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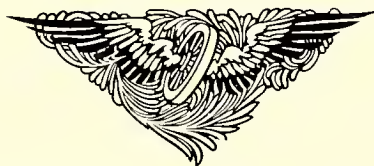


*Two Lifelong Friends*

*Edith Howell Wheeler Collection*  
*(Mrs. Claude C. Wheeler)*

# X-Ray

*Volume 6*



*MCMXIII*

*Edited and Published  
by the  
Students of Oxford College  
Oxford, North Carolina*

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(Mrs. Claude C. Wheeler)*

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"Innum"

*In spite of the great trepidity with which  
we present this, our first editorial  
attempt, we extend to all who  
may care to examine  
our book most  
heartily*

**GREETINGS**

# Editorial Staff



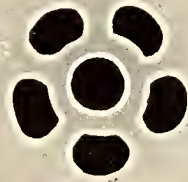
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*Assistant  
Club Editor*

*DEDICATED*

*with all respect and love*

*to*

*Miss May Carbutt*

*the school girls' friend*



*Prof. F. P. Hobgood*

*“ Good thoughts his only friend,  
His wealth a well spent age,  
The earth his sober inn  
And quiet pilgrimage.”*



*Our Lady Principal*  
*Mrs. S. D. Twitty*



"To you it has been given to do a constant silent work  
For God and women; to teach to others truth  
By your exceeding truthfulness;  
To strengthen their faith by your unswerving faithfulness  
To work, to friends, to God."

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Graduate of Oxford College, 1883; seven years Lady Principal and teacher in Roanoke Female College, Danville, Va.; teacher two years in Oxford College.

MRS. F. W. HANCOCK, *Assistant in English and Mathematics*

Graduate of Oxford College, 1886.

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Music graduate of Oxford College; postgraduate for two years, Oxford College; studied for two terms at the Institute of Applied Music, New York; twelve years teacher in Oxford College; two years Director of Music in Oxford College.

MISS MARY WHITAKER

Music graduate of Oxford College, 1908; director of music, Liberty-Piedmont Institute, Wallburg, N. C., 1909-1910; one and one-half years teacher Oxford College; pupil of Institute of Applied Music, New York, 1911.

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MRS. ANNIE M. WOODALL

Graduate of the New York School of Expression; special courses in Boston School of Expression, and Columbia College of Expression, Chicago.



MISS MARY PARMLY KOUES  
HONORARY MEMBER  
FALL TERM



"For she is wise, if I can judge of her—  
And fair, she is, if that mine eyes be true;  
And true she is as she hath proved herself."

MISS JANIE GILBERT LACY  
HONORARY MEMBER  
SPRING TERM



"Here's a loyal heart, here's a spirit brave,  
Here's a soul that is pure and true."

# Senior Class

MOTTO:

COLORS: *Yellow and White*

"Honor before honors"

FLOWER: *Daisy*

## *Roll*

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GENEVA POWERS.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
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BRETA NOELL  
BERNICE OLIVE  
MYRTLE PASS  
GENEVA POWERS  
MAGGIE RICHARDSON  
GRACE SHORT  
RUTH TAYLOR  
OLICE WOOD  
EUGENIA WOODY  
MARIE WOODY



CAMILLE BALLARD  
Rowland, N. C.

"Let us live and love."



AMANDA HOLMES COBB  
Lumber Bridge, N. C.



"In thy face we see the map of honor, truth and  
loyalty."





DECIE MAE DARK  
Siler City, N. C.

"Thus do I see the thing, and thus will I paint it."



CAROLYN THOMAS FARTHING  
Northside, N. C.



"Her soul was like a star and dwelt apart."

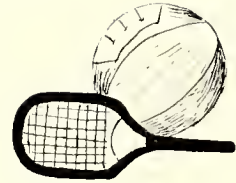






MAGGIE HYNES HOOD  
Selma, N. C.

"Her words do show her wit incomparable."



FLORA BALDWIN HORRELL  
Selma, N. C.



"As good be out of the world as out of fashion."





BESSIE FRANCIS HOWARD  
Fuquay Springs, N. C.

"Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art!"



FANNIE SCOTT JEFFRESS  
Palmer Springs, Va.



"True wisdom joined with sweet simplicity."





ESSIE PAULINE JOHNSON  
Chalybeate Springs, N. C.

"Earth has not any thing to show more fair."



"You have deserved high commendation,  
True applause and love."

LENA JONES  
Oxford, N. C.





RASSIE MERRITTE JONES  
Bethel Hill, N. C.

"A dancing shape, an image gay,  
To haunt, to startle and waylay."



MARGARET JUSTICE  
Red Springs, N. C.



"Her eyes are deeper than the depths of waters  
stilled at even."





FLORENCE LOONAM  
Oxford, N. C.

"Whose nature is so far from doing harm,  
That she suspects none."



"High erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy."



ANNIE LONG  
Unionville, N. C.



MARIE MEDFORD  
Oxford, N. C.

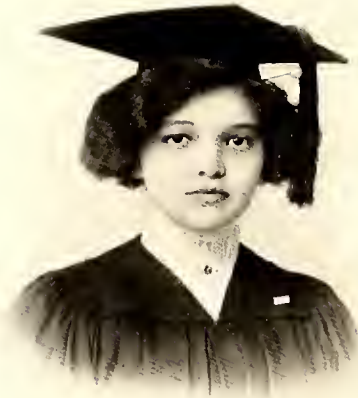
"And beauty born of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face."



BRETA GAY NOELL  
Roxboro, N. C.



"Thou hast a voice whose sound is like the sea."





LILLIAN BERNICE OLIVE  
Wade, N. C.

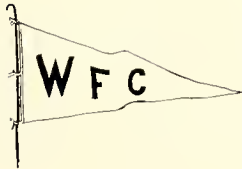
"A lovelier flower on earth was never sown."



MYRTLE PASS  
Roxboro, N. C.



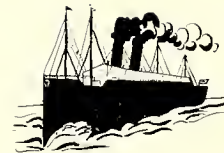
"Happy am I, from care I'm free!  
Why aren't they all contented like me?"





GENEVA POWERS  
Willard, N. C.

"The one of life upright, whose guiltless heart is free  
From all dishonest deeds, or thought of vanity."



MAGGIE RICHARDSON  
Wendell, N. C.



"Virtue is bold and goodness never fearful."







GRACE PEARL SHORT  
Henderson, N. C.

"They look into the beauty of thy mind,  
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds."



"For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich."

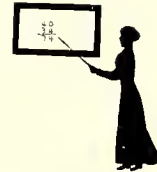
RUTH TAYLOR  
Oxford, N. C.





HEPSIE OLICE WOOD  
Holly Springs, N. C.

"Considering that from thee all virtues spread—  
As from a fountain head."



EUGENIA BELLE WOODY  
Bethel Hill, N. C.

"I saw her upon nearer view  
A Spirit, yet a Woman, too.  
Her household motions light and free,  
And steps of virgin liberty."





MARIE MATILDA WOODY  
Bethel Hill, N. C.

"She is kind as she is fair,  
For beauty dwells with kindness."



## *History of Class of 1913*

The history of the Class of 1913 will probably mean to this institution what the history of the Sixteenth Century means to the world. Perhaps this seems a broad and sweeping statement when one considers the wonderful revolutionary spirit and numerous progressive movements of that era—it was indeed an age of awakening. The century could not have been given a more fitting name than the Renaissance, or rebirth, for truly all things seemed to be reborn. It was a period of intellectual activity—and hence, of literary achievements, of unifications, of reformation, of greatly needed inventions, of explorations, and of astonishing discoveries.

In like manner, our class has proven itself most efficient in all these movements. For have not we during our four years career brought about changes of great moment and in many new and untried fields made rapid progress and advancement? Even as Freshmen we were stirred to enthusiasm by new ideas and high ideals, and thence on our entire course was flooded with excitement and anticipation.

To prove the foregoing statements concerning the wonder wrought and to impress more strongly the perseverance and ability of the illustrious 1913 Class, let us present some incidents of our college life.

One thing which has proven a potent factor in the development of the fame of our class was the excellent literary talent exhibited by some of its members. Have not Bessie, Carrie Tom, and Geneva astonished the Faculty and students by their brilliant poetic productions? Already many among our number have been moved to prophesy that in the near future their work will equal, if not eclipse, Longfellow's, Whittier's, Poe's, Wordsworth's, and Tennyson's.

While the literary talent was thus advancing and giving new impulse to the entire college life, beauty was being depicted through art as by a fresh inspiration. Have not Marie's productions in art so amazed every one that even the most wise and learned have been forced to admit that they cope well with the Madonnas of Raphael and the frescoes of Michael Angelo?

Not only have we made advancement from a purely literary standpoint but in other ways as well. As a proof of the spirit of reform prevalent among us, we have brought about highly beneficial changes in our form of student government. Though necessarily passing through a revolution, we were able finally to throw off the reign of "Faculty jurisdiction" and place our keeping in the hands of a much more satisfactory body, "The Student Association."

Likewise, one of the most advantageous changes, perhaps, is the unity which has been effected by our class. Tell us, pray, how could the unification of Germany and France have been more important, or more productive of immediate results, than the recently established intimacy between our class and W. F. C.? This new bond may be made stronger still—judging from the effect produced by our having attended the Baraca Banquet there. Just all that was said and done has not been and probably may never be revealed to us, but one thing, well known, is that immediately upon our return, Grace and Eugenia added to their regular work a new course—that of domestic science.

Meanwhile, in the midst of all the stir and excitement caused by changing conditions and novel ideas, wonderful discoveries were being made, the value of which to us is inestimable and we are confident it will be to those

who shall follow us. Have we not after oft repeated trials found to our great elation that the laboratory keys will unlock Mrs. Twitty's phone? And should the present state of affairs continue to exist, we predict that soon Fannie Scott and Cam, while upon one of their evening spoons, will add some important facts to the science of Astronomy.

In addition to these things our class has remarkable inventive geniuses, the influence of whose works will prove a blessing to those who shall come after us. The ways we have invented for deliverance from trouble, and consequently from that much dreaded monster, the "Faculty Meeting," will compare favorably with the inventions of Whitney, Fulton, and Bell. And to us the art of cooking without heat or the aid of a fireless cooker is of much more importance than the steamboat or telephone.

While marvelous achievements along other lines were being accomplished, the work of exploration was not neglected. On the first of April, 1912, the entire class being filled with the spirit of adventure, and also a desire to celebrate "some people's" birthday, summoned the Faculty and set out on an exploring expedition, and thus mapped out completely a new and shorter route to Dickerson. As a result that city has become famous as a picnic ground, thus affording to Captain Elmore a greater amount of revenue than he received from us at that time.

It is said that Shakespeare never repeats, but some of our class, perhaps more daring than the rest, wishing to be entirely original, undertook to repeat this celebrated journey the following year; consequently our class was honored with having made another discovery—that too much repetition of mischievous acts leads to demerits.

In athletics, too, we have won great renown. Perhaps this can be best illustrated by our Freshman game of basketball with the Class of 1910. Surely, in size and experience we were excelled by the Senior Class, but in manner and, in our own estimation, of ability, we were unsurpassed. With Rassie as our honorable captain we marched into the ball ground feeling that we should gain such a victory as was won by Cromwell and his "Ironsides" at the Battle of Naseby. Possibly this might have been true had not one of our members, Maggie R., distracted the attention of her team by repeated acts to test her equilibrium of performing experiments to corroborate laws of gravitation. The score we think unnecessary to record, but one result was, that very forcibly came to our minds the famous saying of the wise old colored deacon, "Blessed are dey dat 'spees nuffin, case dey ain't gwine to be disappointed."

After giving this brief and general historical sketch of our lives here we trust that one may conceive slightly of our great power and achievements. May the works which we have performed and the development which has come from our labors be an inspiration to the classes which shall follow us. To these, we hope our experience may be of invaluable worth, and may they prosper and make progress, as have those centuries which have followed the sixteenth.

HISTORIAN.

## *Poem of Class of 1913*

With minds endowed by knowledge great  
And hearts with love-cords strongly bound,  
The Senior Class toiled soon and late,  
Each member striving for a name  
Which now and always will redound  
    In true and glorious fame.

Each her allotted course has run  
And in the dear old college town  
Had her own share of care and fun.  
Each act, each motive, good or bad,  
Whenever wrought, has now laid down  
    A record bright or sad.

From this most famous school of ours,  
No class more loyal or more true  
Was ever known to use their powers  
In seeking duty as best seen,  
To aid each other as we do,  
    This renowned class, '13.

So when our Alma Mater dear,  
Makes up her crown of jewels rare,  
That have won fame, both far and near,  
The brightest of them all, I ween,  
Will be our classmates, shining, fair,  
    Of year 1913.

## *Prophecy of Class of 1913*

SCENE: Oxford College, 1925. Back parlor, highly polished floor, with two or three Oriental rugs.

BRETA NOELL (*seated in rocker near window*): It certainly is time for someone to come. Some of the Class of 1913 are back for Commencement and promised to meet me here this afternoon. This is the first time I ever was ahead of time.

(*Enter Myrtle Pass, carrying small leather grip.*)

BRETA: Why, Myrtle, child, I didn't know you were here. When did you come?

MYRTLE: Just got in. I came over to tune the pianos in chapel for the concert. I do all the tuning for the Southern Colleges now and, incidentally, I am introducing the newest thing in porch swings, patented 1924 by Lena Jones.

(*Enter Maggie Richardson.*)

BRETA: Come, take this chair by the window, Maggie; you look tired out. What's the matter?

MAGGIE: Nothing, only I've been working a little hard lately. Last night I lectured in Henderson on Anthropomorphism and tonight I give a comparison of the Elohist and Jehovistic documents here. Meanwhile I am trying to help dispose of Frances Rowland for the summer. She is the orphan Cam adopted as a companion in her loneliness and of course is educating her. Frances has worked well and given Cam every reason to be proud of her and Cam is going to send her to Smith College this fall, but until then she wants the child to have rest and recreation. She isn't really ill, or we would send her to a sanatorium—perhaps to Dr. Powers. Geneva has a sanatorium at Fuquay Springs, with Bessie Howard, who has had years of experience with Dr. Cheek there, as head nurse and Grace Short as dietitian. They have made some wonderful cures, I hear.

BRETA: Yes, I knew of a lady who went there a nervous wreck and she was well in almost no time. But listen, why don't you write Flora Horrell and ask her to take Frances for the summer? Flora owns a big ranch out west and has dozens of fine horses too. She is one of the most skillful horsewomen in that whole country.

MYRTLE PASS: Now, Rassic Jones—Mrs. Hall, she is, now—would be delighted to have Frances stay with her for the summer; I'm sure it would be just the place for her, too. Rassic has a home in the country, with everything quiet and restful. The house is near a stream, shaded by large oaks.

BRETA: What is Cam going to do this summer? It seems to me she would want Frances herself.

MAGGIE R.: Why, didn't you know? Cam Ballard is that famous woman aviator, who calls herself Victore de Lien and has created such a sensation in England and America.

BRETA: O, Maggie, you know she's not! Well, maybe she is flying high enough for once. What are you going to give Frances for a graduating present? I think I'll give her a Decie Dark book.

MAGGIE R.: Which one?

BRETA: O, the one of College Girls, I guess. I believe Deecie's pictures are more popular than Harrison Fisher's used to be.

MAGGIE R: I think I'll give her Eugenia Woody's latest book. It's a Treatise on Conchology, I believe.

(*Enter Marie Woody.*)

BRETA: Come right in, Marie. We were waiting for you.

MYRTLE: So glad to see you, Marie. Where is your Colonel, with the auburn hair?

MARIE: Ordered out unexpectedly at the last minute. He was anxious to come, but couldn't. I want to order some flowers for Cam's adopted niece, who is to graduate tomorrow. Don't you reckon I'd better do it right away?

