA PEARSON

HALLIE NEAL

KAREN ANNE POOL

Juniors



Junior Class Poem

Loyalty to college, first of all—

A purpose which has governed every day,
Through three long years we've tried to heed the call;
Through three long years have striven to obey;
At Alma Mater's feet our tribute lay.

May we so live that ere we leave her door,
A blessing may be given by our stay,
Of Loyalty may she never wish for more
Yet not content, may we press onward as before.

Loyalty to Class, our fellow men,

True to ourselves and thus to others true,
Our chief desire is reaching that time when
We shall have the larger, broader view—
Beloved by all and not by just the few
With whom we come in contact hour by hour.
And every day may we begin anew,
Though even heavy clouds above us lower,
And feel each day afresh our ever growing power.

Loyalty to Conscience, our last yet foremost aim,

The prompter of all that's good and just and true.
May our ambition be not to reach fame
But always to help other beings too;
And, wholly guided by this inner voice,
In every task that we attempt to do
If great, if small, may every heart rejoice
In making whatso'er God wills for it, its choice.



SOPH's



SLY

Sophomore Class

Colors: *Old Gold and Black*

Flower: *Black-eyed Susan*

Mascot: *Black Cat*

Officers

LILIAN AGNES WILKINSON, PRESIDENT
 ANNE MCKAUGHAN, VICE-PRESIDENT
 MINNIE STAMP GOSNEY, SECRETARY
 EUNICE GERTRUDE BENTON, TREASURER
 MARTHA LOUISE FUTRELL, POET

Members

A.B.

MEDA ELIZABETH ANDERSON	MARTHA LOUISE FUTRELL	SALLIE MARTIN
EUNICE GERTRUDE BENTON	MINNIE STAMPS GOSNEY	JENNIE MAE SENTELLE
KATE VICTORIA BULLARD	MATTIE VIVIAN GRIFFIN	ALMA IRENE STONE
SALLIE LEANNA BULLARD	MARGARET GULLEY	CORA LEIGH TYNER
MYRTHA FRANCES FLEMING	ANNE MCKAUGHAN	LILIAN AGNES WILKINSON

ART

EUPHEMIA LIVINGSTON WATSON
 RUTH CLEVELAND WILLIAMS

MUSIC

LALA LUCY DIXON
 BERTHA HUFHAM
 KATE CAMPBELL JOHNSON
 KATHERINE PARKER KNOWLES
 OLIVER MAINOR

Sophomores



Sophomore Class Poem

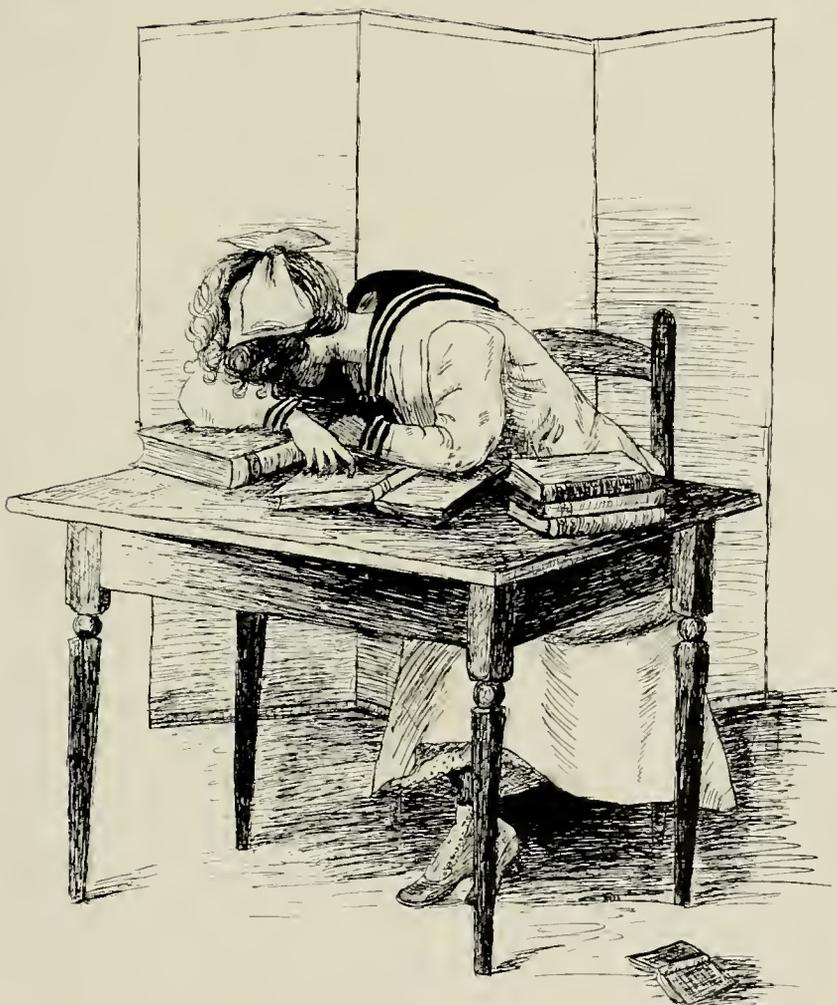
As you're turning through the pages
 Of this famous OAK LEAVES book,
 You'll see girls of every sort and kind
 With just a casual look.
 But we feel sure that you will say,
 When all of them you've seen,
 That we're the "Pride of Meredith,"
 The Class of old '14.

The Juniors claim to have the brains
 And all the wit that's going.
 They'd like it to be understood
 That they know all worth knowing.
 But we still have one comfort,
 For it's true without a doubt
 That we're brilliant on the inside,
 Even if it don't come out.

The Seniors think they're pretty,
 And they do not look so bad,
 For when they had their pictures made
 They wore the best they had.
 But when you look at us these texts
 Before your mind's eye keep
 That "handsome is as handsome does,"
 And "beauty's just skin deep."

And when you reach the Freshmen
 We think we can dispense
 With all of our comparisons,
 If you have any sense.
 They may be very promising,
 Though of this we're not so sure,
 But as yet, to put it mildly,
 They're extremely immature.

So now that you've seen them all,
 Up one side, down the other,
 We think it would be useless
 To take you any further.
 But we will add one more word
 Before we have to quit—
 Of all the folks at Meredith
 The Sophomores are It.



Freshman Class

Flower: *Daisy*

Colors: *Yellow and White*

Officers

KATY LOU MEREDITH, PRESIDENT
RUTH DAWSON, SECRETARY

GERTRUDE FAGGE, VICE-PRESIDENT
LOUISE WATKINS, TREASURER

LITERARY

LILLIE BELLE ASHWORTH
HELEN ADAMS
ANTOINETTE BEASLEY
FLOY FAY BARKER
CAROLINE BIGGERS
ALBERTA NEWTON BROWN
LAVICE MAE CHAMBLISS
RUTH MITCHELL GLOVER
ALDA GRAYSON
HELEN EARLE HARPER
MARY LUCY HERRING
MARGUERITE ANNIE HIGGS
VALERIA JOHNSON HOWARD
PEARL BRYANT JACKSON
JEANETTE EUPHEMIA JOHNSON
LOIS JOHNSON
SUSIE SPURGEON JORDAN
DIXIE VANCE LAMM
MAMIE ELIZABETH LEE

MARTHA BENNETT LINEBERRY
FLOSSIE MARSHBANKS
KATY LOU MEREDITH
ISABELLE McNEILL
LILLIAN NINA NANCE
SUE MOORE NEAL
LIDA HOWELL PAGE
MARY GERTRUDE PERRY
ALLIE ANN PIERCE
JANE RAY
GENEVIEVE THOMAS
ROSSIE BLY UNDERWOOD
DOROTHY McDOWELL VANN
ALESE WAGSTAFF
ADELAIDE LASSITER WATKINS
LOUISE FOURMAN WATKINS
GRACE ALINE WHITAKER
CARRIE ALICE WOLFE
LEILA EDNA WOODCOCK

CARRIE INEZ WRIGHT

MUSIC

RUTH ALLEN
ANNALEE BEST
GERTRUDE FAGGE
KATHERINE HANCOCK

MARTHA MYRTLE MCGLOHOM

ELOCUTION
BEULAH NANCE

SARAH OTHELLE McINTOSH

ELIZABETH COLEMAN TOMLINSON

ART

SARAH RUTH DAWSON

Brain for thought and strength for doing,
Energy that cannot rest;
Heart that sings its inspiration
In the art of Apollo blest.



Organizations



ASTROTEKTON SOCIETY HALL



Astrotekton Literary Society

"He builds too low who builds beneath the stars"



LULA DITMORE, PRESIDENT



MARVEL CARTER, VICE-PRESIDENT



LINDA NEWTON, TREASURER



RUTH COOK, SECRETARY





The Philaretian Society

"Plain living and high thinking."



ELIZABETH LOVILL, PRESIDENT



BERNICE KELLY, VICE-PRESIDENT



LIDA OLIVE, TREASURER



MYRTLE ASHCRAFT, SECRETARY



PHILARETIAN SOCIETY HALL



Carlyte Campbell Library
Meredith College



MINOR



JONES



PRIDGEN



HESTER



PETTY



WILKINSON



WILLIAMS

Commencement Marshals

The Acorn Staff



WILKINSON



TUCKER



JOHNSON



HERRING



ERVIN



TYNER



JOHNSON



CHAMBLISS

Student Government Association
Officers



EDNA ERVIN, PRESIDENT



BERNICE KELLY, VICE-PRESIDENT



EDNA TYNER, SECRETARY



MILDRED EDMUNDSON, TREASURER

House Presidents



In those things which deal with human character, progress comes only through a slow process of development. This process, we believe, is going on steadily in our Association, and each year shows something gained. This year there has been more hearty co-operation than ever before, and little by little each girl is realizing that she has a part in the whole, and that she is guardian of her own honor. There has been among the girls a wholesome sentiment of uprightness and honesty that has done much toward making this a successful year.

The students are becoming, too, more thoughtful and more considerate. They are using wisely the power and influence that are theirs, and under such conditions, it is only a question of time until this power will be increased. Other things will be given over to the Association as the students show themselves capable of management and worthy of trust. While everything has not been just what it might have been, or what it will be in the future, the year 1911-'12 has been a success, and has been an advancement to the Association at large, and to each individual member. With this behind us we can go forward to greater years and show the girls of Meredith that the greatest thing for each to do is to govern wisely and well one's own self.

Y. W. C. A.

Officers



MARVEL CARTER
PRESIDENT



GERTRUDE HORN
VICE-PRESIDENT



VIRGINIA WILKINSON
SECRETARY



RUTH COOK
TREASURER

Y. W. C. A.

Cabinet



Y. W. C. A.

THE year 1911-'12 stands out as a year of wonderful opportunity for Christian service in the Association work of our College. More girls are coming to realize that while they are here, preparing for life service, their hands must not be idle during this preparation. Each year the Association comes a little nearer the heart of every girl, and before many years have passed, we hope there will be a General Secretary and an Association Building for our College.

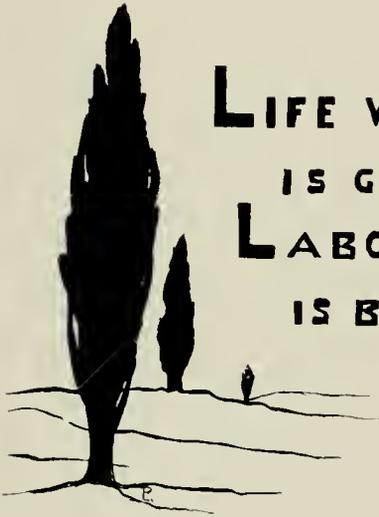
During the Spring of 1911 organization was the principal feature of the work; a preparation for the Asheville Conference and the new students in the Fall. When returning to the work in September the Membership Committee had a great outlook, for many more students than ever before came to us. These were looked after, invited to join us, and as a result of the committee's excellent work, practically all the girls have become members. Not merely members, but many of them interested and devoted workers.

