

1904

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THE  
SPINSTER  
*~~~~~*  
1904

# *The* SPINSTER

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EDITED BY  
The Students of Hollins Institute  
VIRGINIA  
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FOUR



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NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FOUR

## History of the Freshman Class.

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**I**N the Fall, while reverend Seniors, studious Juniors, and self-important Sophomores were posting signs on the bulletin board and holding frequent meetings in the Senior parlor and various lecture-rooms, we, verdant young Freshmen, heedless of work and the flight of time, were gambolling on the campus, forgetful that THE SPINSTER would some day appear and call for our representation also. Time went on and still, though strenuous efforts were made by the Sophomores to form a class of us and make us realize the seriousness of it, nothing was accomplished. And so all Winter what shall be henceforth known as the Freshman Class of 1903-1904, wandered through school at its own free will, with no signs and no meetings. But one day some of those mighty Seniors, hearing of our happy, irresponsible state, determined that we should at once be organized with a president and all the other appurtenances of a full-fledged class. A sign went up:

### NOTICE.

Will all those girls who  
have not yet joined a class  
please meet in the Gym.  
immediately after dinner?

### IMPORTANT.

A meeting was held, and our names written down by a committee of Seniors. It was then announced that another meeting would soon be called for the election of officers. This meeting was held with the proper amount of enthusiasm and class spirit, which was heightened by the happy choice of officers.

---

Give instruction to a Freshman and she will get fresher ; give instruction to a Senior and you will get squelched

# Y. W. C. A.

## Officers.

ANITA A. COCKE . . . . . President  
GUSSIE BOWLES . . . . . Vice-President  
ETHEL PILCHER . . . . . Secretary  
BLANCHE BELL . . . . . Treasurer

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ANNA WATKINS . . . . . Chairman of Devotional Meeting Committee  
ETHELYN POTTS . . . . . Chairman Missionary Committee  
GUSSIE BOWLES . . . . . Chairman Membership Committee  
BLANCHE BELL . . . . . Chairman Finance Committee  
LILA WILLINGHAM . . . . . Chairman Social Committee  
ALICE FAULKNER . . . . . Chairman Music Committee  
ETHEL PILCHER . . . . . Recording Secretary  
EDITH KYLE . . . . . Corresponding Secretary



Y. W. C. A.

# Y. W. C. A.

## Officers.

ANITA A. COCKE	.....	President
GUSSIE BOWLES	.....	Vice-President
ETHEL PILCHER	.....	Secretary
BLANCHE BELL	.....	Treasurer

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GUSSIE BOWLES	.....	Chairman Missionary Committee
ETHEL PILCHER	.....	Chairman Membership Committee
BLANCHE BELL	.....	Chairman Finance Committee
LILA WASHINGTON	.....	Chairman Social Committee
ALICE FAULKNER	.....	Chairman Music Committee
ETHEL PILCHER	.....	Recording Secretary
EDITH KYLE	.....	Corresponding Secretary



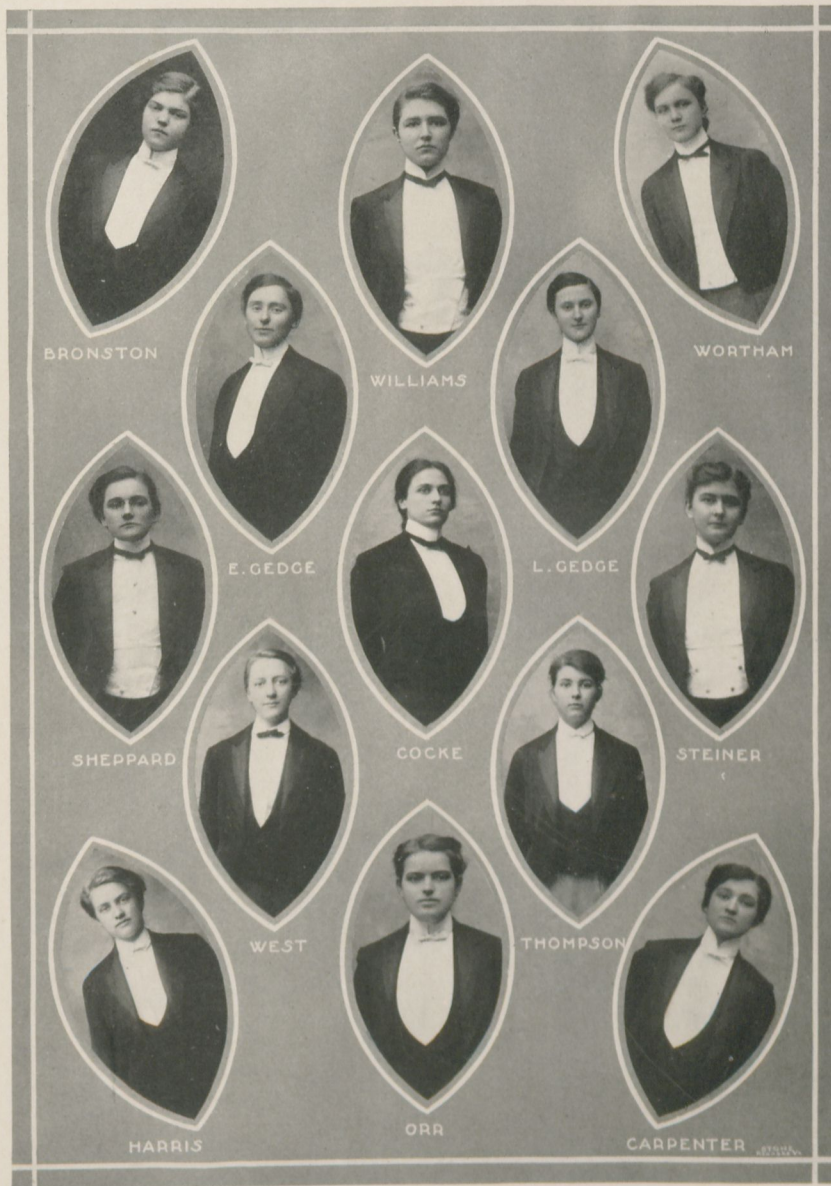
ANITA COCKE

GUSSIE BOWLES

BLANCHE BELL

ETHEL PILCHER





COTILLION CLUB



LAMBDA CHI KAPPA.

Colors :  
Dark Blue and White

Motto :  
Dum vivimus vivamus

Flower :  
Lily of the Valley



PERKINS

BOOKER

WORTHAM

LOOP

CHANDLER

EMBREE

THOMPSON

VOSS

PARDUE

KAPPA DELTA.

To M. L. C. and M. S. B.

*Bright days and sunny hours,  
And childhood's blithesome grace;  
Each found among the flowers  
A fairer, dearer face.*

*School time and duty's call,  
And maids with visions new;  
Each proved for each through all  
A heart both strong and true.*

*Broad life and sorrow found,  
And women wise and pure;  
Two friends together bound  
By love that shall endure.*

*Past years, and through their length  
A friendship yet more strong;  
Tried hearts with love's own strength  
For sorrow or for song.*

*Calm days and sunny hours,  
And full life's plenteous grace;  
For each among the flowers  
A fairer, dearer face.*





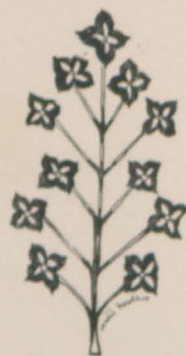
MISS MARIAN

MISS MATTY L.

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*Assistant.*

MISS ELLA D. HARRIS,  
*Assistant.*

HOWARD L. BRADLEY,  
*Steward.*

**Roll of Students.**

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
ADAMS, ELIZABETH Δ T B.	Lynchburg, Va.	Waldorf	1
ADAMS, LILLIAN Euepian; F. M. G.; Θ Ξ Γ.	Greensboro, N. C.	Waldorf	1
ADAMS, ULA Euepian.	Greensboro, N. C.	Main	1
ANDERSON, MARY Euzelian.	Clifton Forge, Va.	Main	1
ARMISTEAD, GERTRUDE Class '04; Φ M Γ.	Churchland, Va.	Waldorf	4
BAGBY, MARGARET Euzelian.	West Point, Va.	Main	1
BAGBY, JANIE Euzelian.	West Point, Va.	Main	1
BARCLAY, BERNICE Euepian; Class '04; Texas Club.	Cameron, Tex.	East Tinnymont	3
BARHAM, LUCY Euepian; Texas Club.	Dallas, Tex.	East Tinnymont	1
BARKSDALE, LAURA Euzelian; Alcove Club.	Laurens, S. C.	Waldorf	2
BARKSDALE, MARY	Houston, Va.	Main	1
BARKSDALE, HELEN Euzelian.	Houston, Va.	Main	1
BASS, SUSIE Euzelian; K Δ.	Rome, Ga.	Main	2
BAXTER, ELSIE Mohican; Δ T B; Cotillion Club.	Elizabeth City, N. C.	Waldorf	3
BAXTER, ROSALIE Euepian; Δ T B.	Elizabeth City, N. C.	Waldorf	2
BELL, BLANCHE Euzelian; Secretary of Christian Association; S. S. S.	Atlanta, Ga.	Main	2
BENNETT, JANIE	Hollins, Va.	—	2
BENNETT, MARY	Hollins, Va.	—	2
BENNETT, ANNIE	Hollins, Va.	—	3
BLOUNT, KATHALEEN Euzelian; Π Θ.	Union Springs, Ala.	Cottage	1
BOOKER, MAY Euzelian; K Δ.	Little Rock, Ark.	Main	1
BOONE, HELEN Euepian; Treasurer Euepian Society; Π Θ; Mississippi Club	Corinth, Miss.	Waldorf	2
BOONE, NATALIE Euepian; Θ Ξ Γ; Mississippi Club.	Corinth, Miss.	Waldorf	2



NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
BOOTH, MARJORIE	Columbus, O.	East Tinnymet	3
Euzelian; Vice-President Class '04; Associate Editor SPINSTER; Final President Euzelian Society; $\Phi$ M $\Gamma$ ; Treasurer Euzelian Society.			
BOWER, MABEL	Hollins, Va.	—	5
Euzelian.			
BOWLES, GUSSIE	Salem, Va.	Waldorf	2
Euzelian; Vice-President Christian Association.			
BRADLEY, PAULINE	Sherman, Tex.	Waldorf	1
Euepian; K $\Theta$ M; Texas Club.			
BRONSTON, SUSAN	Lexington, Ky.	Main	1
Euzelian; Mohican; Kentucky Club.			
BUCK, CAROLYN	Paris, Ky.	Waldorf	4
Euzelian; Class '04; Kentucky Club; P $\Theta$ H; Mohican.			
BUELL, HELEN	Cleveland, O.	Main	1
Zezemen Club.			
BULLITT, CUMMINS	Big Stone Gap, Va.	Main	2
Euzelian; $\Phi$ K E; Yemassee.			
BULLITT, MATTIE	Big Stone Gap, Va.	Main	2
Euzelian; $\Phi$ K E.			
BURNETT, MARY	Cambria, Va.	Main	3
Euepian.			
BURWELL, MARY	Chase City, Va.	Main	2
Euzelian; M. A. C.			
CADE, MARGARET	New Iberia, La.	Main	1
Euepian.			
CAMP, SALLIE	Albion, Fla.	Main	3
Euepian; $\Phi$ M $\Gamma$ .			
CAMPBELL, CHARLOTTE	Butler, Pa.	Main	1
Euzelian.			
CAMPBELL, EMILY	Roanoke, Va.	Waldorf	2
Euzelian.			
CARPENTER, ELOISE	Clifton Forge, Va.	Waldorf	2
Euzelian; Class '04; President Athletic Association; Captain of Yemassee's; Naughty-Naught Club; Cotillion Club.			
CARPENTER, LALLIE LEE	Clifton Forge, Va.	Waldorf	2
Euepian; Mohican; Naughty-Naught Club; Vice-President Class '06.			
CASSIDEY, ELEANOR	Jacksonville, Fla.	Main	1
Euepian.			
CAVE, BELLE	Paducah, Ky.	Main	1
Euzelian; Kentucky Club.			
CHANDLER, MARY	Knoxville, Tenn.	Main	2
Euzelian; K $\Delta$ ; Vice-President Class '05; Associate Editor <i>Quarterly</i> .			
CHEWNING, RUBY	Richmond, Va.	Main	1
Euepian; Yemassee; Capital Club.			
CHILDRESS, JENNIE	Christiansburg, Va.	Cottage	1
CHISHOLM, VIDA	Savannah, Ga.	Waldorf	3
Naughty-Naught Club; T. G.; Georgia Club.			

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
CLARKSON, ANNIE	Jacksonville, Fla.	Waldorf	3
Euepian; Class '04; Business Manager of <i>Quarterly</i> and THE SPINSTER; F. M. G.; President Euepian Final Meeting; Alcove Club; $\Theta$ $\Xi$ $\Gamma$ .			
CLAYBROOK, MARY BAXTER	Washington, Ky.	Main	3
Euepian; Kentucky Club.			
CLEVELAND, LIDA	Glasgow, Va.	Main	2
Euzelian; A X K.			
COHRAN, LEONA	Stuart's Draft, Va.	Main	3
COCKE, ANITA	Cuero, Tex.	Main	5
Euzelian; President Class '05; President Christian Association.			
COCKE, MARY STUART	Roanoke, Va.	Main	4
Euepian; President Class '06; Naughty-Naught Club.			
COCKE, LEONORA	Hollins, Va.	Waldorf	—
Euzelian; Editor-in-Chief SPINSTER; Yemassee; President Cotillion Club; Class '04; Naughty-Naught Club.			
COCKE, MARGARET	Hollins, Va.	Waldorf	—
COLEMAN, FANNY	Paducah, Ky.	Main	1
Euzelian; Kentucky Club.			
COLEMAN, RELLA	Paducah, Ky.	Main	1
Euzelian; Kentucky Club.			
COLLINS, MAY	Birmingham, Ala.	Main	1
Euzelian.			
COPELAND, MARIA	Round Hill, Va.	East Tinnymet	3
Euepian.			
CRUMP, LORA	Richmond, Va.	Main	1
Euepian; T. G.; Capital Club.			
CULLEN, BERNICE	Knoxville, Tenn.	Waldorf	2
Euzelian; Tennessee Club.			
CUNNINGHAM, CLINT	Frankfort, Ky.	Main	1
Euzelian; Kentucky Club.			
DAILEY, ELEANOR	Elkins, W. Va.	Waldorf	3
Euepian; West Virginia Club; Yemassee.			
DANCEY, LUCY	Savannah, Ga.	Waldorf	1
Euzelian; Georgia Club.			
DENMAN, BEBE	San Antonio, Tex.	Waldorf	2
Euepian; Mohican; C. D. C.; Texas Cl. b.			
DENMAN, FLOSSIE	San Antonio, Tex.	Waldorf	2
Euepian; Associate Editor <i>Quarterly</i> ; Texas Club.			
DENMAN, ROY	San Antonio, Tex.	Waldorf	2
Euepian; President Lee Evening; President Texas Club.			
DICKERSON, WILHELMINA	Birmingham, Ala.	Main	1
Euzelian; $\Theta$ $\Xi$ $\Gamma$ .			
DILLON, CLARA	Hollins, Va.	—	1
DUKE, REBECCA	Maysville, Ky.	Waldorf	2
Euepian; Kentucky Club; Alcove Club.			
DURHAM, DE LIESELINE	Vicksburg, Miss.	Main	1
Euepian; Mississippi Club; $\Phi$ K E.			

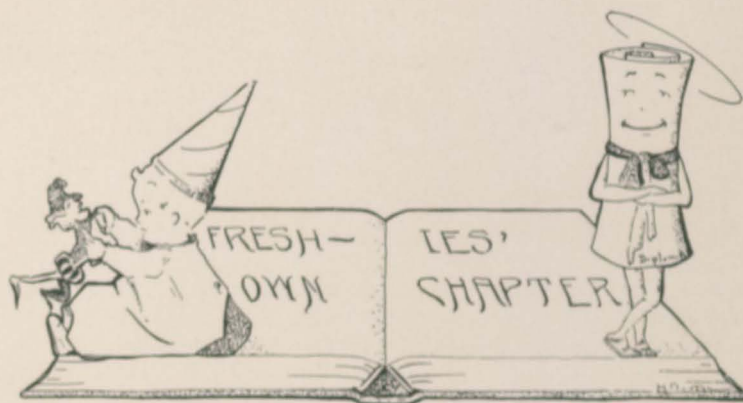
NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
ELLIS, KATE Euzelian; Georgia Club.	Macon, Ga.	Waldorf	1
ELLISON, ANNIE Euepian; Kentucky Club.	Hickman, Ky.	East Tinnymment	1
EMBREE, PAULINE Euzelian; K Δ; C. D. C.	Buena Vista, Va.	Waldorf	3
EVANS, MARY Euepian; Π Θ; Tennessee Club.	Dayton, Tenn.	Main	1
FARMER, ALICE Euzelian; Class '04; Φ M Γ; Kentucky Club.	Frankfort, Ky.	Main	2
FARQUHAR, ETHEL Euzelian; Yemassee; Alcove Club.	Sandy Spring, Md.	Waldorf	2
FAULKNER, ALICE Euzelian; M. A. C.	Boydton, Va.	Waldorf	2
FLOYD, CARRIE	Hollins, Va.	—	—
FLOYD, MYRTLE	Hollins, Va.	—	—
FORD, HELEN Euepian; Class '04; Associate Editor <i>Quarterly</i> ; Final Vice-President Euepian Society.	Round Hill, Va.	East Tinnymment	3
FOWLER, VIOLA Euepian	Washington, D. C.	—	1
FOWLKES, MATTIE Euepian.	Burkville, Va.	Main	3
FOY, MARY Euzelian.	Eufaula	Cottage	1
GAITSKILL, JANE Kentucky Club.	Winchester, Ky.	East Tinnymment	1
GARRARD, HELEN Euzelian; Georgia Club.	Columbus, Ga.	Waldorf	1
GAY, WILLIE	Frankfort, Va.	Cottage	1
GEDGE, ERMINA Euzelian; Class '04; Φ M Γ; Cotillion Club.	Waukegan, Ill.	Main	3
GEDGE, ESTHER Euzelian; Class '04; Φ M Γ.	Waukegan, Ill.	Main	3
GEDGE, LOUISE Euzelian; Φ M Γ; Cotillion Club.	Waukegan, Ill.	Waldorf	3
GEDGE, MARIE Euzelian; Φ M Γ.	Anderson, Ind.	Main	1
GILLIAM, ROSA	Narund, Va.	East Tinnymment	1
GRAHAM, LOUISE Kentucky Club; Γ Θ II.	Louisville, Ky.	Main	1
GROSJEAN, PEARL Euepian.	Lima, O.	Waldorf	2
GRUND, ELLINOR T. G.	Chicago, Ill.	Waldorf	1
GRUND, FLORENCE	Chicago, Ill.	Waldorf	1
HADEN, JOSEPHINE Euepian.	Fincastle, Va.	East Tinnymment	2

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
HARRIS, ELOISE	Hollins, Va.	Cottage	2
HARRIS, FRANCES Euzelian; Δ T B.	Nashville, Tenn.	Waldorf	2
HARRIS, SINA LEE Euzelian; Cotillion Club; Φ M Γ.	Louisville, Ky.	Main	2
HARRISON, ELIZA	Talleyville, Va.	Main	1
HARRISON, ELIZABETH Euzelian.	Talleyville, Va.	Main	1
HENKING, HORTENSE Euzelian; Yemassee.	New York, N. Y.	Waldorf	2
HENRY, AYLETTE Euzelian.	Tazewell, Va.	Main	1
HENRY, ZULA Euepian.	Richmond, Va.	Waldorf	2
HILLS, BLANCHE Euzelian; Kentucky Club; M. A. C.	Paducah, Ky.	Main	1
HOLLINS, LULA	Louisa C. H., Va.	Main	1
HONAKER, VIRGIE Euepian; K Θ M; Texas Club.	Plano, Tex.	Waldorf	2
HOVER, HAZEL Euepian.	Lima, O.	Waldorf	1
JOHNSON, MAUDE Euzelian; Capital Club.	Richmond, Va.	Main	2
JOHNSTON, HELEN	Christiansburg, Va.	Cottage	1
JONES, DAISY Euepian.	Lynchburg, Va.	Main	1
JONES, MARY Euepian.	Lynchburg, Va.	Main	1
JONES, LUCY LEE Euzelian.	Cary's Brook, Va.	Main	2
KIMBROUGH, LYDIA Euzelian; Treasurer Class '04; Tennessee Club.	Germantown, Tenn.	Waldorf	3
KIRVEN, EULA Euzelian; Georgia Club.	Columbus, Ga.	Waldorf	1
KUSIAN, ANNA Π Θ.	Woodstock, Va.	East Tinnymment	13
KYLE, ALICE Euepian; Φ K E.	Ithaca, N. Y.	East Tinnymment	1
KYLE, EDITH Euzelian; Georgia Club.	Columbus, Ga.	Waldorf	1
LAMAR, LOUISE Euzelian; Georgia Club.	Richland, Ga.	Waldorf	1
LAMBERT, ELEANOR Class '04	Hollins, Va.	East Tinnymment	3
LANE, LENA	Hollins, Va.	—	1
LANKFORD, ORA	Hollins, Va.	—	—
LANKFORD, TALMAGE	Hollins, Va.	—	—

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
LAVINDER, RUTH Euzelian; Δ T B; C. D. C.	Lynchburg, Va.	Waldorf	1
LEONARD, ELLA Euepian.	Atlantic Highlands, N. J.	East Tinnymment	2
LIGON, FRANCES Euzelian; Φ M Γ.	Anderson, S. C.	East Tinnymment	1
LOCKHART, FLORENCE Euzelian; Γ Θ Π; Kentucky Club.	Paris, Ky.	East Tinnymment	4
LOGAN, LOOMIS Euzelian; M. A. C.; Mohican.	Salem, Va.	Waldorf	2
MAXWELL, ALICE Euzelian.	Charlotte, N. C.	East Tinnymment	2
MCCALLA, MARGARET Euepian; Assistant Business Manager <i>Quarterly</i> and SPINSTER.	Rockdale, Tex.	East Tinnymment	2
MCCREERY, BIRDIE Euepian; West Virginia Club.	Hinton, W. Va.	East Tinnymment	2
MCLAUGHLIN, BURTON	Hollins, Va.	—	—
MCLAUGHLIN, EDITH	Hollins, Va.	—	—
MCLAUGHLIN, MABEL	Hollins, Va.	—	—
MCLAUGHLIN, MARY	Hollins, Va.	—	—
LOOP, JENSY Euepian; K Δ; Tennessee Club.	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Main	2
MACK, LIZETTE M.	Gooton, Conn.	Cottage	4
MAJOR, MABEL Euzelian; Kentucky Club; Γ Θ Π.	Lawrenceburg, Ky.	Waldorf	3
MANGUM, EUGENIA Euepian; K Θ M; Texas Club.	Uvalde, Tex.	East Tinnymment	2
MARCUS, RENA Euepian.	Gordonsville, Va.	Waldorf	2
MARTIN, CLEVE Euzelian.	Harborton, Va.	Maine	2
MAULDIN, CORA Euzelian; Associate Editor <i>Quarterly</i> .	Anderson, S. C.	East Tinnymment	3
MILES, ELISE FIELDING Naughty-Naught Club.	Charlottesville, Va.	Main	1
MOOMAW, HONORIA	Cloverdale, Va.	East Tinnymment	3
MOOMAW, LETA	Daleville, Va.	—	4
MOORE, LOUISE	Mexico City, Mex.	Cottage	1
MORRIS, MABEL Euepian.	Karnes City, Tex.	East Tinnymment	1
MORRIS, NELLIE Euzelian.	Charlottesville, Va.	East Tinnymment	1
NOTTINGHAM, MARY Euzelian; Yemassee.	Franktown, Va.	Main	3
ORR, HESTER Euzelian; Cotillion Club; Φ M Γ; Class '04.	Columbus, O.	East Tinnymment	3

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
STOLL, ADELAIDE Euepian; Kentucky Club.	Lexington, Ky.	Main	2
STROTHER, SUDIE Zezemen Club.	South McAlester, Ind. T.	Main	1
SUMMEROUR, MAUDE Euepian; F. M. G.; Alcove Club; Class '04; Georgia Club; Θ Σ Γ.	Dalton, Ga.	Waldorf	3
TALBOTT, EVELYN Euepian; Mohican; West Virginia Club; II Θ.	Elkins, W. Va.	Waldorf	3
TALBOTT, MARGARET Euepian; West Virginia Club; II Θ.	Elkins, W. Va.	Waldorf	1
TALIAFERRO, MARY	Bunkie, La.	Main	2
TALIAFERRO, RUTH Class '04.	Bunkie, La.	Main	2
TAYLOR, CARELL	Hollins, Va.	—	2
TAYLOR, MARGARET Euzelian.	Pine Bluff, Ark.	Waldorf	2
THOM, EMMA Euzelian; Class '04; Editor-in-Chief <i>Quarterly</i> ; S. S. S.	Ashton, Md.	Waldorf	3
THOMAS, ETHEL Vice-President Class '07; Kentucky Club; Naughty-Naught Club.	Irvine, Ky.	East Tinnymment	2
THOMAS, KATHALEEN Euzelian.	Crockett Springs, Va.	Main	1
THOMPSON, MARY LOUISE Euepian; K Δ; Texas Club.	Fort Worth, Tex.	East Tinnymment	1
THOMSON, ROSAMOND Euzelian; Cotillion Club; Δ T B.	Andover, Mass.	Main	1
THORSEN, BLANCHE	Chicago, Ill.	Waldorf	1
TROLLINGER, MARGARET Euepian.	Childress, Va.	East Tinnymment	1
TYLER, ETHEL Euzelian; Zezemen Club.	Cleveland, O.	Main	1
VAN SAUN, ANNA Euepian.	Asbury, N. J.	Main	1
VIRDEN, LULA Euzelian; C. D. C.	Montgomery, Ala.	Waldorf	1
VOSS, NELLIE Euzelian; K Δ.	Little Rock, Ark.	Waldorf	1
WALKER, MAMIE Euepian; Capital Club.	Richmond, Va.	Waldorf	2
WALKER, PATTI JO Kentucky Club.	Louisville, Ky.	Main	1
WALKUP, MARIETTA	Clifton Forge, Va.	East Tinnymment	2
WALLACE, FRANCES Euzelian; Kentucky Club.	Paducah, Ky.	Main	1
WALSTRUM, MARGARET	Roanoke, Va.	—	1

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
WATKINS, ANNA Euzelian.	Greenville, S. C.	East Tinnymont	1
WATTS, MARY Euepian; T. G.	Staunton, Va.	Waldorf	3
WEST, LILY Euepian; Capital Club; Naughty-Naught Club; Cotillion Club.	Richmond, Va.	East Tinnymont	2
WHITE, SADIE Capital Club.	Richmond, Va.	Cottage	1
WILHITE, LYDIA Euzelian.	Anderson, S. C.	Waldorf	2
WILHOITE, MAMIE Euepian; K O M.	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Waldorf	2
WILKINS, ELIZABETH	Little Rock, Ark.	Waldorf	2
WILKINS, MABEL	Little Rock, Ark.	Waldorf	2
WILLIAMS, MACIE Euzelian; A X K.	Arvonnia, Va.	Main	3
WILLIAMS, MARY Euepian; Kentucky Club; Cotillion Club; F O H.	Lexington, Ky.	Waldorf	3
WILLINGHAM, LILA Euzelian; Treasurer Class '05; Naughty-Naught Club; Georgia Club.	Macon, Ga.	Waldorf	3
WILLS, ELSIE Texas Club.	Dallas, Tex.	Main	1
WITT, M. BRENT Euepian; Δ T B; Capital Club.	Richmond, Va.	Main	1
WOODALL, EMILY President Class '07; Mohican; Kentucky Club; Naughty-Naught Club.	Covington, Ky.	East Tinnymont	1
WOODFORD, MARY Euepian; Mohican; F O H; Kentucky Club.	Paris, Ky.	Waldorf	3
WOODRUF, HARRIET Euepian; Φ K E.	Mooreville, Ala.	Main	3
WOODS, HATTIE Euepian.	Flatonia, Tex.	Main	2
WOOLDRIDGE, ELLEN Euepian; C. D. C.; Texas Club; K O M.	Austin, Tex.	Waldorf	1
WOOLDRIDGE, MABEL Euepian; Yemassee; Texas Club; C. D. C.	Austin, Tex.	Waldorf	2
WORTHAM, MARY Euepian; K Δ; Yemassee; Texas Club; Cotillion Club; C. D. C.	Austin, Tex.	Waldorf	2
WORTHEN, ELIZABETH	Little Rock, Ark.	Main	1
WRIGHT, EDNA Euzelian; Δ T B.		Main	1
YERKES, AMANDA Euzelian; Kentucky Club.	Paris, Ky.	Waldorf	3
ZIETLER, KATHARINE Euepian; Φ K E.	Mooreville, Ala.	Main	2



Officers.

<i>President</i> . . . . .	MISS EMILY WOODALL
<i>Vice-President</i> . . . . .	MISS ETHEL THOMAS
<i>Secretary</i> . . . . .	MISS MARY WATTS
<i>Treasurer</i> . . . . .	MISS LUCY PATTON

Roll.

JANIE BAGBY	MARGARET CADE
VIDA CHISHOLM	LORA CRUMP
CLINT CUNNINGHAM	LUCY DANCY
REBECCA DUKE	JANE GAITSKILL
LOUISE GRAHAM	ELLINOR GRUND
HAZEL HOVER	FLORENCE LOCKHART
ELISE MILES	NELLIE MORRIS
LUCY PATTON	VERNA ROUTH
MARGARET SCHMELZ	EDWINA SELIGSON
MARGARET TALBOTT	MARGARET TROLINGER
ETHEL THOMAS	MARY WATTS
PATTI JO WALKER	FRANCES WALLACE
EMILY WOODALL	
ELLEN WOOLDRIDGE	

## History of the Freshman Class.

**I**N the Fall, while reverend Seniors, studious Juniors, and self-important Sophomores were posting signs on the bulletin board and holding frequent meetings in the Senior parlor and various lecture-rooms, we, verdant young Freshmen, heedless of work and the flight of time, were gambolling on the campus, forgetful that THE SPINSTER would some day appear and call for our representation also. Time went on and still, though strenuous efforts were made by the Sophomores to form a class of us and make us realize the seriousness of it, nothing was accomplished. And so all Winter what shall be henceforth known as the Freshman Class of 1903-1904, wandered through school at its own free will, with no signs and no meetings. But one day some of those mighty Seniors, hearing of our happy, irresponsible state, determined that we should at once be organized with a president and all the other appurtenances of a full-fledged class. A sign went up:

### NOTICE.

Will all those girls who  
have not yet joined a class  
please meet in the Gym.  
immediately after dinner?

### IMPORTANT.

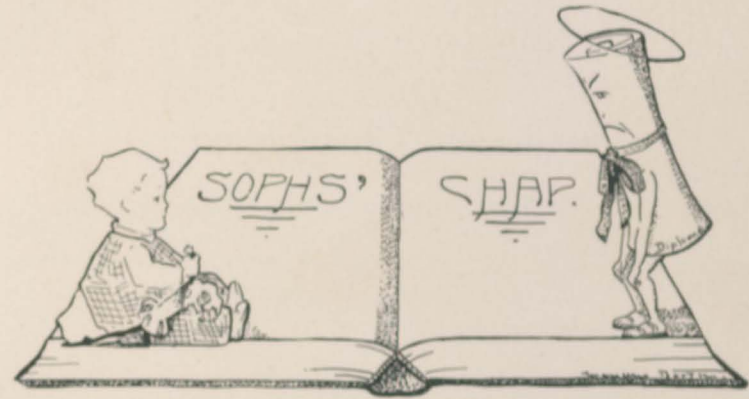
A meeting was held, and our names written down by a committee of Seniors. It was then announced that another meeting would soon be called for the election of officers. This meeting was held with the proper amount of enthusiasm and class spirit, which was heightened by the happy choice of officers.

---

Give instruction to a Freshman and she will get fresher ; give instruction to a Senior and you will get squelched.



FRESHMAN CLASS



Flower:  
Black-eyed Susan

Colors:  
Black and Gold

Motto:  
Qui lente it, lon gum

Officers.

President . . . . . MARY STUART COCKE  
 Vice-President . . . . . LALLIE LEE CARPENTER  
 Secretary . . . . . JOSEPHINE HADEN  
 Treasurer . . . . . MARY WOODFORD  
 Historian . . . . . FLOSSIE DENMAN

Class Roll.

MARY ANDERSON	KATE STEINER	FRANCES LIGON
MAY BOOKER	BERNICE STOLL	ELLA LEONARD
ANNIE BENNETT	ELIZABETH SHERMAN	ETHEL PILCHER
MATTIE BULLITT	BLANCH THORSEN	MARGARET TAYLOR
CUMMINS BULLITT	RUBY CHEWNING	KITTIE TALBOT
MAY COLLINS	ELEANOR DAILY	NELLIE VOSS
LALLIE LEE CARPENTER	WILCIE DICKERSON	LULA VIRDEN
CHARLOTTE CAMPBELL	FLOSSIE DENMAN	MARIETTA WALKUP
MARIA COPELAND	MARY EVANS	MARY WILLIAMS
SALLIE CAMP	VIOLA FOWLER	HATTIE WOODROOF
MARY STUART COCKE	FLORENCE GRUND	MARY WOODFORD
PAULINE PURCELL	PEARL GROSJEAN	MAMIE WALKER
LUCY PURYEAR	JOSEPHINE HADEN	LILY WEST
MABLE PARDUE	ZULA HENRY	MABLE WOOLDRIDGE
MATTIE ROSE	MAUD JOHNSON	AMANDA YERKES
ROSE SATTERFIELD	EDITH KYLE	KATHERINE ZEITLER



## Sophomore Class History.

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**L**AST year we were Freshmen, but this year, when the time came for us to return to work after our vacation, there was not a single one of us who was so very sorry. "For weren't we to be 'Sophs' at last?"

In our heart of hearts we didn't think we had been quite as green as most "Freshies," especially those who had just succeeded to our places. However, when we thought of our past year's experiences, we smiled indulgently. We had not realized then how very ignorant we were, but that was all past now; just as our babyhood days are gone by—oh, ever so long ago.

Still, although we would not say so to them, we *had* felt mortified, the year before, when the silly "Sophs" sang

"Mammie's babies, mamma's chicks,  
Hollin's Freshmen, Nineteen-six."

after us as we passed along the halls and galleries. Of course, we knew there was not any sense in it, but we thought they might have had more delicacy than to make fun of our short skirts and "pig-tails."

But, as I said before, all that was "ancient history." This year we returned to school with a full sense of our own overwhelming importance and, with an assumed air of indifference, we hung around the porches to watch the "Freshies," very green and forlorn-looking, arrive.

We could hardly wait until a sign on the bulletin summoned us to meet in Doctor Kusian's recitation-room "immediately after dinner" on "very important business." We were all there, you may be sure, together with several "new" girls who were able to enter our class. That first meeting was an important one. We elected our officers for the new year and, now, at the end of the term, we are very proud of our selection.

About this time we began to descend from the clouds and realize that "Sophomore" was not only meant to conjure up visions of terror to frightened Freshmen but that, if we ever hoped to be Juniors, the Sophomore year meant hard

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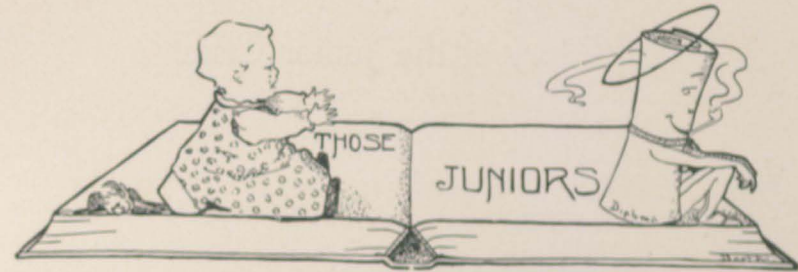
A forward Freshman soweth strife, and playing slams separateth chief friends.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

studying. And, although we could not help regretting that every duty was not so pleasant as the first ones had been, we were glad that we could feel equal even to those for the sake of upholding our Class honor.

Our teachers told us that this year was the time of preparation for the honors and dignities of the Junior and Senior years, and that we were laying the foundations for our next year's work. We soon realized this and set to work with a will. And now, looking back on our year's work we feel amply repaid, for, while not liking to boast, we can truthfully say that some of the highest class honors have been carried off by the Sophomores. And next year, when we shall be dignified Juniors, we hope to do even better.



Officers.

ANITA A. COCKE . . . . . *President*  
 MARY J. CHANDLER . . . . . *Vice-President*  
 LILA R. WILLINGHAM . . . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*

Flower:

Narcissus.

Motto:

Numquam retrorsum.

Colors:

Yale Blue and White.

Yells.

Wick a-wack-a-wive,  
 Lick-a-lack-a-live!  
 Wait for the June  
 When we arrive;  
 We'll be Seniors in 1905!  
 Rally-bo-bo, Rally-bo-be!  
 Nineteen hundred and f-i-v-e!

Junior Class Roll.

LILLIAN ADAMS	ALICE FAULKNER	MARGARET PERKINS
LAURA BARKSDALE	LOUISE GEDGE	HALLIE PATTERSON
BLANCHE BELL	ROSA GILLIAM	ETHLYN POTTS
HELEN BOONE	SINA LEE HARRIS	ETHEL RICE
NATALIE BOONE	HORTENSE HENKING	BESSIE RANDOLPH
GUSSIE BOWLES	LUCY LEE JONES	ELSIE SAUNDERS
MARY BURNETT	ANNA KUSIAN	ROSAMOND THOMSON
EMILY CAMPBELL	LOUISE LAMAR	ANNA WATKINS
MARY CHANDLER	LOOMIS LOGAN	LYDIA WILHITE
ANITA COCKE	CLEVE MARTIN	MAMIE WILHOITE
ROY DENMAN	ALICE MAXWELL	BRENT WITT
BABE DENMAN	MABEL MORRIS	LILA WILLINGHAM
PAULINE EMBREE	MARY NOTTINGHAM	MARY WORTHAM

## History of the Junior Class.

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IN the heart of the historian a feeling of fear arises at the mighty task that has been thrust upon her. To give the annals of this the greatest epoch in our college life were indeed a responsibility such as only the aspirant for undying fame might undertake. But that the noble deeds and splendid achievements of this momentous era may not go unknown and unheeded by those who will, we hope, follow our footsteps, these annals are here set forth.

When in September we met as a body, the first great problem to confront us was that of class privileges. Might we be granted the privileges of going to the Library without permission, or of staying away from soirées to study for examinations, and thus lay ourselves under obligations? As in every great legislative body, the violent and moderate factions in turn held sway. The voice of our leader, like that of Mirabeau, rang out for our liberty and rights. Thus was struck our first blow for freedom.

This crisis safely passed, that old privileged Nobility, the Seniors, threatened the growth of our Class. Our cause strengthened each day. Each Monday with stately, solemn tread, and faces set sternly to the future, we Juniors sought our Assembly Hall, where our most brilliant orators, from ink-bespattered desks, poured forth their fiery eloquence as our great problems of Class colors, flowers, and pins were discussed.

The rage and horror of the Noble Seniors knew no bounds. They had never dreamed that we, the despised ones, would dare to organize and strike for liberty and equality. They even dared at a banquet to utter with contempt the name of Junior! Not content with this, they plotted to crush our aspiring pride forever by publicly singing an hilarious chorus in which they heaped every insult on our heads. The tempest now seemed ready to break. The fires of vengeance burned, but the voice of wisdom prevailed among us and peace reigned. The champions of our cause waxed warm.

And now, after a brief lull, began that most momentous period of our struggle. The tempest indeed broke in all its fury. Destruction lay in wait not only

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The grind considers school life a prison in which we are all serving life sentences at hard labor.



JUNIOR CLASS

for the proud Nobility, but for some of us as well. It were horrible to tell of the Nobles, who, pen, ink, and examination-paper in hand, bravely met their fate. That death-dealing council, the Faculty, passed sentence with relentless cruelty. Each day the number of victims increased. The whole universe seemed to have gone mad! And then the fury of the destroyers turned upon us. Great numbers—the bravest of us—went forth to doom. The protests and pleas of the victims fell on stony ears. The awful work went on. It seemed as if there would soon be no more victims to meet destruction.

At length the frightful work began to cease. The bloodthirsty professors, now fully satiated, ceased their gloomy crimes. Peace spread her white wings; the bitterness between the Noble Seniors and us, who had borne a noble part throughout the struggle, began to grow less.

The Reign of Terror had levelled distinctions, now indeed was the pride of the Nobility brought low. Harsh feelings were forever buried when, in the Springtime, a general merry making—a festival of peace—was given to the Nobles in token of our good will. They recognized our independence and equality.

The cause of liberty has triumphed at last. Next year we shall ourselves come forward as pilots of the ship of state.

The curtain of History falls on this, the greatest epoch of our history. The record of these heroic achievements and *noble deeds*—if it shall have stirred those Juniors who shall follow us to an emulation of their illustrious predecessors—will not have been set forth in vain.



Junior Poem.

With due reverence great,  
And yet with a sigh,  
Every Junior bows low  
As each Senior goes by.

Condescension shines out  
In each Senior's smile,  
Which would comforting say,  
"You'll be here after while!"

How we long for that time  
When we'll be supreme;  
We'll give others skimmed milk  
While we drink all the cream.

Willing slaves we have been  
To their beck and call,  
But we're tired of this now,  
Tired of no pow'r at all.

We refuse "to be fished  
With poles from a pool,"  
And by the kind Seniors  
"To be sent off to school."

Now too long have we borne  
Their jests and their taunts  
While have been neglected  
All our woes and our wants.

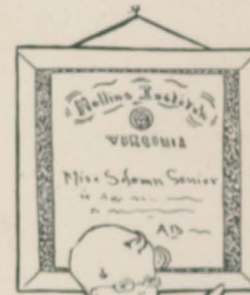
In their hall do they dwell  
Like queens on a throne,  
While we noble Juniors  
Have not aught of our own.

Tho' their rights above ours  
Are only a few,  
They 'o several things  
Which we'd like to do too.

Yet we'd have not one think  
That just sighs and tears,  
Have wholly adorned us  
Throughout all these long years.

The stand of each Junior  
The record book shows,  
And for wit and brilliance  
Them, all the wide-world knows.

We've frowned at our troubles  
And still kept alive,  
And for aye will cherish  
Thoughts of dear old Naught-five.



ARMISTEAD, GERTRUDE . . . . . Churchland, Va  
Eclectic Degree; + M F.



BARCLAY, BERNICE . . . . . Cameron, Tex  
Eclectic Degree; Euepian; Texas Club.



BOOTH, MARJORIE . . . . . Columbus, Ohio  
 A. B.;  $\Phi$  M  $\Gamma$ ; Euzelian; SPINSTER Staff; Final President of  
 Euzelian Society; Vice-President of Senior Class



BUCK, CAROL . . . . . Paris, Ky.  
 Eclectic Degree;  $\Gamma$   $\Theta$   $\Pi$ ; Euzelian; Mohican; Kentucky Club.



CARPENTER, ELOISE . . . . . Clifton Forge, Va.  
 Literary Degree; A P; Euzelian; Captain of Yemassee;  
 Cotillion Club; President of Athletic Association.



CLARKSON, ANNIE . . . . . Jacksonville, Fla.  
 Philosophical Degree; F M G; Euepian; Business Manager  
 of SPINSTER and *Quarterly*;  $\Theta$   $\Sigma$   $\Gamma$ ; Class Historian; Final  
 President of Euepian Society.



COCKE, LEONORA . . . . . Hollins, Va  
 A. B.; A P; Euzelian; Editor-in-Chief of SPINSTER; Yemas-  
 see; President of Cotillion Club; Class Prophet.



FARMER, ALICE . . . . . Frankfort, Ky  
 Eclectic Degree;  $\Phi$  M  $\Gamma$ ; Euzelian.



FORD, HELEN . . . . . Round Hill, Va  
 Classical Degree; Euepian; *Quarterly* Staff.



GEDGE, ERMINA . . . . . Waukegan, Ill.  
 Literary Degree;  $\Phi$  M  $\Gamma$ ; Euzelian; Cotillion Club.





GEDGE, ESTHER . . . . . Waukegan, Ill.  
Literary Degree;  $\Phi$  M  $\Gamma$ ; Euzelian.



KIMBROUGH, LYDIA . . . . . Germantown, Tenn.  
Literary Degree, Euzelian; Tennessee Club; Treasurer of Class.



LAMBERT, ELEANOR . . . . . Hollins, Va.  
Literary Degree.



MAULDIN, CORA . . . . . Anderson, S. C.  
Literary Degree; Euzelian; *Quarterly* Staff; Secretary Class.



ORR, HESTER . . . . . Columbus, Ohio  
Eclectic Degree;  $\Phi$  M  $\Gamma$ ; Euzelian; Cotillion Club.



PURYEAR, ALICE . . . . . Orange, Va.  
Eclectic Degree; S. S. S.



REEVES, ETTA . . . . . Gonzales, Tex.  
Eclectic Degree; K O M; Euepian; SPINSTER Staff.



RICHARDSON, RUTH . . . . . Hartsville, S. C.  
A. B.; S. S. S.; Euzelian; *Quarterly* Staff; President of Class.



SHEPPARD, MARY . . . . . Winston-Salem N. C.  
Eclectic Degree; A P; Euepian; SPINSTER Staff; Captain of  
Mohicans; Cotillion Club; Vice-President of Athletic Asso-  
ciation.



SKEGGS, OLIVE . . . . . Decatur, Ala.  
Eclectic Degree; Euepian; SPINSTER Staff; Yemassee.



SUMMEROUR, MAUDE . . . . . Dalton, Ga.  
Literary Degree; F. M. G.; Euepian; Alcove Club;  $\Theta \Xi \Gamma$ .



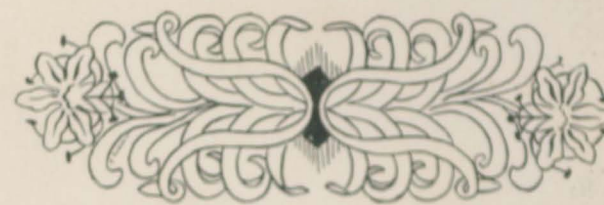
TALIAFERRO, RUTH . . . . . Bunkie, La.  
Eclectic Degree; Euzelian.



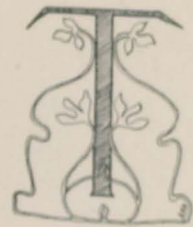
THOM, EMMA . . . . . Ashton, Md.  
A. B.; S. S. S.; Euzelian; Editor-in-Chief of *Quarterly*; Class  
Poet.



WATSON, SARAH . . . . . Ridge Spring, S. C.  
Literary Degree; Euzelian.



## History of the Class of 1904.



THE Class of 1904 is unique in the history of the Senior classes of Hollins. This may be taken as self-praise by our underclassmen, and perhaps, by the Faculty, but we intend to prove to you the truth of our statement. We are unique in that we are the first Senior Class of Hollins that organized as Juniors—in other words, all previous Senior classes have existed for only *one* year, while we, the Class of 1904, have reached the respected age of two Winters.

On Tuesday afternoon, the 28th of October, 1902, the Class of 1904 was organized, and a short time afterward everyone at Hollins had been informed of the fact that there were thirty-six members in the Junior Class. We felt our importance, and tried to impress upon everyone else that we were Juniors. Especially was our dignity asserted by the fact that we would not stoop to take part in the frequent contests between the Sophomores and Freshmen.

At the last meeting of the Junior Class the officers for our Senior year were elected, viz:

President.....	Miss Ruth Richardson
Vice-President.....	Miss Marjorie Booth
Secretary.....	Miss Cora Mauldin
Treasurer.....	Miss Lydia Kimbrough

It was with these officers that the Class met for the first time as the Senior Class in the Senior parlor on Saturday afternoon, September 19th, 1903. It was found that of our Junior Class of thirty-six members, twenty-five had returned to grace the Senior Hall. At this meeting the subject of the "Senior Privileges" which the Class of '03 enjoyed (?), was discussed, and continued to be discussed in every meeting until November, and even in January there was some mention of them. Never shall we forget the ex-tempore speeches, pro and con, and the

sighs with which each meeting ended, until the word "privileges" became a nightmare to us.

It was decided that there should be a social meeting every three weeks, immediately after the business meeting. This feature of our Senior year has been most delightful, for we have come to know our classmates more intimately than ever before. But the most prominent characteristic of these social meetings has always been—the presence of *all* members of the Class; while the *business* meetings are noteworthy on account of the presence of *every* member—except *fifteen* and sometimes *twenty*—of the twenty-five.



We eagerly looked forward to Miss Parkinson's picnic to the Class. At last the 12th of October came, and shortly after nine-thirty, amid the shouts of those who stood on the porches and on the roofs, wishing that for this one day at least they could be a "Hollins' Senior," the two wagons full of happy girls pulled out of Hollins. It was almost noon when we halted in a clump of woods, which concealed a spring. This immediately became the rendezvous. Then we divided into groups and sauntered off in search of pleasant spots in which to read and sew. At the sound of the horn, every-

one scrambled up and ran back to the spring, which was now transformed. The chief feature of the picnic was the composition of the two masterpieces: "O, the Seniors on the bank, and the Juniors in the pool," and "All I want's to be a Hollins' Senior," for which, in addition to *many* other achievements, the name of the Class of 1904 will go down to posterity! It was after five when we got back to Hollins, and announced our arrival by yells which brought everyone to the windows. After jumping out of the wagons, we all stood on the campus to give our last yell for that day.

"Rah for the Naughty-fours."



## MINSTREL SHOW.



Home at 10 o'clock like this.

On the morning of October 19th huge posters announced the arrival of the "Hollins Minstrel Troupe," and it was a breathless audience that evening which waited for the curtain to rise. Finally, that moment came, but it was a long time before many in the audience could recognize the gayly-attired darkies and the chorus girls in white as the grave and dignified Seniors. The versatility of the Class was proved beyond the shadow of a doubt in the musical numbers, the clog-dance, the "stuttering stunt," and the local jokes. But even surpassing the minstrel show itself was the "Grasshopper Opera." Truly, this was a revelation to Hollins' folk. The fate of the grasshopper "Who sat upon the sweet-potato vine," was most vividly portrayed, and the "big turkey-gobbler, who came up behind and destroyed him as he sat upon the sweet-potato vine," strutted forth to claim his share of the honors. But the most striking personage was the Herald with the great horn, who announced the "Horrible Occurrence." Truly, this opera was the greatest of our triumphs.

It had been rumored that the Seniors would be "at home" to the Juniors, and time verified the rumor. We assembled in our hall on Monday evening, November 23d, to welcome the girls of 1905, and a very merry evening it was too. The time was gone all too soon, but there was left behind a hint and the consolation that the Juniors would follow the precedent we had set, and that some time in the Spring the order would be reversed with us as the guests of honor; and so, we began to look forward to that time.

Saturday evening, February 27th, found the Seniors in the Senior parlor anxiously awaiting their guests, the Hollins' Faculty. Some of the latter had great difficulty in guessing the names of the members of the Class, but many showed great "guessing powers"—perhaps even more than we have often exhibited in the various classrooms.

On Thursday evening, March 3d, we congratulated ourselves upon being Seniors more than we had ever before done, for with the Faculty, we were invited by "Miss Matty" to meet Mr. and Mrs. Turner, in the Hollins' parlor. Needless to say, we all accepted. The evening was certainly the most delightful we have ever spent at Hollins, and when we got back to our rooms after eleven, we felt that life as a Senior was well worth the living.

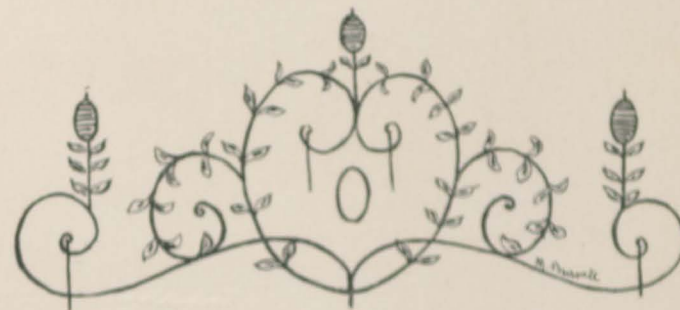
On Monday afternoon, the 4th of April, the Juniors and Seniors mingled on the lawn. In a short while the Juniors were singing to us

O, the Juniors on the bank,  
And the Seniors in the pool!

as we ran madly about in our hunt for our particular baskets, and then for the Easter eggs. The reception later in the "Junior parlor" was enjoyed more than ever on account of our unusual exertions. We all came to the conclusion that the Juniors were just about "the finest Class that Hollins ever knew"—of course, excepting '04.

It is hard for a person who has been one of the actors in the events which have been recorded to write an impartial history of them. I have not been able to go into the "causes and various ramifications of the subject," nor do I think it necessary to give the effects. You see for yourselves the result of our work in that we stand before you to-day as a Class—the graduates of 1904! In the words of our Class Poet let us

Then lift the brimming cup of youth  
And drink a toast to-day,  
To love, to purity, and truth—  
May they attend our way.



Senior Class Poem.

Raise high the brimming cup of youth  
And drink a toast to-day,  
To love, to purity, and truth—  
May they attend our way!

We stand upon life's threshold bright  
And look across the years,  
Aglow with hope's enchanted light,  
Undimmed by sorrow's fears.

Behind the journey we have trod  
Lies mingled gray and gold,  
Now bright upon the hills of God,  
Now chilled with sorrow's cold.

We've played through many sunlit hours;  
We've tasted pleasure's cup;  
We've strayed 'mid childhood's garden flowers  
With pure delight to sup.

We've worked with willing brain and heart  
Nor yet withdrawn our hand,  
And now once more before we part,  
We shall together stand.

And drink to Hollins, dearer far  
To each than she can tell,  
Our pure and lofty guiding star  
The heart of each loves well.

To those, our teachers, who so long  
Have given us their best,  
Here's to them thanks, oh full and strong,  
With loyal hearty zest!

And here's to you, oh schoolmates dear,  
Success, a happy life!  
And may you find the future clear  
From sorrow's bitter strife.

And you, oh girls of 1904,  
Who bravely fought and won;  
Now school and childhood dreams are o'er,  
And broader life's begun.

May each in life find what shall bless,  
As through the world you pass,  
May joy, and peace, and happiness  
Attend you, dearest Class!

So, drink to Hollins 'mid her hills,  
Our Alma Mater dear,  
No mention of her name but thrills  
The heart of each one here.

And drink the Class of 1904,  
Each loyal one and true!  
God's blessing rest forevermore  
Oh girls, on each of you.

Then raise the brimming cup of youth  
And drink a toast to-day,  
To love, to purity and truth,  
May they attend our way!

### Break, Break, Break.

Break, break, break,

On this cold gray day, O soul!  
And I would I'd that lost diploma  
That now brings me such dole.

O well for the Freshman lass,  
That she shouts with her mate at play!  
O well for the Sophomore,  
That she sings and ever feels gay!

And the stately Juniors go on  
To their safe, diploma-lined bourne;  
But O for the touch of a vanished sheepskin,  
That a Senior lost and mourned!

Break, break, break,  
Ere the Senior reception, O soul!  
But the bad luck of a day that is dead  
Will bring me again such dole.

## The Affair of Polly Schoolgirl.

"My," said Polly, "there go the lights! And I'm right in the midst of copying this French exercise."

"And I was just excusing myself for stopping my letter by saying, 'There go the lights,' when, sure enough, I was left in the dark," answered Madge. "That's an instance of the perversity of inanimate objects; all I wanted was time enough to sign my name. But that's all right; I'm not going to be cheated out of it, anyway."

"How will you manage it?" asked Polly, mildly interested.

"Get up on the trunk and put my paper on the window sill, where the front-door gaslight shines in just for my convenience," and, so saying, Madge scrambled up on the trunk and triumphantly affixed her signature to the letter.

"My exercise is due to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock. I wish I could copy it that way," said Polly, ruefully, when the performance was over and the two girls were preparing for bed. "I really can't imagine what I'll do next Summer when I can have lights to undress by."

Polly and Madge were roommates and as good friends as girls often get to be. That this was their third year together in that trying relation is undoubted proof of their love and friendship for each other.

After things in the room had become quiet, Madge said:

"By the way, Polly, you never did finish telling me about that house-party you attended at Mrs. Grayson's last Summer. Suppose we have a social evening and you tell me some more about it." "Social evening" was Madge's name for the after-light chats the two so often held.

"Oh, there's not much to tell, and I'm sleepy. But if there's any special point on which you wish information, I'm ready," replied Polly.

"The other day when you were telling me about that lovely hay ride, you did not say

whether or not Ned Freeman was there. You and he used to be such friends."

"Yes, used to be," said Polly, emphasizing the "used" considerably.

"Why that tone, pray? Aren't you now? You talked about him lots and I thought you liked him real well."



In some respects our sweet girl friendships are like the Faculty play—there are great many intermissions.

"Well, I don't like him any more," muttered Polly. "In fact, quite the opposite."

"Pity," said Madge. "And he such a nice, gentlemanly fellow. How did it happen?"

"Why," scornfully, "he tried to boss me, and you know I don't take that from any one. Wanted me to stop boating and playing tennis with that swell Mr. Harper. I just hate him."

"Who; