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NORMAL
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The Carolinian

Volume One

Edited by the Senior Class

1909

North Carolina State Normal and Industrial College ❦ Greensboro ❦ North Carolina

DEDICATION

To

CHARLES DUNCAN McIVER

FOUNDER AND FIRST PRESIDENT OF

THE STATE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE

WHOSE WIDE SYMPATHIES, COURAGEOUS OPTIMISM, ABUNDANT ENERGY, CONTAGIOUS PATRIOTISM, FAR-SEEING WISDOM AND GENEROUS LOVE FOR HIS FELLOWMAN MADE HIM, FOR FIFTEEN YEARS, THE GREATEST SINGLE FORCE IN NORTH CAROLINA—THIS VOLUME IS GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

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1909

Eng. by E. G. Williams & Bro. N.Y.

Charles D. McIver.

Chas. L. Van Noppen, Publisher

Charles Duncan McIver

CHARLES DUNCAN McIVER, eldest of nine children of Matthew Henry McIver and Sarah J. Harrington, was born in the community of old Buffalo Presbyterian Church, near Sanford in Moore County, North Carolina, September 27th, 1860. In this thrifty Scotch settlement, noted for godly living and a high standard of intelligence, the McIvers bore an honored and influential name. They were men of culture, and their large estates, though personally directed, were worked by a well cared for body of slaves. Their homes were comfortably furnished in good taste, and liberally supplied with the best books. Matthew Henry McIver was one of the influential men of his community. He was a successful farmer of excellent judgment, an elder in Buffalo Church, and highly esteemed by a wide circle of friends. After being fitted for college he gave up his intention of entering the State University in order to assume the management of his father's estate. This step he afterwards regretted, and he early impressed upon his own children the error of his youthful decision. On his return from cavalry service in the Confederate army he taught school for a brief time, and through life gave personal attention to the studies of his children, and provided at individual expense for their proper instruction. Evander McIver, father of Matthew Henry and grandfather of Charles Duncan, was familiarly known as *Scotch Ever* McIver. At the age of eight years he emigrated to North Carolina from the beautiful Isle of Skye, home and final resting place of the celebrated Flora MacDonald. By inheritance, and by successful industry, he became one of the largest land-owners in Moore County. He was an exceptionally well-read and well-informed man, and the owner of a library that would be considered large even in this day of many books. Dr. W. S. Lacy, in his historical sketch of Buffalo Church, pays high tribute to the "strong character and wide influence" of this able man. The mother of Charles D. McIver survives her distinguished son. She, too, on her maternal side is of Highland Scotch ancestry and her mother's family name, McNeill, fills an honored place in the annals of both Scotland and America. The Harringtons, her

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father and his kinsfolk, were of English descent. They were prosperous people of high social standing, whose name may be found in an official and legislative capacity in the historical records of our State. Sprung from this noble ancestry, of which in his democratic sympathies he said little even to his most intimate friends; inheriting with strength of mind and body a reverent faith in God; and early taught by a cultured mother the dignity of manual labor and a love for what is best in human achievement;—Charlie McIver grew up a fine specimen of vigorous, self-reliant young manhood, strong in the determination to wear worthily an honored name and to be of some service to his State and generation.

In the fall of 1877 young McIver entered the University of North Carolina. Among the students in attendance there and destined to be intimately associated with him in his educational labors of later years, were Charles B. Aycock, Edwin A. Alderman and James Y. Joyner. McIver entered with characteristic zeal upon his new and broader life. He kept himself clean in mind and body, made wholesome progress in his studies, grew steadily in the estimation of faculty and students, won special distinction in Greek, Latin and French, and was honorably graduated in 1881 with the A. B. degree.

The fall of 1881 found him filling an assistant's place in a private school at Durham. A few months later he became principal of the school. During the spring of 1882 a movement was inaugurated at Durham for the establishment of a public school system supported by local taxation. When the opponents of the movement, thinking of course that a private school man would be quick to oppose a measure so adverse to his own interests, invited McIver to unite with them in accomplishing its defeat, they were amazed to hear him reply, "I shall not oppose it; on the contrary, I intend to vote for it and to do all in my power to see that the election is carried." The election was carried and the progressive young educator was called upon to assist in the organization of the system, and to serve as the first principal of the Durham Graded Schools. Eighteen months later he was called to Winston to perform a similar work of organization for the newly-established graded schools of that city. There he remained from February, 1884, until September, 1886, when he became principal of the literary department of Peace Institute, Raleigh, North Carolina.

Meanwhile, Professor McIver, as he now came to be called, had associated himself with the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly and henceforth took an active part in all its deliberations. Every summer vacation was devoted to county institute work. He was thus gaining a more intimate acquaintance with his fellow-teachers and familiarizing himself with the educational needs of his

State. More important still as affecting both his happiness and future career, he was married in 1885, to Lula V. Martin, a graduate of Salem Academy and one of the most successful teachers of North Carolina. She it was who first directed his attention to the inadequate facilities for woman's education, and at her suggestion he made, before a teachers' institute at Winston, his first public speech in behalf of the higher education of women. At the time of her marriage she was a teacher in the Winston schools. Later she was lady principal of a seminary at Charlotte and was actively associated with her husband in his institute and campaign work. She had a mutual part in formulating the plans which led to the establishment of the State Normal and Industrial College, and gave valuable assistance in all the details of its organization.

Meanwhile the husband grew more and more zealous in the cause of education, especially public education. He magnified his calling, emphasized the dignity of teaching as a profession, urged better preparation and advocated the establishment of a State training school for teachers. For five years he now labored with apostolic fervor for the higher education of women. The school teacher, he declared, is our most important public official, and the proper training of women is the strategic point in the education of the race. He became the recognized leader of a new movement and as such was appointed by the Teachers' Assembly chairman of a committee to urge upon the General Assembly the necessity of establishing a State school for teachers. He urged, he pleaded, he wrote, he argued, addressing schools, clubs, institutes, general audiences, and the Legislature. The first bill presented to the General Assembly failed of passage by a few votes. McIver knew no discouragement. Another Assembly would meet in two years, and he would in the meanwhile carry his message direct to the people. His earnest labors had already caused the dawn of an educational renaissance. Provision was made for two assistants to the State Superintendent of Education. Charles D. McIver and E. A. Alderman were called to the work, their duties, briefly stated, being to conduct teachers' institutes in every county and to thoroughly arouse the people to the necessity of education.

Now began one of the most important campaigns ever conducted in the State, and perhaps one of the most interesting in the history of public education. For three years, from September, 1889, to September, 1902, winter and summer, these men preached a crusade in behalf of unversal education. In every county and in every important city and town in the State, by lectures, by teaching, by public addresses, by conferences with teachers and school committeemen, by

talks with farmers, editors, county officials and politicians, by every approved method, in short, known to advocate and reformer the work was diligently and vigorously prosecuted. And through it all and at the base of all and dominating all was the keynote sounded by McIver: "The cheapest, easiest, and surest road to universal education is to educate the women, those who are to be the mothers and teachers of future generations."

The work was done as it had never been done before,—as it need never be done again in North Carolina. In 1891 Chairman McIver and his associates were again before the Legislature with a bill for the establishment of a State institution for the higher education and normal training of women. The bill passed almost without opposition and Charles Duncan McIver was elected president.

Now it was that this people's servant entered upon the work of building a people's college, an institution that should be worthy of the great State that gave it birth. It should be an open door of opportunity to every worthy white girl within the borders of the Commonwealth—a means of fitting her for good and useful citizenship. A woman's college for North Carolina women it should be, characterized by sound learning, liberal culture, earnest living and high thinking. The best that a State could give should be theirs; the best that educated women could give should be the State's. In this spirit was the institution conceived, and in this spirit the State Normal and Industrial College lived and grew anad prospered, presided over, inspired, guided and led by one who gave it all that man may give.

It is doubtful if any other public institution was ever in so true a sense the product of the unselfish love and labor of one man. As to him in largest measure are owing its conception and creation, so to him are due the policy which characterizes it, and the success which it has achieved. And this is true not merely in the larger matters pertaining to its general management, but in the many details relating to its work and administration. The college plant and its equipment, the departments of instruction, the courses of study, the various organizations, the ideas for which the institution stands, the spirit it exemplifies, the work it seeks to accomplish, all these are of his creation and this not through mere formal oversight and official dictation, but through the living spirit of creative work and fellow-service.

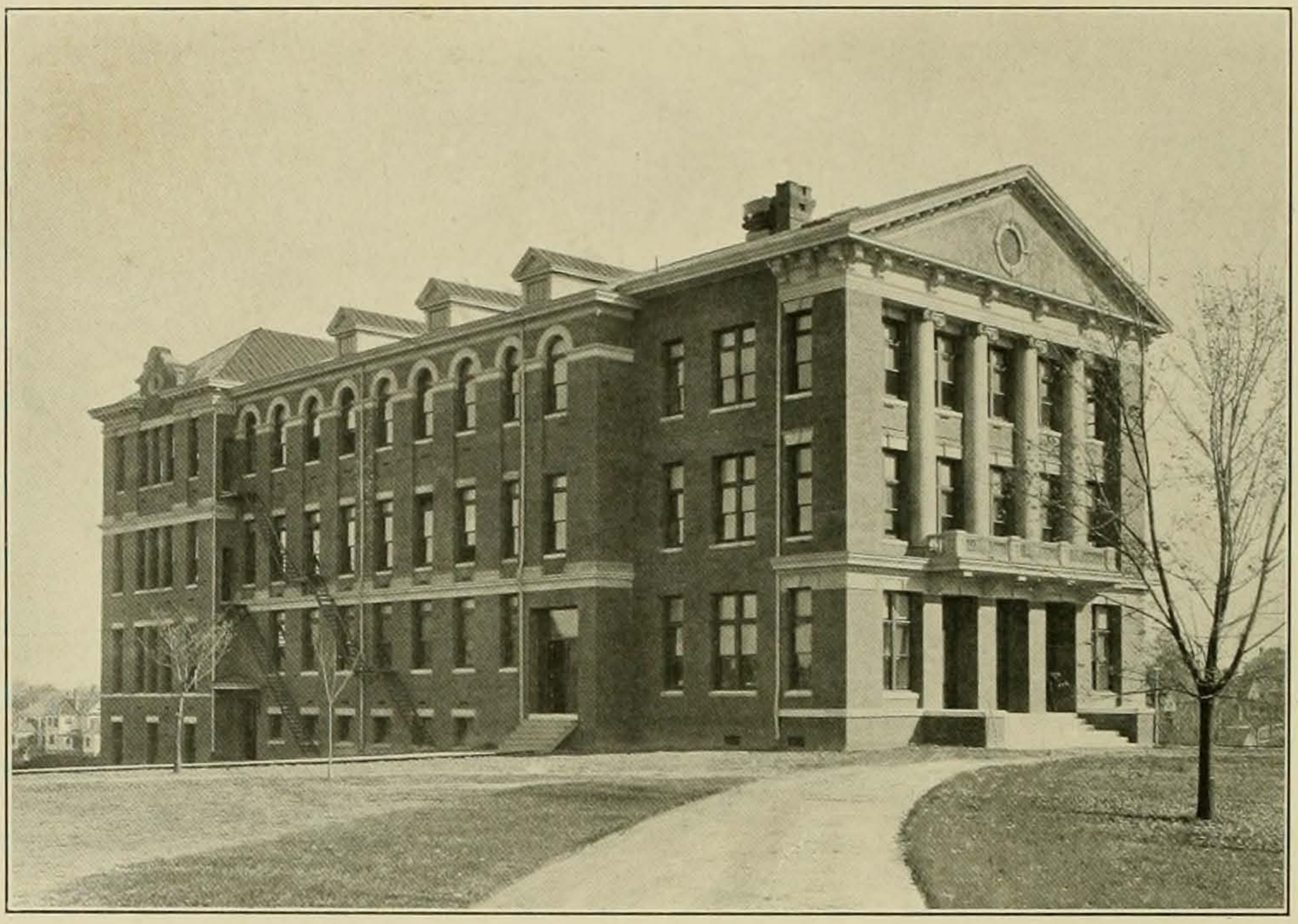
The hand and heart and brain of Dr McIver were felt throughout the institution, but most, perhaps, in what may be called the spirit of the College. Its spiritual and mental atmosphere was a life-giving tonic, an impulse to noble

endeavor and unselfish service. Courage, patience, tolerance, self-reliance, patriotism, faith, self-control and, above all, a laudable desire to extend a helping hand to others—these were fruits of the spirit, priceless in value and immeasurable in influence. This was the College as McIver founded it—not a local habitation of brick and stone, but a power in human life.

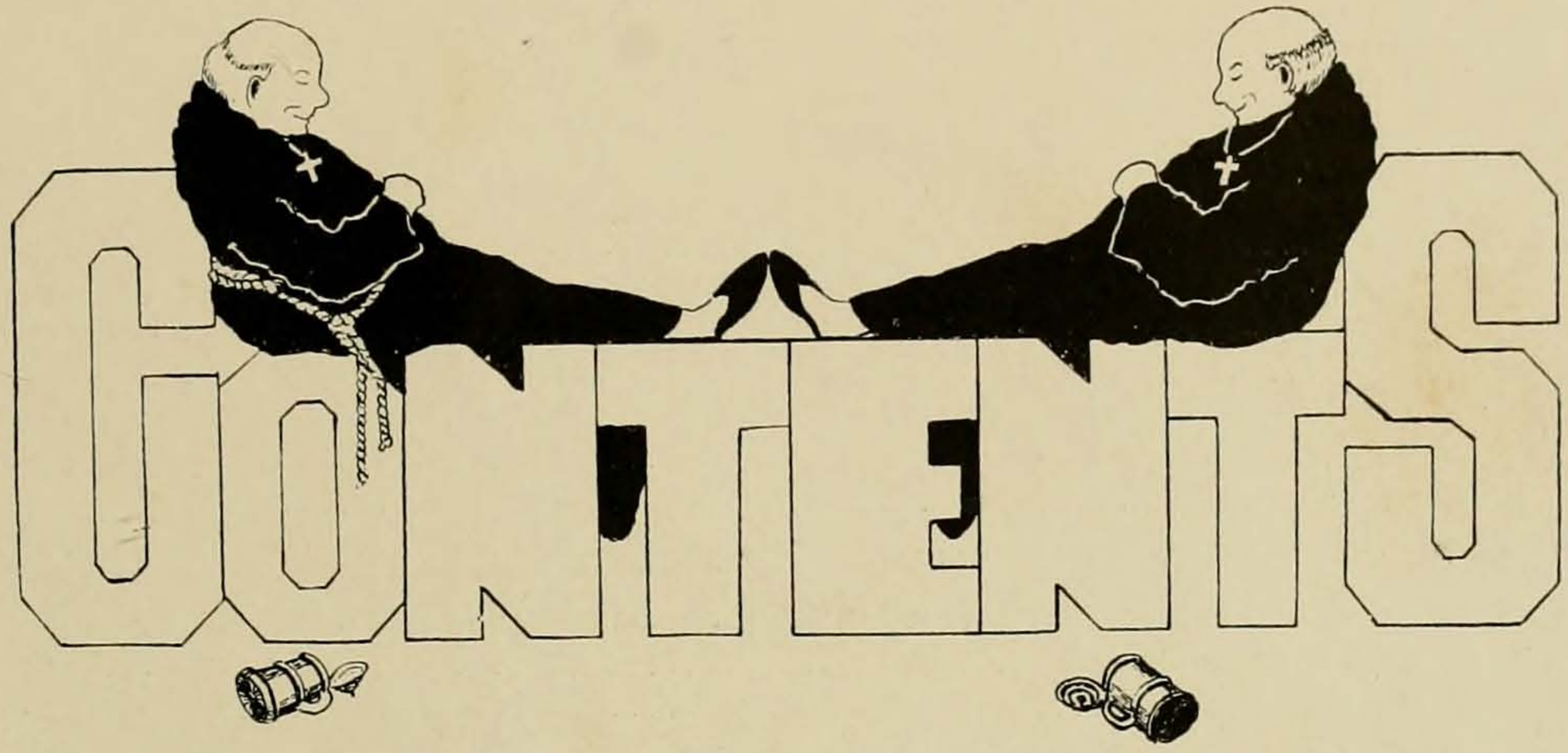
Important as are these services they constitute but a part of the labors which won for Dr. McIver State and national recognition as an educational leader and statesman. "He was," to quote the words of one editorial and the substance of hundreds of others, "the State's most useful citizen, a leading force in every movement looking for progress in North Carolina." Appreciative estimates appearing in our national journals, such as *The World's Work* and *The Outlook*, referred to him as "McIver of North Carolina" and declared him to be "the soul of the forward movement in his region."

Of the extent and wide variety of Dr. McIver's public service space does not permit us to speak. Nor may we even give a list of the honors conferred upon him, or the names of the scores of organizations to which he belonged. Some of these latter, such as the North Carolina Reunion Association and the Women's Betterment Association, he organized; many of them, including the National Educational Association, the Southern Educational Association, the Southern Educational Board and the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly, he served in an official capacity; and all of them, local, State and national, felt the guiding influence of his wonderfully helpful and inspiring personality.

Beginning with his first educational labors at Durham in 1881 and continuing to his lamented death, September 17, 1906, Dr. McIver gave to North Carolina and to humanity twenty-five years of active and beneficent service. Who shall estimate its value? Who shall reckon its ever-continuing and ever-multiplying influence? The General Assembly has seen fit to erect a memorial building in his honor. This is well, for it adds to the efficiency of an institution whose mission it is to serve the people of North Carolina. Others have said: "The College is his monument. Look about you—all this we owe to McIver." This is true and we do well to bear it in memory. But in a truer, larger sense, the ever-living McIver memorial is the blessed influence of his life in others. It lives today, when we who knew him, and loved him, and leaned hard upon him gratefully recognize its abiding influence; and it will endure—such our faith and consolation—till time shall be no more.



McIVER MEMORIAL BUILDING



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Editorial

WE present to you, our readers, the first volume of "THE CAROLINIAN." Through this medium we offer you a glimpse into our College life, with its many duties and its equally numerous pleasures, with its work and its play—a life of countless opportunities made possible by the generosity of our beloved Old North State; and if by a perusal of these pages you are brought into a more appreciative knowledge and a more sympathetic understanding of the "Normal" as we know it and love it, we shall have attained the goal of our labor.

We wish to thank all who have helped in this work, especially, those members of the Faculty and the students of the Commercial Department who have worked so untiringly with us.

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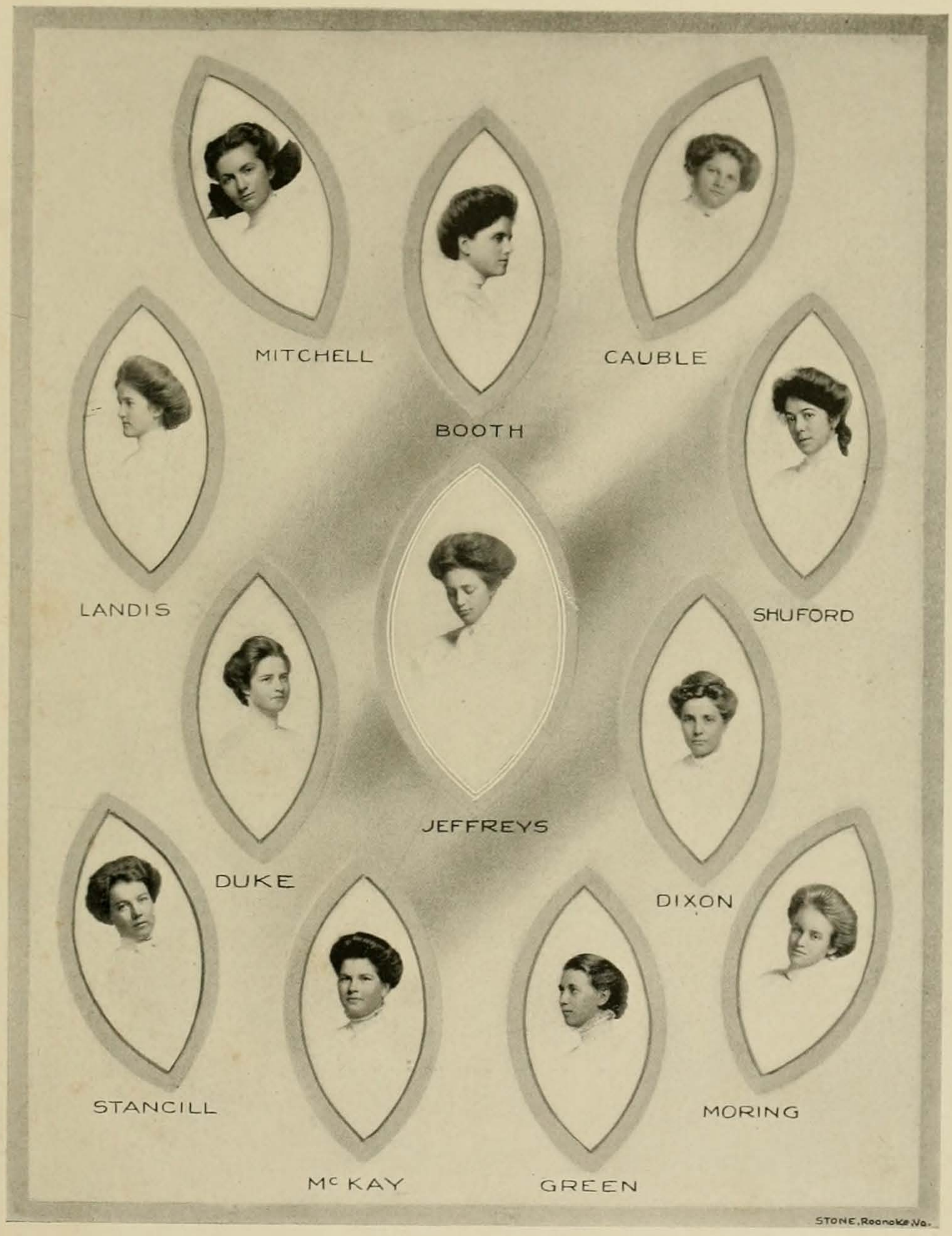
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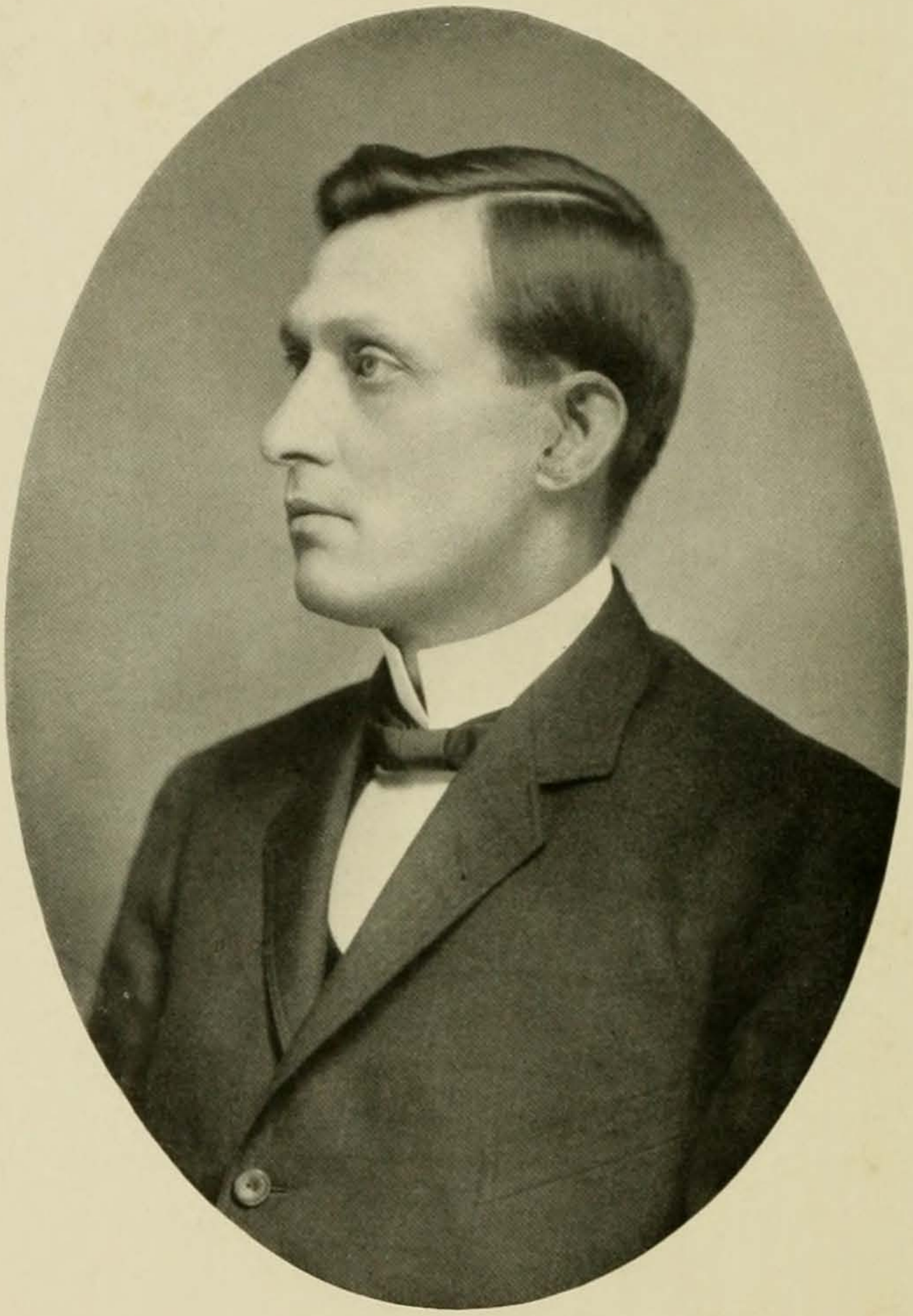

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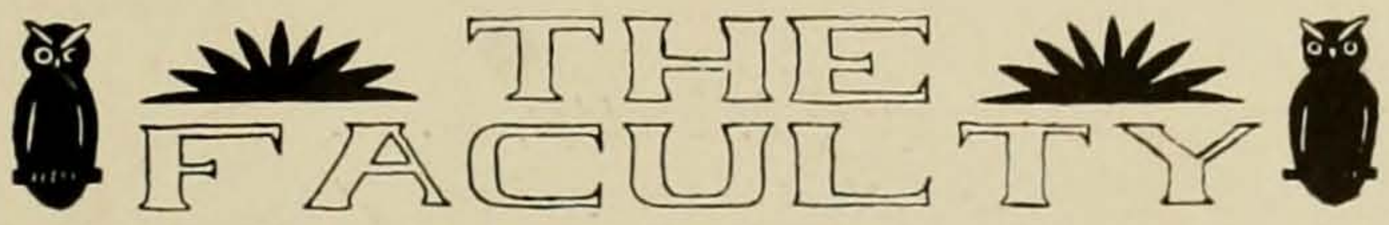

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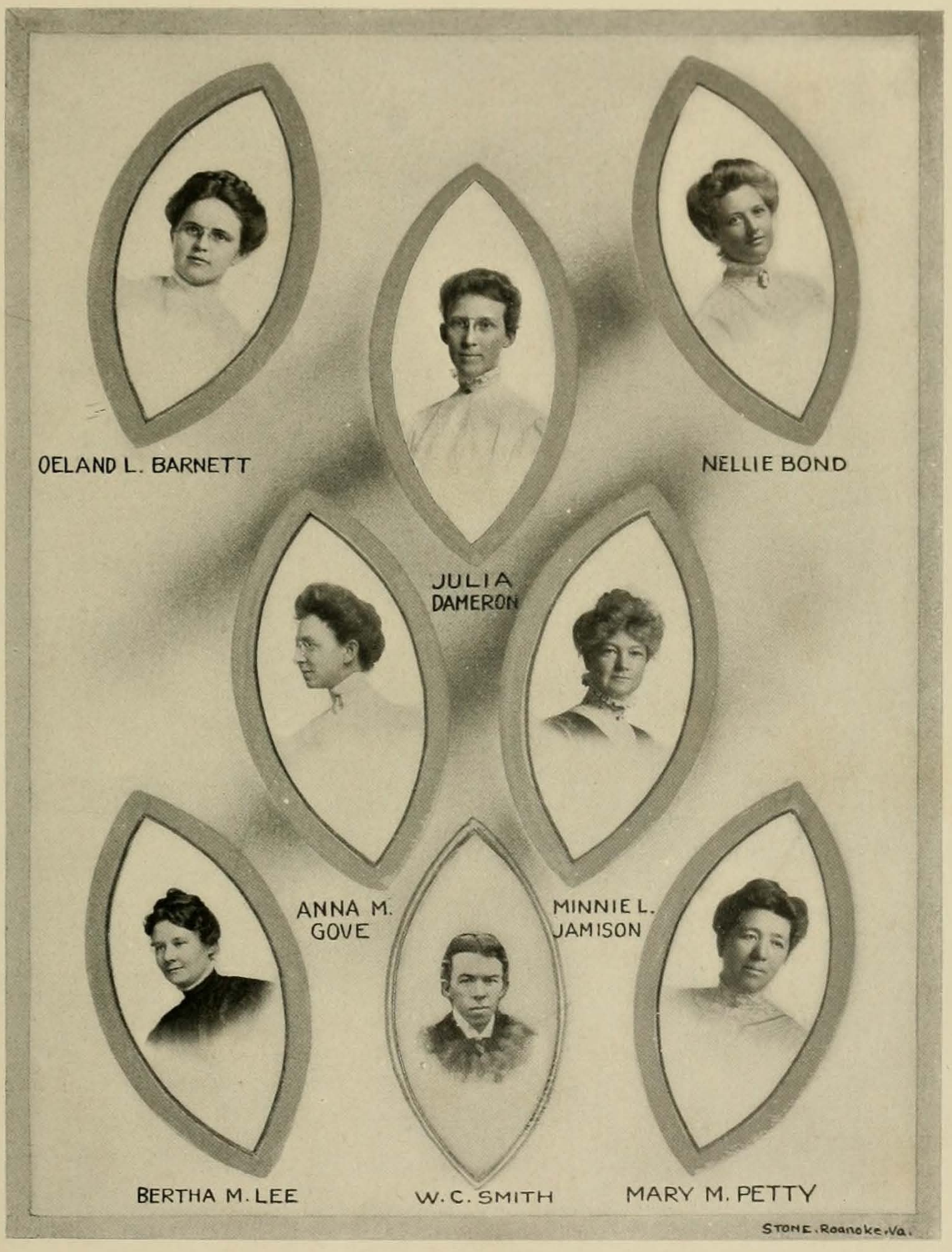
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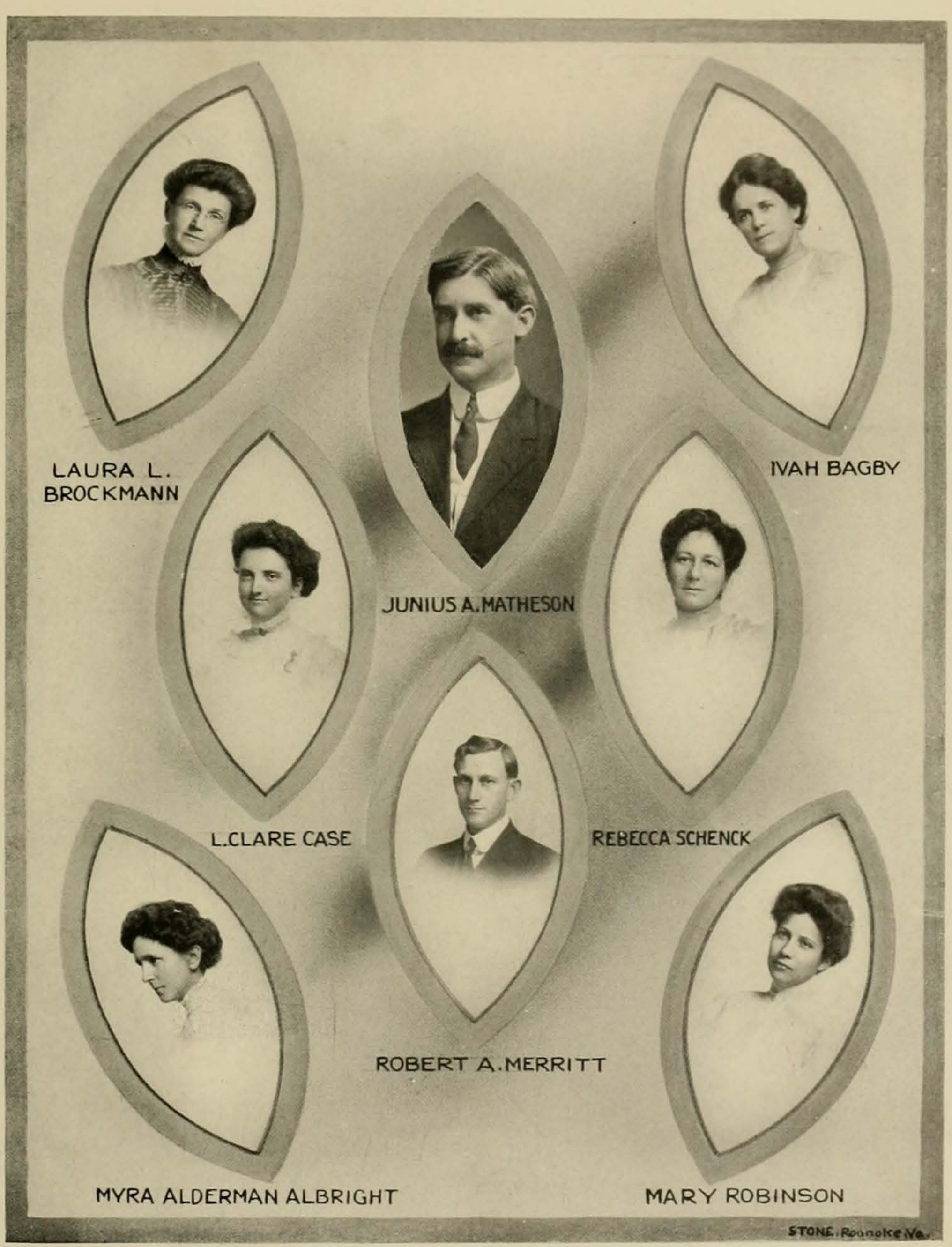
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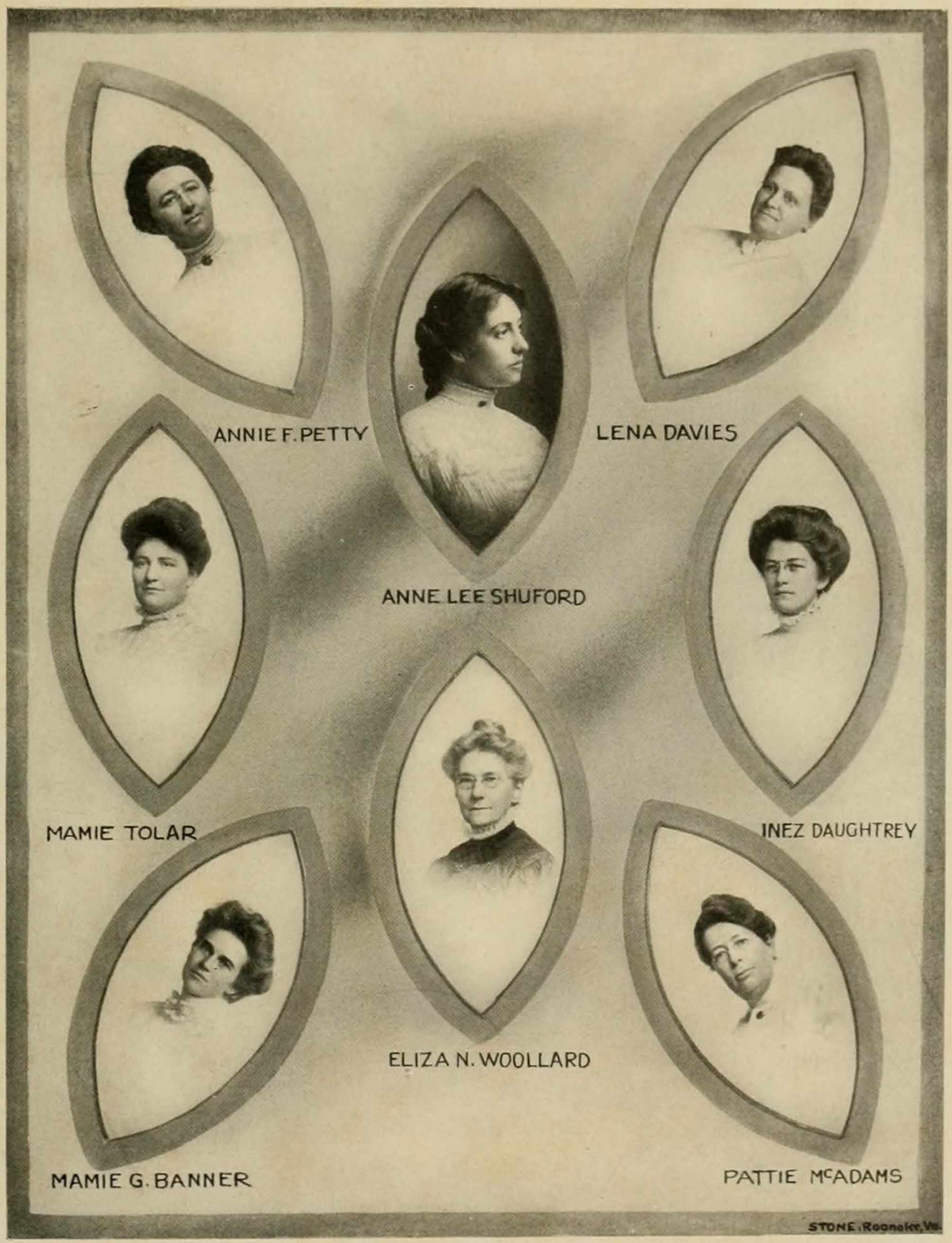
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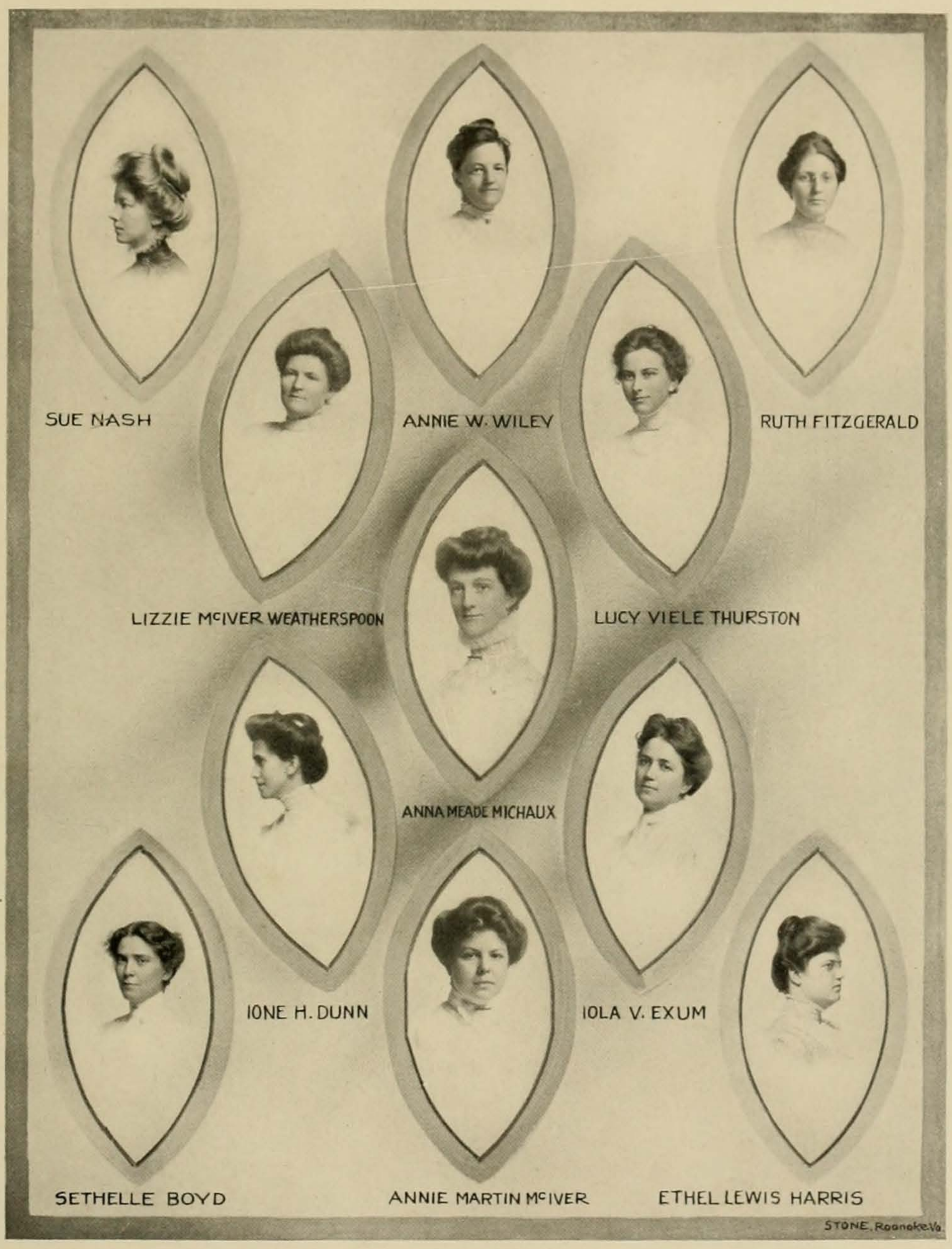
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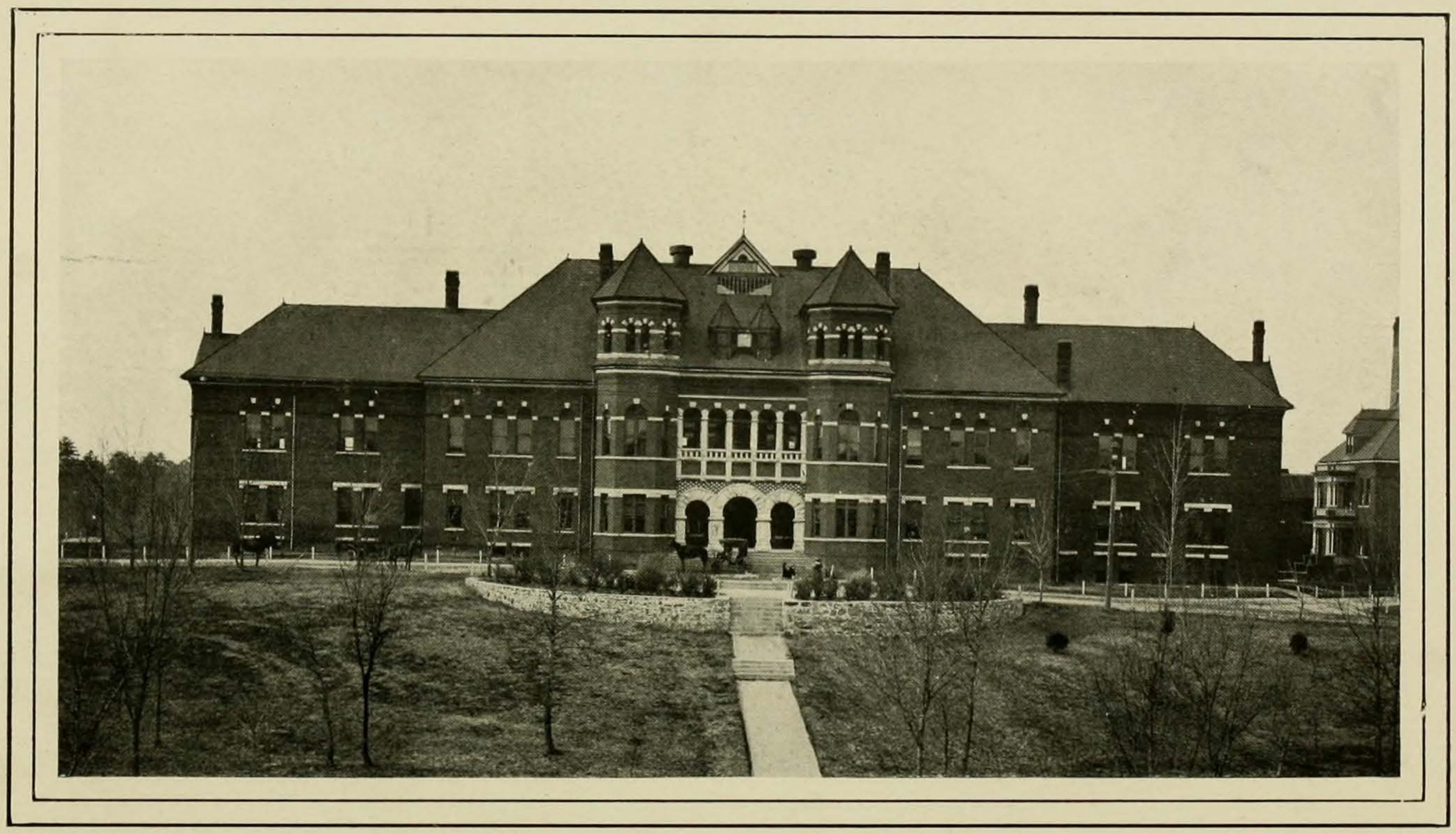