Each member of the Cabinet has kept up wonderfully well her own part of the responsibility, causing the work of the Association to continue smoothly and keep up to its regular standard.

In a number of ways the Association has sought to make more enjoyable the social life of our College. One of the features of the school year was a reception to the Y. M. C. A. of A. and M. College, which has always entertained us so cordially.

The Sunday evening meetings of the year have been unusually well attended and consequently much benefit has been gained from them. Interesting, helpful subjects and bodies have made them beneficial.

Now, at the close of the year, as we view the many failings, as well as our success, we are willing for our names and our work to be absorbed in the coming years if only our desires and ideals may live eternally in accomplishing our aim: "To bring young women to Christ, to build them up in Christ, to send them out for Christ."



LIFE WITHOUT LABOR
IS GUILT;
LABOR WITHOUT ART
IS BRUTALITY.

RUSKIN.

K. K. K.

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

Kaptains of the Klan

I. ISABELLA P—T:	ANNA P—N:
"The man with the red tie"	"A Bit of Dresden"

Komrades

NITA D—K, Paint Putter of 1911
 FANNIE W—B, The Senior Member
 MRS. C. R. B—E, La Madame
 VIOLA H—E, "The Purple Moment"
 VELMA M—N, The Eaglette
 ELIZABETH R—Y, Member from Madison
 LUCY M—N, The Poster Lady
 RUTH W—S, The Blessed Damosel
 LUCY R—E, A Study in Perspective
 LUCY S—S, "Our Steady"
 EUPHEMIA W—N, Our Scotch Lassie
 B—E, From "Town"

Komrade by Kurtesy

DIXIE L—H, Miniature Lady

Kalendar

September 15—Come to Order	January 15—The Cubists and Futurists
October 15—The Theft of Mona Lisa	February 15—Chas. H. Coffin's Lecture
November 15—The Passing of E. A. Abbey	March 15—At the Spring Exhibits
December 15—Violet Oakley Mural Work	April 15—Social Meeting

"Konsisteney is the hobgoblin of little minds"

Keep the Fire Alive



LUCYE REECE
ROBBIE SAMS
ELZETTA THOMPSON
ELIZABETH RAY
RUTH DAWSON
CASSIE KNIGHT

MAMIE SMITH
ELIZABETH VANN
HETTIE FARRIOR
MARY KNIGHT
FRANCES WEBB
ANNA PRIDGEN

Sorosis



Officers

MISS PHELPS	SUPERVISOR
RUBY JOHNSON	CHAIRMAN
LIDA OLIVE	VICE-CHAIRMAN
GERTRUDE HORN	SECRETARY-TREASURER

Members

HELEN ADAMS	GERTRUDE HORN
ELIZABETH ANDERSON	BESSIE JOHNSON
ANTOINETTE BEASLEY	RUBY JOHNSON
EUNICE BENTON	BERNICE KELLY
CAROLINE BIGGERS	ELIZABETH LOVILL
ALBERTA BROWN	SALLIE MARTIN
BERTHA CARROLL	MAUD MEMORY
MARVEL CARTER	BEULAH NANCE
LAVICE CHAMBLISS	LINA OLIVE
LULA DITMORE	LIDA PAGE
EUNICE EDMUNDSON	EDNA PREVATT
MILDRED EDMUNDSON	MARY STEELE
RUTH GLOVER	ALMA STONE
MATTIE GRIFFIN	EDNA TYNER
KATE WATSON	

The Sorosis of Meredith was organized February, 1906, 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. The study of household economics has been pursued further, using *The House*

Beautiful, The Craftsman, Good Housekeeping, and Country Life in America, in connection with the twelve volumes on the subject used last year. These magazines have added greatly to the interest.



Dramatic Club



Motto: *To thine own self be true*

Colors: *Sea-foam Green and Garnet*

Officers

ELIZABETH LOVILL, PRESIDENT
 DOVIE PREVATT, VICE-PRESIDENT
 EDNA PREVATT, SECRETARY-TREASURER

Plays Presented

In 1906: *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: *Servant in the House*
 In 1912: *Colombe's Birthday*

Athletics



Athletic Association



Officers

RUTH COOK, PRESIDENT

LILLIAN WILKINSON, VICE-PRESIDENT

HATTIE HERRING, SECRETARY

EUNICE BENTON, TREASURER

Senior Basketball



ELIZABETH LOVILL

CAPTAIN

Team

ELIZABETH LOVILL

KATE WATSON

EDNA ERVIN

EDNA TYNER

FANNIE WEBB

LIDA OLIVE

Junior Basketball



BERNICE KELLY CAPTAIN

Team

- MAUD MEMORY
- LUCY MIDDLETON
- HATTIE HERRING
- BERNICE KELLY
- ANNIE HIGHSMITH
- SALLIE CAMP
- SALLIE JOSEY

Sophomore Basketball



WILLIE ELAM

CAPTAIN

Team

- LOUINE WATSON
- EUNICE BENTON
- FREDA COLLINS
- WILLIE ELAM
- JENNIE MAY SENTELLE
- KATE JOHNSON
- ISABEL MacKENZIE

Freshmen Basketball



DIXIE LAMM

CAPTAIN

Team

LOUISE WATKINS
BERNICE HURLEY
JEANETTE JOHNSON
DIXIE LAMM
LOIS JOHNSON
HELEN ADAMS
BERT BROWN

NEVER before have the girls taken such interest in Tennis as they have this year. Everybody who does not know how already, is begging to be taught how to play. The court is busy all day long. We shall look forward to the Tennis Tournament in the Spring with the greatest enthusiasm.

Tennis Club



Blue Ribbon Winners

Gymnasium Exhibition

High Jump

VELLA FIELDS

Broad Jump

LUCY MIDDLETON

Wand Drill

MAUD MEMORY

Dumb Bell Drill

LALEAH STILLWELL

Free Movement Drill

VIRGINIA WILKINSON

Ring Work

MINNIE NASH

Ladder Work

WILLIE ELAM AND NANNIE BETT WILLIAMS

Giant Stride

HATTIE HERRING

Clubs

North Carolina Literary and Historical Association

Meredith Members

ANNIE HIGHSMITH
GERTRUDE HORN
SALLIE CAMP
MILDRED EDMUNDSON
LULA DITMORE
KATE WATSON
ELIZABETH LOVILL
HATTIE HERRING
RUTH WILLIAMS
SALLIE JOSEY
DOVIE PREVATTE
MATTIE ELMORE
EDNA TYNER
SALLIE OLDHAM

MANAGER: MARY SHANNON SMITH





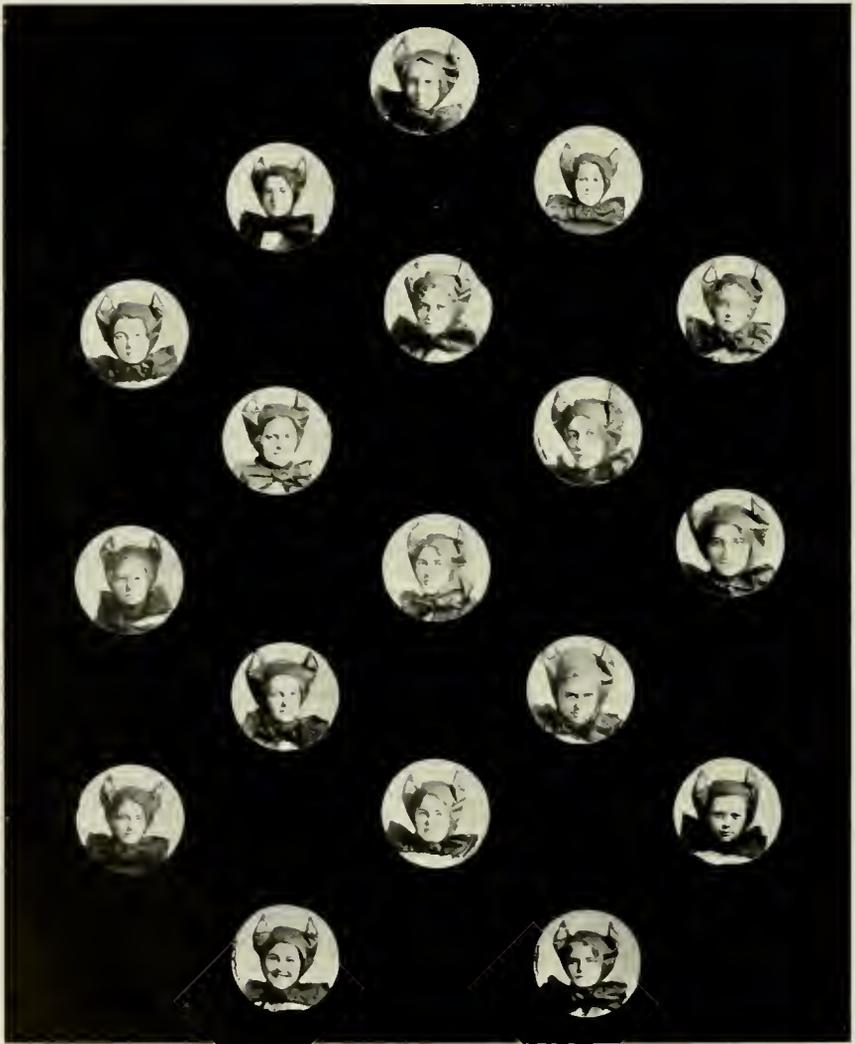
First Triumpuellarate

IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD ONE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED AND TEN, DURING THE FIRST YEAR OF THE SECOND CONSULSHIP OF ALICIA VITTIER MESERVUS, THERE WAS FORMED IN THE COLLEGE OF MEREDITH THE FIRST TRIUMPUELLARATE FOR THE PURPOSE OF RENEWING INTEREST IN THE CLASSICS OF TITUS LIVIUS AND QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS.

(SIGNED) HARRIETTA LAURA HARENGUS
 ANNA ROONEI ALTUSFABERFERRARIUS
 GERTRUDA CECILIA CORNU

HATTIE LAURA HERRING
 ANNIE ROONEY HIGHSMITH
 GERTRUDE CECILIA HORN

Sophomore Club



The A. & M. Nine



Members

DIXIE LAMM, "Captain"

ELIZABETH BASS, "Chief runner"

ELIZABETH LOVILL, "Chief rooter"

SALLIE CALVERT, "Assistant rooter"

EDNA ERVIN, "Editor in chief"

SALLIE LOVILL, "Star"

KATIE LOU MEREDITH, "Coach"

OLIVER MAINOR, "Sponsor"

TIGE, "Mascot"

YELL

"Wacker-rack-er, rack-er-ae!

Wacker-rack-er, rack-er-ae!

Carolina Polytech

Boom ra! Boom re!

A. & M., N. C."

“The Fireless Cookers”

“May we live as long as we eat, and eat as long as we live.”



Password: “Friend, I’m starving”

Mascot: Electric plate

Names

“May Pop,” MAY GRIMMER

“Bett’s Ice Cream,” MINNIE BETT WILLIAMS

“Olives,” OLIVE BOONE

“Pears,” IVA PEARSON

“Limes,” LINA GOUGH

“Pepper Sandwiches,” WILLIE ELAM

Menu (Special)

OLIVES

PICKLES

CELERY

OYSTERS A LA SOUP

CRACKERS

SAUSAGE, FRIED

PEPPER SANDWICHES

GINGER SNAPS THAT SNAP

COCOA

PEANUTS ON THE HALF SHELL

BREAD SERVED WITH EACH ORDER

Who's Who? And Why?