MYRTLE P.: Yes, and I want to get some for her, too. Suppose we order from Misses Hood & Long. They are the best quick service florists I know of and their flowers are beautiful, too.

MARIE: They ought to be. They get such lots of sunshine. Who else has come, Breta?

BRETA: Well, Mammie Cobb came to make photographs of the Seniors. Her pictures are real works of art, they say. Fannie Scott is expected in tonight, but I'm afraid she won't come, being so occupied with her scientific forming. Carrie Tom couldn't come. She is starring in Miss Koues' "Follies of 1925." Olice Wood is coming, though. She has been to a convention of dentists at Baltimore and is coming back by here.

MYRTLE P.: Who would have thought Olice Wood would have gone in for dentistry! Has anybody heard anything from Bernice Olive? You know she left a few weeks ago on her third exploring expedition. She said the other two just taught her how to prepare for such journeys. She expects to see a good part of the region around the North Pole and be back by fall.

BRETA: I heard from Florence Loonam last week. She is President of Bryn Mawr and can't leave. The other town girls will be here, though. Ruth Taylor—you knew of her husband's death, didn't you?—is Matron at Horner's. Marie Medford has just finished a tour of France; has given recitals in all the cities—played to an immense audience in Paris. She is here resting. And girls! I've just received a cablegram from Essie in Norway, expressing her great sorrow at being unable to be here.

MYRTLE P.: Imagine Essie ever becoming so interested in psychic activity!

MARIE WOODY: I recall how enthusiastic she was over Mr. Delroy, when he was here.

MYRTLE P.: Yes, he's the man who sold Miss Taylor two dozen little red books on personal magnetism.

MAGGIE R. (*aside to Myrtle Pass*): What a handsome gown Breta is wearing.

MYRTLE: Yes, but you know Breta is a very wealthy lady. She owns the largest chewing gum factory in the world.

BRETA: Did you know we are going to entertain the Seniors this evening?

OTHERS: No, are we?

BRETA: Yes, I've arranged for a caterer to come. Don't bother about anything. I got a good one. Come on let's go sleep a little while.

EXEUNT.



## *Ivy Song*

A song to verdant Ivy—

    With voices loud and clear

We sing with hearts devoted

    And leave our tribute here;

Thro' cloud and sunshine always

    We trust that thou wilt cling

Close to our Alma Mater,

    Whose praises now we ring.

Gentle breezes stir the leaves

    Of our Ivy fresh and new,—

Let the sighing of the leaves

    Ever echo memories true,

And keep our old traditions,

    Preserve each victory

Of the twenty-five loyal members

    Of the class "one-nine-one-three."

# JUNIOR CLASS



COLORS:

*Lavender and Green*

FLOWER:

*Sweet pea*

MOTTO:

High contemplation and undaunted labor

## Officers

MYRTLE NOWELL.....	PRESIDENT
MARY GREEN.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
FOY HESTER.....	SECRETARY
EULA ELLEN.....	TREASURER
ELIZABETH MCPHERSON.....	PROPHET
JESSIE HORNE.....	HISTORIAN
ALLIE HADLEY.....	POET
MARY GREEN.....	ART EDITOR
MABEL OSBORNE.....	LITERARY EDITOR
WINIFRED PRYOR.....	ASSISTANT EDITOR

## Class Roll

THELMA ALLEN	JESSIE HORNE
JANE BRYAN	MYRA HUNTER
ANNIE ELLEN	EFFIE MARTIN
EULA ELLEN	KATIE MAYNARD
JOSIE ELLEN	ELIZABETH MCPHERSON
MYRTLE FAGAN	MYRTLE NOWELL
ELIZABETH GIBSON	MABEL OSBORNE
GUSSIE GOOCH	LELA PAGE
MARY GREEN	JANIE PARHAM
ALLIE HADLEY	LILY PENNY
FOY HESTER	WINIFRED PRYOR
MISS TILSON— <i>Honorary member</i>	



## *Junior History*

As we near our Senior year we pause a moment and look backward upon our career. Whether or not this has been successful we shall leave for others to say. No attempt will be made to give all the details, but only such facts as might help you to know better our past; nor will the future be foretold, as it is not mine to picture the weal or woe which shall come to this class, and if it were, my main reckoning would depend upon the achievements of the past.

Our history began three years ago, when we were called one by one before the O. S. Faculty to be classed. Need anything be said here as to the class? for the blanched faces as they emerged from the library all bespoke the word Freshman. These days of Freshmandom were many and terribly long. So trying were they that a few dissatisfied ones gave up the hope of being B.A. Seniors and contented themselves with aspiring to the B.S. degree, which would enable them to complete their college course one year earlier. Now, this is what I call a lack of foresight on the one hand, and of patriotism on the other. The first needs no explanation. And for one to become unpatriotic and go to the next class, leaving her remaining classmates to battle alone, is an offense which ought to cause the Faculty to "flunk" her, thereby placing her back in her own class. But eight of our number, which was fourteen originally, survived the slurs which every Freshman must endure, and with a steady aim passed over the border line between the Freshmen and Sophomores.

At the dawn of the Sophomore year these eight members waxed stronger and went to work with renewed vigor and unrelenting zeal. Here the authorities of the school, seeing our constant growth both in knowledge and social life, decided that the name of the school ought to be changed from Oxford Seminary to Oxford College, so as to correspond with our great improvement. And nine co-workers, who had never borne the name of Freshmen and suffered as such, hearing of the change, soon joined us. Our number now being increased to seventeen—and considered unlucky—we went to work to prove it otherwise. As was expected by this class, we met with great favor. Several of our number led classes, while on the athletic field we were never lacking in feats of skill; also in the Y. W. C. A. work, aid was sought from our music and art girls.

We now turn our faces eagerly toward the third year in college, which we reached September last. In response to the call of the Junior Class twenty-one happy yet somewhat sad faces appeared on the scene. Only eight of the original Freshman number were present to brighten our Junior year, as they had lighted our path-

way before. Soon another was added to our number, which completes the roll as it stands today—twenty-two. With such a number we determined to live up to our motto “High contemplation and undaunted labor.”

Realizing our lofty station as Juniors, and remembering that high deeds in school life are stronger when linked with social diversion, we decided to enter more freely into social intercourse with the Seniors, and we ourselves took the initiative. A dainty invitation was prepared and sent to the President of the Senior Class, and one Saturday evening we met and spent a most pleasant time together. Before this event, and especially since, our companionship with them has been most charming and beneficial, and as they are about to leave us for their wide, new fields of usefulness, our heartiest good wishes attend them.

In our Junior year we were again honored by one of our members being elected President of the Athletic Association. Also, two of our number were selected as members of the Student Council. And too, our appearance on the stage was made without the least embarrassment. Here, in spite of the fears of the Faculty and the obstacles which beset our way, we came off victorious. “A Girl in a Thousand” captured the hearts of the audience as truly as she did that of her soldier boy.

We have entered heartily into every phase of school life which we thought just and proper for a school girl of the twentieth century. And now that we have passed over three-fourths of our journey we feel that with such gifts as our band of twenty-two furnishes we are a body strong enough to explore Seniordom.

HISTORIAN.

## *Junior Class Poem*

Into the school unknown we came,  
Just twenty-two, with minds aflame.  
As Freshmen oft we used to dream  
Of Sophomores, yes—we caught a gleam.

“High contemplation and hard work”—  
To win fame, this we dared not shirk,  
And soon as “Sophs,” without a mask,  
With minds alert, we braved our task.

As Juniors now we're working still  
With heart and hand and right good will  
To win the goal we fain would reach,  
Since good to others some must teach.

O Class! O girls! forget the past  
With Horner's, for that will not last;  
Seek higher, nobler things that stand  
The test of time in every land.

POET.

## *The Prophecy of the Class of 1914*

After we had resumed our work in the fall and organized the Junior Class, a call meeting was announced to which we responded promptly. Its purpose was to select Historian, Poet and Prophet. And to my surprise I was chosen to write the prophecy. At once I realized my incapability for writing the prophecy of my class, besides, why should such a task be mine, when I had neither the gift of a clairvoyant nor the knowledge of a palmist? For weeks I was very much bewildered with the great task, but at last in sheer desperation, one lovely spring afternoon, I resolved to go to Paradise Pond with my friends, where I might get closer to nature and banish all the cares of the day.

A large cluster of water lilies on the edge of the pond immediately claimed my attention. These made a velvet green dotted with modest little yellow flowers. While viewing the landscape my curiosity was aroused by a distant object moving in the bushes on the bank. What could it be? After peering through some brushwood and treading noiselessly through the bulrushes, I beheld an old lady who was carefully turning the pages of a large book. Not wanting to disturb the reader, I slipped back to my comrades, who were gathering shells, and for a time forgot the newly discovered individual. Suddenly a gentle voice arrested my attention and looking up I espied the same creature dressed in a very quaint green robe and looking much younger than she appeared at first.

"Pardon me," she said, "I am the Goddess of Fate and am looking for some one whom I can aid." Instantly the future of the Juniors, the Class of 1914, flashed through my mind, and I exclaimed with unbounded joy, "Pray help me!" The Goddess calmly replied, "I shall do so gladly, provided you promise to tell no one of my whereabouts." Promptly I yielded to her requirement.

"Go bring me twenty-two of the little yellow flowers," the goddess commanded. I could but wonder what she wanted with the flowers, which to me had no special significance. I noticed that around this mysterious person's neck was suspended a pouch, from which she drew, along with many other things, a small microscope. Carefully she selected a flower, placed it under the lens and motioned for me to take a glance. To my utter amazement I saw our dear and beloved President Myrtle, who was holding a different station in life than the one we had anticipated for her. While in school she was preparing herself to become Professor of Latin at Vassar. The scene told a different story. After years of disappointment, "Innocence" having been banished from her mind, she had married the Dean of the Medical Department of Vanderbilt University and had become so interested in medicine that she decided to take a special course that she might assist her husband.

Even more quickly than before, a second flower was placed under the lens, which proved to be Mary, our Vice-President, a famous artist, who graduated with the highest honors of her art class, and had made wonderful progress in art. The President of the United States had issued a proclamation for the portrait of General Robert E. Lee to be placed in the Museum at Washington, D. C., and without hesitation the committee appointed her to execute the plans. Her work was a phenomenal success, as was shown by the enthusiasm of those visiting the gallery.

The next was Jane, whom you remember was always trying to think of something to report in council meeting, but fortunately she was too timid to express herself. Who ever thought of her as a missionary, helping to enlighten and Christianize the inhabitants of South America? How strange this seemed to one familiar with Jane's college career, for then she seldom went to church except to hear special "sermons."

Thelma—our strict observer of the "Princess Tone"—surprised me most. While in school she had often remarked that her highest ambition was to be a doctor; but no one took her seriously. At last she had become a blessing to humanity after several years of diligent study in Johns Hopkins Hospital, by discovering a cure for that fated disease, pellagra, which had baffled science for so many years.

Still other flowers revealed Gussie taking the place of Madame Simcox, planning American styles and dresses for ladies of Fifth Avenue; Lily perforating designs for stenciling and embroidery; Effie a director of a famous music school, with a skill as a musician which was unparalleled in America; and Lela teaching gymnastics and acting as lady principal in a Boston school.

The next was Katie, seated in a cozy cottage, reading to her little girls. The radiant expression of her face convinced me that happiness pervaded the home. This was her highest ambition—to have a home where she could be her own mistress and not be subservient to the will of others. Before I had time to look up there appeared Mabel, the lover of all Mars Hill students. Alas! she was fortunate enough to be mistress of an "Olive" establishment in Italy. She spent the winters in the fashionable society of Venice, the lovely city of the Orient.

At length the next was Myrtle F., looking as serious as Pope Clement VII. What could that mean, once so jovial and light hearted, now so serious and careworn? Poor child! she was a nun entrusted with the discipline of several mischievous girls. In striking contrast to this sad picture was Foy with three young suitors kneeling before her in succession; these were all rejected, she giving her heart and hand to an old millionaire, since she preferred a life of ease and luxury. Four others of my class followed in quick succession—Janie and Winifred conducting a kindergarten department in a small Southern city. I was very much surprised, as Janie had planned to teach in some noted college, probably Smith. Next came Myra, always worrying over science while in college. She revolutionized science and completely uprooted Darwin's theory of evolution. What more could we have expected of her, as she would never leave an experiment until she had thoroughly examined the most minute particles? Jessie was writing a novel and was considered at that period one of the greatest American novelists. Her novels even excel those of Sir Walter Scott. She had written several minor plays, but the publication of books of travel brought out her genius.



Yes, Elizabeth, the great American suffragette leader, who made a tour throughout her native country and encouraged the women to stand up for their rights, finally succeeded in arousing so much enthusiasm over the worldwide movement that woman suffrage was carried in every State in the Union. Later she was sent to Congress and elected Speaker of the House.

“And you want to know something about Allie, don't you?” added the goddess. She had many talents which could not easily be employed, but I soon perceived that she had devoted all her time to Domestic Science, having written a book of recipes and revised a course of Home Economics in Simmons College. Lastly were the three Ellen girls, whom we generally speak of collectively. Eula having followed the footsteps of a noted musician in Paris, was teaching in a fashionable private school. Annie, soon tiring of music, cultivated her histrionic talent, becoming the highest priced actress of the stage, and received worldwide recognition. And Josie utilized her time by taking advantage of every opportunity and finally succeeded in being a leader of an orchestra in Berlin.

Here I shuddered because there was only one flower left and that must reveal my future. What was I to do? “Horrors,” she indignantly cried, “you have crushed the valuable microscope. You do not deserve to know your own future,” and before I could utter a word or even thank her, she suddenly disappeared.

PROPHET.





# Sophomore Class

## *Class Roll*

ETHEL CARTER  
ETHEL HANCOCK  
BESSIE H. ROBERTS  
HALLIE SORRELL  
LIZZIE UNDERWOOD  
MINNIE WARNER  
NELL WOODS

## *Officers*

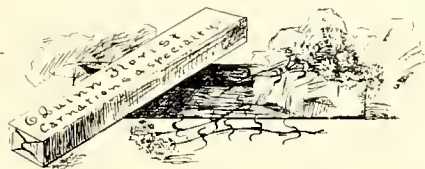
DOROTHY JONES, PRESIDENT  
VALERIA JONES, VICE-PRESIDENT  
LOULA TILSON, SECRETARY  
LILA DOVER, TREASURER  
MARY R. HANCOCK, ART EDITOR

COLORS: *Green and white*

FLOWER: *White carnation and fern*

MOTTO:

"Aim high, if you hit the bottom!"



YELL:

With a bebo, with a bibo, with a bebo, bibo, bum.  
Boom get a rat trap, bigger than a cat trap,  
Boom get a cat trap, bigger than a rat trap,  
    Boom! Boom! Sis bum bah!  
Soph'more! Soph'more! Rah, rah, rah!

## *Prophecy of Class of 1915*

One breezy afternoon in March, as I was walking along a country road which was clouded with the dust caught up by sudden gusts of wind, I happened to see an unfamiliar form coming down the path which led to the laurel thicket called "Witch's Den." On nearing this ghostly creature it came to me that she was the "witch of the woods," of whose predictive sayings I had so often heard. Bent and careworn, she appeared in a faded, old fashioned, homespun dress and a not too clean broad checked apron. In her mouth was an unsavory corn-cob pipe and on her head a slat bonnet. Her expression was sullen and hard, as if from association with the sordid and unlovely things of life. Though almost breathless with excitement and fear at meeting such a being face to face whom I had always been taught to avoid, I was, despite my fears, determined to see if this weird character would say something prophetic of the Class of 1915. My tongue clung to the roof of my mouth, but she interrupted the silence by saying in the most uncanny voice, "Come with me." Determined to find out something concerning my schoolmates I anxiously followed the winding road; through the meadow, across the wooden bridge, and up steep mountain sides the trail led until it ended at the doorway of a small hut, which was devoid of furniture except a dresser and an old straw bed.

I scarcely had time to glance around the room before the old woman led me before the smoky glass and cast over me a hypnotic spell. An immense audience became visible in the mirror. I at once realized that it was the interior of a great theater and our President, Dorothy Jones, was taking the part of Juliet in Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet." Since the death of Marlowe there had been no one to take her place until Dorothy rose to this proud eminence. Gradually she had worked her way into the hearts, not only of American but also of European people.

Instantly this interesting scene vanished, but it was followed by a brilliant musical comedy, composed of over a hundred singers. When the star, who was petite and beautiful, came on the stage, the great applause rendered her attested unprecedented popularity and remarkable attainments. I failed to recognize her but I might have known had I read the bill board when I entered, for there it appeared—"Madam Valeria." Truly Valeria had fulfilled the promise she gave us when she was a Sophomore.

In a moment's time the immense theater gave place to the French Salon. Gazing upon a wonderful portrait, I immediately searched for the artist's name. To my great astonishment I found it to be our class artist, Mary Royall, who had become so distinguished that she was ranked among the foremost artists of the day. Upon further survey I learned that she had painted portraits of nearly all the crowned heads of Europe.

This scene changed and I perceived one of the largest athletic fields of California. The National Athletic Association was holding a grand Tennis Tournament and the champions from all over the United States were competing. As the last singles were being played, I was eager to see who were the National champions. "Underwood!" "Underwood!" reached my ears and upon looking more closely I became aware that it was Lizzie, and that she had won, being pronounced champion player of the United States.

My next vision was of a library in a lovely home in Wake Forest, N. C., in which was seated a stately matron before a glowing fire, reading one of the latest novels. Only a moment's time was required for me to see that it was Nell. I peeped over her shoulder to discern what she was reading and my eye caught the author's name. It

was none other than Minnie Warner's name written in large letters, and glancing at the table I saw many other books by the same author.

The picture following was a foreign one—a school room in China. The children, who were in Chinese kimonas, sat close around their much admired American teacher, on whose face was a look of serene happiness, since the wish of Hallie's early life had been fulfilled.

This scene gradually changed to that of a dressmaker's shop. Evidently it was on Fifth Avenue, where hundreds of cabs, automobiles, and busses were moving rapidly in all directions. The electrical sign in front of the shop read, "Dresses made while you wait." Lila Dover had so developed her talent in this direction that her art in dressmaking excelled even a Parisian modiste.

Instantly there was a change of scenery which furnished great amazement. I beheld a college campus, which I judged from the surroundings to be West Point. I soon understood, since men's power had decreased with Womans Suffrage, that Bessie Hoge Robards had become head of this National Institution. The women in man's attire were on the field taking all the army drills. I could but wonder where Bessie had received this training, but upon noticing that the little man who rode always by her side was a former Horner cadet once so fond of loafing around the college fence, it dawned upon me that he must be her husband, and it was through him that she had become interested in military life.

Still under the same mesmeric influence, I had sufficient self-control to recall that only one of my classmates remained with her future unfolded. A fear that the spell was being broken seized me and summoning all my will power I focused my gaze upon the mirror. Very faintly at first, but gradually becoming more and more distinct, there appeared the following clipping from a newspaper:

#### DEDMOND—CARTER.

WILMINGTON, MARCH 4, 1920.—Friends in Wilmington are interested in the announcement of the engagement and approaching marriage of Miss Ethel Mae Carter, daughter of Z. J. Carter, to Rev. Dale Mayo Dedmond, of Greenville, Tennessee. The wedding is to occur April 10. Miss Carter is well known here, being organist in the First Baptist Church. Best wishes to this couple for a long and prosperous wedded life.

This vision disappeared almost immediately and I became thoroughly conscious of the fact that I had been in a magic presence. I turned from the mirror with a sigh, then a smile, at the fate of my old school friends. After thanking my benefactress for the welcome information she had brought to me I hurriedly retraced my steps down the steep mountain side, through the meadow, and out once more into the country road. It was sunset and I dared not let darkness overtake me after having had such an unusual experience.

LOULA TILSON.



## *Freshman Class*

COLOR:  
*Blue and white*

MOTTO:  
"Striving for greatness"

FLOWER:  
*Forget me not*

### *Officers*

MARIAN CREATH.....PRESIDENT

ETHELYN PENNY.....VICE-PRESIDENT

JENNIE KNOTT.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER

LAURA WELLS.....PROPHET

FANNIE BUCHANAN

MARIAN CREATH

EMMA DUNN

JENNIE KNOTT

ETHELYN PENNY

LAURA WELLS

UZZIE WILLIAMS

MISS CATES, *Honorary member*





## *Prophecy of the Freshman Class*

One pretty sunshiny evening I went out into the garden and sat down in the swing, and soon found myself thinking about the Freshman Prophecy, which I had been asked to write. I was wondering how I would ever accomplish so much and even exclaimed, "Why did my classmates give me such a task? I can't write it, I can't!"

"You can't do what, little girl, what troubles you so?" said a faint, queer voice. I looked up and there stood two fairies by my side. After telling them of my trouble, the great load was very soon lightened by their offer to help me. I was told to remain in the beautiful garden until they returned. What attractive creatures they were! I had often read of fairies and of fairyland, but never had I imagined their real beauty. Very soon they reappeared with a pair of wings which they fastened on me, and said, "We are going to give you a trip lasting ten years." How delighted I was to know they were really going to help me!

Soon we were flying over cities and valleys. I disliked to leave the familiar home scene where I was when they appeared, but even this was soon forgotten in our journeying through the new and strange. Onward we went, and one whispered to me that we were approaching the city of New York. As we passed over the great metropolis, minutely scanning points of interest, I noticed in the distance a large airship ascending. Passing near, I heard some one talking in familiar tones, and who should this be but Ethelyn Penny, another old schoolmate. The fairies said she had traveled extensively and had also written several books. She was now purposing a trip to Mars by quickest transit, thus hoping to increase her already copious store of scientific knowledge.

Just before us appeared the great ocean and toward it I perceived my fairies led the way, evidently bent upon crossing its mighty waters. We soon overlooked a great steamer ploughing its way over the mighty billows, and its deck was crowded with numberless passengers bound for foreign shores. Among them I recognized Jenny Knott, attended by a fine looking, light haired man, who proved to be her husband. Being the representative of an International Concert Bureau his business included making arrangements for concert attractions in all European cities. Thus it was my old friend's good fortune to enjoy an annual trip abroad and she was now going for the fourth time.

Reflecting upon all I had seen, it was not long before we reached land and we did not linger until we arrived at the city of London. Here more leisurely we flew, enjoying the greatness of the city and even its scenes of minor interest. My eyes were soon attracted by the notice on one great signboard. "Come and hear the great singer, Mlle. Marianne Creath." I exclaimed, "Oh, I wonder if that is Marian Creath who has become a famous singer?"

The fairies told me this was an American girl whose excellent voice had won such reputation that she was now in the front rank of American singers. Further inquiry revealed this *prima donna* to be none other than my old friend, Marian, who, once so deeply interested in culinary art, had later developed vocal qualities which suggested a musical career. That her chosen life work is successful is proved by the large audiences and brilliant applause which greet her every appearance.

From here we crossed the Channel into France and advanced toward its principal city, whose superiority, not only for fashions, but also for art, is recognized everywhere by men and women, who go there every year for study.

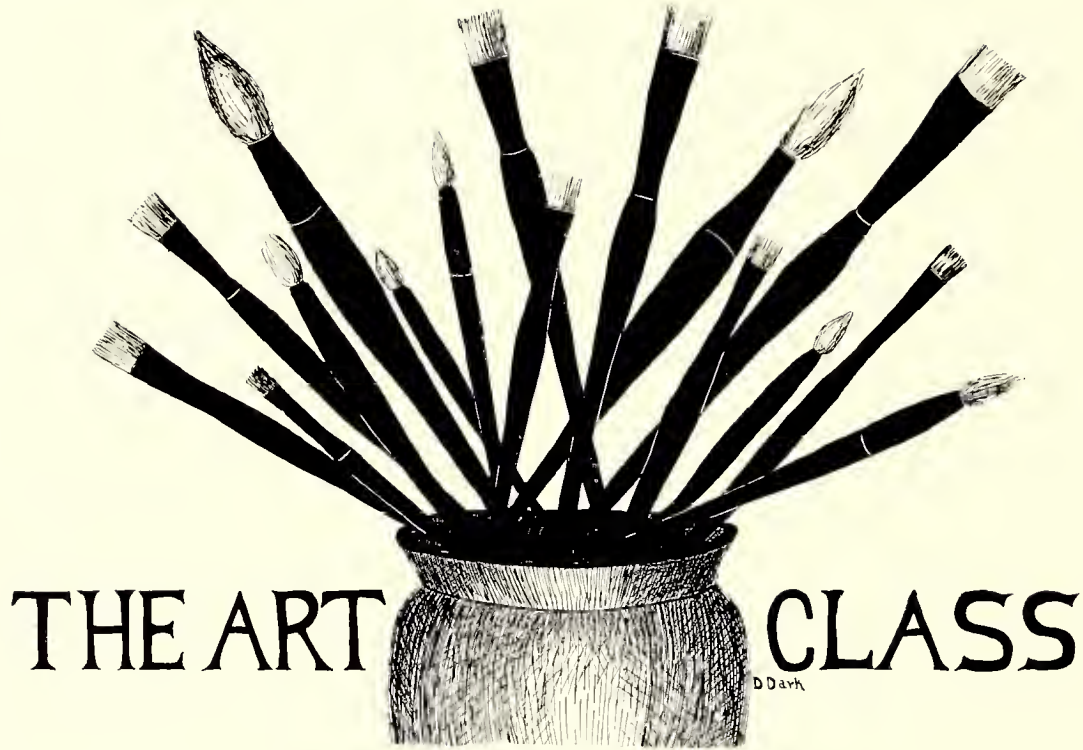


Its beautiful parks, its public buildings and old palaces attracted one's whole attention. Over the business center we also passed and my eyes were arrested by the sign, "Dunn and Co." "Surely," thought I, "this cannot be the establishment in which my old friend, Emma Dunn, became so interested." The fairies again came to my relief and said, "Miss Dunn, a modest little American, had entered this store as a milliner's assistant and by her facile and artistic work had easily achieved the triumph of becoming a partner in the business." The fairies now advised our journey homeward, so directing our course westward, we recrossed the Atlantic and wended our way to Chicago. While overlooking this city I saw a building with, "Williams' Boarding School for Girls" written in bold letters over the gate, "Oh, that is Uzzie Williams' school, I know." My companions in flight informed me that Uzzie was commanding much success in her chosen sphere.

Disappointed thus far that one beloved classmate was still unheard from, I eagerly inquired for her. We were already so far southward that the clouds and spires of Baltimore City were in full view. My guides pointed out to me the Peabody College of Music, wherein many maidens from the hill country of the North and the fertile valleys of the South, assembled. Among the latter the fairies said that Fannie Buchanan was enrolled. Her musical efforts, guided from early childhood by the artist hand of former teachers, reflect much credit upon her earlier training. Truly she worked willingly with hand, head, and heart, and, inheriting the talent of bringing forth the "concord of sweet sounds," she had now become famous as an instructor in this renowned institution.

On leaving this city, I was happy now, indeed, to return to the dear Southland, whence I had ten years ago departed, and, feeling boundless gratitude for the many joys of my wonderful trip, I am back in my old home fully convinced that my fairy friends were indeed a very present help in trouble.

Thus endeth the once forbidding task, with thanks to the Freshman Class of Nineteen Thirteen for the privilege of being its prophet.



Motto: "Make your good better, and your better best."

FLOWER: *Rose*

COLOR: *Rose (madder)*

*Officers*

DECIE DARK . . . . . PRESIDENT  
MARY GREEN . . . . . VICE-PRESIDENT  
MARIE WOODY . . . . . SECRETARY  
MARY ROYAL HANCOCK . . . . . TREASURER

*Roll*

JETTIE BRIDGER  
CLAYTON BROWN  
IMOGEN CANNADY  
LILA EAKES  
LILLIE HESTER  
ETHEL KEITH  
ANNIE LONG  
CLARA LONG  
LOLA LONG  
ELIZABETH NILES  
ETHEL OVERTON  
LILLY PENNY  
MAGGIE RICHARDSON  
LILLIAN SIZEMORE  
LIZZIE UNDERWOOD  
GRACE WHITAKER  
FANNIE WEBB



MISS PARRIS  
*Instructor*

### *Domestic Science Class*

MAY ADAMS  
JETTIE BRIDGER  
MARIAN CREATH  
MISS CATES  
ALLIE HADLEY  
ELIZABETH HANCOCK  
MISS CARRIE HOBGOOD  
IRENE PARKER

MRS. ROYSTER  
MAMIE ROYSTER  
GRACE SHORT  
MISS TILSON  
EUGENIA WOODY  
ESTELLE WHITE  
BESSIE WINSTEAD  
HELEN WHITE



*Dramatic Club*

DIRECTOR, MRS. WOODALL

MOTTO:  
"As you like it."

*Officers*

COLORS:

Nilo green and pink

RASSIE JONES. . . . . PRESIDENT  
 CAM BALLARD. . . . . VICE-PRESIDENT  
 MISS VERA CATES. . . . . SECRETARY AND TREASURER

*Members*

SUE HOUSE                      CAM BALLARD                      MARTHA WARD                      IRENE PARKER  
 JETTIE BRIDGER                      BETA NOELL                      RASSIE JONES  
 VALERIA JONES                      MARY ROYAL HANCOCK  
 EULA ELLEN  
 CARRIE TOM FARTHING

## *Commercial Department*

"Confidence and Determination."

FLOWER: *Bachelor Button*

COLOR: *Red and blue*

### *Officers*

FANNIE SCOTT JEFFRESS, PRESIDENT

ANNIE LONG, VICE-PRESIDENT

LILA DOVER, SECRETARY AND TREASURER

### *Members*

BONNIE BROWN

LILA DOVER

MARGARET JUSTICE

F. SCOTT JEFFRESS

ANNIE LONG

ANNIE GREEN

WINIFRED PRYOR

MISS CATES

MARY GREEN, *Honorary Member*



## *College Daffydils*

If Charles sees Eula can Jo see (Josie) Ellen?  
If Margaret demands Justice will Jennie Knott?  
If we strike Lois Hester will Mary Bumpuss?  
If Cam plays Ballads (Ballards) on Jessie's Horn will Myra Hunt 'er (Hunter)?  
If Estelle is White is Decie Dark?  
If Ethel weighs Over(a)ton will Ethel Cart 'er (Carter)?  
If Carrie Tom is (a) Farthing is Ethelyn (a) Penny?  
If Sue is a House can Horrell Floor 'er (Flora)?  
If Fannie Scott hates does Liza Love?  
While Gussie is studying is Lillian Bowling?  
If Breta No-all (Noell) the Geometry can Myrtle Pass?  
If Josie and Mabel are sticky are Marie and Eugenia Woody?  
If Bernice is an Olive is Cora Moss?  
If Clayton is Brown did Lenora Bake 'er (Baker)?  
If you Carrie Tom, I May Adam.  
If Lizzie gets Underwood will Minnie Warn 'er (Warner)?  
If Alicia has Tommie has Elizabeth Gibson?  
If Annie is baking is Emma Dumn?



