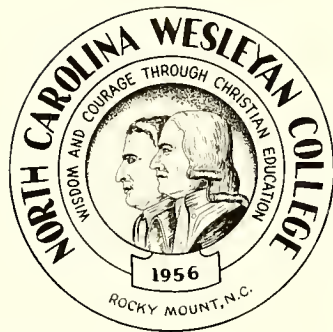


THE PANSY
1905



Given by:
Miss Stella Daniel
Rocky Mount, N. C.
In memory of:
Miss Estelle Daniel
Garysburg, N. C. 1970

Miss Estelle Dams

Jarysburg - Pa.

Ms. 1-05



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Fame!

?

FUTURE

PRESENT

PAST

THE PANSY

of Littleton College



VOLUME I

PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS

Littleton, North Carolina, 1905

K. G. R. E.

Dedication.

To our President and his well-beloved wife
in whose home we have been taught anew to
play, to work, to study, to pray; from
whom we have learned to value sincerity,
unselfishness, kindness, truth, this volume
is affectionately dedicated. e e e e e



PRESIDENT AND MRS. RHODES

Tribute

to

Mrs. Emma Thornton Nowell

LITTLETON COLLEGE MEMORIAL COLLECTION

Faculty.

REV. J. M. RHODES, A. M., President,
Mental and Moral Philosophy, Logic and Greek.

Sallie Potter Betts,
Chairman Executive Committee of Faculty, English and History.

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Higher English, History, and Normal Course.

Lena James Hawks,
Higher Mathematics and Science.

Mollie Stephenson Taylor,
Mathematics.

Annie Blackwell Thorne,
Latin and French.

Mary Alice Green,
Bible.

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Dorothea Henrietta Bern,
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Grace Crocker and Dora Bern,
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Librarians.

Mrs. M. F. Leigh,
Matron.

Harriet Estelle Parker,
Trained Nurse.

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ANNIE SHOTWELL,

WINNIE EVANS.

Littleton Female College.

THIS institution began its work on a rainy day in January, 1882, with eleven town pupils. A little later some other "day scholars" came in and after awhile, one boarding pupil, and then another, so there were two boarding pupils during the spring term. The work was done in a five-room building, the age of which no man knoweth, within a few steps of the location of "Parson's Honorary"—an old inn on the stage road from Raleigh to Petersburg where Lord Cornwallis, Governor Bragg, and other famous men were said to have been entertained.

All without during the cold and dreary days of January and February was desolate-looking and gloomy enough, but within there was as cheerful and brave a little woman as ever lived in the world, and a man of convictions, who felt that he had a work to do. These two claimed the promise that "Where two, etc.," and so there were three.

The new building was begun late in the spring and not completed until October. This made it necessary to open school in the fall at the same place, but an additional building was secured for teaching purposes so that two

rooms in the old building could be used for a music teacher that had been employed, and two or three boarding pupils that had entered for the fall term. The work was transferred to the new building in November, from which time to the present day there has been a steady growth and a constant increase of patronage. For some reason the school has been popular, and has had the confidence of the people from the time its methods of work and discipline became known. At first the capacity for boarding pupils was limited and the growth was slow; there was, however, nearly a decade when the school did very little advertising, there being all the boarding pupils that could be accommodated without it.

Four times since the first building was constructed, large additions have been made, and from time to time equipments and conveniences have been added, until today the school has a large and splendidly-equipped building with hot and cold water on every floor, bath and toilet-rooms, hot-water heat and electric lights throughout, and accommodations for two hundred boarding pupils. It now has also a splendid brick building, with stone trimmings and slate roof, under process of construction, which will

be ready for use by September, 1905. This building has a frontage of 114 feet and a depth of 70 feet, and contains rooms for laboratories, literary society halls and a large library, and will be heated with hot water and

constructed all under one continued cover, thus placing the residence building, the music-rooms the schoolrooms and the science building all under one roof; all of which space, including all rooms and the passage ways from one



MAIN BUILDING

lighted with electricity. Along the covered way that extends from the present building to this science building, there are a dozen or twenty music-rooms being con-

structed all under one continued cover, thus placing the residence building, the music-rooms the schoolrooms and the science building all under one roof; all of which space, including all rooms and the passage ways from one

building to another, is heated with hot water and lighted with electricity.

The College has a faculty of twenty-two officers and

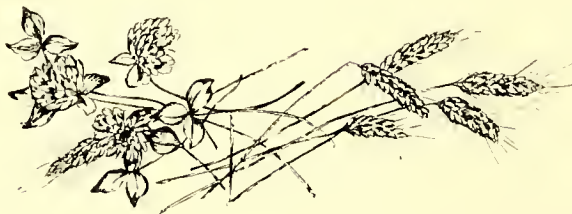
teachers, and has had, during the present year, a matriculation of two hundred and thirty-seven pupils.

There are some notable features of the school to which attention should be called. It is a very home-like place. The management has sought to make the institution a real home and the result has been that a young lady coming to the College a perfect stranger, will, in a very short time, become acquainted, have friends and feel at ease.

The College has been planned and built as a training school for Christian teachers and workers. This has brought a two-fold result. The inner life of the school has become *decidedly* Christian and there is a very strong religious influence pervading the College home that is very helpful in the formation and growth of character which has been so much stressed in the school. In the

second place it has put into the field a very large number of Christian workers, of which there are now several hundred, who are doing a very great work, the results of which are unknown to the world.

One other feature deserving mention is the remarkable health record of the institution. The amount of personal work done in this department would astonish any one not familiar with the methods of the school. Every pupil is required to report in full the condition of her health from time to time, and a strict record is kept for reference in studying the health conditions of *each pupil*. The pupils are thus kept well, and there is remarkably little sickness in the institution. During the twenty-three years the school has been in existence, there has been but one death among the pupils.





Drawbacks to Senior Life

Class of '05.

FLOWER: Pansy.

MOTTO: "Cape Diem."

COLORS: Purple and Old Gold.

YELL:
"Mishe-Mokwa,
Mishe-Mive,
Hail to the Class
Of Naughty-five."

Class Roll.

President	CLARISSA BELLE EVANS
Vice-President	GEORGE LEE
Secretary	ELLA STANFIELD
Treasurer	NORA FOY
Poet and Historian	ETHEL BREEDLOVE

BETTS, LUCY

MYRICK, EMMA

BOLICK, ILA

PERKINS, ELIZABETH

BRYAN, MARY

PERKINS, HELEN

BUFFALOE, ANNIE

ROSE, NANCY

CORDLE, ESTHER

SPIVEY, MARY

HARMON, NORA

SPRUILL, MARY

STALLINGS, LOTTIE

Senior Class Characteristics.



LUCY WADSWORTH BETTS . . . Mullins, S.C.

"It is only people who possess firmness who can possess true gentleness."

—*La Rochefoucauld.*



ILA TRIPTLETTE BOLICK, Taylorsville, N.C.

"It is only when one is thoroughly true that there can be purity and freedom."

—*Auerbach.*



ETHEL MARTHA BREEDLOVE . Oxford, N.C.

"To her largeness of body, she hath a corresponding largeness of soul."

—*Anonymous.*



MARY CHERRY BRYAN . Battleboro, N.C.

"Sae warming, sae charming,
Her faultless form and graceful air."

—*Robert Burns.*



ANNIE LOUISE BUFFALOE . Jackson, N.C.

"O woman! lovely woman! nature made thee
To temper man."

—*Otway.*



ESTHER CORDLE Littleton, N.C.

"Gravity is the ballast of the soul, which keeps
the mind steady!"

—*Thomas Fuller.*



CLARISSA BELLE EVANS . . . Cisco, N. C.

"The intellect of the wise is like glass: it admits
the light of heaven and reflects it."

—Harc.



NORA DOZIER FOY . . . Scott's Hill, N. C.

"He who reigns within himself, and rules passion's
desires and fears, is more than a king."

—Milton.



NANNIE NORA HARMON . Pittsboro, N. C.

"Good nature is the beauty of the mind."

—Hawkey.



GEORGE LEE Oviedo, Fla.

"For they can conquer who believe they can."

—*Virgil.*



EMMA NELSON MYRICK . . Littleton, N.C.

"The virtuous mind that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion, Conscience."

—*Harrison.*



MARY ELIZABETH PERKINS . Littleton, N.C.

"Pride is essential to a noble character, and the
love of praise is one of its civilizing elements."

—*Henry Ward Beecher.*



HELEN JOHNSON PERKINS . Littleton, N.C.

" Rare
On earth is such sublime ambition found."
—Robert Mont.



NANCY MARIE ROSE . . . Littleton, N.C.

" The best portion of a good man's life—
His little nameless unremembered acts of kind-
ness and of love."

—Wordsworth.



MARY EPPIE SPIVEY . Rich Square, N.C.

" And still to her charms she alone is a stranger,
Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'l."

Robert Burns.



MARY JAMES SPRUILL . . . Littleton, N.C.

"Genuine wit implies no small amount of wisdom
and culture."

—Harvey.



CARLOTTA STALLINGS . . . Littleton, N.C.

"Perseverance is a Roman virtue
That wins each God-like act, and plucks success
Even from the spear-proof crest of rugged
danger."

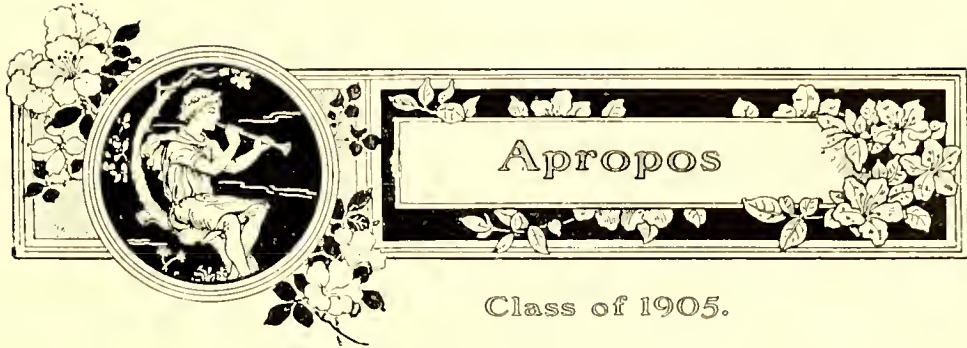
—Hayard



MARY ELLA STANFIELD . Leasburg, N.C.

"I always loved music; who so has skill in this art
is of a good temperament, fitted for all things."

—Martin Luther.



Class of 1905.

“Earth’s noblest thing—A Woman Perfected.”

“A Spirit, yet a Woman, too!
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature’s daily food;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright,
With something of an angel light.”

“Woman’s cause is man’s: they rise or sink
Together, dwarf’d or god-like, bond or free:
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow?
—let her make herself her own
To give or keep, to live and learn and be
All that not harms distinctive womanhood.”

—Selected by L. H. R.

The Seniors--Thro' My Spectacles.

LUCY BETTS, first on roll, so dainty and small,
Didn't grow very big nor yet very tall.
Her head's full of plans for the pleasure of other ,
And strange as it seems, she likes other girls' brothers.

ETHEL BREEDLOVE—" Longfellow"—so thoughtful and kind,
Stands *ahead* of all others, hence is never behind.

MARY BRYAN, so airy, tips 'round like a fairy.

ANNIE BUFFALOE sings merrily all the day long.

BELLE EVANS, so winning, so free from all sinning—
A character useful, so true and so strong.

NORA FOY, blithesome lassie, at boys dutifully looks—
" Mama says it's far better for health than my books."

NORA HARMON, tall and stately, moves 'round quite sedately:
Never has much to say, but she'll surprise you some day.

GEORGE LEE has plenty of energy and vim,
Never speaks or even *thinks* of Frank, Roger or Jim !

NANCY ROSE, happy Nancy, with never a care,
Used to cry, pout (?) and fret, but *now* doesn't dare.

MARY SPIVEY "pursues the even tenor of her way"
Query : " May I go to see a friend pass on the train to-day ?"

ELLA STANFIELD, as firm and as solid as stone,
Attends to her own affairs and lets other people's alone.

ILA BOLICK, quite romantic—at first you'd not suspect it—
Wants to go to foreign lands to unloose the heathens' bands.

ESTHER CORDLE's as studious as any in the class—
No doubt about her—she'll be sure to pass.

EMMA MYRICK, fine scholar, you can't stump anywhere ;
She always does good work and with the utmost care.

BETTIE PERKINS—is she haughty? No, her eyes are just brown—
While " doing Shakespeare " she also plans her new gown !

HELEN PERKINS is studying Art at a very rapid rate—
While a Junior she won renown in a heated debate!

MARY SPRUILL's brimming over with humor and wit—
Gets others into trouble, but herself ne'er laughs a bit.

LOTTIE STALLINGS's a true lady, with gentleness and tact
That she'll make a " winsome woman " is a self-evident fact.

AN ADMIRER

History of Class of 1905.

HISTORY is a narration of the events which have happened among mankind. It includes an account of the rise and fall of nations; it is also a record of the progress of mankind in civilization, giving an account of the manners, customs, and social life of different peoples, and their advancement in science, art literature and religion. History treats particularly of those nations which have occupied a prominent place among mankind by reason of their energy, enterprise, intelligence, and culture. Everything has a history; just so the Class of 1905 has its history, and let us for awhile notice an account of its manners, customs, social life and its advancement in art, science and literature. Carlyle has justly said, "Histories are as perfect as the historian is wise, and is gifted with an eye and a soul," and from the first part of this statement some of us tremble for the history of our Class.

All collegio is divided into four parts; the first of these is inhabited by the Freshi, who are least to be feared of all the collegians. In the fall of 1901, about forty-four girls came to Littleton College from that region of country bordering the great Atlantic from Virginia to

Florida. Of course this was the first year there had been any entrance examinations. Each of us bought a scratch-tablet to take these examinations on, and by way of preparation, sharpened our pencils well. Some one kindly informed us that we must have for the examinations "foolscap paper" instead of a scratch-tablet. We went on these examinations declaring that they were the hardest things we had ever seen; and of course they were as not many of us had ever seen an examination before. Perhaps some in the Class remember the downpour of rain and also the downpour of tears we had during those days. The first week, perhaps some of us would be tempted to call it the first month, for indeed it seemed as such, passed and then we started on our classes.

One day this announcement was read out in the dining-hall: "All members of the Freshman Class will please meet in the study-hall immediately after dinner. By order of President, Junior Class." What could the Juniors want with us? We were in utter astonishment; we had no idea what they wanted with us, the poor little Freshmen who were of no significance at all. With fear and trembling we marched into the study-hall. There

stood a few Juniors; they saw we were frightened, so they told us they were only going to organize the Class. This did not relieve our minds much for we did not know what organizing a class meant. We sat down and waited to see what it was all for. We soon found out that we were to elect officers.

The Junior who was in charge next said that we must choose a motto. Some of us thought it strange to have a motto for the Class, for all we had ever seen were framed and hanging on the walls in our homes; and we did not think any of them were suitable for the Class. Any way this Junior wrote some mottoes on the board and the one chosen was "Cape Diem." She very kindly explained that Cape Diem was the Latin or something of that kind for "Seize every opportunity." The colors, gold and purple, were selected. They told us we were the Class of 1905, and we were highly pleased with the thought. Thus ended that wonderful meeting.

Things went on with nothing unusual happening to break the monotony, since we were Freshmen, until a certain reception was given.

The second division of the collegio is inhabited by the Sophi, who in their language are called *wise*; in ours—*fools*. After three months of rest we started back as "gay young Sophomores." My! were we not proud of ourselves? We were very kind to the new girls; we took it for granted that all of them were to enter the "Prep." and Freshmen Classes. A certain member of our Class

saw a new girl standing in her door looking as if she wished she were at home—or something of the kind. This Soph. went up and was trying to be very kind to her. The new girl asked Soph. something about the classes. Soph. said, "What class do you expect to enter, Fresh. or Soph.?" She said, "I want to enter the Junior." That little Soph. had to meekly tell her that she could not tell her about the Junior for she was only a Soph. I have often wondered what that Junior thought of me. Evidently she thought something, for a long time after that she would call young Soph. "That girl who wears the brown skirt," for she could not remember her name, as it was somewhat funny to people who have never been in love.

As Sophs. we had a Class of thirty-five. We were a very good Class in not playing pranks or anything of the kind; for it seemed that the Faculty resolved at their first meeting that the Sophs. should be kept straight that year. if they had to give a longer Caesar lesson or give extra work in the laboratory.

Did you ever hear of our work in the laboratory? Well, all we need to do is to tell you what a bright Class we were and give just one illustration. One girl thought she had gotten some sulphuric acid on her face and asked another girl to put some ammonia on the burned spot for her. Unfortunate for the girl who thought she had some acid on her face, the other girl, by mistake, picked up the wrong bottle and put only twenty times as much con-

centrated sulphuric acid on her face as she had at first.