ANNIE HIGHSMITH
MARGARET GULLEY

MAMIE HIGHSMITH
MINNIE NASH

LAHEAH STILLWELL
VIRGINIA WILKINSON

Meredith Boosters

MILDRED EDMUNDSON

ANN **E**McKAUGHAN

IR **E**NE PARKER

EUNICE EDMUNDSON

ELO **D**IE WEBB

PAUL **I**NE GRIFFIN

KA **T**HRINE HANCOCK

KAT **H**LEEN PETTY



KATHLEEN



ANNE



EUNICE



KATHRINE



MILDRED



IRENE



ELODIE



PAULINE

SONG

Of all the schools in all this land of the free
M. C.! M. C.! M. C.! M. C.!

Our old M. C. it is the school for me—
M. C.! M. C.! M. C.!

And here we pledge devotion wheresoe'er we roam,
Maroon's the banner floating loyal hearts above,
And Meredith's the college we will always love.
M. C.! M. C.! M. C.!

The Blonde Trio



Battle Song

“Yield not to flirtation,
For flirting is sin,
Each sister will help you,
Some brother to win.

“Fight manfully onward,
Dark lashes subdue;
Don't look at the boys, girls,
But let them look at you.”

LOUISE HAWLEY
OLIVER MAINOR
SALLIE LOVILL

Five Fresh Air Fiends



LINA, "Priss"

OLIVE, "Peaches"

VIOLA, "Cap"

MILDRED, "Sport"

ANNIE RUTH, "Bill"

Ha, ha, we're
 happy as can be,
 Because from cares
 we're ever free!
 Dame Nature took them,
 every one,
 And gave instead—
 a pack of fun.

Shakespeare's Dream of Fair Women



JULIET

"Heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives."

—*Romeo and Juliet.*

RUTH DAWSON

PORTIA

"A golden mind stoops not to show of
dross." —*A Merchant of Venice.*

SALLIE CAMP



CORDELLA

"What should Cordelia do—love and be
silent?"

—*King Lear.*

RUTH WILLIAMS





PERDITA

"Nothing she does or seems,
But smacks of something greater
than herself;
Too noble for this place."

—*A Winter's Tale.*

HELEN DAWSON



ANNE BOLEYN

"For she that had all the fair parts of woman,
Had, too, a woman's heart."

—*Henry VIII.*

ALLEINE MINOR



JESSICA

"A most beautiful Pagan—a most sweet
Jew."

—*A Merchant of Venice.*

WALLACE TUCKER



AUDREY

"Well, I am not fair; and therefore, I
pray the gods to make me honest!"

—*As You Like It.*

GERTRUDE FAGGE



THE FAMILY

Leap Year Hopefuls



Nell is a *Wall-flower*,
 So stately and prim,
 And now Leap year is here,
 And we hope she'll win *him*.



Here's to Ruth the *old maid*,
 And tho' unlucky she may have been,
 May leap year favor her,
 And secure for her a Man.



Fannie is a *suffragette*,
 And we all wonder why
 The boys only look at her,
 And then they pass on by.

Senior Club





Senior Club



The Crimson Rambler

Have you heard the tale that the crimson rose
Sobs out of its heart of woe—
The crimson rose that in days ago
Was white as a drift of snow?

“Ah, it's why and O why
Did I climb so high
That I saw thro' the blind above,
The sacred light in my lady's eye,
Who wist not a soul but her lover nigh
As he wooed at the shrine of Love?

“Went I soft as I came,
But I blushed for shame
As I hung my guilty head.
Now my innocent soul is never the same,
And ever since then they have changed my name,
And called me the Rambler Rose.”

O this is the tale of the Rambler Rose
That it cries to itself in the night
The Rambler Rose that in days ago
Was pure as a shaft of light.

The "Life Beautiful"

"Don't I wish this was my last year in college," said the Freshman, enviously. "I'd turn a double somersault in pure delight, but here you are looking as blue as if all the blue devils from the under regions had you."

"They have, pretty nearly," said Margaret, slipping two letters inside her Bible. "Distance lends enchantment to the view of Seniority, Freshie, but it's the years that are to come after this that are worrying me now," half involuntarily, for she was rather reserved about her personal affairs. But this bit of confession was lost upon the Freshman, who had darted out of the room in answer to a chum's call.

When Margaret was alone she took the letters out again, and reread the one in her mother's painful handwriting.

"Yes, I am coming to see you graduate, and to see a real college once," the letter ran. "Your pa don't think he can get off. I have got me a new dress, and Mrs. Thompson is making it. It sure does seem good, dearie, to think that I will soon have you home again, for good. The years have been so lonesome without you."

Margaret suddenly crumpled the letter in her hand.

"It doesn't seem as though the idea ever entered mother's head that I don't want to go back home," she thought, bitterly. "But I don't. Why, I'd never see anybody or go anywhere, because all those cows have to be milked night and morning. Oh, I see myself ten years from now, a dried up spinster, teaching the Sunday School class that sits in the amen corner of the church at home, putting away the boys' Sunday clothes that they leave hanging around on chairs—mother's spoiled them; and churning, and washing milk pans and old greasy pots, and hoeing the garden, and picking the bugs off the collards.

"Why should I go back if I don't want to? I know mother is lonesome without me," and there was a queer little stirring of Margaret's conscience, "but that is the only life she has ever known. It's different after you've gotten the taste of another—a big, beautiful one! Why, I want to go to Europe, and do all sorts of things. I want to make my own money, and spend it on foolishness, too, just foolishness, for once in my life.

"And now I have such a chance," and Margaret laid caressing fingers

upon the other letter in her lap. "If I don't accept this offer I may never have another like it. And I am going to do it," she concluded, with deliberate emphasis. "But I won't tell mother until Commencement is over. I am afraid she will take it hard."

A bell rang, and Margaret, with an uncomfortable feeling at her heart and a suspicion of tears in her eyes, made a dash for the last recitation of her college life.

The long looked for day came, as all days come, and the great field of uplifted faces swam unsteadily before Margaret's dim vision as she descended from the platform, where the Dean had given her the diploma and the venerable President of the Board of Trustees had placed upon her the insignia of her degree; and out of it all she caught only her mother's proud, glad smile.

"I'll have to tell her today," was the restless background of Margaret's mind. "But I'll put it off until tonight. This afternoon I'll take mother around, show her everything, and be as good to her as I can this last day."

It was a pathetic little mother that the tall young graduate "showed around" that afternoon. She was stooped and aged from self-sacrificing toil, but her great black eyes took in eagerly even the things which had grown commonplace to the girl. But never had the old college looked more beautiful, even to Margaret; and the little woman gasped with delight over the smooth grass and the trees and the shadowy, curving walks of the great campus.

"I've always wanted a yard like this," she said in a hushed voice. "But your pa and I never knew how such things ought to be fixed. But now we'll have you home to help us work and plan, and it does me good to think about it," she ended happily.

Margaret suddenly choked.

"Let's go inside," she said.

They wandered slowly toward the nearest building, it mattered not which one to the girl, so its friendly shadow would hide the tears in her eyes. The little woman chattered on about the broad granite steps and the great white columns which looked like some she had seen once when she was a girl — and she could hardly be lured from the statuary in the halls.

"Mother, I didn't know you loved this, too," said Margaret.

"I never had any chance to before," she said, simply. "You know your pa and me always meant to take us a trip somewhere and see things, but we never did somehow."

But she was too happy now to grieve over the past. She had her daughter, and they wandered on, from building to building, the little woman talking eagerly all the while.

"That?" said Margaret laughing, in response to a question. "Why, that's only the old bulletin board, where the powers that be put their notices. See, here is one still stuck on about Math exam, really. I am going to hook it for my scrap book collection."

"You'll show me that wonderful scrap book this summer, and explain all the funny little things, won't you, dear? I'll understand them, because I read the college stories, so I'll know," she added shyly.

"Is this a recitation room? and that the teacher's desk and chair?"

"Yes," said Margaret with an assumed lightness. "That's Josh's ancient seat."

"Whose? You don't mean to say you call the Dean that?" and she looked up with pleased awe at the personage who could venture to be so familiar.

At the chapel door she looked with wistful eyes at the shining pipes of the great organ.

"It sounded like thunder this morning when the professor played it. But it was so grand it almost lifted me up out of my seat. And you've heard it every morning! What a lot of beautiful things you'll have to think about all your life, to make you happy. What was it I said?" and she laughed happily. "I mean what a lot of beautiful things we'll have to think about—for you'll help me think about them too, won't you, dear?"

Something she had been trying to say suddenly caught in Margaret's throat and stopped there. She put her arm around the thin little figure and said,

"Yes, mother."

The Voice Among the Pines

Long years ago I dwelt beneath the pines
And listened to their murmurs half suppressed;
I heard the west wind singing in their boughs,
And singing sigh, and sighing sink to rest.

Oft times I listened filled with pensive joy,
And tried to catch the words so faintly heard,
But evermore upon the stillness broke
The night owl's cry, the twitter of a bird.

The twilight slowly faded from the west,
And shadows deepened underneath the pines;
The magic of the evening bound me fast,
The listening calm the forest dweller finds.

I watched the great trees melt into a blur,
Toward north and south and east and west they lay,
In darkness then a fitting shape I saw
With phantom gliding come and go away.

A sigh among the trees, I held my breath.
Far in the east the mystic, fitting form
Was whispering, and I caught the joyous words:
"The pines give life and shelter from the storm."

Far to the north I saw the phantom shape,
And, listening, caught the murmured words at length,
The spirit, wafted on the evening breeze,
Was saying, "Strength—the pine trees give you strength."

Then in the earth, with noiseless unseen tread,
Appeared again, soft coming like a dove,
The strange wild spirit of the stalwart pines,
'Twas singing softly, "Love, I'll teach you love."

Long hours, it seemed, no leaflet moved or stirred.
My eyelids closed, calm listening vigils cease;
Then softly whispered, echoed from the west,
"Peace, Love of the pines, we give you peace."

The Change the Kodak Wrought

Louise Burnett had been the despair of her family and friends since the time when other girls of her age began to "do up" their hair, lengthen their skirts, powder their faces, and take an interest in pretty ribbons. Louise's skirts were lengthened too; but not through any desire of her own. She didn't, apparently, care whether her hair was smooth or her face powdered or not; and she couldn't be induced to care. She was considered the brightest girl in the village High School, and her one desire was to go to college. Her wealthy aunt once confided to a friend in the village that if only Louise were a little less slovenly, she would take her to the city and send her to college. The girl, with all her passion for learning, did not dream that her aunt did not feel it worth while to send her to college because of her unattractive appearance. Her mother, a very frail woman, had long since given up in despair trying to make her daughter take an interest in dress.

"Louise is a good daughter, and perhaps she will learn to take an interest in her appearance after a while," was her often repeated remark.

Fred Brown, a boy who lived next door, although a few years older than she, had been her very good friend ever since the time when they used to make mud pies. When Fred had gone off to school in the Fall she had told him "goodbye" with the same feeling of good comradeship that she had always felt for him. However, she missed him more than she cared to admit. Louise was very eager when the Christmas holidays came, to see him again, and not a little hurt at his manner. Fred seemed older, and he was better looking. A kind of barrier had grown up between them. He was the same old friend, and yet there was a difference. Whenever he looked at her, a puzzled expression came into his eyes; and he took more interest in pretty, simple, little Florence Smith than he did in his old playmate. Louise at first would not admit, even to herself, that she cared, but she was no longer the same joyful, carefree girl. She was puzzled, as well as hurt. It wasn't that he had outgrown the village life; it was just that he had for some reason lost interest in her.

The Christmas holidays were almost over and he had only been over once or twice during the whole time. Louise had almost stopped going with the young people during the holidays; because it was much easier not

to see Fred, than to have him look at her in a disappointed way and try with such effort to be nice to her. She walked, and snowballed, and devoted almost all her time to her younger brother. One day they were out snowballing, and her brother asked if he could take her picture with his new kodak.

