



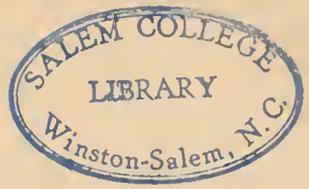


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H. A. Shirley -





# PINAFORE

SALEM FEMALE ACADEMY  
Winston-Salem, N. C.



*J. M. -06*

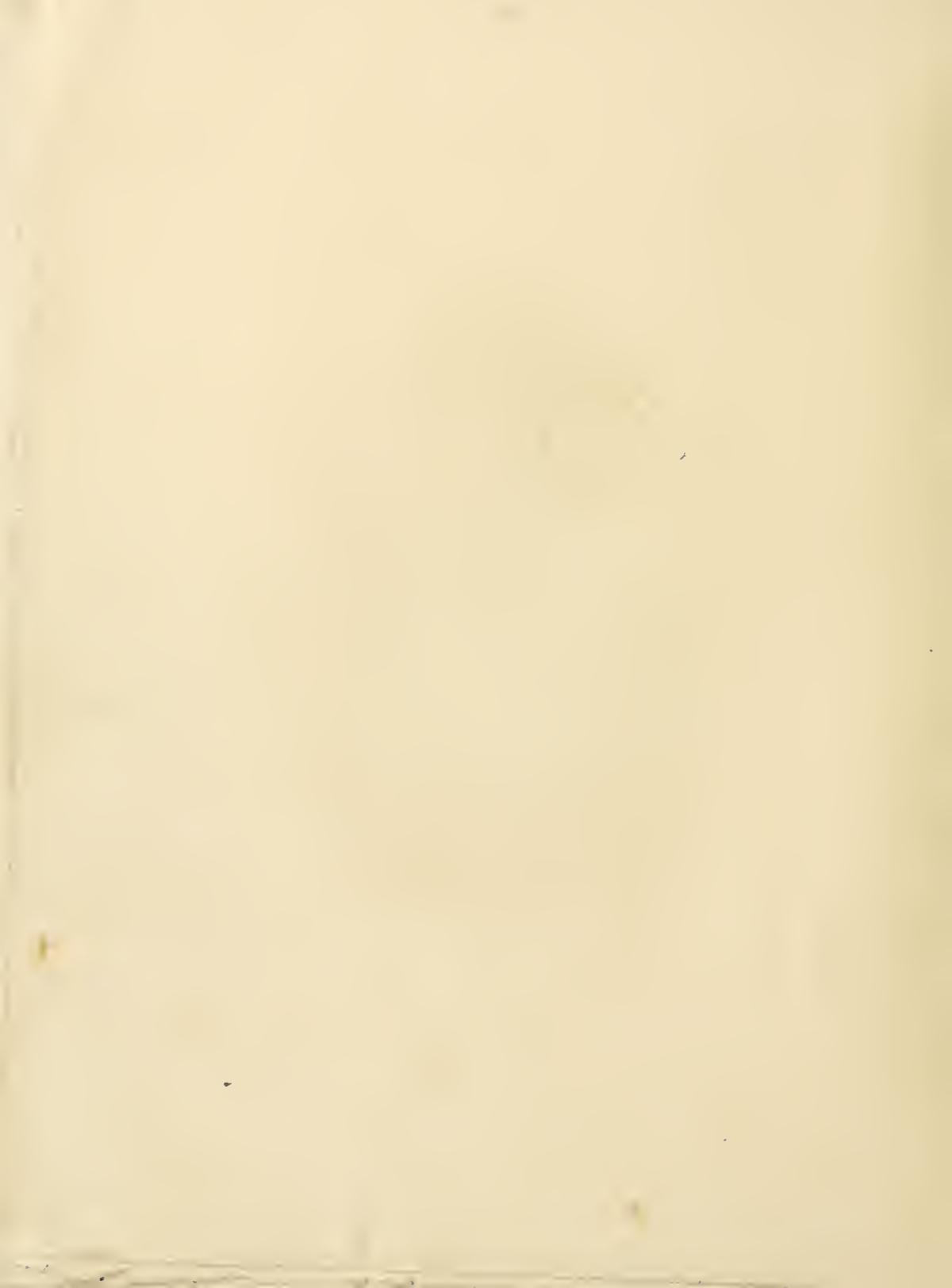
To

*Rev. John H. Clewell. Ph. D.*

*Our loved and honored principal  
we dedicate this  
our first small volume  
hoping that it may forever retain  
its present verdant hue in  
the kindly shade of the better  
and stronger annuals  
of future years.*



John H. Clewell





Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!  
Ray! Ray!! Ray!!!  
Vive la! Vive la!!  
S. F. A.!!!!

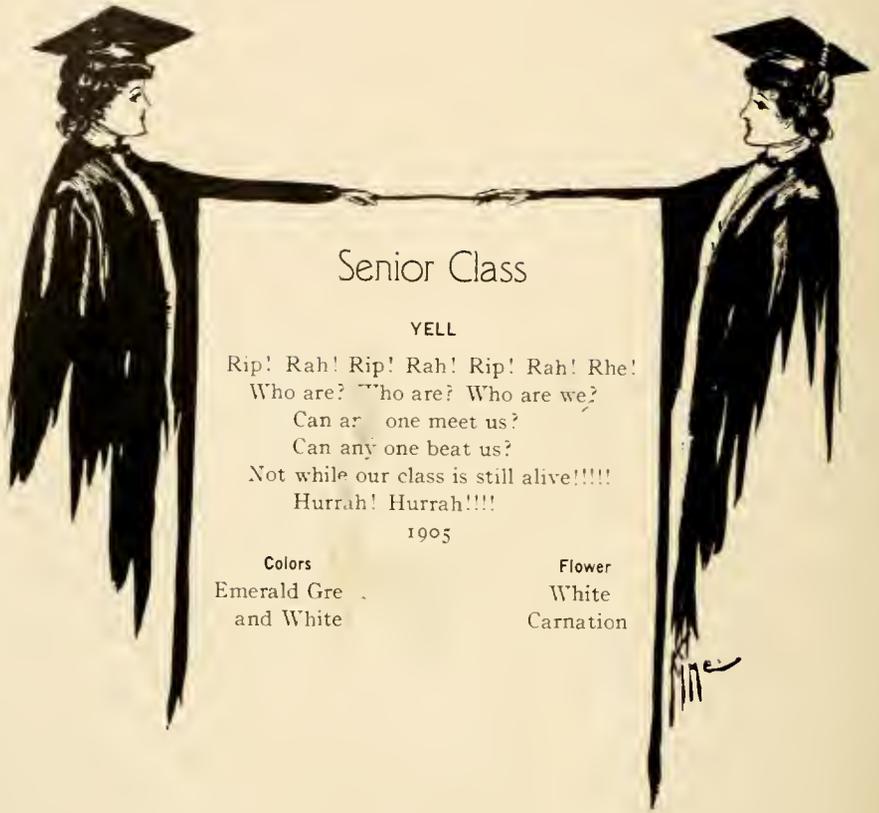
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## Senior Class

### YELL

Rip! Rah! Rip! Rah! Rip! Rah! Rhe!  
Who are? Who are? Who are we?  
Can any one meet us?  
Can any one beat us?  
Not while our class is still alive!!!!  
Hurrah! Hurrah!!!!

1905

### Colors

Emerald Green  
and White

### Flower

White  
Carnation

## History of Class 1905

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**I**T is a fragrant retrospection to glance back over the history of an honored and honorable class. The "Foolish Dictionary" gives as the definition of "history" "the evil that men do," but thanks be to the individual honesty and perseverance of each member of the Class, this can not be applied to the Seniors of 1905. Intelligence and moral worth combined can be the only basis of class prosperity and, I trust, with this foundation the thirty-seven girls soon to drop link by link from the Class chain, will not soon be forgotten.

The calamities of yesterday are the protectors of to-day. The sea of school-life which we have just navigated and from which we are landing safely at "Port Diploma" is full of perils, but it is not an unknown sea; it has been traversed over and over again and there is not a sunken rock or treacherous sand-bar which is not marked for our avoidance by those who have preceded us.

We all live dual lives, the external life which the world sees and the internal life of hopes and fears, joys and griefs, failures and successes, which is hidden from the eyes of the world and revealed only to a few. This is especially true of a college class.

To-day we meet to glance over our history, and then on the morrow it will be stored away as a sacred memorial of the Class of 1905, amid the departed triumphs and failures which go to make up the eternal past. For four years our own individual histories have been closely allied with that of the Class. Together we have played the various rôles which if played unerringly lead up to that enviable position of "leading lady." Together we have viewed the ups and downs of green young Freshmen, bold bad Sophomores, love-sick Juniors, and to-night you see us as we have joyfully and successfully completed the rôle of "stately Seniors."

"A" Class was starting-point of three of our members, Louise Greenert, Gertrude Tesh, and Esther Hampton. Who would recognize in the "sweet girl graduates" of to-night the little school maids who eight long years ago started at the foot of the ladder and who have carefully climbed up round by round until they have safely landed at the top and are now ready to step off into the world!

Swiftly has Old Father Time cut off the successive months for us since we were green young Freshmen. Our greenness has ripened into the brilliant hues of wisdom. Still, we have shadowy recollections of long hours spent in poring over Cæsar and even building facsimiles of his bridges, which, had that learned

gentleman been alive, might have contained valuable suggestions for Cæsar himself in the bridge-making line.

In our Sophomore year we organized for the first time,—not that it was necessary to have officers to keep the "bold bad Sophomores" in order, but because we had begun to feel our importance enough to claim organization. We selected our motto, "Virtue bears off the palm," our colors—green and white—and our pins, gold shields set with emeralds and pearls around the enamel which contained the letters A. K. N., the Greek symbol of our motto. We have never changed our colors, motto, or pin, thus proving that though our brains have become more indented by "Hamlet," "Longer English Poems," "Childe Harold," and the like that our tastes are the same and that consistency figures largely as a trait among us.

And then, almost like a stereoptical view, our Sophomore year was waved by and we hailed the Junior. Being together in room, company, life, naturally produces a closer class relation. Probably in our Junior year for the first time we felt that true class spirit which has meant so much to us.

On September 1st, 1904, the one sad event of our college life cast a shadow of sorrow over the entire Class when we lost one of our most honored members—Josephine Seddon. She had faithfully worked up from Class "A," successfully completing her Junior year, when the Angel of Death presented her with the diploma of another graduation than ours. And so she passed, lamented by all who knew her, into that fair realm where "the weary are at rest."

Finally, we reached the coveted position of Senior. We were at last to be rewarded for our years of hard labor by the Oxford cap and gown. And what one of us did not consider it reward enough when first she donned her dark apparel and joined the long procession which filed up Main Street to see—but mostly to be seen! What one of us did not feel her ambition kindled to do wonders! for

"Resistless burns the fever of renown  
Caught from the strong contagion of the gown."

Early in October we elected officers for our Senior year, which resulted as follows:

Nell Rhea	.....	<i>President</i>
Cammie Lindley	.....	<i>First Vice-President</i>
Myrtle Deane	.....	<i>Second Vice-President</i>
Mamie Fulp	.....	<i>Secretary</i>
Lula McEachern	.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
Florence Moorman	.....	<i>Historian</i>
Ora Hunter	.....	<i>Poet</i>

It is hardly necessary to say that each one of these young ladies has done her duty. "The end crowns the whole" so can not the end of the Senior year—that is commencement—speak for them?

Perhaps one of the most enjoyable evenings spent in our Alma Mater was on February 10th, when the Class of '06 so royally entertained. The invited guests, consisting of members of the Senior Class and Faculty, were ushered into the chapel where they were gracefully and cordially received by the officers of the Junior Class. The chapel was artistically decorated and an hour was spent in this attractive place during which the social feature was rendered very pleasant by music and song. At 9:30 the guests were escorted to the Refectory which was transformed into an ideal spot. The tables with their snowy cloths, their white candles in the handsome candelabras, the white carnations and little sprigs of fern lying here and there carried the Senior Class colors—white and green—out perfectly.

After partaking of the dainty refreshments, served in course, the intellectual programme began, Dr. Clewell acting as toast-master.

It was midnight ere the last guest had taken her reluctant departure, each and every one voting hearty thanks to the fair entertainers who had shown their social powers to such advantage. It is interesting to know that the Class just now ready to disband forever has scored more "Sine Erratis" in Biblical Literature than has any preceding class in the annals of the History of Biblical Literature in the college.

And again, although previous attempts had been made, the first Annual owes its origin to members of the Class of '05.

And now the last page of our Class history is at hand—the farewell page. We have "fought the good fight" and we have come out as wise as Solomon, and now, we leave this history as a model to all succeeding classes—a history that would have made Herodotus himself exclaim "*well done!*"

HISTORIAN, '05.