This year soon passed and with our eyes brimming full of tears we bade each other farewell.

The third part of this province is inhabited by the Juni who are by far the bravest of all the tribes, being farthest removed from vice. When we got back to College we found that our Junior Class numbered twenty-five. We had all the Junior dignity necessary.

As the custom was, the Juniors were to take charge of things Thanksgiving Day. We had the dining-hall decorated, as a member of the Class of 1907 described it, to look like a fodder-field. All were given the benefits of toasts, even if one girl did say that she heard we were going to have toast that day, but she had not seen any.

At commencement we just sat back and watched the Seniors to see how they were doing so that we might do likewise next year—if we had an opportunity.

The fourth part of said province is inhabited by the Seni who have long since submitted to Caesar, and now are soon to become Roman citizens. There are eighteen Seniors at College now. We feel proud of ourselves to

know that we are the largest Senior Class that has wandered through these halls.

The first important Class meeting that we had this year was for the purpose of selecting our hats. Now we are allowed to wear a hat with '05 on it instead of a four-cornered cap decorated with the letters L. F. C. When we first wore our hats everybody exclaimed, "Look at the Seniors!" Our pins were ordered next and we were soon bearing a shield with "Cape Diem" engraved upon it.

Senior privileges and all such things are good enough, but often one of our Class is heard to utter these words:

"Backward, turn backward, oh Time in your flight,
And make me a Junior, again, just for to-night."

This does not complete our history but we will leave the rest unsaid and hope and work for the best to come, when we receive our sheepskins and hear the words, "Well done."

—E. B.



Ester Goldt
Born -----
Died -----
As I'm so you
must be,
These five prefer
to follow me

Here H Cook
Born -----
Died -----
Here lies the
body of
Nora Cook
Who lived and
died like
other folks

Emme Myrick
Born -----
Died -----
Here lies justly
regretted a rare
woman without
learning a good
woman without
grudges

Belle Perkins
Born -----
Died -----
Think what a
woman should
be, and show us
that


Helen Perkins
Born -----
Died -----
Had W. F. Schorn
the power to save
she'd free this
savage from
rav & rav.

Nancy R. Jew
Born -----
Died -----
This stone should
bear fast as the
same
Of being marked
with Nancias
name.

Mary Spivy
Born -----
Died -----
She was -- but
reasons jerked
me to say what

Mary Strout
Born -----
Died -----
Weep not for me
My friends side
I'm not dead, but
Sleeping here

Lottie Stelling
Born -----
Died -----
"Arolari"
She hath flown



Belle & Thayer
Born
Died. —
Forever beloved
for her former
"Ballad of the Longbow"



George Lee
Born. ---
Died. ---
A Scholar great
Who preferred
Single life to
wedded
misery.



Eliza Davis Price
Born. ---
Died. ---
The light of her
eyes went out
But she struck
another match



Mrs F. Hochstetler
Born. ---
Died. ---
Sons Fortunes
favored child;
It was for love
that she
went wild



Ethel B. Longfellow
Born. ---
Died. ---
Peace to her
remains and
may she sleep
as soundly as her
Readers
did



Lucy Belts
Born. ---
Died. ---
But ere the
wedding day did
come, she sickened
and she
died



Elizabeth Royal
Born. ---
Died. ---
With Royal men
Omnig heart
and hand
Miss Bullock died
in a foreign
land



Annie B. Peck
Born. ---
Died. ---
Stop my dear
And shed a tear
The bones of our
Nightingale
lie here



Mary B. Brown
Born. ---
Died. ---
Here lies my
wife how
well that is for
her repose and
mine

Senior Class Song, 1905.

*As we sing our glorious motto,
It brings to mind the thought
That opportunities let go,
Always count for naught.*

Chorus :

*Cape Diem, Cape Diem,
Swift the moments pass,
Raise on high the gold and purple,
Hail to thee, fair Class.*

*While our purple, like the pansy,
Stands for truth and right,
Yet our golden speaks of moments
That as gold, are bright.*

*Then we'll go forever onward,
Keeping all through life
Our motto and our noble emblem,
Conquering every strife.*

—Nora Dozier Foy.



Class of '06.

Junior Class.

COLORS: Old Rose and Gray.

MOTTO: The Future is Ours.

FLOWER: Pink Carnation.

YELL:

Heleberonc-beronc-berce!
Heleberonc-beronc-berce!
Wah! Ha! Wah! Hee!
Nineteen-six! L. F. C.!

Officers.

MIRIAM BEST President
KATE PARK Vice-President
DORA CARRAWAY Secretary
PAULINE HERRING Treasurer
HATTIE GREEN Poet-Historian

Members.

EFFIE ADAMS	MARY DUNN	PAULINE HERRING	REBIE MORRIS
BEATRICE ANDERSON	LOTTIE EURÉ	MOLLIE BELL HOLLOWELL	KATE PARK
BESSIE BAYNES	ETTA FRIZELLE	LUCY LINTON	LIZZIE RELFE
MIRIAM BEST	LOUISE GOODE	GOLDIE LISTER	JENNIE RUE
JUANITA BOYCE	HATTIE GREEN	INA MASSEY	ETHEL TROY
DORA CARRAWAY	VIRGINIA HART	MARY McCULLEN	BEATRICE WADE

George Lane



JUNIOR CLASS

Song.

Tune—"Spanish Cavalier."

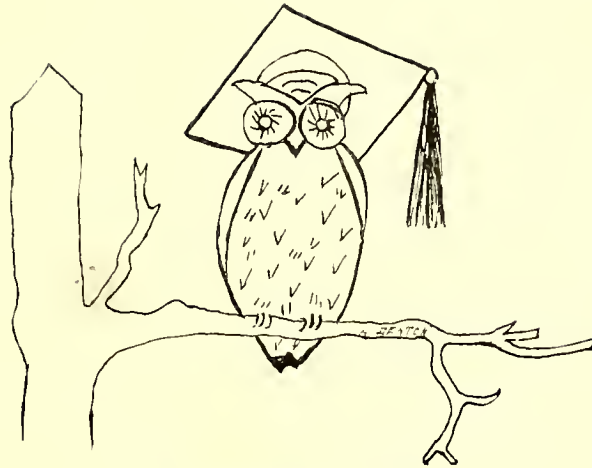
Chorus:

'Neath Rose and Gray, we'll march far away,
In nineteen and six we will go, girls.
Carnations so fair, we proudly will wear,
Remembering "the future is ours," girls.

When school days are o'er, each will return
Back to her home and the wide world,
And if each be true, we'll all find to do
Good deeds in "the future" that "is ours," girls.

Chorus :

Off in the world, in the world we must go,
To stand for the right and for you, girls,
But if we should fail, our motto 'll avail,
We'll remember "the future is ours," girls.



The Sophomores.

Class of '07.

FLOWER: White Carnation.

COLORS: Rose and Green.

MOTTO: "Eamus Pono."

YELL:

Rip-tum rah! Rip-tum rive!
 We're the Sophomores of 1905.
 Rip-tum rah! Rip-tum reven!
 We're the Seniors of 1907.

Class Roll

President	ANNIE W. SHOTWELL	Vice-President	LIDA M. SAWYER		
Secretary	EVELYN MATTHEWS	Treasurer	KATHARINE BEARDSLEY		
	Poet and Historian		LESSIE FISHER		
BATTEN, CATTIE	BEARDSLEY, KATHARINE	BOONE, BELLE	BILLUPS, PEARL	BUMPASS, PAULINE	
DANIEL, ESTELLE	DUNCAN, LOLLIE MAY	EDWARDS, LEILA	EDWARDS, VIRGIA	EURE, BESSIE	
FISHER, LESSIE	FARRALL, CARRIE	FORBES, SOPHIA	GIBSON, MAMIE	GRIFFITH, SALLIE	
HALE, VIRGINIA	HEARNE, CLARA	HIGHT, ETHEL	HARDY, RUTH	KNIGHT, ELLA MAY	
MOSS, LUZY	MAYO, ALLIE	MIDYETTE, MAY	MATTHEWS, EVELYN	MEARES, AMELIA	
MEDLIN, CARRIE	POWELL, KATE	RODWELL, IDA	RODWELL, LOUISE	REEL, CLEE	
SLEDGE, MARY	SPENCE, MAY	SAWYER, LIDA	SHOTWELL, ANNIE	SCARBORO, EMMA	
SCHISLER, OPAL	VICK, ELOISE	WALKER, VELA	WHITLEY, PEARL	WISE, NETTIE	YARBOROUGH, ESTELLE



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class Song.