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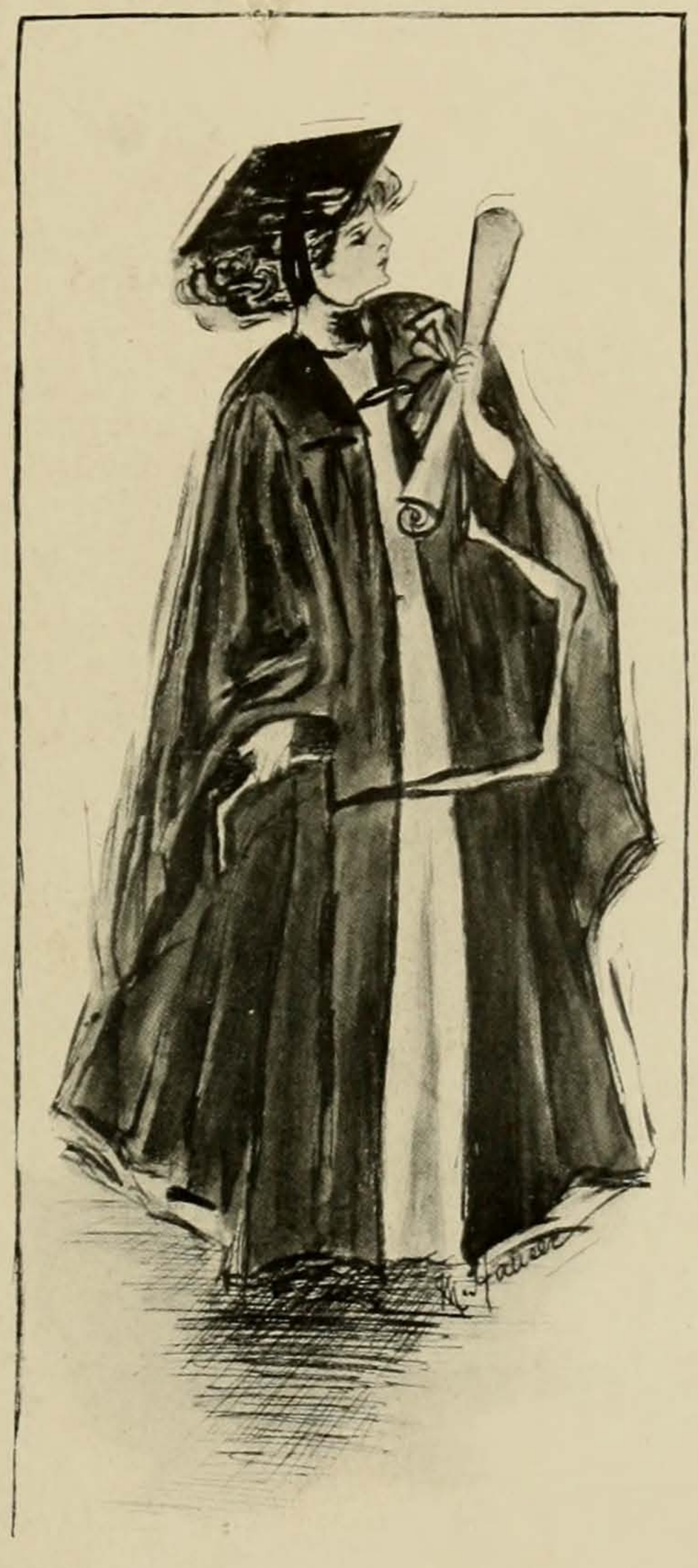

Senior Class

MOTTO ..... Carpe Diem

COLORS ..... Blue and White

FLOWER ..... White Carnation

YELL

Rip, lah, rah; zip, boom, bah;
Blue and White; Yah, ki, yah;
Boom-a-lac-a, hi, ho, zip, boom, bine;
Seniors, Seniors, Nineteen-nine!

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KATE JEFFREYS ..... Prophet

FLORENCE LANDIS ..... Poet

EDNA DUKE ..... Last Will and Testament

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Wilmington, N. C.

"And thou art worthy; full of power;
As gentle, liberal-minded, consistent."

Cornelian; Critic of Class, Fall Term, '05; President of Class, Fall Term, '06; President of Class, Spring Term, '09; Editor of CAROLINIAN, '08-'09; Marshal, '07-'08; Marshal, '08-'09; Vice-President of Athletic Association, '05-'06; Secretary of Athletic Association, '07-'08; President of Young Women's Christian Association, '08-'09; President of Students' Building Association, '08-'09.

JEAN BOOTH
Oxford, N. C.

"She is a winsome wee thing
She is a bonny wee thing."

Cornelian; Critic of Class, Spring Term, '08; Vice-President of Class, Fall Term, '08; Historian of Class, '08-'09; Editor of CAROLINIAN, '08-'09.

BESSIE LUCILE CAUBLE
Black Mountain, N. C.

"Our business in the field of fight
Is not to question, but to prove our might."

Cornelian; Vice-President of Class, Spring Term, '07; Critic of Class, Fall Term, '08; Editor of CAROLINIAN, '08-'09; Marshal '08-'09.

OKLA DEES
Grantsboro, N. C.

"Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil, serene amidst alarms."

Cornelian; Secretary of Class, Spring Term, '08; Marshal, '08-'09; Editor of *State Normal Magazine*, '07-'08; Editor-in-Chief of *State Normal Magazine*, '08-09.

NETTIE DIXON
Greensboro, N. C.

Think'st thou existence doth depend on time?
It doth; but actions are our epochs."

Cornelian; Vice-President of Class, Fall Term, '06; Critic of Class, Spring Term, '09; Business Manager of CAROLINIAN, '08-'09; Vice-President of Athletic Association, '08-'09.

EDNA HARDCASTLE DUKE
Hamlet, N. C.

"Accuse not Nature; she hath done her part;
Do thou but thine."

Cornelian; Critic of Class, Spring Term, '06: Critic of Class, Fall Term, '07; Last Will and Testament of Class, '09; Business Manager of CAROLINIAN, '08-'09; Vice-President of Athletic Association, '06-'07; President of Athletic Association, '08-'09.

EVELYN HAYNES GUDGER
Marshall, N. C.

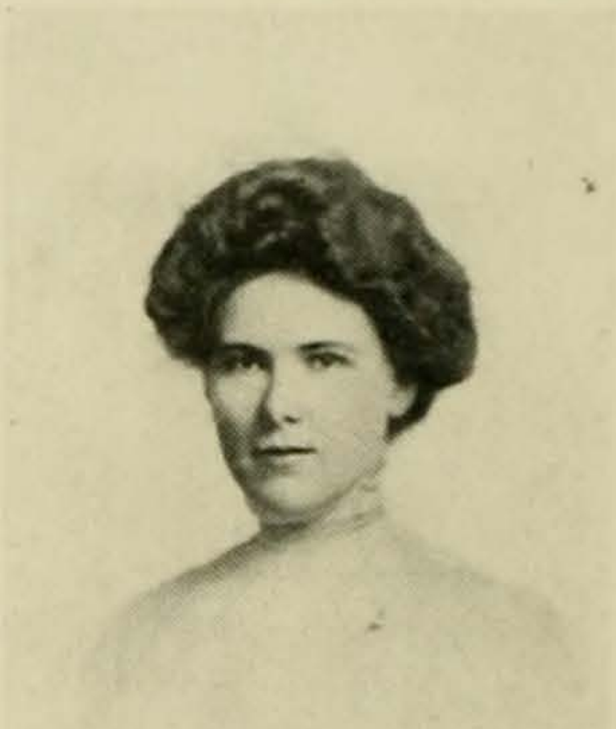
"She hath a natural, wise sincerity,
A simple truthfulness, and these have lent her
A dignity as marvelous as the center."

Adelphian; Entered Class Fall of '08; Secretary of Class, Spring Term, '09.

CORA HART
Mooresville, N. C.

"Who mixed reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth;
If she has any faults, she hath left us in doubt."

Adelphian; Entered Class Fall of '08; Vice-President of Class, Spring Term, '09.



PAULINA HASSELL

Edenton, N. C.

"Tranquillity! thou better name
Than all the family of fame."

Cornelian; Vice-President of Class, Fall Term, '07; President of Class, Spring Term, '08: Treasurer of Class, Spring Term '09; Marshal, '07-'08.

KATHERINE McDONALD JEFFREYS

Goldsboro, N. C.

"I slept, and dreamed that life was
Beauty;
I woke and found that life was Duty."

Cornelian; Vice-President of Class, Fall Term, '05; Prophet of Class, '08-'09; Editor of *State Normal Magazine*, '08-'09; Editor-in-Chief of CAROLINIAN, '08-'09.

FLIEDA JOHNSON
Greensboro, N. C.

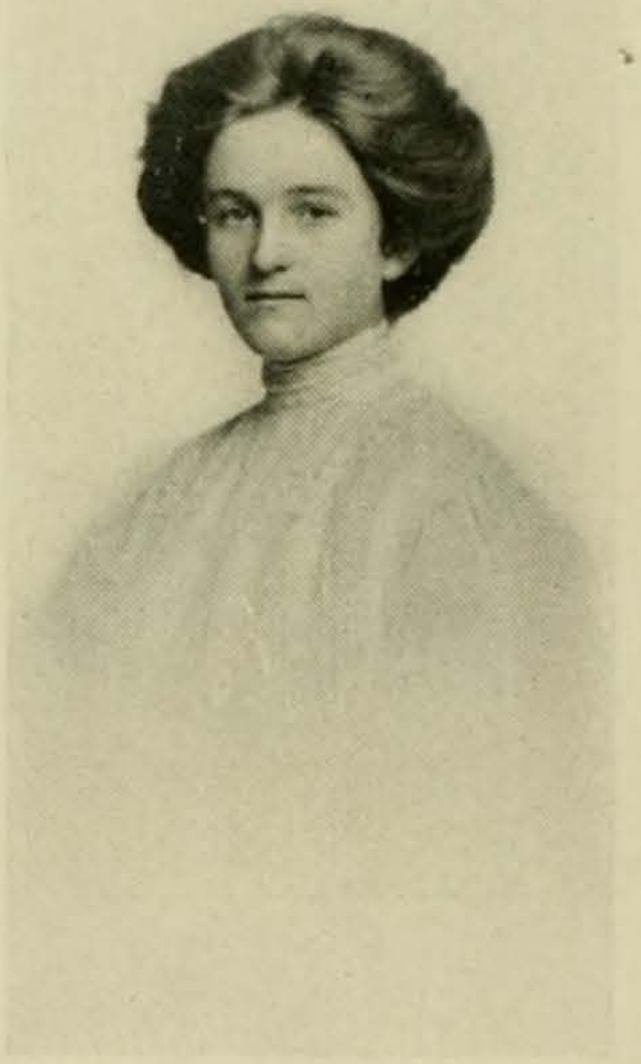
"Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing."

Adelphian; Treasurer of Class, Spring Term, '06; President of Class, Fall Term, '07; Marshall '08-'09.

FLORENCE PUGH LANDIS
Oxford, N. C.

"Her every tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words."

Adelphian; President of Class, Spring Term, '07; Editor of CAROLINIAN, '08-'09; Poet of Class, '08-'09; Marshal, '07-'08; Vice-President Athletic Association, '07-'08.



LOLA LASLEY
Burlington, N. C.

"Of surpassing beauty and in the bloom of youth."

Adelphian; Treasurer of Class, Spring Term, '07; Marshal, '08-'09; Editor-in-Chief of *State Normal Magazine*, '07-08, '08-'09.

HAL MORRISON
Statesville, N. C.

"I laugh, for hope hath a happy place with me;
If my bark sinks, 'tis to another sea."

Adelphian; Vice-President of Class, Spring Term, '08; Chief Marshal, '08-'09.

CLARA SLOAN
Belmont, N. C.

"O blest with temper whose unclouded ray
Can make tomorrow as cheerful as to-day."

Adelphian; entered Class, Fall of '08; Treasurer of Class, Fall Term, '08.

JESSIE GOWAN SMOAK
Wilkesboro, N. C.

"Persuasive speech and more persuasive sighs,
Si'ence that spoke and eloquence of eyes."

Adelphian; Treasurer of Class, Spring Term, '08; President of Class, Fall Term, '08; Marshal, '07-'08; Marshal, '08-'09.

CLAUDE UMSTEAD
Rougemont, N. C.

"I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind."

Adelphian; Secretary of Class, Fall Term, '07; Editor of *State Normal Magazine*, '08-'09; Critic of Athletic Association, '08-'09.

VELNA POPE
Jackson, N. C.

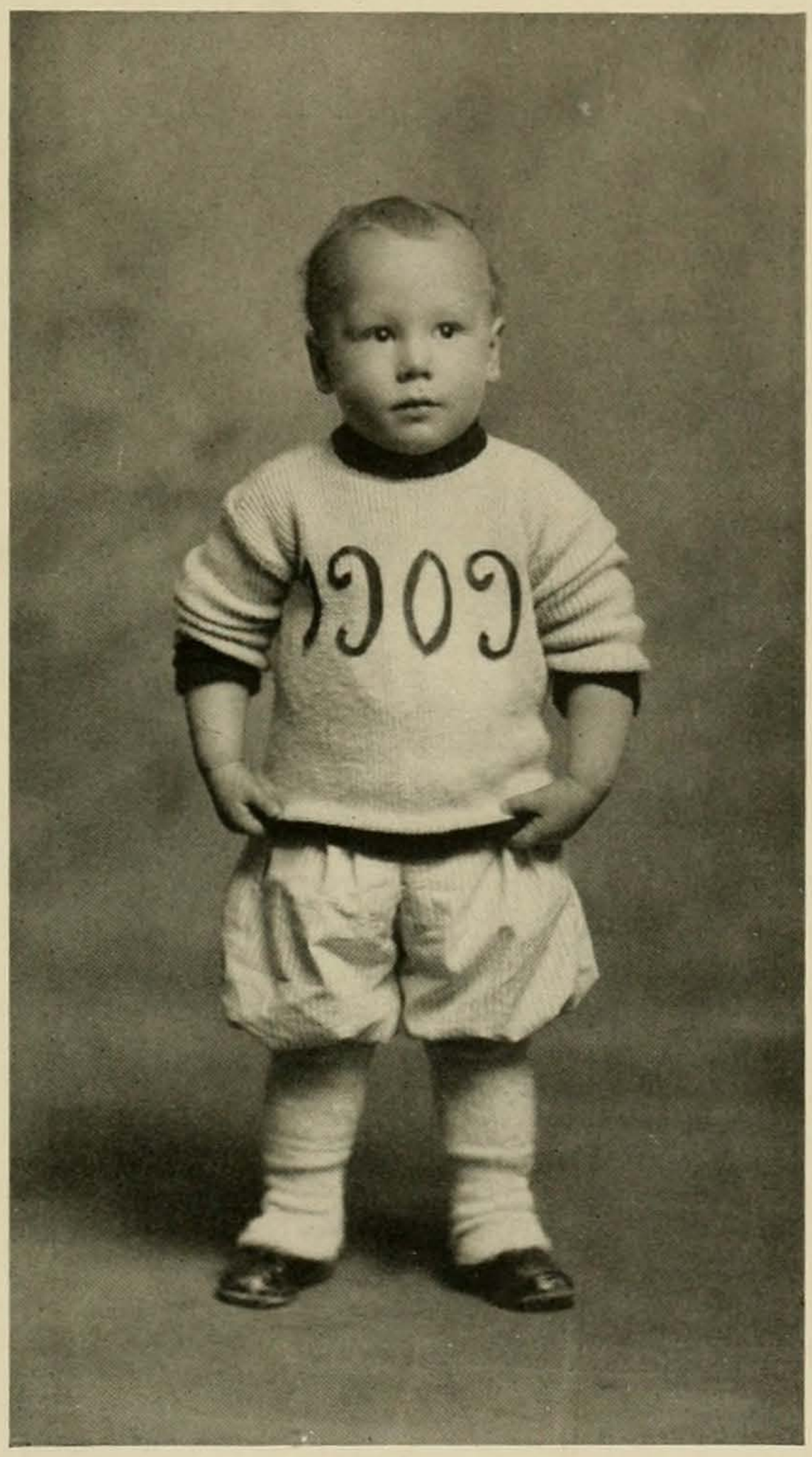
"First, then, a woman will or won't, depend on't;
If she will do't, she will; and there's an end on't."

Cornelian; Treasurer of Class, Fall Term, '07; Secretary of Class, Fall Term, '08.

LINDA SHUFORD
Newton, N. C.

"I stood among them, but not of them; in a shroud
Of thoughts which were not their thoughts."

Adelphian; Entered Class, Fall of '08; Editor of CAROLINIAN '08-'09.



ROBERT A. MERRITT, JR.
The Class Mascot

History of the Class of 1909.

"HAPPY is the country which has no history." If this be true of a class as well as of a country, then the first year of the Class of 1909 was a happy one. We know that some time during the fall of 1905 this Class was organized. It consisted of only nineteen members, who adopted for their colors light blue and white, and for their flower the white carnation. We were during the first year of our existence as college students much as other Freshmen are, as green as the average "new girl," but we hope no more so, and though few in number, we were stout of heart and determined to live up to our motto—"*Carpe diem.*"

During the spring term of our first year on St. Patrick's Eve we were entertained in a most delightful manner by the Sophomores. A little more than a month later, on the twenty-seventh of April, we invited the Seniors and Faculty to assembly on the campus in front of the Administration Building to witness the planting of our tree. Slowly and silently through the darkness there stalked from all quarters of the campus ghosts bearing lanterns decorated with ghastly skulls and cross-bones. These ghosts gathered together and with impressive ceremony planted the linden which is now the cherished emblem of our Class.

In September, 1906, those faithful members of this little band who had bravely overcome the difficulties of Freshman examinations, returned to the College wise Sophomores. We were glad to be together again after three months of rest and pleasure, and were ready to assume our new duties. But how changed the College seemed without our beloved President, Dr. McIver. Although we had known him for so short a time, his kindly smile and pleasant. cherry work had made brighter many a day for us; his wonderful personality had inspired us, and we loved him. We realize that coming in contact, even for a few months, with a spirit such as his can not but have a lasting influence upon our lives.

This year we spent earnestly struggling—sometimes in vain—with unknowns, sines and cosines, algebra problems, Horace and Vergil. However, we still had a little time for other pleasures than those derived from study. Our basket-

ball team was organized and since that time one of our ambitions has been to win *a single game*. We began early in the year to discuss plans for entertaining the Freshmen. After carefully weighing the matter, we finally decided on a Mother Goose party as the most fitting entertainment for them. So, on the twenty-third of February we put away our Sophomore dignity, and, together with the Freshmen, enjoyed an evening with Mother Goose, Little Bo-Peep, Jack and Jill, and other old friends of our childhood.

Before we were aware of it, April had come again and with it the birthday of our tree. Again ghost-like forms appeared around the tree of 1909, where with song and yell and weird ceremony we celebrated its first birthday. The remaining few weeks of this spring were full of work and, for the most part, uneventful. However, during commencement there occurred an event of great interest to us as, indeed, it was to every one connected with the College. This was the election of Mr. Foust as our president. Those of us who have been at the institution since his election, and have seen his earnest and constant efforts in behalf of us and our College, rejoice in the choice of the board of directors and feel that they could have found no more worthy successor to our first great president than Mr. Foust.

On September thirtieth, 1907, the Junior Class held its first meeting. During the year 1907-1908 nothing of great importance occurred in the history of the Class. During the fall term, when our minds were not occupied with jingle bells, electric batteries, wireless telegraphy, pedagogy, psychology or some other subject of equal gravity, we were busy making paper roses, planning costumes and making menu cards. For we hoped to entertain the Class of 1908 before the Christmas holidays. But our plans were frustrated and it was not until February the first that our preparations were completed. On the evening of this date the Seniors assembled at Versailles where King Louis XIV, assisted by the ladies and gentlemen of his court, gave a royal banquet in their honor.

April again brought the birthday of our tree. This time the celebration in honor of it was more elaborate than it had ever been before. The ghosts appeared bearing lanterns as in other years. But besides her lantern each weird sister bore in her hand something that had brought to the Juniors worry or trouble. Near the linden tree a huge caldron boiled and bubbled. The ghostly forms circled around the tree and each one with fitting words flung into the caldron the object of her hatred. Geometry, algebra, Latin, chemistry, shared the same fate. Then the Class Song was sung, the Yell given and the ghosts quietly vanished in the darkness.

With the opening of the College in the fall of 1908 the Class of 1909 took up the duties and responsibilities of Seniorhood. Although these duties and responsibilities have been many, we have had much to make us happy during this last year of our college life. On the evening of October sixteenth, while Greensboro was in the midst of her glorious centennial celebration, President and Mrs. Foust took the Seniors, and Marshals on a delightful car ride. Not long after this, on the twenty-fifth of November, we spent a most enjoyable evening in the Curry Building, entertained by Mr. Matheson, assisted by the Faculty of the Training School.

Perhaps the crowning social event of our Senior year occurred on February eighth. On that evening the Juniors took us to the Opera House to "The Man of the Hour." When we returned to the College we were conducted to the Administration Building, where one of the recitation rooms had been transformed, by means of Japanese lanterns, umbrellas and potted plants. Here a three-course banquet was served by waiters in Japanese costume.

But there have been other things of a less pleasant nature to fill the minds of the Seniors. For examinations still had to be taken, essays had to be written, and Training School lessons had to be planned and taught. Although the Training School will always be dear to the heart of each one of us, during the early fall our work there was placed first upon the list of our troubles. However, the kindly encouragement and sympathy of the supervising teachers have had their effect and we now look forward with sadness to the time when we will no longer be Senior teachers in the Training School, as well as to the time when we will no longer be students of the State Normal College.

In three respects the Class of 1909 is different from the classes that have preceded it. This is the first Class in the history of the College to graduate with the same number of members with which it was organized. Ours is the first Class, too, to take the responsibility of publishinga college annual. But the distinction of which we are justly proud is that of being the first Class to graduate under the new course of study. With our Freshman year this new course of study went into effect. The standard of the College was raised and it was decided that beginning with the Class of 1909 the graduates of the College should receive a degree with their diplomas.

CLASS SONG

(Tune—"Homeland.")

Dear Classmates, we'll be loyal
To Alma Mater dear,
We'll strive to live our motto
In all our duties here;
Let "Carpe Diem" lead us
Always to work and win,
And then successful you will find
The Class of Nineteen Nine.

Some day we will be parted,
And far from here may go,
But we will always cherish
This spot that we love so
Our thoughts will linger here,
Our love for thee will grow
For Alma Mater we are thine,
The Class of Nineteen Nine.

The Class Prophecy

The Pines,
Long Island,
August 12, 1930.

Dear Nettie:

It is almost midnight, but I shall take time to write you about the first day of the Class reunion. We are all so sorry that your school work in the Philippines prevents your coming. Wasn't it lovely of Jean to invite us to her beautiful home! When I received her wireless message, I was flying through the streets of New York on my way home from my year's teaching in the woods of Maine. Without delay I sent a message to the home folks and turned my acroplane toward Long Island.

Arriving at Jean's I was surprised to find a large number of my old classmates already there. I had thought of the girls as they were when at college, and it was a shock to find how different they looked. At first I felt almost among strangers, but soon became used to their changed appearance and realized that they are the same dear old girls who shared the trials and joys of college life.

We could hardly wait for Cora Hart, who has the position of physical director at the College to tell us about the great work the Normal is now doing.

"I suppose, Clara, you teach there too," I remarked after she had finished, "for I know that you can't live without Cora."

"I did think about accepting a position there, but decided to get married instead."

"What! you married? Why I always thought you hated men and dogs."

"So I did, but as the poet says, 'A man's a man for a' that'; so I decided to take my chance in the matrimonial market, and I am glad that I did."

This was too much for me, and I resolved not to be shocked at anything further I might hear or see, since Clara, after all her protestations, had deserted the ranks of the faithful.

As we were sitting in the hall a familiar voice cried, "What! are these old ladies really you?" All turned in horror to stare at the intruder. In the doorway stood a gay figure dressed in the latest and most extravagant fashion.

"Don't you know me?"

"Paulina Hassell," screamed Bessie. "Well, I did think better of you."

"Well, it's so, all the same. But really I hope you all appreciate the pleasures I am giving up to be at this reunion. Dear me, Kate! you musn't fix your hair in that dowdy, old-fashioned way. Let me show you the latest style, just out; in fact, I invented it myself. And Bessie Cauble, your dress is awful, simply awful."

Bessie drew herself up to her full height, put on her glasses and glared balefully at the frivolous Paulina, who now launched forth into a recital of her numerous flirtations.

"Miss Hassell," she said coldly, "as professor of Chaldee, calculus, astronomy and aeronautics at the World's University, and as the most successful inventor of airships living, I think I might have the privilege of dressing to suit my own taste."

"Oh! don't fuss; it is disgraceful at your age," begged Florence. "To tell the truth, neither of you is dressed artistically. Now the costume used in my Salon picture——"

"Wasn't it called 'Inez?'" interrupted Okla, "I saw it when I was in Europe."

"What are you doing, Okla?" I asked.

"I! Do you mean to tell me that you don't know I am editor of both the latest Paris Fashion and of the Literary Review?"

" I have been teaching in the woods," I suggested timidly.

"Well, that accounts for it," replied Okla, somewhat mollified. "But children, have you all seen Jessie Smoak's latest poem? It is 'An Ode to a Wrenn,' and it is one of the most touching love poems in modern literature. Thirty thousand copies of the first edition of her 'Nature Poems' were sold in this country and Great Britain."

"Girls, come here quick! Who in the world is this coming?" called Jean. All flew to the window, and saw the strangest procession we had ever seen. First walked the coachman with a cage, inside of which an angry parrot clung frantically to the bars, uttering weird maledictions upon the universe. After him came the driver with a bandbox, an old valise and a lunch basket; then a quaint figure carrying a huge Maltese cat tenderly in her arms.

"Jean, it is Lola, for she is chewing gum."

"Of course it's Lola," replied that lady hotly. "Who else should it be? Dear Tommy is so tired from his long dusty trip. Isn't he a dear cat? So much nicer than men."

"A perfect love. And now we are all here except Edna and Nettie. Edna is in the neighborhood, but her work prevents her coming today, and I promised to take the Class over to see her tomorrow. Girls, guess what Edna is doing?" Nobody could imagine; so Jean said, "She is a nun; think of it! You can appreciate my feelings when I first saw her robed in the somber livery of the sisters, with a meek, saintly look on her face. I looked twice before I was sure it was Edna."

"Velna, how do you like being chef at the Waldorf Astoria?"

"I think it fine, and am getting on nicely."

"Isn't it fortunate that Hal is home on a vacation, or we would not have seen her. Hal, do tell us about your life in Korea." So Hal proceeded to take up the rest of the evening with a long recital of her work as a missionary.

After dinner, Claude Umstead, the great prima donna, sang a number of the arias with which she is accustomed to charm Europe. Then Flieda, better known as "Brer Rabbit," told us some of her most famous stories. But we didn't realize how distinguished our Class had become, until Mary Mitchell informed us that she and Evelyn could only stay a few days, as they must return to Washington to arrange for the coming election of President.

"What has Evelyn to do with it?" I asked.

"I am manager of Mary's campaign, of course," she replied. Evelyn was always good at managing, so I feel sure that her party will win.

"Girls," cried Linda, our celebrated actress, "it is bedtime; but before we go, let's drink a toast to the continued success of the Normal College and the dear old Class of 1909." And so endeth the first day.

Well, old girl, it is almost morning; and I must stop. One of us will write to you each day. As ever, Your friend,

The Last Will and Testament.

CLASS OF 1909, realizing that it will soon be obliged to leave these walls and to enter upon a new life in a strange land, and being in possession of certain property and effects of which it wishes to dispose before departing, has drawn up this document: We, the Class of 1909, being of sound mind and body (that is to say, as sound as could be expected considering our past four years of mental and physical contortions), do now and hereby declare and publish this final disposition of our property in manner and form following, to-wit:

ITEM I. We give and bequeath to the Class of 1910:

(1). Our place in College, provided they fill it not only in quantity, but in quality.

(2). Our privileges, which if they are found to be too great a burden for them to carry, may be preserved for some future class, who, not realizing what they ask, want privileges in their Junior year.

(3). This little book of Japanese art, which we are assured will be of service to them in their "original" decorations.

(4). Last but greatest we do give and bequeath our love and sincere wishes for a happy Senior Year.

ITEM II. To the Class of 1911:

(1). We do give and bequeath a small quantity of originality, with the suggestion that it be used at their future tree-day celebrations. Realizing that without some distinguishing mark there is always danger of one's being lost in a crowd, we do give and bequeath to said class this red ribbon, which is to be worn in some conspicuous place—on the hair for instance.

ITEM III. To the Class of 1912:

(1). We do give and bequeath this heart-shaped quiver of arrows, since their arrows and hearts were spent in bringing a new tree to our campus on St. Valentine's night. Accompanying this gift is the wish that with

this emblem of their class, their aim may be so true that they will never miss the bulls-eye on the target of success.

ITEM IV. To the Second Preparatory Girls:

(1). We do give and bequeath our colors. We hope that these may be borne as proudly and as affectionately in the future as they have been borne in the past.

(2). With these colors we do give and bequeath our ambitions and ideals, trusting that our failures to attain these ideals may be guideposts to success for their future achievements, and hoping that our successes, if there have been any, may add inspiration to their endeavors.