IN MEMORIAM

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JOSEPHINE M. SEDDON

Died September 1, 1904

*"The Memory of the just is blessed."*

# Class Roll

ELEANOR C. RHEA . . . . . Tennessee

"With just enough of learning to misquote."



CAMMIE LINDLEY . . . . . North Carolina

"Her hair a glory, like a saint."

MYRTLE DEANE . . . . . North Carolina

"Thou art wise as thou art beautiful."





MAMIE FULP . . . . . North Carolina

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



LULA MCEACHERN . . . . . South Carolina

"Slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers."



FLORENCE MOORMAN . . . . . Virginia

"O wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see oursel's as others see us!"



ORA HUNTER . . . . . Texas  
" Who thinks too little and who talks too much."



STELLA ALSPAUGH . . . . . North Carolina  
" She is not seventeen  
But she is tall and stately."



ANNIE BENNETT . . . . . North Carolina  
" She was a vixen when she went to school."

PEARL CARRINGTON . . . . . North Carolina  
"She sings as sweetly as a nightingale."



JENNIE CARDWELL . . . . . Virginia  
"Words! Words!! Words!!!"

ETHEL CHANEY . . . . . Virginia  
"My mind to me a kingdom is."





BIRDIE CHEATHAM . . . . . North Carolina

" Variable as the shade  
By the light quivering aspen made."



STELLA FARROW . . . . . North Carolina

" The lady protests too much, methinks."



GEORGIA FARTHING . . . . . North Carolina

" And when this lady's in the case  
You know all other things give place."

LOUISE FEREBEE . . . . . North Carolina  
"I'll commend her volubility."



BESS GOLD . . . . . North Carolina  
"But to see her was to love her  
Love but her and love forever,"

LOUISE GRUNERT . . . . . North Carolina  
"How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour!"





ESTHER HAMPTON . . . . . North Carolina  
" Dart not scornful glances from those eyes  
It blots thy beauty."



MAIDAI HOWARD . . . . . Virginia  
" If I could only have known Cicero and  
conversed with him, I could have diedhappy."



LILLIAN JOHNSON . . . . . North Carolina  
" Study to be quiet."

MARY JONES . . . . . Virginia

"I am a lone lorn creetur, I feel  
my troubles and they make me contrary."



ANNIE SUE LEGRANDE . . . . . North Carolina  
"Like patience on a monument "

LILA LITTLE . . . . . North Carolina  
" Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her."





MARY LILES . . . . . North Carolina

"Where pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou!"



MITTIE PERRYMAN . . . . . North Carolina

"Afraid of all, but most afraid of man."



RUSHA SHERROD . . . . . North Carolina

"And though she be but little, she is fierce."

MARY SHERROD . . . . . North Carolina  
"How much more elder art thou than thy looks!"



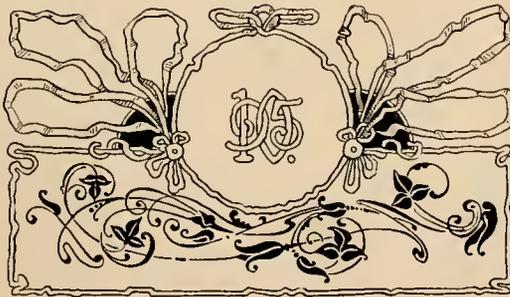
GERTRUDE TESH . . . . . North Carolina  
"If she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't."

MARGERY WILSON . . . . . Florida  
"Let the world glide, let the world go,  
A fig for care and a fig for woe!"





ESTHER WHITE . . . . . North Carolina  
" Sweet as the primrose beneath the thorn."





## Class Prophecy, 1905

---

**T**HE oak tree was an object of great love and reverence to the ancient Greeks. They thought it had the mystic power of foretelling future events, by the sounds among the rustling leaves, or the secrets of the future were laid up in their dainty little acorn cups. The Druids, later, gained their knowledge largely from oaks.

Some years after the disbanding of our Class of 1905, I was in New York strolling through the cosy nooks of Central Park, standing idly under the shade of a sheltering oak. I seemed to hear sweet music among its leaves, and as I looked up some acorn cups fell around me; on taking them up, to my great surprise I saw mystic characters inscribed therein. When I had examined them a little closer I could easily decipher them. Strange to say my surroundings brought back to my mind the sweet and happy days I had spent in dear old Salem. Almost unconsciously I called the names of several of my classmates, still I held the acorn cup fast as if impelled by some magic power and dreamily read the names I found there. Again and again I repeated them before I could read any more, and this is what the beautiful little nut told me of a few of my chums and classmates who had lived with me within the walls of the Academy.

Cam, soon after leaving school, traveled a great deal in North and South America; during this time she developed a great desire to see all there is to be seen. Nothing would do but that she must go across the seas. She has visited every feature of interest both in the New and Old World. Just at this time we find her in London, the belle of the season, with lords, dukes, and ministers at her feet; quite a striking contrast between the quiet retiring Senior of 1905, but then one never knows.

My next friend I find at a place far removed from the first. As we enter the Exposition Grounds at Jamestown, Virginia, amid all its beauty and grandeur, in one of the most picturesque and striking buildings we find a person with, "The One Talent" that of incessant talking. On entering this place your first impression is that you are all alone, but only for a few minutes, when a beautiful woman comes out, tall and stately. Immediately she begins to speak of some wonderful machine. Only ten dollars and you can become a perfect beauty. The speaker's face seems strangely familiar, and all at once it dawns upon me that it is no other than Estherw. She tells me about the wonderful improvement in herself, and says

her one object in life is to give others a chance to become beautiful, and thus she talks and talks until I am almost overpowered by her flow of words. She tells me of Jenkie, who lives in the neighboring county and has become known for miles around as a great trucker. In the Agricultural Department we see why Jenkie should thus be renowned, for her name is on all the largest and finest fruits and vegetables.

Next a little woman comes to view, with soft brown hair of darkest hue; she is very frisky, and goes tripping along, and after trying to guess who this bright butterfly is, we follow her and see her walk into a large stone mansion which is stately and grand. She is married, and we're glad we know her a "little," I'm sure.

Again I took a peep into my acorn cup to see if it had anything further to reveal of my classmates. Florence I saw out in far-away China. If we pass a certain missionary's home we will see a little woman very busy mixing something. This is a wonderful patent medicine Florence has made; it equals "Dr. King's New Discovery," and is working miracles.

Where, oh, where can Margery be? While at school she declared she would live in the South. Sure enough, there we find her, as happy and as gay as of old, so loyal to her Southland that she has incorporated it with her name.

Louise took a long journey and became a lady of high degree. I say, oh, can it be our Louise? But where are the smiles so bright and so gay? They have all fled because of the gay life she has led. At last one day she said, "I am tired of all this society and show; I am destined to impart great knowledge I know." So to school once more she wended her way and is giving out wisdom galore till this day.

One on his way through our sunny Southland chanced to stray and found a "Pearl." She shines in the autumn and in the soft summer air. He says by good chance that way I strayed, for there our "Pearl" caroled forth. Behold the sweet maid!

Mamie, a woman of the world, now appears, and though when in Winston she was a retiring maid with no desire for dancing and dining, now she takes by storm this big world of ours, and sits in the moonlight by the hour.

In a far-off Western city there stands a college of renown, and the teachers all are witty from the Greek professor down. All the professors are completely under the influence and control of one, and who can that be? Are you surprised to know 'tis our Myrtle you see?

Many people have been very anxious to know whether Mars was really inhabited or not. Ethel while at school was one of our most brilliant scholars where electricity was concerned. At one time, when we went up to the electric station in Winston, Ethel darted from place to place asking every possible question. Thus

she was prepared as an electrician to run a twentieth century railway from the earth to Mars. The fare there and back for one person is only six millions of dollars. Rockefeller, Gould, Vanderbilt and several other multi-millionaires have been over, but as yet I do not think any of our girls have ventured.

Mittie we find in this city keeping a restaurant; all the fashionable people in the place go there to dine with their friends.

Now, little acorn cup, have you anything further to say? On looking into it I do not see the characters that were there when I first took it up. Tired and hungry, I dropped it to the ground and a squirrel quickly snatched it up and carried it to his nest. Just at this time I became conscious of the hour and hastily wended my way homeward to think over what had been revealed to me concerning these members of the Class of 1905.

R. L. S., '05.



## Class Prophecy, 1905

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**F**IVE years had flown swiftly by since our daisy festoon fell apart at Salem on Commencement Day and we, the members of the Class of 1905, were scattered in every direction.

Santos Dumont had, after various experiments, succeeded in fitting out an airship that was no failure and was a grand sight as it floated above the tree-tops and then like a bird went swiftly out of sight.

I had heard so little of my old classmates in these five years that when he suggested to our party a voyage in his airship, with all the luxuries of modern traveling, with the permission to go where I chose, I gladly accepted his offer.

As I was near our national capital, I concluded I would look up Maidai who I had heard was there.

The alighting from this somewhat unusual equipage caused no little stir in the street in front of the New Willard. As I was turning into the hotel a handsome automobile whirled past and in its beautifully dressed occupant I recognized the girl for whom I was looking. She knew me too, for in a short time her card was brought to me. I descended to the parlors where I spent a pleasant half hour with her.

She had married a young politician who had afterwards risen to a prominent place, which was remarkable considering his youth, but after hearing how popular his dreamy-eyed companion was I could not help wondering if his political successes were not partly due to the influence this trick of the eyes had gained for this gentleman.

As we were so near New York I decided to look up Mary, as Maidai told me she was there and interested in the Red Cross Society. We expected great things of Mary when we left Salem but had no idea that she would attain to such an eminence; for upon visiting the headquarters of this useful organization and inquiring for the president, in order to obtain permission to see Mary, imagine my surprise when in this important personage, I recognized the very girl for whom I was looking.

After talking to Mary a while she began laughing, and asked me if I had heard of Ora. Upon telling her I had not, she gave me the latest news concerning that member of our Class.

Soon after leaving school, Ora had married a very old millionaire, who was

shortly afterwards killed in a railroad accident. After her terrible bereavement she lost all interest in social events and retired to her beautiful country home on the Hudson.

I remembered quite well Ora's fondness for pets at Salem, so was not at all surprised to learn that she was now spending her time and her millions in making a most original collection. Her two hobbies were peculiar-looking cats and various anti-fat remedies.

Just before telling Mary good-bye she asked me where I should next stop, and upon learning that I was starting on a long journey, she gave me a copy of the last *Christian Herald* to take with me.

Among the news in foreign fields I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw an account of the progress our mission was making in the heart of Africa. It was not the announcement of our success, but the name of the person through whom so much was being accomplished that surprised me. Of course the minister in this place was doing much, but the great attraction with the people was the noted vocalist who sang at all the meetings. And 't was this name that startled me so, for it was no other than our Class President, Nell.

On leaving Salem, she devoted herself entirely to the cultivation of her voice and after several years of hard study, she went to this place, with an unpronounceable name, so that she could learn from the song-birds of the region a few notes which her vocal teacher had been unable to impart to her, and while there had consented to help the missionary in his religious services.

We little thought when this noble songstress was among us in good old 1905 days that we were living with such an incipient prima donna.

By the time I had grown tired of pursuing this line of thought I had reached the Egyptian capital where Annie was searching for some lost records of the times of the Great Cleopatra. But upon inquiring for her at her hotel I found that she was not in the city but had gone on a little further down the Nile and had left a letter for me, as I had written her that I was coming to Egypt.

In this somewhat brief epistle she told me of her work during the past five years; of her failure in finding the lost sheet of papyrus, and of her determination to remain in this place until her efforts should prove successful.

She asked me if I remembered the description of "Miss Blimber" in "*Dombey and Son*," and said that *now she* was as dry and dusty as that young lady, so she did not care very much if she never returned to her old home again for after all modern things were very dull when compared with the dead and buried wonders of the ancient world. All this certainly seemed strange to me for Annie was nothing like that when I knew her, and after thinking of this queer fancy for fossils and antiquities I concluded it was just as well that I could not wait for her return.

From Egypt we went northwest to Gibraltar and thence to old Granada in order to visit another of my classmates who was living in the habitable part of "The Alhambra" with her husband, a Spanish count, first cousin to Alphonzo XIII. She had met him while traveling abroad the year after leaving our Alma Mater.

It was difficult to recognize in the careworn countess the gay, frivolous Lula I heard from her that Mamie was now in Paris getting her trousseau for she was to be married soon. So I found that after five years of effort Mamie had succeeded in making good the statement she once made in the Bishop's Latin Class, after gravely having read Horace's lines:

"Nos habebit humus." "The man will have us."

I could only visit the gay, French capital a few hours, but during that time, I heard of another of the Class that seems to be making itself so universally useful.

Before entering my hotel I saw small boys rushing up and down the streets distributing papers to passers-by, but I did not stop.