1.

Here in our college is a class we each love well ;
We're always ready its best praise to tell.

In its motto, "Forward,"

Higher aims to us are given.

'Tis a class so noble,

'Tis the naughty-seven.

Chorus :

Forward, we go forward, 'neath our banner's shining sheen,
Raising ever higher, our dear rose and green.

2.

While we are working, striving to make our knowledge sure,
We'll hold our emblem, white carnation, pure.

While we use our talents,

As to each of us is given,

Best of nineteen hundred,

'T will be the naughty-seven.

3.

As ever onward, time so swift and years shall roll,
And in the distance be attained the goal ;

When we've fought our battles,

And to us the victory's given,

Then what pride shall fill us,

Flower of naughty-seven.



*L

Freshmen.

Class of '08.

FLOWER: Crimson Rose.

MOTTO: Onward.

COLORS: Crimson and Gold.

YELL:
Onward, Onward
Rapid rate,
We are the girls of
Naughty-eight.

Class Roll.

	President	R. WINNIE EVANS	
52	Vice-President	JOHNNIE C. ELLIOTT	Secretary ALBERTA AIKEN
52	Treasurer	MABEL WEST	Poet and Historian BLANNIE LASSITER 86
1	AYCOCK, ODA	14 BARHAM, ALICE	17 BARROW, GERTRUDE
2	BAUGHAM, BEULAH	15 BELL, DAISY	18 BLAKE, MAYE
3	BOTTOMS, CLARA	16 BUNCH LEORA	BUNCH MARY
4	COGDELL, EUGENIA	17 COGDELL, JESSIE	50 EDWARDS, LINA SUE
5	FARRABOW, MORADA	18 FULLER, IDA	51 GAY, CARRIE
6	GREEN, GRACE	19 GRANT, OLLIE	34 HAMMOND, BESSIE
7	HILL, SUSIE	20 HOBBS, ONA	5 HURLEY, BROWNIE
	JONES, LELIA	KENDALL, GROVER	LIGHTSEY, RITA
1	MAYO, MARY	21 McSWAIN, VERA	5 MURRILL, ANNIE
1	POWERS, LELIA	PRUDEN, VIRGIE	6 ROGERS, LILLIAN
1	SELLARS, DELLA	SHIELD, MAGGIE	57 SUTTON, INEZ
12	TIPPET, ANNIE	TIPPET, FLORENCE	36 WHITEHEAD, LILA
13	WOOTEN, MINNIE	YARREL, MARY	59 YORK, NOLIE
			BASS, ALVARADO
			BLAKE, IRENE
			BRADLEY MITTIE
			FARABOW, ANABEL
			GAY, LUOLA
			HENDERSON BLANCHE
			JOHNSTON, SALLIE
			LOWDER, MARY
			NASH, KATE
			ROGERS, MYRTLE
			THOMPSON, HOPE
			WHITE, MARY
			YORK, SALLIE



FRESHMAN CLASS

History of the Class of '08.

THE history of the Freshman Class has been much the same as the history of other classes which have gone before us. We may not be as large in number as some classes, but it can truly be said of the present Freshman, that there was never a class in College with a larger heart in college work than we possess. Though we

may seem of little importance to the learned Juniors and Seniors, we will some day reach the pinnacle of fame, and proclaim aloud the praises of our dear Alma Mater.

We will never scorn any Freshman Class, because we are laying the foundation of true and noble lives in the Class of 1908.

—*L. M. B.*





Business Class.

MOTTO: Success.

COLORS: White and Gold.

YELL:

Come with your paper and pen, pen, pen.
 A nice little letter we'll send, send, send,
 Say, say, say, don't you see, see, see,
 The Business Class of L. F. C.

FLOWER: Daisy.

Officers.

President	ELIZABETH LEIGH	Secretary	HATTIE BOYCE
Vice-President	MARGARET HALL	Treasurer	RENA TUNSTALL

Members.

BOYCE, HATTIE	CLARK, ETTA	LEIGH, ELIZABETH	HALL, MARGARET
McGEE, BETTIE		PARKER, ELIZABETH	TUNSTALL, RENA

Ode of Farewell to Alma Mater.

When joy overflowing,
No sadness foreknowing,
 Fills up the heart to the brim,
And in many sweet voices
It outward rejoices,
 Finds vent in one happy sweet hymn;
Yet 'tis oft in love's sweetness,
When in seeming completeness,
 Full thoughts for expression fast throng,
Each phrase put aside,
There for aye must abide,
 And love finds no outlet in song.

E'en so Alma Mater,
Such love would each daughter
 Bring to thee—at thy altar to kneel;
But what notes, full and strong,
Yet could fit into song
 The strength of the love that we feel!
Day after day
We have gone on our way,
 Fresh and fonder the ties that have bound us
Year following year
Has made thee more dear,
 And the scenes of Alma Mater around us.

So now as our feet
Where brook and river meet
 Stand waiting on life's stormy shore,
Like the poets of old
Would our story be told,
 Ere our faces shall see thee no more!
Of the honor and fame
That is due to thy name,
 Of thy daughters with virtues so rare,
Of the glory and truth
That is thine in thy youth,
 A crown that will always be fair.

But no strains e'er so tender
Are able to render
 The feeling no mortal can show,
No harmony sweet
Will e'er make complete
 The music none ever shall know;
It may be down the ages
In life's weary pages
 Will be found there the song incomplete,
Telling the rest,
In a sigh on thy breast,
 And a tear, just a tear, at thy feet

A Reverie.

I AM grown older, though not old to-night. The receding years like hasty travelers have left a cloud of dust and gloom along life's road. And Howard and I—sadder but none the less happy—sit under the shadow of a giant oak closely observing the merry games of two happy children, John and Lucy, as they play among the flowers in the yard. Rays of the autumn sunset pierce through boughs of green and gold, lingering to cast a last shadowy glow over home and landscape. Howard, as is his wont at twilight hours, lives again with me—in fancy—the days that are no more.

Tired of play, the happy children gather around me to listen to stories of the past; and soon their father and I wander again into the realities of college life. Or, to please them and him, I am the uneasy, shrinking, little "Freshman" of yore; while Howard, full of glee, whistles and sings through college halls and up the stairs; or if his fancy have it so, we mingle our mirth in the pleasures of a holiday or a picnic by the fish-pond. John with a boy's large appetite and love of nicknacks asks innocently if we had cakes and oranges at that picnic; but

Lucy, with feminine qualities developing at an early day, is more interested in what I wore. Was my dress white or pink? Did I have pink ribbon on my hair? And did "papa" take me in a new buggy then, and drive old Bill—our horse? I am happy as we sit thus in the twilight. The years have been when God seemed less kind, but now my heart overflows in gratitude as I, a proud mother, see in Howard's eyes the love-light that even the increasing darkness does not hide. And with the gentle arms of my boy about my neck, and Lucy's soft cheeks against my own I feel that I am blessed above others, and that God has been wondrously kind.

My thoughts are unhindered in my happiness, and with the swiftness of birds they traverse the years yet unknown. A proud mother, a happy wife still, I sit at Howard's side in the great auditorium of N— College. It is the hour of John and Lucy's graduation. For four years they have been away from me and I rejoice that this separation is ended at last. I scarcely hear the words of commendation that are uttered as their diplomas are received. Instead, I see my girl, my boy! and think how

John closely resembles the Howard of years ago, and how Lucy—in her soft white mull—is strangely like my sister who died just after leaving college.

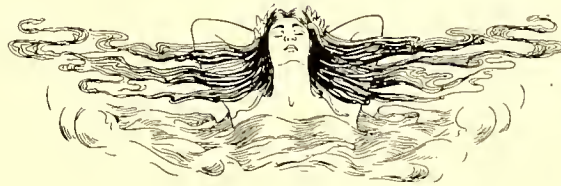
But my thoughts are recalled from their wanderings when Lucy—afraid of the growing darkness—insists that we go indoors.

So vivid and real is this scene before me that I reach out my hand to place it on Howard's arm, and to grasp the hands of the children that stand near my side. But Howard is gone! The young faces are vanished! And I am all alone—not at our home as I fancied, but in my own room at college—a teacher, and an old maid still.

But who are these children you ask? Reader, they are but the creatures of my fancy who "might have been." And years ago, in the awful stillness of a church-yard, my sad heart ached as Howard's lifeless form was placed among the silent chambers of death, there to await the resurrection morn, and the time when I shall understand and be happy in the realization of hopes long dead.

Creatures of my fancy! Come again! Fill the longings of my heart that no life supplies, and leave me not alone!

—*L. B.*







Y. W. C. A.

MOTTO: Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.—*Zech. 4: 6*

Cabinet 1905.

President	BEATRICE ANDERSON.
Vice-President	MARY McCULLEN.
Secretary	DORA CARRAWAY.
Treasurer	PAULINE HERRING
Chairman of Devotional Committee	ANNIE SHOTWELL.
Chairman of Missionary Committee	ETHEL TROY.
Chairman of Temperance Committee	PEARL BILLUPS
Chairman of Membership Committee	MARY McCULLEN.
Chairman of Finance Committee	PAULINE HERRING.
Chairman of Inter-Collegiate Committee	DORA CARRAWAY.
Chairman of Social Committee	ELIZABETH LEIGH.
Chairman of Nominating Committee	LUCY LINTON.



Y. W. C. A. COMMITTEE ROOM

Eunomian Literary Society.

MOTTO: Esse Quam Videri.

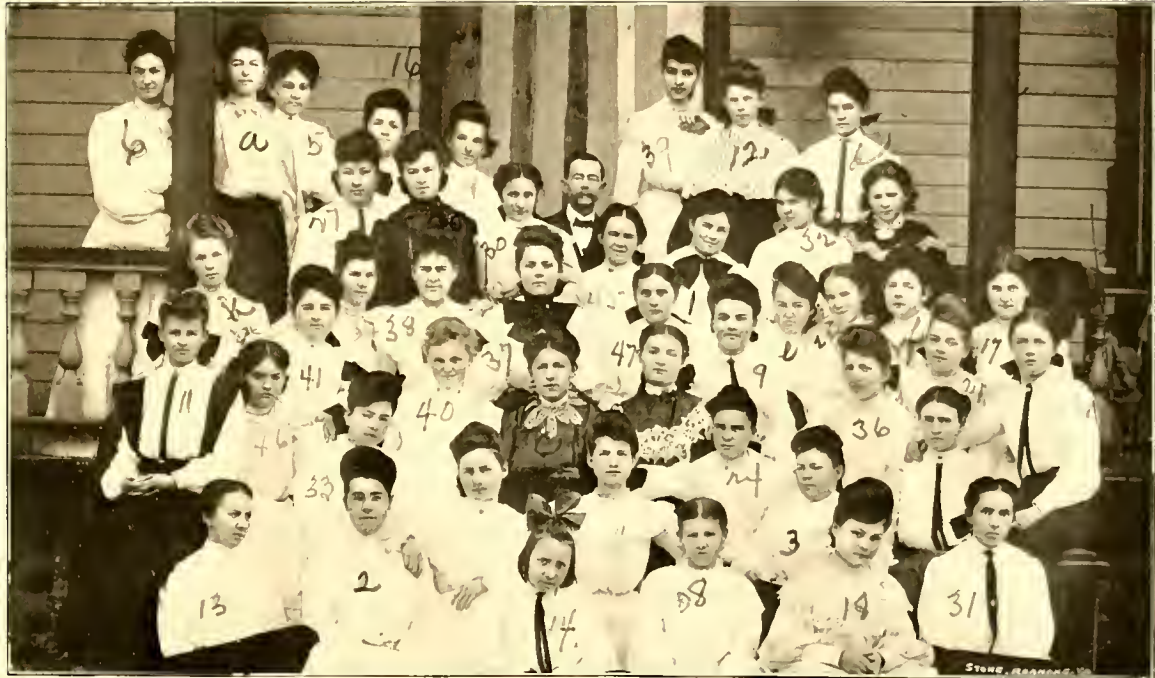
COLORS: Light Blue and Olive Green.

Officers.

President	ANNIE LOUISE BUFFALO
1st Vice-President	BEATRICE ANDERSON
2nd Vice-President	MARY SPIVEY
Recording Secretary	DORA CARRAWAY
Corresponding Secretary	JUANITA BOYCE
Treasurer	MIRIAM BEST

Members.

BESSIE BAYNES	KATHERINE BEARDSLEY	MAYE BLAKE	MARY BRYAN
EVA BRYAN	MISS BRIDGES	EMMA BRIDGES	MARY BUNCH
ETTA CLARKE	NANCIE COLEMAN	EUGENIA COGDELL	ESTELLE DANIEL
LOLLIE MAY DUNCAN	VIRGIA EDWARDS	LINA SUE EDWARDS	LOTTIE EURE
MISS FELL	LESSIE FISHER	ALMA FLEMING	ANNIE FRANCIS
MISS HAWKS	MOLLIE BELL HOLLOWELL	RITA LIGHTSEY	EVELYN MATTHEWS
ALLIE MAYO	COOKIE MEDLIN	MARY McCULLEN	KATE NASH
RUTH NICHOLSON	JANIE OUTLAND	SUSIE OVERBY	HELEN PERKINS
LELIA POWERS	MISS PULLIAM	JENNIE RUE	MAGGIE SHIELD
LILLIAN SNOW	MARY SLEDGE	KATIE THOMAS	ETHEL TROY
RENA TUNSTALL	VELA WALKER	MABLE WEST	PEARL WHITLEY
	MINNIE WOOTEN	MARY YARRELL	NOLIE YORK



EUNOMIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Hyperion Literary Society.

MOTTO: Finem Respice.

COLORS: Gold and Black.

Officers.

51 GEORGE LEE President
 REBIE MORRIS 1st Vice-President 58
 CARLOTTA STALLINGS Secretary 59
 NANCY ROSE Treasurer

Members.

1 MISS LUCILE AIKEN	14 ALBERTA AIKEN	48 MISS JULIA AUTEN	42 GERTRUDE BARROW
1 LUCY BETTS	15 PEARL BILLUPS	48 ILA BOLICK	1 BELLE BOONE
4 HATTIE BOYCE	16 PAULINE BUMPASS	5 LIZZIE BUMPASS	2 LEORA BUNCH
2 MISS DOROTHEA BERN	7 JOHNNIE ELLIOTT	2 BELLE EVANS	6 WINNIE EVANS
3 MORADO FARABOW	10 ANABEL FARABOW	2 ANNIE FEREBEE	1 NORA FOY
1 IDA FULLER	9 MISS ELLEN GAINES	1 MISS ALICE GREEN	1 VIRGINIA HALE
2 NORA HARMON	12 VIRGIE HART	4 CLARA HEARNE	1 MISS VARA HERRING
1 PAULINE HERRING	17 SUSIE HILL	1 ONA HOBBS	1 SIDNEY KINSEY
1 GOLDIE LISTER	18 ALMA LYTCH	1 INA MASSEY	1 EMMA MYRICK
1 ANNIE MURRILL	2 MARY NORMAN	1 BETTIE PERKINS	1 VIRGIE PRUDEN
1 MISS VIRGINIA REEL	1 CLEE REEL	1 LIZZIE RELFE	1 MRS. RHODES
1 LIDA SAWYER	1 MARY SPRUILL	1 ELLA STANFIELD	1 MISS MOLLIE TAYLOR
1 ELOISE VICK	1 BEATRICE WADE	1 EDNA WASHBURN	1 LIZZIE WHITTAKER
	1 LILA WHITEHEAD	1 GRACE WOODHOUSE	



HYPERION LITERARY SOCIETY



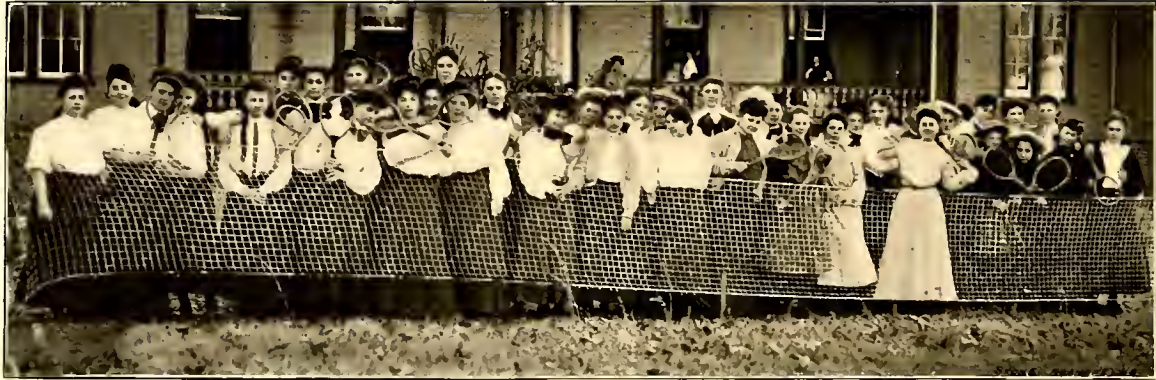


ORCHESTRA



GLEE CLUB

ATHLETICS



TENNIS CLUB

Athletic Association.