ITEM V. To those just starting up the ladder:

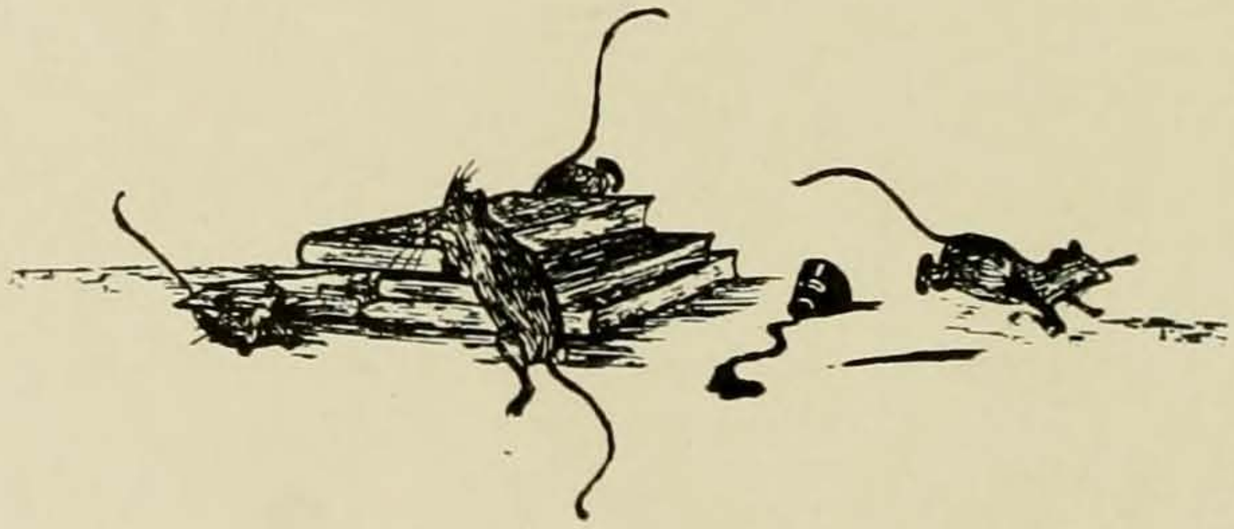
(1). In our well-meant desire to be of service to you in your ascent toward graduation, we bequeath to you this cake of yeast. As an agent for inducing a rise, it has no equal, and is guaranteed to have the desired effect if properly used.

ITEM VI. To all these above mentioned, we leave the absolute assurance that this property, of which we are now disposing, is our own and will belong to them and their heirs and assignees hereafter. Since we did not borrow it for the occasion, their claim to these legacies will not be disputed.

We herewith nominate and appoint Miss Kirkland and Mr. Foust executors of this will to carry out its provisions, according to the interest and meaning of the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we hereunto subscribe our hands and seal on this, the twenty-fourth day of May, nineteen hundred and nine.

(Signed) CLASS OF 1909.



1910

Officers

Colors	Motto	Flower
Cream and White	Service	White Rose

FIRST TERM OFFICERS

ANNIE MORING ..... President

NORA BELLE WILSON ..... Vice-President

EMILIE HYMAN ..... Secretary

WILLARD POWERS ..... Treasurer

VIOLA KEETER ..... Critic

SECOND TERM OFFICERS

ELIZABETH ROBINSON ..... President

MELLIE COTCHETT ..... Vice-President

PEARL ROBERTSON ..... Secretary

EDITH HASSELL ..... Treasurer

ELIZABETH ROBINSON ..... Historian

CLASS ROLL

ELIZABETH ANDERSON

BELLE ANDREWS

MARY LOUISE BROWN

BESSIE COATS

MARGARET COOPER

MELLIE COTCHETT

ELEANOR HUSKE

EMILIE HYMAN

MARGARET JOHN

VIOLA KEETER

KATIE KIME

CLARA LAMBE

WILLARD POWERS

NENA RHYNE

PEARL ROBERTSON

EUNICE ROBERTS

ELIZABETH ROBINSON

CLYDE STANCILL

ANNIE DAVIS

LULA DIXON

CLYDE FARMER

MAMIE GRIFFIN

EDITH HASSELL

BELLE HICKS

ALICE LEDBETTER

ANNIE MARTIN

MARY MCCULLOCH

WINNIE MCWHORTER

ANNIE MORING

ANNETTE MUNDS

MARION STEVENS

JANE SUMMERELL

ANNA VERNON

HARRIET WARDLAW

LAURA WEILL

NORA BELLE WILSON

LOUISE WOOTEN

JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Class History

THREE years ago, with the host of knowledge seekers that September always brings to the College, came seventy-five timid girls to enter upon student life. It was not long before they were united as the Class of 1910, with green and white as colors, and the white rose as Class flower.

In those early days our rose was merely a bud, vividly shaded with green, but bearing marks of unusual promise. This flower was a true symbol of our Class at the time. Its talent and strength lay unrevealed, and needed only time for its development into beauty and fragrance. In all our proceedings our greenness was displayed. Often in our meetings we disregarded parliamentary rules entirely, and did not hesitate to reconsider matters already decided upon. Many and original were the opinions we gave, and lengthy our discussions of them. Our first appearance in public as Freshmen was on Thanksgiving Eve, when we planted the little McIver Oak on the campus. This was done with such absolute secrecy that the Class won the reputation, unusual for girls, of keeping secrets implicitly. A red-letter day in our Freshman year was the one on which we were entertained by the Sophomores at a Mother Goose party—very appropriate for us, as the higher classes said with scorn. In our studies we went to work with never failing zeal, delving deep into the mysteries of geometry, and struggling heroically with difficulties of Latin.

The days flew by, and soon our Freshman year had passed, vacation was over, and we were back at College as Sophomores. The petals of our rosebud had now slightly unfolded, its green was of a more delicate tint, and its real beauty began to appear. With a feeling of lordly supremacy and elation, the rose lifted high its head, looking down disdainfully upon the flowers near by. Of course, our Class had its allotted share of Sophomoric self-confidence and unparalleled wisdom, as a token of which the Seniors presented us with a stuffed owl at commencement. The birthday of our little oak was celebrated with great pomp. Dressed in kimonas, and carrying Japanese lanterns over our shoulders, we gathered around our now spreading oak and sang songs in its honor. The

Japanese effect which was carried out in this celebration later developed into the "general idea" which has been prominent ever since in all our festivities. We now tried our skill in the gentle art of entertaining, chiefly in honor of Freshmen, and developed into a brilliant company of actresses at our presentation of "Cranford." The crowning glory of our Sophomore year was the winning of the trophy cup in the basket-ball tournament. While we entered enthusiastically into athletics, we still retained the spirit of scholars, diligently solving the knottiest problems, and carefully concocting the most remarkable compounds in the laboratory.

As our Junior days approached, our Class rose gradually opened wider and wider, the white tints became purer and purer, while it exhaled a sweeter and deeper perfume on all around. Since the days when it was a bud many petals have fallen off, but those left are growing more and more beautiful. As Juniors we are working very earnestly to shed forth the most elevating influence possible, and to make the Class of 1910 renowned. Much talent and ability is unfolding which has been hitherto undeveloped. Class love and feeling is being fostered and made stronger every day. While life has a more serious meaning, and momentous affairs weigh down upon us, the days are full of pleasures. Now every hour brings the time nearer when our rose will burst into its full beauty of Seniorhood. We hope, indeed, that our fragrance will beautify the lives around us, and thus carry out our motto, "Service."

CLASS SONG

Loving hearts will praise thee,
Loving voices sing,
Out across the green fields
Let the chorus ring,
Strong, and free, and fearless,
Cheer her once again,
While the hills re-echo
1910.

Service is the watchword,
Rose so pure and white,
Symbol of the Class
Which battles for the right.
Loyal to our Class, then,
Cheer her once again,
Class of truth and honor—
1910.

DREAMING

M.L.

Sophomore Class

Motto	Flower	Colors
Als Ich Kann	Red Carnation	Red and White

CLASS OFFICERS

First Term		Second Term	
Allie Parsons	President	Jessie Earnhardt	President
Nan Lacy	Vice-President	Minnie Littman	Vice-President
Catherine Jones	Secretary	Bertha Stanbury	Secretary
Bertha Daniel	Treasurer	Edith Latham	Treasurer
Annie Louise Wills	Critic	Olivia Burbage	Critic

CLASS ROLL

Lily Batterhan	Gertrude Glenn	Allie Parsons
Rose Batterham	Ruby Gray	Margaret Pickett
Bessie Bennett	Zorah Hannah	Beatrice Schwab
Margaret Berry	Pearl Holloway	Huldah Slaughter
Frances Broadfoot	Frances Jennings	Atwood Sloan
Annie G. Brown	Catherine Jones	Annie Stanbury
Mae Brown	Marea Jordan	Bertha Stanbury
Olivia Burbage	Zannie Koonce	Delorah Stepp
Nora Carpenter	Nannie Lacy	Emma Starr
Bertha Daniel	Edith Latham	Josephine Thomas
Vivian Douglass	Minnie Littmann	Ada Viele
Jessie Earnhardt	Louine McKay	Hallie Viele
Catherine Ervin	Nellie McLendon	Mary Walters
Georgie Faison	Catherine Norfleet	Annie Louise Wills
Margaret Faison	Natalie Nunn	Lucrelia Wilson
Annie Furman	Helen Parker	

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class History

SEPTEMBER 18th, 1907, was the eventful day of our arrival—the Class of 1911. For a week those of us who had no examinations enjoyed the novelty of our surroundings, and then the world about us suddenly narrowed to recitation rooms, books, and chalk. The thrall of geometry was upon us, and we worked uninterrupted, principally on this subject, until November, when initiation and organizing the Class broke the monotony, if one may dare to call it that. Now society and Class meetings were to be looked forward to, and enthusiastic groups discussed the beauty of red and white as our Class colors, and of *"Als ich kann"* as our motto.

With this motto before us, and geometry ruling our minds, it is scarcely remarkable that the aim of the Class became one that corresponds in a manner to a theorem of Ratio and Proportion: "The Class of 1911 shall be to its antecedents as most classes think they are to their antecedents," although it was not expressed in these words. Every one, especially the antecedents, will admit that this is a hard proposition. But at any rate we began correctly, letting our Class be represented by a sturdy little water oak on the front campus. Then we considered the first step in our proof, which we finally accomplished in April, 1908. We used basket-ball prowess as the standard of comparison, and in coming out second in the tournament showed that we were at least "equal to, if not greater than," any Freshman class that had gone before us. So the first step is behind us.

In September, 1908, we met again, slightly reduced in number, and spent our first week in growing accustomed to calling ourselves Sophomores, and in acquiring a small amount of dignity. That was no easy task, but by thus disciplining our minds and tongues to the inevitable, we made our progress in trig. and chemistry a little easier.

The routine was again practically unbroken until late in the fall, when we called attention to our little representative, the oak, celebrating its first anniversary by a gypsy camp-meeting. This step in our proof is certainly not similar to any other in the history of the College, but we will leave it to the judgment

of the spectators as to whether it was "equal or equivalent to" the celebrations of preceding Sophomore classes. Then, knowing that we must also be "equal to any given condition," we tried our hand at dramatic art, producing a "Comedy in Five Acts" in honor of the Freshmen. The dominant tone of this comedy was lavender and white, which were their class colors; the prevailing motive, and it succeeded very well, was to keep them guessing.

Having proceeded thus far we shall continue using the method, "*Als ich kann,*" which has proved very satisfactory, and shall strive in all things to be worthy of our red and white.

THE HISTORIAN.

Class Poem

Ours is the Class of Nineteen 'leven,
Ours is the Class of the Red and White,
Sophomores now, but ever striving
To reach, in knowledge, a greater height.

So we go forward, our aspirations
Leading us on to the goal we seek;
Working on upward and striving onward,
Knowing that later our deeds may speak:—

Speak, and speak loudly, in helpful cadence,
Righting the wrongs that our path may cross;
Ever a hand to the weak out-holding,
Seeking to separate gold from dross.

Let us, my comrades, be eager, ever
Something to do for this world of pain,
So that, somewhere, they may write truly
About us—that we have not lived in vain.

Mottoes are good as we keep their spirit,
Guiding us true, as we live and learn,
Ours we selected to help us forward
Keeping it hopefully, "Als ich Kann.

Motto	Colors	Flower
Loyal in Everything	Lavender and White	Violet

YELL

Ky-zo, ky-zo, ky-zo-met,
Violet, violet, vi-o-let,
Ring-a-ling-a-ry-ho, rip-ra-relve.
We are the class of 1912

Freshman Class

FIRST TERM OFFICERS

Nan McArn ..... President
Mildred Moses ..... Vice-President
Ethel Skinner ..... Treasurer
Janet Weil ..... Secretary
Lucille Elliot ..... Critic
Myrtle Johnston ..... Class Historian
May Green ..... Annual Editor

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Leah Boddie ..... Vice-President
Jamie Bryan ..... Treasurer
Nell Witherington ..... Secretary
Louise Gill ..... Critic
Myrtle Johnston ..... Class Historian
May Green ..... Annual Editor

FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class Roll

Lois Adams
Patty Arrington
Coline Austin
Helen Austin
Gladys Avery
Ivor Aycock
Maude Beatty
Leta Berry
Leah Boddie
Olive Boyte
Florence Bright
Sabra Brogden
Mary K. Brown
Nannie Brown
Ora Lee Brown
Jamie Bryan
Hattie Burch
Norma Burwell
Elizabeth Capps
Claudia Cashwell
Annie Cherry
Dora Coats
Margaret C. Cobb
Madge Coble
Maggie Coble
Ruth Critz
Mary Croom
Inez Croom
Annie Cummings
Lillian Dalton
Fay Davenport
Edna Douglass
Edna Draughn
Grace Eaton
Lucile Elliot
Lillian Field
Clyde Fields
Pearl Fields
Annie Fite
Mabel Fountain
Reba Foust
Leah J. Franck
Pearl Gardner
Louisa Gill
Marce Goley
Annie Green
Lena Green
May Green
Alice Harris
Ellen Hartley
Jean Henderson
Mattie Bynum Hester
Emma Hill
Mabel Hodges
Helen Howard
Mary Hudson
Florence Hunt
Mary Hunter
Hattie S. Howell
Rebecca Herring
Ethel Ivey
Mabel Jetton
Clara Johnson
Margaret Johnson
Nellie Johnson
Myrtle Johnston
Ara Jordan
Bessie Jordan
Amy Joseph
Ethel Keeter
Lucile Kennett
Lucy Landon
Louise Lucas
Nan McArn
Ethel McNairy
Grace McCubbins
Eunice Marsh
Dixie Martin
Margaret Martin
Lucile Middleton
Florence Mitchell
Virginia Moir
Cora Lee Montgomery
Alice Morrison
Mildred Moses
Kate Owen
Nellie Paschal
Annie Maud Pollard
Alma Ragland
Annie Laurie Ramsay
Elizabeth Rankin
Ruth Reeves
Lucy Robertson
Myrtle Robertson
Sarah Rutledge
Claudine Scott
Laura May Shaver
Lillian Silliman
Ethel Skinner
Mary Slaughter
Abbie Smith
Katie Smith
Mamie Smith
Myrtle Smith
Thelma Smith
Ethel Smoak
Patty Spruill
Grace Stanford
Kate Styron
Gladys Sutton
Edith Thomason
Sarah Tulbert
Rose Turner
Mary Van Poole
Janet Weil
Ella Wells
Lou West
Pauline Whitley
Margaret Wilson
Nellie Witherington

Freshman Class History

THE history of the Class of 1912 may be said to date back in the dim unknown of the graded schools, where from earliest days of childhood the individuals that make up our goodly number of one hundred and twenty Freshmen received the training preparatory to the entrance into the wondrous world of college life. Swiftly the years passed, and at length with high school diplomas in our trunks, and heads brimming over with dazzling visions of the impression which our vast store of knowledge would create upon our future teachers and schoolmates, we started on our journey toward our Alma Mater.

We arrived at the College, but before one night had passed our prospect of life had sadly changed. The examinations of which we had thought little of before, suddenly confronted those of us who were without that greatest of charms—a certificate. Besides the examinations, we were assailed by the terrible pangs of homesickness, and felt a strong inclination for tears every time our thoughts strayed homeward. These were sternly repressed, however, and we heroically went through the ordeals that awaited us. Things were new and strange and our pride received many a blow before we began fully to comprehend that we were not the whole school, but only a very small and verdant part of it. We learned to reverence the Seniors, to admire the Juniors, and to stand in wholesome awe of the wisdom of the Sophomores. But every cloud has its silver lining, and ours manifested itself in a delightful and hitherto unknown form. In "cases" we found a solace for all our woes.

For two long months we remained a heterogeneous mixture of girls without a name or a leader, but finally, at a mass-meeting of the entire body, Nannie McArn was elected president and we attained the dignity of a class.

New difficulties now met us in the form of parliamentary rules. In our eagerness to express our opinion, we all rose at once; and motions followed motions so thick and fast that we were able to keep no count of them. With experience came knowledge, and since that time the Class has been steadily progressing toward those high ideals which it has set for itself.

Instead of hazing customarily inflicted upon the Freshmen by the Sophomores at colleges for boys, we received tickets to "A Comedy in Five Acts, presented

by the Sophomore Company at the Veilchen Theater." The Veilchen Theater, otherwise the dining hall, was most beautifully decorated with evergreens and violets, one-half of it being tastefully fitted up as a reception room, the other serving its original purpose. During the first act of the comedy, which was entitled "Music Hath Charms," several exquisite vocal and instrumental selections were rendered by members of the Class, together with two or three popular selections by the College Orchestra. Throughout the next act, "and thereby hangs a tale," we were held spellbound by "Sally Ann's Experience," a delightful recitation. At our places at the table besides a lovely lavender and white pennant, each of us found a nutshell containing a slip of paper on which was written some appropriate rhyme. After we were seated, the President of the Sophomore Class requested us to read our slips, and then the third act,

"O, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us,"

began. Delicious refreshments were served by waiters dressed in lavender and white, and we were bidden to "Eat, drink and be merry." The last act was entitled "As You Like It," during which we did as we pleased. Some time in the "wee sma' hours" of the morning we reluctantly went home to regale our less fortunate roommates with a vivid description of a delightful entertainment.

Finally, on the night of February 13th, we presented our first gift to the College, a valentine. A sturdy little silver leaf maple, designed to be our representative when we ourselves shall have departed, greeted the sun on the morning of St. Valentine's day—and not a soul knew about it till the deed was done.

Although our ranks have been thinned by the deadly foe, mid-term examinations, we are still a goodly number, and are striving to live up to our motto, "Loyal in everything."

A TOAST

Here's to the Freshman, verdant and green,
Here's to the Sophomore naughty,
Here's to the Junior, fair youthful queen,
And here's to the Senior so haughty.
Toast with your glasses,
Drink to the lasses,
We'll warrant each proves a delight to her classes.

Shorthand Girls

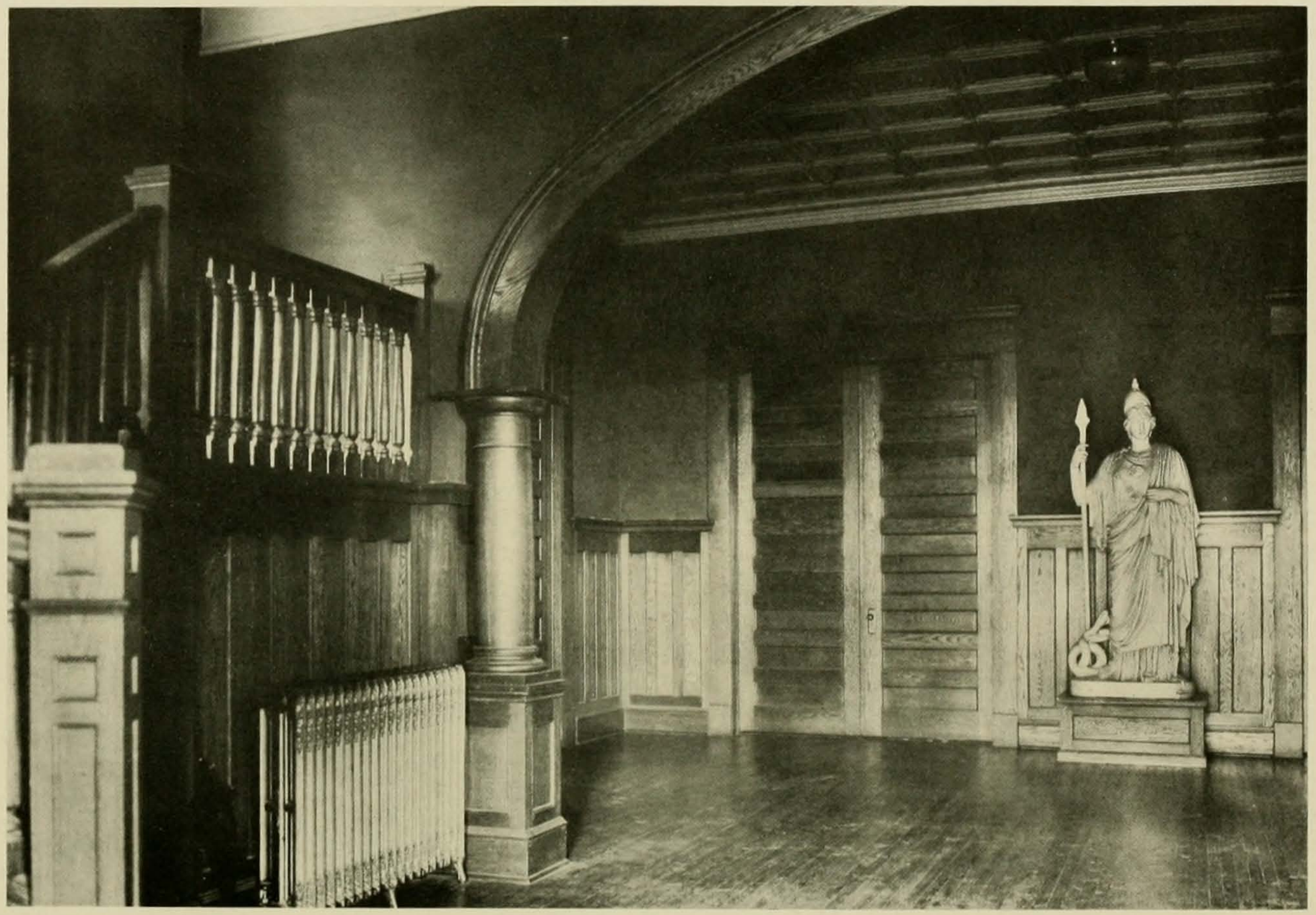
Commercial Department

E. J. Forney ..... Director

Bessie H. Daniel ..... Instructor

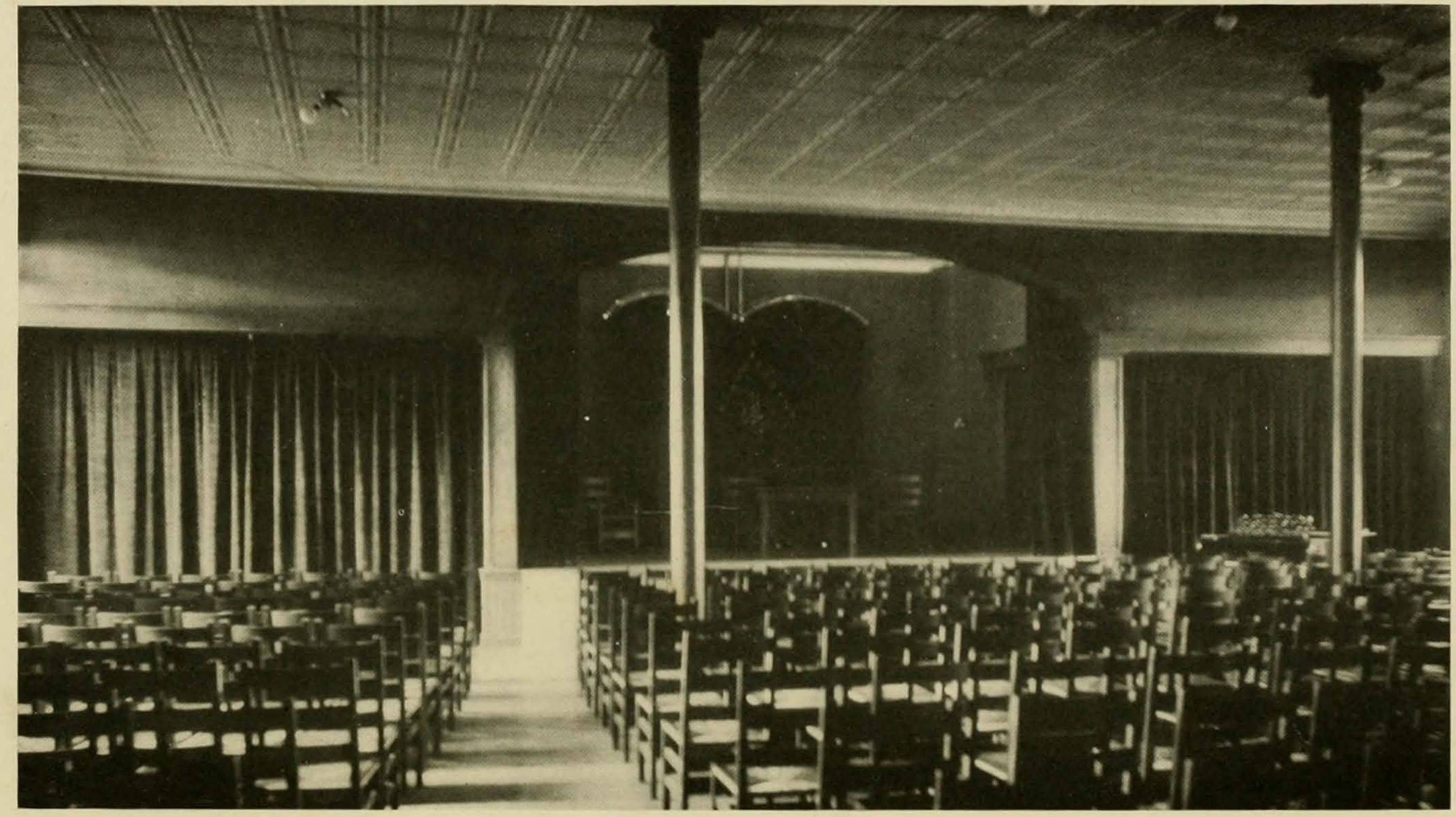
Vivian Arrington
Katherine Beaman
Bertha Beatty
Kate Blackburn
Fannie Bostian
Bessie Briggs
Bertha Brooks
Edna Cohen
Kathleen Crawford
Annie Fite
Blanche Freeman
Annie Belle Harris
Sophia B. Hart
Eleanor Huske
Augusta Landis
Esther Lentz
Eugenia Malloy
Cora Morton
Lena Redmond
Stella Richardson
Eleanor Robinson
Sue Smith
Flora Spencer
Lochie Stover
Annie Thompson
Kathleen Turrentine
Bessie Wheeler
Kathleen Whitfield
Elma Williamson
Susan Wooten

COOKING CLASS

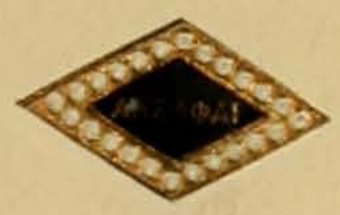


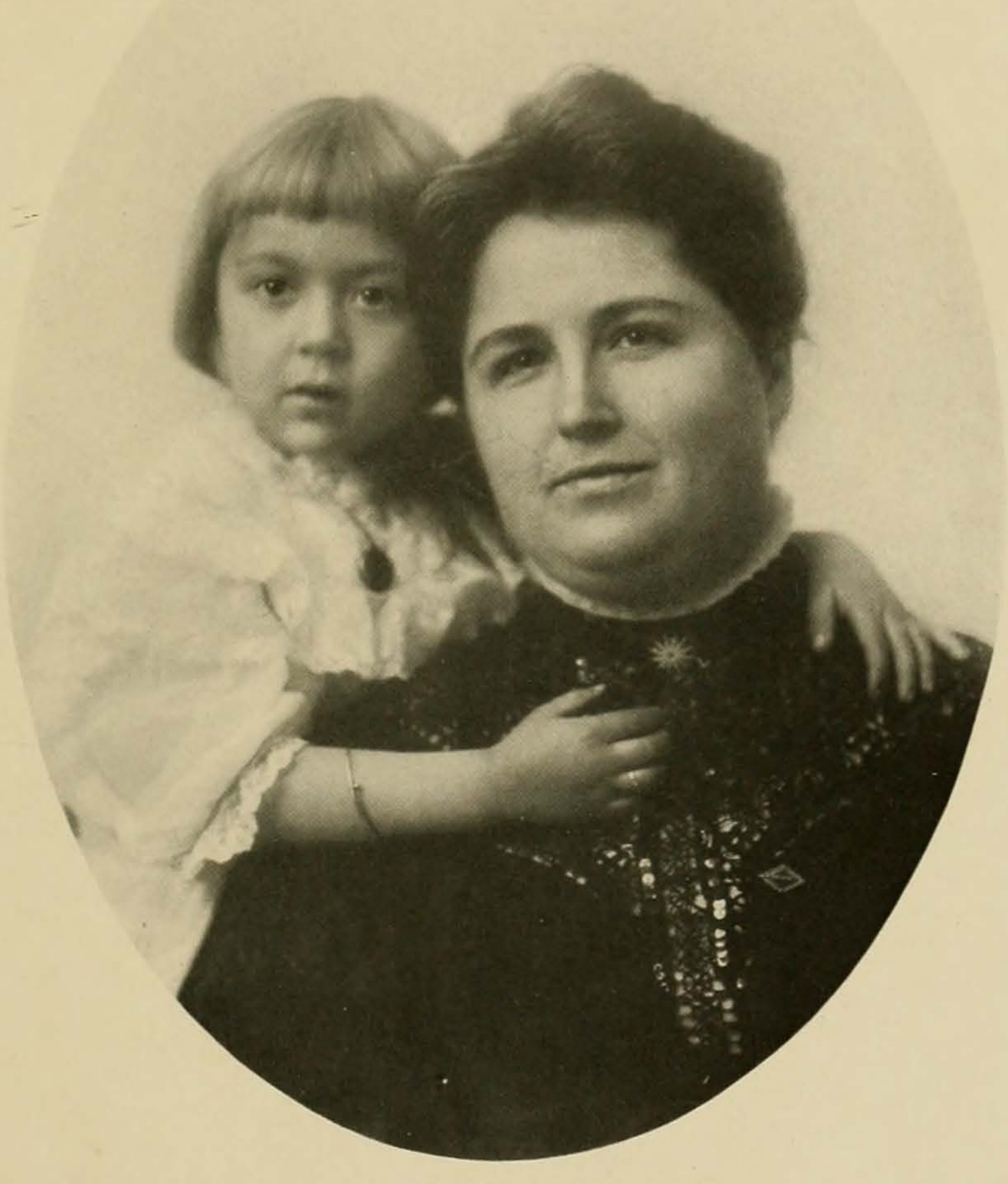
ENTRANCE HALL OF STUDENTS BUILDING

SECRET SOCIETIES



ADELPHIAN SOCIETY HALL





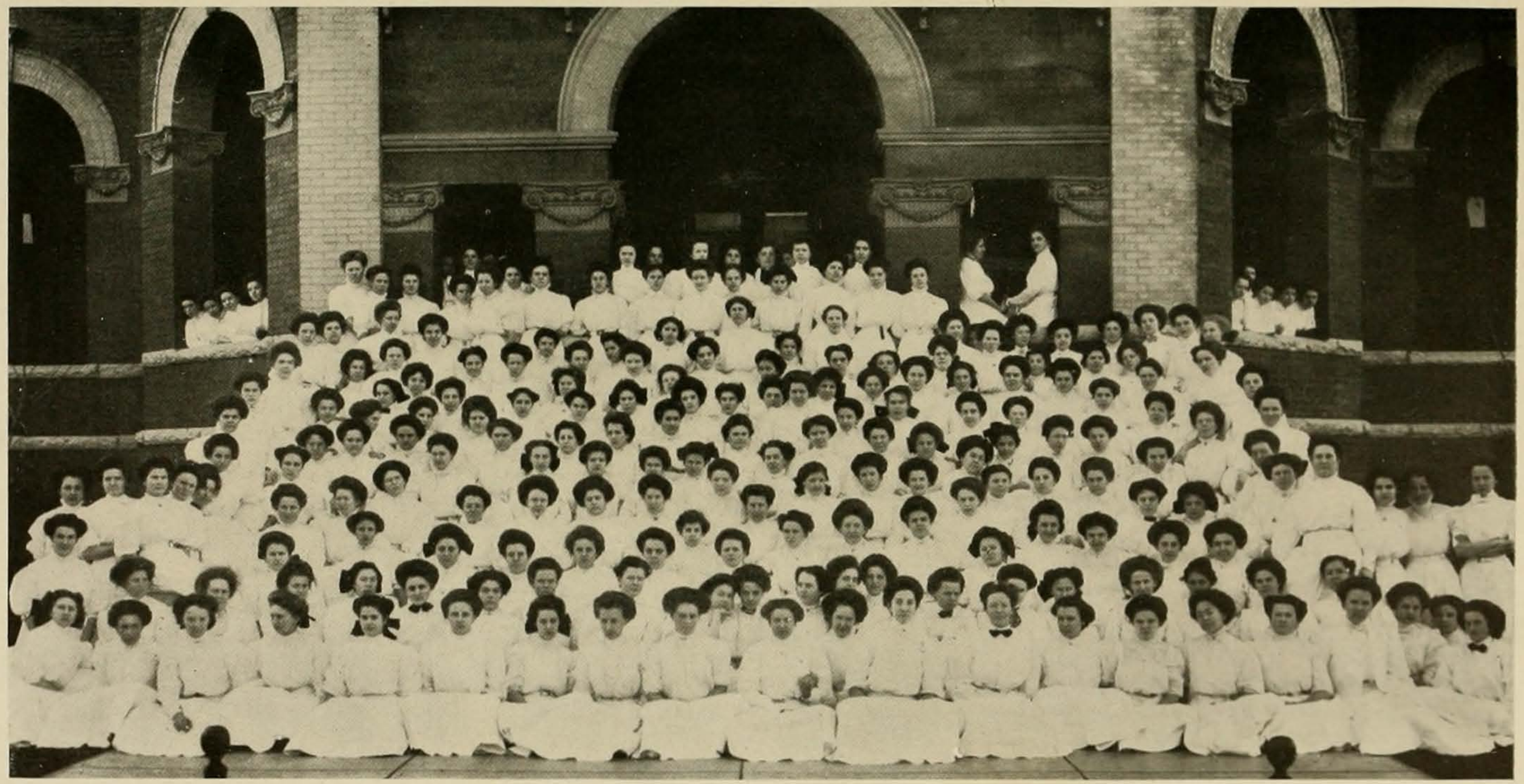
LITTLE TEMPIE PARKER HARRIS
(Sponsor for the Adelphian Society)

Adelphian Society Roll

Mattie Abernathy
Lois Adams
Elizabeth Anderson
Vivian Arrington
Helen Austin
Coline Austin
Myrtle Austin
Ivor Aycock
Gladys Avery
Lily Batterham
Rose Batterham
Mabel Bagby
Maude Beatty
Julia Beavers
Othello Becham
Prudence Belvin
Margaret Berry
Leta Berry
Baine Best
Clara Benton
Lena Blalock
Leah Boddie
Katherine Beaman
Chase Boren
Mamie Boren
Elizabeth Boyd
Ella Bray
Ruth Bray
Frances Broadfoot
Eugenia Braswell
Annie Goodloe Brown
Mary Louise Brown
Nannie Brown
Ora Lee Brown
Grace Brockmann
Jamie Bryan
Mamie Burt

Elizabeth Bunch
Norma Burwell
Kate Blackburn
Ethel Bullock
Iris Cashwell
Bessie Coats
Myrtle Caudill
Margaret C. Cobb
Madge Coble
Lila Cochrane
Margaret Cooper
Clara Compton
Mellie Cotchett
Elizabeth Cox
Venetia Cox
Lucy Crowson
Ruth Critz
Bryte Crawford
Catherine Crawford
Kathleen Crawford
Nita Clark
Ruth Coble
Annie Davis
Sophia Dill
Nellie Dawson
Pauline Dillard
Lula Dixon
Belva Dixon
Beulah Dobbin
Edna Douglass
Lucile Eaton
Laura Ellington
Catherine Ervin
Eva Etheridge
Henrietta Evans
Georgia Faison
Margaret Faison

Lilla Fentriss
Annie Fite
Mary Flanagan
Isabel Flemming
Selma Flemming
Marion Forney
Alma Fountain
Reba Foust
Leah Franck
Annie Furman
Ersell Freeman
Pearl Gardner
Carrie Gill
Mary Griffith
Mamie Griffin
Annie Green
Lucy Gluyas
Ruby Gray
Ione Grogan
Evelyn Gudger
Blanche Hamilton
Lucy Hamilton
Sarah Hanes
Alice Harris
Janie Harris
Cora Hart
Minnie Hart
Sophia Hart
Mattie Bynum Hester
Belle Hicks
Clara H. Hines
Ellen Hartley
Cora Hocutt
Mabel Hodges
Pearl Holloway
Mary Hudson
Florence Hunt



ADELPHIAN SOCIETY

Hazel Hunt
Mollie Hyatt
Mabel Jetton
Virginia Jenkins
Florence Jeffress
Bessie Jeffries
Flieda Johnson
Margaret E. Johnson
Lala Johnson
Margaret John
Marea Jordan
Catherine Jones
Amy Joseph
Viola Keeter
Ethel Keeter
Georgia Keiger
Lucile Kennett
Ethel Kessinger
Florence Kittrell
Mary Belle Kivett
Agnes Lacy
Lucy Landon
Florence Landis
Massah Lambert
Lola Lasley
Mabel Lea
Esther Lentz
Ada Lentz
Minnie Littman
Mabel Lowe
Alice Ledbetter
Bonnie McBryde
Mary McCulloch
Clyde McClean
Vonnie McClean
Nellie McLendon
Pearl McNeill
Ethel McNairy
Louine McKay
Winnie McWhorter
Jessie McMillan
Margie Macon
Eugenia Malloy
Pearl Marine
Beulah Martin

Eva Martin
Margaret Martin
Mary Martin
Edith Mason
Lovie Mason
Annie Merritt
Lake Miller
Lucile Middleton
Virginia Moir
Cora Lee Montgomery
Eva Moore
Hal Morrison
Alice Morrison
Mattie Morgan
Bettie Morton
Mildred Moses
Orie Moseley
Annette Munds
Hazel Montague
Mary Nichols
Erma Noble
Ora Parker
Nellie Paschal
Bessie Paylor
Florence Pickett
Margaret Pickett
Lucy Plonk
Mary Plonk
Mary Porter
Gertrude Provost
Castine Purvis
Gertrude Radcliff
Elizabeth Rankin
Ruth Reeves
Stella Richardson
Nena Rhyne
Eleanor Robinson
Pearl Robertson
Myrtle Robertson
Nell Richardson
Katherine Rockett
Sarah Rutledge
Laura Shaver
Ethel Skinner
Sue Smith