After I had been talking to Mamie a short time a friend came in with one of them and asked if we had heard of this latest and greatest of modern inventions: a help in private families but a treasure of inestimable value to hotels.

This scientific invention was a tiny concern that looked a great deal like a small book when closed, but when opened and at work in the dining-room, in less than four and one-half minutes all the dishes were cleared away, washed, dried, and placed again on the table ready to be used.

A brass plate on the lid of the machine, bore the name of the inventor—Nannie.

I then came back to the United States and as I was stopping in Chicago one night I thought I would spend the evening at the theater as every one was talking about the splendid elocutionist who was reading selections from her poems that had been written in her school days.

At first I did not recognize this girl for she had grown so small since I last saw her at school, and to my surprise it was Stella, whose great height had been used up in lofty thoughts until now she was little more than three feet tall.

Leaving Chicago I went West to Los Angeles, California, for Stella had seen one of our Class when there and had told me about her. It was Birdie. She had gone out there to stay with relatives, as she had never married.

Perhaps her many disappointments had acted as an acid upon her once sweet disposition. At any rate she was now so unbearably cross that no one could stand her. Even the black cat of the household would hump up its back at her whenever she came into the room.

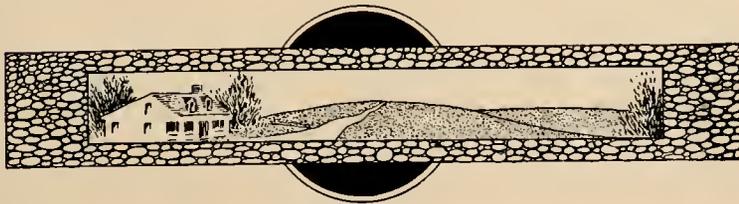
I then hurried on to new Orleans where I found Esther. Since leaving Salem

she had taken a course at Columbia University in Math. and now she was a professor of that branch of study in H. Sophia Newcome. This was quite a surprise, knowing Esther's dislike for Math. We talked so much of Salem while together that I decided to stop there on my way North again.

The school was not greatly changed. The halls were still full of happy-hearted, merry girls, only the buildings had grown more numerous and the faces were unfamiliar, but just as happy and cheerful as when I knew each girl by name.

The only 1905 girl I saw was Louise, who was living in her old home making every one happier who knew her and doing good unto many whom she did not know personally. And I could not help thinking that after all such a life of self-sacrificing love and devotion was the best thing a woman could do.

L. X. F., '05.



## Class Prophecy, 1905

**I**T was only a few nights till Commencement, the happiest and yet one of the saddest times in the boarding-school girl's experience. My tired head was teeming with all kinds of fancies, and so fast did the brain-cells work that everything was impossible, even sleep—"sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care." It was getting later and later and the old clock kept striking the hours with a vengeance, but finally about "the honeyed middle of the night" my weary eyelids closed and I fell into a kind of trouble doze. Scarcely had I begun to slumber before, one by one, the Seniors of '05 went gliding by, each one holding fast her "sheepskin," and I seemed to be able to see far down through the long vista of years, and the future of each one was plainly depicted as in a vast panorama.

As JENNIE came by with stately tread, her life was distinctly clear. She had left school with the intention of making her life not only a success, but also a very industrious one. She taught a public school out in the backwoods for some years and then resolved to establish in the same place an institution of learning on a grander scale. As she was a great admirer of Dickens's schools, especially Dotheboys Hall, she determined to pattern hers on that style, and when the "sulphur and treacle" mornings came around Jennie and her estimable consort, whom she had only married because she needed an assistant in her work, had all they could do to manage it, for American children are a great deal livelier and more mischievous than the English, which Jennie found to her sorrow. As she had been remarkably fond of apples when at school, she had them put before her pupils three times a day. Jennie, the "dignified schoolmistress," kept up her good work for many years, until too old, and then spent the rest of her days peacefully in a home for the aged, as she had long since talked her husband to death.

Next, with mincing step and astonished look, came MINNIE. She thought if she could only lead a rushing life and always be in the swim she would be perfectly satisfied. She started out with that intention, but soon decided that it would be a great deal better to settle down quietly with more of real happiness in a cosy little cottage than try to keep up appearances at anything else.

A stout, chubby little girl now passed, bubbling over with laughter, and who should it be but LIZZIE! She always had great aspirations, and soon after she left S. F. A. the leading papers of the day were full of her brilliant speeches, for Lizzie was a mighty orator and thrilled thousands with her volubility. She was lecturing on women in regard to cats, and held to the belief that you couldn't find

one in a hundred that was not fond of them, especially ladies in the state of "single blessedness." She was always determined to carry her point, and actually held audience spellbound with her eloquence for more than four hours at a time.

Who should I behold now, sober and dignified, but GEORGIA? Her destiny was extremely uncertain, for she was no sooner at one thing than she tried another. She blazed forth like a glittering meteor in society. Then she tired of that and tried being a trained nurse and fully believed she would be a second Florence Nightingale in her labor over the sick and wounded, but after one season concluded that it was too irksome. Georgia then tried keeping a menagerie of trained animals, making rats a specialty, and spent her leisure time in reading novels, but still she was restless and discontented. For a good while one of the sterner sex had been insisting that she should change her name, and finally this gay young butterfly, after having tried everything else, clipped her wings by settling down in a bright little home just for two, and owing to her many varied experiences found this to be such a novel one that she lived happily ever after.

A girl about six feet in height, with such a sour expression that she might have bitten a ten-penny nail in two and not felt it, now appeared before me, whom I recognized as LILLIAN. Her life was quite remarkable. Having resolved that she would travel all over the world with only a monkey for company, she started out. After beholding all the wonders of the New World, a longing desire arose in her heart to cross the mighty waters. As she had spent all her means, she finally devised an inexpensive way. She sang and her monkey danced, and thus made enough money to travel from place to place. Lillian was heard to boast afterwards that she didn't think there was a foot of land in Europe which she had not traversed. Her appetite for wandering finally having been satisfied, she began the raising of poultry on an extensive scale, and as her chickens won the first prize at a country fair, it pleased her so much that she decided to make it her life work.

The next to come into the circle of my vision was BESS. Her whole life, with the different events following rapidly, was before me. After leaving college, where she had grown so wild that her parents put her under very strict discipline, and when she was thought sufficiently tamed down, she was launched in society. Bess was extremely anxious to make a hit, but the one whom she most fancied ended in breaking her heart by marrying her neighbor's cook in preference to her. So, disappointed in love, she went to a convent and there spent the rest of her life. Sister Bess was so untiring in her good works that she was known far and wide as the "dear, kind sister."

I anxiously awaited to see who would be the next to present herself, and as she appeared I beheld ANNIE SUE. She had travelled this life's pathway both in sunshine and in storm, and like Micawber was always waiting for something "to

turn up." She dabbled in the sciences and tried to make gold out of a combination of copper and zinc, but never succeeded—not quite. Annie Sue then turned her attention to the stronger sex and at last found her ideal, all but the color of his hair, which was a fiery red, but she was getting too ancient to let a little thing like that stand in the way of her happiness, so she coyly whispered "yes" to his pleading.

So interested was I in seeing the futures of my companions that I could hardly wait for another to come, but there she was, a large, boisterous maiden, MARY S. by name. Anxious to cultivate her voice and make it her sole accomplishment, she started for New York after leaving school and went to a vocalist of great reputation, but poor Mary didn't follow her instructor's commands, and tried to see how high her voice would reach and wear, and ended in cracking it dreadfully. As artificial throats as good as the original ones had been invented, Mary quickly purchased one and became one of the grandest singers of the day, even surpassing Lillian Russell.

Now whose future would be unveiled to me? And even as I wondered there stood GERTRUDE. After her school days were over she couldn't make up her mind what to do, as she was "Jack of all trades and master of none." She could play a little, sing a little, and even knew how to draw funny pictures slightly. So she became a newspaper illustrator and spent her time in drawing ludicrous pictures for *Puck* and other papers of note. Soon her brain seemed exhausted, and she decided to peddle her latest invention from house to house. This was a machine guaranteed to enable one to whisper something so that just the person intended could detect it and no one else. But Gertrude, wearying of this occupation, said "Barkis is willin'" to a rich-odd-son of a distinguished family.

MARY NEWMAN's face, smiling with joy, now gleamed forth. Having tried for years to make some one propose to her and failed miserably, she now, disappointed and disheartened with life, decided she wanted to be independent, so she set up a bachelor-girls' hall, to which she invited all forlorn damsels that were tired of living and hated mankind in general, to come straight to her loving arms. Mary's work was not in vain, as she had many applicants. She spent her time in letting them wear her beautiful jewelry and comforting them.

STELLA's golden head now came into view. Her one ambition had been to be a graceful actress. Even when taking her weekly gym lessons in college she showed great talent in performing daring athletic feats. She got in with a company and played everything from Juliet on, but after years of hard labor she fell in with a star company and was quite a success as Marguerite in Goethe's "Faust."

My vision was now getting dim and more indistinct, but a slight fluttering little sound brought me to myself. JERUSHA was standing there bowing and courtesying. She had lots of trouble with her beaux in school, but after her education

was completed the troubles increased with the greater number of her suitors. At last her admirers dwindled down to two, and she was unable to decide between them. After some years she chose the taller, as she thought they would make the handsomer couple. She hesitated whether she should have a swell church wedding or a quiet home affair. Jerusha ended by eloping one dark night, as it was much the cheaper way and had far more romance to it.

Now the vision faded completely; the other girls passed through my dull brain like shadows, and I knew no more till morning.

M. E. H., '05.



## Two Castles

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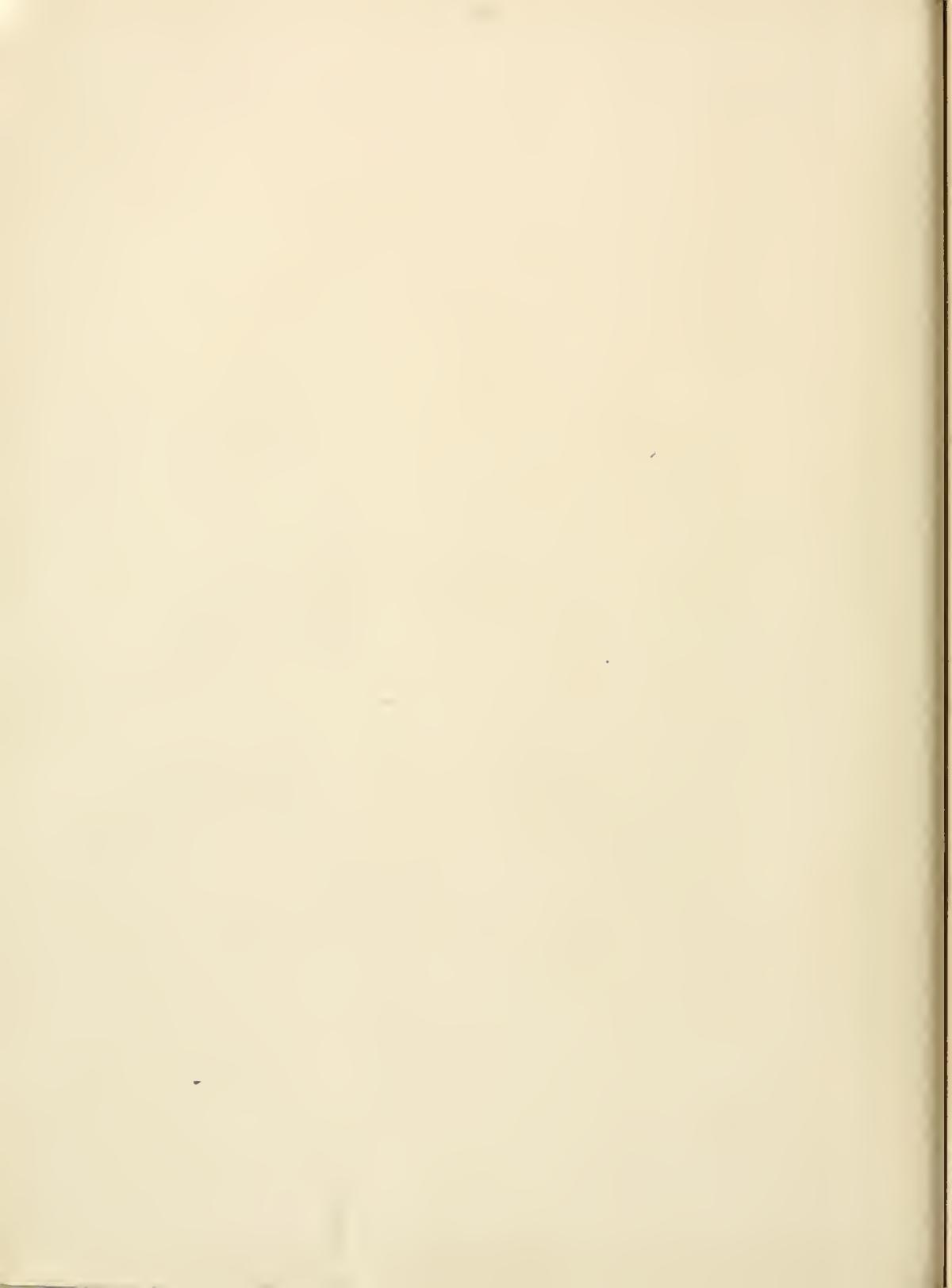
### I.