# *Organizations*

# *The Calliopean Society*

Colors: *Old gold and black*

## *Officers*

RASSIE JONES.....	PRESIDENT
GRACE SHORT.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
GENEVA POWERS.....	SECRETARY
MYRTLE PASS.....	TREASURER

## *Roll*

THELMA ALLEN	FLORA HORRELL	BESSIE WINSTEAD
CAM BALLARD	SUE HOUSE	MINNIE WARNER
GERTRUDE BARNES	BESSIE HOWARD	MARTHA WARD
EVELYN BAYNES	HELEN HOWELL	MRS. JONES
LILLIAN BOWLING	ESSIE JOHNSON	MISS LACY
JETTIE BRIDGER	DOROTHY JONES	MRS. TWITTY
CLAYTON BROWN	RASSIE JONES	MISS TAYLOR
JANE BRYAN	VALERIA JONES	MRS. WOODALL
AMANDA COBB	JULIA KINTON	MISS WHITAKER
MARIAN CREATH	MAUDE LANCASTER	
DECIE DARK	CORDELIA LATT	
LILA DOVER	NANNIE LATT	
LILA EAKES	MADALINE LINDSEY	
GENEVA POWERS	ANNIE ELLEN	CLARA LONG
BESSIE ROBERTS	EULA ELLEN	LOLA LONG
GRACE SHORT	JOSIE ELLEN	EFFIE MARTIN
RUTH TAYLOR	HATTIE EVANS	ELIZABETH MCPHERSON
LULA TILSON	VIOLA GASKINS	BRETA NOELL
OLICE WOOD	ELIZABETH GIBSON	MYRTLE NOWELL
EUGENIA WOODY	GUSSIE GOOCH	BERNICE OLIVE
MARIE WOODY	MARY GREEN	SWANNANOVA O'NEAL
GRACE WHITAKER	ALLIE HADLEY	MYRTLE PASS
Laura Wells	JESSIE HORNE	IRENE PARKER



## Young Women's Christian Association

### Officers 1912-'13

FANNIE SCOTT JEFFRESS.....PRESIDENT  
GRACE SHORT.....VICE-PRESIDENT  
MAGGIE RICHARDSON.....SECRETARY  
EUGENIA WOODY.....TREASURER  
BESSIE HOWARD.....CORRESPONDING SECRETARY

### Cabinet

GENEVA POWERS— <i>Religious</i>	OLICE WOOD— <i>Missionary</i>
C. TOM FARTHING— <i>Social</i>	BERNICE OLIVE— <i>Nominating</i>
DECIE DARK— <i>Poster</i>	JANIE PARHAM— <i>Arrangement</i>
MRS. TWITTY— <i>Advisory</i>	MARIE WOODY— <i>Intercollegiate</i>
EULA ELLEN— <i>Music</i>	ANNIE LONG— <i>Membership</i>

### Officers 1913-'14

KATIE MAYNARD.....PRESIDENT  
MYRTLE NOWELL.....VICE-PRESIDENT  
WINIFRED PRYOR.....SECRETARY  
LILA DOVER.....TREASURER

### Cabinet

MABEL OSBORNE— <i>Religious</i>	MYRA HUNTER— <i>Nominating</i>
JANE BRYAN— <i>Missionary</i>	THELMA ALLEN— <i>Intercollegiate</i>
DOROTHY JONES— <i>Social</i>	EULA ELLEN— <i>Music</i>
MARY GREEN— <i>Poster</i>	LENORE BAKER— <i>Arrangement</i>
MISS McMICKING— <i>Advisory</i>	LIZA LOVE GREEN— <i>Membership</i>



*Council of Student Association*



GENEVA POWERS, PRESIDENT  
EUGENIA WOODY, VICE-PRESIDENT  
LOULA TILSON, SECRETARY

JANE BRYAN  
EFFIE MARTIN

MARIAN CREATH  
JENNIE KNOTT

LILA DOVER

## *Glee Club*

### *Soprano*

THELMA ALLEN  
ETHEL CARTER  
IRMA GRANT  
LIZA LOVE GREEN  
VALERIA JONES  
MABEL OSBORNE  
IRENE PARKER  
ETHEL PENNY  
CARRIE TOM FARTHING

### *Tenor*

ANNIE ELLEN  
DOROTHY JONES  
BRETA NOELL  
GERTRUDE STEPHENSON  
LOULA TILSON

### *Alto*

CAM BALLARD  
EULA ELLEN  
JOSIE ELLEN  
RASSIE JONES  
F. SCOTT JEFFRESS



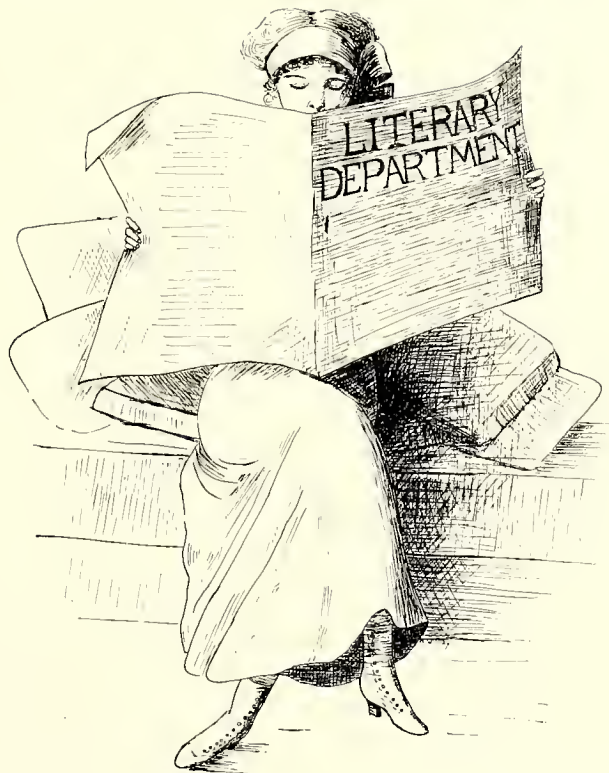
DOROTHY JONES  
*Manager*

MRS. A. WOODALL  
*Director*

## *Demerit List for the Faculty, Seniors and Class Presidents*

- MRS. TWITTY—25 for chewing gum.  
MRS. WOODALL—5 for not practising the play.  
MRS. JONES—10 for kissing her "son."  
MRS. WELLS—10 for not having sufficient ventilation.  
MR. HOBGOOD—30 for not getting the mail in time to be given out at dinner.  
MISS McMICKING—15 for going to Dickerson.  
MISS TILSON—15 for going to back door at Hall's.  
MISS TAYLOR—10 for going calling so often.  
MISS LACY—5 for skipping practice.  
MISS RELL—20 for failing to give us meat for Sunday night supper.  
MISS CATES—25 for singing after light bell.  
MISS KOUES—10 for walking heavy.  
MISS STONE—5 for failure to grade Alicia Smith.  
MISS PARRIS—20 for slipping notes to "Tommie."  
MISS WHITAKER—5 for not eating at her own table.  
CAM—15 for being such a "goody."  
BRETA—5 for sleeping out of her room without permission.  
CARRIE TOM—5 for being so dull.  
GRACE—25 for walking with the boys.  
GENEVA—20 for going to the country store.  
MAGGIE R.—10 for flirting with Horner boys.  
SCOTT—15 for never knowing her lessons.  
ANNIE L.—20 for rushing all the girls and slighting Margaret.  
MANNIE—5 for liking "Marrow."  
MAGGIE H.—8 for slang.  
FLORA—10 for being so disloyal to Horner.  
DECIE—10 for being so undignified.  
ESSIE—10 for telling who Mary was.  
LENA—5 for failing to hand in her character sketch of Satan on time.  
RUTH—10 for carrying notes.  
MARIE—20 for never practicing.  
FLORENCE—5 for flirting.  
BERNICE—5 for writing to the H. M. S. boys.  
EUGENIA—10 for not observing the princess tone.  
MARIE—5 for dancing.  
OLICE—25 for receiving so much mail from the boys.  
BESSIE—15 for waking us so early with her melodious voice.  
RASSIE—25 for "erushing" so much.  
MARGARET—15 for taking the measles.  
MYRTLE P.—15 for loafing.  
MYRTLE N.—10 for going to W. F. so often.  
DOT—15 for corresponding with the U. N. C. boys.  
MARIAN—10 for sleeping late, thereby being tardy for study hour and breakfast.





## *The Castle of Destiny*

I reared a shining castle to the sky,  
And dwelt therein and peopled it with dreams  
Where nightly, blinded by its sparkling gleams,  
I sought to raise the glowing pile so high  
That I might touch the stars, when sweeping by.  
A mighty wind made sport of shafts and beams,  
Despoiled my castle, vanquished all my dreams,—  
And crushed amid their shattered forms, I try  
To learn my sin.

“Poor child,” I seem to hear,  
“Hast thou not learned that when a finite plan  
Doth not accord with His own will for man  
The Master Architect must interfere?”  
“But how to know the Infinite?” I ask.  
“Who builds on joy alone doth build in vain  
While he who builds on joy through conquered pain  
Doth build secure, nor duplicate his task.  
If dost not know the rock from shifting sand  
Leave then the building for a surer hand.”

MARY PARMLY KOUSS.

## *The Village Eccentric*

Just as true as every village has its oddity, so had Mockville, and one which took the form of—as is very often the case—an old man, whose name, if ever known, had certainly been forgotten by the villagers. But strange to say, no one knew when he had come, whence he had come, or why he had come, for ever since the oldest inhabitant could recollect he had been there—a veritable part of the place.

About six feet in height, of average size, a long beard and hair of silvery whiteness, he fulfilled only the description of an ordinary man, yet on his face there was depicted an expression but seldom seen—not bitter, not sorrowful, not sad in the usual sense of the word, but one apparently of perfect resignation to an inevitable fate.

His stature was as erect as that of many a younger man, which perhaps can be accounted for by the fact that no one had ever seen him do labor of any kind. Indeed, his one routine seemed never to vary, a long walk in the early morning, returning always before noon, a trip to the village well, and the remainder of the day seemingly spent in reading or writing.

No friends had he, no enemies either, and quite naturally, for never did he exchange a word with mortal man except in strict business terms. His provisions, which were said to consist of the best in the stores, were always laid in on Saturday, while his fuel supplies were just as regularly bought. On Sunday he never failed to occupy his accustomed place in the one church of the village.

Twice a year, in fall and spring, the monotony of his life would appear broken, and watchful neighbors might see the express wagon from the nearest town draw up and deposit immense boxes at the door of "Silent Cottage," as his home was universally known. Many were the inquiries and conjectures as to what these boxes contained, but aside from the knowledge that they came from New York no one was able to learn more. And though courteous at all times, but frigidly so, he repulsed curious ones, who would have eagerly pried into his affairs.

Nevertheless, into every life there generally comes a "break" at some time, and our hero's life was no exception. Therefore, one evening when the snow was falling fast and the streets of the little place were almost wholly deserted, the light shining from the window of one small house attracted the attention of a young man who seemed to be a stranger in these parts. "Surely there can be naught but hospitality in that beam," he might be heard to whisper, "at any rate I must try my luck once more, for my limbs are rapidly becoming numb with this cold." And stepping quickly up the walk he boldly knocked at the door, which was soon thrown open, and in the light that streamed forth was seen standing in the doorway the form and features of one of "Nature's noblemen," as the young man instantly thought.

Cordially invited, the stranger entered the hall and followed his host into a room, where all outside discomfort was soon forgotten. There blazed with the cheerfulness of warmth a fire, before which an easy chair was quickly drawn up, and the strange guest bidden to sit down. After a few words of genuine welcome, the old man (who, of course, is known to be our original hero, but seen under new circumstances and through eyes that are easily able to detect his true character) excused himself and left the room on the plea of preparing supper for the weary traveler.

Thus, alone, the latter allowed his eyes to wander around the room, three sides of which were completely fitted up with bookcases, all seemingly quite full of nicely bound books. A soft red carpet covered the floor, and the two windows were draped with curtains of some rich red material. Easy chairs were scattered around, and drawn up very near to the fire was a black leather couch containing several lovely pillows. A writing desk and a few other articles of minor importance completed the furnishings, except the many pictures, which alone would have revealed the judgment of some mind of rare taste and refinement.

At length, having chatted upon almost every subject, except that of their personal lives, the host suggested that they retire; whereupon the boy (for he was nothing more) said, "Since I have so strangely intruded upon your hospitality, I feel it is my duty to tell you something of myself, but this I cannot do, as you will understand, when I say that I am a runaway. Believe me, not because of anything bad, but only in open rebellion to home discipline. I intend to go where I am not known and begin life according to my own ideal."

"Listen, boy," said the old man, with troubled face, "listen to the mere outline of a life that has been a complete failure, as a fine result of that very thing you are now planning to do.

"You have seen me tonight surrounded by my books, of which we have said so much, and have perhaps wondered why I am alone. But it will surprise you when I say that for nearly seventy years I have been entirely alone.

"When a boy of sixteen, I left a home in England filled with love and luxury of every kind. A stubborn will, that refused to obey some trivial command, forced me to abandon everything and wander around until at last I settled down, an exile of my own choosing, to the life which I have led ever since. 'Tis true that I have had every comfort for which I wished, but love, friends, and the things that matter most in man's life have been wilfully thrown away. And now when I am nearing the 'end of my row' I feel more and more the need of companionship, which I have always denied myself. Therefore, my friend, take the advice of one who knows by experience the way you are now longing for. Go back to your home and some day you will be glad that circumstances threw you into the midst of one man's lonely life."

The next morning, on departing, the young man said, "Surely there must have been Providence in that little ray of light that led me into your presence last evening, and, dear friend, I have decided to begin a new life—but still at home—to which you advised me to go."

Needless to say, after that never a week passed that there did not come some proof, either in the form of letters, gifts, or something else, to the true friend at last found by our "Village Eccentric."

LENA JONES.

## *The Garden of Heart's Desire*

There is a garden called Heart's Desire,  
And it's wondrous fair to see,  
But the walls are high and the gate fast-locked,  
'Til the Future gives up the key.

In this garden fair are all the joys  
That we've ever hoped to gain,  
And among all the pleasures stationed there  
Is love's sunshine without the rain.

'Tis here that we find ambition's goal,  
And the honors we've longed to win,  
The oft-sought rest for the weary soul  
And freedom from care and sin.

In this garden each finds his own true mate—  
For their hearts were entwined from above,  
And the Dream-Stars, like angels, forever look down,  
Keeping watch o'er this Garden of Love.

For this garden, then, we must patiently wait  
Until Time shall perfect the key;  
And when we come to our own through the opened gate,  
We'll be all that we've hoped to be.

CAROLYN THOMAS FARTHING.

## *My Friend from Ghostland*

One night I awaked with a start and sat up in bed. The fire was burning low, but I saw something white move towards the bed. I began to shiver with fear, and drew the cover up to my chin. The white ghostly figure had reached my bed, and now spoke in a chill, though pleasant voice:

"I am of the land of dead thoughts and beliefs; there are many among us, some the great ones of your world. I am the belief in fairies that little children have. If you will come, I will take you to my Land of Forgotten Thoughts; you will find many ghosts there, some that used to live with you." "You are very kind," I answered, "and I am not afraid of you now. I used to believe in fairies myself, and I love them still. I will be very glad to go to your land if the ghosts there are what you used to be."

"Come with me, then," the ghost said, "and call me Fancy." I took its outstretched hand and we glided away. I found myself walking lightly, as if on air, and Fancy moved beside me. All around us was a misty greyness as on a foggy morning when the sun is just beginning to rise. We went on silently for a time; then the ghost stopped, and said, "Here is the gateway of my land." A solid wall of mist was before us, moving yet remaining thick and strong. I could distinctly see the outline of a gate. Fancy touched it and the gate swung slowly and silently back. We went in, and it closed behind us. All around and in front of us was a misty, greyish whiteness, and I could see shadowy forms flitting about. "This," said Fancy, "is the Land of Dead Beliefs. When they have served their time in the world and are thrown aside and forgotten they come here. We have no towns and cities, but one broad, vast land; we have no food, for we do not need it. Sometimes, if an old belief is needed and wanted badly, it goes back to its former home; sometimes it stays there, but it usually comes again to this Land of Forgotten Things. You will find here many you have known, some who used to dwell with you. Here comes one now," it added, as a shadowy figure approached. "Do you remember it?" I stared hard at this ghost, which, unlike my companion, seemed glad and merry.