"Oh, Jack dear, what do you want to take me for? Take a picture of those little children playing across the street," she said.

But Jack insisted, so finally Louise allowed him to take her picture. Then Jack wanted another taken with old Shep, his much loved dog. She, too, wanted a picture of Shep, and as somebody had to hold him still, she consented to this also. In the end several pictures had been taken of her. One was with the family horse, and another with her own black tabby cat.

The films had to be sent away to be developed, and it was a week or so after the holidays before they came home. Louise was very much interested in seeing them. She wanted to see if old Shep and Tabby had taken good pictures. Perhaps, too, she was just a little interested to see her own picture, because she hadn't had one taken since she was a baby. Jack announced in great glee when he had opened the envelope,

"Sis, they are good. Yours are dandy."

"Mine, dandy?" Louise echoed in a half dazed way.

"Sure thing!" said Jack, "they are just like you."

Louise couldn't help feeling a little hurt to think that Jack thought she looked just like that picture, and her mother and father had agreed with him. None of them seemed to feel that they had insulted her.

That night, when Louise went to her room, she looked at herself long and hard in her mirror. Perhaps it was the first time she had ever looked at herself in the mirror with perceiving eyes.

"Yes," thought she, "all they said was true. I am that slovenly, untidy, unattractive looking girl. My hair really hangs in wisps and my skirt and belt are on crooked, and even my face is shiny." She spared herself nothing. The picture truly hadn't been quite as bad as the reality. "But," thought Louise, "I will show them that I can look like other girls."

Next morning Mrs. Burnett was agreeably surprised to see her daughter come downstairs with her hair smooth and her clothes on straight. All

through the winter Louise became slowly better looking. First, she became neat, and finally she was not only pretty but rather stylish. Her friends in the little village wondered what had come over her, but as it was rather a delicate subject, no one questioned her.

Her wealthy aunt came down in May, and was truly astounded at the change in her niece. Her first remark upon seeing the girl after she had recovered her breath was,

“Louise, you’re positively good looking!” and her expression said, “Who would have thought it possible?”

Her next remark excited and overjoyed Louise even more than this; for it meant that she was to have her long desired college education.

When June came she was even more excited. How would Fred take the change? Would he look at her with the same puzzled expression, and try to be nice to her, and show all the time that she didn’t interest him for one minute? Finally Fred came. True, his expression on first seeing her was slightly more puzzled than ever; but there was interest in his eyes, too, and more than ever before. He and Louise were together all the Summer, and their friendship by Fall had deepened into something more than friendship. She had come into her own after all, and nobody in the little village dreamed that it was the little insignificant kodak that had brought about the change. But Louise never forgot, and all through the happy four years at college she had a warm spot in her heart for kodaks and kodak pictures. After she and Fred had graduated and married she confided to him, for the first time, what had wrought the great change in her appearance.

1911 Medal Winners



THE CARTER MEMORIAL MEDAL
BERTHA LUCRETIA CARROLL
"America's Art as the interpreter of
her people"



THE BOWLING MEMORIAL MEDAL
LEONITA DENMARK
"Kipling's India"

Snap Shots of Celebrities





Compensation

There are clouds in the sky,
 Little girl, little girl,
In the sky there are clouds, I am told,
 In the sky so blue
 It is true, it is true
They are woven of silver and gold.

There are tears in your eyes,
 Little girl, little girl,
In your eyes there are tears, I know,
 But they make them bright
 With a tender light
That will shine with an ever-glow.

There are thorns in your hands,
 Little girl, little girl,
In your hands there are thorns, mayhap;
 But the petals shed
 On your path are red
And the roses are in your lap.

GUARANTEED

CIRCULATION

Marvelous

THE SOPHOMORE DISTURBER

THE WEATHER TODAY

For Sophomores: Fair and Sunny

For Newish: Squalls

We've Done the Deed. Didst Thou Not Hear a Noise?

Volume 30 Gals.

RALEIGH, N. C., Wednesday, November 1, 1911

No. Legion

A SOPHOMORE MARRIED

Most Romantic Event in History of College—Secret Nuptials of Miss Jennie May Sentelle Leaks Out.

(Special to the Disturber.)

The whole of Meredith was astounded by the announcement in a recent issue of the *Waynesville Courier* of the secret marriage of Miss Jennie May Sentelle to Mr. Boon, of Waynesville. Mrs. Boon had been back at her studies some weeks before the affair was known. The marriage took place in Waynesville during the holidays, and was quite a beautiful affair, though very quiet. The groom is a promising young business man and is well known throughout the State. The bride is an accomplished young woman of charming manners and a rare personality. She is loved by all who know her.

Immediately after the wedding the happy pair took the trains, she to resume her studies at Meredith, he to take up his duties out West.

A Freshman chewed gum in the Lab,

She'd not seen the sign on the door;

But Josiah he gently explained,

And she vowed she'd do it no more.

A NIGHT OF HORRORS

Supernatural Monsters Invade the Country

MONSTERS' IDENTITY STILL A MYSTERY

Many Inhabitants Driven to Hysterics and Nervous Prostration.

RALEIGH, N. C., Nov. 1.—Last night was indeed a night of horrors for the people of Meredith. No such happenings have ever occurred in these parts before. Numberless monstrous creatures in the form of black cats invaded the whole college grounds, forcing all the newcomers to this vicinity, the Freshmen, to perform all manner of deeds for their amusement, and frightening the whole population almost beyond recovery. The invaders started on their hideous raids about room bell, and from then on into the wee small hours they kept up their awful capers. They seem to have first attacked fourth floor, Main Building, coming down through third floor, through all the halls of Faircloth, on to East Building, then to South and North Cottages, compelling every Freshman in College to sing, dance, and recite, leaving desolation in their

SOPHOMORE BANQUET

The President Entertains Her Class Royally at a Dinner Party—Most Delightful Event of the Year.

Without a doubt the most enjoyable event of the whole college year was the magnificent dinner given by Miss Lilian Wilkinson, President of the Sophomore Class, in honor of her classmates, on Saturday night, October 29th. For sumptuousness of repast, eloquence of serving, and general delightfulness nothing has surpassed it at Meredith. Miss Wilkinson was a charming hostess in white crepe de chine with violets, and served graciously and gracefully. The table was handsomely decorated with red and white, with ferns and candles giving the whole dining room an air of festivity, and the guests were all in just the mood for a merry evening. The "black cat" was the symbol of the evening, and took quite a prominent part in the affair. Between courses Miss Wilkinson kept things merry by reading the poetical answers she had received to her invitations. After the magnificent meal was over, toasts of all kinds were given to everybody, including Miss Wilkinson's annt, whose kindness had helped make the party possible, to the Class President herself, and the glorious Class of '14.

The Sophomore Disturber

Published every now and then by
THE PRIDE OF MEREDITH COMPANY
(Formerly Class of '14)

K. JOHNSON, EDITOR.

Entered as first-class matter in the annals of Meredith College according to Act of Soph Class of October 31, 1911.

EDITORIAL

We think the time has come when the people should cry out against the great injustices which are being committed in our midst every day. We have held our peace as long as silence can possibly be of virtue, and now it is time for that greatest organ of speech for all the people, our newspapers, to take up these same crimes against the equality of mankind and publish them from pole to pole. And we of the DISTURBER are glad to be the leaders in the great fight which we firmly believe is impending and to sound the first note of rebellion. Friends of the commonwealth, it is only right, it is only just, that you should know of these things and of the deep significance that underlies them—the Juniors have been granted more privileges! More! When they were already beginning to feel that they were the greatest thing at Meredith and were looking condescendingly on our noble Seniors, not to speak of the Sophmores! Think of it, fellow citizens, and think of the chaos that will result if things are allowed to go on. The Juniors now go shopping whenever they choose, they go to church on Sunday nights, they never go to hear Dr. Dixon lecture, and we hear rumors that they are going to apply for the privilege of receiving callers one night during the week. At this rate, in the course of two years, they will be cutting meals whenever they like, attending Chapel only three times a week, and going to ball games without a chaperon. But the worst part of the whole business is that

these unheard of favors are being bestowed only on the Juniors. One or two of the already few Senior privileges, such as attending the Baraca bauquet at Wake Forest College, have been taken away, and as for the Sophs—they never have known what a privilege was. They, who so richly deserve special rights on account of their surpassing qualities, are kept down on a level with the unlearned, unwise Freshmen, and the Juniors are exalted even to the highest station of the Seniors. We hope this brief word will be enough to stir our sleeping sense of freedom and make us cry out so that the Faculty can not but hear and heed—"equal rights for all and special privileges for none."

NOTICES

The following notices will be of interest to the public, as the elections are coming on:

I wish to announce to the public that I am a candidate for the office of President of the Phi. Society. I have been urged to this step by my many friends, and I will try to serve the society faithfully and well, if you see fit to elect me.—GERTRUDE HORN.

I hereby announce my candidacy for Presidency of the Student Government Association. My qualifications for this office are too numerous to mention.—CORNELIA COVINGTON.

At the urgent request of the student body, I most reluctantly announce myself a candidate for the Presidency of the Y. W. C. A.—Signed, G. HORN.

I wish to apply, through the columns of the DISTURBER, for the position of Chairman of the Cleaning Committee of the Astro. Society.—A. HIGSMITH.

After a careful consideration, I feel it my duty to become a candidate for the office of President of the Senior Class.—HORN.

I desire to apply for the position of Editor of the *Oak Leaves* for the year 1912-13.—CARRIE ALICE WOLF.

BEST SELLERS

The past year has been an unusually productive one along literary lines at Meredith. The following books are among the best which have been published, although they are by no means all. The person who would really keep up with the times can not fail to read all of these.

How to Talk, by Dixie Lamm, the famous talk specialist at Meredith and the author of so many stories of every sort. Miss Lamm has studied the subject many years of her life, trying experiments continually, and is therefore prepared to talk with authority. Copies very cheap.

The Winning of Your Money's Worth, by Katy Lon Meredith. This is quite a fine treatise along the lines of economy.

The latest thing in the encyclopedia line is the book by Miss Vann called *Opinions on Every Subject*. Every one should read it, as the amount of knowledge contained therein is marvelous.

Take Gym and Grow Thin, by Corinne Gordon. We all know Miss Gordon and her wonderful athletic theory, and we all should read this new book.

A Lifetime at Meredith, by Lily Bell Ashworth. This little pamphlet is most interesting and instructive, as it is full of Miss Ashworth's personal recollections of the early days of the College. Every alumna should read it by all means.

Boys I Have Known, by Miss Adelaide Watkins. is the most comprehensive as well as interesting survey of the masculine gender that we have yet seen. The author shows marvelous knowledge of her subject and the variety of her sketches is indeed exceptional.

ORIGIN OF THE SOPHOMORE CAT

The wonderful Sophomore Cat first made his mysterious appearance in the College one cold, weird, wintry night toward the latter part of October. The Lady Principal and the President of the Sophomore Class sat in the office of the former discussing the coming events of Hallowe'en, when suddenly, as if from nowhere, the hideous form of a monstrous black cat made its stealthy appearance. Their terror was heightened into something like horror when the awful black monster began to speak. They soon gained confidence in him when he assured them that he was a friend, and expressed his desire to assist the Sophomores on Hallowe'en. The Sophomore President accepted with delight, and thus under his direction the most astonishing event in all the history of Meredith was brought about. Since that night each Sophomore has had tender feeling in her heart for the mascot of the class, and among her most treasured possessions, cherishes a portrait of him, which was presented to her at the Sophomore banquet. Many stories have been written of this wonderful cat and the terrors of that horrible raid. The Sophomore pin is in the form of the leader of this band. It is a wonderfully wrought creation in ebony, and the delicate carving bears witness of marvelous skill. Thus the name of the Sophomore cat will forevermore be immortal in the fields of painting, sculpture, and literature.