Dear Heart, there's a castle,  
Just over the way  
Where bright-winged hopes and fond wishes stay  
And myriads of golden sunbeams play  
Round a castle called FUTURE  
Just over the way.

### II.

By its side stands a castle,  
Grim and gray  
Where the hopes one by one steal silent away  
And the fond wishes go at the close of day  
To the castle called PAST  
Just over the way.





JUNIOR  
CLASS



## Junior Class

---

President . . . . .	CAROLYN LEVY
First Vice-President . . . . .	ELEANOR FRIES
Second Vice-President . . . . .	KATHERINE PAGE
Secretary . . . . .	LAURA HAIRSTON
Treasurer . . . . .	LOUISE BAHNSON
Historian . . . . .	JOY KIME
Poet . . . . .	MARGARET HOPKINS

**Colors**  
Purple and White

**Flower**  
Violet

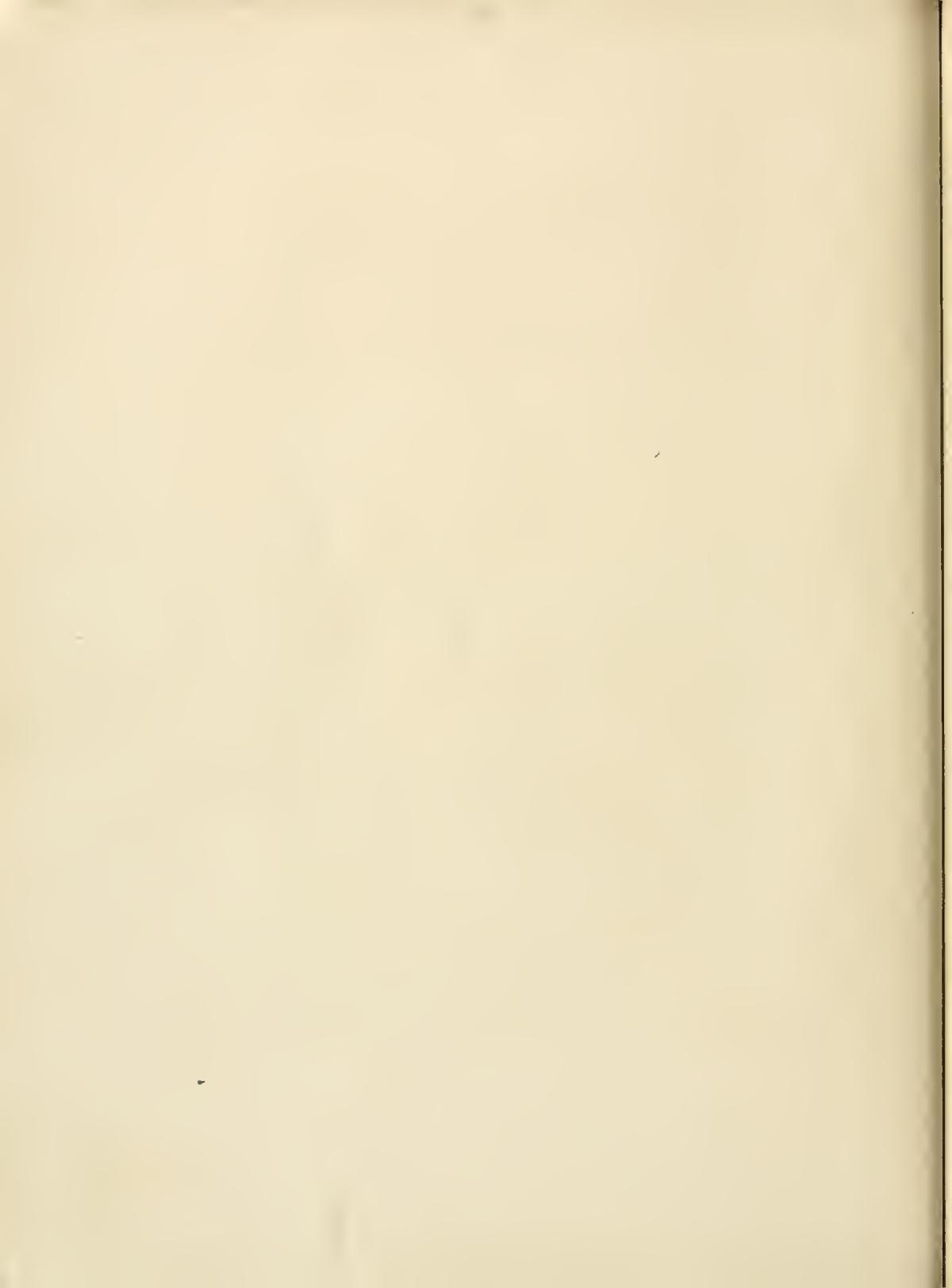
**Motto**  
*Ζελος έργου δραστηριο*

**Yell**  
Rah, rah, rah,  
Rix, rix, rix,  
Hurrah for the class of  
Nineteen-six! (1906)

LOUISE BAHNSON, North Carolina	ETHEL BRIETZ, North Carolina
MAY BROWER, North Carolina	LOIS BROWN, North Carolina
ANNA CHREITZBERG, North Carolina	LUCY DUNKLEY, Virginia
LOUISE FAIN, Georgia	ELEANOR FRIES, North Carolina
ELEANOR GREEN, North Carolina	LAURA HAIRSTON, Virginia
CLAUDIA HANES, North Carolina	KATHERINE HAYNES, Tennessee
MARGARET HOPKINS, North Carolina	BELLE HUGHES, North Carolina
Laurie Jones, Georgia	CLEO KING, North Carolina
JOY KIME, North Carolina	CAROLYN LEVY, Texas
FRANCES LITTLE, North Carolina	DORCAS LOTT, North Carolina
ANNA MICKEY, North Carolina	LILLIAN MILLER, North Carolina
BLANCHÉ NICHOLSON, North Carolina	VIVIAN OWENS, North Carolina
DELLA MAY PIERCE, North Carolina	KATHERINE PAGE, North Carolina
JOSEPHINE PARRIS, North Carolina	LOUISE PITOU, New York
MARTHA POINDEXTER, North Carolina	RUTH SIEWERS, North Carolina
ELIZABETH SPEAS, North Carolina	HILDA SORUILL, North Carolina
CLEVE STAFFORD, North Carolina	BLOSSOM TRAXLER, North Carolina
VIRGINIA VAWTER, Virginia	ATHA WATSON, North Carolina
ETTA WILSON, Florida	



JUNIOR CLASS



# SOPHOMORE



# CLASS

# Sophomore Class

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**Colors**

Black and Gold

**Flower**

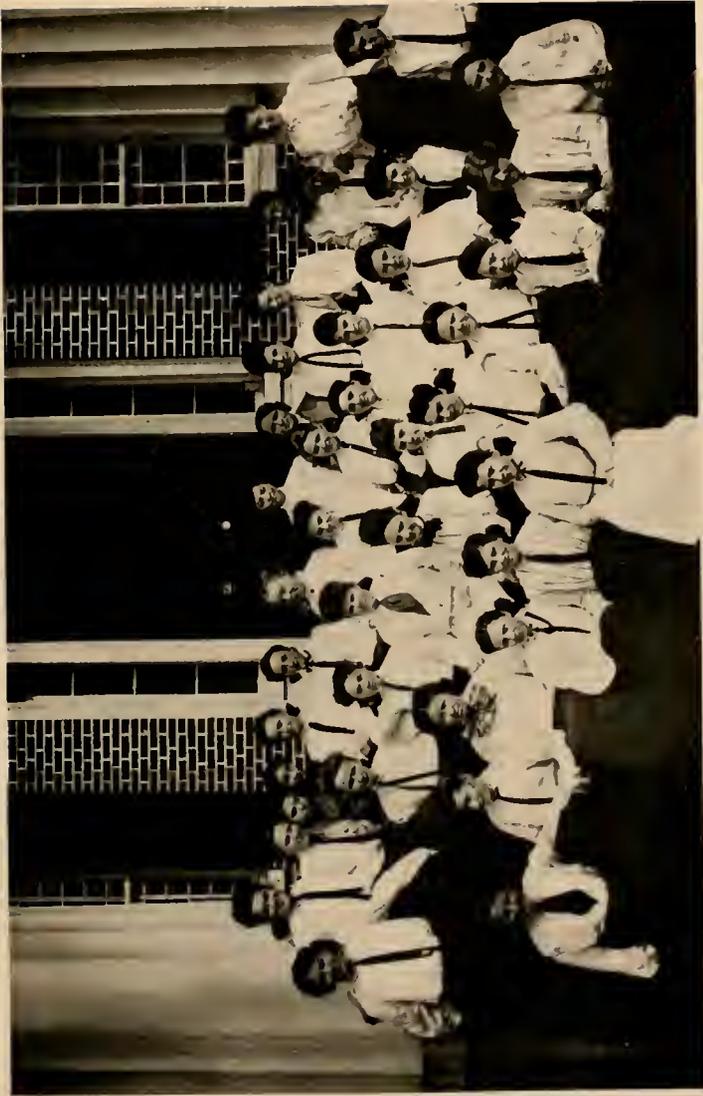
Black-eyed Susan

**OFFICERS**

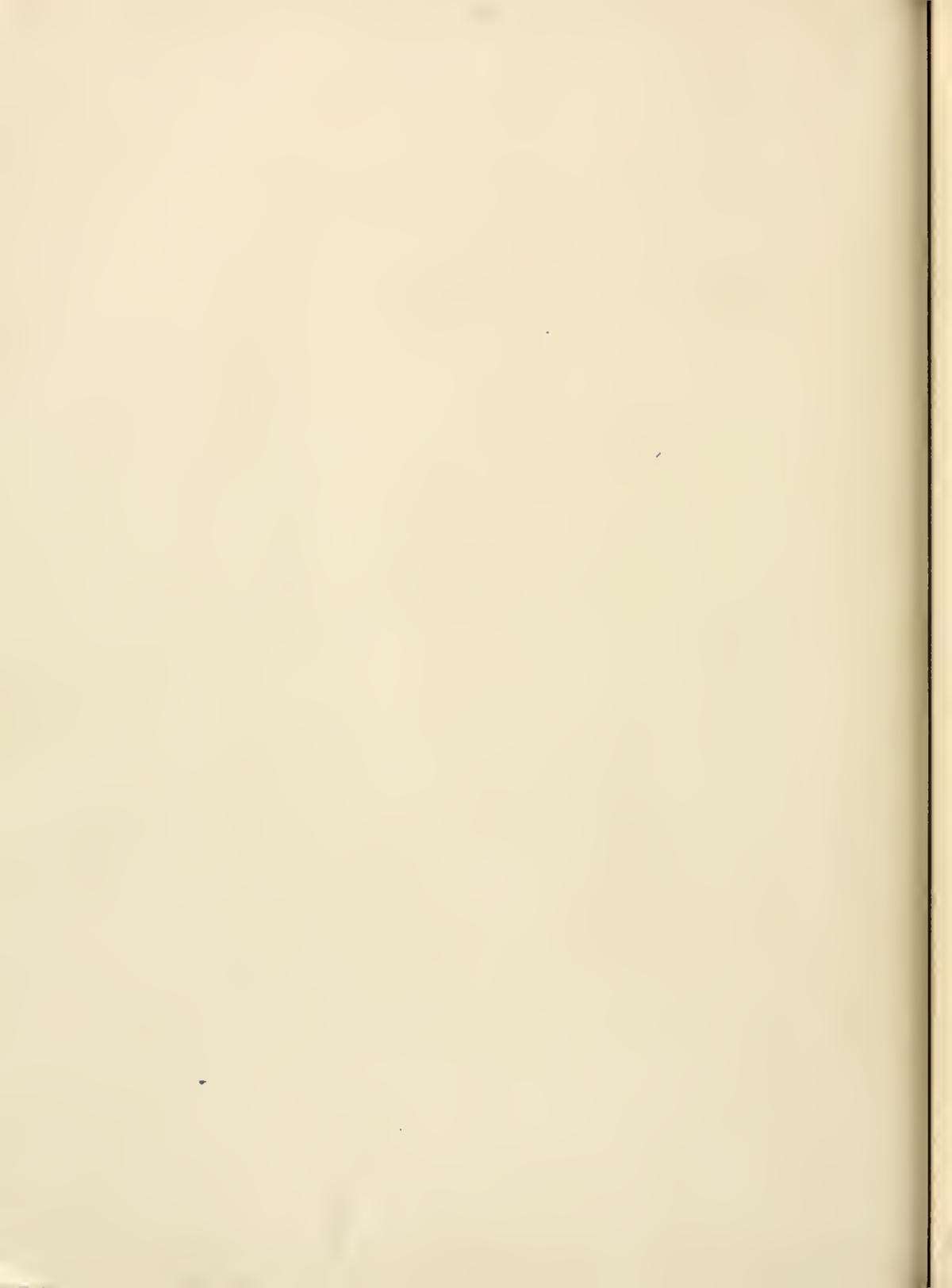
BROWN, OPAL . . . . .	President
SIEWERS, GRACE . . . . .	First Vice-President
JONES, HATTIE . . . . .	Second Vice-President
GUDGER, EMMA . . . . .	Secretary
VAUGHN, ELIZA . . . . .	Treasurer
FROST, MARY . . . . .	Historian