Officers.

<i>President</i>	ANNIE BUFFALOE
<i>1st Vice-President</i>	GEORGE LEE
<i>2nd Vice-President</i>	ETTA FRIZELLE
<i>Secretary</i>	BELLE EVANS
<i>Treasurer</i>	MIRIAM BEST



A. B. C. BASKET BALL TEAM



X. Y. Z. BASKET BALL TEAM

A College Girl's Experience in Learning to Cook.

I FINISHED my college course while very young; and so decided that a year at home, learning something about domestic affairs would be of much benefit to me in preparing me to cope with any phase of life. I had a splendid teacher in my aunt, who is an excellent cook and a model housekeeper; but I am afraid I will not reflect much credit on her. For after many fruitless attempts I have come to the conclusion that cooks "are born and not made."

It seems so easy to watch others cook, but it is quite a different thing when you try to do it yourself. I was very anxious to learn to make biscuit, and the result of my first attempt might have served for baseballs, they were so hard. The next time I forgot the salt, or else the lard. There was always something lacking.

Then I decided that maybe my forte was fancy cooking, so forthwith I made a cake. How carefully I measured each ingredient and with what care I watched it bake, only those who have experienced similar feelings can understand. Imagine my disappointment then, when it was cut, to find it so that we had to eat it with a spoon!

I have naturally a buoyant disposition, so was not

disheartened by these failures. I determined to learn, but fire was my worst enemy. If we could only cook without fire, I think I could succeed fairly well. But that fire! How I dreaded it from the time I started it till the last spark was out; I was in constant fear of being burned. About all I learned was how to burn myself on all occasions. When I started a meal all that could be depended upon, was my woe-be-gone cry, "Oh, I am burnt!"

Making coffee was another trial. I invariably forgot whether the coffee or the water went in first, and whether you use cold water or hot water, or both. And then I would forget how much coffee to put in, so we usually had "coffee begrudged and water bewitched."

Through all this, my meek and long-suffering relatives bore with me, and consoled me by saying, "Oh, you'll learn sometime," but the time never came. When any of my concoctions were especially bad they were consigned to my favorite dog who never uttered a word of complaint.

I will pass over the time I seasoned soup with spice, and flavored pies with pepper, and put molasses in the

gravy to make "specks." For all of us are liable to make such mistakes.

But the denouement came when I made a pudding, the memory of which will linger in our family for a long while. I was very careful about each constituent, for I intended it to be such a success that it would retrieve all past mistakes.

When it was ready for the oven, I was unexpectedly called away for a few minutes and when I returned I hurriedly snatched up the pan, which contained, as I supposed, my pudding, and placed it in the stove.

I then sat down with a story paper to pass away the time while my pudding was cooking. Presently the air was pervaded with the odor of burning rags. I searched high and low for them but was unsuccessful.

At last I decided it was time to look at my pudding, and what do you suppose greeted me? Instead of the pudding, the dishpan half-full of dishwater, and the dishrags (whence that odor) baked to the sides. Determined to rectify my mistake before it was dinner-time, I turned to get that famous pudding, and was just in time to see that the cat was helping herself to it. So we had no dessert on that day.

I was finally disheartened by this failure, and decided to try some other vocation to see if I wouldn't have better success. So now, if I ever have a house of my own, to manage, I shall have to depend upon the tender mercies of the "hired girl" to sustain the "inner man."

—L. B. C.



Poodledogism.

“To be or not to be?”
That’s the way some questions hum,
The one that takes the day with us—
“To chum or not to chum?”

You must not love a little girl
If you want to have no crash,
But if you’d like to hear a tune,
Mind me! just make a mash.

You may then call it “chumming,”
Or “loving darlings,” if you prefer,
But when you reach this point of view,
There’s going to be a stir.

Some folks can talk, and talk a lot,
And some are good on criticism,
Especially when they think you have
A case of poodledogism.

Some advice to you, dear girls,
I’d like to give right here :
Which will serve in time to come,
“Have *no girl* for your dear.”

Below is given the way
In which the case progresses
After you fall in love with her,
And give a few caresses.

First, to us a talk is given
In chapel before us all,
And then it isn’t so very long
Before you get a call.

“Mr. Rhodes says for you to call—
At once to his study, come,
And give him all minute details
As to why you have a chum.”

You go down, scared to death,
Your senses are fairly numbing,
Thinking what you’re going to give
As your good reasons for chumming.

“Well, Miss Kate, I have heard
You’re guilty of some crimes
Of which I warned you all so much,
Perhaps threescore of times.

“In looking o’er the list I have
Given at the meeting last night
By members of our strong faculty,
Your name comes at first sight.

“Now give me all your reasons
For disregarding my rule,
For of all great things, the greatest thing—
‘No chumming’s allowed in school.’”

Kate gives her many views
For loving her Margaret so,
But now and then a tear will fall,
For Maggie's love you know.

Soon the case is dismissed
And this is the sentence heard:
"You are to go with her no more
Nor speak to her one word."

Kate took all this quite well,
But her heart was in her throat,
Especially when these words came forth:
"You're not to write a note."

Katie's heart is simply crushed,
Back to her room she must go;
Never to speak to the dear loved one,
The one loved by her so.

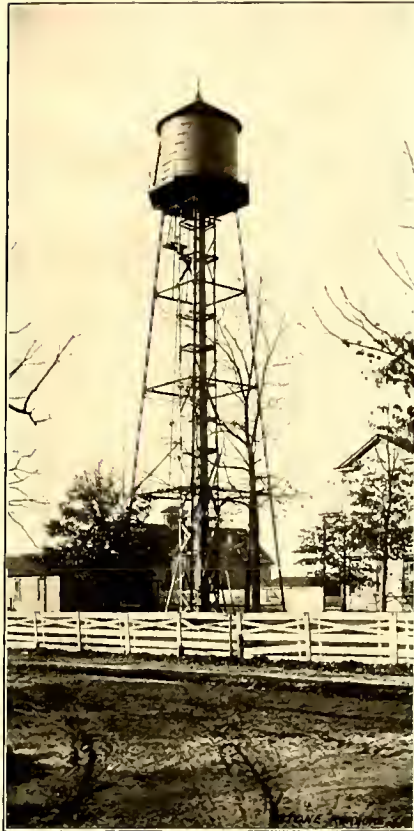
These blows all seem so hard,
But bear them now with cheer,
For when we pass from these old walls,
You can have her then, my dear.

You can love Margaret then,
You will have a time, dear pair,
When Maggie visits you, you know,
For "there'll be no Faculty there."

Now the question has been given,
"To chum or not to chum?"
I'll tell you now, dear friend, beware,
Unless you want fun—"some."

—E. M. B.





"THE HEIGHT OF
OUR ASPIRATIONS
LIE ON TOP,"



RESOLVED!
THAT THE
WORLD IS FULL
OF FUN AND WE
ARE GOING TO GET
OUR SHARE — — —
ON OTHER PEOPLE

Jokes and Grinds.

Have you worked your *Trig*?

Miss Troy (boastfully): "If I was a big Senior, I wouldn't be 'fraid."

Miss Foy (pointedly): "Why, such a big *Junior* as *you* ought never to be afraid."

Wise Soph.: "Egypt is watered by navigation."

C. M. and R. L., not knowing how to turn off electric lights, sought the Land of Nod under cover of an umbrella.

Freshman to a classmate parading in *négligé*: "Is you doin' to ze affirmaty?"

There is a new insect in school, "locust of a pt." Ask Hattie Green about it.

A chemistry student after a weary afternoon in the

laboratory, asked a Junior, "Do you have laboratory work in Geometry?"

A Junior says she is glad that *Annuals* come out only once a year.

A FAR-FETCHED RESEMBLANCE OF THE SENIORS TO HOT-WATER HEAT.

A quarrel ensued between Mary, a Senior, and Katharine, a Soph. "Be careful," said Mary, "remember you are talking to an august Senior." "La, listen, girls," said Katharine. "here it is the first of January, and she thinks that because we have hot-water heat, it must be August."

Sophomore to History teacher: "The Pyramids were made to put the souls of dead people in."

Sophomore: "Say, did you know that they weakened the water here?"

Freshman: "No, what do they put in it?"

(With due apologies to the poet—)

Broke! Broke! Broke!
On empty candy-bags I be;
And I would that my fingers could gather
Another X to me.

Broke! Broke! Broke!
My pocket's as flat as can be,
For the ninety-five cents of the dollar gone
Will never return to me.

(After a visit to Newsom's.)

ON LITERATURE CLASS.

Miss Kilgore: "Miss Lee, will you tell us what you know of Joseph Addison?"

Hesitatingly: "I—er rawther think he was the—son—of—Mr. Addison."

A Senior (wearily): "The Juniors, I suppose, will boil over next year."

Soph. (carelessly): "Near 'bout to the top *now*."

TWO JUNIORS.

"How did you do on exam.?"

Shortly: "Best I could." (How is that?)

Miss Betts: "Give the principal parts of the verb *think*."

Freshman: "I—*think*, I—*er* *thought*, I *think*."

Two Preps, with arms full of buckets: "Radiators busted!!! The water keeps pouring!!"

Old Version: Still waters run deep.

Revised Version: Still, daughters run cheap.

(Dr. Rhodes's farewell to the girls as they leave for the holidays.)

Now, girls, you'll see your mammas soon,—
We wish you many joys;
But please be careful how you act
And don't go near the boys.

Sentimentally disposed to harmony but organically incapable of a tune—Lucy Betts.

NOTICE NO. 1.

Rebie Morris and Mollie Belle Hollowell have challenged a talking-machine.

NOTICE NO 2.

Ethel Breedlove wishes to find some one who will sit and patiently listen to her talk and will not always be saying, " Please hush."

We, the Senior Class, wish to express our heartfelt

appreciation to Mr. Brodie for the \$20.00 ad. which we *heard* he gave us.

We are glad to see our President looking so well after so serious an operation as that of having a rib put in.



The Fate of the Snow Cream.

'Tis Sunday morning, cold and raining,
We stay from church, our "blues" are paining,
Two on the bed, two on the floor,
Wishing for snow cream—nothing more.

One is sad and deeply thinking,
The rest of us keenly drinking;
Drinking in those tales of yore,
But wishing still for something more.

Quickly to a window creeping
Went those girls; beware! their reaping;
Then lightly tipped to the bedroom door
With a pitcher of snow, and nothing more.

Presently there came a tapping,
Then there was a louder rapping—
Yes, much louder than before—
Rapping on our bedroom door.

Up we lifted frightened faces,
Without thought of pose or graces,
And going quickly to the door,
Found a teacher—nothing more.

"Girls, this news has come to me
That snow is in this room," quoth she,
We whispered faintly, trembling sore,
"Yes'm, 'tis so, but nothing more."

We about the room went poking,
Thinking teacher so provoking;
Then quickly out the open door
Went our snow forevermore.

—L. S.



A Candle-Light Scene in No. 96.

First Shadow.—Oh! horrors unheard of! Betsy! What on earth shall we do? Not another drop of alcohol and lights out two hours ago! Get the candle! Hurry up! Don't be afraid, the laboratory isn't ten miles off.

Second Shadow.—But wait a minute! Oh, there's Mr. P.! Get him to go with us and take his lantern. I am always so afraid without a man.

First Shadow.—My! I should think the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Faculty would brave any danger for the sake of a welsh rarebit.

Second Shadow.—I forgot what is at stake. Yes; hurry up, I am ready. (*Exit First and Second Shadows.*)

Third Shadow.—I've never seen anything like those two; the one never has any alcohol and the other is always ready to eat.

Fourth Shadow.—(*I laugh but no reply.*)

First Shadow (*running in out of breath*).—Here it is! But horrors, I was nearly scared to death! Just as we got to the door of the lab., we heard the most awful noise, but gathering our kimonos in our hands, prepared for flight, and swallowing our hearts that we might the more easily breathe, we rushed in upon the scene of con-

flict and to our utter astonishment, found the stuffed mole dancing with the black snake to the fiddling of the owl, drunk with too much grape sugar, soaked in wood alcohol. Oh, dear! But where is Liza Lit? Late as usual, I'll bet she is taking in those bed-clothes which she put out on the porch this morning. She'll have to be making her accustomed raid on an empty room for something to keep her warm until the breakfast bell. Somebody run for her quick! Tell her to be sure to bring the market basket. But sit down, this stuff is done.

Second Shadow (*sally*).—Would that this big cup contained steaming coffee, rather than amber tea! (*Silence from the five shadows for the space of a half-hour.*)

Third Shadow.—Wait! Listen! What's that? (*I scramble to the window.*)

Fifth Shadow.—A serenade! Sounds like those we used to have in Washington.

First Shadow.—I dare say! A midnight quarrel between Billy-Sally-Mag and Aunt Mandy. Run quick and get Mr. Rhodes's gun.

Third Shadow.—But Mr. Rhodes has already killed them.

First Shadow (*with dignity*).—Remember, a cat has nine lives. Who'll shoot?

Chorus of Shadows.—I will.

First Shadow.—Who'll get the gun?

(*No reply.*)

Fifth Shadow.—Wait until—I get through—eating and I will.

Chorus of Shadows.—All right, we'll wait on you to-morrow morning.

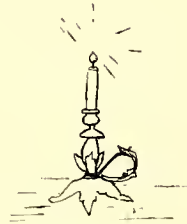
Third Shadow.—Anything more to eat?

First Shadow.—No.

Second Shadow.—Then go home. And be sure to take your dishes with you. I am certainly glad I don't have to clean up to-morrow.

(*Fifteen minutes later and not a sound disturbs the stillness save that of Mr. and Mrs. Rat as they calmly walk out on the radiator, jump to the floor and gather up the crumbs for their numerous children who are at home whiling away the hours with song and dance until the return of their parents.*)

L. J. H.



The First Day at College.

WE may forget other important days, what we did, and how we felt; but we can never forget the first day at college, even if we get to be octogenarians. It is not so indelibly stamped upon the tablets of memory by the joy and happiness, but by the wretchedness of that one, long, miserable day.

There were a thousand and one things to cause wretchedness. The place was so new, the building so large, the faces so strange, and everything so different from home.

The Seniors walked to and fro, up and down, through the halls, holding up long dresses and high heads, feeling so very important, but trying, oh! so hard, not to show it. I'll warrant they didn't try not to feel it. There was no use to ask, "Who is that?" when referring to a Senior, for to find out we had only to look at the expression of her face. It was a "Who-But-Me" one. If any of us were too nearsighted to see this expression, we had only to listen, and we could hear this profound, abstruse, erudite word—"TRIG"—fall from her lips. Her fate was sealed then, for we set her down in our catalogue as "one of those stuck-up Seniors."

The Juniors also felt important, but the high and

mighty Seniors gave them no opportunity to show it. And as for the poor little insignificant Sophomores and Freshmen—well, they had their hands full to keep out of the way of the Seniors and Juniors. Their feet were also employed in this act!

There were *so* many bells rung that day (that is, one bell was rung so many times, and each time we would wonder what it meant). Could it mean dinner so many times a day? One girl had the audacity to ask one of those high-headed Seniors what the bells meant, and she, with her chin tilted one degree higher, very curtly and condescendingly answered, "Periods," and walked on. Then we poor ignorant girls were more puzzled than before, and we wondered if anything was done about commas!

We had been told that the dinner hour was one o'clock, and at that hour some who were on the first floor found the dining-room, but alas! those on higher floors did not. About an hour after dinner one of the teachers found a girl on the third floor, sitting on the stairsteps, with a long and doleful face. (Of course I mean the girl had the long and doleful face, not the stairsteps.) "What is troubling you?" the teacher asked in a sympathetic

voice. The girl replied in a most pitiful tone, "When one o'clock came I heard a bell ring, and thought it was the dinner bell, so I tried to go down to the dining-room, but I couldn't. Every time I went down this flight of steps I saw another flight at the end of the hall, and I thought I had gone the wrong way, so I came back up these, so I could go down the others, but when I got back up I looked where I thought the other steps were, but they weren't there, and I kept going up and down this flight of steps to find the other. And I never could find the way to the dining-room. So I sat down here, thinking that after awhile somebody would come. And now I'm *so* tired and hungry. I want my dinner, and my mamma, and my ho-o-me." The teacher, thoroughly kind-hearted and sympathetic, but also thoroughly endowed with a sense of humor, had difficulty in keeping from laughing. However, she only winked her eye—at an imaginary person perhaps—and showed the girl the way to the first floor.

We who found the dining-room could not eat a mouthful, for we were too confused. There were so many knives and forks and tongues clattering, that we could only sit with our eyes fixed upon our plates, feeling as if all other eyes were fixed upon us. Before we could ever "screw our courage to the sticking-place," we heard a noise as if the house were falling, and on looking up, saw that everybody else had finished eating, and were rising from their seats. We had determined to do just like everybody else, so we crossed our knives and forks over plates

filled with untasted food, and walked out with full hearts, but empty stomachs.

In the afternoon, a girl who was cold, sat down by a stove. She soon got warm, but kept sitting there. In a little while another girl came along, and when she saw the girl by the stove she looked surprised, and exclaimed, "Why, there's no fire in *that* heater! Don't you know they have red heaters here?" Both girls looked into the stove, and sure enough there was no fire in it. The girl who got warm by it must have had a fiery imagination.

Then the two girls began to discuss the "red heaters" (radiators). One said, "I don't see why they are called *red* heaters, they look white to me." The other said, "Well, I don't see how they ever get wood in, or take ashes out of them. I wouldn't like the job."

These are only a few of the things we wondered about on that day.

We were taken to walk in the afternoon. We felt as if we were in a parade, for we saw faces pressed against the window panes of every house we passed, and heard two or three people say, "Yonder go the college girls. Look! Look!" Thus we poor, bashful girls were stared at.

At supper, remembering how it had been at dinner, and being hungry too, we started to eating immediately after we sat down, and never lifted our eyes until we had finished. Then we crossed our knives and forks over *empty* plates, and looked up, and behold! everybody else

was eating. We were embarrassed no little, but we just sat up very erect, with one hand holding the other in a tight grasp, waiting and longing for the others to finish. At last our patience was rewarded, and we went out of the dining-room with lighter hearts than at dinner.

At bedtime, some of us were undressing, some saying our prayers when the lights went out. We were provoked, and astonished too, for we had thought that *electric* lights would burn all the time. Only one girl was wiser. She said, in a very know-all tone, "Well, I knew

those little glass things couldn't hold enough oil to last until bedtime."

All of us went to bed with tired bodies, wondering minds, and aching hearts, but we soon went to sleep, and dreamed that we were back at home, where there were only half a dozen at the table, where *black* heaters and kerosene lamps were used, and where there were not so many bells and stairsteps. Thus the long, miserable day ended in happiness after all!

—M. J. S.



Want Column.

WANTED—A rocking-chair with rockers.
ROOM 32.

WANTED—To take a course in dentistry.
MARY BRYAN.

WANTED — A "special permission" from Mr. Rhodes to make candy. Preferred that it be enclosed in a stamped envelope, addressed to the undersigned.
LUCY BETTS

WANTED—A large spoon with which to eat hominy.
ELLA STANFIELD.

WANTED — The best substitute for rubber-necks when one goes in late to breakfast.
AMELIA MEARES.

WANTED—A good-night kiss from the Senior with little black eyes.
KATHARINE BEARDSLEY.

WANTED—To consult weather bureau to ascertain whether or not there is to be a storm on the Chesapeake.
MARY BRYAN.

WANTED—A second cup of coffee.
BELLE EVANS.

WANTED—A hot biscuit.
ETTA FRIZELLE.

WANTED—A short cut to knowledge.
MARY SPIVEY.

WANTED — An "organ" with two pedals (for Central Academy).
NANCY ROSE.

WANTED — The pretty little music teacher to love me better, and a certain Senior to kiss me good-night oftener.
LESSIE FISHER.

WANTED—To know if Miss _____ ever failed to know anything.
SENIOR CLASS.

WANTED—A slice of light bread.
GEORGE LEE.

WANTED—Butter for dinner.
NORA FOY.

WANTED—Some mo' lasses.
ETHEL BREEDLOVE.

WANTED—A stick of red candy.
BY EVERY GIRL WHO SPIES ANOTHER
HEADED DOWN STREET.

WANTED—A remedy for timidity.
ANNIE BUFFALO.

WANTED—A cure for love-sickness.
NORA HARMON.

WANTED—Nothing: perfectly satisfied.
NORA FOY.

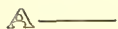
WANTED—Position as Math. teacher.
ETTA FRIZELLE.

FOR RENT—A chumming corner. For terms apply to
ROOM 59.

FOR SALE—A dilapidated edition of Longfellow. Considering the circumstances, a fairly good copy, though roughly used during the last year. Apply to
ROOM 22.

WARNING—Take me as an example and do otherwise.
MOLLIE BELL HOLLOWELL.

WANTED—A regular position as editor-in-chief.
G. LEE.



As I entered my room whom should I see,
But two happy girls that did n't see me !
They had turned off the light,
And in the darkness of night,
 Were sweetly " chumming."

At Mary I was shocked and surprised ;
I thought a Senior would be more wise
Than break this most important rule,
And set such an example before the school,
 On this Sabbath evening.

I got upon the other bed and tried to sleep,
But their " touching " whisperings 'most made me weep.
Oh ! how I long for a little dear,
To tell me sweet words of cheer
 At this lonely hour.

—K. B.

How Kitty Earned Her Class Pin.

"I AM so sorry, dearie: but can't you wait until next year? Perhaps things will be different then." Over and over Kitty had read this sentence in her mother's letter. Yes, she knew that cotton had gone down and that they were saving every cent, so as to keep her in school. She had reasoned with herself but all in vain. The dull ache never left her heart.

At the last meeting of the Junior Class, the question of Class pins had been brought up. They had decided not to send off the order for pins until March, and as they left, the President had said, "Girls, we must *all* have our pins to wear to our reception on the 1st of April!" Kitty knew she could not afford one, yet she had written home about it. Why had she done it? Of course she would write a cherry letter now and say she didn't really care—especially care—for a pin. But mother would know that she did, and would be worried.

"Where there's a will there's a way." She was thinking and the words flashed suddenly across her mind. "I certainly have the will," thought Kitty, "then the way must be lurking about in some corner. I will keep my

eyes open," and she did. But a whole week of the precious time slipped by and still no opportunity for making money presented itself.

When Saturday afternoon came she threw herself across the bed, thoroughly discouraged. "Well, you do look lazy!" remarked Annie Lowell, searching among a large pile of stockings for *two* without holes. "Oh, dear!" she said at last, sighing, "I would give fifty cents to have these old things darned!" Kitty sprang up. "I've got you!" she cried, so suddenly that Annie, whose back was turned, started, lost her balance, and fell backwards along with her stockings, scissors, thread, and all. Her muffled scream was greeted by peals of laughter from Kitty, who, as soon as she could speak, remarked, "Well Annie, I didn't know you were going to take me at my word!" "What did you mean?" grumbled Annie emerging from the pile of stockings. "Simply that I would darn your stockings and charge you by the hole—I have decided to go into the stocking business," she added.

Several hours later the following advertisement was posted on the bulletin-board of the school:

NOTICE!

Do you ever, at night,
Look down with dismay,
At a hole in your hose,
Made during the day?
Does the hole, by magic,
When hid by the shoe,
Become harder to darn,
As all holes will do?
Then come you and trade
With me, I'm the girl
To catch up all the holes,
With a cross and a whirl.

—Room Number 98.

Small holes@	.01
Medium size@	.02
Large@	.05

The stocking business paid well. Although the money came in small pieces, it came. Of course, there was not time for Kitty to darn except on Saturday and on Monday afternoons, but she really enjoyed the work, and by the middle of February she had two dollars and twenty cents, which, by March amounted to three dollars.

On the first Monday night in March, the President asked that all money for Class pins be handed in that week. Kitty was the first to hand hers in. That mail brought her a letter from home, and what was her surprise, on opening it, to find two dollars. Her mother simply said, "Your father and I decided that you must have a pin. We will send the five dollars for your society dues as soon as possible."

But when Kitty read this she burst into tears. There suddenly rushed before her the image of her little country home. A merry fire was burning on the hearth; the old clock ticked slowly on the shelf, while on either side of the little table sat her father and mother. For the first time Kitty noticed that her father's black hair was fast turning gray and that her mother, though smiling bravely, looked worn and tired. For a long time she thought and thought, then she turned quickly saying, "I will!"

Upon the night of the Class reception, Kitty Owens wore only a small bow of Class colors. But it was with a very light heart that she ended her next home-letter with, "Mother you need not worry about the five dollars (\$5). I have found a way to make a little money myself."

—E. L. T.



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