OUR MASCOT

He's stuck by us through thick and thin,

He's been with us through fire; He's helped us to gain victories,

Kept off misfortune dire, And we are going to stand by him, Just bet your life on that! For he's the greatest thing there is—

The Sophomore Black Cat.

A NIGHT OF HORRORS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

path, and finally disappearing into the night. The hysterical screams of the Newish, the cries of the other people, and the weird mews of the cats themselves made the night horrible. Every one waited with fear and trembling for their arrival and lay prostrate after they were gone, but no one seemed able to stop their progress or cut off their dread designs. The story is out that the Juniors made a gallant attempt to lock up all the creatures in their place of rendezvous, but if this rumor is true, they were evidently unable to cope with the supernatural powers of the cats. It is also rumored that the huge cats were none other than the Sophomores in their usual Hallowe'en frolic with the Freshmen, but there is no authority for this tale and we seriously doubt the truth thereof. But whatever or whoever the creatures were, humans or devils, we hope they will spare us another such awful experience.

SOCIETY NOTES

MISS VANN ENTERTAINS

On the afternoon of Friday, October 27th, Miss Dorothy Vann, a prominent member of the Freshman Class, gave a most delightful "at home" in honor of her class. It is true that the arrangements for the afternoon were somewhat broken into by the arrival of a good many unexpected guests, the whole Sophomore Class, in fact, but the merriment and excitement were only increased by their coming. The main feature of amusement was a general struggle between the guests, in which the Sophs. were victorious, eating up all the refreshments which Miss Vann had prepared. During the afternoon a blind was broken and one member of the party's foot was rather badly mashed, but these little misfortunes were considered as naught by the guests, who all voted Miss Vann a charming hostess and her party a great success.

Little Miss Kittie Pool entertained several of her little friends at a delightful birthday party yesterday afternoon at her home, on the third floor, Main Building. The amusements for the afternoon were all sorts of childish games, such as "Hide and Seek" and "Tag." The guests all had a most delightful time, and declare Miss Kittie a charming hostess for one of her years. Those invited were Misses Gertrude Horn, Corinne Gordon, Maud Memory, Caroline Biggers, and Olive Boone.

Newish Edwards: "Why do you suppose they keep that new statue in the Capitol Square all wrapped up?"

Freshman Hancock: "To keep this awful weather from hurting it, goose."

ONE CENT A WORD

CASH WITH ORDER.

LOST! LOST! LOST! Miss Katy Lou Meredith's tooth brush. The finder will please return same to its owner as soon as possible, and receive rich reward. Miss Meredith wants her brush.

WANTED!—A passing grade, by Math. I Class.

UNEEDA REST—Try Sophomore Math.

WANTED!—That you should let your wants be known in the columns of THE DISTURBER. It reaches all the people and its ads bring quick results.

FOUND!—New relations between the Senior and Junior classes. Their Presidents are crushes.

WANTED!—At least three grades for the use of the Freshman Class.

COFFEE disagrees with every third person. Try Miss John's substitute. Testimonials from any student at Meredith on application.

WANTED!—A new supply of excuses for not taking gym., by Junior Class. We pay well for original ideas.

FOR SALE!—Manilla Covers and Safety Ink Wells. Blotters thrown in free of charge. M. Sh. Smith.

WANTED!—To exchange cards with a W. F. student with a view to matrimony. I am tall and fair, my courage and endurance have been fully proven by three years at Meredith, and I have a voice like a nightingale. Lucy Grindstaff.

The Newish Company

EXCLUSIVE METAL WORKERS

Perfect examples of brazen art furnished while you wait.

Our styles are all fresh from the hay fields—no duplicates in the world.

(No orders taken from Sophomores or Seniors—

THERE'S A REASON.)

OLD WAKE'S MENTAL CREAM

To be had at all Anniversary
Receptions. Try it.

**YOU'LL COME OUT A RIBBON
MASHED FLAT BY THE CRUSH.**

DO YOU STAMMER?

If so, write me a card and I will send you, free of all charge, a pamphlet containing my personal experiences in overcoming this dreadful habit. If you so desire, I will be glad to give you correspondence lessons in curing yourself at home.

Address

MISS KATY LOU MEREDITH,
President of the Freshman Class of
Meredith College, Raleigh, N. C.

**"HAVE YOU A LITTLE
NEWISH IN YOUR ROOM?"**

If so,
we're sorry for you,
of course.

FREE! FREE! FREE!

Freshman tears on Math. I.

For further information
apply to

— MISS LAVICE CHAMBLISS —

**"IT'S WORTH
THE DIFFERENCE"**

Meredith

RALEIGH, N. C.

In writing to our advertisers, don't mention THE DISTURBER.

Wesley

OCCASIONALLY people do the happy thing in the way of names. After I knew his name was Wesley, none other could have been substituted without distinct loss. The old name, redolent with suggestions of latent possibilities, fits him well, for he is just as suggestive himself. Some maid, more or less dusky, may consider him handsome, for he is tall, his shoulders have the artistic slope which, they say, belongs to musicians, his complexion is that shade somewhere between the yellow and brown peculiar to cheap oak furniture, and he shows marked individuality in his clothes. He wears a mouse colored hat, remarkably small for one of his height, trousers striped on the bias, and is, I fear, addicted to cigarettes.

For occupation he waits for three meals each day upon two tables full of hungry college girls, and he bears with them with the patience of an automaton. It is only when there is a reflection upon his ability as a waiter that he loses his conscious dignity and becomes deeply apologetic. The climax was reached one Sunday when, after gravely serving cream, he began to occupy himself at the side table. The teacher told him to bring some cake. Wesley stopped aghast. There seemed to be a strange collection of forces in his forehead. Part of his scalp slid down, and most of his face walked up for the fray. The only distinguishable features were his forehead, a confused mass of writhing wrinkles, and his mouth in wide open astonishment. All this in a second, and then he explained:

“Well, I deelah! I clean fohgot dat eake!” and off he strode in haste to the kitchen to redeem himself as quickly as possible.

Wesley is the soul of deference. No one could doubt that who has seen the courtly little bow with which he gives things to the head of the table, or has noted his respectful little aside to the teacher when he presents a knife specially sharpened to meet the demands of the steak. A favorite pose of his is to fold up his long limbs till his head is on a level with the

teacher's—which feat he accomplishes by placing a hand on each knee, pitching forward his body, and balancing his head at an expectant angle; he then says in a deep, sonorous voice,

“Does youse want anything, Mrrsss Middleton?”

For that is what he insists upon calling the youthful head of our table. And he looks hurt when we laugh! For with all his deference he will not be trifled with. Each meal he decides for himself what the teacher shall drink, and wo be to her if she asks for something else. Indeed she has stopped arousing his reproachful look, but bows to the will of his superior mind, and drinks whatever he brings.

I am afraid from what I have said that the reader will think him too dignified, too self-contained, so I must hasten to correct any such impression. He is happy and glad, I've no doubt of that, for sometimes he overflows himself in bits of spontaneous song. Sometimes his song is a deep, buzzing hum “like a bee in a barrel”; sometimes it is a rollicking carol, and then it is that we see him all in all. Still deferential, still with his courtly bow, his perky—yes, undeniably perky—nose soaring in the air, he “waits” to the time of his music.

The Bells a la Mother Goose

Our Meredith bells are very merry bells,
 Very merry bells are they—
 They ring for the hours,
 They ring for the halves,
 They ring e'en the minutes away!

A jingle, a jangle
 Our nerves go a tangle
 Why ring the bells so much?
 They used to ring just thrice a day,
 And now—they beat the Dutch!

To the Rising Bell

Ah bell, that pealest forth discordant sound,
 When thou, O fateful hour, approacheth nigh,
Thy meanings far too easy to expound,
 If only once you heard my wakening sigh!

How oft, O bell, do thy stern notes upbraid
 For resolutions made—alas! not kept,
To rise before thy mighty tongue had swayed,
 When lo, so soon thy tones rang “overslept!”

So many, bell, you’ve doomed to fearful dread
 Who, tired by tests, exams, and troubles sore,
Gave up, sought comfort in their lowly bed
 And vowed to rise at six if not before.

Alas for sleepy vows made but to break!
And ah, the tragedy! school girls can’t awake!



E. W. (anxiously looking through the night mail on December 20th):
 “No cheek yet! Well, I guess I shall have to go home C. O. D.”

I. MACK. (getting out of the car on January 4th): “Oh, wretched me,
 seventy-nine more Latin lessons.”

JEANETTE J. (signing a petition to the Senate): “Fondly, Net.”

JUNIOR MEMORY (looking up references and taking notes for Soph
 History): “Who in the world is Ibid? He has written something on every
 subject I have looked up yet.”

“Please help me move this radiator, I want to sweep under it.”

The hours I spend on thee, Latin Prose,
 Are hours of Paradise to me!
 I count them all and private interviews,
 Apart
 My Prosary, my Prosary!

B. BROWN *and* L. JOHNSON.

DEAR LOUISE:

Am getting along better than I dared to expect. Met some U. N. C. boys on the train and yesterday we saw lots of Trinity and A. & M. boys down street. And even today I got trades from three of them. Best of all, I am rooming with a W. F. C. boy's sister.

Your loving friend,

KATY LOU.

Two souls with but a single thought,
 Two hearts that beat as one.

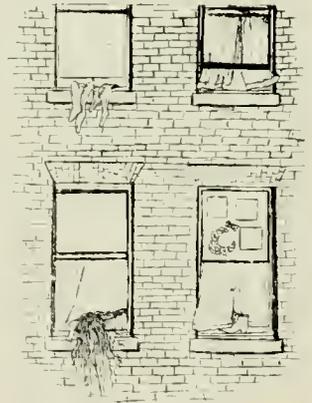
LIDA *and* VELLA.

Adores only Freshmen,
 Takes 'em all in;
 By night and day
 She keeps 'em from sin.

LILLIAN.

"And there began a long
 digression
 About the lords o' the
 creation."

E. BASS *AND* E. ERVIN.



AS OTHERS SEE US

Adonis

(With apologies to Shelley)

Mark ye, maids, Adonis. He is not
 Of low estate, but high, who does his best;
 And proud is he, though janitor, we wot,
 When he can set our fluttering hearts at rest
 With bold assurance, though from east or west
 Our baggage come, that through his mighty care
 In "Mer'dith" halls is placed. Then at his jest
 We can but smile, and at his saucy air:
 With knowing look he calls us *generous* and fair!

Toward Sunset

The sun creeps slow o'er the valley,
 And the new ground's hard to plough,
 And Mistis'll soon be calling
 For to feed that speckled cow.

Old Noah brays for his supper
 Every time he hits a stump,
 And the plow-handles dig into Daniel's ribs
 With a sudden, treacherous jump.

They're tired and hungry and sleepy,
 But they join in a lively tune,
 For the sun sets, however creepy,
 And you can't see to plough by the moon!

—B. L. C., '18.

DO YOU FEEL LIKE

this



Sick-a-bed

or this



grumpy

or this



crabbed

or this



regretful

or this



flunked



Then come to the greatest event of the season!

Track Meet

A. M. C. versus W. F. C.

Meredith Auditorium

Saturday Night, January 27, 1912, at 8.30

When you leave you'll feel like
fishing with the



Seats reserved for
students from the respective
colleges (Girls)



Admission - Ten cents
Under the auspices of
Student Volunteer Band

From a Junior to a Freshman

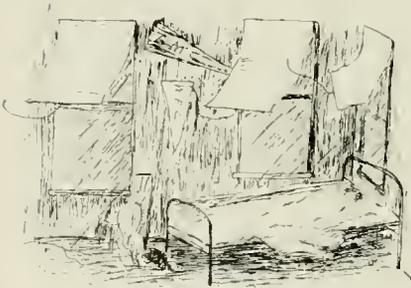
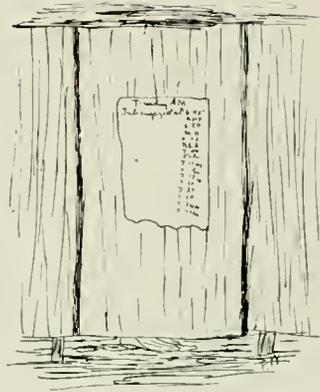
There, little Fresh, don't cry!
They've made you dance, I know,
And the free hearted ways
Of High School days
Are things of long ago;
But Newish days will soon pass by,
So please, little Fresh, don't cry.

There, little girl, don't fret
Tho' it's Hallowe'en night, I know
And you can't lock the door and
Do as you did
In the sweet days of long ago.
But hide in my closet and I'll
Tell 'em a lie
So there now, you needn't cry.

What now? You needn't mind.
We all flunk once in a while,
And tests and exams are some
Of these days
Agoing out of style.
The Sophomoreship is coming nigh,
So please, little Crush, don't cry.

A Newish wants to know if the fireman has to knock on all the radiators every morning.

Dr. Dixon's Theories



Santa Claus Visits Meredith

THE good old saint had never been able to visit Meredith before—but this year, having received an urgent invitation from his friends, the girls, he somehow found time amid the press of other duties to remember some little boys and girls here whom he had neglected so long. They had been notified of his coming, and were waiting for him in the chapel, impatiently eager to see what Santa would bring them; and when the dear old fellow came pompously down the aisle they could not restrain their delight.

Santa explained, before he turned his attention to the shining, mysteriously laden Christmas tree, that he hadn't had time or means to select handsome gifts, but he had tried to bring everybody some simple, appropriate remembrance. Then he called one child at a time up before him and took his or her present down from the spangled tree, adding from time to time bits of Santa Clausian wisdom to help them when they played "teaching school."

Little Larkin Douglas was called forward first, and Santa, in presenting him with a nice book of jokes, hoped he would find some new ones to tell his girls. Then Josiah was bidden to come forward and get his little present—a cake of hand sapolio.

Rosa received a lovely little book on Table Etiquette, containing especially clear directions about the proper way to imbibe soup. Santa said she might refresh her memory by reading this little book for her afternoon "lectures."

Elizabeth Avery's gift was a little chair, and Santa, in presenting it, begged her to sit on that instead of upon his dear friends, the girls.

To Alice Whittier he gave a little pony, with the hope that it might accelerate the tedious journey through Virgil, Livy, and Horace.

Ada was very grateful for a picture of Wade R., while some of the smallest girls, Minnie Ruth, Anna, Juliette, Lulie, and Minnie Claire were less fortunate, and meekly accepted something which Santa assured them was for their own good—a sticking plaster apiece to take the swelling out of their heads.

Mary Shannon left rejoicing in a pair of long white gloves, which Santa said were for her to wear to the next reception given by the Historical Association.

Elizabeth Divine was delighted with some chewing gum, especially designed for use at choir practice, and Gustav received a Kirby Novel.

Santa presented Wade R. with a bottle of medicine called Praise, and recommended that he administer a teaspoonful twice a week to each of his pupils.

Susan Elizabeth and Ethel May each received a little book of verse, because Santa said that his friends, the girls, had whispered to them that they loved these two particularly.

Helen Marie was made happy by a new set of furs, and Harriett Louisa was jubilant over a box of Post Toasties, her favorite cereal.

Little Lemuel beamed from ear to ear over a rattle, which Santa said he might give to Lemuella when he got tired of it himself.

Richard Tillman got a little Jail to put defrauders of the government in.

Gertrude R.'s gift was a jumping Jack. Santa instructed her to use him as a standard of excellence in the gym court, but she took such a delight in exhibiting his powers that she soon had him completely exhausted.

To Elizabeth Delia Santa presented an antiseptic powder rag, in order that she might not be without one when she had to burn hers because a visitor chanced to use it; while Octavia gratefully received some calomel to apply

to broken bones. Caroline Berry's gift proved to be an Annual, which Santa begged her to consider prayerfully.

Lucy had one more admirer added to her string.

William Jasper was remembered with a pig foot and a pleasant hope that he would enjoy it for breakfast.

Gertrude S. rejoiced in an additional note pad upon which to take more notes from her best-beloved authority; Carry in a toy grocery store from which to augment her supplies; Jessie in a new sponge, and Winnie departed reveling in a pair of spectacles guaranteed especially to magnify dust under beds.

When the lovely tree was finally stripped, all of the little boys, and most of the little girls, were too bashful to thank Santa for their presents; but Elizabeth Delia plucked up courage to say, as she scampered out,

“We just had a bully time!”

“A hit, a very palpable hit.”

Miss C's lecture on *Browning*.

When did Helen Dawson take Proetoritis?

H. H. and G. H. were reading Milton's “Paradise Lost” and came to the part about Raphael. H. H. exclaimed, “Why, I didn't know Raphael was living then!”

Who will lend Pauline Griffin a match to light her electric plate?

Miss C. (to English Literature class): "You may finish the rest of the *Four PP* for Thursday."

B. J. (writing in her notebook): "Finish the Four Peas."

Dr. Freeman's Train of Thought

I have the most wonderful baby in the world.

1. Early signs of precocity:
 - a At the age of three days she said "Goo" distinctly.
 - b At five days her eyes converged upon my face with an intelligent expression, indicating that sensory-motor co-ordinations were already beginning to be set up.
 - c Her intellect is unusual—
 - (1) At one month and one day she said "Da," and
 - (2) On the following day she repeated "Da," thus making "Daddy"!
2. Other extraordinary things about Lemuella:
 - a She is an unusually beautiful baby, in fact, they say she resembles me.
 - b She has a lovely disposition, and has never kept me awake more than four nights a week.

NOTE. Yesterday she heard our neighbors Thanksgiving turkey gobble, and she has been gobbling ever since!

Caught in the Act

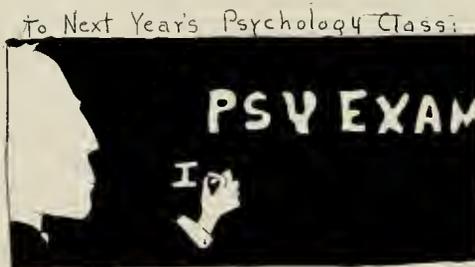
A perfect medley reached my ears as I walked into the recitation room one winter morning. I went to my seat, put down my books, and joined in the chatter. We talked and talked until suddenly a quiet little girl in the corner exclaimed shrilly, "I know it's been fifteen minutes since we came in, and we don't have to wait longer than fifteen minutes!"

"Who'll go down stairs to see what time it is?" was the general question. But not a soul would venture, for we didn't know what minute our teacher would come.

"I'll go," I said, "If somebody else will go along with me." Phyllis said she would go, so we started. We fairly flew downstairs and through the hall. But when we got to the clock the hand pointed to ten minutes past instead of fifteen.

"My!" Phyllis exclaimed, "We've got five more minutes to wait."

In mortal terror lest we should meet the teacher any minute, we went back upstairs. Phyllis, who was in front, went in without saying a word, but I announced from the doorway, "We've got back alive." Horrified looks and suppressed giggles were the only answer. When I took a step farther in, I saw my teacher at the desk.



Hark! from the tomb a doleful sound
 Mine ears have heard the cry,
 Surviving saints, come view the ground
 Where ye must shortly die!

Elect English Lit. II*(Specimen question on exam)*

“Illustrate, corroborate, refute or qualify the latter half of Emerson’s statement, ‘He knew the hearts of men and women and the transitions by which virtues and vices slide into their contraries.’”

ESTELLE W., TO SENIOR: “I know something that will cure your fever blisters. Ear wax will dry them right up.”

SENIOR (later, tapping on Estelle’s door): “Oh, Estelle, do you happen to have any of that ear wax up here?”

THE SENIORS
DO NOT ATTEND
WAKE FOREST
BARACA
BANQUET

Studying Psychology on the Day of Society Anniversary

L. D., coming into S. C.'s room: "Won't you tell me something about this old Psy? I can't seem to get my mind on it."

K. H.: "I have sat here and held my book for an hour, but have spent the time looking out of the window."

S. C.: "Lula, do you know whether or not the express has come?"

L. D.: "Do come on and let us study Psychology. We have only one hour, you know. Where does it begin for today?"

H. H.: "It begins with 'B. What is best for consciousness is usually best for the creature.'"

S. C.: "Hally, read what you have after the localization of function in the hemisphere and the introductory note."

H. H.: "'There is a close parallelism between the analysis of brain functions and that of mental——' O, Shep, what if I were to get yellow crysanthemums or red carnations to go with my new pink dress!"

L. D.: "That would be perfectly all right. You know one of the singers at the State Concert wore a pink dress and carried red flowers."

S. C.: "Oh, there's another wagon. Ach! Betts' Ice Cream!"

L. D.: "Sallie, what kind of flowers are you expecting?"

S. C.: "Parma Violets always. Do you know what kind you are going to have?"

L. D.: "American Beauties, I understand. I'm not sorry, either, because then no one will notice that I haven't a new dress."

S. C.: "Oh, ho! Hally, look and see if the express wagon is in sight."

H. H.: "No, I think it went around the other way. Come on, we will never learn this Psy."

L. D., diligently: "Mind is also made up of simple, sensory and motor elements."

S. C.: "Wait, read that again. Girls, I'm so sleepy I can scarcely hold my eyes open."

L. D.: "Why didn't you take coffee for breakfast? I always take it, just plain black, on hard days. It will make you intellectual. Let's read the proof of motor localization. From motor aphasia or aphemia. 'Bracketed one. "This is trouble with speech. It is not loss of voice or paralysis of tongue or lip. The patient may not be able to utter words. He may speak only meaningless phrases, or he may speak confusedly, noticing the mistakes but being unable to correct them.' Yes, if I'm not mistaken, cases of that kind have come under my own observation."

S. C.: "Yes, I think I have seen people like that."

H. H.: "And so have I. Not long since, either. Listen, girls, what am I going to do? I'm expecting three boys over here tonight, and I have to be introducing the guests to the receiving line."

L. D.: "Oh, well, you know this is to be a formal reception, and you can't talk to one more than five minutes."

H. H.: "Lula, how many are you expecting?"

L. D.: "About four hundred. And I'm going to speak to every one there. Don't you girls dare let one escape the receiving line."

S. C.: "Oh, there comes O'Quinn's wagon—I mean there it goes."

L. D.: "Dear me, there's the five minute bell and we're not half over this Psy. Read fast, Hally."

H. H.: "Shep, as you go to class, stop and see if the express has come."

Hallowe'en

B'RRRR—the 9:30 bell is ringing and things are beginning to get exciting. Surely by 9:45 they will all be in that Science room. My, but won't they be furious! B'rrrr—9:45—cliek! A key turns in the lock and the deed is done. But—horrors! A Sophomore is coming down the hall! Well, anyway, we have the key and the windows are all nailed down. Ha! ha! the Freshies are safe! But that Sophomore! Every Senior in school is notified and rushes to the scene of action. Every Junior rushes to third floor Main Building. Every Freshie embraces every Junior. Wow! But it's exciting! B'rrrr—first room bell is ringing—not a key can be found. The Sophs are disgraced for life! Yes, tomorrow is Sunday, but what do fingers matter in a case like this? B'rrrr—goes last room bell. Juniors and Freshmen go to their rooms. Sophs are on the inside looking out—Seniors are on the outside looking in! Just fifteen minutes more and light bell will ring. Oh, those minutes of suspense! Zip! Out comes one nail and also one finger nail. Glory! someone has a hammer. Five minutes past ten! One window is open and the Soph eats start out on their raid. B'rrrr! light bell rings—and all is calm for a brief space. But soon the air is filled with horrible shrieks—no, meows. Weird, black creatures, half-human, half-cat, swarm in the halls. Newish blood runs cold. But look! they are going to the cottages. A ghostly form leads the procession and bringing up the rear is—Miss Paschal.