**MEMBERS**

ANDERSON, S. B.	BERNARD, F.
BROWN, A.	BUCK, H.
BAUGHAM, P.	BLEASE, M.
BAILEY, J.	BANNER, A.
BROWER, L.	CHAIRES, N.
CROWELL, M.	CURTIS, L.
CARTER, M.	DANIEL, A.
DUNLAP, M.	DAVIS, I.
ERWIN, E.	FELTER, E.
GAITHER, S.	HASSELL, M.
HITEMAN, M.	HASELL, E.
KAISER, L.	HARRIS, N.
LAMBETH, E.	HARRIS, L.
	HEGE, P.
	KERNER, E.
	LONG, I.
LOWRY, A.	McMURRAY, M.
MESSER, Z.	MILLER, C.
PFUFF, M.	PATTERSON, E.
PAGE, K.	REICHARD, I.
SMITH, K.	STEIN, H.
THORPE, L.	TRANSEAU, A.
VICK, V.	WELFARE, D.
WELFARE, H.	WILDE, J.
WILDE, H.	WILLINGHAM, R.
WILKINSON, J.	WHITE, L.
	WOOSLEY, P.



SOPHOMORE CLASS



# FRESHMAN CLASS

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## Freshman Class

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MARGUERITE TAY . . . . . President  
NELLIE WARE . . . . . Vice-President  
LUCY BROWN . . . . . Treasurer  
ANNIE SUE WILSON . . . . . Secretary  
MATHILDE PARLETT . . . . . Historian  
NELLEEN MILLER . . . . . Assistant Historian

GIPSY ADAMS	ANNIE NESBITT
MARTHA ALLEN	JOSIE PATE
RUTH BROWN	SALLIE PAYNE
NORFLEET BRYANT	ETHEL PARKER
BLANCHE BAILEY	LUNA REICH
OCTAVIA CHAIRES	HATTIE REICHARD
LILLIAN CREWS	DAISY ROMINGER
LOUISE DANIEL	GLENORA ROMINGER
IRENE DUNKLEY	SADIEE ROBBINS
MAY GIBBS	NELLIE STOUGH
ELIZABETH HAIRSTON	CALLIE SUE SHELTON
SALLIE HEGWOOD	MARYBELL THOMAS
SALLIE JONES	ALTA A. TRANSOU
MARGARET LENTZ	CLARA TATUM
CLARA MILLER	ETHELLE WHITE
LENA MILBURN	MARGUERITE WILLIAMSON
GUSSIE McMILLAN	NAOMI WURRESCHKE



FRESHMAN CLASS

## History of Class 1908

**T**HE Class of '08 had a very humble beginning in 1900, for only two members of that year have survived the long struggle of four years' hard study.

It was one of these bright antediluvians who, on being asked why two right triangles were equal, replied (she had on new shoes): "Because the in-step of the one is equal to the sole and hypotenuse of the other."

The chronicles of the first and second years are almost lost in the dust of antiquity, but when C class was reached '08 began to have a history. Many of the present members joined then, and when D class was reached it was recognized as *the* Class to come.

D was rather unruly, but like the crystalis, became a butterfly in the Freshman year, and one of the most troublesome members is here this year to ask in an innocent way: "Is Julius Cæsar still living?"

The first meeting took place in our beautiful classroom, which the Sophomores left in such splendid condition for us. We chose our officers and put on all the dignity of an organized class, in spite of being called "green young Freshmen" by the Seniors. The colors selected were maroon and gold, and our motto is *II K T*. Our membership has been forty-two until the loss of two of our members, Lucille LaBeet and Saïdie Cook.

The Class of '08 is unusually bright, which is more than the unfortunate Milton, who has been set down in our Class annals by our most talented mates as having "a decided dislike for books."

Our behavior is remarkable, for we have only one fault. Our Latin teacher says she never saw a class with a greater propensity for pencils, which we chew with much relish.

Honor has been the lot of many Salem girls. Two have presided at the White House, and quite a number have been the wives of the most noted men—foreign ministers, generals, and writers. But the Class of '08 means to eclipse them all, and to hold the highest honors of the world.



## Ole Elton

**C**OLONEL, up there's your high and mighty kinfolks that I was tellin' you about," said Tom Brannock, pointing to the left with his whip. Colonel Elton, president of the "Happy Valley Mining Company," glanced in the direction of the extended whip and saw that a turn of the winding mountain road had brought into view a tall, grim-looking peak that rose abruptly out of Rainbow Mountain, wherein the iron-ore mines were located that for the first time he had come to inspect.

"So that 's my new relative, is it?" he said. "Well, he 's a fine-enough-looking fellow; but what makes you say he 's my kinsman?"

There was a humorous interest in the questioning tone, for although he had come to Happy Valley only the night before, the silver-haired colonel already enjoyed the drawling remarks of this slow-voiced, quick-witted mountain boy so much that he had insisted on Tom's driving him to the mines instead of the obsequious superintendent, who had offered to do so.

"Why, that 's Elton's P'int, or as most everybody calls him, 'Ole Elton,'" said the boy. "That 's why I told you last night you had kinfolks here."

"But where on earth did he get the name?" inquired the Colonel: "I didn't think it was such a common one."

"It ain't common 'round here," replied Tom, "but how he got it, and got to be so well known, is a long yarn."

"None too long for me," heartily declared the Colonel, "begin right now."

Tom looked embarrassed, but nevertheless began, having in view a possible foreman's place in the mines.

"Well, you see, this affair happened in the last part of the Civil War, so of course I didn't see it, but everybody says it 's so. Capt. Robert Elton, 'Rob Roy' his men called him, because he had red hair—"

"Rob!" exclaimed the Colonel. "Why, that 's—. Well, go on."

"This boy," continued Tom, looking curiously at his companion, "was just about nineteen, an' come here from nobody knows where—further South they thought—to help clear this section of bushwhackin' Yankees. He got together several plucky fellows to help him and had his headquarters near the top of ' the P'int."

"They 'd make the most darin' raids down into Happy Valley, an' soon grew

to be the terror of all law-breakin' Yankees an' the hero of the few remainin' Confederate families.

"Everybody knew him and liked him; even his enemies couldn't help listenin' when he played his fiddle. He was a powerful fiddler; they say rats would come out to listen when he would play, an' that he'd charm the rattle-snakes when they'd crawl into camp. There was a sight of these rattlers, too, for one side of 'Ole Elton' was nearly impossible to climb, an' in them days there was a big den of the hiss'n' things high up on that side. This was one of Rob's biggest protections, for any part of the 'P'int' was hard enough to get up, and nobody would even try this one.

"In his valley visits Rob mostly put up with the Grayson family, an' him an' purty little Lottie Grayson finally made it up to git married when the war was over.

"One mornin' a good-sized troop of Yankees rode up swearin' they'd take the young Cap'n dead or alive. Now Rob an' his whole camp was asleep, havin' been out on a raid all night, and as the Yankees put guards around the part of the 'P'int' that they thought he could escape by, nobody could git up there to warn him.

"The Yankees was laughin' an' talkin' an' takin' things easy and goin' it slow, so's they could be shore an' git the whole party.

"The Graysons was purty nigh crazy, but Lottie didn't say a word—just got paler and paler. By an' by they missed her, but just thought she'd gone off by herself on account of her sweetheart. But towards three o'clock, when they was gettin' uneasy about her, here come all of Rob's men a-marchin' side by side with the Yankees. They was carryin' two bodies—Lottie's and Rob's. Rob's lieutenant, Lem Dixon, told the story this way:

"All of us had laid down to sleep, an' bein' tired out, we posted jist one sentinel, who fell asleep purty nigh as soon's the rest of us did. The Cap'n was layin' near me an' I noticed he didn't sleep. After a while he got up real easy so's not to wake the men, got his fiddle and went off towards the Rattler's Ledge. Somehow I couldn't rest after that, so I got up too, an' started up there. Before I got in sight I could hear his fiddle, an' makin' a sharp turn I saw a sight I'll never forget.

"The Cap'n was sittin' on a rock playin' some sort of a soft chune with half a dozen snakes, standin' nearly straight, a-movin' slow-like before him, sorter keepin' time to the music, an' jist behind him was as ugly a bushwhacker as ever drawed breath, takin' aim at him with a Winchester.

"I felt for my pistols and remembered that my belt had come loose as I got up, an' was layin' peaceably on the ground in the camp. How I could a-been sich a fool as to come off 'thout them or my rifle one I dunno. I had to do some-

thin', so not riskin' slippin' up on him, I tuk one long jump an' knocked up his arm jist as the gun went off.

"The Cap'n sprung to his feet like lightnin', sich a sound a-comin' from his throat as I never heerd before. Me an' tother feller had clinched, but we caught a glimpse of sumthin' that made us drop one another like firecoals. Lottie Grayson was a-layin' on her face among them hiss'n', mad snakes jist where she fell when the bushwhacker's bullet hit her through the heart. Kneelin' by her wuz her sweetheart, talkin' to her in sich a pitiful way that it nearly kilt me, an' the bushwhacker too, fer that matter.

"By an' by he seed he couldn't do anything to bring her back to life an' he stopped talkin'—jist knelt there lookin' at her. Then all at oncet, 'fore we knowed what he was doin', he went straight to the rattlers' den an' jammed in his bare arm.

"Me an' the bushwhacker both grabbed him ez soon ez we could, but it wuz too late. A dozen er more big uns wuz hung right into the meat, an' we had to break their backs to git 'em loose. He looked at us an' sorter smiled.

"It's all right, boys," he said. "I couldn't stay here an' *her* gone." Then he leaned over an' kissed her still, white face, almos' fallin' in doin' it, an' in spite of all the whiskey we could give him he died in lessen no time.

"Us folks 'll put off our fight till another time," said a burly bushwhacker in rusty blue. "Whar d'ye think the young cap'n 'ud like to be buried?"

"They buried 'm over yonder under a big spruce," continued Tom, "an'—"  
but here the Colonel's broken voice interrupted him.

"I think you've told me the story of my twin brother, Tom. This is the first news we've had from him since '64, and we thought he must have been killed on some great field and buried without recognition. Show me the place where he sleeps."

And Tom, looking into the tear-dimmed eyes, saw that even forty years could not triumph over such love as this, like even to that which David and Jonathan bore one towards the other.

N. R. C., '05.



# Clubs and Organizations



# Tar Heel Club

Motto

"Esse quam videri"

Colors

Black and Gold

Flower

Daisy

## OFFICERS

MAYE MORRISON . . . . .	President
CAMMIE GOZEAL LINDLEY . . . . .	Vice-President
BESS BYNUM GOLD . . . . .	Secretary
LOUISE XMA FEREBEE . . . . .	Treasurer

## MEMBERS

ALLEN, MARTHA	GREEN, ELEANOR
BUCK, HELEN	GUDGER, EMMA
BAUGHAM, PATTIE	HUGHES, BELLE
BROWN, LOIS	HASSELL, MARY CLYDE
BROWN, OPAL	HASSELL, EVA
BRYANT, NORFLEET	JONES, HATTIE
CHISMAN, PESCUO	KIME, JOY
CHISMAN, PATTIE	LITTLE, LILA
CARTER, MARY	LITTLE, FAN
CARRINGTON, PEARL	LENTZ, MARGARET
DANIEL, LOUISE	NICHOLSON, BLANCHE
FULP, MAMIE	PAGE, KATHERINE
FARTHING, GEORGIA	SHERROD, RUSHA
FROST, MARY	SHERROD, MARY
SPRUILL, HILDA	

## HONORARY MEMBERS

LUDA MORRISON	ELEANOR FRIES	LOUISE BAHNSON
	RUTH SIEWERS	



TAR HEEL CLUB

# Virginia Club

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**Motto**

Fama semper vivat

**Vine**

Virginia creeper

**Song**

"Mid the green fields of Virginia "

**Colors**

Red and black

**OFFICERS**

FLORENCE MOORMAN . . . . . President  
JENNIE CARDWELL . . . . . Vice-President  
LAURA HAIRSTON . . . . . Secretary  
VIRGINIA VAWTER . . . . . Treasurer

**MEMBERS**

FANNIE BROOKE	LAURA HAIRSTON
JENNIE CARDWELL	ELIZABETH HAIRSTON
ETHEL CHANEY	MAIDAI HOWARD
MARY CROWELL	MARY JONES
LUCY DUNKLEY	FLORENCE MOORMAN
IRENE DUNKLEY	SALLIE PAYNE
VIRGINIA VAWTER	



VIRGINIA CLUB





# Texas Club

---

**Colors**

Sapphire Blue and Gold

**Motto**

**Flower**

Bluebonnet

**OFFICERS**

WILLIFRED ORA HUNTER, '05 .....