Mamie Smith
Abbie Smith
Thelma Smith
Jessie Smoak
Ethel Smoak
Pearl Seymour
Clara Sloan
Flora Spencer
Patty Spruill
Florence Spivey
Linda Shuford
Marion Stevens
Tina Steele
Bertha Stanbury
Grace Stanford
Emma Starr
Delorah Stepp
Annie Stacy
Alma Stewart
Lillian Stokes
Maida Strupe
Bessie Swindell
Bessie Siler
Josephine Thomas
Zorah Tillett
Rose Turner
Lina Turner
Sarah Tulbert
Claude Umstead
Jean Venable
Anna Vernon
Catherine Vernon
Emma Vickery
Harriet Wardlaw
Ava Wall
Ruth Warlick
Belle Welch
Ella Wells
Lula Whiteside
Vara Wharton
Kathleen Whitfield
Pauline Whitley
Ellie Whitley
Emmie Whitted
Nell Witherington

Mary Winbourne
Louisa Williams
Laura Weill

Agnes Wills
Lou West
Annie Burns Wilhelm

Lucretia Wilson
Katherine Wooten
Ethel Williamson

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Miss Rebecca Schenk
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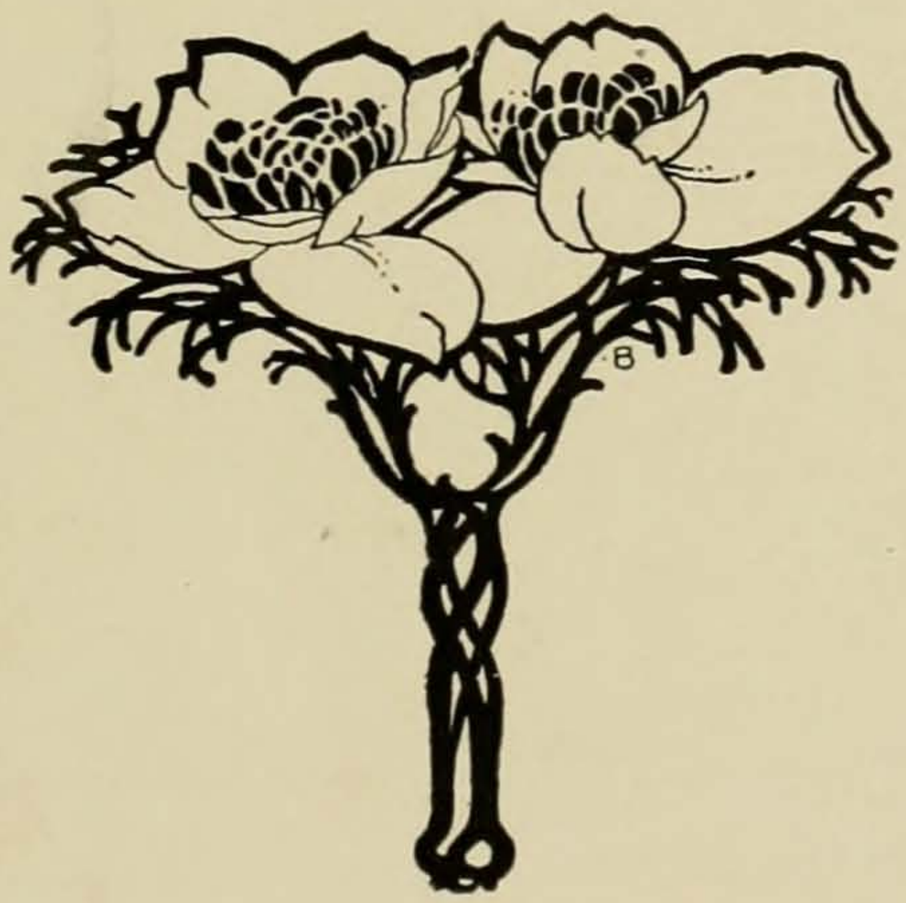
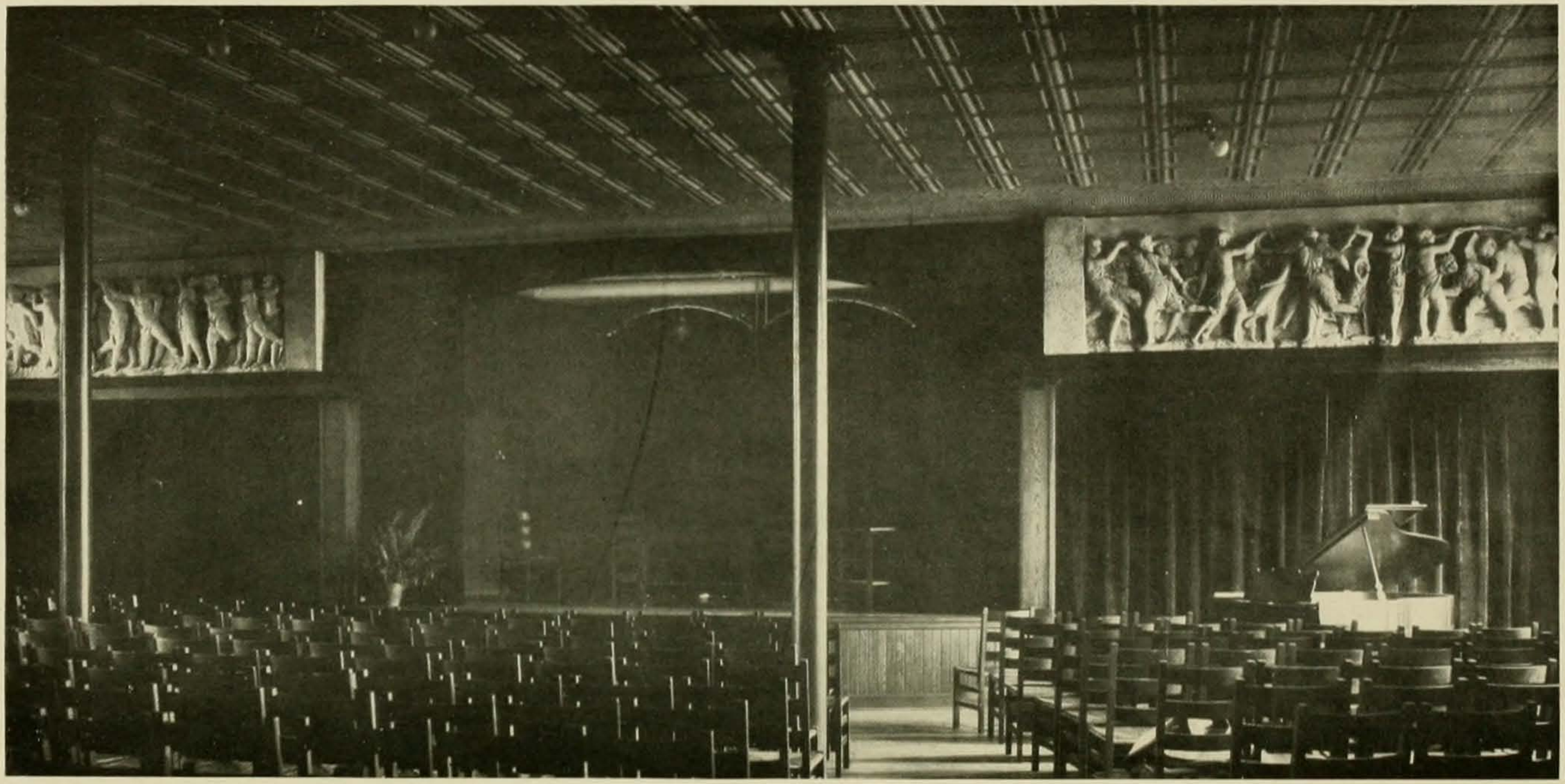
Miss Bessie Daniel
Miss Inez Daughtry
Miss Annie Wiley

Miss Iola Exum
Miss Ione Dunn
Mrs. C. D. McIver
Miss Mamie Tolar
Miss Laura H. Coit
Miss Annie Lee Shuford

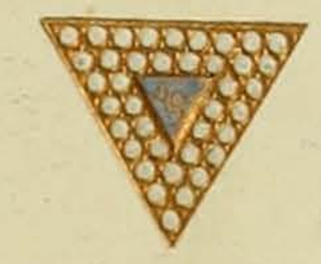
Miss Gertrude W. Mendenhall
Miss Katherine McNaughton

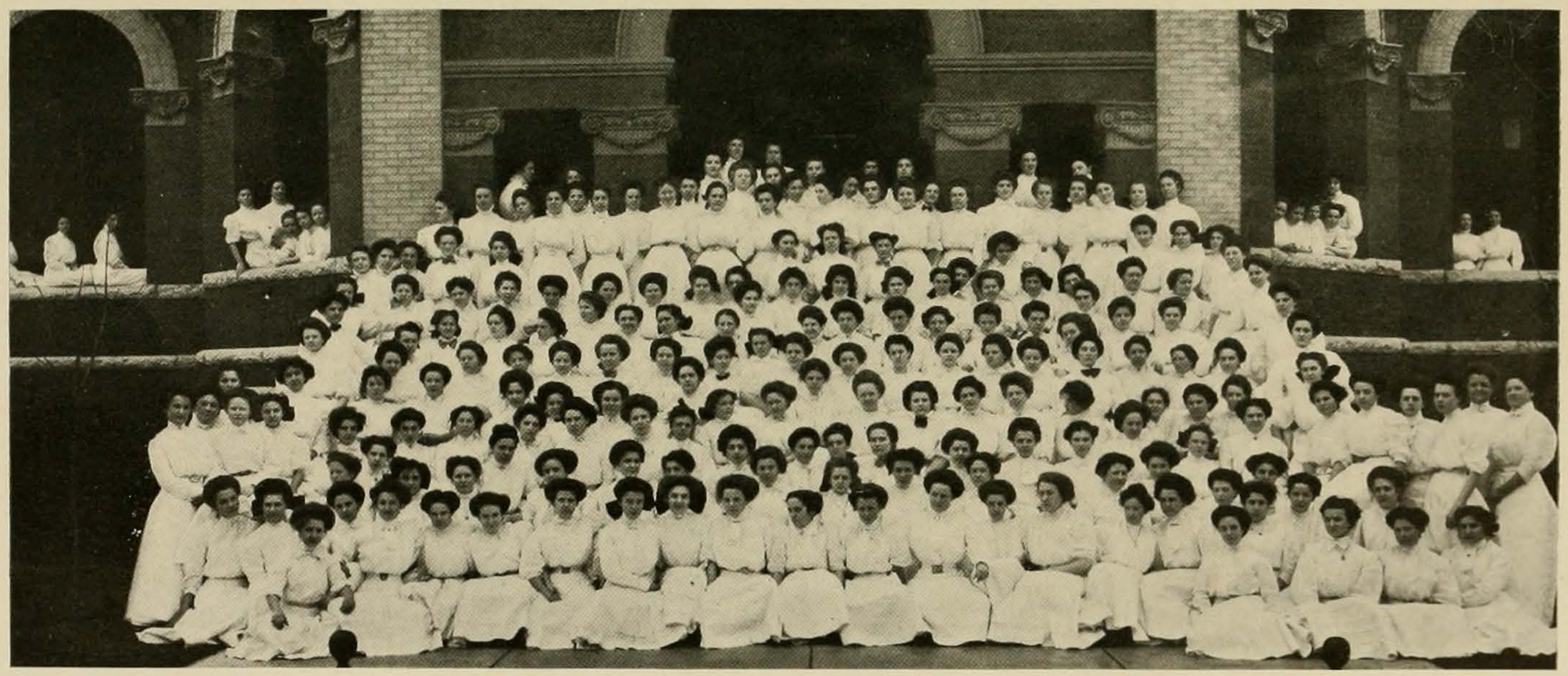
Miss Annie Meade Micheaux
Mrs. Lizzie McIver Weatherspoon





CORNELIAN SOCIETY HALL





CORNELIAN SOCIETY

Cornelian Society Roll

Eula Alexander
Belle Andrews
Patty Arrington
Fannie Bagby
Mamie Barnes
Julia Bartlett
Bessie Bennett
Antoinette Black
Emmie Black
Jessie Biggs
Clara Byrd
Eva Bishop
Kathleen Bogart
Jean Booth
Fanny Bostian
Olive Boyle
May Bracy
Maggie Bradshaw
Katie Bray
Florence Bright
Bessie Briggs
Flossie Bridges
Sabra Brogden
Delphine Brown
Mae Brown
Mary K. Brown
Clarence Buhmen
Sallie Bullard
Olivia Burbage
Hattie Burch
Girla Byerly
Corrie Cable
Mae Cahoon
Emily Cannady
Elizabeth Capps
Annie Carroll
Nora Carpenter
Eula Lee Carter

Claudia Cashwell
Bessie Cauble
Annie Cherry
Dora Coats
Margaret B. Cobb
Maggie Cobb
Mary Coffin
Edna Cohen
Madeline Cox
Helen Cox
Bessie Craven
Ethel Crawford
Susie Critcher
Inez Croom
Mary Croom
Ethel Crowder
Annie Cummings
Lillian Dalton
Bertha Daniels
Fanny Darlington
Fay Davenport
Okla Dees
Nettie Dixon
Vivian Douglass
Edna Draughn
Edna Duke
Julia Dulin
Jessie Earnhardt
Grace Eaton
Lucile Elliot
Edla Eure
Martha Faison
Clyde Farmer
Clyde Fields
Lillian Fields
Pearl Fields
Louise Flemming
Jennie Floyd

Lizzie Kate Foard
Clara Forrest
Mabel Fountain
Sallie Fox
Jennie Franck
Blanche Freeman
Hattie Gathings
Vera Gathings
Annie May Gibbs
Louise Gill
Gertrude Glenn
Marce Goley
Mary Gray
Jessie Green
Lena Green
Myrtle Green
May Green
Jessie Griffin
Willie Grimsley
Darfer Hamrick
Zora Hannah
Annie Lee Harper
Annie Bell Harris
Panthea Harrison
Ina Harris
Elizabeth Harry
Allen Hart
Edith Hassell
Paulina Hassell
Annie Hawkins
Mamie Hawkins
Jean Henderson
Nell Herring
Rebecca Herring
Eula Hester
Emma Hill
Leta Hodgin
Stella Hoffman

Daisy Holcom
Esther Horne
Myrtle Horney
Helen Howard
Hattie Howell
Lillian Hunt
Mary Hunter
Eleanor Huske
Agnes Hyman
Susie Hyman
Sadie Ingle
Ethel Ivey
Mary Jeffress
Kate Jeffreys
Janie Jenkins
Frances Jennings
Clara Johnson
Floy Johnson
Nellie Johnson
Rena Johnson
Myrtle Johnston
Ruth Johnson
Willie Johnson
Ara Jordan
Bessie Jordan
June Ray Kernodle
Katie Kime
Virginia Kivett
Cora Knight
Fannie Knight
Zannie Koonce
Nannie Lacy
Clara Lambe
Augusta Landis
Edith Latham
Kathleen Long
Louise Lucas
Lena Luther
Mary Luther
Lorena Lyon
Eunice Marsh
Annie Martin
Dixie Martin
Nannie McArn
Mabel Irene McConnell
Jessie McLenden
Grace McCubbins
Frances McIntosh
Mary Wood McKenzie
Florence Mitchell
Mary Mitchell
Nancy Moore
Minnie Morgan
Annie Moring
Claudia Morris
Myrtle Morris
Adelaide Morrow
Rosa Morse
Pauline Murray
Nellie Newby
Kathleen Norfleet
Natalie Nunn
Mary Orrell
Kate Lee Owen
Mattie Paddison
Ludie Pate
Lenora Patterson
Helen Parker
Irene Parker
Allie Parsons
Sallie Phillips
Mary Bland Pitt
Ethel Plonk
Jettie Plonk
Lucianna Poisson
Annie Maude Pollard
Velna Pope
Willard Powers
Sue Pritchett
Alma Ragland
Annie Laurie Ramsey
Beatrice Raynor
Lena Redmond
Ethel Roan
Eunice Roberts
Elizabeth Robinson
Ruth Ruffin
Hazel Rush
Lottie Satterfield
Beatrice Schwab
Claudine Scott
Lois Sharp
Lillian Silliman
Marian St. Sing
Joe Simpson
Mary Slaughter
Atwood Sloan
Beulah Smith
Katie Smith
Myrtle Smith
Pauline Smithwick
Annie Stanbury
Pattie Spurgeon
Flossie Strange
Kate Styron
Annie Sugg
Jane Summerell
Gladys Sutton
Beebe Staunton
Arrah Trevathan
Edith Thomason
Annie Thompson
Carrie Thompson
Ida Thompson
Mary Thompson
Etta Topping
Ruby Tull
Allie Vann
Mary Van Poole
Ada Viele
Hallie Viele
Mary Walters
Janet Weil
Christiana West
Bess Wheeler
Elma Williamson
Annie Louise Wills
Nora Belle Wilson
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Susan Wooten
Gertrude Zachary

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Miss Oeland Barnett
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Miss Mary M. Petty
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Mrs. Mary Settle Sharpe
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Miss Christine Snyder
Miss Mary Robinson
Mr. E. J. Forney
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CHIEF

HAL MORRISON, '09

ADELPHIANS

LOLA LASLEY, '09
JESSIE SMOAK, '09
FLIEDA JOHNSON, '09
LAURA WEILL, '10
MARION STEVENS, '10

CORNELIANS

MARY BALDWIN MITCHELL, '09
BESSIE CAUBLE, '09
OKLA DEES, '09
ELEANOR HUSKE, '10
JANE SUMMERELL, '10

Normal Magazine

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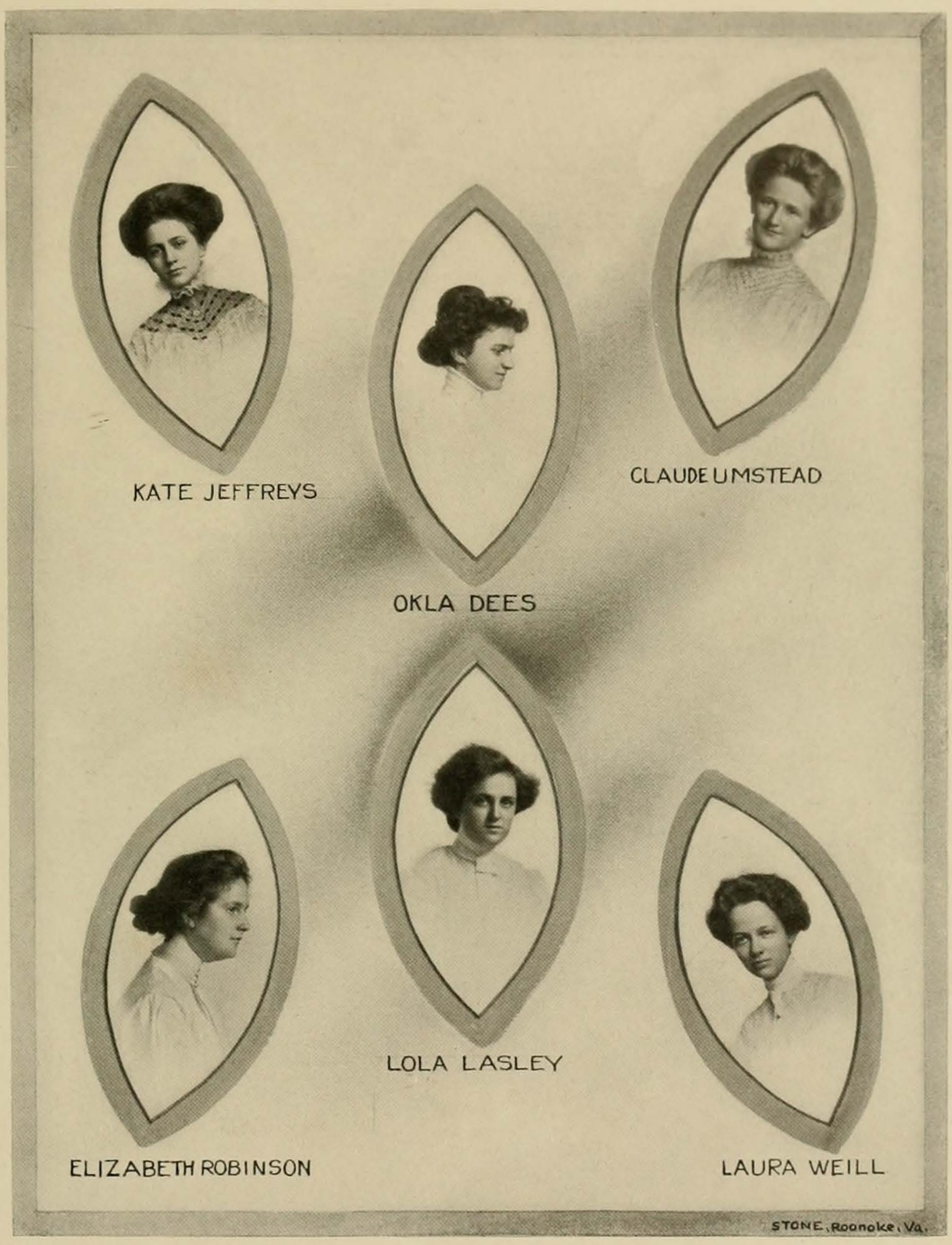
KATE JEFFREYS, '09 ELIZABETH ROBINSON, '10

Adelphian Society

LOLA LASLEY, '09 ..... Chief

CLAUDE UMSTEAD, '09 LAURA WEILL, '10

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Y. W. C. A.

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MARY MITCHELL ..... President

ELEANOR HUSKE ..... Vice-President

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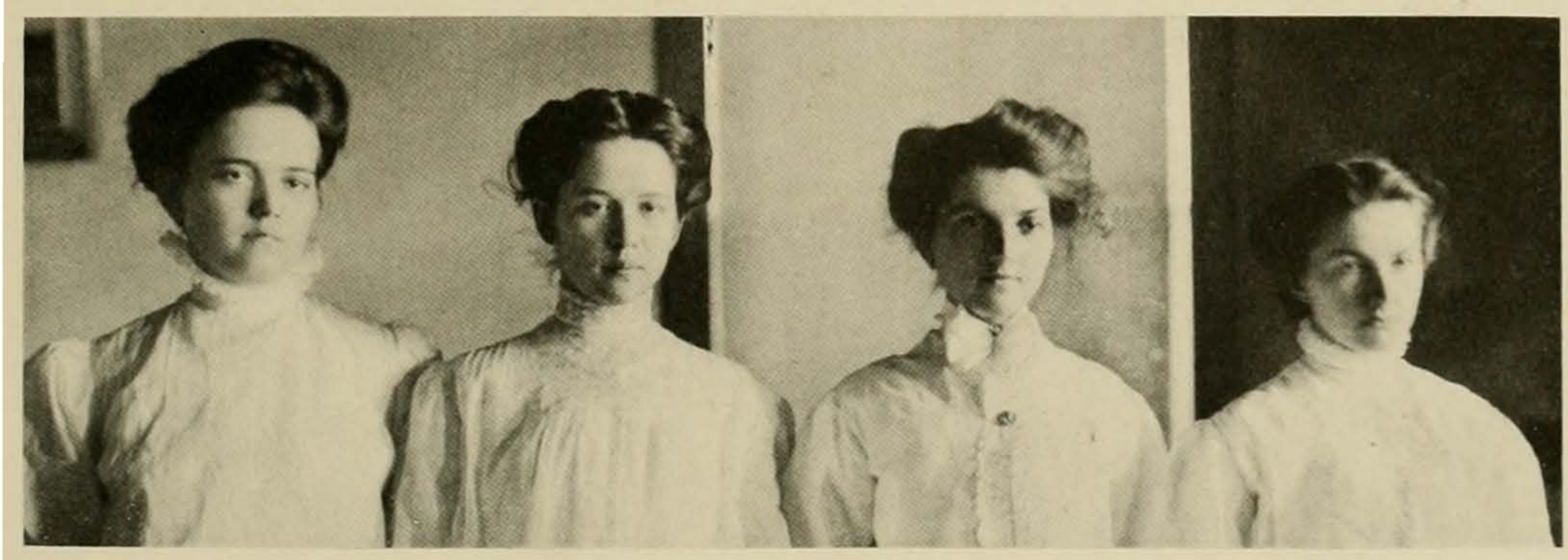
Motto

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."



Y. W. C. A. CABINET OFFICERS

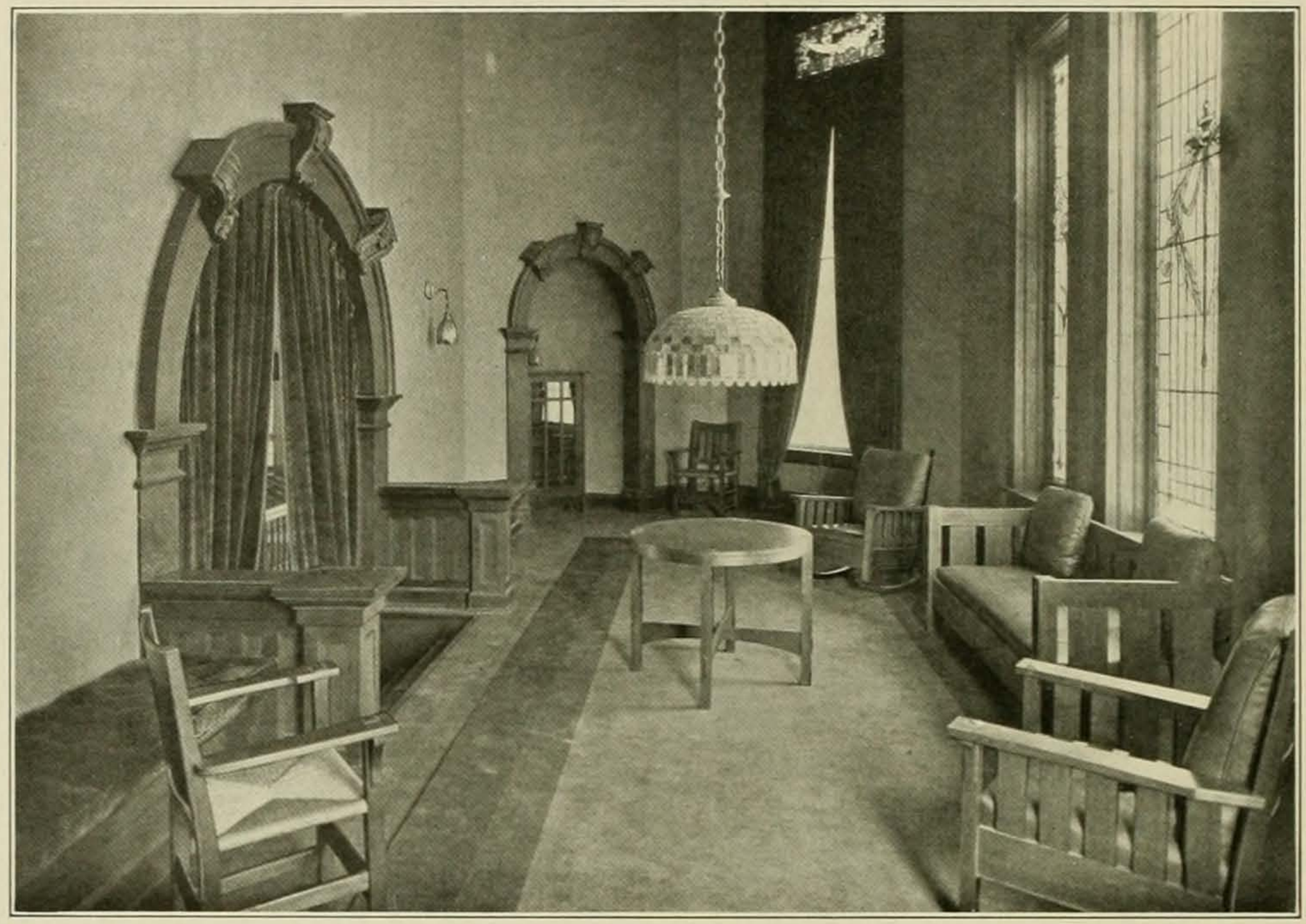
Y. W. C. A. CABINET

Y. W. C. A.

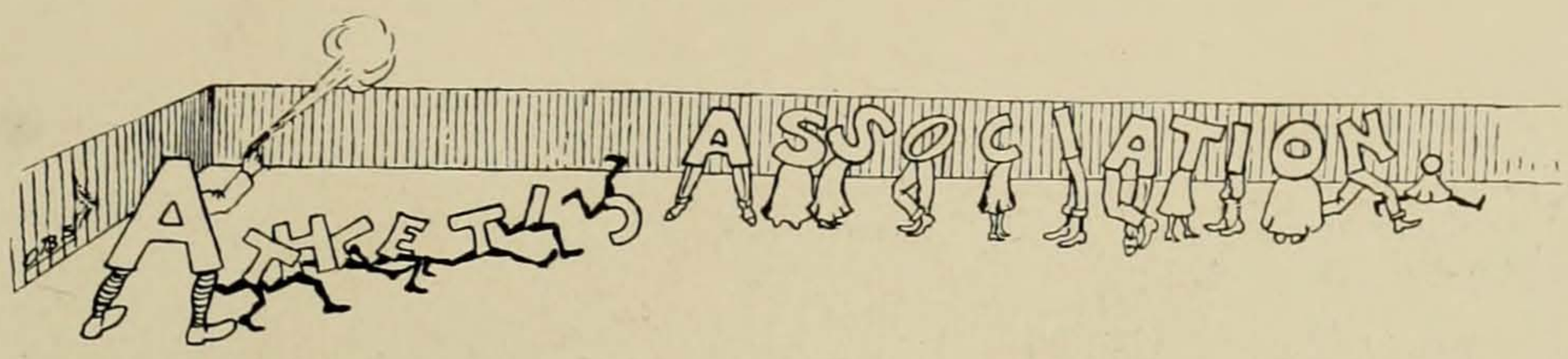
THIS organization is composed of such of our students and women teachers as have voluntarily united in the purpose of promoting practical religion, whenever and wherever we have opportunity.

For sincerity, purity, and beauty in all social relations; for energy, honesty, and enthusiasm in work; for eagerness and unselfishness in the pursuit of knowledge and culture for anything and everything that will uplift the great family of humanity, the Young Women's Christian Association works and prays.

We make no effort to spread the peculiar doctrines of any sect, for we know that no creed ever written was ever accepted by all devout souls, and we are determined not to confound some men's opinions about religion with religion itself. We believe that God has not left Himself without witnesses in any nation or in any age of mankind, and that the pure in heart have always, in some sense, seen Him. But since no conception of the character of God and of man's relationship to Him is so noble as that given to the world by Jesus of Nazareth, we will call none but Christ our Master. In so far as we comprehend and exalt His teachings, in so far as our lives approximate His, we are accomplishing our purpose. For us, Christianity is Christ. For us, a Christian is one who gives himself to humanity in the spirit of Christ. For us, the hope of success is based upon the words, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."



BAILEY MEMORIAL ROOM



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NETTIE DIXON ..... Senior Vice-President

LAURA WEILL ..... Junior Vice-President

ADA VIELE ..... Sophomore Vice-President

ALICE MORRISON .. Freshman Vice-President

MARY BLAND PITT ..... Special Vice-President

CLYDE STANCILL, '10 ..... Secretary

BELLE HICKS, '10 ..... Treasurer

CLAUDE UMSTEAD, '09 ..... Critic

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION OFFICERS

History of the Athletic Association

FOR the first few years after the founding of our College, we had no Athletic Association. There were so many weightier matters in the minds of all, that athletics was for a time a matter of minor importance. Some of those more interested did, however, make attempts, but these amounted to but little. All their efforts towards physical culture were enclosed within the walls of one small room. There they wrestled with the pole and dumbbells, while "all-out-doors" remained unnoticed. The Class of 1900 took the forward step. They realized that physical training was as important a feature of their college life as their mental training; and so they organized an Athletic Association. The object of this association was to promote the interest of athletics in the College, and to provide means whereby every student might take an active part. Though they made but a beginning, they set an example which has been bravely followed. It was this same class that presented a trophy cup to the Association, which was to be given each year to the champion team. Thus they increased the interest in athletics, which has steadily grown until today every girl in our College takes an active part in the outdoor games. Each class has its basket-ball and its tennis team, and these meet in a tournament every spring to compete for the trophy cup. The present year has been one of the most eventful in the history of the association. Not only has the membership been larger than it has been in any former year, but throughout the College, "Athletic Spirit" has been at a greater height than ever before. Hockey has been introduced into our College for the first time, and the classes are becoming interested in it, and are beginning to organize teams. The recent gymnastic contest and the camp suppers, a most attractive feature of the association, have also brought it into prominence, and bid fair to gain for us many members, and a decided rise in "Athletic Spirit."

The attention of all the classes is now being turned to "Field Day," which will be some time in April. Already the classes are practicing for the hundred-yard dash, the long run, and the high jump. As an incentive, a beautiful athletic banner will be given as a prize to the class which proves itself first in athletics.

Champion Team 1910

LAURA WEILL ..... Captain
BELLE HICKS, WINNIE MCWHORTER ..... Centers
CLYDE STANCILL, CLARA LAMBE ..... Goal Men
WILLARD POWERS, CLARA SLOAN ..... Goal Guards
CORA HART, EDITH HASSELL

Yell

Rip Rah Re, Rip Rah Roan ;
Here's to Stancill, Powers, Sloan;
Boom-er-reca, Boom-er-racher Rart;
Ho! for Hassell, Lambe and Hart;
'Tis for the Seniors quite a trial
To beat McWhorter, Hicks and Weill!

Senior Team

Captain

MARY MITCHELL

Centers

CLAUDE UMSTEAD NETTIE DIXON

Goal Men

PAULINA HASSELL

JESSIE SMOAK FLORENCE LANDIS

Goal Guards

CORA HART

CLARA SLOAN HAL MORRISON

Junior Team

Captain

LAURA WEILL

Centers

WINNIE MCWHORTER MELLIE COTCHETT

Goal Men

CLYDE STANCILL

CLARA LAMBE WILLARD POWERS

Goal Guards

EDITH HASSELL

LOUISE WOOTEN BELLE HICKS

Sophomore Team

Captain

ANNIE LOUISE WILLS

Centers

ROSE BATTERHAM MARGARET BERRY

Goal Men

ZANNIE KOONCE

NANNIE LACY CATHARINE ERVIN

Goal Guards

HELEN PARKER

CATHERINE JONES ALLIE PARSONS

Sophomore Yell

Rip rah, rip rah, rip rah rite;
Here's to the Class of Red and White!
Sis boom bah, rah whoo reven;
We are the Class of 1911!

Freshman Team

Captain

ALICE MORRISON

Centers

JANET WEIL IVOR AYCOCK

Goal Men

HELEN AUSTIN

GLADYS AVERY JAMIE BRYAN

Goal Guards

KATE STYRON

RUTH CRITZ ORA LEE BROWN

Freshman Yell

Rah, Rah, Ren,
Yickety Yelve;
Freshmen, Freshmen;
1912!

Special Team

Captain

MARY BLAND PITT

Centers

AGNES LACY BEULAH MARTIN

Goal Men

CHASE BOREN

KATHLEEN LONG JUNE KERNODLE

Goal Guards

ZULA DICKSON

MARY GRIFFITH SOPHIA HART

A Camp Supper

WHAT a hurry and bustle around the camp-fire, for tonight the "camp-supper girls" make merry! Some are peeling potatoes, some slicing bread, others frying potatoes and frizzling cheese; the rest are browning slices of bacon, fastened to long sticks. How fast the food disappears and how good it all tastes!

When everything has been cooked and eaten, each girl washes her tin plate, cup and spoon in the nearby stream. Every one then sits around the camp-fire, hears the wood crackle in the bright flames and smells the birch bark smoke. Now comes the time of story-telling and after this the songs which college girls like best. The camp-fire is put out at eight o'clock. All now start back to the College through the woods and fields, singing and beating the tin plates.

The camp suppers have been introduced by Miss Bell, our gymnastic instructor. She takes every girl who is a member of the Athletic Association on one camp supper during the year. Parties are taken out to the woods near Lindley Park on Saturday afternoons by Miss Bell. Each girl carries a tin plate, cup and spoon tied around her waist, also a sofa pillow to sit on. A plenteous supply of provisions, for the camp supper is carried out to the camp by "Zeke," in the college wagon. Be sure and join the Athletic Association and go on one of these trips with Miss Bell, for you will have a jolly good time.