There was a girl in college
 Her name was Betty Bate,
 We went to walk together
 And got to college late.
 They scolded her, they lectured her,
 They brought her 'fore the Senate,
 I would not keep my friends out late—
 Not even by a minute.

S. JOSEY, one Sunday morning: "Miss Paschal, please have the heat on during silent hour. I want to wash my hair."

MISS P., shocked: "Why Sallie, you shouldn't——"

S. J.: "Well, you know cleanliness is next to godliness."

MISS P.: "Then wash your hair on Monday."

MR. BOOMHOOR: "Miss Ponder, can you name one of the functions of the human body?"

MISS P.: "It is the temple of the soul."

KATE J.: "Miss D. surely must be engaged, for she got a big solitaire last summer with two diamonds in it."

MR. W.: "Please write your name on these slips of paper."

MISS C.: "Just write our name?"

MR. W.: "Write your name, please, it is not ours yet, is it?"

On being asked if she knew V. F. was a Moravian, Bert Brown replied: "Yes, I have heard so, but I don't think she looks very foreign, do you?"

Miss C., on Lit. II: "Were you tardy, Miss Lovill, or merely late?"

H. H., looking in the index: "What was the title to that poem Shelley wrote upon the death of Keats?"

Youthful member of the Faculty, gravely: "Adonis."

Serepta, looking at a copy of Reynold's Age of Innocence in a girl's room: "Do you know that girl?"

Class Business Meeting

"Girls, we just must start planning for Class Day. You know what an awful rush the Seniors are always in at Commencement. We want to avoid that by all means, and the only way we can do it is by starting early. Has anyone a suggestion?"

"Oh, do let's have something cute!"

"Original!"

"Last year's class——"

"Say, girls, wasn't it awful that they wouldn't let us go to Wake Forest?"

"That is not a bit worse than their taking away the choir. Now *our* Commencement music——"

"Pooh, what's that in comparison with the thought of giving up the annual?"

"Girls, girls! we must begin to think about Class Day. Shall I appoint committees?"

"Oh, what shall we wear on Class Day? Let's have something they never had before."

"What are we going to give to the College?"

"Gracious! don't you hope the Juniors won't——"

"The idea! They would never guess——"

"Ssh-ssh, s——sh!"

"Do put down the transom."

"My Senior pictures haven't come yet and everybody else's——"

"How is the Senior Club going to be?"

"Do let's hurry up and entertain the Sophomores so they will entertain us."

"I hope the Juniors will do something nice for us, don't you?"

"Are we ever going to begin playing basketball?"

"Well, if there is no objection I'll appoint—goodness, there is the dinner bell, and we haven't done a single thing."

Sing a song of government
By the students all.
Is not that a fitting thing
For order on the hall?

For when they wanted something new
And asked it in a band
The Faculty turned up its nose
Because they said *demand*.

There was a girl in our school
And she was most unwise;
She went without her undervest
Which made our Paschal rise.

And when she found her privilege gone,
With all her might and main,
She 'pealed to Student Government:
The vest went on again.

If our book has helped you pass away a pleasant hour; if it has made the flight of time turn back for some of the older ones and has made the imagination of those younger leap forward into the time when they, too, shall share in the wonders of College life; if it has awakened in you sympathy for our sorrows and joy for our gladness, we shall feel that our gray hairs and wrinkled brows are not altogether in vain.





RESOLVED:-

THAT WHEN I GET BE-
HIND AN ANNUAL THERE'S
SOMETHING DOING.

-BUSTER BROWN

Register of Students

SENIOR CLASS

Bass, Elizabeth Anne.....	Raleigh
Carter, Marvel Inez.....	Apex
Ditmore, Lula Caroline.....	Bryson City
Edmundson, Eunice Lee.....	Goldsboro
Edmundson, Lois Mildred.....	Goldsboro
Ervin, Margaret Edna.....	Catawba
Highsmith, Mamie.....	Fayetteville
Johnson, Frances Livingston.....	Raleigh
Johnson, Ruby Catherine.....	Delway
Jones, Sallie Wesley.....	Raleigh
Olive, Lida May.....	Apex
Watson, Kate McArn.....	Maxton
Wilkinson, Mary Virginia.....	Wake Forest

JUNIOR CLASS

Camp, Sallie Shepherd.....	Franklin, Va.
Carroll, Bertha Lucretia.....	Winterville
Grindstaff, Lucye Evelyn.....	Sylva
Herring, Hattie Laura.....	Kinston
Hester, Hally Elizabeth.....	Tryon
Highsmith, Annie.....	Fayetteville
Horn, Gertrude Cecelia.....	Winston-Salem
Johnson, Bessie Frank.....	Delway
Josey, Sallie Merriam.....	Scotland Neck
Kelley, Bernice Christiana.....	Clayton
Memory, Maud.....	Whiteville
Newton, Margaret Olinda.....	Salemberg
Steele, Mary Susan.....	Wagram
Tucker, Wallace Burnette.....	Asheville

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Aldeman, Minnie Viola	Edenton
Anderson, Meda Elizabeth	Mars Hill
Benton, Eunice Gertrude	Monroe
Bullard, Katie Victoria	Fayetteville
Bullard, Sallie Leanna	Fayetteville
Eddins, Cora Palmer	Palmerville
Eddins, Nora Page	Palmerville
Farrior, Minnie Bryan	Raleigh
Fleming, Myrtha Frances	Raleigh
Futrell, Martha Louise	Scotland Neck
Gosney, Minnie Stamps	Raleigh
Griffin, Mattie Vivian	Pittsboro
Gulley, Margaret	Wake Forest
McKaughan, Annie	East Radford, Va.
Nash, Minnie	Elizabeth City
Petty, Kathleen Louise	High Point
Sentelle, Jennie Mae	Waynesville
Stone, Alma Irene	Chapel Hill
Tyner, Cora Leigh	Buies
Wilkinson, Lilian Agnes	Pantego

FRESHMAN CLASS

Adams, Helen	Winterville
Ashworth, Lillie Belle	Thomasville
Ballentine, Lillian Mabel	Cardenas
Barker, Floy Fay	Apex
Beasley, Antoinette	Monroe
Bennett, Agnes Louise	Middleburg
Biggers, Caroline	Monroe
Brown, Alberta Newton	Asheville

Chambliss, Laviece Mae.....	Charlotte
Collins, Inda Grey.....	Holly Springs
Dawson, Helen Hunt.....	Washington, Pa.
Glover, Ruth Mitchell.....	Colerain
Grayson, Alda.....	Rutherfordton
Horner, Helen Earle.....	Baltimore, Md.
Herring, Mary Lucy.....	Delway
Higgs, Marguerite Annie.....	Greenville
Howard, Valeria Johnson.....	Roseboro
Jackson, Pearl Bryant.....	Fayetteville
Johnson, Jeanette Euphemia.....	Wagram
Johnson, Lois.....	Thomasville
Jones, Katharine Bernard.....	Raleigh
Jordan, Susie Spurgeon.....	Calvert
Lamm, Dixie Vance.....	Lueama
Lec, Mamie Elizabeth.....	Dunn
Lineberry, Martha Bennett.....	Manddale
Marshbanks, Flossie.....	Mars Hill
Martin, Sallie Emma.....	Surry
Meredith, Katy Lou.....	Wilmington
Mull, Lou Bessie.....	Shelby
McKenzie, Isabel.....	Red Springs
McNeill, Isabelle.....	Laurinburg
Nance, Lillian Nina.....	Lumberton
Neal, Sue Moore.....	South Boston, Va.
Osborne, Katherine Elura.....	Clyde
Page, Lida Howell.....	Morrisville
Perry, Callie Dorothy.....	Elizabeth City
Perry, Mary Gertrude.....	Elizabeth City
Pierce, Allie Ann.....	Colerain
Ray, Jane Nodville.....	Raleigh
Thomas, Genevieve.....	Louisburg

Underwood, Rossie Bly.....	Earnest
Vann, Dorothy McDowell.....	Raleigh
Wagstaff, Alese.....	Dunn
Watkins, Adelaide Lassiter.....	Henderson
Watkins, Louise Fourman.....	Goldsboro
Watson, Fannie Louine.....	Fayetteville
Whitaker, Grace Aline.....	Horse Shoe
Wolfe, Carrie Alice.....	Orangeburg, S. C.
Woodcock, Leila Edna.....	Wilmington
Wright, Carrie Inez.....	Bunn

SPECIAL STUDENTS

Barrus, Blanche Josephine.....	Raleigh
Ponder, Lula Eugenia.....	Cherokee, S. C.

Register of Students

ACADEMY I

Ayers, Bessie Jane.....	Rowland
Farrior, Hettie Pickett.....	Raleigh, R.F.D. 4
Hunter, Malvina Elizabeth.....	Raleigh
Harp, Elam Green.....	Raleigh
Lang, Ruth.....	Fountain
Lowry, Annie May.....	Raleigh
Lowry, Carrie Belle.....	Raleigh
Pace, Mamie Harriett.....	Raleigh
Pearce, Mamie Gladys.....	Raleigh
Temple, Omah Naney.....	Del Rio, Tenn.
Weathersbee, Minda Florine.....	Spring Hope
Woodley, Annie Estelle.....	Columbia

ACADEMY II

Alford, Ora Alice.....	Raleigh
Armfield, Annie Laurie.....	Marshville
Ayers, Nora Eliza.....	Rowland
Beard, Claudia Leon.....	Lumber Bridge
Campbell, Viola Allen.....	Statesville
Coleman, Aurelia Brown.....	Hurdle Mills
Downing, Berline.....	Fayetteville
Ferrell, Mary Lois.....	Raleigh
Fields, Vella Verragin.....	Anna
Flowers, Minnie Lee.....	Simms
Freeman, Sallie.....	Middlesex
Galloway, Margaret Cardwell.....	Mt. Airy
Harper, Lillian Gertrude.....	Spring Hope
Harward, Mamie Adams.....	Raleigh
Hartzog, Willie McCall.....	Orangeburg
Jordan, Mary Alice.....	Raleigh
Johnson, Almira Eleanor.....	Raleigh

King, Vera Margaret	Raleigh
Knight, Cassie Mildred	Knightdale
Knight, Mary Elizabeth	Knightdale
Komp, Adah Robinson	Greenville
May, Ruth	Beaufort
Marley, Catherine Hill	Lumber Bridge
McNair, Leola Clyde	Lumberton
McKay, Mary Christiana	Dunn
Perry, Goldie Virginia	Edenton
Prevatt, Beulah	Orum
Roberson, Mary Elizabeth	Spring Hope
Runnion, Eloise Anna	Del Rio, Tenn.
Sorrell, Ollie Claire	Raleigh
Spivey, Josie Barrette	Windsor
Taylor, Mollie Elizabeth	Trenton
Whitaker, Nellie Etta	Franklinton
Whitman, Elizabeth	Louisville
Wise, Susan Serepta	Panlico
Young, Lillian Russell	Rolesville
Yarboro, Leona Ione	Hope Mills

ACADEMY III

Bailey, Esther Wiggs	Roger's Store
Britt, Augusta	Lumberton
Boone, Nina	Gibsonville
Calvert, Sallie Moore	Franklinton
Cooper, Nealie	Raleigh
Griffin, Pauline Helen	Wendell
Hosier, Frances Everette	West Norfolk, Va.
Hawley, Emma Louise	Gulfport, Miss.
Johnson, Mary Lynch	Raleigh

Lane, Eva Maude.....	Clio, S. C.
Lunn, Sarah Isabelle.....	Timmonsville, S. C.
Moser, Frances Leona.....	Matthews
Medlin, Mary Woodward.....	Raleigh
Nye, Mary Thomas.....	Orun
Odun, Mae Verona.....	Pembroke
Phillips, Willie Gladys.....	Wakefield
Reece, Lueye Virginia.....	Mt. Airy
Reynolds, Lulie Snow.....	Raleigh
Sams, John Robert Loduska.....	Mars Hill
Sanders, Myrtle.....	Monroe
Sawyer, Florence Belle.....	Bellecross
Smith, Ethel Marie.....	
Smith, Una Allen.....	Neuse
Smith, Effie Rebecca.....	Raleigh
Stillwell, Laleah Pratt.....	Savannah, Ga.
Sustar, Minnie Ethel.....	Matthews
Vann, Elizabeth Rogers.....	Raleigh
Webb, Muriel Elodie.....	Morehead City
Webster, Carolina Carter.....	
Winstead, Hazel Hampton.....	
Williams, Clyde Orma.....	Kenansville
Wilkins, Margaret Blount.....	
Williams, Pauline Jeanette.....	Belfast, Ga.

ACADEMY IV

Carson, Carrie Lee.....	Bostel
Covington, Cornelia Evermond.....	Florence, S. C.
Dunn, Bessie Joe.....	Albemarle
Davis, Pearl.....	Hiddenite
Doughton, Emorie Boyd.....	Laurel Springs
Edwards, Mildred Harrington.....	Scotland Neck



Floyd, Wrenn.....	Fairmont
Goodwin, Annie Laurie.....	Laurinburg
Gordon, Corinne Park.....	Baskerville, Va.
Huff, Leta.....	
Hooks, Bettie Violet.....	Fremont
Lancaster, Margaret Forest.....	St. Pauls
Lovill, Sallie Matilda.....	Mt. Airy
Neal, Mary Gwynn.....	South Boston, Va.
Osborne, Mattie Wood.....	Clyde
Parker, Ella.....	Mt. Gilead
Short, Martha Annie.....	Rocky Mount
Wade, Margaret Christian.....	
Watkins, Sarah Kirby.....	Wake Forest
Wooten, May Dee.....	Chadbourn



School of Music

GRADUATE STUDENTS

Loving, Juliette.....	Fayetteville
Shearin, Ada Louise.....	Rocky Mount
Timberlake, Mary Austin.....	Youngsville

SENIOR CLASS

Ashcraft, Florence Myrtle.....	Wadesboro
Cook, Ruth Burnley.....	LaCrosse, Va.
Elmore, Mattie May.....	Bryson City
McCullers, Mary Elizabeth.....	Smithfield
Minor, Alleine Richard.....	Oxford
Tyner, Edna Tryphena.....	Buies

JUNIOR CLASS

Boone, Olive Wharton.....	Waynesville
Elliott, Mary Alma.....	Maekys Ferry
Neal, Hallie May.....	Monroe
Pearson, Iva Lanier.....	Dunn
Poole, Karen Ann Ellington.....	Clayton

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Dixon, Lala Luey.....	Pittsboro
Hufham, Bertha Anne.....	Chadbourn
Johnson, Katherine Campbell.....	Thomasville
Knowles, Katherine Parker.....	Mt. Olive
Mainor, Mary Olliver.....	Owensboro, Ky.
Parker, Janie Baldwin.....	Mt. Gilead

FRESHMAN CLASS

Allen, Ruth	Wadesboro
Bailey, Sallie Cooper	
Best, Annalee	Warsaw
Bryan, Pauline McKay	Buies Creek
Cooke, Oza Lee	
Caldwell, Annie Ruth	Lumberton
DeLoache, Marie Elise	Norfolk, Va.
Fagge, Gertrude	Leaksville
Gough, Caroline Melke	Lumberton
Grimmer, Mae Frances	Cape Charles, Va.
Hall, Maude Estelle	Fayetteville
Hancock, Katherine	Scotland Neck
Lambert, Alice Irving	
Lambert, Zella Elizabeth	Owensboro, Ky.
McGlothorn, Martha Myrtle	
McIntosh, Sarah Othelle	Rockingham
McIntyre, Mildred	Lumberton
Newton, Bertha Estelle	Salemburg
Poole, Frances Belle	
Tomlinson, Elizabeth Coleman	Fayetteville
Williams, Nannie Bett	Cape Charles, Va.

IRREGULAR

Clippard, Amy Theodore	
Parker, Irene Weller	Rocky Mount
Turnley, Louise Annie	Lexington

MUSIC ONLY

Anderson, Lucile.....	Raleigh
Barrett, Carolyn Elizabeth.....	
Betts, Vivian Gray—A. B. Meredith College.....	Raleigh
Betts, William Furman.....	Raleigh
Boyd, Claude Monroe.....	
Bray, Cornelia Jane.....	
Broughton, Rosa Caroline—Graduate Peace Institute.....	Raleigh
Broughton, Needham Bryant, Jr.....	Raleigh
Campbell, Silas Franklin.....	Raleigh
Carrick, Carey Walton.....	High Point
Carter, Mary Helen.....	Clayton
Carter, Grace May.....	
Clark, Annie Laurie.....	Raleigh
Correll, Mrs. Annie Angel.....	Raleigh
Cullom, Edward.....	Raleigh
Dewar, Gladys.....	Raleigh
Durham, Ellen Mary.....	Raleigh
Durham Walters—A. B., Wake Forest College.....	Raleigh
Fleming, Pearl.....	Middleburg
Habel, Margaret Royster.....	Raleigh
Haynes, Minnie Ruth.....	Mt. Airy
Higham, John V.....	Raleigh
Holloway, Edna Earle.....	Raleigh
Holding, Mildred Moore.....	Raleigh
Hunter, Callie Jackson.....	Raleigh
Hunter, Lillie Belle.....	Raleigh
Jenkins, Mrs. Martha Franklin.....	Raleigh
Jones, Emma Moore.....	Raleigh
Kayser, Virginia Graves.....	Raleigh
Kirkpatrick, Cleveland Fane—A. B., University of N. C. . . .	Raleigh

Mangum, Desdemona Lucy.....	Raleigh
Marsh, Elizabeth.....	Cumberland
Martin, Joseph Byron.....	Raleigh
Moore, Julia Virginia.....	Chatham
Murphy, Mary Jarvis.....	Washington
Myatt, Pearl Scott.....	Raleigh
Oliver, Mrs. Margaret Hartje.....	Raleigh
Park, Frances Caroline.....	Raleigh
Peed, Mary Louise.....	Raleigh
Rodwell, Alice Simmons.....	Warrenton
Rodwell, Irene Roselle.....	Raleigh
Rodwell, James Robert, Jr.....	Warrenton
Rogers, Narcissa Grey.....	Raleigh
Royall, Elizabeth.....	Raleigh
Stephenson, Lina.....	Raleigh
Thomas, Lula Felt.....	Raleigh
Thomas, James J.....	Raleigh
Utley, Bessie Helen.....	Raleigh
Webb, Mary Edmondson.....	Oxford
Winkler, Mrs. Graec Ball.....	Raleigh
Wynne, Annie Lee.....	Raleigh

School of Elocution

SENIOR CLASS

Lovill, Mary Elizabeth.....Mt. Airy
Oldham, Sallie Pickett.....Wilmington
Prevatt, Dovie.....Lumberton

JUNIOR CLASS

Prevatt, Edna.....Lumberton

FRESHMAN CLASS

Elam, Willie Ola.....Baskerville, Va.
Nance, Beulah.....Monroe

School of Art

SENIOR CLASS

Webb, Frances Amis.....Oxford

JUNIOR CLASS

Middleton, Lucy.....Warsaw

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Haire, Mary Viola.....Buie's Creek

Martin, Verna.....Mocksville

Pridgen, Anna Hardee.....Kinston

Watson, Euphemia Livingston.....Maxton

Williams, Ruth Cleveland.....Franklin

FRESHMAN CLASS

Boone, Mrs. Rosa Holloway.....Raleigh

Dawson, Sarah Ruth.....Washington, Pa.

ART ONLY

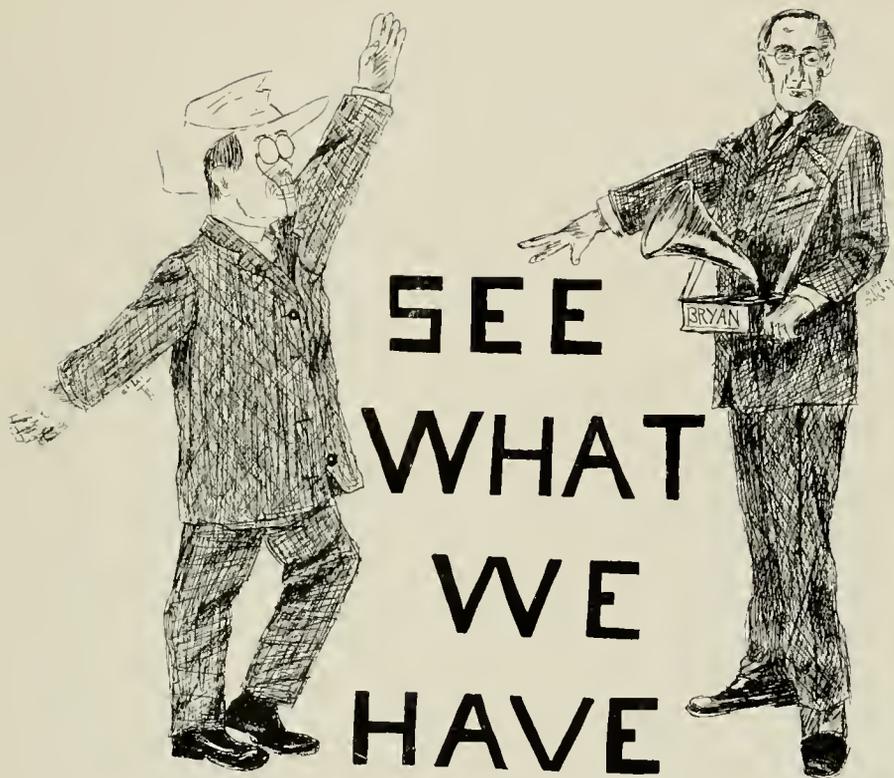
Holloway, Margaret Frances.....Raleigh

Ray, Elizabeth.....Marshall

Saunders, Lucy.....Smithfield

Simpkins, Hallie Ola.....Raleigh

Thompson, Elligettie.....Raleigh



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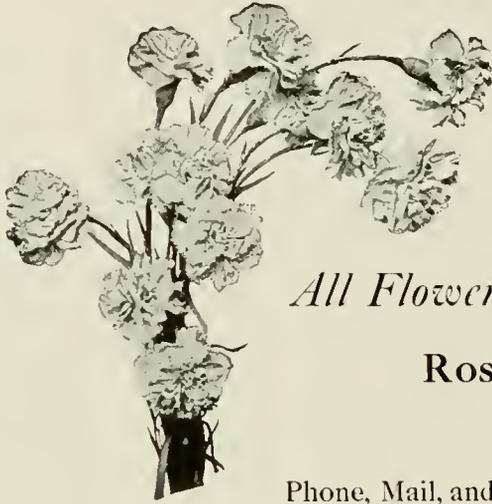
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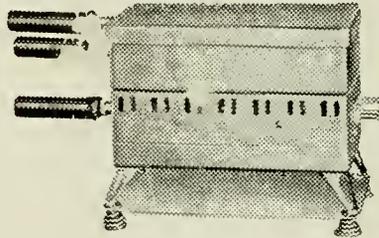
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