CAROLYN LEVY, '06 .....

President

Treasurer

**MEMBERS**

LENA CURTIS, '07

NELL JURNEY

Waco

Waco

LILLIAN KAISER, '07

NELLEEN MILLER, '08

Houston

Hearne







# Georgia Club

---

## MOTTO

"Ede, bibe, atque es laetus"

## COLORS

Pink and Green

## FLOWER

Georgia Rose

## SONG

"Am I sorry now I ever left Georgia?"

## OFFICERS

HARRIOTTE WINCHESTER . . . . . President  
ALLINE DANIELS . . . . . Secretary and Treasurer  
RUTH WILLINGHAM . . . . . Business Manager

## MEMBERS

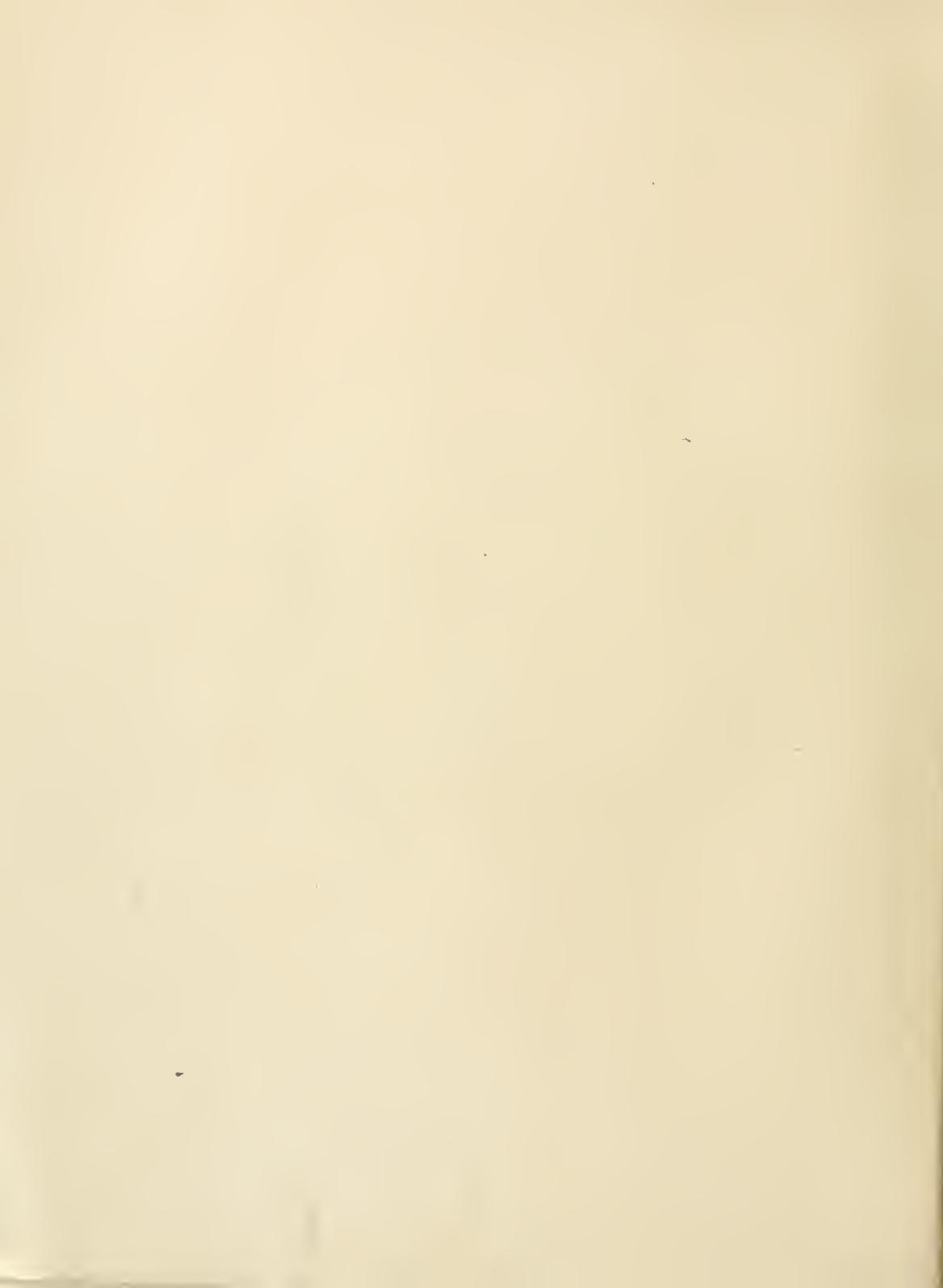
SARAH GRAYES . . . . . Graves  
EFFIE OWENS . . . . . Valdosta  
RUBY PALMER . . . . . Augusta

## HONORARY MEMBER

MISS JANIE LEWIS . . . . . Montezuma

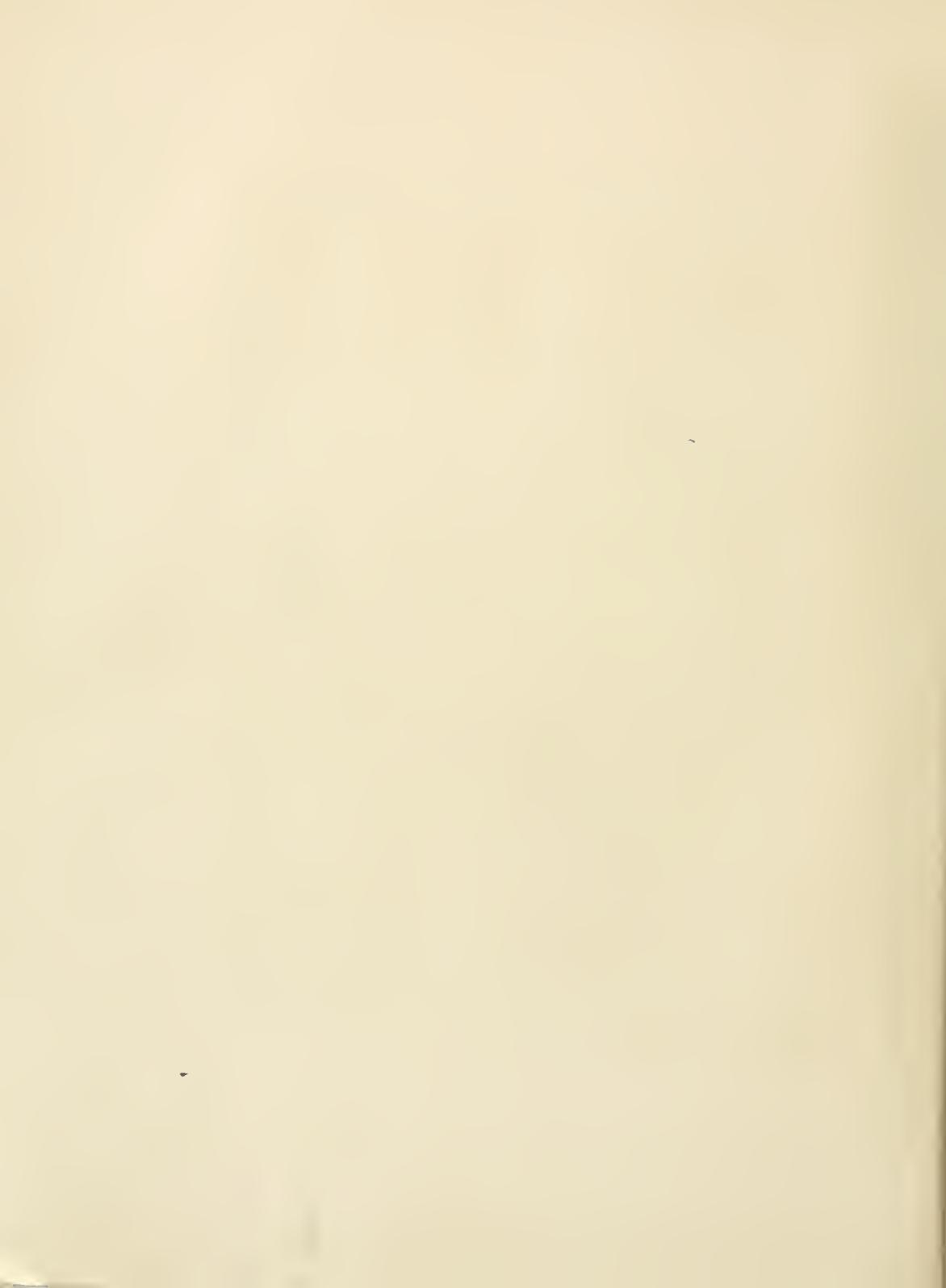


GEORGIA CLUB





Glee Club





## D. D. C.

**Motto**

Live up to your name!

**Colors**

All shades of red

**Favorite Means of Transportation**

Devil's Riding-Horse

**Yell**

Unmentionable

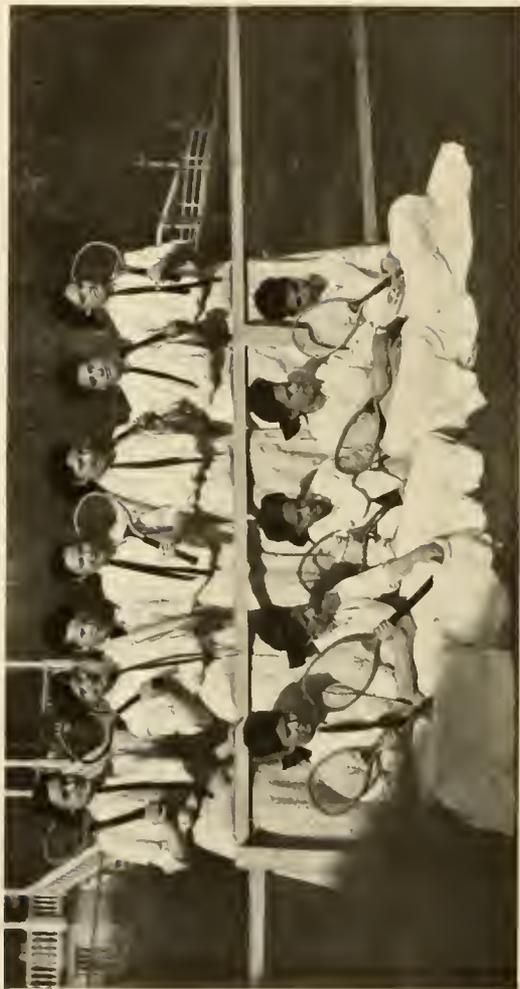
**Trysting-Place**

Devil's Den

**Time**

Midnight

JENNIE CARDWELL .....	Originator of all Devilment
LOUISE FEREBEE .....	Storage for "Stolen Sweets"
LILA LITTLE .....	Watch-Dog
FLORENCE MOORMAN .....	Ringleader
MARGERY WILSON .....	Daring Member



## Tennis Club

### MEMBERS

MISS GARRISON	STELLA ALSPAUGH	LAURA HAIRSTON	JENNIE CARDWELL
KATE HAYNES	FLORENCE MOORMAN	CARRIE LEVY	EMMA GUDGER
MARGUERITE TAY	MARY CLYDE HASSELL	MAIDAI HOWARD	BESS GOLD





# SENIOR KODAK CLUB

JENNIE GARDWELL.  
 PEARL CARRINGTON.  
 LOUISE FEREBEE. MAIDAI HOWARD.  
 GEORGIA FARTHING. BESS GOLD.  
 MAMIE FULP. ODA HUNTER.  
 CAM LINDLEY.  
 FLORENCE MOOPMAN.  
 NELL RHEA.  
 PUSHA SHEPPOD.  
 MARY SHEPPOD  
 MARGERY WILSON