"The Game's The Thing"

Chase Boren — Maude Beatty

Helen Austin — Florence Landis

Margaret Cobb — Mary Gray

Kate Jeffreys — Ethel Crawford

Clara Hines — Pattie Arrington

Marion Forney — Zula Dickson

Mary Griffith — Annie Merritt

Minnie Hart — Beulah Martin

Sophia Hart

A Tennis Group

Mary Bland Pitt Katherine Long

Lucianna Poisson Belle Andrews

Elma Williamson Kathleen Turrentine Bonnie Broadfoot

Marcy Goley Jamie Bryan Katharine Jones

Mildred Moses Eleanor Huske Kate Styron

Agnes Lacy Susan Wooten Annette Munds

Jessie McMillan Catherine Ervin

June Kernodle Ethel Skinner

Gladys Avery Sue Smith

ON THE FIELD—HOCKEY

Glee Club

HERMANN H. HOEXTER, *Director*

FIRST SOPRANOS

MISS LANDIS MISS ARRINGTON MISS KEETER MISS SMITHWICK MISS LONG
MISS MARTIN MISS AUSTIN MRS. B. C. SHARP MISS THOMPSON MISS NEWBOLD
MISS BROADFOOT MISS PORTER MISS TURRENTINE
MISS CARTER MISS ROBINSON MISS VERNON
MISS FOUST MISS RUSH MISS WHITFIELD

SECOND SOPRANOS

MISS PASCHAL MISS GARDNER MISS SPURGEON
MISS BLACKBURN MISS HERRING MISS STANFORD
MISS BODDIE MISS HARRIS MISS STEVENS
MISS COX MISS PHILLIPS MISS VERNON

ALTOS

MISS BARNETT MISS STANBURY
MISS JAMISON MRS. WEATHERSPOON MISS ABERNATHY MISS NUNN

ACCOMPANISTS

MISS LAURA BROCKMANN MRS. MYRA ALBRIGHT MISS EUGENIA HARRIS

Orchestra

CHARLES J. BROCKMANN ..... Director

INEZ CROOM ..... Violin

MAE BROWN ..... Violin

GRACE BROCKMANN ..... Violin

EULA LEE CATRER ..... Violin

MYRTLE JOHNSTON ..... Violin

MATTIE MORGAN ..... Violin

ANNIE MORING ..... Bass Violin

KATIE BRAY ..... Cornet

NELL HERRING ..... Drum

CLYDE FIELDS ..... Cornet

ANNIE L. RAMSEY .. Accompanist

Rowan County Girls

Ada Viele

Margaret Johnson

Bessie Cauble

Edith Thomason

Hallie Viele

Laura Mae Shaver

Lillian Silliman

Minnie Littman

Jane Summerell

Dixie Martin

Grace McCubbins

Eugenia Harris

Cora Hart

Mary Van Poole

Annie Martin

Edna Duke

Virginia Jenkins

Gaston County

LOIS ADAMS

BRYTE CRAWFORD

FAY DAVENPORT

ANNIE FITE

GERTRUDE GLENN

JEAN HENDERSON

EDITH MASON

FLORENCE MITCHELL

LUCY PLONK

ELIZABETH RANKIN

NENA RHYNE

SARAH RUTLEDGE

CLARA SLOAN

LULA WHITESIDES

Cleveland County

Pearl Gardner

Darfer Hamrick

Ethel Keeter

Viola Keeter

Frances Jennings

May Plonk

Mabel Jetton

Mattie Abernathy

Jettie Plonk

Eunice Roberts

Ethel Plonk

Lenoir County

KATHLEEN CRAWFORD

NANNIE BROWN

MABEL HODGES

CLARA HINES

RUBY GRAY

NELLIE DAWSON

KATHERINE WOOTEN

MAE BROWN

ORA LEE BROWN

BEATRICE RAYNOR

MARY GRAY

EDITH LATHAM

ANNIE CUMMINGS

CHRISTINE WEST

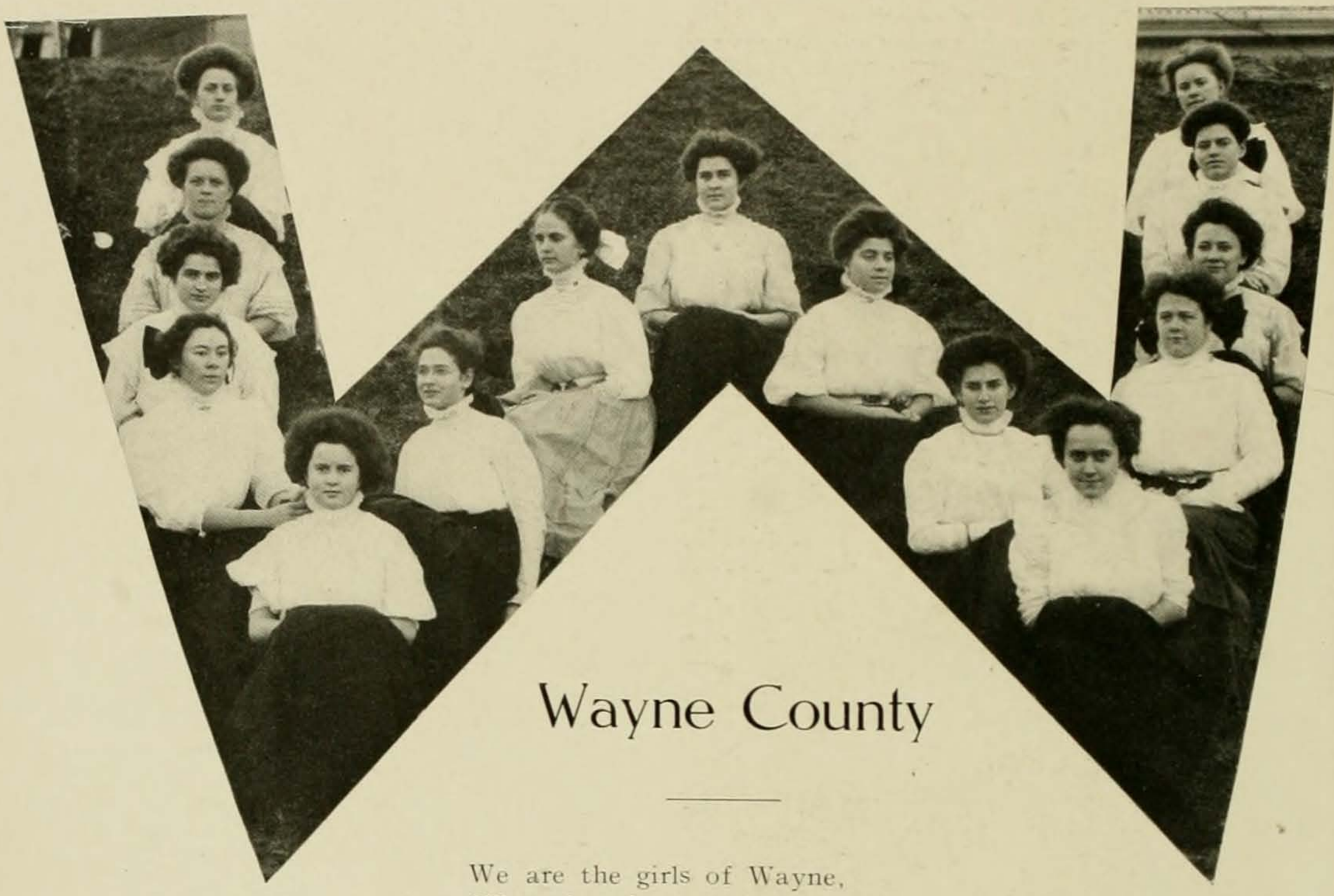
NATALIE NUNN

LOUISE WOOTEN

ORIE MOSELEY

RUBY TULL

ETHEL IVEY



Wayne County

We are the girls of Wayne,
Who, though exceedingly plain,
Had our picture took
For the Annual book,
But please don't think we are vain.

MEMBERS

KATE JEFFREYS
LUCILLE MIDDLETON
HULDA SLAUGHTER
WINNIE MCWHORTER
BEULAH MARTIN
JANET WEIL
NELL WITHERINGTON
REBA FOUST
MARION STEPHENS
MARY SLAUGHTER
MAMIE GRIFFIN
SABRA BROGDEN
IVOR AYCOCK
AMY JOSEPH
KATIE SMITH

Edgecombe County

Sophia Hart — Hattie Howell

Mary Bland Pitt — Pattie Arrington

Lena Redmond — Minnie Hart — Mabel Fountain

Susie Wooten — Emma Hill — Alma Fountain

Helen Austin — Edna Draughn

Ruth Ruffin — Maud Beatty

The French Club

LEAH BODDIE

BELLE HICKS

KATE STYRON

MILDRED MOSES

SUE SMITH

LUCILE MIDDLETON

ANNETTE MUNDS

GERTRUDE GLENN

ELIZABETH ROBINSON

HAL MORRISON

FRANCES JENNINGS

MARY VAN POOLE

MARGARET JOHN

BELLE AVERA ANDREWS

FRANCES BROADFOOT

WINNIE MCWHORTER

DELORAH STEPP

MISS HILL

The "Furriners"

Motto

"Traveling is an education in itself."

Pass Word

"Ticket, please."

Song

"Any old place I can hang my hat is
home, sweet home to me."

BEATRICE SCHWAB ..... Savannah, Georgia
LUCY ROBERTSON ..... Washington, D. C.
PEARL ROBERTSON ..... Washington, D. C.
EDNA COHEN ..... Florence, South Carolina
NELLIE PASCHAL ... Jersey City, New Jersey
AGNES HYMAN .... Baltimore, Maryland
ZULA DICKSON ..... Marks, Mississippi

The Artists

Color

Sky Blue

Motto

To Perpetuate the Beautiful

MEMBERS

PAULINA HASSELL
ETHEL CRAWFORD
ANNETTE MUNDS
SUE SMITH
BESSIE CAUBLE
EDNA DUKE
KATE JEFFREYS
FLORENCE LANDIS
MINNIE LITTMAN
MARY SLAUGHTER
HALLIE VIELE
ADA VIELE
INEZ CROOM
BESSIE ROBINSON

The Cats

Name
The Cats

Meeting Place
The Old Stone Wall

Password
Me-ow

Flower
Cat Tail

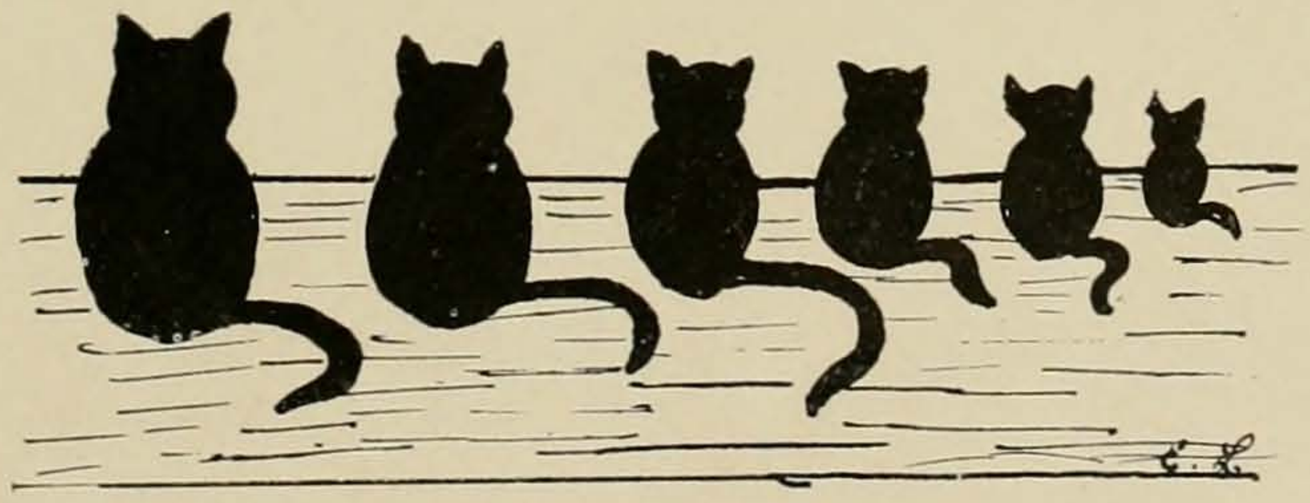
Drink
Catnip Tea

Motto
If You Can't Be a Cat, Be a Kitten

Tree
The Pussy Willow

NAMES

Cat Jones
Cat Ervin
Cat Turrentine
Cat Crawford
Cat Jeffreys
Cat Long
Cat Styron
Cat Bogart
Cat Brown
Cat Wooten
Cat Norfleet



The Belles

PASS WORD: Ding Dong

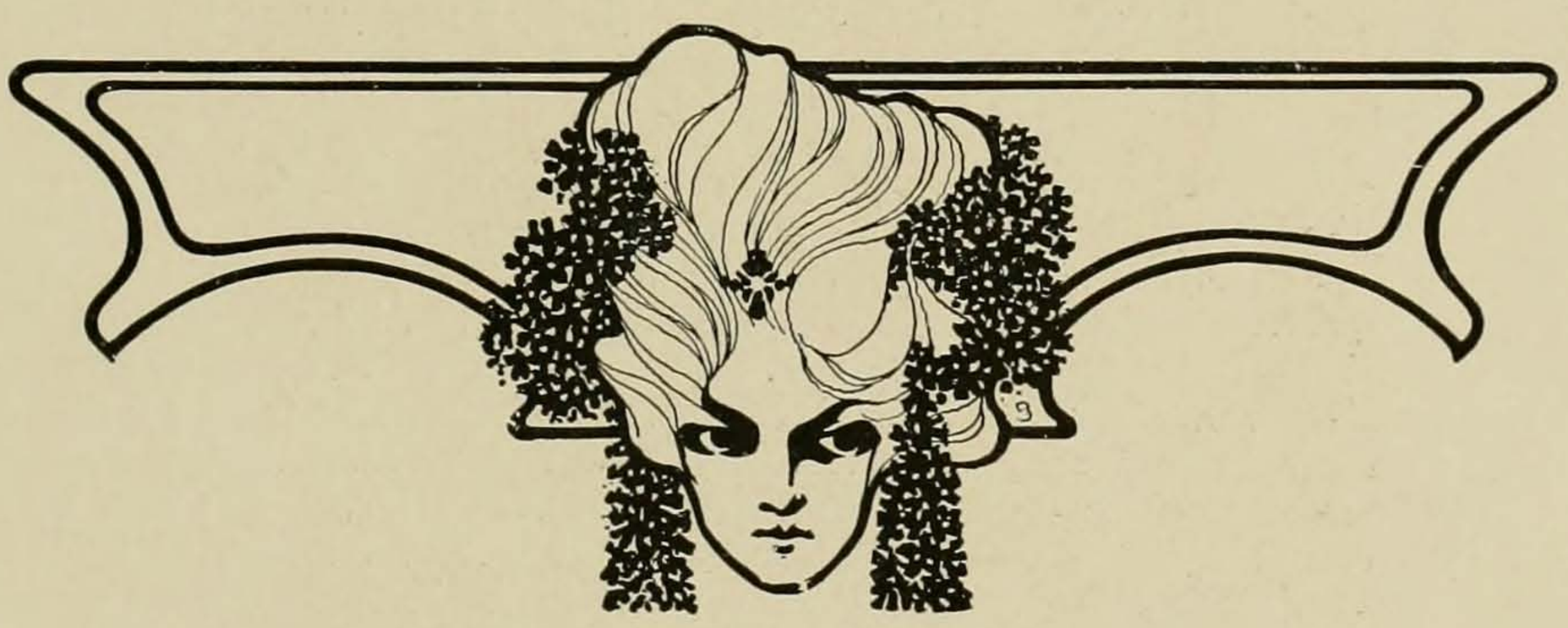
"Ring out Wild Bells to the Wild Sky"

BELLE AVERA ANDREWS Z. BELLE DICKSON L. BELLE ROBERTSON

N. BELLE WILSON I. BELLE FLEMING

BELLE HICKS

Dramatics



A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

GIVEN BY THE

Cornelian Society

FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 4, 1908

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Theseus, Duke of Athens ..... Margaret B. Cobbs
Lysander, in love with Hermia ..... Lena Redmond
Demetrius, his Rival ..... Nettie Dixon
Egeus, an Athenian noble, father of Hermia ..... Clyde Farmer
Philostrate, Master of Revels ..... Zora Hannah
Officers, Soldiers, Attendants, etc.

The Hard-Handed Men of Athens

Nick Bottom, the Weaver ..... Mary Van Poole
Quince, the Carpenter ..... Clara Lambe
Snug, the Joiner ..... Katie Bray
Flute, the Bellows-Mender ..... Elizabeth Robinson
Snout, the Tinker ..... Annie Louise Wills
Starveling, the Tailor ..... Allie Parsons
Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons ..... June Ray Kernodle
Hermia, daughter of Egeus, in love with Lysander ..... Annie Martin
Helena, in love with Demetrius ..... Dixie Martin
Amazons in Attendance on Hippolyta.

Fairies

Oberon, King of Fairyland ..... Helen Howard
Titania, his Queen ..... Hallie Viele
Puck, or Robin Goodfellow ..... Ada Viele
First Fairy ..... Eleanor Huske
Second Fairy ..... Kathleen Long
Third Fairy ..... Kathleen Turrentine
Peas-Blossom ..... Fan Bostain
Cobweb ..... Ethel Crawford
Moth ..... Louise Gill
Mustard-Seed ..... Kathleen Bogart

A GROUP OF THE PLAYERS
(A Midsummer Night's Dream)

THE COURT OF THESEUS
(A Midsummer Night's Dream)

OBERON, TITANIA AND ATTENDANTS
(A Midsummer Night's Dream)

Famous Heroines

Given by the Adelphian Society

Ethel Skinner	Evangeline
Agnes Lacy	Lorna Doone
Lola Lasley	Rowena
Reba Foust	Rebecca
Leah Boddie	Dorothea Brooks
Ruth Critz	Dora Copperfield
Coline Austin	Beatrix
Nell Witherington	Little Nell
Frances Broadfoot	Jane Eyre
Helen Austin	Cosette

PORTIA AND NERRISSA
From the Merchant of Venice, Given by the Adelphian Society

"She Stoops to Conquer"

GIVEN UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

Senior Class of the State Normal College

In the Auditorium of the Students' Building

Friday Evening, January 8, 1909

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Sir Charles Marlowe ..... Claude Umstead
Young Marlowe ..... Linda Shuford
Mr. Hardcastle ..... Nettie Dixon
Tony Lumpkin ..... Mary Mitchell
Hastings ..... Hal Morrison
Miss Hardcastle ..... Jean Booth
Miss Neville ..... Jessie Smoak
Mrs. Hardcastle ..... Bessie Cauble

Servants, attendants and people of the Inn.

SCENES

Act I, Scene I—A room in Mr. Hardcastle's old mansion; Scene II, A large public room in the "Three Jolly Pigeons" Inn.

Act II, III, IV—Parlor in Mr. Hardcastle's house.

Act V—Scene I, same as Act I, Scene I. Scene II, Garden and small park in rear of Mr. Hardcastle's mansion.

Scene III, same as Act V, Scene I.

Girls of 1776

GIVEN BY THE CORNELIAN SOCIETY COMMENCEMENT 1908.

Mrs. Mayfields ..... *Edna Duke*

Armanda ..... *Kate Jeffreys*

Helen ..... *Nemmie Paris*

Barbara ..... *Caroline Tuggle*

Dolly ..... *Annie Martin*

Grandmere ..... *Rena Lassiter*

Honora ..... *Mattie Williams*

Ann ..... *Martha Petty*

Jacqueline ..... *Emma Gill*

Betsey Ross ..... *Eleanor Huske*

Troubles ..... *Elizabeth Robinson*

Pickaninnies ..... *Louise Gill, Ada Vicle, Eula Lee Carter*

REVERIES OF A FRESHMAN

Remember the days of my Freshman year?
Those days to a "greenie" one's heart so dear?
When I stared at the buildings in stupid surprise,
And wondered at Spencer's tremendous size,
And grew tired and sore from just walking around,
Upstairs and through endless halls, over the ground?
Ah, yes, that I will!

Remember the nights when I lay on my bed
And wept homesick tears, with a hot, aching head?
And the days when I looked at the girls in despair
Of finding, 'mong strangers, familiar ones there?
When I envied the old girls who seemed so at ease
In this huge, busy place, like a hive full of bees?
Ah, yes, that I will!

Remember the days when I trembled to think
What would happen to me, when I stood on the brink
Of that awful event that scared others as well,
Initiation? When I ached just to tell
What had happened to some one, and when we would gather
We new girls, and talk it all over together?
Ah, yes, that I will!

Remember the early-roused terror for facing
A teacher who "sawed," my scorn, too, for casing,
And straight way my fall 'fore the charms of another,
My worship afar, how I wrote to my mother
To tell her about it, though she could not know
Half the sweetness such madness brings, no, oh, no?
Ah, yes, that I will!

Social Events

ON the evening of October 2d, the Social Committee of the Y. W. C. A. entertained the Faculty and students in the gymnasium. It was a pleasant mingling of the new and the old students. The room was lighted with Japanese lanterns and artistically decorated with screens, rugs, sofa pillows and potted plants. In the corners of the room were three dimly-lighted booths behind which sat dark-haired gypsies, who revealed to those desiring information, most wonderful mysteries as to the future. Music was furnished by Miss Lasley at the piano and Miss Moring at the graphophone. Delightful refreshments, consisting of cream and cake, were served, after which the guests departed, having spent a most pleasant evening with the Social Committee.

On the afternoon of October 7th, Mr. James Young came out to the College and gave a very interesting lecture on Hamlet. The same evening the Seniors and Juniors were allowed to attend the play, "Brown of Harvard," in which Mr. Young took the leading part. Since then the seniors have been singing, "When Love is Young in Springtime," to their freshman friends; so we know they still remember Mr. Young.

On October 14th we had a holiday to take part in the exercises of Educational Day of the Greensboro Centennial Week. The pupils of the schools and colleges of Guilford County gathered upon the campus of Greensboro Female College. Shortly after ten o'clock the educational parade began to march from here, passing along West Market Street to Court Square, thence down South Elm to Washington, thence along East Washington and Forbis Streets to the auditorium. It is said by those who saw this procession of more than seven thousand girls and boys that they had never witnessed a more inspiring spectacle anywhere. The line of march was led by the students of Greensboro Female College, wearing white dresses and white hats with light green bands; next came the students of the State Normal College dressed in pure white and wearing tiny North Carolina flags; these were followed by the graded and public schools of Guilford

County. At the auditorium Dr. George Winston, the centennial orator, delivered a most magnificent address.

On October 14th we were made happy by the announcement that on Wednesday we would be allowed to go to the Fair. With flying colors we reached the Fair grounds about noon. For the rest of the day we threw "come back" balls and confetti, rode on the merry-go-round and Ferris wheel, listened with thrilling hearts to the revealing of the mysteries of the future by the fortune-teller, and admired the exhibits to our hearts' content. Many are lamenting the fact that "Fair Day" does not come oftener.

On Tuesday night, October 15th, from eight to ten o'clock, our Faculty and students were at home to their Greensboro friends and their friends from abroad. The Main Building, Student's Building, Library and the new McIver Memorial Building were thrown open to the guests. The main receiving party was stationed in the parlor, and along the halls were groups of receivers, who ushered the guests into the dining-room, where light refreshments were served. During the reception Professor Brockmann's College Orchestra rendered some very beautiful selections, which added to the joy of the occasion.

On the evening of October 16th, Mr. Foust took the Seniors and Marshals on a delightful car ride to see the illuminations of the city. During the ride, songs of such an irresistible nature were sung that all joined in, whether they could carry the tune or not. Every one enjoyed the ride immensely and many thanks are due to Mr. Foust for a very pleasant evening.

The students and friends of the College were delightfully entertained on the evening of November 23d, in the College auditorium, with an interpretation of "Richard III," rendered most ably by the noted dean of the Emerson School of Oratory, Henry Lawrence Southwick.

Mr. Matheson entertained the Seniors in the Curry Building on the evening of November 25th. They were received in the teachers' reading room by Mr. Matheson and Misses Michaux, Fitzgerald and Nash. After a few minutes of pleasant conversation, they were led into Mr. Matheson's room, which was tastefully decorated in blue and white, the class colors. Here a delightful repast was served them, consisting of quail on toast, beaten biscuits, pickles, celery, coffee,

cream and cake. Mr. Matheson gave a toast of humor and wit to the Class. Afterwards chafing dishes were brought in and those skilled in the art of candy making, made fudge, while others played and sang; all had a jolly good time. The guests departed at half-past ten, having spent a very pleasant evening with the Training School Faculty.

The presentation of "Midsummer Night's Dream" by the Cornelian Literary Society in the college auditorium to a large crowd of Greensboro people, Friday evening, December 4th, was the most delightful and thoroughly enjoyable entertainment that has been given at our College for many years. Mendelssohn's music, composed especially for "Midsummer Night's Dream," was beautifully rendered by the College Orchestra. Altogether the entertainment was thoroughly delightful and one of which the College is proud. The hard-handed and thick-skulled men of Athens deserve special mention for their success as actors. Mary Van Poole, in the character of Nick Bottom, the weaver, was the hit of the evening and kept the audience in a constant uproar.

The Adelphian Initiation

"The gayest, merriest, maddest night
In all the whole school year."

ON the evening of October 29th, the Adelphians held their Initiation exercises for the year 1908 in their Society Hall. Long before the great event, strange and mysterious rumors had reached the ears of the prospective members. At the dreaded time when the massive doors opened to receive them, they approached the unknown realm in trembling awe and expectation.

The social part of the evening's program consisted of a banquet given in the college dining hall. The decorations were strictly Adelphian—red and gold chrysanthemums adorned the tables, which were arranged in the shape of the Adelphian pin, while a stately bank of graceful palms and ferns marked the center of the room. At each plate was the souvenir of the occasion, a green leather card-case with the Adelphian pin stamped on it. Between the courses, music was furnished by Brockmann's Orchestra.

After the banquet, all eyes turned toward the rustic stage in the rear of the room. There, under the shade of cool pines, beneath the peaceful light of an imaginary moon, the following scenes from the Merchant of Venice were presented:

SCENE I—Belmont, Portia's home.
SCENE II—A street in Venice.
SCENE III—Belmont.
SCENE IV—A terrace at Belmont.

The program was well carried out and proved very enjoyable. Lancelot Gobbo kept the audience laughing by his antics. Herr Roy rendered Schubert's Serenade on his violin during the moonlight scene and as the audience listened to this artist, they agreed with Shakespeare when he said:

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, strategems, and spoils,
The motions of his spirit are as dull as night,
His affections dark as Erebus,
Let no such man be trusted."

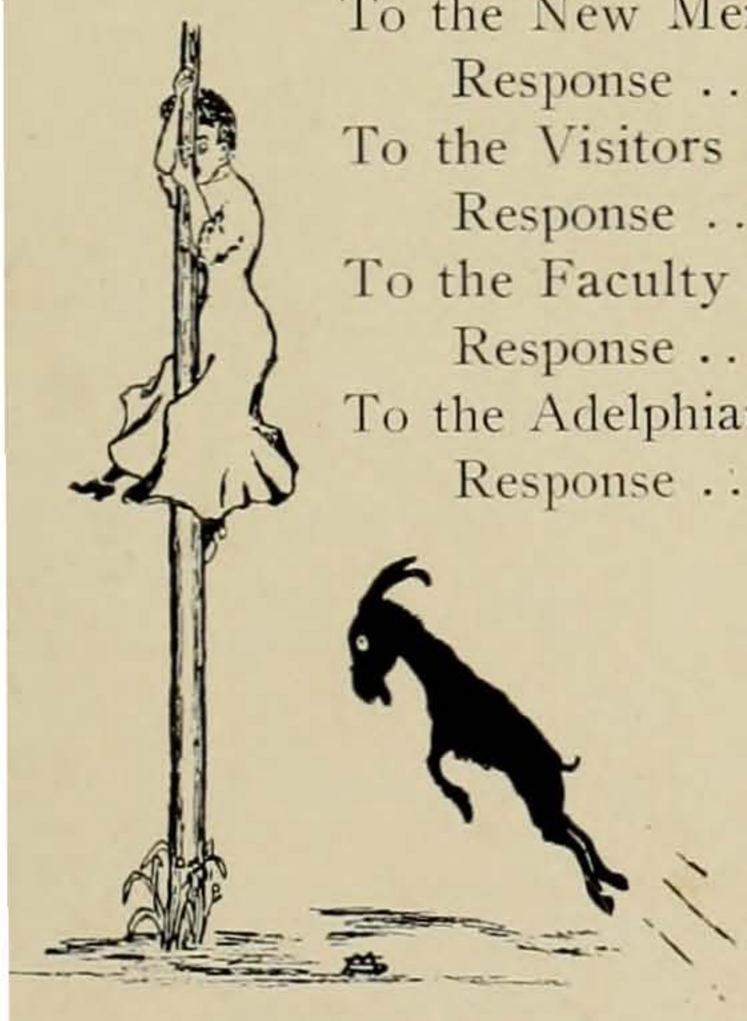
Cornelian Initiation Banquet

THE Sixteenth Annual Initiation of the Cornelian Literary Society took place on the evening of October 31st, 1908. After one hundred and forty-five girls had been given a ride on the Cornelian goat, and had been carried by him into the mystic realms of the Unknown, as new Cornelians, they were royally entertained at a banquet given in their honor by the old members of the Society.

The scene of the banquet was the dining hall of the College, but a dining hall greatly changed from its ordinary appearance. It had been decorated with palms, ferns and chrysanthemums, and the tables were not in their usual orderly rows, but were arranged in the form of a Maltese Cross. A bank of palms and potted plants formed the center of the cross, and trailing smilax entwined the candelabra on the tables.

Covers were spread for three hundred and sixty guests, including the Faculty, visiting Adelphians, and former Cornelians. The menu cards in pale blue and gold, were artistically decorated with an embossed design of the Society pin, and the souvenirs were silver hat pins engraved with the monogram C. L. S.

During the four-course dinner, music was furnished by Brockmann's Orchestra, and between the courses toasts were given. Miss Elizabeth Robinson, the toast mistress of the evening, announced the toasts as follows:



To the New Members ..... *Miss Nannie McArn*
Response ..... *Miss Kathleen Long*
To the Visitors ..... *Miss Annie Martin*
Response ..... *Mrs. Moulton Avery*
To the Faculty ..... *Miss Jessie Ernhardt*
Response ..... *Miss Viola Boddie*
To the Adelphians ..... *Miss Belle Andrews*
Response ..... *Miss Hal Morrison*
To the Old Cornelians ..... *Miss Edith Latham*
Response ..... *Miss Eleanor Elliot*
To the College ..... *Miss Margaret B. Cobb*
Response ..... *President J. I. Foust*

The Sophomore Entertainment

THE first public performance of the Sophomore Company was given at the Veilchen Theater, otherwise the dining-room of the Spencer Building, on February 6th, 1909, in honor of the Freshman Class. The "Comedy in Five Acts" as well as the theater, had caused much speculation among the audience to be, some thinking that the entertainment would consist of a visit to the Lyric. It is to be hoped that they were agreeaby disappointed.

The theater was divided into two parts by an improvised wall, adorned with vines, on which, strange to say, violet's blossomed in great profusion, in honor of their patrons, the Freshmen. The audience was received in the first division of the theater, which was furnished as a sitting room, and there heard the first two acts, together with selections by the College Orchestra during the intermissions. The last three acts were given in the dining salon, which was decorated in the Freshman colors with violets, real and otherwise, potted plants, and souvenir 1912 pennants. The revealers of self, as "others see us," were concealed in walnut shells that served as place cards, and contained some personal and mirth provoking limerick for each guest. The refreshments carried out as far as possible the lavender and white scheme, and were served by Sophomores attired in lavender and white. Act five was, in reality, "As You Like It," the guests for the most part spending it in laughing over some particularly good limerick, and in the novel experience of gathering violets from vines.

The program was announced by the stage manager, C. Jones, as follows:

Act I—"Music hath charms."
  Scene I—Orchestra selection.
  Scene II—Quartette, "Come and search for Violets."
  Scene III—Piano solo.
  Scene IV—Piano solo.
Act II—"And thereby hangs a tale."
  (A recitation—"Sally Ann's Experience.")
Act III—"O wad some power the giftie gie us
  To see oursel's as ithers see us."
Act IV—"Eat, drink, and be merry."
Act V—"As you like it."

Reception to Senior Class

THE CLASS OF 1910 requests the honor of the presenec of the Class of 1909 for the evening of February 8th." So ran the invitation to the Seniors and a number of the Faculty. Promptly at the appointed hour, the guests were assembled in the reception hall of the students' building. As yet they knew not what fate awaited them but they were not kept in suspense long for they were soon led to the car line. When the cars stopped at the Opera House, there was not a doubt in the minds of any of them but that they were to see "The Man of the Hour."

After the play they were brought back to the main building. Here they were conducted into one of the recitation rooms which had been transformed by means of Japanese decorations into "a thing of beauty." The tables, arranged in an open square and lighted with many candles, were decorated with smilax.

A piece of Japanese pottery was at each place as a souvenir. After a simple course supper, Miss Elizabeth Robinson, the president of the Junior Class, gave the following appropriate toast to the Seniors:

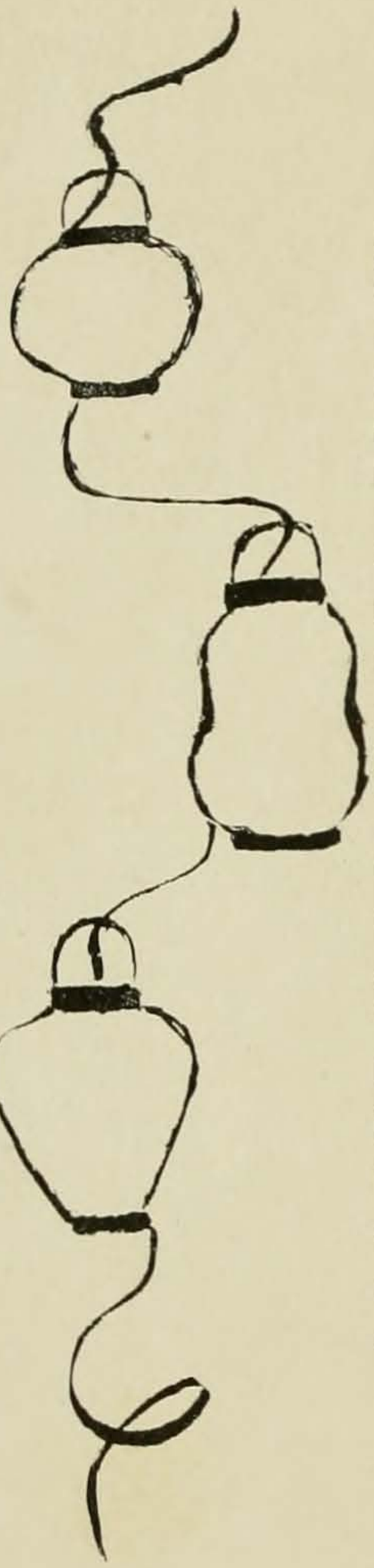
"Before leaving, the Class of 1910 wishes to offer a toast to that Class which like the Father of our Country stands first in all things, especially in the hearts of the Juniors."

"Then here's to the Seniors! May good luck follow them wherever they may go. May health, harmony, and happiness attend them in every state of life, especially the married life."

1909
B.C

Tree Day

1910



IT was the night before Thanksgiving. The stillness which usually setties over the campus at dusk had already fallen. A large crowd had assembled near the library, breathlessly awaiting the coming of the Juniors. From the distance sounded the familiar notes of Heidelburg, sung by clear girlish voices. Then winding in and out, in a long sinuous line, came slowly a procession of Japanese maidens, each bearing on her shoulder a Japanese lantern. The lawn between the library and the main building was lighted with the soft light of Japanese lanterns. Into this circle of light the maidens wended their way. After forming several graceful figures here they gathered around the McIver Oak to celebrate its second birthday. These maidens of the "Land of the Rising Sun" had met here two years before this night, and planted the sturdy little sapling. One year ago, they had returned to celebrate its birthday. And now on this, its second birthday, they gathered once more to show their interest and affection. Then, as they came, so they went, singing, and winding their way, until they faded in the distance.

TREE SONG

A year has passed with fleeting days,
With days both bright and drear,
Since first we planted our brave oak,
And left it standing here,
The emblem of the Class we love,
Our oak has spread and grown,
It has increased in power and strength
As our Class, too, has done.

CHORUS: *Grow, little oak,*
Into a splendid tree,
The hope of 1910,
Our tribute, Class, to thee.

A winter's snows both white and cold
Have decked its branches bare,
The breezes of a gentle spring
Have sung a song so rare,
That tiny leaves crept out to hear
The pleasant, soft refrain;
Then summer's sun upon it shone,
On it fell the summer's rain.

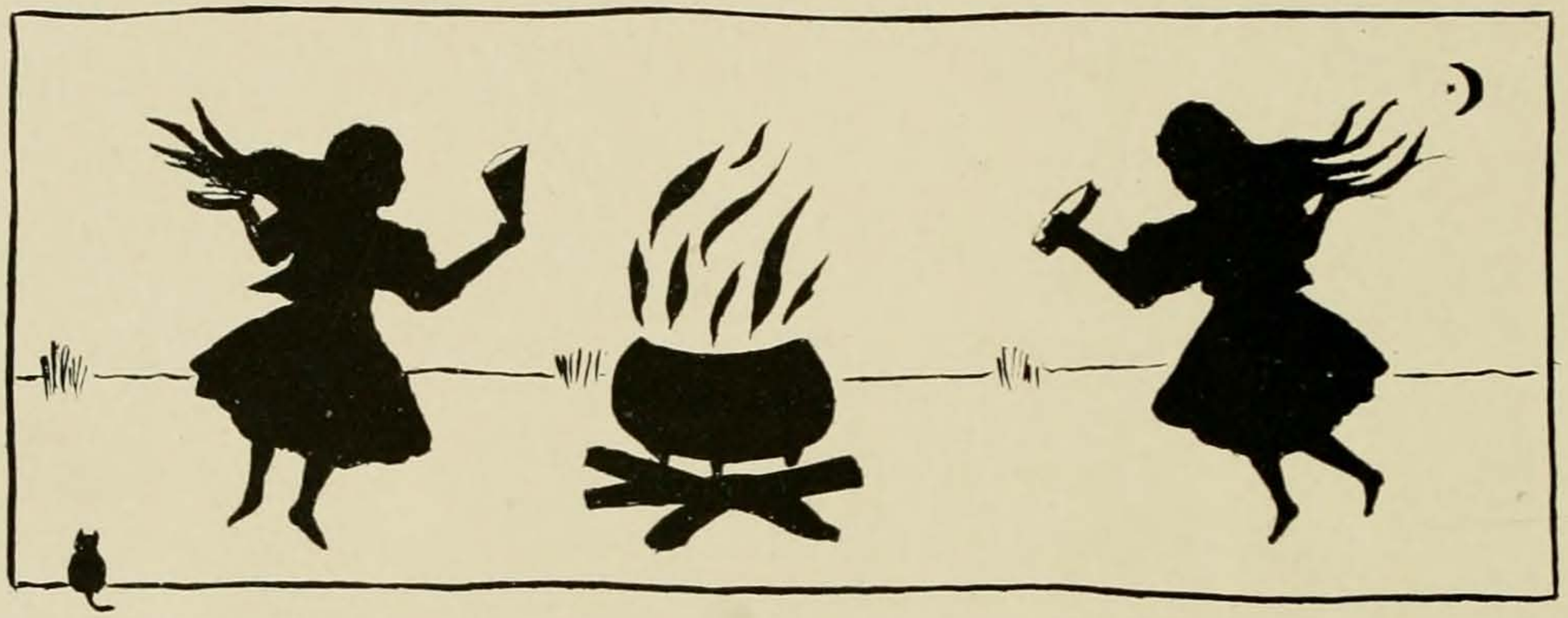
CHORUS:

A lesson deep we learn from thee
That through our lives we'll stay
As firm as oak which never gives.
We'll stand, though come what may,
And hand in hand, we'll forward press,
A loyal band we'll be,
Our motto, "Service," on our lips,
Our thoughts, Oak, turned toward thee!

CHORUS:

At last, O Tree, the day will come
When 1910 must tear
Itself away from you, brave Oak,
From friends and college dear;
Then may the rustle of your leaves,
Soft as the breath of spring,
A message true and fraught with love
From 1910's Class bring.

CHORUS:



Tree Day—Class of 1911

FRIDAY evening, November 19th, for the first time since the planting of their Class tree, the Sophomores met together to celebrate its anniversary. At eight o'clock the Faculty and students gathered on the grass in front of the main building to view the exercises in honor of the tree's first birthday.

Expectantly the crowd waited in the flickering light of a great camp-fire. A faint call was heard. Gradually it grew clearer and stronger. Then from every direction gypsies, in fantastic costumes, appeared and gathered around the fire and tree. Then in two magic rings, one within the other, the gypsies danced. After the dance they all chanted,

Gypsy Queen, the watch is set;
Quickly come we all are met.
Oho-o, Oho-o Oho!

Soon the queen carrying the Class banner appeared with her attendants, whereupon the dance was renewed for joy at her arrival. She welcomed the spectators and told them the story of the little oak, comparing its growth with that of the Class. Then the gypsies, with hands upraised, asked a blessing upon their tree. The outer circle grouped themselves and sang the Class day song to the time of which the inner circle danced with tambourines. The Class song was sung and the yell given. Then as silently as they had come, the dancers slipped away into the darkness.

CLASS SONG

Our hearts leap up when we behold
The symbol of our Class, the oak;
Nor us nor it will daunt the cold
Of ill success of fortune's stroke,
But we shall make our lives to be
As strong and stalwart as our tree.

REFRAIN:

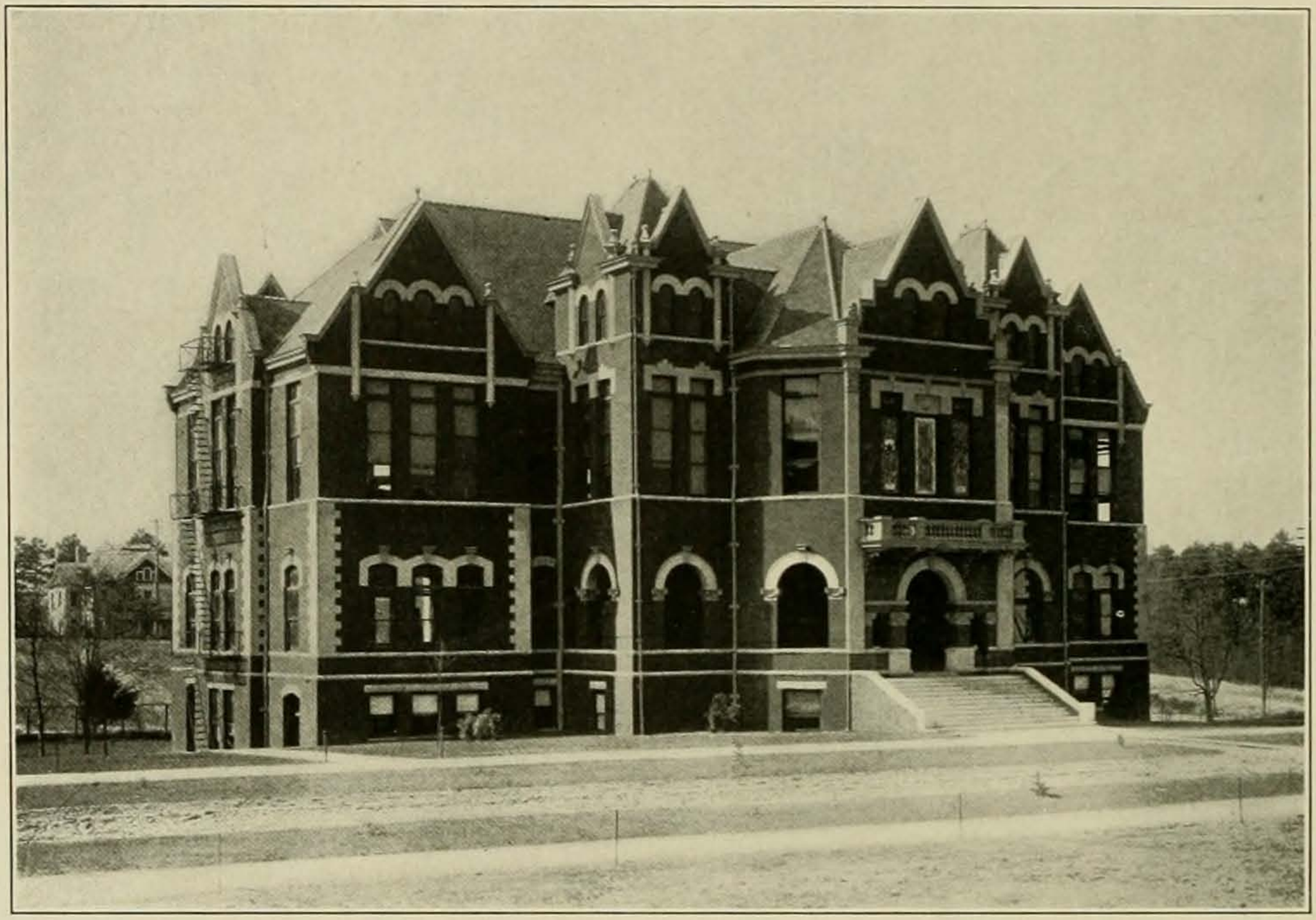
Tho' Nineteen Eleven come and go,
Our lives through will be, "Als ich Kann."

While we are yet both young and strong,
And on our paths are strewn along
Our golden opportunities,
May we make life a perfect song;
May we send out a ray of light
To other lives that are not bright.

REFRAIN:

To gain this end our work must be
Done faithfully and worthily,
Not only now, in other years—
In spite of our doubts and fears,
Still should we strive to bring to light
The best of all, tho' dark or bright.

REFRAIN:



STUDENTS' BUILDING

THE EXAMINATION BELLS

(With apologies to Mr. Poe.)

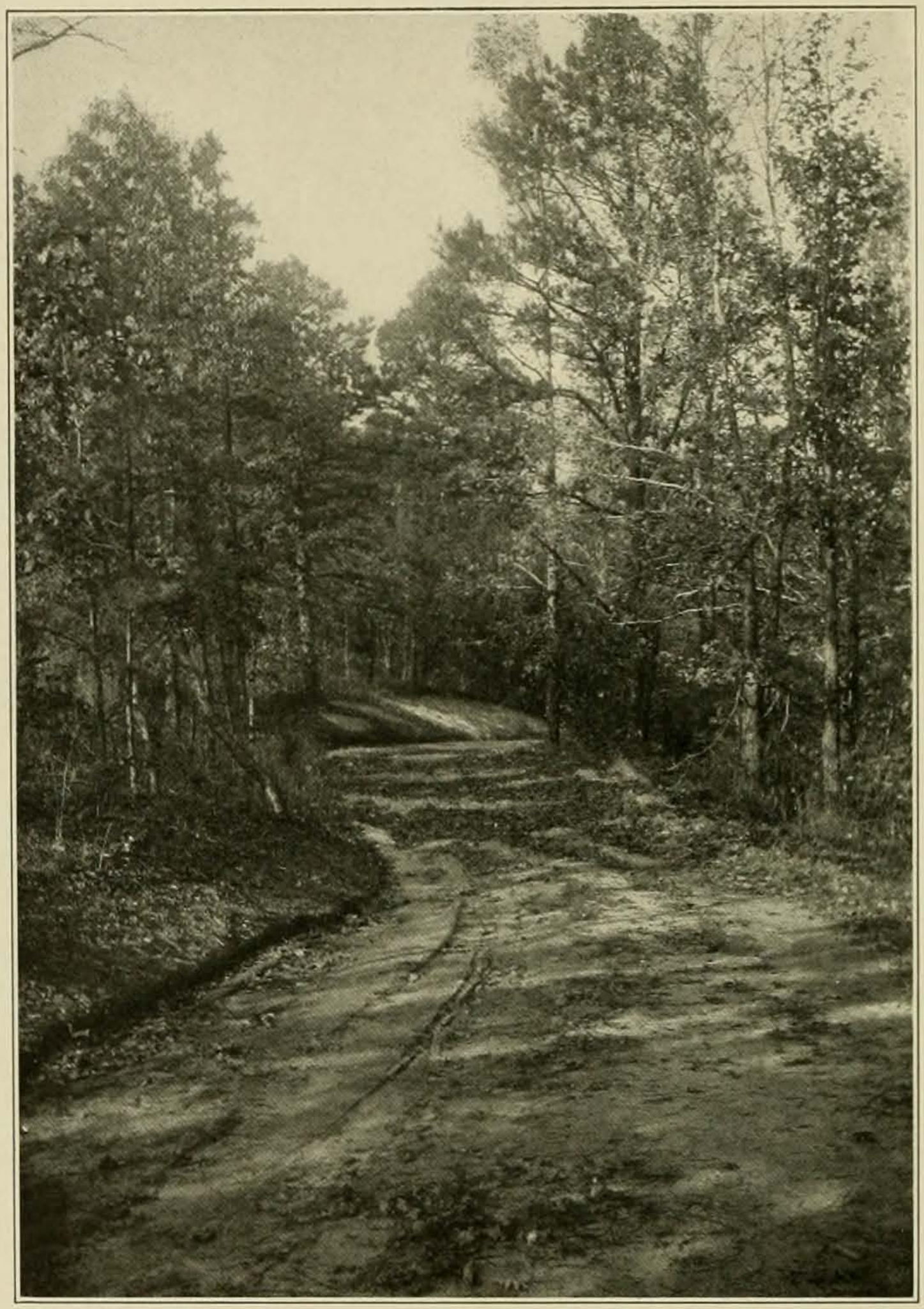
By Meta Liles

Hear the examination bells—
Doleful bells!
What a world of agony their clanging foretells!
How they summon, summon, summon,
In the bracing air of morn
The Freshmen, who answer meekly, weakly,
To the call so forlorn,
Slowly treading, greatly dreading
What the conflict foretells,
How they shriek and how they weep
At the ringing of those bells!

Hear the examination bells!
Screaming bells!
What a fear and what a hope in the heart dwells!
From the early morning hours
How the Juniors use their powers!
Too much horrified to speak
In their efforts to keep, keep,
What they know,
They answer to the Clamorous appealing of the bells.
They think of the dangers they're about to undergo,
As they leap higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Sometime, to sit or never,
With a diploma in the hand.
O, the examination bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang and clash and roar;
What a horror they outpour
On the bosoms of the Juniors, fair!
Yet the mind it fully knows
From the 6's, 5's and 4's
That the danger ebbs and flows.
Yet the mind distinctly tells
All the powers must be used
Unless things must be refused
As they answer
To the ringing of the examination bells.

Hear the examination bells—
Thrilling bells!
What a thrill of horror in the heart swells!
Through the midmight, dark and dreary
The Sophomores, weak and weary
Struggle with their many cares and woes.
Hark! the clanging, clashing sounds—
What a terror there abounds
In the hearts of the Sophomores!
How they moan, and how they groan!
How each heart with terror swells
At the ringing of those bells!

Hear the examination bells—
Mournful bells!
What a world of solemn thought their clamor foretells!
In the silence of the night,
The Seniors shiver with afright
At the melancholy thoughts of those bells,
Nearly every breath they take.
Whether asleep, or whether awake,
Is a fear.
What a foe they have to face,
Midway 'twixt honor and disgrace
In the drear;
For, the Seniors, careworn crew
Have to meet their Waterloo
At the ringing of those bells.
How they sigh and how they gasp,
As they make a final grasp
For the prize!
Thoughts of the long years they have worked,
The several duties they have shirked,
In the minds of the Seniors arise
Such a terror doth arraign
As to make the mind insane,
At the ringing of the examination bells.



WHERE NATURE TEACHES. PEABODY PARK

Aunt Edith's Story

IT was the middle of September, and Helen Miller was busy with her preparations for going off to school. Pretty garments, pictures, toilet articles, and all the dainty, schoolgirl accessories were scattered about the room. Helen stood by the window and sighed as she thought of leaving home and living, for the first time, in a boarding school. She heard a light step behind her and turning, saw her aunt Edith, a sweet, patient little woman, whose calm eyes were undimmed, but whose hair was whitened by time.

"Oh, Aunt Edith," cried Helen, "I am so glad to see you! I was lonesome and almost ready to cry."

"I have come for a farewell chat, dear," said the bright old lady.

Then she led the way to a big rocking chair, while Helen curled up on a low stool and laid her head on her aunt's lap.

"As I think of the new problems with which you will have to deal," began Aunt Edith, "I am reminded of an event in my own school life. This incident, which occurred in the latter part of my freshman year, had a deep influence on my succeeding stay in college, and left a lasting impression on my life. I am going to tell you this much of my history and urge you to say nothing which could in any way injure the feelings of another.

"The school which I attended was a fashionable boarding school of that day. Much emphasis was laid on the social development of the students, and everything was arranged with a view to their enjoyment as well as their intellectual improvement. I was very pleasantly situated. A bright, lively girl from Kentucky shared my rooms. We loved each other dearly, although we were in some respects very different. Her name was Celia Williams, and I often familiarly called her 'Ceely.' Instead of one room, we had two small apartments opening into each other. One of these we used as a bedroom; the other as a sitting room and study.

"Aside from the social features of the school, one of the most important things

was the work of the two literary societies. They were not, as the modern secret sorority, organizations to which only a chosen few could belong, but were open to all, and had no secrets. The work of these societies attained a high degree of literary merit, partly through the spirit of rivalry existing between the two, and partly from the fact that the faculty and student body, and sometimes the public generally, were allowed to attend the literary exercises. Naturally, the committee which arranged the programs had arduous duties, and was considered very important. This committee in each society consisted of three members. One girl from each society was nominated by her class, near the close of her Freshman year. The society usually accepted the nomination of the class, and the members held their places three years. It was considered a high tribute to one's literary ability to be chosen to serve on this committee.

"All during our first years we were thinking of the coming election. Each girl taxed her skill in the use of her language, and studied literature with a zeal that is rarely equaled. Members of the higher classes were not slow to suggest girls, who, in their opinion, could be trusted with the reputation of her society. Most of these suggestions pointed to my roommate as the one most likely to receive the nomination. And, indeed, no one in the class was better qualified to hold the position. She was a girl of unusual talent, and the field in which she was especially gifted was English. She also had a remarkable capacity for knowing girls, and giving to each the work best suited to her ability.

"Besides all these qualities, she was very popular. She had been elected president of her own class by a large majority, and her friendship was sought by all. She was exceedingly entertaining and pleasant to every one, but to me she gave her closest friendship, her most entire confidence. We lived together as dear sisters. She was gay, beautiful, popular; I was less attractive, but more studious. We were happy, but my great sensitiveness would not allow these pleasant relations to go on undisturbed.

"It was just before the spring election. Celia had been busy for days, walking, singing, and dancing with girls for whom she had formerly shown little regard. She had given many car rides and afternoon teas. I had been unwell for some time, and had kept very closely in my room when not on recitation. But I heard that Celia would doubtless accomplish her purpose. I was surprised that she should work to secure her own nomination, and resented her apparent forgetfulness of me. I confess that I, too, was ambitious, and while I would scorn to mention the fact to any one, I secretly desired the position on the honored committee.

"The day for the class meeting came, and I was too weak to attend. Celia wounded my feelings by not seeming to care if I were too unwell to go out. I did not understand her reason for desiring my absence from the election. When the meeting was over Celia, with face aglow, ran into the room where I sat.

"'Oh, Edith,' she cried, as she threw her arms around me, 'I am so happy.'

"I was feeling keenly the fact that she seemed indifferent to me, and her love, which had become dearer to me than almost anything else, had grown cold. I replied, without thinking how deeply my words might wound her kind heart.

"'Well, since you are elected, perhaps you can give a little time to your roommate.'

"I shall never forget the pained expression that came into her lovely face. The moment the cruel words escaped my lips, I would have given worlds to recall them. How much suffering they caused us both! Celia walked to the window and stood silent a long time. I was longing to throw my arms around her and beg forgiveness, but my pride would not allow me to ask her pardon, and she seemed scarcely warmer than an iceberg. Finally she turned and said:

"'Some girls are coming to our room just after tea, and they will expect to see you. Do you feel strong enough to dress?'

"I shook my head, 'I wish to see no one.'

"'But dear, the girls are coming especially to see you. Come, let me help you to put on that sweet white dress.'

"Celia had a strong personality, and a will which I did not try to resist. I yielded, and with motherly tenderness she arranged my toilet, but her face was clouded, and her manner was old—so old! I did not know why she insisted on my wearing the class flowers and carnations. I was fair and the flowers would have been much more becoming to her dark beauty.

"I did not go down to tea, but put our little sitting room in order, and got ready for our visitors. I expected congratulations to be heaped upon Celia, and congratulations were offered, but they were all for me.

"'You are such a quiet little mousey that we should never have known you but for Celia,' said one girl, as she gave me a gentle shake.

"'Why didn't you let us know your genius,' said another.

"Gradually I understood that my dear, unselfish Celia had been working for my nomination, not hers. What must she think of my ingratitude! The thought of the injustice I had done her nearly crushed me. I could scarcely be polite to our friends. I truthfully said that I was surprised, and that Celia should have been elected. Celia was profuse in her expressions of satisfaction, and declared

her pride in her quiet roommate. But we both felt that a gulf had opened between us.

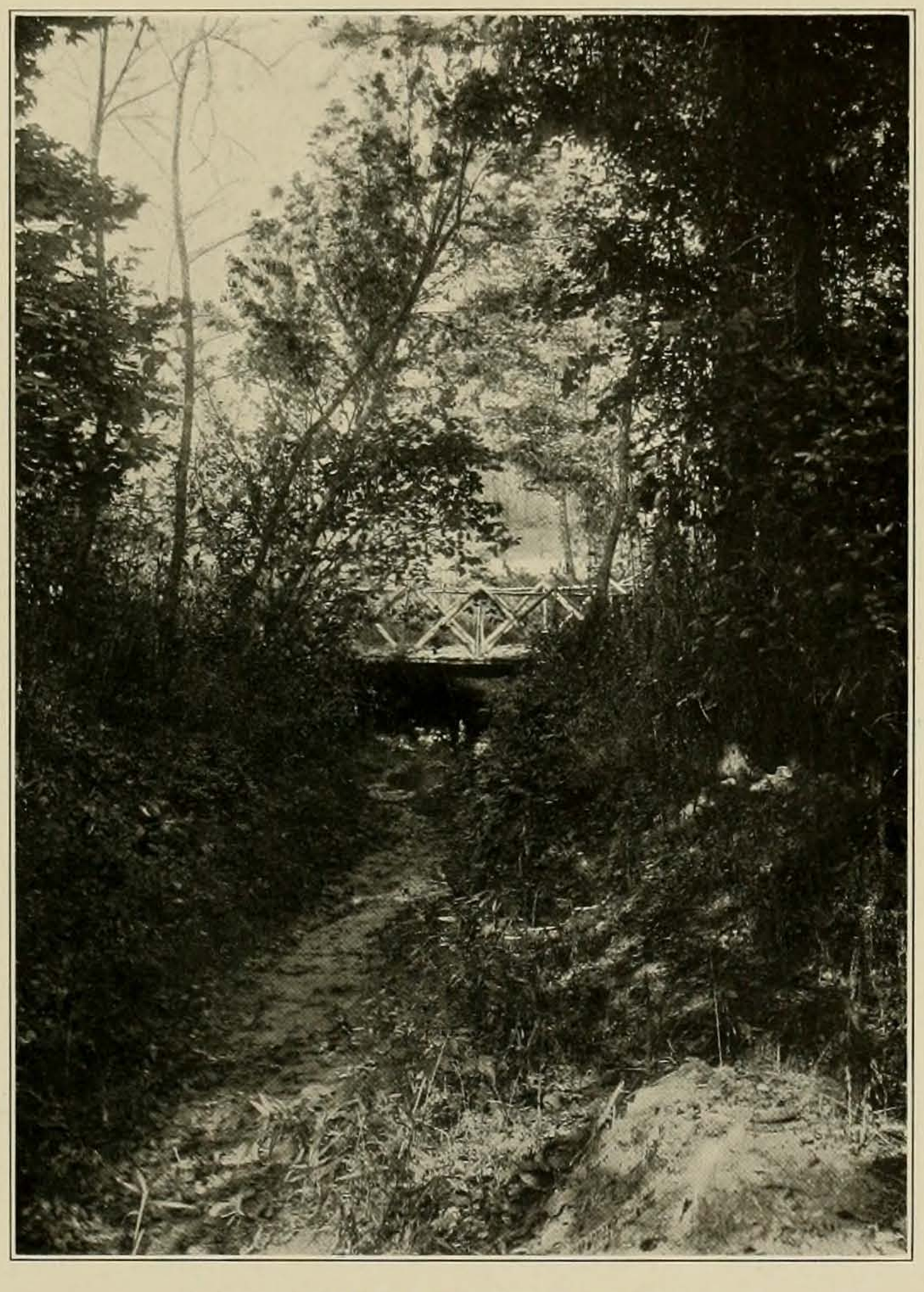
"I took up my new duties determined to do them well, but I felt that the honor was the price of a friend, and I would gladly have given it up for one hour of the sweet friendship I had forfeited. Celia was always polite and kind, but her generous nature was cut to the quick, and I saw that no apology on my part could have any effect on her.

"The next year we still roomed together, but our love seemed crushed. About the middle of our Sophomore year I had a long attack of illness. The physicians said that it was brought on by over-work, but I knew that the chief cause was trouble over a lost friend. One evening I was lying alone in our little inner room, when Celia came in with a tender expression on her face. She laid her head close to mine, and murmured, 'My own darling.' At that moment each felt that she forgave and was forgiven.

"At the next society meeting I resigned my position, assigning as the reason the poor condition of my health, and named Celia as my successor. She was as much surprised as I was the year before, but we were both happy. Thoughtless words had caused us both much pain, but we forgot our sorrows in the sweetness of a reconciliation.

"So you see, my dear Helen, why one should be careful of one's words."

And as they sat watching the glowing embers, Helen thought she knew why Aunt Edith's life was sweet and kind.



TO SUNNY FIELDS BEYOND. PEABODY PARK

The College Dictionary

(Abridged Edition)

Our Standard—Banner

The girl who reaps the harvest—Barnes

The fascinator—Bell

The model girl—Best

An ecclesiastical head—Bishop

The darkest girl—Black

A temple of clay—Boddie

The college links—Bond (Nellie and Sallie J.)

A famous actor—Booth

The teacher's greatest help—Burch

Needed in the pantry—Butler

Always removed by the gallant—Capps

A *temporary* attachment—Case

The Sweetener of the "bitter pill"—Coats

The basis of the corn market—Cobb

The girl who can hit a nail—Carpenter

To whom two heads are better than one—Cooper

An ancient vegetarian—Daniel

The titled girl—Duke

A weekly reminder from the merchant—Dunn

The country girl—Farmer

An agricultural necessity—Field

A national defense—Fort

The thirsty man's delight—Fountain

Noted in grand opera—Foust

The candid girl—Franck

A somber girl—Gray

The Freshman symbol—Greene

No house complete without her—Hall

An ancient musician—Harper

A *deer* little animal—Hart

"A fish out of water"—Herring

Maid (made) for the lips—Horne

A varied sport—Hunt

The college sportsman—Hunter

The food of the prodigal—Huske

The favorite disciple—John

A reminder of mediæval times—Knight

Characteristic of a delicate fabric—Lacy

The most renowned pet of literature—Lambe

The straight and narrow way—Lane

The final one—Lasley

Art's proverbial epithet—Long

An African king—Lyon

A girl from the sea—Marine

A dweller at the poles—Martin

A charming companion of honor—Merritt

The flour girl—Miller

"The child of today"—Morrow

The refrain of the avaricious—Moore

One the first inhabitants of the West—Moose

The meekest girl—Moses

The girl of the cloister—Nunn

The spiritual shoemaker—Parsons

A sentinel—Pickett

"A delusion and a snare"—Pitt

The "game" girl—Poole

An Italian dignitary—Pope

Handy in a Pullman—Porter

The brainy girl—Powers

"The maid of the marshes"—Reid

To the point—Sharpe

The result of war—Slaughter

The rising girl—Smoak

Something to adore—Stepp

The new girl—Strange

The doubting disciple—Thomas

Good for a waltz—Turner

The defense of ancient cities—Wall

Not yet domesticated—Weill

The course of empires—West

A deep and refreshing joy—Wells

The Normal uniform—White

The crafty one—Wiley

The last message—Wills

The light of the physics department—(W)ray

SENIOR'S SOLILOQUY—THAT GRADUATING ESSAY

To write, or not to write, that is the question:
Whether 't is easier a six to suffer
And fail in the end to graduate,
Or to take up pen to begin a theme
And forgetting all else—end it? To write, to write—
Again. By such attempts to say we end
The rackings and the thousand tortuous aches
The lack of ideas brings us,—'t is a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To write—to write.
To write, *maybe* to win! Ay there's the rub;
For if we do not win, what will we say
To those at home who think we know it all
And maybe more? There's the thing
That makes us try for so long time.
For who would bear the reproachful looks,
The consternation, the dismay
Of those we love so dearly,
When perhaps we may succeed
By crushing labor?
Thus dear ones do make winners of us all.

ELIZABETH W. HICKS.

The Power of Music

IT has not been very long since the wooded sections of eastern North Carolina were infested with wolves, bears, and panthers. Our grandmothers well remember the times when the farmers' pigs and sheep were stolen by bears and wolves. The howling of a pack of wolves was nothing unusual at night. Panthers were often bold enough to creep along the "fence locks" in the day time.

It was a chilly night in October, 1855. Calvin Bond and Meta Hartsfield started on their way to a party at a neighbor's house, a few miles away. All of the horses had been taken by Calvin's older brothers; so only the ox and the cart were left for Calvin and Meta. But, nevertheless, they thought it fine fun to drive the ox. Calvin took his violin, a present from his grandfather, and they both started, full of joy in the anticipated pleasure of the party. As they slowly rode along, chatting gaily, they came to an old, open field. They were urging the ox to go faster over the level surface of the field, when suddenly they were startled by the howling of wolves. They drove faster. But the howling sounded nearer and nearer every minute. They knew by the continued howling that the wolves were hungry. Then, for the first time, Calvin remembered that he had forgotten to bring a weapon of any kind, save the large pocket knife, which he always carried. But what could he do with that to check the attack of, perhaps, twenty wolves? It was useless to think of reaching a place of safety with only an ox to carry them. Suddenly a thought came to Calvin. They would seek refuge in a little, deserted log cabin, near the edge of the field. They left the cart and hurried into the cabin. By using an old block, which had been left inside, they climbed to the low log rafters.

By this time the wolves were upon them. There were more than a dozen in the pack. They scrambled and ran wildly around the little room, until they scented the spot, where the pursued sat, almost breathless with terror. The wolves began yelping and howling more wildly than ever, as they jumped up and down, trying to reach the two above them. All at once the leader of the pack jumped upon the block. It now seemed to Calvin and Meta that no earthly help

was near. Both were silently praying that God would spare their lives. What could they do? All at once Calvin realized that he was clenching his violin in his hands. "Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast," came to him like a flash. He did not stop to wonder if there were more poetry than truth in the verse. He madly drew the bow across the strings of his little violin. All the music in his soul was now put into his effort to play. The music worked like magic. The yelping ceased; the wolves became quiet. By a streak of moonlight, coming in through a crevice in the wall, they saw the red, gleaming eyes of the wolves follow his hand, as it drew the bow across the strings. He played, until his muscles grew tense and his arm was almost paralyzed. He stopped to rest. The wolves now became more fierce than before. The snarling, growling, howling, and yelping was maddening. The music could *not* be stopped. Meta began to sing in her high, clear tones. Again the wolves were silenced, but not so completely as by the music of the violin. So by turns, the playing and singing continued.

Meanwhile the guests at the party had returned to their homes, wondering why Calvin and Meta had not gone to the party. When Calvin's brothers and sisters reached home, they found the ox and cart standing at the gate of the barn yard. They became alarmed, when they learned that Calvin and Meta had not been seen by those who remained at home. A party, armed with various weapons, started out to search for them. About two o'clock in the morning the party heard the faint sound of a violin in the distance. They were so surprised that they went in the direction of the sound. They were almost afraid to enter the cabin, when they reached it. It seemed so strange to hear music in a deserted house in the middle of the night. On reaching the door and looking in, they were very much surprised to see a pack of wolves in the middle of the floor, listening to music from above. Their surprise was much greater, when they saw Calvin and Meta, sitting on the rafters, and entertaining wolves with their music.

Today the granddaughter of Calvin Bond and Meta Hartsfield keeps a violin, wrapped in a silken scarf, in an old cedar chest. They are both kept as sacred relics, because the violin saved the lives of her grandparents, and the scarf was worn by her grandmother on the night of the adventure with the wolves.

NATALIE NUNN, '11.

?

o

The Days of Wonders have not passed—here in the staid old
Normal
We have a *Knight* of modest mien—a *Duke*, always informal;
A *Pope* that likes his *Cobb*, and *Smoak*, when the day's work is
Dunn,
A *Bishop*, and a *Parson*, who will *Tolar Bell* for fun;
Ivey with a *Boddie*, that talks and moves around,
A *Bullock* that won't nibble grass; *Wells* above the ground;
A *Butlar* who in every *Case*, wears dresses, 'stead of *Coats*,
An educated *Fountain*, always writing *Wills*, and notes;
A *Free-man* that's a woman, and a girl whose name is *John*;
A *Hunter* bold whose trusty *Spier* is neither *Sharpe* nor *Long;*
A *Martin* that is such a *Byrd* one almost wants to *Bray*,
A *Weill Moose* gentle as a *Lambe* walks on two feet each day;
A *Lyon* that can breakfast on a *Poisson Rhine*, and never die,
A *Daniel* who if thrown in a *Pitt* would *Howell* and cry.
In fact the only ordinary thing we have beneath the sun,
Is the old verse—personified: "Two *Harts* that beat as one!"

A. J. M.

GIRLS' ROOMS

The Turning of the Tide

ROBERT D. O'CONNOR, attorney at law, leaned back in his chair, gazed first at the ceiling, then around at the unplastered walls of his narrow, dingy office, and then at the ceiling again. His face wore an expression of deep anxiety, of almost utter hopelessness. He arose presently from his chair, walked about the room a few minutes, and paused in front of the one window, and looked out. It was a gusty March afternoon, and the wind drove a cloud of dust down the street.

Turning to his chair again, he sat down with a great sigh, and reflected. Tomorrow would be his wedding anniversary—his and Lucile's. Tomorrow they would have been married ten years. Heretofore, they had celebrated each year the glad event in some quiet, happy way. But as the years passed, the celebration had grown simpler and less expensive. He remembered that when they were married five years, he had sent her a bunch of American Beauties, and on his card he had written these words: "My sweetheart five years ago; my sweetheart today." She was still his sweetheart, but—

O'Connor reached for his pocket-book, opened it, and shook its contents out on his desk. Before him lay a half-dollar, a much-worn dime, and three pennies—that was all. He took out his bank-book. The account was balanced—nothing to his credit.

"Married ten years tomorrow," mused O'Conner, "been a licensed lawyer ten years, and it has come to this."

O'Connor recalled the fact that his mother used to say to him that if a man had not started on the road to success five years after his wedding day, his situation was serious; and if he had not made a success of life in ten years, he would never reach his goal. There was only one more day of grace!

With another sigh, O'Connor began to open the letters on his desk. "Statements, bills, duns," he groaned, "there has been nothing else for months." The first envelope contained a grocer's bill, and across the bottom of the sheet were these words: "Unless you settle this account at once, no further credit will be extended." A clothing house reminded him that if a check were not received within the next ten days, his account would be placed in the hands of an attorney. Another firm even more urgent, stated that a representative would call upon him

the next day, and that further refusal of payment would be considered sufficient grounds for legal action. These were only a few of many similar claims.

He had borrowed from his friends, too, and failed to repay, until they shunned him.

And Lucile! The thought of her almost maddened him. She was always patient and encouraging; but he had never forgotten the agony in her face when a few years ago they mortgaged their little home. At the thought of this, he put his hand to his forehead. The mortgage! Opening a drawer in his desk, he drew out some papers. The interest and the principal would be due in just twenty days! Ruin could not be far off.

The beginning of O'Connor's career had been full of promise. He remembered the time when he occupied a large front office in this building, instead of the small unfinished room, then used for the janitor's supplies. But he had made unwise investments, and lost. He tried to recover his losses, but was unsuccessful again. Sickness, the result of anxiety, followed; and one by one, through the years, his clients deserted him. His acquaintances spoke of him as a man of splendid ability, who had met with hard luck. They were right.

O'Connor continued to think of his wife. If she had only chosen Cardwell, how different her life would have been! The two men had been friends, both had loved Lucile, and their rivalry was of a friendly sort. When she made her choice, Cardwell went away, applied himself to business, and succeeded. "Oh, if Lucile had only chosen Cardwell!" he said.

He was growing desperate. He walked out of his office, and paced the long hall of the building. On the right, the firm of Ward & Ward, the most prominent lawyers in Wallburg, occupied a magnificent suite of rooms. He knew that both men were out of the city. The janitor, in putting the rooms in order, had carelessly left the door of the private office open.

O'Connor paused, and looked in. It was after five, and the stenographer had gone home. He stood there, impressed with the elegance of the furnishings of the room, and with the unmistakable air of prosperity that pervaded it. The next minute he was standing again in his own bare office, looking out through the dusty window-panes.

He gave an exclamation of surprise, and looked again. Whom did he see crossing the street? Who, but Norman Cardwell, and he was walking rapidly toward the building. O'Connor was almost stunned. "Cardwell must be coming to see me," he thought, "and to find me in this hole! I can not allow that. I will leave! But, no!"—he clutched at the thought as a dying man clutches at a

straw—"perhaps Cardwell's visit is for something else besides the renewal of our old friendship. Can it be possible?" He looked about him in desperation. "If Cardwell finds me in a place like this—what shall I do?" And then, oh, blessed inspiration! the thought of the open door and of the private office of Ward & Ward darted into his mind. "Why can I not carry Cardwell in there?" he said. "Cardwell is a stranger in the city. He will never know." O'Connor knew it would be a bold stroke, a dangerous stroke, but he was in no mood to think of consequences. He thought only of his present need, and the possibility of relief. Hurrying up the long hall he glanced into the office again. There was nothing about it to indicate who the real occupants were. This was the private office of the firm, and there was no lettering on either the door or the windows.

Only a few minutes had elapsed since O'Connor first saw Cardwell crossing the street, but it seemed an hour. Hearing footsteps coming up the stairs, he seized his hat and coat, as if he were going out, and met Cardwell just as he appeared at the head of the stairs. There was an expression of surprise and pleasure on the part of both. O'Connor insisted upon taking him up to his office. Throwing open the door of Messrs. Ward & Ward's private office, he ushered his visitor in.

Cardwell looked about him somewhat surprised. He had not expected to see such evidences of prosperity. "Well, how has life gone with you during these years, O'Connor?" he asked.

"These are strenuous times, old man," replied O'Connor. "When a man has brains and will work, he usually finds the world a busy place.

Cardwell nodded. Evidently O'Connor was a busy man. Through an open door which led into another of the offices, he saw the typewriter on the desk. "O'Connor must be getting on in the world if he can employ a stenographer," he thought.

Following the gaze of his visitor O'Connor was saying: "I had just started out as you came in. My stenographer went home at five. I have never believed in long hours. If you require only reasonable hours and pay an employe well, the results will usually be more satisfactory. Seventy-five dollars is none too much, especially when the cases in court have to be reported."

O'Connor watched his visitor with an anxious heart. The absurdness, as well as the dishonesty of the situation began to dawn upon him. "Suppose Cardwell should be in town for several days and should wish to come to see me again!" he was saying to himself. "But because of Lucile I must make an impression, I must keep up appearances."

Cardwell was much impressed. "O'Connor must be getting on in the world," he thought.

The two men talked for a few minutes as old acquaintances will. O'Connor was becoming more desperate every minute. Presently he said: "You must certainly dine with me at the Richmond. I'd be delighted to take you to my home, but Mrs. O'Connor—she—the servants left without warning; but I'll 'phone her to join us." O'Connor felt his hair turning gray at the mere thought of an acceptance. But Cardwell declined, saying that he wished to return to New York on the 6:45 train. It was then 5:30.

Cardwell was thinking rapidly. He had come to Wallburg in the interest of a transaction which would yield him thousands of dollars. He had expected to put the matter in the hands of Ward & Ward, but learning that they were absent from the city, he decided to hunt up O'Connor and have a talk with him and renew their old-time friendship. His old friend seemed to be making unusual success. Aloud he said: "I came down to attend to some business, O'Connor and need an attorney to take charge of it for me. I can lay the whole matter before you within an hour, if you think you can arrange to handle it. You will probably be employed for six months, and I'd like to have a man of just your ability to do the work. Do you think you can arrange it?"

O'Connor waited a minute, and then replied, "I think that I can."

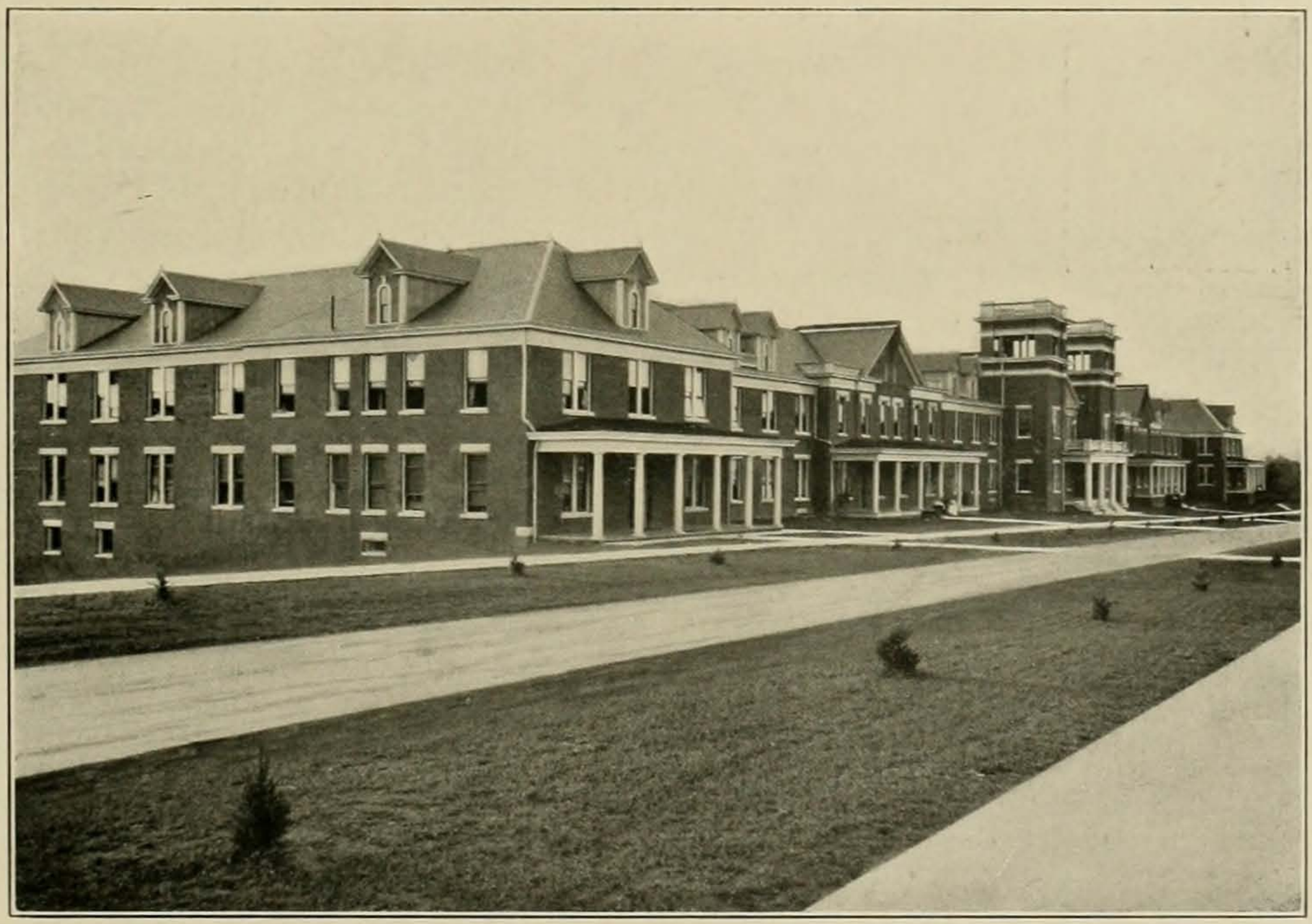
Norman Cardwell had hardly reached the street after leaving his friend before he was startled to hear his name called. Looking back, he saw O'Connor coming towards him, pale and agitated.

The realization of what he had done—the dishonesty of it, the shame of the deception, the scorn with which he knew his wife would hear of the act—swept over O'Connor in a flash the minute his client left the room. This was the first dishonest thing he had ever done. He would not begin to be dishonest now—no, not if his mother's prophecy were fulfilled a thousand times. Without an instant's hesitation, he hurried after Cardwell to make confession, to sever the connection that was to have meant success, and—to win Lucile's approval.

When Cardwell had listened in amazed incredulity to the whole story, he stood thinking for a minute, and then said: "Here, O'Connor, let me give you a check for one hundred dollars in advance." Then he added, "For your wife's sake, too, we will continue our present business relations."

The next day, Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. O'Connor celebrated the happiest of all their wedding anniversaries.

Clara B. Byrd, '11.



SPENCER BUILDING. MAIN DORMITORY

A Revolutionary Heroine

MRS. BELL was a very energetic, keen-witted woman, who succeeded where a hundred others would have failed. Her husband, like most of the other men of the neighborhood, had joined the Patriot Army and marched away to fight the redcoats. Thus the wife, with four small children and two faithful negroes, Uncle Ben and Aunt Betsey, was left to manage the little farm. For a while, everything had gone very well; the seat of war was far away in the North, and after the excitement of Lexington had died away, the people of the country districts in central Carolina had to a great extent resumed the "even tenor of their way." But later, the war had been transferred to the South, and the raids of the Tory bands had begun. The hatred between Whig and Tory had so increased from day to day that the farm of no patriot was safe from attack.

All the neighbors were in constant dread of the Tories, and Mrs. Bell's two slaves were often very much frightened, especially when they heard of a barn-burning, robbery, or other depredation; but she herself went about her daily tasks as usual, and did not seem in the least apprehensive of trouble.

Late one afternoon, Mrs. Bell was engaged in preparing some of the coarse food she had for the evening meal, Aunt Betsey was milking, and Uncle Ben, doing chores. Suddenly horses' feet were heard along the road, and the next moment Uncle Ben rushed into the house yelling, 'O Missey, dey's come, dey's come!" "Who have come?" coolly inquired Mrs. Bell. Uncle Ben was so frightened he could not answer intelligibly; but Aunt Betsey, bursting wildly in after him, managed to scream, "De Tories! de Tories! dey'll murder us."

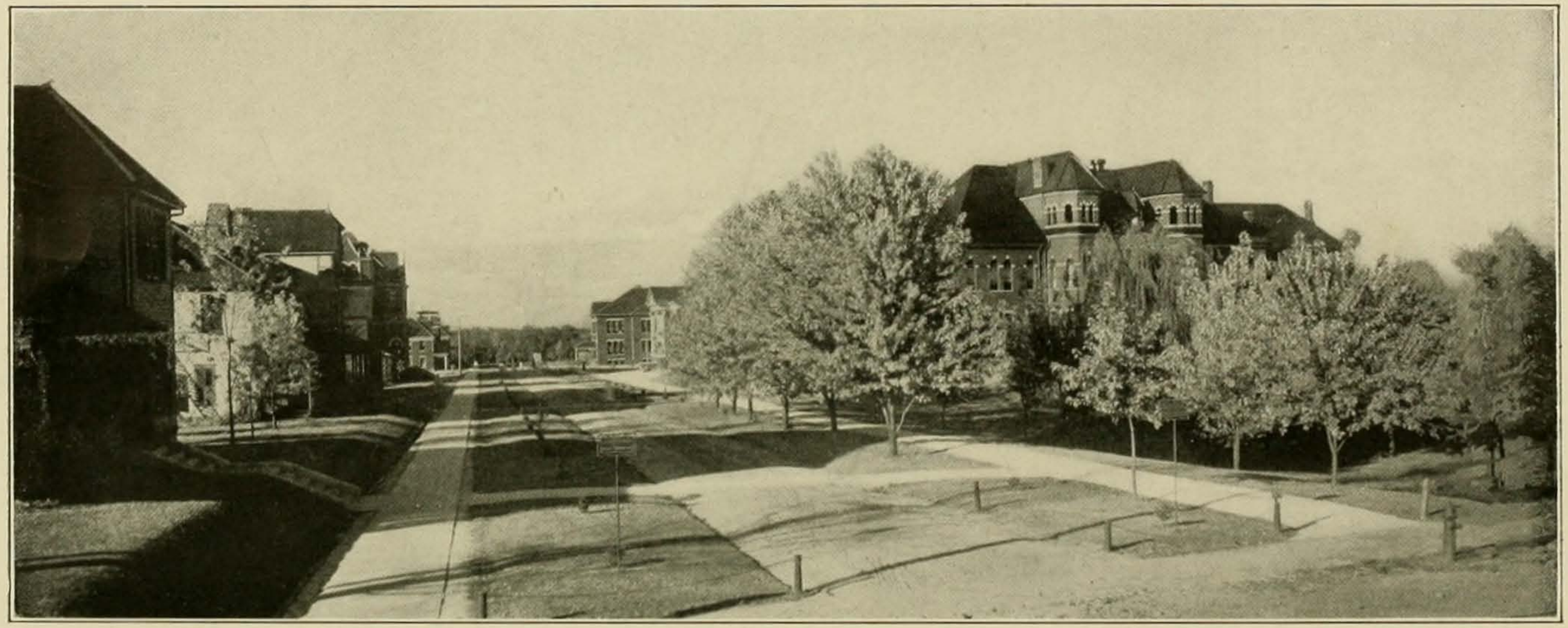
In a few minutes, seven or eight men rode up to the front gate, dismounted, hitched their horses, marched up to the house and into the kitchen without waiting for an invitation. The leader greeted Mrs. Bell with, "Now my good dame, we want a good hot supper, and that quick. Give us a plenty of broiled chicken, ham, and such other viands as you, of course, have in store." "If you get broiled chicken, you will have to call at some farm-house from which you have not

already stolen all the chickens," retorted Mrs. Bell. The men laughed loudly at this and began to search the house for something they might plunder and carry away. For sometime, they found nothing of sufficient value to tempt them, though they went all through the house scattering bed-clothing, over-turning furniture, and making the house look as if a cyclone had swept through it.

As two of the men were passing through the narrow hall, they spied a trap door in the center of the floor, which was immediately pried up. One of the men then descended into the cellar and began to make investigations. The only thing found which he cared to take was a bundle of woolen yarn, which Mrs. Bell had spun and hung in a corner. This the fellow seized, and with it in his hand, started up the step-ladder. By this time, Mrs. Bell had discovered what was going on, and quietly walked into the hall. She had in her hand a long wooden paddle with which she had been stirring a kettle of Indian meal mush. Advancing to the opening in the floor, and looking at the man coming up the ladder, she coolly remarked, "That thread is to make clothing for my children, and you shall not come out of there with it." All the men jeered, and the fellow carrying the yarn advanced up the ladder. Mrs. Bell said no more but reached down and struck the man on the side of the face with the paddle all smeared with the boiling-hot mush. Now, hot mush is a terrible thing to encounter; and for a moment, the man drew back. But those on the floor laughed and called him a coward. Again, he started up the ladder; and again, the brave woman struck him with the hot mush paddle. This was repeated several times, until finally the man dropped the yarn vowing vengeance on the woman. "You will not hurt me," she said fearlessly. When the angry fellow reached the floor, he would have endeavored to execute his threats, had not the Tory leader declared that the woman had entertained him so well she should not be punished.

"Come," said the leader, looking at the fellow who had encountered Mrs. Bell's paddle and was still wiping mush from his face, "I know *you* have had enough here; we will ride on." The whole party then mounted their horses and rode away, not even attempting to drive away one of the cows standing in the lot just across the road.

MASSAH LAMBERT, '12.



COLLEGE AVENUE

Judge Not

THERE was plainly something wrong at Mrs. Forest's boarding school. Groups of girls were scattered here and there over the campus talking excitedly and earnestly. Fay Harrell, a tall, sharp-eyed, nervous looking girl, was the center of one of these groups. Her voice could be heard above all the others uttering loud denunciations against some person. The girls around her were bending eagerly towards her, anxious to catch every word that fell from her lips. Strange to say, there was only one girl in the whole school who was not in either one or the other of these groups, and that was Christine Vaughn. On this afternoon, she had been in the library reading, and as she came down the steps towards the group of girls with Fay as the center, the talking ended in a confused murmur, the girls looked at each other significantly, and several noses were tilted in the air. Christine spoke to them pleasantly, but somehow there was no response, and she passed on towards her room with a pained, wondering look on her usually bright face. Before she was completely out of hearing distance she heard Fay say, "The little huzzy! She thinks we haven't found it out, but we'll soon show her."

But why all this excitement in this usually quiet school? It was just two months since the girls had gathered there to begin another year's work. Among the new girls that had entered was Christine Vaughn, a quiet, reserved, studious girl from a small town in the eastern part of the State. For the very reason that she was so quiet and reserved, the other girls had paid little attention to her. But she soon showed them that she was clever and could surpass any of them in their studies. Fay was amazed at this, for up to this time she had easily been the acknowledged leader and it hurt her pride to see this little slip of a girl forging ahead of her. Her black eyes would flash when she thought of it, but what could she do? Try as she would, Christine's grades were always a point or two higher than her own. She sat up late at night, becoming hollow-eyed and nervous trying to keep her old place as leader. She grimly said that she had rather never sleep any at all than that the little golden-haired girl should make the better grade.

About a week before the opening of our story, Fay began to miss various articles from her room. At first, it was only a Latin exercise that she had pre-

pared to hand in, but every night since, something more valuable had disappeared. Trinkets and jewels were not the only things taken, for even money had been missed. Loud complaints were made, but still the thefts went on. Mrs. Forest told the girls to keep a sharp lookout and she herself made a thorough investigation of the matter, but could find out nothing. What could have become of the jewels and money? The strange part was that nothing was ever taken from any girl but Fay. She became more and more nervous as she missed one piece of jewelry and then another. When questioned by Mrs. Forest as to whether she ever heard anything out of the ordinary at night she replied.

"Nothing, although I sleep very little."

On the afternoon before, Fay went to her room unexpectedly and met Christine just as she was coming out with a book which she had borrowed. There had been no one in the room at the time when Christine went in, but, as the girls always borrowed a book when needed, it was perfectly natural for her to do so. Nevertheless, Fay looked at her suspiciously, for somehow Christine was always so reserved and queer, she wondered if she didn't have something to do with the disappearance of the different things. On the very next morning Fay missed a valuable ring. Then indeed she was certain that Christine had taken it, for hadn't she been seen alone in the room the day before? Fay took a grim satisfaction in thinking that she would now be able to humiliate her rival. She told several of her special friends of her suspicion and soon the news had spread like wildfire among the girls. Some stoutly defended Christine, but most of them were with Fay. It was not that they especially disliked the quiet girl, but it was so easy to go with the crowd instead of offering any objection. This was the state of affairs on the afternoon on which we saw Christine pass the group of girls on the campus.

As Christine passed out of sight, Fay turned to the girls around her and said:

"I'm going to report this to Mrs. Forest and ask her to search every room in the dormitory. I imagine she will find out that her favorite pupil is not quite so innocent as she appears to be."

With that remark, she went at once to Mrs. Forest and told her what she wished to have done. Mrs. Forest, a motherly, sweet-faced woman, was greatly surprised at the request, but readily consented to undertake the search and asked Fay to assist her. There was perhaps half a dozen rooms to be gone through before Christine's was reached, but nothing unusal was found in any of them. As they approached Christine's door a little murmur of excitement was heard among the girls who had gathered in the hall. There was a hard, set

look on Fay's face. "Now," she thought, "we'll see who comes out ahead." Mrs. Forest knocked at the door and in response to the soft "come in," she and Fay went into the room. Christine was sitting by the open window in her dainty room dreamily looking at the sun as it was setting in the west, wondering why the girls had treated her so coldly on that day.

"Surely," thought Mrs. Forest, "there is no need to search this room, for Christine is as innocent as any child."

In answer to the surprised look which Christine gave her as she went in she said:

"Miss Vaughn, I suppose you know that we are searching all the rooms in the dormitory in order to see if we can possibly find any traces of the articles that have been stolen."

Christine jumped up at once and said with a bright smile:

"Of course, Mrs. Forest, you are perfectly welcome to search my room."

She herself helped them to go through everything, but still there was nothing found. Fay was surprised, for she had fully expected to prove Christine guilty. Finally she said:

"Mrs. Forest, there is a small trunk in the closet. That hasn't been searched yet."

"I hardly think it is necessary to search further, but you can look through and satisfy yourself."

Given this permission, Fay dropped down on her knees before the trunk which Christine had pulled out of the closet and opened for her. She began the search, taking out the articles one by one, until she reached the bottom, when there, with the ring on top, lay all the things that had been stolen.

Christine uttered a cry of dismay and astonishment as she looked at the array that Fay deliberately spread out before her. Who could have put those things into her trunk? She looked at Fay, but her face was hard and cold, and turning to Mrs. Forest for sympathy, she said with a little moan:

"Oh, surely, dear Mrs. Forest, you don't believe that I did that? I don't understand how those things could possibly have gotten into my trunk. I know I have never touched them."

"How else could they have been put in there? Such things do not usually walk around themselves," was the sharp, quick reply of Fay.

As for Mrs. Forest, she was standing looking at Christine, too much surprised and pained to say anything. She could not believe that the girl before her was guilty, neither could she explain how the stolen articles came to be in her room. At last, with a motion to the trinkets on the floor, she said to Fay:

"Take those things and carry them to your room."

Left alone with the young girl who was in such deep trouble, she turned and putting her arms around Christine's shoulders said:

"Christine what is it? Can it be possible that you have really been taking these things all this time?"

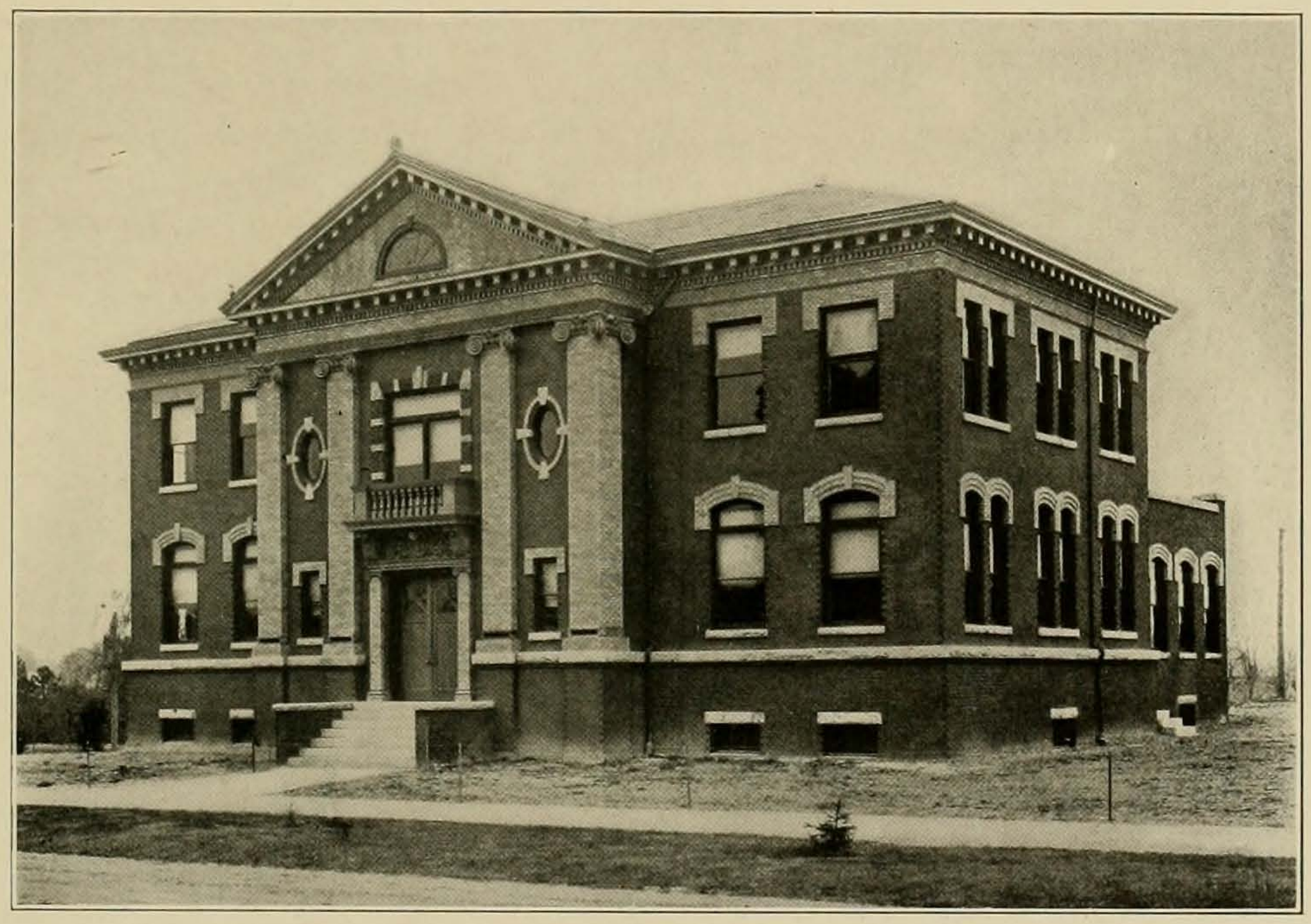
But the poor girl could only stand with drawn face, wildly staring at her beloved teacher. Could it be possible that Mrs. Forest thought her guilty? The very thought was maddening. Why, oh why, did not some one come to explain the matter! Had the girls deliberately planned a joke on her? No, she would not believe that they would be so cruel. With a low, pitiful cry she dropped her head on Mrs. Forest's shoulder.

"Oh, believe me, I know nothing about it. I had never thought of such a thing before tonight. I can't explain it, but surely there is some way to account for this thing."

Mrs. Forest did not know what to do. Long and earnest she talked to the girl, but could find out nothing. Christine kept murmuring that she had never touched those jewels and knew nothing about it. But if she had not how did they get in her trunk? At last, saying that she would think over the matter and let her know her decision on the morrow, Mrs. Forest left the miserable girl in the dark room alone.

After Mrs. Forest left Christine, she went to her own room and tried to think of some solution of the problem. But try as she would, she always came back to the conclusion that Christine must have taken the things. There seemed no way out of it. Must she send her home? Certainly it would have to be done, for a dishonest girl could not be kept in school. Long into the night she thought and prayed over this thing, but could reach no definite conclusion. At last, deciding to defer further thought until the next day, she rose to turn off her light, but suddenly stopped. What was that she heard out in the hall? Mrs. Forest listened intently and could plainly hear the faint footsteps of some one. She noiselessly opened her door and peered out into the hall. She could see some one slowly moving towards her, but the light was so dim she could not recognize the person. Whoever it was stopped at Christine Vaughn's room, softly opened the door and passing in, closed the door after her. Mrs. Forest quickly followed, thinking that perhaps here was a solution of the mystery. She found Fay Harrell in Christine's room, fast asleep, replacing the articles that she had taken out of the trunk only that afternoon.

EUNICE MARSH, '11.



THE LIBRARY

An Experiment in "Human Chemistry"

I.—Directions.

To fire Senior Class call-meetings add money. Watch result. What are some of properties of precipitate formed? Place Senior, her Freshman "case" and precipitate in a room; note result. If no action takes place add another "case" suddenly.

II.—Observations.

When to the Senior Class meetings money was added, at first there was a great excitement produced. Small groups of Seniors were seen forming to one side. Low, whispering sounds were heard. Then bubbles of excitement ran over all the students. The excitement slowly cooled, leaving a smile on the faces of Seniors. Another meeting was added. There was another overflow of excitement, a noise was heard and immediately on the front of each Senior's shirtwaist a glistening precipitate was formed. When this precipitate was closely examined it was found to be a hard, golden-colored substance which was a trifle heavier than aluminum. It adhered closely to the waist by means of a thin substance called a pin. When precipitate, the Senior and "case" were put into the room, the precipitate was attracted from the shirtwaist of the former to the latter. There is no noise whatever, so the second "case" of the Senior was added. Immediately there was a violent explosion.

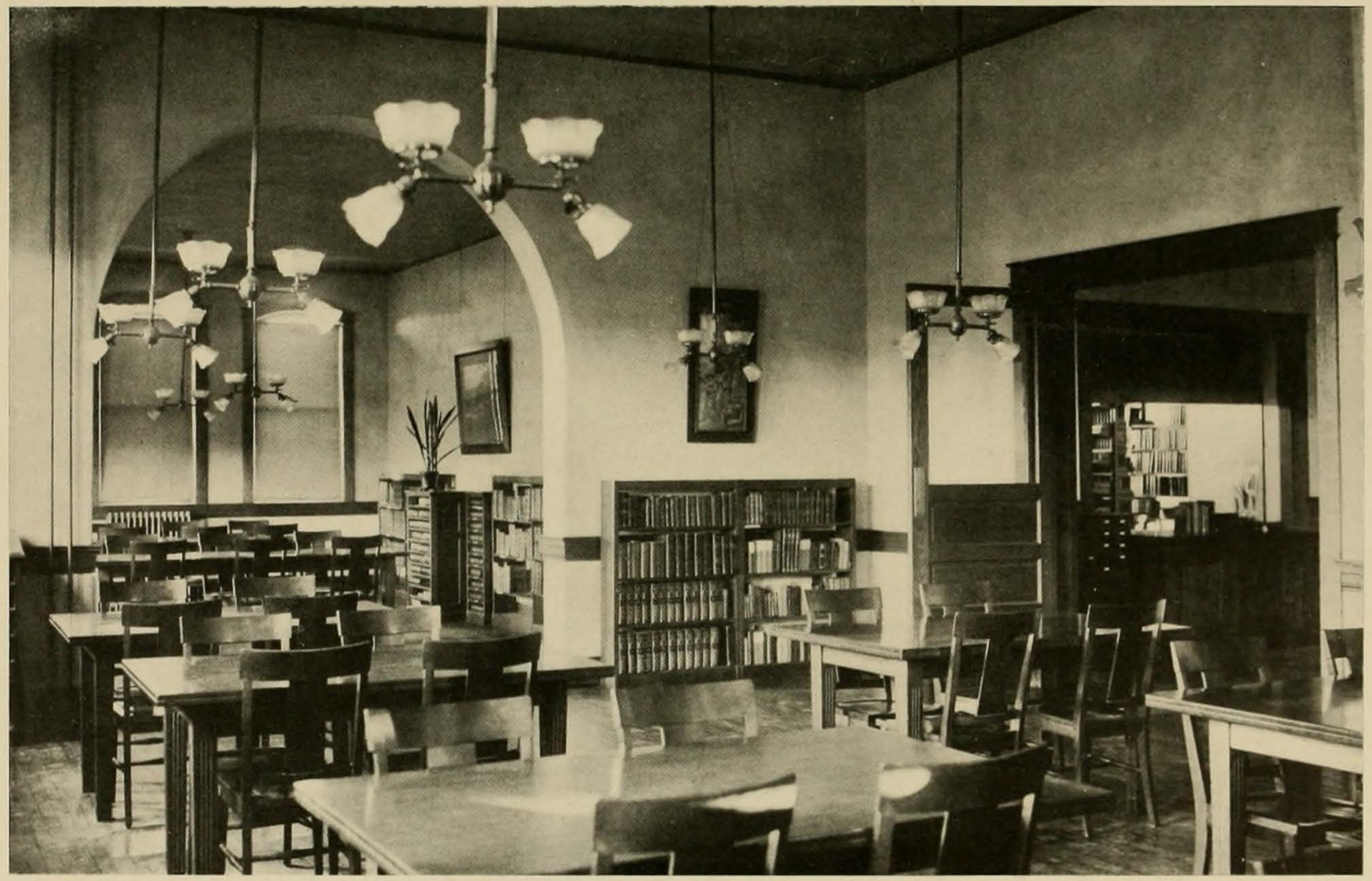
III.—Conclusion.

Money is a strong and exciting agent, and when put in the hands of Seniors a gold precipitate is formed, which is called a "Senior Class Pin." The interaction of a strange compound called love caused the precipitate to be removed from the shirtwaist of the Senior to the Freshman "case." A poisonous compound called jealousy, coming in sudden contact with love, caused the violent explosion when the second case was added.

Some Books from our College Library

Mildred ..... Kathleen Turrentine
Old Curiosity Shop ..... Florence Hunt
Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush ..... Margaret Berry
Babes in the Wood ..... Margaret and Georgia Faison
Vanity Fair ..... Lola Lasley
Memoirs of a Baby ..... Lucy Robertson
A Dream of Fair Women ..... Annie Martin
Love's Labor Lost ..... Belle Hicks
The Call of the Wild ..... Norma Burwell
When Patty Went to College ..... Pattie Arrington
Hours in a Library ..... Miss Daughtry
What Katie Did at School ..... Kate Styron
As "I" Like It ..... Edna Duke
Mississippi Bubble ..... Zula Dickson
The Post Girl ..... Elizabeth Capps
Freckles ..... Bertha Daniel
The Tracer of Lost Persons ..... Miss Coit
Friend Olivia ..... Olivia Burbage
Steadfast ..... Velna Pope
The Doctor ..... A. M. Gove, M. D.
The Standard Bearer ..... Mr. Ratledge
A Friend of Cæsar ..... Miss Viola Boddie
Queen of the Jesters ..... Nannie McArn
The Lady of the Decoration ..... Beatrice M. Schwab
The Battle Ground ..... "Normal"
Among My Books ..... Miss Annie Petty
Down the Rhine ..... Miss B. M. Lee
Slave of the Lamp ..... Annie Goodloe Brown
An Old-Fashioned Girl ..... Jane Summerell
The New-Fashioned Girl ..... Jessie McMillan

For Honor not Honors.....Nettie Dixon
Choir Invisible.....Claude Umstead
First Violin.....Inez Croom
The Right of Way.....Laura B. Weill
Little Minister.....Allie Parsons
The Master Craftsman.....Bessie Cauble
Story of an Untold Love.....Annette Munds
Lady Baltimore.....Agnes Hyman
The Singular Miss Smith.....Sue Smith
We Two.....Florence Landis and Kate Jeffreys



INTERIOR OF LIBRARY

The Alumnae Association

IN MAY, 1893, the Alumnæ Association of the State Normal College was organized by the first ten graduates of the institution, "To further the well-being of the College by increasing the interest of its members in the College and in each other." This small body, however, proved itself weak only in numbers, for its enthusiastic members, who had helped launch the ship of "Higher Education for Women" in North Carolina, who had stood so determinedly by their pilot during its first voyage across a then uncharted sea, and who now, in the desired haven, had received their honorable discharge, determined that, through their efforts, other women should be enabled to take the same voyage to their newly-discovered land of a possible independent and uplifted womanhood. Therefore, they assumed for the life work of the organization the establishment of an Alumnæ Loan Fund.

During the next nine years their little band was gradually augmented by new members from each succeeding class, and the work of raising and establishing this loan fund went steadily on. But the amount that could be raised was necessarily small, while the need for it was great. However, the President of the College, who had always coöperated with the Association, in the capacity of an advisory board, knowing well the good that had already been accomplished through its small disbursements, and realizing, with almost prophetic vision, the wonderful good that could be accomplished through an organization that was gradually enrolling among its members representative young women from every section of the State, determined that their efforts should be supplemented. He worked heroically for this end, and finally in the summer, or early fall of 1902, obtained the promise of the General Educational Board to supply one-half of an Alumnæ Loan and Scholarship Fund of fifteen thousand dollars, upon the condition that the Alumnæ Association itself should raise the remaining seven thousand five hundred dollars within three years time.

This offer he announced to the Alumnæ at their decennial meeting in May, 1903. The Association at that time consisted, in round numbers, of about two

hundred young women, most of whom were teaching on small salaries in various public schools of the State, yet they undertook to raise their required share. In this work they were most nobly aided by the Association of Former Students, and in January, 1906, the entire amount had been collected. This fund of fifteen thousand dollars has always been handled in the name of the Alumnæ Association, and has already made possible the normal training of one hundred and forty-two young women, a part of the fund having been put into actual service as early as 1903.

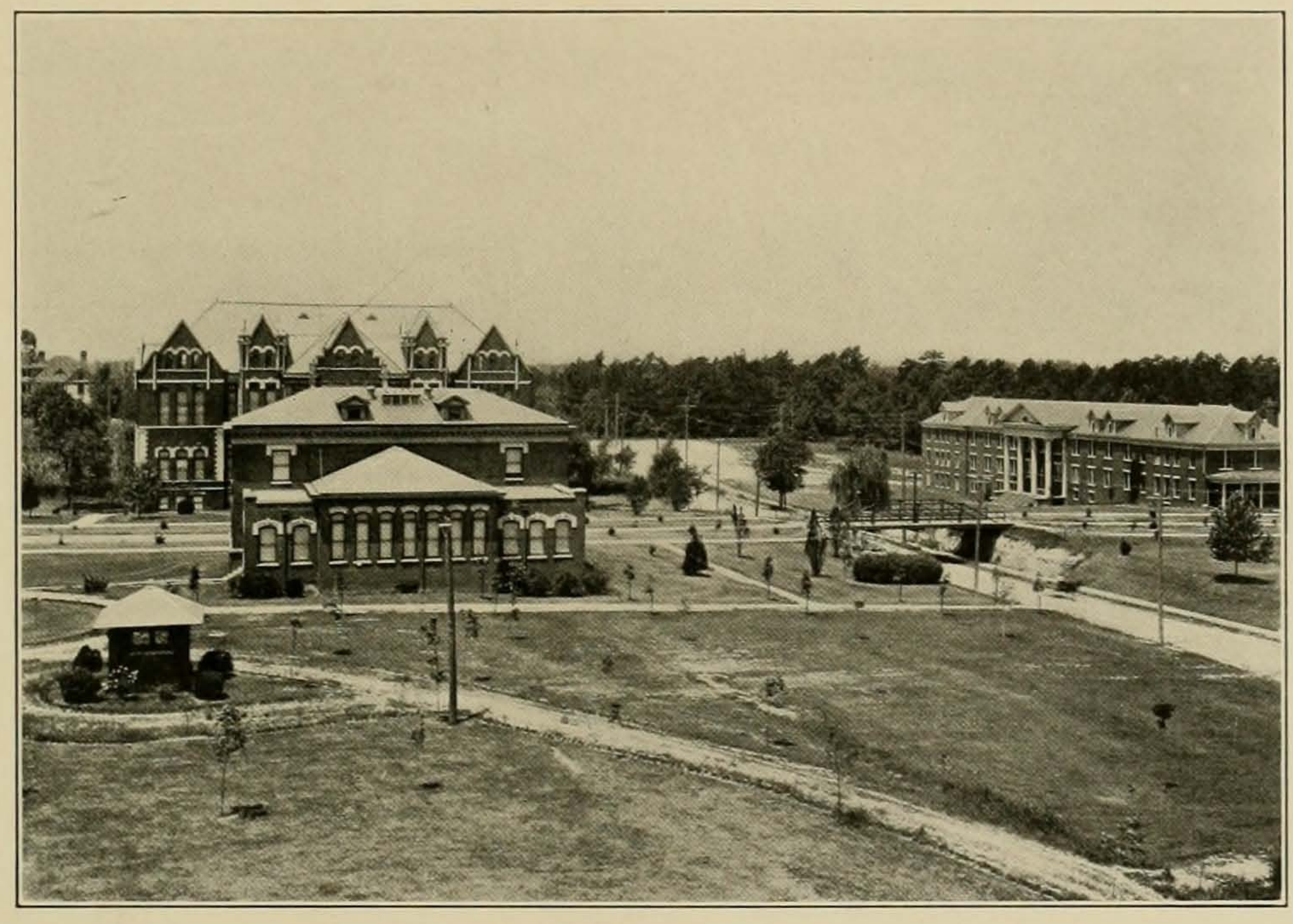
Yet their success, and a partial realization of the benefits that would accrue therefrom, served not to satisfy, but, rather to stimulate the members of the organization. So it was that, in November, 1906, when the Alumnæ Association and the Association of Former Students met at the College in special session, to plan their tribute to the memory of its founder and first President, the late Charles Duncan McIver, it was unanimously decided—however else the citizens of a grateful State might honor his memory—that the truest memorial that could be devised for him by these two bodies would be their effort to further the realization of the ideal in behalf of which he had spent his life; an ideal that meant the possibility of an education to every ambitious and deserving young woman in the State of North Carolina. The work of these two organizations thus becoming identical, they agreed at the following commencement to merge themselves under the name of the Alumnæ Association, and through the efforts of its members to raise the amount of fifty thousand dollars to be known as the McIver Loan Fund.

For this purpose a Field Secretary was appointed to visit every county of the State and organize local Alumnæ Associations. At this time thirty-two counties have been visited, and the sum of seventeen thousand dollars has already been promised toward this fund, the various county organizations pledging themselves to raise amounts varying from one hundred to four thousand dollars. The portion of the fund already raised is now invested in the form of loan funds to deserving students, who, without this aid, could not complete their college course.

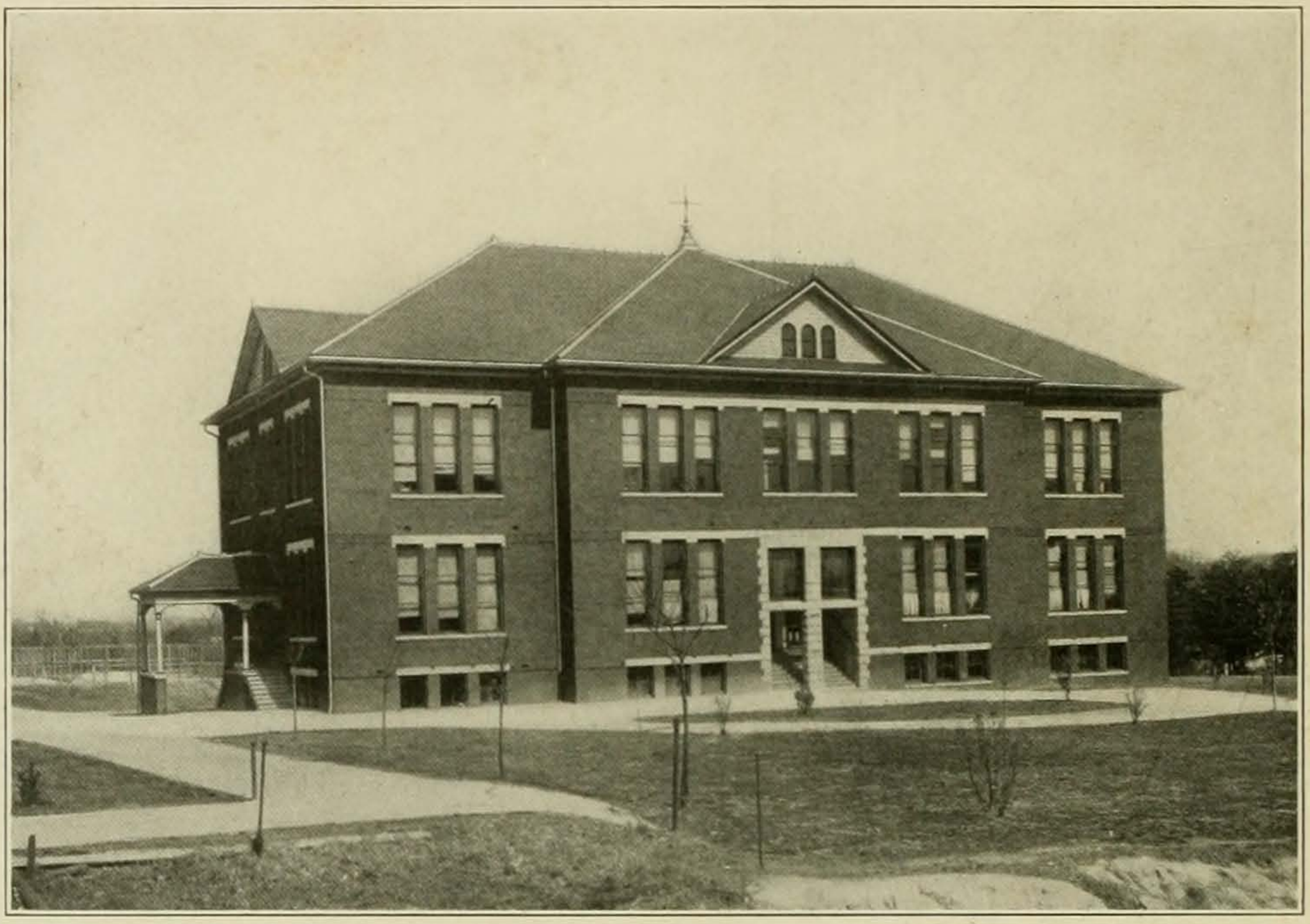
Thus, in brief, is stated both the history and the purpose of the organization. Within our College walls there are, today, many willing hearts and able hands whom we hope to have join us in this work. Most of you, it is true, did not know at first hand, as we did, the wonderful personality and sincerity of purpose of the man whose memory we honor. Yet, but for him, your College, as you know and love it, could not have been, and you can not thoughtfully go through your course without some realization of his far-sighted wisdom in shaping the policy of the institution, and some appreciation of his high ideals for the welfare of the

State through the universal education of its women. Therefore we call on you, and all other coming daughters of our Alma Mater to join us in this work; a work by the women of the State for the higher womanhood of the State; a work, in its embryonic form, planned and made possible by the man to whose memory we now dedicate the budding flower of its achievement.

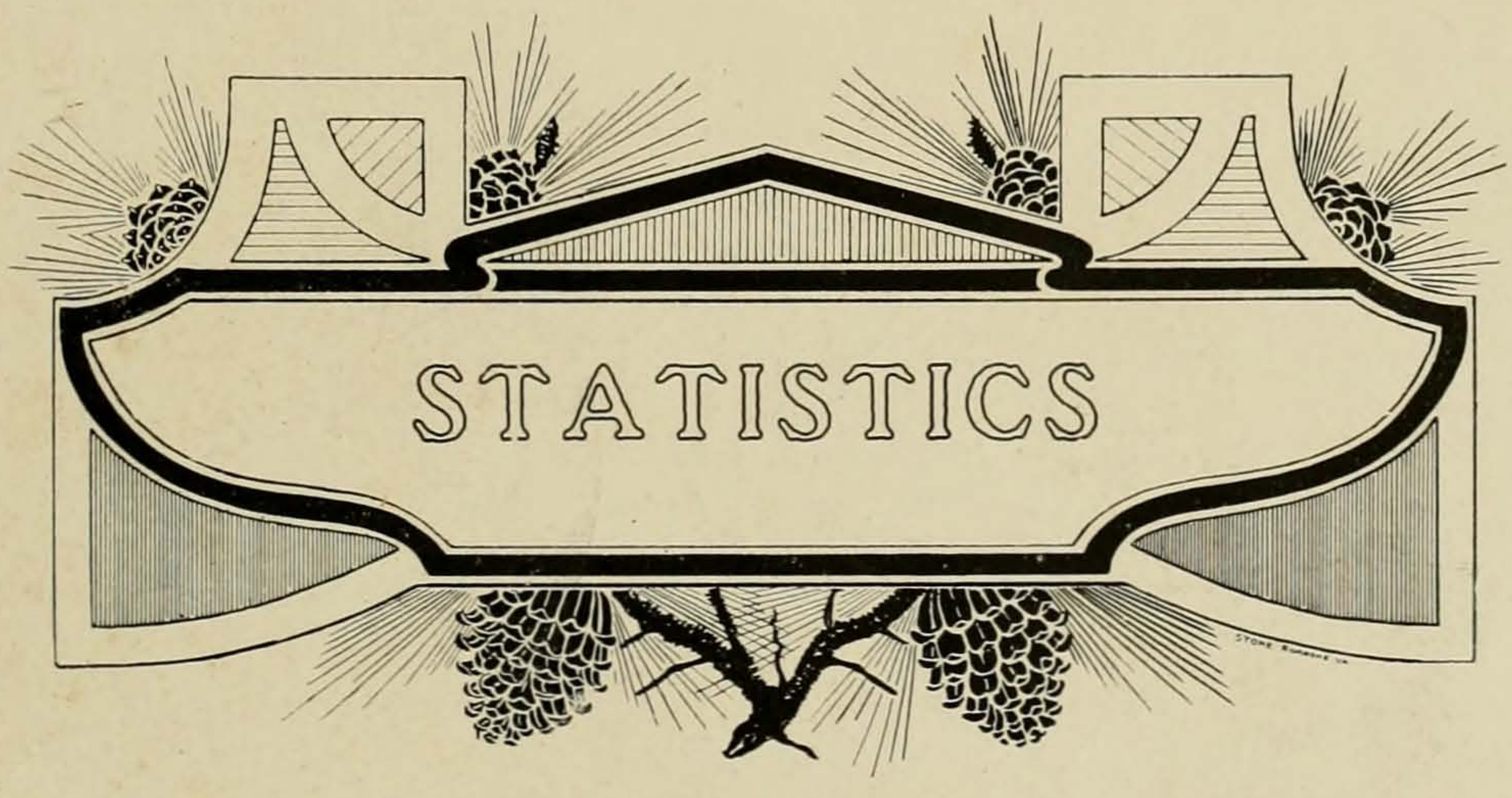
EVILINA OAKLEY WIGGINS, '98.



PART OF COLLEGE CAMPUS
SOUTH WING OF SPENCER BUILDING IN RIGHT OF PICTURE



CURRY BUILDING (TEACHERS' TRAINING SCHOOL)


STATISTICS

ANNIE MARTIN

Prettiest

"She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies."

MARGARET COBB

Handsomest

"We will draw the curtain and show you the picture."

ELEANOR HUSKE

Most Popular

"To see her is to love her,
And love but her forever;
For Nature made her what she is,
And never made another."

LUCRETIA WILSON

Best Dancer

"When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that."

JEAN BOOTH

Most Attractive

"A miniature of loveliness, all grace
Summed up and closed in little."

JESSIE McMILLAN

Most Stylish

"The princeps copy, clad in blue and gold."

NANNIE McARN

Wittiest

"Thou art ever a favored guest
In every fair and brilliant throng;
No wit like thine to make a jest;
No voice like thine to breath a song."

BELLE HICKS

Jolliest

"Happy am I—from care I'm free;
Why ar'n't they all contented like me?"

KATE JEFFREYS

Most Original

"Put thyself into the trick of singularity."

MELLIE COTCHETT

Most Practical

"To look up and not down,
To look forward and not back,
To look out and not in, and
To lend a hand."

CLYDE STANCILL

Typical College Girl

"Her air, her manners, all who saw admired."

JESSIE SMOAK

Typical Senior

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect woman—nobly planned,
To warm, to comfort and command."

CATHERINE JONES

Most Athletic

"Make haste; the better foot before."

HALLIE VIELE

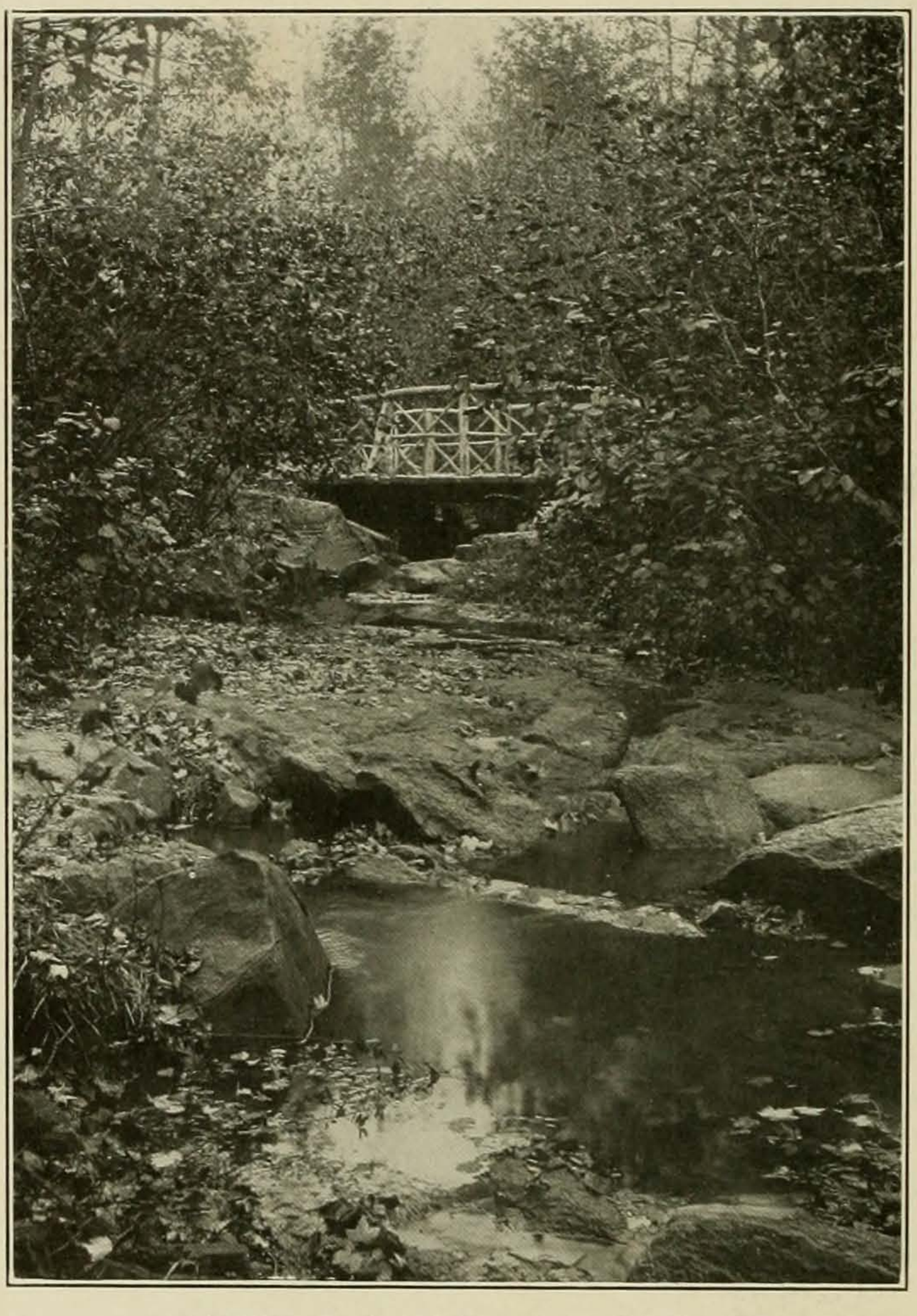
Daintiest

"The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet."

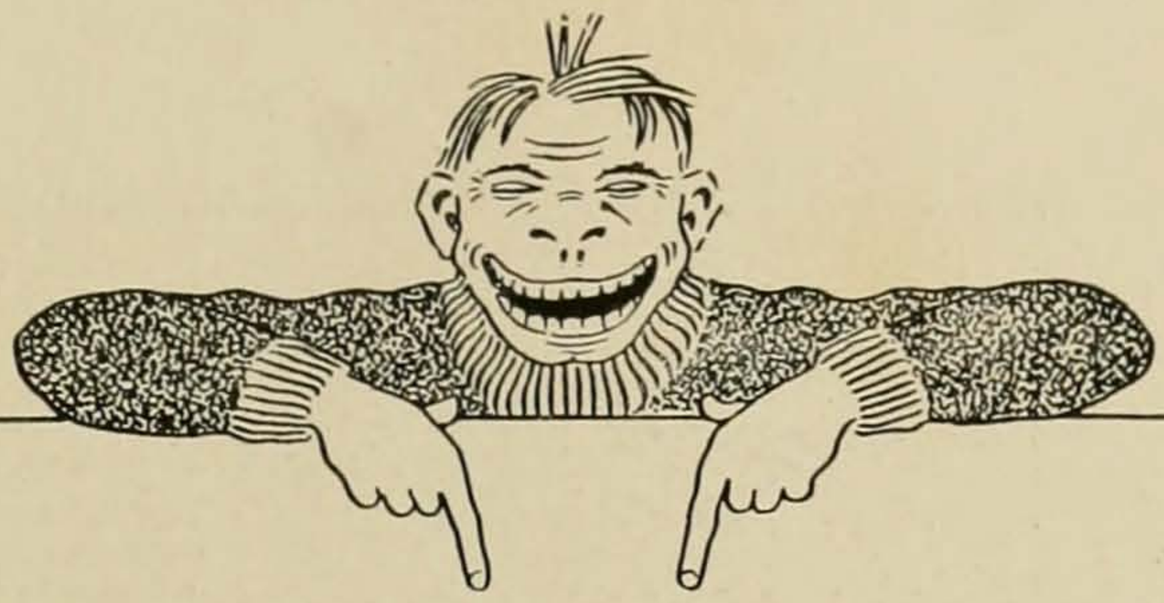
SENIOR CHARACTERISTICS

Name	Known as	Favorite Haunt	Chief Occupation	Favorite Expression	Highest Ambition	Color of Hair	Color of Eyes	Greatest Dislike
Jeon Booth	Jean	First Grade room in Training School	Playing with the neighborhood babies	"Don't look at me that way"	To be tall and dignified	Brown	Blue	Gym.
Bessie Cauble	Miss Dignity	Manual Arts room	Giving suggestions	"Mr. Hammel said —"	To be a master craftsman	Black	Grey	Writing an essay
Okla Dees	Oklahoma	Training School	Running around	"Children, let me tell you"	To be proficient in Gym'	Brown	Blue	Writing editorials
Nettie Dixon	"Net"	Training School	Carrying on a campaign	"If that's madness, there's method in it"	To have curly hair	Brown	Brown	Policy
Edna Duke	Duchess	The Dancing Hall	Bossing	"Thunder"	To be "It"	Brown	Blue	Work
Evelyn Gudger	The Infant	Laura's room	Crying	"There are no two ways about that"	To be able to see two sides of a question	Brown	Blue	To be waked up before "Prep."
Cora Hart	Major	The Lyric	Forgetting things	"Let us see"	To be rich	Light brown	Blue	Chocolate
Paulina Hassell	Polly	The Library	Sleeping	"I'm so sleepy"	To be thin	Light brown	Blue	She has none
Kate Jeffreys	Cat	Cornelian Society Hall	Loafing	"For goodness sake, girls, get to work	To have some hair	Brown	Cat Eyes	Study
Flieda Johnson	Flæet	Number 12	Giggling	"O, the mischief"	To be as good a cook as Hal	Black	Hazel	Turnips
Florence Landis	Flo	The Park	Dreaming	"What?"	To be broad minded	Auburn	Green	Algebra
Lola Lasley	Lolie	Steps near Bonnie's room	Chewing gum	"Do you mean it?"!	To have pretty clothes	Brown	Blue	Blushing

Name	Known as	Favorite Haunt	Chief Occupation	Favorite Expressior	Highest Ambition	Color of Hair	Color of Eyes	Greatest Dislike
Mary Mitchell	Tony	The Latin room	Teasing	"'Tis too—"	To have a sweater that slips over the head	Brown	Grey	Entertaining Florence's cases
Hal Morrison	Hallie	Fleet's room	Laughing	"Well, I declare!"	To be serious-minded	Reddish brown	Blue	"Prep. bell"
Velna Pope	Diggory	The kitchen	Writing "Ped" papers	"Oh, hush."	To be tall	Brown	Brown	Gym.
Linda Shuford	Lindy	Number 163	Writing up her "Plan Book"	"O, Jean! Listen"	To adjust herself to Seniorhood	Black	Brown	Missing the Ped. lecture on Friday
Clara Sloan	Pard	Basket-Ball ground	Playing solitaire	"Maybe so—"	To be able to keep quiet	Brown	Grey	Soup
Jessie Smoak	Miss Smoak	The Book room	Killing time	"Isn't that provoking!"	To write well	Black	Blue-grey	Onions
Claude Umstead	Sport	The Chemist Laboratory	Playing cards with Paul	"Cat's foot"	To carry a tune	Light brown	Brown	Keeping step
The Class as a whole	Kickers	Training School	Using our many (?) privileges	We are original	To win ONE basket ball game	Brown	Blue	Gym.



"LOITERING IN GLASSY POOL." PEABODY PARK



"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."

Two Views of a Case

"When a tidy maid of four
With jam besmears her face,
Nurse says, "Your ma will whip you shore."
My! that child's a 'case.'

"But when two maids of more than four,
You find in close embrace,
Swift should you flee far from their door,
For in that room's a 'case.'

Senior Conundrums

Because Oklahoma has lately been given a new constitution.
Why is Jennie subject to "pipe-dreams?"
All her hopes are centered in Smoak.
Why is Florence like the "Old lady that lived in a Shoe?"
Because her home is in "Oxford."
Why should Kate always wear a good complexion?
Because she "paints a good deal."
Why is Bessie Cauble like Captain Kidd of old?
Why has Okla Dees exceptionally good health?
One was, and one is, a murderer of High Seas (C's).

As Heard Among the Freshmen

"Was it William Cullen Bryant or William Jennings Bryan that spoke here at the fair?"

A proud Freshman, who had just taken supper at the Benbow, announced at breakfast next morning that she had the "finest 'celluloid steak!' "

When the chief marshal recently called a *mass* meeting of the two societies, one poor little Freshman, athirst for knowledge, asked, "Why, are all the girls turning Catholic?"

Mildred went into a drug store:—"I would like some soap, please."
"Scented?" asked the clerk.
"No, I'll take it myself."

Homesick Freshman to dignified Senior:—"I just know you are one of the old girls, because you look so 'homely.' "

Dr. Gudger:—"What is the relation between animal and plant life?"
Bright Freshman:—"The animals eat the plants."

A Study In Dates

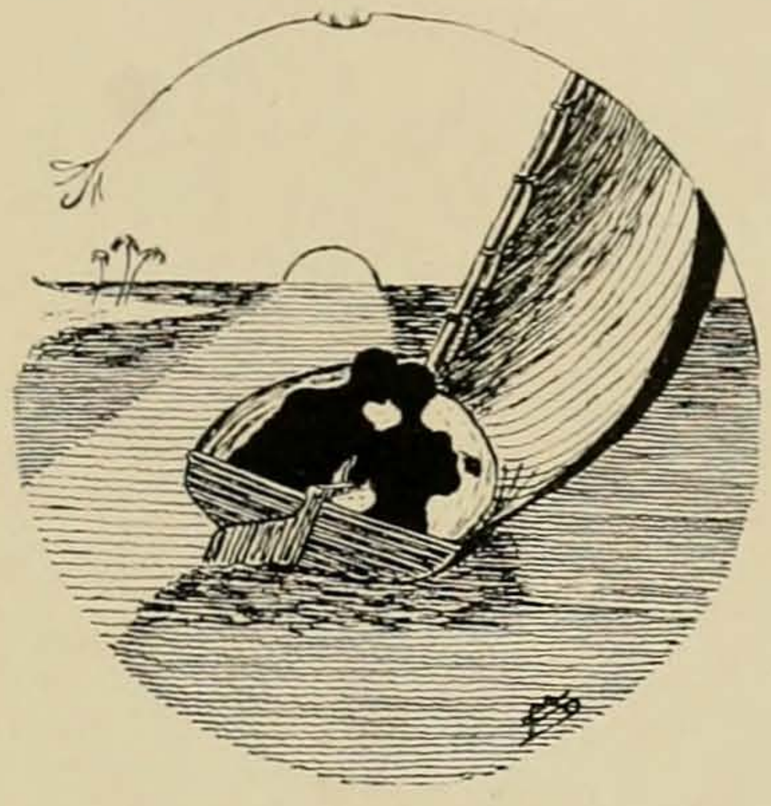
Freshman in the back room:—"Please give me a copy of Chaucer's Essay on Kipling."

New Girl:—"Can you tell me where the 'infirmity' is?"

Since examinations the Freshman's ideas have expanded, for she is buying "realms" of paper at the stationery room.

New Girl:—"Where is the campus? I have heard the girls talking about it ever since I have been here, and I haven't seen it yet."

"What is limestone?"
"Limestone is a cemetery mineral."



"YUM. YUM."

He took her out a-fishing
In a dory painted black;
But I heard, before returning,
They had a fishing-smack.

"How's her fever this A. M?"
Asked Doctor Gove—quite formal;
"Being here," the young nurse said,
"I guess it is 'at Normal.'"

Echoes From Hygiene

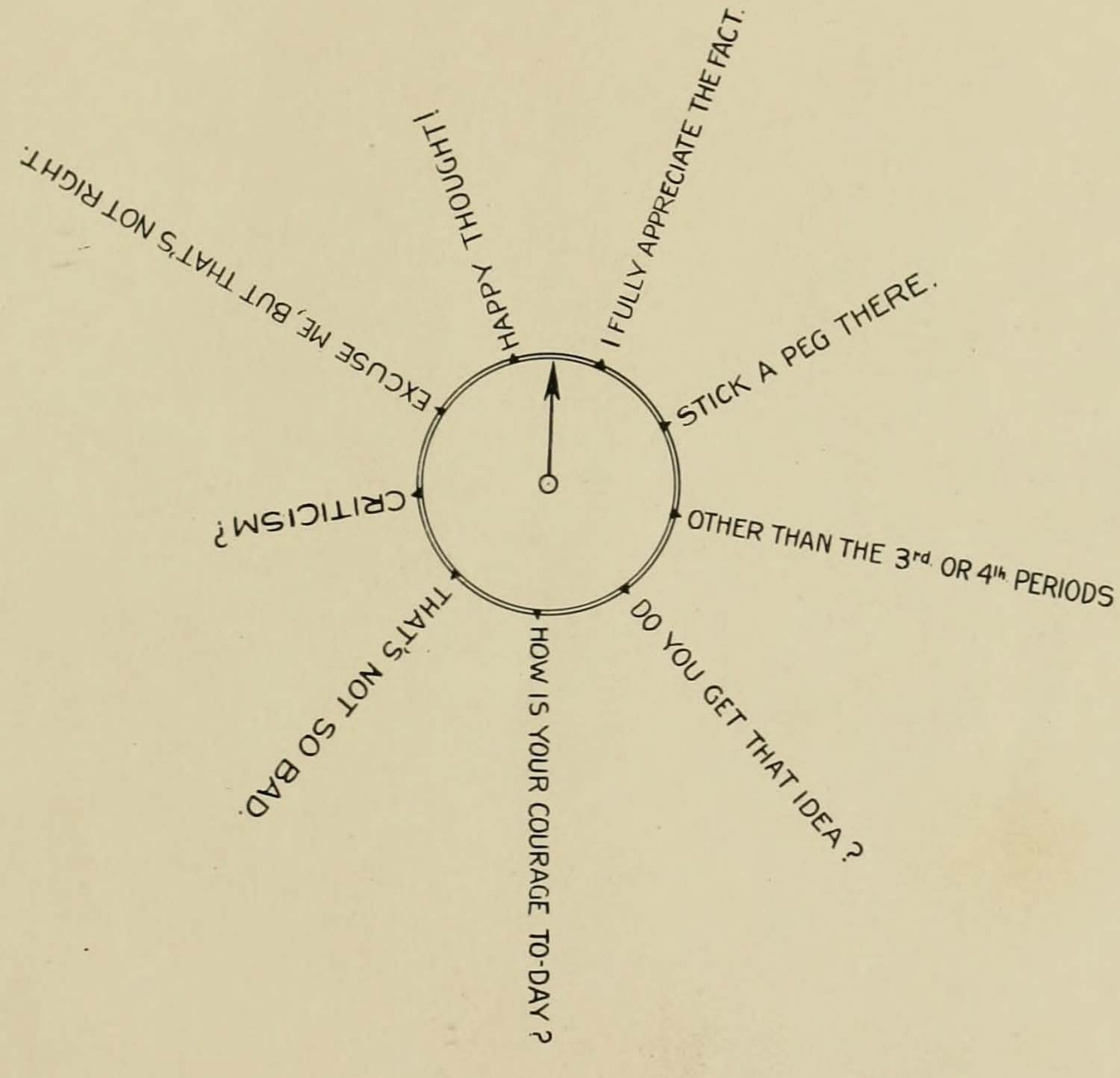
WHAT TO DO IN CASE OF POISONING:—"Give hot salt water, then hot mustard water, then run for a doctor quick, and he will give an epitaph."—*Authority—Prep. Student in Hygiene.*

What is the best thing to give in case of acute indigestion?
Ans.—"Give two quarts of milk and four raw eggs at once."

One should not bite hard things with the teeth, it will crack the animal, and make them decay.

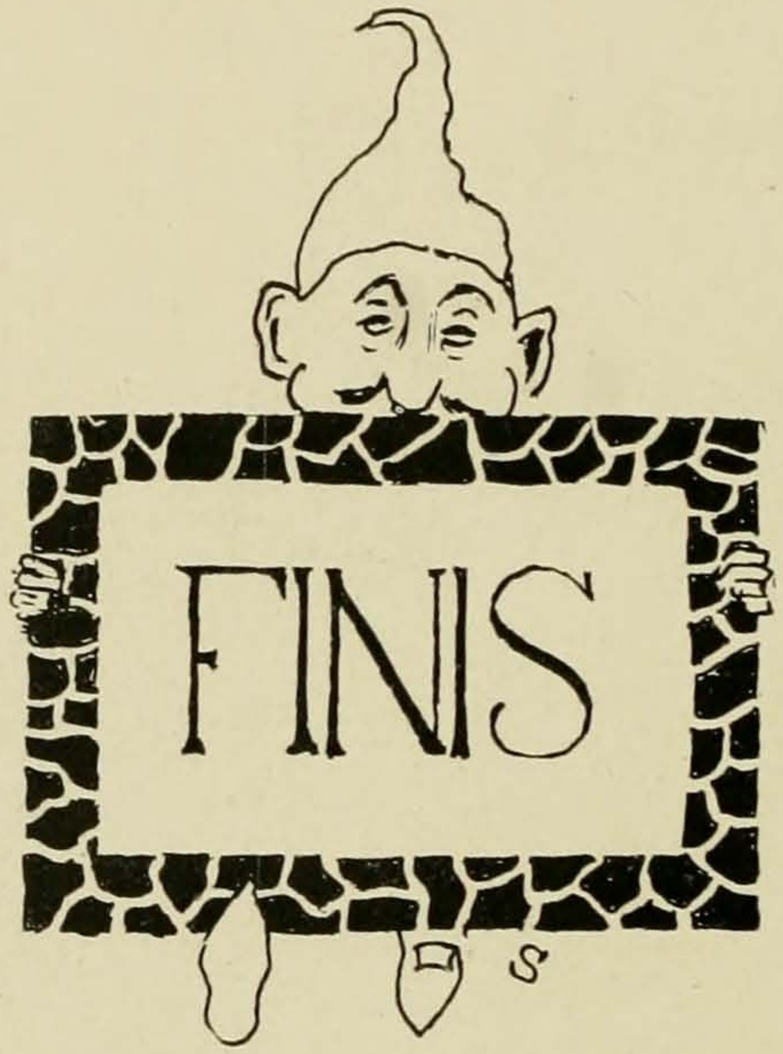
REMEDY FOR SUDDEN UNCONSCIOUSNESS WHEN ONE FAINTS:—Lay them flat on their backs, and do not crowd around him crying. If the face is pale, rub her with cold water. If the face is flushed, get him up and rub him with camphor.

TO WHOM WILL THE ARROW POINT?



EDITORS

Dear reader, through our College life—
Its joys, its hopes, its fears,
Its toil, its play, whatsoe'er the scene,
Of laughter or of tears:
Our young and trustful hearts
Have led you to the end.
Be you Carolinian, stranger,
Critic, whatsoe'er your trend,
Since you have come to know us,
We trust we leave you—Friend.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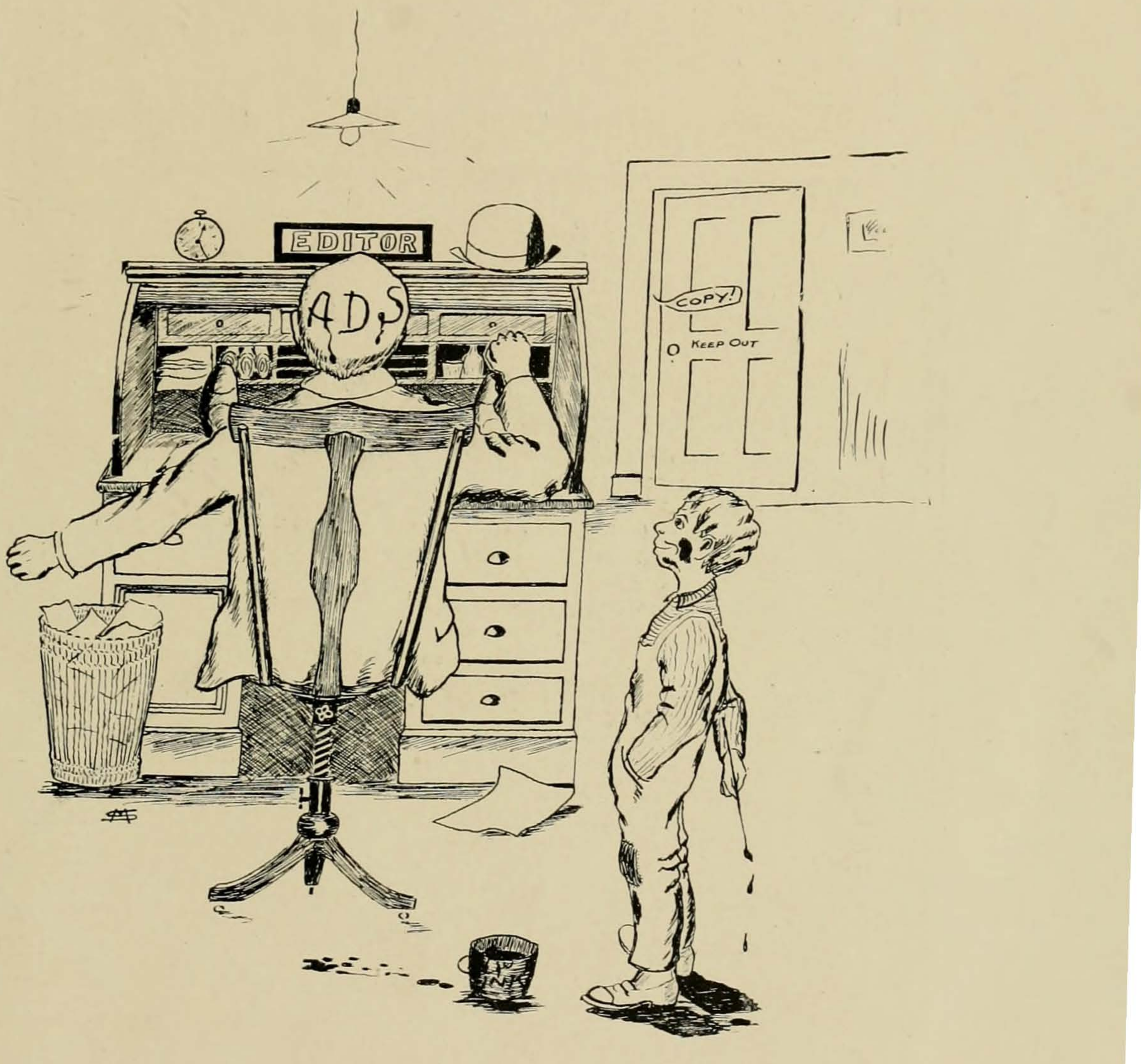
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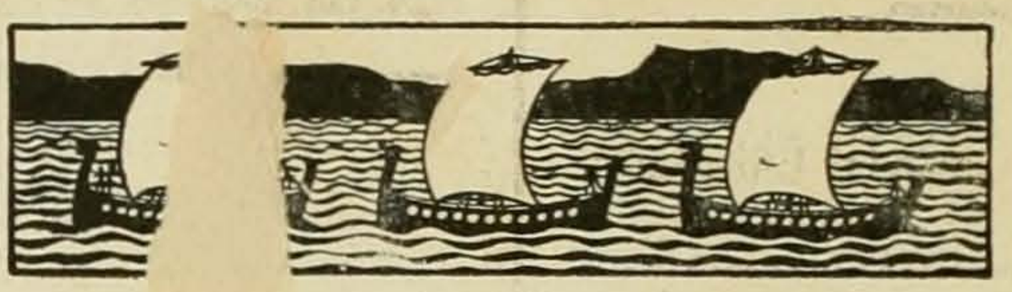

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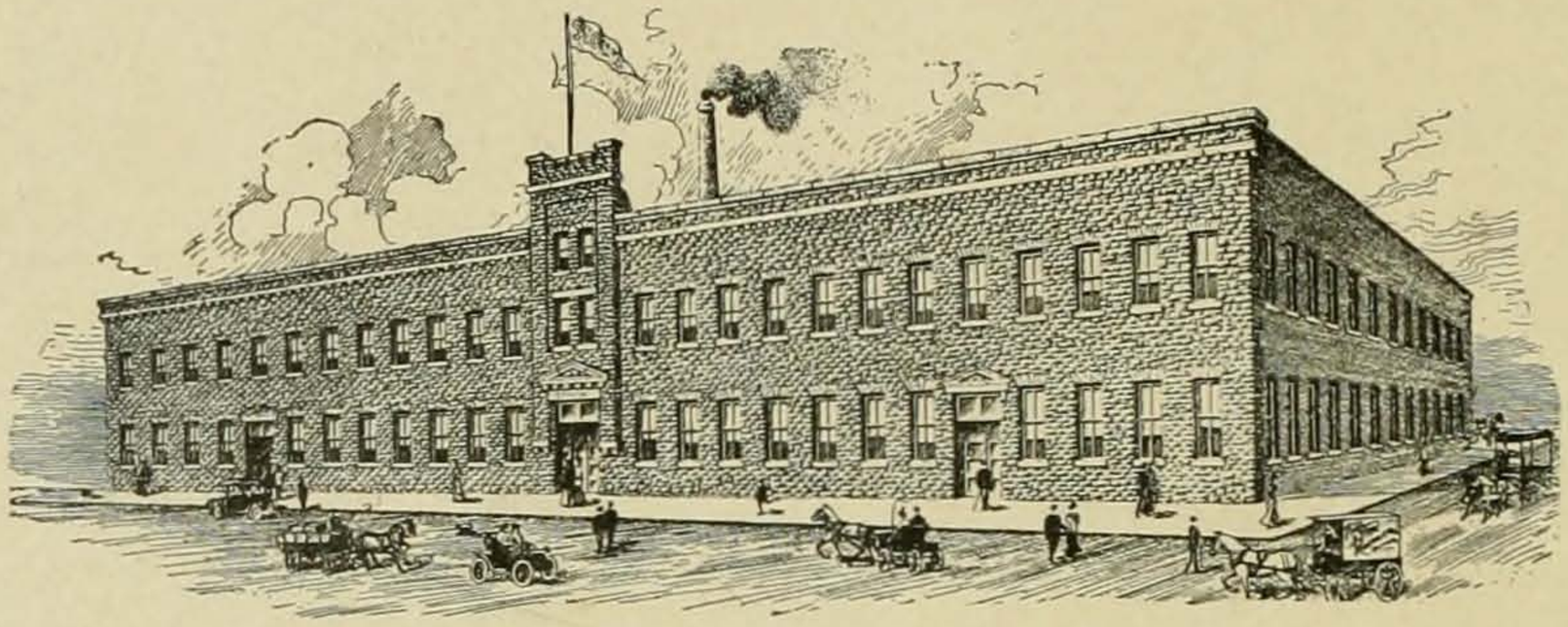

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