"Why," I cried, "it's my old belief in Santa Claus." The ghost now came up to us.

"I am glad you have not quite forgotten me," it said; "I used to be very dear to you, I think."

"Indeed you were," I replied, "I remember how dreadful it was to have you go. I have missed you, and often wished you could come back to me."

"You must see our Land," said the ghost. "It is not bad, only there is no real Christmas here."

They took me over their Land of Forgotten Things and I saw many old friends, and many that I did not know. Old dreams and fancies, little children's outgrown beliefs, pet superstitions overcome, and one thing that

used to trouble me very much, the belief that I should sometime find a man under the bed. I was not sorry this had left me, but I miss some of my old, sweet fancies.

I have not seen my ghost friends since Fancy took me home that night. But I want to see them again and only this morning I said, very loudly, that I would not be afraid of any number of ghosts, and I just wished I could see one. But I am afraid Fancy saw through my ruse, and only smiled.

ELIZABETH GIBSON.

### *The Coffee Pot*

The most unromantic, and considering the one in daily use at O. C., the ugliest of all the things that are on our breakfast table. It is cracked and crooked, too large to be handled with any degree of safety, and in many places the outer covering has been rubbed away, leaving the skin bare. Still, there are saving qualities about it. By forgetting the exterior appearance and thinking only of the contents we think more kindly of the pot. When one comes in from a long walk in the keen, frosty air with the appetite of a wolf, the faint odor of coffee calls up the vision of a delightful breakfast. Not that we have ever gotten one, but, "While there's life, there's hope."

Some cold winter morning when the furnace is sending all the heat where it ought not to be, one might be inclined to hug the coffee pot. But if one should be so demonstrative, do, I beg, take care that the spout is not turned toward that part of the human face called the mouth. For should the effects of the hug be disastrous, without doubt all affection for the coffee pot would be washed away.

In a case of immediate necessity the coffee pot might be used for that other ungainly but comforting article, the water bottle. In this case, also, the spout is the point to be watched. The coffee pot has still other uses; it is chiefly used for coffee, but if one were hard pressed—the necessity would have to be great, I admit—it might be used for serving champagne at a state banquet. However, with all its faults and failings and virtues the coffee pot is a very good friend of ours. It should never be thrown or used for playing ball; treat it well and it will give liberally of its contents, but if it should be angry, avoid the spout.

ELIZABETH GIBSON.

## *The Heralds of the Seasons*

Winged maple blooms come floating down,  
When the sweet springtime is near;  
Gliding swiftly, sliding quickly,  
Like tiny red birds fill the air.

Come zephyr winds in summer days,  
Laden with a perfume rare,  
Blowing lightly, blowing gently,  
Wafting fragrance and banishing care.

One by one the leaves come drifting down,  
In the autumn time of year;  
Softly, softly, not a sound,  
But with a blaze of color everywhere.

In winter, the snowflakes come tumbling down,  
All glistening, soft and white;  
Rifting, drifting everywhere,  
Then pass like a watch in the night.

Thus the seasons come and go,  
Each bringing balm to some tired soul;  
And ever showing to the world  
A dear Father over, and in all.

C. T. F., '13.



# *A Detective Experience*

CHARACTERS—Cy Pringle  
Mrs. Pringle  
Burglar  
Deacon

SCENE—Partly in kitchen of farmhouse  
Partly in back yard

COSTUMES—Old style

## ACT I

*Scene 1. Kitchen in an old time farmhouse. Woman standing at table leisurely washing dishes. Man seated, seemingly in a doze, suddenly rouses himself.*

CY PRINGLE: Gosh!

MRS. PRINGLE (*petulantly*): What new scheme has gotten into your head now?

PRINGLE: If you'll stop rattling them dishes a minute I'll explain to you. (*Takes a paper from the floor at his side, adjusts his spectacles and reads*) "Five hundred dollars reward is offered for the capture of Charles Yates, who is wanted to answer charges of burglary and arson. Yates is now supposed to be hiding in Morris County. Light complexion, dark hair and eyes. Pretends to be religious. When last seen wore dark blue suit and light felt hat.

R. H. KLYNE, *Sheriff, Morris County.*"

(*Drops paper in lap.*)

PRINGLE: If we'll keep our eyes and ears open, two to one (*shakes head*) we can serape in the \$500. It would come in mighty handy this fall when we have to make a payment on the mortgage.

MRS. PRINGLE: Yes, it will most likely come in the same way that five thousand did that you were going to get from your patent cider bottle. You haven't worked those potatoes yet, have you? You had better go on about your work and quit thinking about getting rich all in a minute.

PRINGLE: I am going now to work the potatoes. (*Exit Pringle.*)

(*Mrs. Pringle goes about her baking. She has just finished a batch of fried cakes and placed them on the shelf. Walking heard outside. Turns toward door. Enter man very neatly dressed.*)

MAN: Pardon me, madame, I scented the odor of your cakes, and being fond of fresh ones, ventured to ask for some.

MRS. PRINGLE: You are very welcome. (*Offers him a chair and pushes the plate of cakes towards him.*)

MAN: You are very kind indeed, madame, and these cakes are so refreshing. The Lord will bless you.

(*Mrs. Pringle is eyeing him very closely. Takes the paper from the table and reads, at the same time comparing him with the description.*)

MRS. PRINGLE (*to herself*): He is surely the right one, but how to capture him is the problem.

MRS. PRINGLE (*stranger having finished eating*): Will you please place the pan of cakes on the top shelf in the pantry?

MAN: With the greatest of pleasure.

(*As he passes inside the door Mrs. Pringle slams the door, shuts and bolts it.*)  
*Enter Pringle.*

MRS. PRINGLE: I've got him! I've got him!

PRINGLE: Got what? A fit?

MRS. PRINGLE: No, the burglar.

PRINGLE: By jinks! you ain't, either? Where is he?

MRS. PRINGLE: He's locked in the cellar, he is, and you'll have to be hurrying or he'll be getting away.

PRINGLE: Well, if you ain't a brick! (*Throws down hoe.*)

MRS. PRINGLE: Well, what are we to do? I'll stay here and keep guard, while you run to the next house and phone for the sheriff.

*Curtain.*

## ACT II

*Scene—Kitchen. Mrs. Pringle standing before the door, shotgun in hand.*

*Enter Pringle.*

PRINGLE: Has he gotten out? Is he here yet?

MRS. PRINGLE: Sure he is, and where is the sheriff?

PRINGLE: He is not at home, but is coming as soon as he gets back. I met the deacon on the way and told him what luck we had found. He seemed awful upset.

MRS. PRINGLE: Let's give him some breakfast; you know he's hungry.

PRINGLE: He'll not starve as long as the cider and fried cakes hold out. (*Knock at door.*) Come in!

*Enter Deacon.*

DEACON: Well, I'll be hornswoggled! You ought to be ashamed of yourself; you ought to be sent to jail; to lock our new minister in your old pantry. Mrs. Barker was nearly prostrated last night because her husband failed to come home. And to think——

PRINGLE: Hold on, I have allus been known for doing things on the square, and if you'll go on about your business I'll see that the minister gets out alright. (*Exit Deacon.*)

PRINGLE: Well, I'll be hornswoggled too! Who would ever have thought it! I might have known such good luck would never come my way. I'll go right now and turn him out. (*Opens pantry door, calls Mr. Minister.*) If you'll come out now, I'll show you that Cy Pringle knows how to treat a gentleman after all.

*(Man comes out of pantry with downcast look.)*

MAN: The Lord knows you meant no harm. He'll forgive you.

PRINGLE (*hands him a five dollar bill*): Take that.

MAN: I am very much gratified at being able to make the acquaintance of so generous a man. I have long since learned to accept whatever the Lord sends without grumbling. *Exit minister.*

PRINGLE: Luck, I never saw such! Just think how Mrs. Barker must have felt last night; and to know that her husband was taken for a burglar will give her nervous prostration. *Exit Pringle.*

MRS. PRINGLE: We might have known there'd be some mistake about it. I knowed 'twas too good to be true. Five hundred dollars is too much at one jump. (*Goes to the window and looks out.*) Now, I wonder who that is riding up in the yard. Well, I do believe it's the Deacon come back. Wonder what he can want now.

*Enter Pringle.*

PRINGLE: I want you to get a good tough piece of board, and pound my leathery scalp like the mischief.

MRS. PRINGLE: Why, Cy! I never heard you use such violent language in all my life.

PRINGLE: Well, you are going to begin hearing violent language right now. That measley, spindle-legged, tallow-skinned, oil-grain smead we had in the pantry was the burglar. The sheriff had the minister.

*Curtain.*

MINNIE WARNER.

## *A Bit of Self-Sacrifice*

Margaret Downing and Eleanor Landis, about the same age and having been brought up in the same town, had always been clumsy. Although they had been allowed to have their own way in most things, they were not really spoiled. Their greatest fault was trying to have a good time, regardless of anything or anybody else. They were about fifteen years old when Miss Hamilton came to their town to take up her work as teacher. Unlike any teacher they had ever had before, she felt the need of mixing with the school work the moral and spiritual teachings which develop purer and higher lives. This she taught by example.

One Friday night, about two weeks before Thanksgiving, Miss Hamilton had a little party and entertained her pupils. It was a jolly crowd of about eighteen boys and girls. The hostess was very entertaining and everybody seemed to enjoy the evening. But Margaret and Eleanor could not be content to enjoy one thing without thinking of something better, and at the party they had their minds on the trip which they were planning to take Thanksgiving into the country. In a conversation with Miss Hamilton, Eleanor asked her teacher to go with them.

"No; I thank you," was the reply. "I have already planned to spend my Thanksgiving with a friend in our community. She is an old blind woman and gets awfully lonesome sometimes. I think I will enjoy reading and talking with her."

Eleanor knew that her answer was decisive, therefore did not try to persuade her. But her sincerity and the earnestness with which she spoke made a profound impression upon her. When she and Margaret were alone together, Eleanor mentioned the subject of Miss Hamilton's Thanksgiving to Margaret. Often they had noticed the charitable spirit in their teacher and now they were beginning to admire it more than ever before. "What great joy it must be living for others," they thought.

"Margaret," Eleanor broke out, "let us try Miss Hamilton's way. I'm getting tired of our receptions, excursions and things. After all, there is not much real enjoyment in them, and if Miss Hamilton enjoys serving others as much as she seems to, I'm sure we would more than our trip to the country."

"Oh, I'm willing that we should try it," answered Margaret, "but what is there that we can do? I don't know of another old blind lady whom we could help, do you?"

"No, but I think I know of somebody that would do just as well."

"Who is it?" broke in Margaret, very much interested.

"It is Mary Kippling," Eleanor continued, "a little crippled girl of whom I heard my mother speak last night. She has been an invalid for a long time and doctors say she can never be well again. So I wonder if there is something that we can do to make Thanksgiving bright and happy for her."

"Yes," said Margaret, "I think I have heard of her too. She has no father, but a mother who has to work, so I'm sure she must be very poor and lonely. I think we might give up our trip to the country and use the money to buy her some books and good things for Thanksgiving."

"Don't you think it would be a nice thing to get her a rolling chair?" suggested Eleanor. "That would help her so much in getting about, and with the money it would have taken for our trip I think we can get a nice one. The trip would have cost us five dollars apiece, so we can use ten dollars for it."

Margaret was pleased at the idea and they decided to get the chair for Mary by Thanksgiving. They went together to the store to purchase it and were delighted to find that they could get a good one for nine and a half dollars. With the rest they bought fruits, nuts, and other Thanksgiving goodies, and left orders for the goods to be delivered at Mary Kipling's by eleven o'clock on Thursday morning.

In the few days that had passed several people had noticed the change that had taken place in the lives of Margaret and Eleanor, but of course it was with delight that they noticed it. They had decided not only to do this one act of kindness, but at all times they showed their desire to please others. Their parents wanted to know why they had given up their trip, but to their inquiries they answered that they had just decided they didn't care to go.

On Thursday morning they went together to Mary Kipling's home, as they had planned to do. They found the crippled child in a very miserable condition, but she welcomed her visitors with a sunny smile. It was seldom that visitors came her way, but when they did she was delighted.

They soon got acquainted with each other and in the meantime the minutes passed by very quickly; eleven o'clock soon came. When the goods were delivered Mary was puzzled for a minute, but her guests soon explained by telling her that it was what they had sent to her for her Thanksgiving.

How delighted poor little Mary was! and how happy it made Margaret and Eleanor. They lifted her into the rolling chair and showed her how to use it, and of course she was delighted. Mary felt that she could not thank them enough for what she considered a great deed of kindness, but what seemed to them so small.

They spent the remainder of the day talking, reading, eating, while the invalid made use of the rolling chair. Before the guests departed Mary made them promise to repeat their visit soon, which they did gladly.

Margaret and Eleanor went home with joyful hearts, feeling that they had been fully repaid for their sacrifice, but to Miss Hamilton they gave all the praise.

BERNICE OLIVE.

## *Faithfulness*

Across the years between today  
And those far away Decembers,  
Those bright and balmy hours of May,  
I send this message, dear, to say,  
“One faithful heart remembers!”

To say that all the long years through  
Your face is before me ever;  
And something thrills me with joy anew—  
While whisp'ring low you still are true  
And nothing our souls can sever.

Did you think, my love, that I'd forget,  
Though e'en a thousand years should pass,  
The vows we made when first we met,  
The bonds that hold me closely yet,  
Though shattered by you as frailest glass?

Ah, no, my dearie, while time shall last  
This Want of You will remain in my heart;  
Though the years move e'er so slow or fast—  
'Til Eternity shall reveal our past—  
I'll find no rest from you apart.

CAROLYN THOMAS FARTHING.

## *The Lost Princess*

One day when the fairy Roseleaf was walking in the Great Fairy Forest she found a tiny human baby fast asleep among the buttercups. She was greatly surprised, and was angry, too, that any mortal had dared venture into the Fairy Forest. At first she determined to kill the child; but when she stooped closer and saw the sweet baby face and the tiny hands she suddenly decided that it should live. "Surely," she thought, "this little one knows nothing of the fairy law that allows no mortal in the Forest." So she took the baby to her beautiful home in the wild lily bed and as time went on she grew to love it; and finally, by her art, gave it fairy life. But the child had once been human, so there was a condition about its fairy life. It must never go outside the Great Forest, for the charm would be broken, and the fairy life must die. She named the child Bluebelle and took it for her own.

As time went on the little girl grew up; she knew nothing of her former life, only the one thing she must not do. She was very happy in her free, gay life with the fairies, and was as beautiful and sweet as the lilies she lived among. The fairies loved her, and welcomed her among them, for Roseleaf was very dear to her fairy friends and for her sake as well as for its own, they loved the child.

Before long Bluebelle began to wonder about the world outside the Forest; there must be people there, she thought, and she did so long to see them. But Roseleaf had forbidden her to ever peep beyond the Forest boundary.

One day Roseleaf went to visit a fairy friend in a neighboring forest, leaving Bluebelle at home with her forest friends. Very soon, however, Bluebelle grew tired of playing hide-and-seek among the lilies, and she determined to run away. So when all the fairies were hidden she slipped away toward the edge of the Forest. At first she was very happy; the sun shone, there were lovely flowers all about her, and she was going to see the world. She walked and walked but the forest seemed not to end, and after a while she grew tired. She wished she were at home with the fairies, who would be sorry knowing she had run away. She saw something move in the shadows and in fear called frantically for Roseleaf. But her fear grew to curiosity and then to joy, as the moving thing came closer. It was a tall creature, a mortal, and it seemed very beautiful to her.