# Hesperian Literary Society

Colors  
Purple and Gold

Motto  
Nitamus  
Founded 1887

Flower  
Pansy

## OFFICERS

CAMMIE GOZEAL LINDLEY	President
BESS BYNUM GOLD . . .	Vice-President
FLORENCE MOORMAN . .	Secretary
ELEANOR CAMPBELL RHEA	Chaplain
WILLIFRED ORA HUNTER	Critic
JERUSHA LUCILE SHERROD .	Treasurer
MARY BELLE SHERROD . . .	Librarian

## MEMBERS

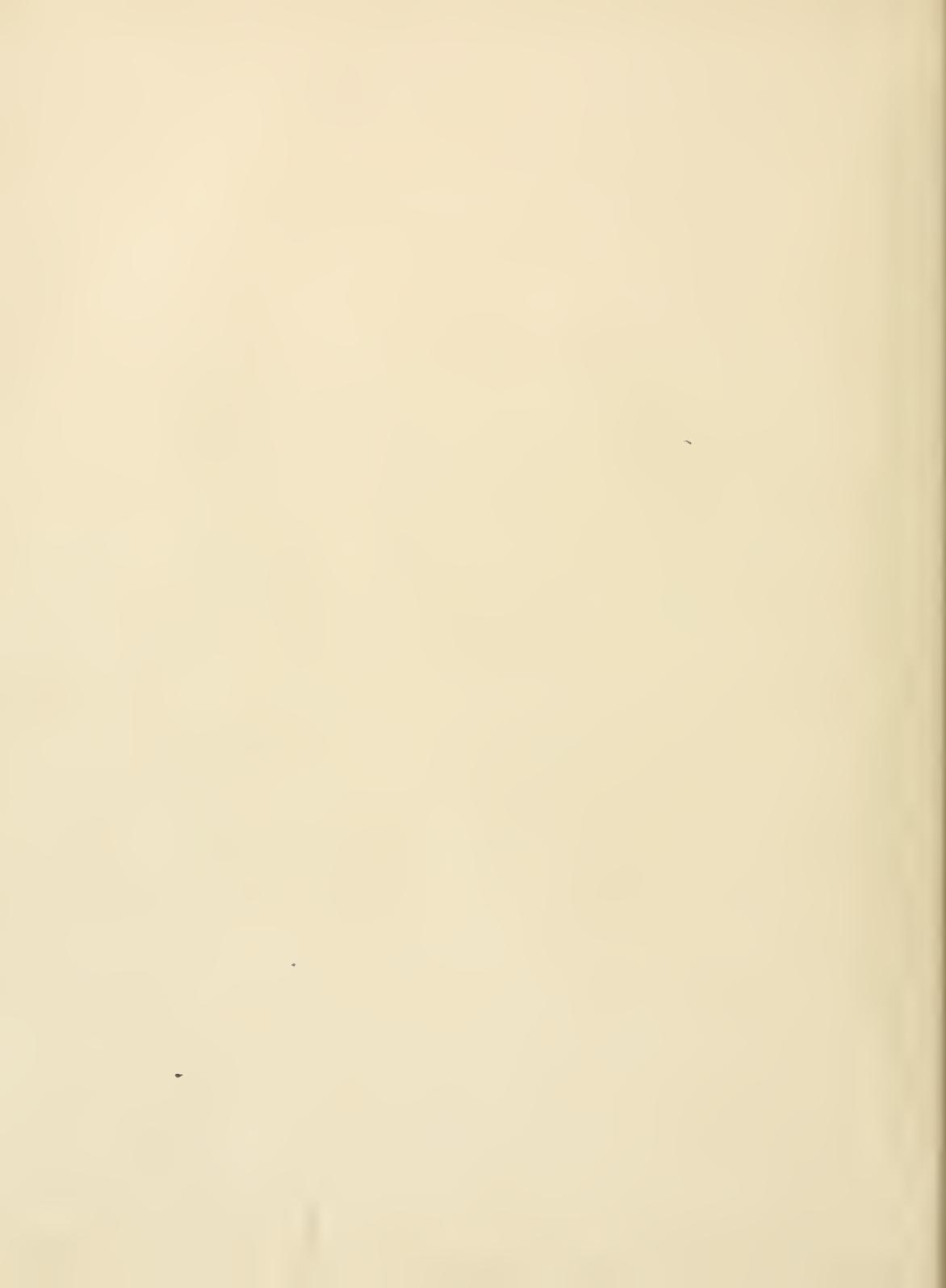
ADAMS, GIPSIE	BAUGHAM, PATTIE	ANDERSON, SALLIE BELLE
BANNER, ANNIE	BROOKE, FANNIE	BRYANT, NORFLEET
BROWN, RUTH	CARTER, MARY	CARSTARPHEN, MINNIE
CATES, MARGARET	CHANEY, ETHEL	CHEATHAM, BERDIE
CHAIRES, OCTAVIA	CHAIRES, NANNIE	CHISMAN, PESCLD
CHISMAN, PATTIE	CROWELL, MARY	DAVIS, INA
FEREBEE, LOUISE XMA	FULP, MAMIE	GRAVES, SARA
GIBBS, MAY	HARRIS, NELLIE	HAYNES, KATE
HASSELL, MARY CLYDE	HASSELL, EVA	HOWARD, MAIDAI
HUGHES, BELLE	JONES, MARY	JONES, HATTIE
JONES, MILDRED	KING, CLEO	KILBUCK, RUTH
LEGRAND, ANNIE SUE	LITTLE, SADIE	LENTZ, MARGARET
LAMBETH, ELLA	LADD, REBECCA	MILLER, LILLIAN
MORRISON, MAY	MILLER, NELLEEN	NICHOLSON, BLANCHE
OWENS, EFFIE	PARKER, ETHEL	PARLETT, MATHILDE
	PAYNE, SALLIE	
	PATE, JOSIE	
ROBBINS, SADIE	SPRUILL, HILDA	STOUGH, MELLIE
SPEAS, BESSIE	THORP, LUCY	VICK, VERA
VAWTER, VIRGINIA	WESSELS, RUTH	WILLIAMSON, MARGUERITE
WILDE, JENNIE	WILDE, HELEN	WOOD, EVELYN

H. L. S. Yell

Are we in it? Well, I should smile,  
We've been in it for quite a while!!  
Are we in it? Well, I should guess,  
We are the girls of H. L. S.



HESPERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY





# Euterpean Literary Society

## Motto

Per aspera ad astra

## Colors

Blue and white

## Flower

Pale blue morning-glory

## Founded

1886

## OFFICERS

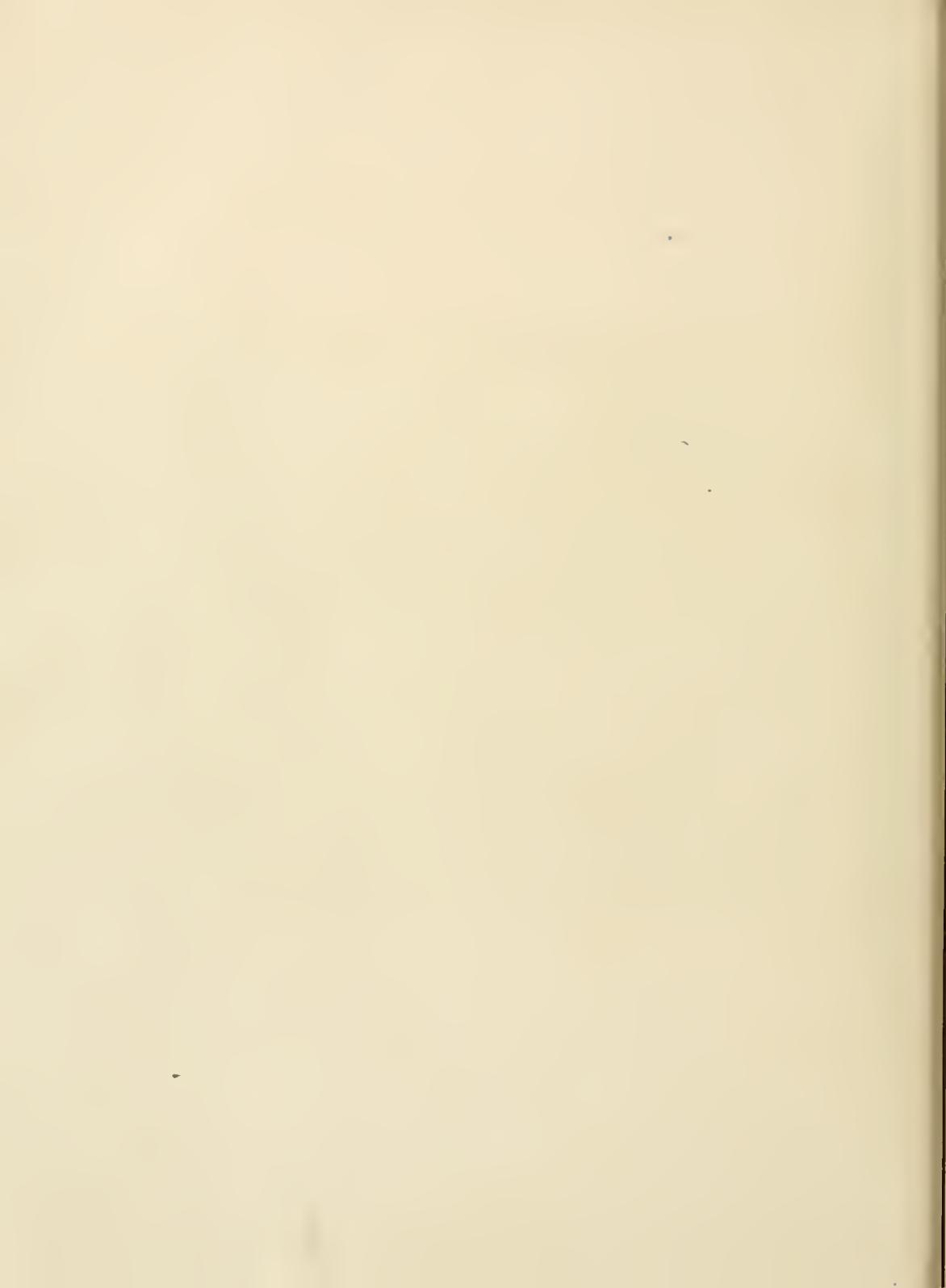
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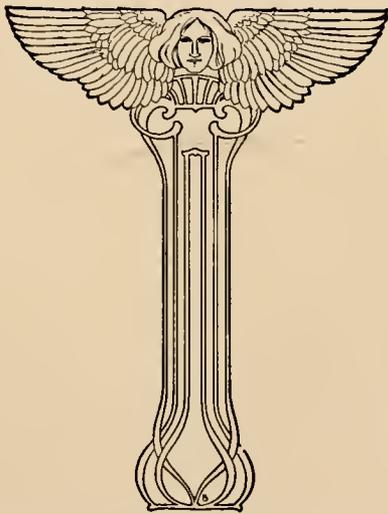
EUTERPEAN LITERARY SOCIETY



*The* IVY

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# The Ivy

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This magazine, published six times during the school year, is devoted to the combined interests of the Hesperian and the Euterpean Literary Societies.

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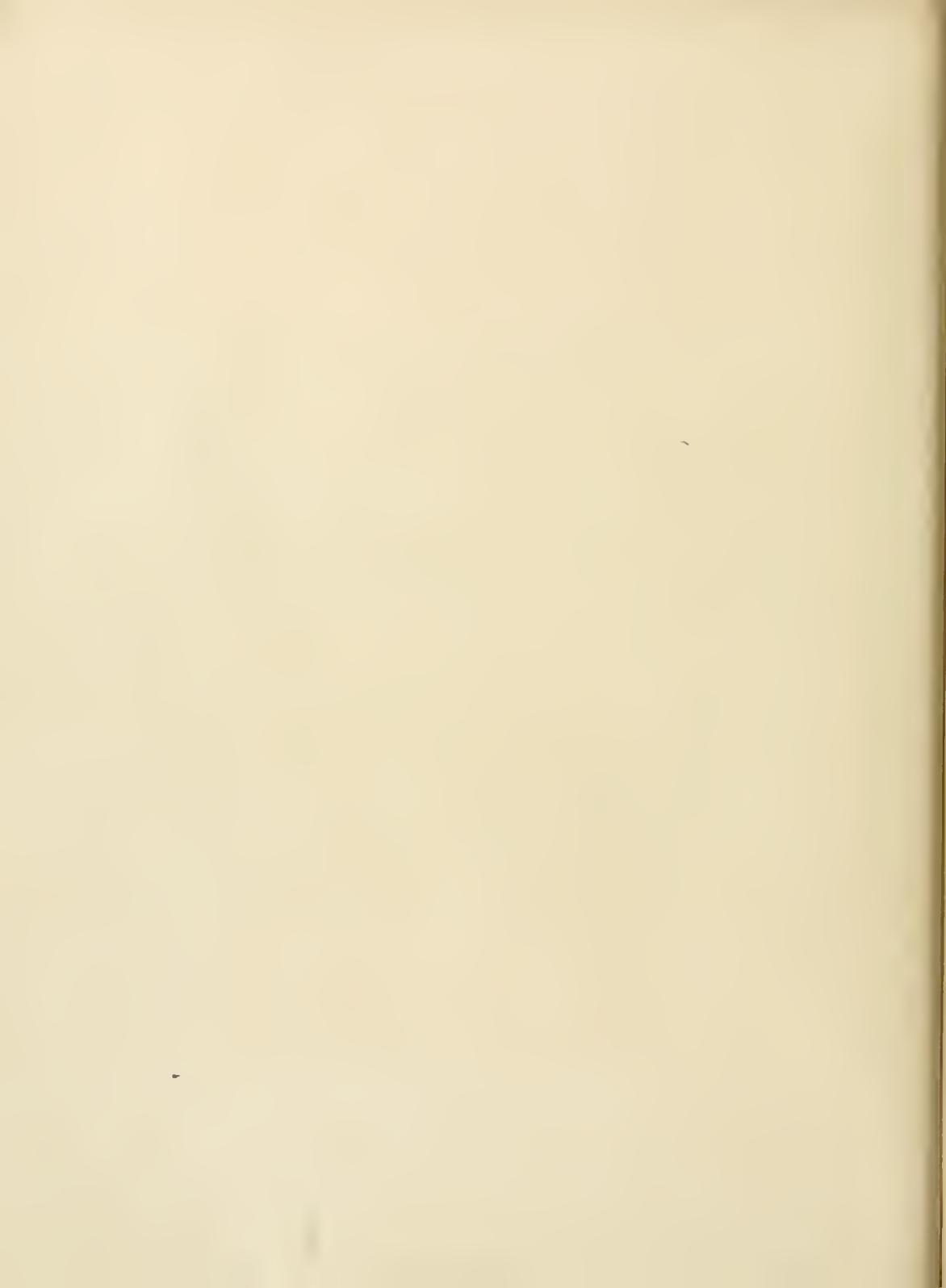
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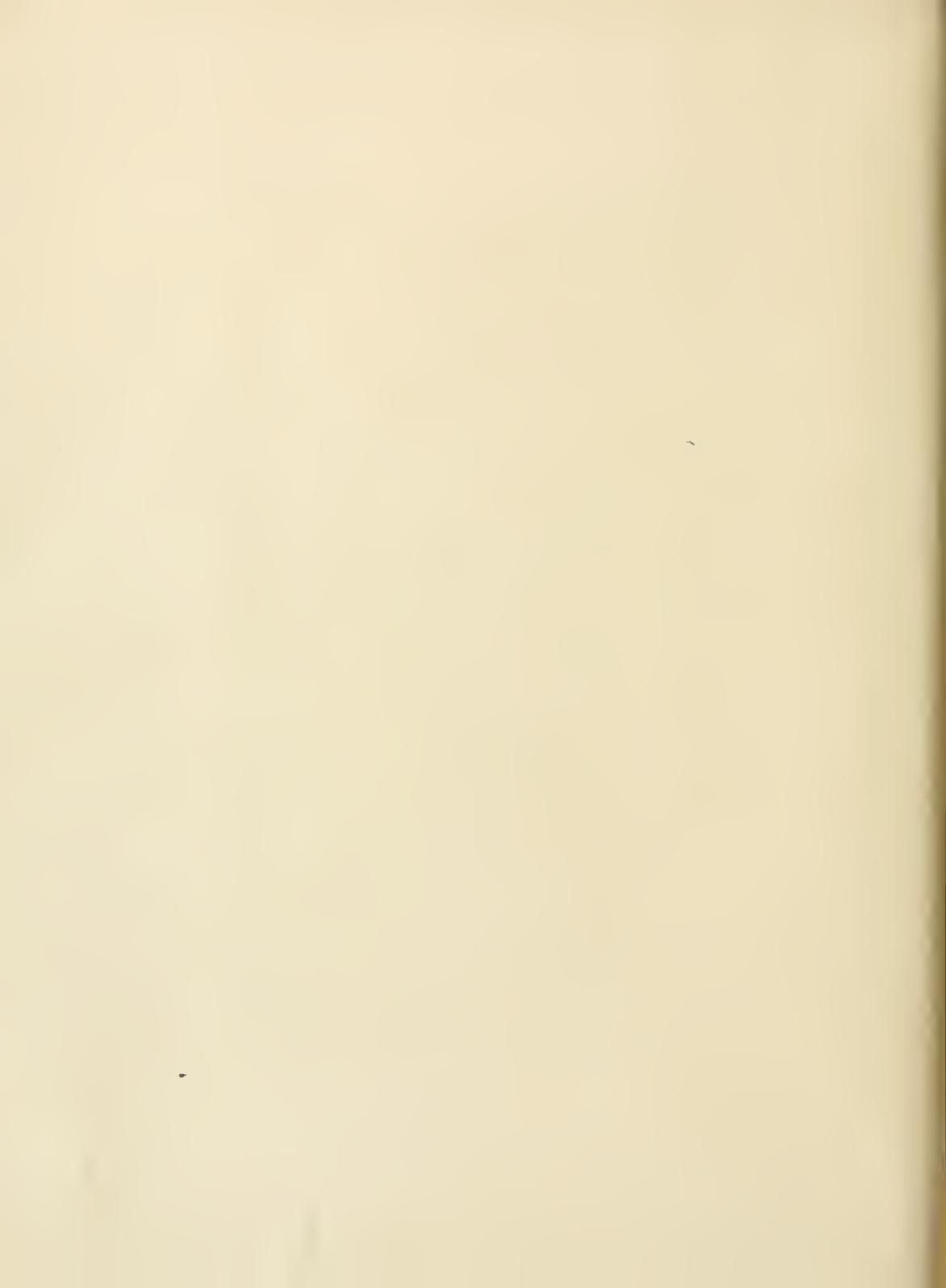


THE IVY





CYMNASIUM CLASS  
TEACHER — MISS GARRISON





## The Cooking School

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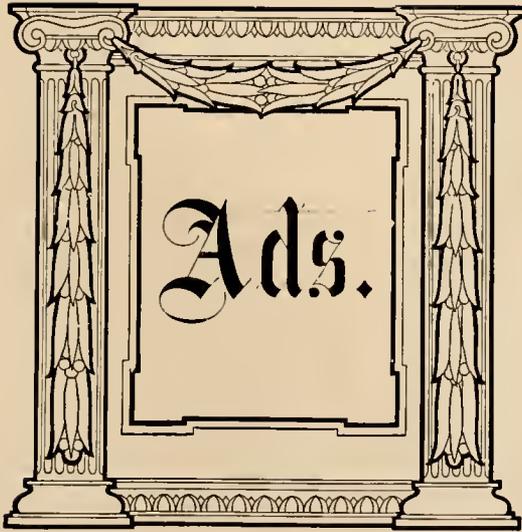
MARY SHERROD

NAME	CHIEF CHARACTERISTIC	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	OBJECT IN LIFE
Alsbaugh	Airing her "Sheetz"	"Good Land!"	To be a good housekeeper
Bennett	Pressing brick	"Homest???"	To obtain "ads" for the Annual
Brown	Blushing	"Oh, Say!"	To tell Miss Lehman about her baby nephew
Blum	Frowning	"Well, I guess not!"	To grumble
Carrington	Biting her nails	"Hang it all!"	To look pretty at church
Chaney	Same as above	<i>Everything</i>	To keep her clothes mended
Cardwell	Getting Thanks-giving boxes	"When I go out in town——"	To do the "Gas-pipe" act
Cheatham	Pompadouring her hair	"Isn't it dear?"	To have a good time
Deane	Whistling to her pup	"Oh, get out!"	To tote her dog out of the classroom
Farrow	Objections to everything	"That'll be all right!"	To get her diploma
Fulp	Staidness	"Oh, Grand!"	Writing notes
Farthing	<i>Sippraxer</i> /laughter	"Now Listen!"	Seeking admiration
Ferabee	Unabated chatter	"That's all right for you"	Making people listen while she talks
Gold	Polsey	"Wait till I finish"	Being everybody's favorite
Grunert	Knowing her lessons	"Don't you want an Annual?"	Getting tops on quiz
Hampton	Enthusiasm over Annual	"That's my business"	Getting same Annual paid for
Howard	Goo-goo eyes	"I'll slap you over!"	Reading novels
Hunter	Building fires	Any old thing	Hunting trouble
Johnson	The smile that won't rub off	"That's not anything compared with——"	Smiling
Jones	{ Objections to life in general } { and everything in particular }	"Yes, I suppose so"	Finding fault with some one
Le Grande	Quiet endurance	"Oh, No!"	Translating Latin
Little, L.	Staring daggers at you	"S-s-s-s-h!"	Squeelching folks
Lindley	Dignity	"Aw go 'way!"	Being a Senior
Liles	Getting her hair up crooked	"It isn't thus in Virginia"	Taking care of the South Seniors
Moorman	Conceit	"It makes me dyn' mad!"	Putting herself on the back
McEachern	Holding her tongue	"Oh, will Miss Lehman like that?"	Tending to her own business
Perryman	Timidity	{ "Summer is coming" And springtime is here!" }	Avoiding "squashings"
Robertson	Reciting lessons rapidly	"You ought to be ashamed of yourself"	{ To say more words in a minute than any- one in class }
Rhea	Firmness	"It makes my heart go pit-a-pat"	To be principal of a school
Sherrod, R.	Being sweet	"Oh, that's dead easy"	Keeping on the good side of teachers
Sherrod, M.	Affability	"Hey?"	Having lovers
Tesh	Drawing		Hasn't any
Wilson	Sleepiness		Obtaining Fleming—lace (?)
Watson	<i>Good</i> spelling		Fumbling in class
White	Brilliantcy		Taking care of said brilliancy
Whittington	Constant study		Studying her lessons

If we schoolgirls have offended,  
Think but this, and all is mended;  
That you have but slumbered here  
While these pages did appear,  
And this weak and idle theme;  
No more yielding but a dream.  
Gentles, do not reprehend,  
If you pardon, we will mend.  
Give me your hands, if we be friends  
And next year's work shall make amends.

*Adapted.*





# Salem Academy and College

## WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

102D YEAR



SALEM ACADEMY AND COLLEGE has, during the one hundred years of its history, continually added to the comfort of its buildings, and the beauty of its grounds. Experience has enabled the School to carefully test its methods, and in this respect it offers special advantages. The devotion to the cause of education which the Church has always shown from the times of its great educator, Bishop John Amos Comenius, and, through the four centuries of the Church's history, is found to exist in the SALEM ACADEMY AND COLLEGE at the present day, and parents who commit their children to the care of the School are always well pleased with the results.

The peculiar home-life of the School, the personal interest in each individual pupil, the fine moral and religious spirit which surrounds the pupils, the splendid climate—these are some of the influences which bring pupils from far and near, and which have gained for the School the confidence and trust of every section and creed.

In addition to the general advantages enumerated above, there are certain special features seldom found in schools. The domestic arrangements are so nearly akin to those of a well-regulated home, that pupils who are deprived of parental care may find the blessing of a true home within SALEM ACADEMY AND COLLEGE, even very young girls.

The particularly fine climate is drawing many pupils from Northern States, and as the household arrangements have been improved and modernized, the table fare given special attention, and the curriculum strengthened, the School has been drawing from a widening field of patronage.

As the School is now arranged it is possible for a pupil not only to secure a good collegiate education, but in addition to this the advantages in Music are unusually fine, including vocal as well as piano, organ and other instruments. It is impossible in a brief sketch to describe all the various special schools which have grown and developed around the main Collegiate Department. There is the Art Department, with its work in oil and water colors its China Painting, its Drawing, and the various lines of Fancy Work. There is the Domestic Science Department, where Cooking is taught in the most approved methods. We note also the Commercial Department, where bookkeepers and shorthand writers are prepared. Nor should we overlook the Elocution Department, and the Linguistic Department, each of which are separate Schools, with strongly developed lines, and the Lessons in the care of the Sick.

Those who are interested in examining into the work of the School at the present time should send to the School-office for the official Catalogue, of last year, a copy of which will be sent on application. In this Catalogue the work of the School is described in detail.

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is the place for fine **Dress Goods**; *Utz & Dumi's* ladies' fine **Shoes**; the celebrated *Centuri* **Kid Gloves**; *C. & B* and *La Spirite* **Corsets**. **¶** The newest things can always be found in our *Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Department*. **¶** We always have the latest novelties in **Belts, Collars, etc.**; and, in fact, this store has a well-known reputation for carrying the largest line of high-class **Drug Goods** in the

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*Compliments of*

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