In truth, it was a man—a prince, who had left his friends and attendants while out hunting. Bluebelle stood still; and when the prince came closer and spoke to her, praising her beauty, she was very happy. The prince told her of the wonderful world she had never seen; he loved her, too, he said, and would take her to his palace. She should have diamonds that outshone dew drops in the morning sun and dresses more beautiful than the lilies and buttercups she loved. So Bluebelle remembered the one thing she must not do, and in sudden sorrow told the

prince she must go home. But he would not have her go; he loved her too well, he said, to lose her, and she had promised to be his bride.

While they talked darkness fell and all the forest grew dark. They did not know the way to the prince's palace and Bluebelle dared not go back to the lily bed. So there in the forest they waited for the dawn, and there Roseleaf found them. She was full of sorrow for her poor child, but the fairy charm was broken and the forfeit must be paid. While they waited, and talked of love, Roseleaf cast a spell on them, and when they slept, took Bluebelle away. She had lost her fairy life and must go back to the world of mortals.

In the mortal world there is a certain lady who was found asleep in the forest; she is as fair and pure as the bluebells that were under her head. Her eyes are deep and dark; looking into them one thinks of twilight when night stillness is over all the world and the stars are peeping out. She is slender and young but her shoulders are slightly bent as if earthly cares were more than she could bear. And at times one sees that she is thinking of some dim, far distant past of which only her love remains. She is dreaming too, and waiting, for the prince she knows but has not found.

Out in the world a man wanders; a prince, who has left his throne and people and is looking for his promised bride. There are many who would console him, but refusing all comfort, he wanders on looking for that one he has not found.

Roseleaf is watching these troubled mortals. In time, perhaps, true love will be rewarded, and the Prince will find his Princess.

ELIZABETH GIBSON.

## *Our Trip to Mars*

We were chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Marks, who were the best chaperones that I have ever seen, before or since. There were five of us girls—Jane, Lucy, Patty, Marie, and myself, Jane being the daughter of our chaperones.

We had been in New York for a week, enjoying our stay immensely, when one night we were all on the roof garden with a gay crowd, dancing and having a jolly time, when it was announced that the next week there would be an ascension of the greatest airship then in the world, "The Zephyr," and all the tourists were invited to go to Mars—of course paying an enormous fare.

After begging Mr. and Mrs. Marks to take us, we were a happy crowd of girls, you bet, when they finally decided to do so. Mr. Marks spent the next week getting his business in a condition to be left for several years, while we were getting our clothes ready and packing them for the trip. The next week passed away soon enough and we found ourselves at the place of ascension. There were numbers and numbers of people there to see us off.

After bidding a few of our friends goodbye, to whom we had become very much attached while in New York, we entered the airship all enthused over our new trip, but we could not help but feel somewhat blue, leaving this old world of ours. There were about two hundred passengers, including our party of seven. We found some of them very pleasant and interesting indeed, and our journey of twelve months passed away slowly but pleasantly.

The first hundred miles made us all terribly sick, but we soon became accustomed to it and got on very well. The higher we went the more oppressive the atmosphere became, and it also became exceedingly cold. We all had a good supply of heavy winter clothes and there were fires in our cabins, so we did not suffer from the cold.

The scenes from the telescopes were most marvelous. Some of the planets seemed to be balls of burning substance, while others looked like masses of rock.

One day our crowd and a few others were assembled reading, sewing, chatting, etc., when some one came running in and said in a few hours we would land on one of the small planets. We all, excitedly, jumped up and got our telescopes and looked with eager eyes to what we were approaching. After a while we landed on what seemed to be a mass of rock and sand as far as we could see with our spy glasses and telescopes. We did not have time to explore the planet, as we would loved to have done, because we were anxious to get to Mars.

The most novel event of the trip was the marriage of Patty to one of the passengers—a famous lawyer whom she met on board the "Zephyr." They fell most desperately in love and said they were going to marry some day, so why shouldn't they have a romantic marriage on this little planet. There was not a minister on board the airship so they were married by wireless from New York City.



After the marriage we proceeded to Mars and landed on a great plain with two happy souls, if no more. There were wonders to be seen in Mars. The most striking thing was the color of the luxuriant growth. It was the brightest yellow where our vegetation is green. The climate of Mars was similar to our Torrid Zone and for the first several days I thought it was going to be intolerable, but I soon became acclimated and spent a whole year there, which consisted of six hundred and eighty-seven days, each day being a half hour longer than ours.

The people there were very dark complexioned and had short black curly hair. They were small but very intellectual. Where a man on our planet weighs two hundred pounds, he weighs only seventy-five pounds in Mars.

I cannot go into details about our stay there for I haven't time. The planet was similar to ours in composition. It had atmosphere, seasons, land, water, storms, clouds, and mountains all like ours.

We liked it very well for a while but were glad enough to get back to dear old America once more. The trip home was equally as pleasant as the one to Mars, but when we arrived in New York at the airship yard we found we had been gone four years to the day. We were, all the same, five happy girls, but Patty declared she was the happiest.

BESSIE HOGE ROBARDS.

## *George Washington*

### *An Ode*

God, working out man's destiny through man,  
Hath left him free to choose that destiny,  
Hath given him power to use each faculty  
For right or wrong, and choosing right, to span  
The great gulf fixed by wilful human sin,  
And work as God, because God works within.  
Men, viewing from afar a soul so great,  
Say, "Lo! a genius," as of one apart,  
Scarce comprehending that in every heart  
The might of all Infinity doth wait  
Man's recognition and his will to ask,  
To work through him the superhuman task.

George Washington, whose greatness is our boast,  
Was great because, as child or man or youth,  
He laid to heart that glorious old-time truth,  
"Ye are the temple of the Holy Ghost,"  
And worshipping its deity divine,  
Withstood all desecration of the shrine.  
No hero he, by sudden courage moved  
To win his cause or die upon the field,  
But through his lifelong habit not to yield,  
Perforce he conquered; but his victory proved  
That only they who draw on years of strength,  
Can meet the crucial test which comes at length.

By being great, great men he made. Too strong  
To hold men weak, himself too truly brave  
To dream of cowardice, he thereby gave  
His strength and bravery. Too stern towards wrong  
For men to hold it lightly, thus it came  
That they were nobler than themselves—their fame  
His crowning glory. Dark the path he sought  
And rough with thorns, but God's all-searching light  
Made rough and darksome places plain and bright,  
And clarified his vision as he fought;  
For swerving never from the path he trod,  
He drew upon the affluence of God.

May we, today, whose rich inheritance  
Hath made responsibility so vast,  
May we receive the wealth of all the past  
In sacred trust, and seeking to enhance  
The treasure given so abundantly,  
May find our greatest opportunity.  
Then, let us, by the Might within us, strive  
To meet that obligation, thus sustained  
By centuries, whose great men have maintained  
That only they who live by light survive  
To lighten men to see God's plan aright,  
And so, throughout the world, "Let there be Light."

MARY PAMILY KOUES.

## *College Regulations*

- 1—All the girls are requested to receive callers every Friday night except the first. Only the Freshmen can receive then.
- 2—All students attending church must have a written permission from home.
- 3—Seniors are not expected to appear at breakfast unless so inclined. The others must come but may finish their toilet on the way, if necessary.
- 4—Exams are never given to anyone except those making an average of 95, unless by special request.
- 5—Girls are requested to visit every hall during quiet hour, especially on Sunday.
- 6—The girls who are not members of the Student Association are requested to walk in twos and only from the Baptist to the Episcopal churches. The others must have a chaperone and all the girls must have special permission to walk on the country roads.
- 7—Always be late to your meals; only the teachers are on time.
- 8—Every girl is expected to correspond with at least four or five Horner boys. Our girls must be popular.
- 9—All the girls study in their rooms if they feel so inclined. Only the Seniors are permitted to attend Study hour.
- 10—Any girl putting out her light before twelve o'clock will receive 10 demerits and her privileges will be cut for the next quarter.
- 11—The Lady Principle wishes all of the students to chew gum in chapel, as it is good for indigestion.
- 12—Whenever a girl feels that a little nourishment would help her, she has Mr. Hobgood's full "permit" to go to the "Country Store."
- 13—Never sweep anything but the middle of your floor. Move the bed and trunks at Commencement.
- 14—Mrs. Twitty wants the students to distinctly understand that they mustn't throw fruit parings in the waste basket, as the sink is for that special purpose.
- 15—Always wear boudoir caps to breakfast.
- 16—Never eat zip—only the Seniors and Faculty are allowed such luxuries.
- 17—Every girl must bring a chafing dish with her to school, as they are needed in the midnight feasts given by the Faculty to the students.
- 18—Each girl should ask for every dish not less than four times during a meal, and always help herself first and then pass it on.
- 19—The girls may go to Hall's Drug Store any afternoon but they must go in the back door, as they will get 15 demerits and their privileges cut for a quarter if they go in the front door.
- 20—The girls are not allowed to wear middy suits; for reasons apply to Ethel Carter, C. Tom Farthing, and Dot Jones.
- 21—Only "Pwep Fweshmen" can wear caps and gowns; the others may wear whatever they wish.
- 22—No girl is permitted to remain in her room after quiet hour on Saturday and Sunday afternoons but must promenade on the campus and flirt with the Horner Cadets.
- 23—It is strictly against the rules for the girls to practise on Saturday, as the pianos need a rest.

# *Athletics*

*Mary Ray Green*

*President Athletic Association*



# *Senior Basketball*

## *Officers*

BERNICE OLIVE.....MANAGER  
MAGGIE HOOD.....CAPTAIN

COLORS: *Red and white*

## YELL:

Razzle! Dazzle! Hobble! Gobble!  
Geese, Goose, Gauze!  
When you see the Senior team,  
Pause! Pause! Pause!

## *Forwards:*

MAGGIE HOOD  
FLORA HORRELL  
MYRTLE PASS

## *Centers:*

BERNICE OLIVE  
MAGGIE RICHARDSON  
OLICE WOOD

## *Guards:*

DECIE DARK  
ESSIE JOHNSON  
F. SCOTT JEFFRESS





# *Junior Basketball*

## *Officers*

MARY GREEN . . . . . MANAGER  
MABEL OSBORNE . . . . . CAPTAIN

*COLOR: Lavender and green*

## YELL:

What's our motto? Do or die,  
V—I—C—T—O—R—Y.  
Are we in it? Well, I guess.  
Juniors! Juniors!  
Yes! Yes! Yes!

## *Forwards:*

MABEL OSBORNE  
KATIE MAYNARD  
ALLIE HADLEY

## *Guards:*

EULA ELLEN  
JANE BRYAN  
THELMA ALLEN

## *Centers:*

JOSIE ELLEN  
ANNIE ELLEN  
MARY GREEN



## *Sophomore Basketball*

MOTTO: "To do"

COLOR: *American Beauty Red*

YELL:

Tutti Frutti, Punch and Judy,  
 Soph'more team will do its duty;  
 Don't you worry, don't you fret,  
 Soph'more team will get there yet!

LIZZIE UNDERWOOD.....CAPTAIN  
 GRACE WHITAKER AND SWANNANOA O'NEAL...FORWARDS  
 LILA DOVER AND NELL WOODS.....GUARDS  
 .....CENTER  
 BONNIE BROWN AND LOULA TILSON.....SUBSTITUTES



## *Freshman Basketball*

GERTRUDE STEPHENSON, CAPTAIN

COLORS:

*Pumpkin yellow and cucumber green*

*Yell*

Can she play? Well, I guess.  
Freshman! Freshman!  
Yes! Yes! Yes!

*Team*

ETHELYN PENNY  
LIZA LOVE GREEN  
EMMA DUNN  
MARIAN CREATH  
SUE HOUSE  
LAURA WELLS  
JULIA KINTON



# *Tennis Club*

COLOR: *White*

MOTTO: "*Serve me love*"

## *Officers*

MYRTLE PASS.....PRESIDENT  
MAGGIE RICHARDSON.....VICE-PRESIDENT  
GRACE WHITAKER.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER

LENORE BAKER  
EVELYN BAINES  
JANE BRYAN  
BONNIE BROWN  
CLAYTON BROWN  
MARIAN CREATH  
ETHEL CARTER  
LILA DOVER  
ANNIE ELLEN  
JOSIE ELLEN  
EULA ELLEN  
CARRIE TOM FARTHING  
LIZA LOVE GREEN  
MARY GREEN  
ALLIE HADLEY

BESSIE HOWARD  
SUE HOUSE  
MYRA HUNTER  
MAGGIE HOOD  
RASSIE JONES  
VALERIA JONES  
KATIE MAYNARD  
BRETA NOELL  
MABEL OSBORNE  
MYRTLE PASS  
DOROTHY ROYSTER  
MAGGIE RICHARDSON  
MARIE WOODY  
NELL WOODS  
GRACE WHITAKER

MARTHA WARD

## H. M. S.

(*Her Many Sayings*)

ETHEL C.—Oh! you cute Lolypop.

EULA—Is “anybody” with them?

IRENE—I don’t know, but I’ll ask John.

JETTIE—My! he ain’t cute.

MARIAN—Hello there! he looks like “Pluto.”

VALERIA—Oh! did Quevado pass?

RASSIE—G’wan, who cares about you?

DOT—Now, you know that’s good looking.

NELL—Anything in uniform looks good to me.

MAGGIE H.—Goodnight! Look a-coming.

MISS McMICKING—Are there any Horner Cadets passing?

MR. HOBGOOD—Pass on, boys.

MYRTLE P.—Step where you belong.

FLORA—Have you seen John Dicky?

MAGGIE R.—(*While at work in laboratory*): Oh! I wish we could see them.

BESSIE—You better run on home, “Sonny.”

FANNIE SCOTT—Is he from Henderson?

MARIE W.—Let’s look at them while we can.

ANNIE E.—Oh! I wish we could talk to them sometimes.

RUTH—Somebody said tell you “Hello.”

BONNIE—Oh! if it was just “Wink!”

CAM—Don’t you all think my cousin is cute?

GERTRUDE S.—Hey, there, “Cutie”!

ESTELLE (*to one of the girls*): Have you got a date for the next dance?

BESSIE HOGE—Run boys, here comes “’Rome.”

THELMA—When are you all going to have your Easter dance?

JOSIE—Some Sport!!!!

KATIE—Oh, girls, you’ve missed everything.

GENEVA—He’s the eutest one I’ve seen.

LIZA LOVE—Why, Mrs. Twitty, I’ve known Joyner all my life.

SHORT—Did you see what was on the windows over at Horner’s this evening?

# *Superlatives*



MARY ROYAL HANCOCK

*Prettiest*

“This is that Lady Beauty, in whose praise  
Thy voice and hand shake still.”

EULA ELLEN  
*Most fascinating*

“Sweet and gracious even in common speech.”







MARY GREEN

*Sweetest and best beloved*

“Where thoughts serenely sweet express  
How pure, how dear, their dwelling place.”

MARGARET JUSTICE

*Wittiest*

“And all that’s best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes.”





CAMILLE BALLARD

*Most in love*

“O my love’s like a red, red rose,  
That newly springs in June.”

BRETA NOELL

*Most attractive*

“Her voice was like the voice the stars  
Had where they sang together.”





DOROTHY JONES

*Neatest*

“Her looks do argue her replete with neatness.”

FANNIE BUCHANNAN

*Most accomplished*

“She excels each mortal thing upon the dull earth  
dwelling.”





DECIE DARK  
*Most dignified*

“Mark when she smiles with amiable cheare,  
And tell me whereto can ye lyken it.”

MYRTLE FAGAN  
*Smartest*

“There is none like her, none.”





FANNIE SCOTT JEFFRESS

*Best all-round-good-fellow*

“A smooth and steadfast mind,  
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,  
A heart with equal love combined.”

CAROLYN THOMAS FARTHING  
*Best student, cutest, and most mischievous*

“The all-seeing sun never saw her match since the  
world began.”





MAGGIE HOOD

*Sunniest*

“And on that cheek and o’er that brow,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow.”

ETHEL CARTER

*Idlest*

“To sigh, yet feel no pain,  
To sport an hour with Beauty’s chain,  
Then throw it idly by.”



## *Extracts from a College Girl's Diary*

SEPT. 11—

College opened today with lots of new girls, also many familiar faces brightened the scene. In the morning I went through the ordeal of being classed, but came out alive. The remainder of the day I spent in getting myself settled and talking at breakneck speed in the interim. Altogether it has been a busy day and only school girls can imagine just how I feel. Of course I'm not homesick, but I would like to know what they are doing at home.

SEPT. 13—

I had a perfectly delightful time at the lawn party this evening. It is the first social function of the school year, given by the Y. W. C. A. to the new girls. Each "Newish" was called for by a Y. W. C. A. member and conducted on the campus, which was beautifully lighted by Japanese lanterns. There we played games and did all kinds of funny "stunts," after which refreshments were served.

OCT. 23—

Well, I am tired, but I will not complain for I have had a dandy good time. The clouds cleared away and the sun came out in time for us to see the parade and then go to the fair. We were kept under a teacher's protecting wing until we reached the grounds and were then permitted to do as we pleased. We went to look at the exhibitions and what do you suppose we found?—the Horner boys were there! There were several noted speakers, but the minor speakers were very much more interesting to us.

OCT. 31—

Hallowe'en! the word itself makes you feel so creepylike, but, if you want cold chills play up and down your back go peep down Music Hall, where the Seniors are entertaining the Faculty. I shall not be likely to forget the peep that I took. I went tipping down the hall, scarcely breathing for fear that the owners of shiny mouths and eyes would jump after me from among the bushes. Noiselessly I opened one of the rooms and there, under some pine boughs, stood a witch serving cider from a steaming caldron to a number of ghosts. I closed the door as noiselessly as I had opened it and went on looking in other rooms. In one I found ghosts and fairies bobbing for apples; in another a good fairy slipped a doughnut, an apple and some peanuts into my hand; in a third room, I found a witch seated in a cornstalk booth, telling fortunes by the light of a jack-o-lantern. I had seen enough so I stole away. I had gotten to the front door when it was suddenly pushed open with me behind it. I stood there trembling, as the throng of apparitions passed by. I was just emerging from my niche, when a black cat, about the size of "Bundy" Olive, cornered me. She quarreled and clawed at me, and then stopping to wash her face, gave me one chance to run. That was a plenty.

NOV. 8—

The Seniors have gone to the Baraca Banquet at Wake Forest, so to brighten things up a bit we had a beautiful mock-marriage ceremony in the Chapel tonight, when Mr. B. M. Winstead gave his daughter, Marie Woody, in marriage to Mr. Evelyn Baynes. The Chapel was artistically decorated in white and green. Miss Valeria Jones sang "All That I Ask is Love," after which the bridal party entered to the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding

March. First entered the groomsmen, Messrs. Mary Green, Katie Maynard, Ethelyn Penny, and Bonnie Brown, followed by the bridesmaids, Misses Helen Royster, Gertrude Stephenson, Liza Love Green, and Nell Woods. Next came little Ethel Carter, ring bearer, who was followed by the dame of honor, Mrs. Thomas Farthing and maid of honor, Miss Dorothy Jones. The groom entered with the best man, Mr. Annie Ellen, and met at the altar the bride, who was leaning on the arm of her father. There they were bound in the holy bonds of matrimony by Rev. Margaret Justice. The bride was becomingly arrayed in a eheesecloth gown and a veil caught up with flowers. After the ceremony, the happy party and guests went to the Society Hall where a grand ball was given in honor of the bridal party. Amid showers of rice and good wishes, they left for their home, Room 13 Administration Hall.

Nov. 16—

This page of my life I give wholly to the Junior Reception to the Seniors, since it was our first attempt at entertaining and was so successful. The Seniors were received into the Calliopean Society Hall, which was decorated in lavender and green, the Junior colors. The Seniors were given booklets containing three contests, Familiar Books, Authors, and Famous Women. The Juniors came in dressed to represent familiar books, as Vanity Fair, etc. The Seniors guessed what each represented. We had the other contests during the evening. You should have seen them laugh when they found that the letters which they had to arrange in the third, spelled the names of the girls in the Senior Class. We went into the long Music Hall for refreshments. Here the Senior colors, gold and white, were carried out. Most delicious refreshments were served.

Nov. 29—

The Thanksgiving Reception, the greatest social function of the year, has passed off pleasantly. The receivee line was stationed in the library and parlor. Punch was served in the parlor, the society halls were made lively by music, and the dining room, where cream and cake was served, was artistically decorated. The tables were arranged in the form of a Greek cross in the center of the room. Red and white ribbons radiated from a point in the ceiling directly over the cross, to the corners of the table. A bank of ferns and carnations formed a centerpiece, and candles were arranged around this and down each table.

FEB. 22—

George Washington's Birthday has been a great day to all Americans, but especially to the Junior Class—the Seniors gave us such a swell banquet. It was a delight to all who like to eat as well as I do, and even the fastidious were tempted into eating by the daintily served delicacies. The table was decorated in the National colors, with a cherry tree and hatchet for a centerpiece. The place cards consisted of little hatchets on which were hand painted cherries.

MAR. 1—

I have laughed myself silly tonight at a Minstrel given by the Senior Class. It would be almost an impossibility for anyone to keep her face straight, while looking at those black, shiny, grinning faces. Their songs were good and their jokes rich, although they rubbed some of us the wrong way.

MAR. 7—

I went with Flora to the dressmaker's and nearly ran my head off trying to get to supper in time. She is having a dress made for the Faculty Reception to the Seniors. Two hundred invitations have been sent to town people. The Seniors are elated over the fact.



CLUBS

The image features the word "CLUBS" in a highly stylized, graphic font. Each letter is a solid black silhouette of a bowling pin, complete with a rounded top and a tapered neck. The letters are arranged in a horizontal row, and each letter contains a white, serif-style character. The 'C' is a simple curve, 'L' has a vertical stem and a horizontal base, 'U' is a simple U-shape, 'B' has two vertical stems and a horizontal base, and 'S' is a simple S-curve. The overall effect is a bold, high-contrast visual pun on the word "clubs".

# Granville County Club

MOTTO: *Keep your trunks packed*

SONG: "Dixie"

FLOWER:

*Daisy*



COLORS:

*Yellow and  
white*

## Officers

MARY BUMPASS  
HATTIE EVANS  
MYRTLE FAGAN  
CARRIE TOM FARTHING  
GUSSIE GOOCH  
ELIZABETH GIBSON  
IRMA GRANT  
FOY HESTER  
LOIS HESTER

CARRIE TOM FARTHING.....PRESIDENT  
NELL WOODS.....VICE-PRESIDENT  
ETHEL OVERTON.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER

MARY ROYAL HANCOCK  
LENA JONES  
JULIA KINTON  
NANNIE LATTA  
RUBY MANGUM  
ETHEL OVERTON  
BESSIE HOGE ROBERTS  
NELLIE WOODS  
RUTH TAYLOR

## Toast

Here's to dear old Granville,  
The place we all love best,—  
And may it ever in each heart  
Be held above the rest!

# Wake County Club

COLORS: *Old gold and black*

FLOWER: *Sunflower*

MOTTO: *Wide-a-“Wake”*

## *Toast*

Dear Wake is where the sunflowers grow,  
Where God's own sun doth shine;  
We all do love and praise thee so,  
Thou homeland fair of mine.



MAY ADAMS  
BESSIE HOWARD  
MYRA HUNTER  
JENNIE KNOTT  
KATIE MAYNARD  
ETHEL PENNY  
LILY PENNY  
MAGGIE RICHARDSON  
HALLIE SORRELL  
GERTRUDE STEPHENSON  
OLICE WOOD  
MISS TAYLOR

## *Officers*

BESSIE HOWARD.....OCCUPANT OF ROYAL CHAIR  
ETHEL PENNY.....ASPIRANT TO THE THRONE  
GERTRUDE STEPHENSON.....HOLDER OF THE BAG  
KATIE MAYNARD.....PRESERVER OF RECORDS

*Person County Club*



FLOWER: *Water lily*

SONG: *Row, Row, Row*

MEETING PLACE: *Loch Lily*

TIME OF MEETING:

*"When Water Lilies Bloom."*

- RASSIE JONES..... Woodsdale
- BRETA NOELL..... Roxboro
- MYRTLE PASS..... Roxboro
- MARIE WOODY..... Bethel Hill
- EUGENIA WOODY..... Bethel Hill

## *De Old Dominion Club*



FLOWER: *Goldenrod*

COLORS: *Green and gold*

MOTTO:

"That corner of Earth to me  
Smiles sweetest of all."

### *Toast*

"The birds sing nowhere quite so sweet,  
And nowhere hearts so lightly beat,  
For heaven and earth both seem to meet,  
Down in Virginia."

### *Members*

"NELLIE CUSTIS"

"VIRGINIA DARE"

"PEGGY CARTER"

"EVELYN BYRD"

"SUSAN RANDOLPH"

"JANE RANDOLPH"

"LORD FAIRFAX"

"THOMAS JEFFERSON"

SONG: "Show me where the four leaf clover grows."

FAVORITE MEETING PLACE: Field of clover

The resigner of Luck-Ballard: "It certainly am tough luck."

Pursuer of Luck-Farthing: "I'll trust my luck."

Disdainer of Luck-Jones: "That's just my luck."

FLOWER: *Four Leaf Clover*

COLORS: *Green and red*

MOTTO: *Luck or pluck*

SIGN: *Swastika*

LUCKY DISH: *Eggplant*



## *The Triedron*

## *Maids of Leisure*

FLOWER:  
*Night shades*

SONG:  
*Dreaming*

PASSWORD:  
*Pleasure*

PASTIME:  
*Playing rook*



FLORA HORRELL  
MAGGIE HOOD  
DECIE DARK  
LAURA WELLS  
ESSIE JOHNSON  
LOULA TILSON  
MABEL OSBORNE  
JANE BRYAN  
ELIZABETH UNDERWOOD

MOTTO: Don't do today what can be done tomorrow.

### *Officers*

MABEL OSBORNE .....	PRESIDENT
ELIZABETH UNDERWOOD .....	VICE-PRESIDENT
ESSIE JOHNSON .....	SECRETARY
LOULA TILSON .....	TREASURER

# *Big Six*

*Founded September, 1911*



## SONG:

"It looks to me like a big  
night tonight."

### *Active Members*

MARIAN CREATH .....	CHIEF TASTER
MARY GREEN .....	CHIEF COOK
BESSIE HOWARD .....	CHIEF LOAFER
RASSIE JONES .....	BIGGEST EATER
MARGARET JUSTICE .....	CHIEF WAKER
MYRTLE PASS .....	CHIEF BOTTLE-WASHER

### *Occupations*

### *Favorite Sayings*

MARIAN .....	I'm goin' to get another one
MARY .....	Marian, don't taste all that salad up
BESSIE .....	That's my grape fruit
RASSIE .....	O! lemme 'lone, I'm so sleepy
MARGARET .....	Wake up children, it's two P. X.
MYRTLE .....	Watch out, Bess, you will knock over that soup again



PLACE OF MEETING: Dot Jones' room

TIME OF MEETING: "2 PX"

MOTTO: Eat all you can and "then some"

Leaders: TOM FARTHING AND DOT JONES

## *Torments*

We are Mrs. Twitty's Torments—  
Because we can't be good;  
When we hear a teacher coming,  
We quickly "knock on wood."  
Then, too, we rise at midnight—  
As all true Torments should.  
When "Teacher Dear" is sound asleep  
Our minds are bent on "food."

### *"Alarm Clock Roll"*

"TINSY" CARTER

"RAT" JONES

"MATSY" CREATH

"LITTLE-ONE" HANCOCK

"DOTSY" JONES

"TRICKSY" STEPHENSON

"TOPSY" FARTHING



## *French Club*



COLORS:  
*Pink and blue*

FLOWER:  
*Forget me not*

MOTTO:  
*"Lest we forget"*

MEETING PLACE:  
*Any old place*

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MAGGIE HOOD, PRESIDENT  
FLORA HORRELL, VICE-PRESIDENT  
BESSIE HOGE ROBERTS, TREASURER  
ETHEL HANCOCK, SECRETARY

### *Roll*

ETHEL CARTER.....	Oh! I knew that
ETHEL HANCOCK.....	Oh! wait a minute
FLORA HORRELL.....	I did know, but I forgot
MAGGIE HOOD.....	Good night! Tell me, quick
MABEL OSBORNE.....	Oh! let me see
BESSIE HOGE ROBERTS.....	My time next, tell me something
DOROTHY ROYSTER.....	Let me think
LIZZIE UNDERWOOD.....	I don't know it
NELL WOODS.....	Ma'm? What did you say?

### *Favorite saying*

# *Zippy-Dippy Club*

MOTTO: *Eat Zip and be sweet*

COLORS: *Green and gold*

FLOWERS: *Sugar cane and wheat*



## *Officers*

EFFIE MARTIN.....PRESIDENT  
KATIE MAYNARD.....VICE-PRESIDENT  
FLORA HORRELL.....SECRETARY  
JANE BRYAN.....TREASURER

## *Toast*

Here's to the zippy-dippies,  
Who eat sugar cane and wheat.  
The wheat makes us plump and rosy,  
The sugar cane makes us sweet.

## *Roll*

## *Better Known As*

JANE BRYAN....."Jamie, dear"  
MISS CATES....."Katy-did"  
IRMA GRANT....."Rabbit"  
FLORA HORRELL....."Fodie"  
ESSIE JOHNSON....."Pete"  
KATIE MAYNARD....."Jack"  
EFFIE MARTIN....."Big Diana"  
ELIZABETH MCPHERSON....."Bettie"  
MYRTLE NOWELL....."Myrt."  
SWANNANOVA O'NEAL....."Click"



## *Bed Room Slippers*

MEETING PLACE:

Under the candles' glow.

TIME:

Any time after Mrs. Twitty's light goes out.

SONG:

"We wont go home 'til morning."

MOTTO:

Tip toe, tip toe  
Softly up and down,  
Lest you wake Mrs. Twitty  
Be careful, not a sound!

### *List of Grabbers*

"NIG" ALLEN—I want a chick bone.

"RAT" NOELL—I speak to make the sea-foam.

"PIG" BALLARD—I'm so sick!

"SLIMMYTOM" FARTHING—Oh, pickles! Did you swipe any alcohol?

"SPOOKY" E. ELLEN—Girls, do be quiet.

"A LOVE" ELLEN—Look out, Cam, you are spilling cocoa on me.

"MUG" DOVER—Gee, I've knocked the "stuffin" out of another olive.

"OLD JOE" ELLEN—Pass the 'nana sandwiches.

"LITTLE" CARTER—Oh, tacky! I've spilt the eggs.

"JACK" BRIDGER—My laws! that's Mrs. Twitty!

Mrs. "MOO-COW" WOODALL—*Honorary member*—Let me take this home.

## *The Nervy Fifteen*

MEETING PLACE: Dickerson.

FAVORITE SONG: "I'm on the road somewhere." FAVORITE EXPRESSION: "Never turn back (toward Oxford)"



### *Members*

ETHEL HANCOCK

ETHEL CARTER

MARY ROYALL HANCOCK

LIZA LOVE GREEN

DOROTHY ROYSTER

HELEN ROYSTER

MARGARET JUSTICE

MARY GREEN

GERTRUDE STEPHENSON

IRENE PARKER

BESSIE WINSTEAD

BONNIE BROWN

NELL WOODS

EVELYN BAYNES

*Crushes*



## *Want Ads*

- WANTED—A Faculty with a keen sense of humor.
- WANTED—A French teacher who will not flirt with Horner boys.
- WANTED—A “Beam” of sunshine—Eugenia.
- WANTED—To be the most stylish girl here—N. Woods.
- WANTED—To know why C. T. F., E. Carter and I. Parker blush when the name “Billy” is mentioned.—Students.
- WANTED—To know when passing Horner where the barracks was.—Irene Parker.
- WANTED—A definition for debut.—Bonnie Brown.
- WANTED—To know what we are, but not what we may be.—Seniors.
- WANTED—Some demerits.—Ethel Carter.
- WANTED—To show her intellectual forehead.—Janie Parham.
- WANTED—To exhibit her voice.—Sue House.
- WANTED—A Carrick(ter).—Deeie Dark.
- WANTED—Some more extra “Uneles.”—Breta Noell.
- WANTED—A horse with a tooth.—Geneva Powers.
- WANTED—A Senior Class that will take examinations willingly.—Mr. Hobgood.
- WANTED—A living at W. F. C.—Myrtle Pass.
- WANTED—A new style of primping.—Flora Horrell.
- WANTED—More weight.—Effie Martin and Maggie Hood.
- WANTED—To be Cam Ballard’s cousin.—Eula Ellen.
- WANTED—To assist a clerk in Hall’s Drug Store.—Bernice Olive.
- WANTED—A “Taylor.”—Mammie Cobb.
- WANTED—To know why Cam Ballard always loves to hear a Victor (phonograph?) talk.
- WANTED—A share of Horner Military School.—Maggie Richardson.
- WANTED—A snitor to be equally divided between us.—Thelma Allen, Mabel Osborne.
- WANTED—To sleep always.—Marian Creath.
- WANTED—A *Man*.—Elizabeth McPherson.

## *Bureau of Information*

<i>Name</i>	<i>Favorite Saying</i>	<i>Present Occupation</i>	<i>Future Occupation</i>
THELMA A.	I'm so mad!	Crushing	Physician
RASSIE J.	Let me 'lone.	Mimicking	Entertaining preachers
MYRTLE P.	I don't care.	Loading	Keeping Faculty straight
MARGARET J.	Woufff-woufff!	Keeping up with Annie	Suffragette
MARY G.	Luvly!	Helping others	Basketball coach
EUGENIA W.	Aw, sugar!	"Gabbing"	Keeping house for—
DOROTHY J.	What are you going to wear?	Playing rag	Algebra teacher
MARIAN C.	I'm so sleepy!	Sleeping	Sleeping
MABEL O.	I don't know.	Looking new crushes	Visiting crushes
CAM B.	I'm so si-it!	Using negro dialect	Actress
F. S. J.	G' long!	Getting ads	Keeping house in Henderson
EFFIE M.	I know I flunked.	Talking in library	Physics teacher
BERNICE O.	Oh, joy!	Shopping	Pharmacist
LIZA LOVE	That's the truth.	Laughing	Bible teacher
BRETA N.	Dandy!	Planning social affairs	Opera singer
CARRIE TOM	Precious!	Skipping Logic	Poet
ANNIE L.	Have you seen Margaret?	Visiting Miss Stone	Consoling the ten
JENNIE K.	I want to see my mamma.	Rocking	Duck raiser
DECIE D.	What's that?	Killing rats	Artist
IRENE P.	Say, kiddo.	Humming	Making "Pies"
BONNIE B.	Where's Nell?	Busy doing nothing	Stenographer
GENEVA P.	Who is selling Hershey's?	Eating Hershey's	Missionary
MISS STONE	Elaborate on that, please.	Assigning long lessons	Professor of History
MISS TAYLOR	When I was in Rome last winter.	Reporting to Mrs. Twitty	Prima donna
ELIZABETH G.	Gee!	Writing papers	Housekeeper
MRS. JONES.	Helen Jones	Making calls	Talking of Helen Jones
ETHEL C.	"Ad-o-rabble!"	Walking on campus	French teacher
EULA E.	Well, I'll declare.	Writing to Horner's	Elocutionist
JETTIE B.	My land!	Bossing the Faculty	Society lady
LIZZIE U.	Well, goodness!	Playing rook	Chaffeur
MAGGIE H.	Goodnight!	Cutting French class	Milliner

## *The Electric Bell*

*(With apologies to Tennyson)*

Br-r-r-r! and rising bell,  
And one loud call for me!  
But the great dread no tongue can tell,  
When daylight faint I see.

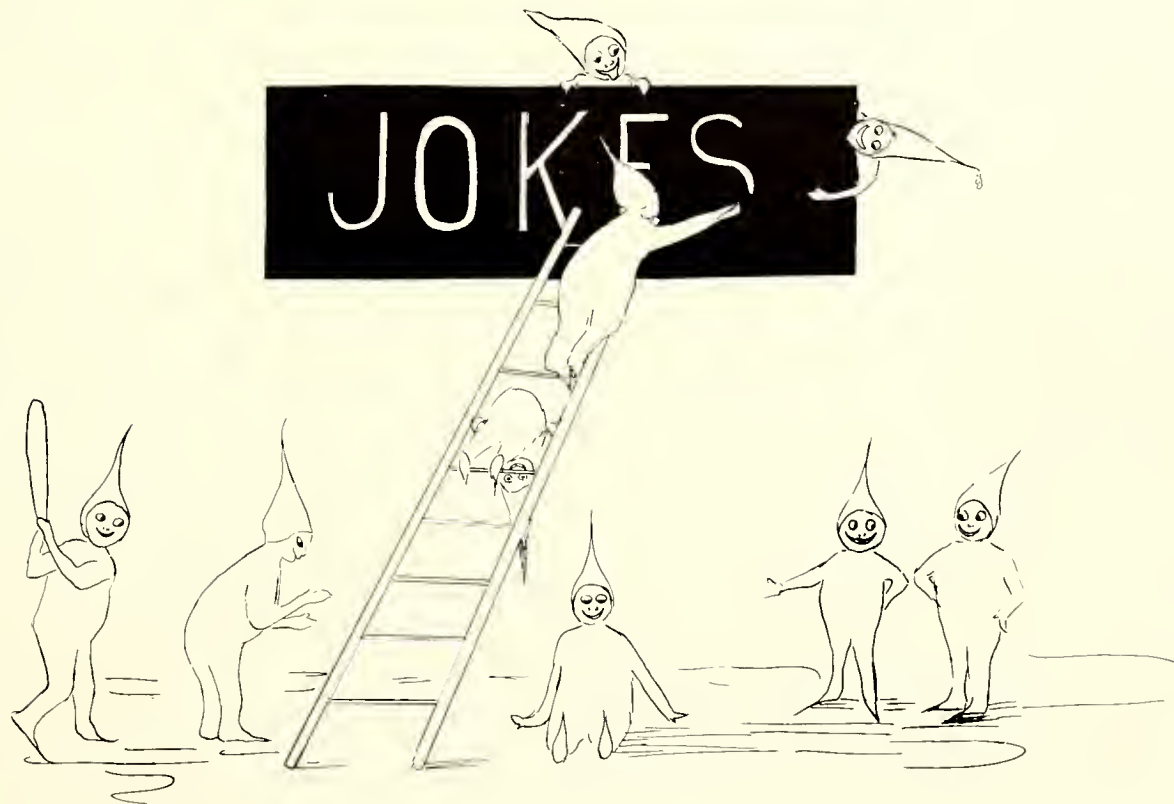
But such a noise and clamour wakes from sleep,  
Too full of sound and dread,  
As at the clock my weary eyes once peep,  
Then—back to bed!

Br-r-r-r! the study bell  
My peaceful slumber breaks;  
Down the steps the lassies go pell-mell  
As each her toilet makes.

For tho' from out the bourne of place and floods  
Old Time may bear us, yet,  
That 'lectric bell with its discords  
None here can e'er forget.

C. T. F., '13.





## *Jokes*

MISS TILSON: Cam, why will a moistened finger freeze to a piece of iron on a cold day, but not to a piece of wood?

CAM: Well, iron is colder than wood, even if they are the same temperature.

PUPIL: (*In English class discussing Oratory*): A speaker should not speak slowly.

MISS STONE (*teacher*): Well, I would not mind hearing a man talk if he was telling me "something."

SUE HOUSE (*examining a flower for botany*): Jennie, the pistil is here where the root joins on, isn't it?

C. T. F. TO F. S. J.: "Haven't you finished reading the book of Job, yet?"

LIZA LOVE: "Children, that sure is one sad chapter."

MISS STONE (*teacher*): Miss WOOD, will you please discuss COAL.

BRETA (*Sr.*): We are having an awful time now reading Cicero's *De Senectute*."

KATE M. (*Jr.*): Well, who is that by?

THELMA: How do you spell mayonnaise?

LAURA WELLS: Is that a new kind of evening cap?

M. FAGAN (*just before going on Ancient History*): Josie, what do you know about Catiline?

J. ELLEN (*innocently*): Who was she?

MISS TILSON: Foy, what do you mean by the point of condensation?

FOY: The point of "condescension"?

LIZA LOVE: Why didn't you talk to me over the register (*meaning transom*)?

MR. HOBGOOD (*after returning from Raleigh, where he had his ear treated*): Well, I tell you, girls, the doctor came near ruining my optic nerve.

When the classes were organizing, one Subfreshman was heard to say that Mrs. Jones was honorary member of "Pup Fushman Class."

M. R. HANCOCK: I am going to memorize my Art History by heart.

BONNIE BROWN: Mrs. Twitty, may I phone to Taylor Bros.?

MRS. TWITTY: Bonnie Brown, you will run me crazy always trying to talk to Pearson Harris.

GENEVA (*having just returned from Volunteer convention*): Oh! yes, and Booe telegraphed her suitor before she left.

SCOTT: Oh, girls, let's have a quartette.

C. TOM: Tough luck on us. Somebody's going to feel left out since there are five of us.

SCOTT: Well, it takes five to make a quartette, doesn't it?

MISS STONE: Miss Wells, will you please elaborate on rapidity.

MISS WELLS: Oh —er—er, rapidity is —well, you mustn't ever repeat anything. That's rapidity.

MISS TILSON: Dorothy, discuss the katydid.

DOROTHY: You know a katydid is a young grasshopper.

CARRIE TOM: Baehanian! Goodness! what a word! What's that?

BRETA: Pshaw! That's nothing but a typhoid fever germ.

CAM (*a Baptist minister's daughter reading from Milton's Paradise Lost*): "Amerced of Heaven." Now, Graee, that's where you get your baptism.

Most people like wink, the action; Bonnie Brown, however, is an exception to the rule. She prefers "Wink" the object.

CASHIER OF BANK: What change do you wish?

BRETA: Nickels and five cent pieces will be all right.

BERNICE OLIVE: Essie, what is the difference between electriciety and magnetism?

ESSIE J.: I don't know. Only one draws you and the other knocks you down.

MISS STONE, having read Wilson's inaugural address to her History class, asked them to read Jefferson's inaugural address.

E. GIBSON: Who is he, Miss Stone?

The *News and Observer* of Mareh the 5th was in great demand. Everybody wanted to read about the inauguration, when Clayton Brown came in and said, "Swannanoa, Mrs. Jones wants that paper to read to her class." SWANNANOA O'NEAL: Oh, that is perfectly all right, I was just reading "Mutt and Jeff."

D. GRANT: Dr. Hays is treating my eyes.

M. CREATH: I didn't know he was an oculist.

D. GRANT: A what?

M. CREATH: An oculist.

D. GRANT: No, he's an eye doctor.

M. PASS: Well, I think two dozen will be plenty.

C. FARTHING: Yes, that will be forty-eight.

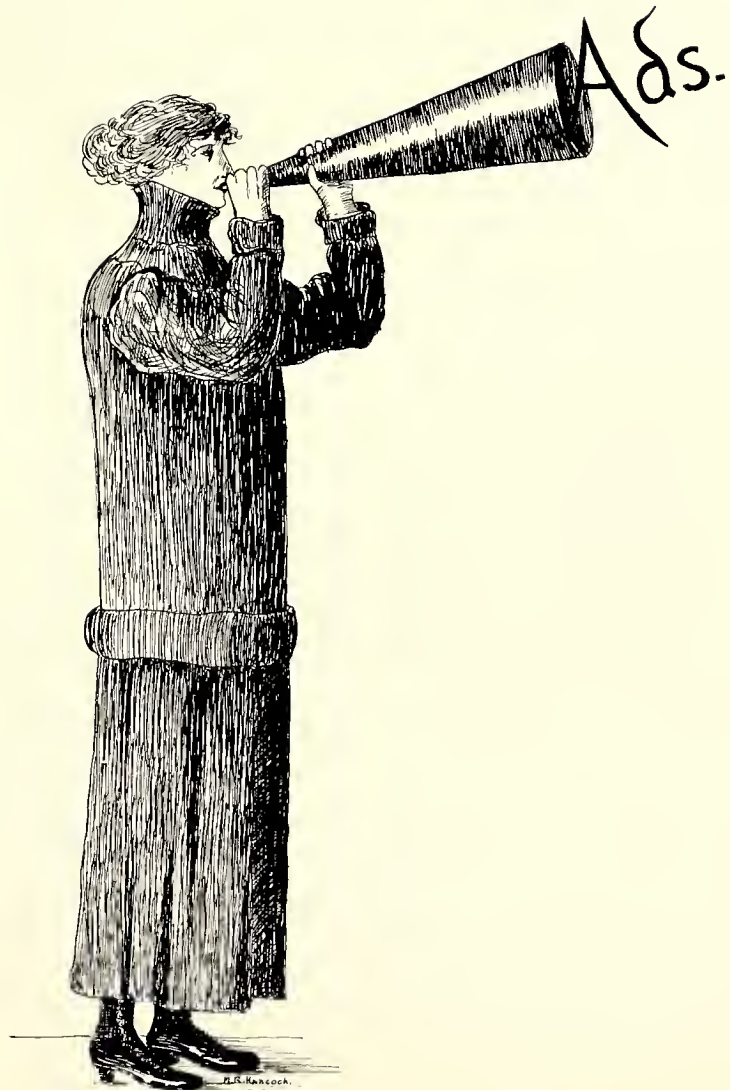
MISS STONE: Pope received nine hundred pounds for his translation of the Iliad. How much is that in our money?

BRETA NOELL: Let me see, 9x5 is 36, isn't it?

MISS McMICKING (*to Third French Class*): What was Joan of Arc made of?

CLASS: Dust.

*If in looking through this record of the past year of our college life, you have derived a few moments' cheer and amusement, or if it has proved in any way a pleasant diversion, we shall feel amply repaid for the labor we have expended upon it. And we beg that by taking into consideration our inexperience, you will make your criticisms as lenient as possible.*



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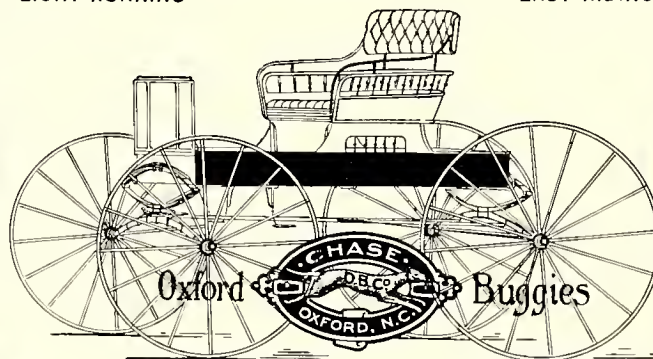
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I'd rather be a Has Been,  
Than a Might Have Been, by far;  
For a Might Have Been has never been,  
But a Has Been was once an Are.*

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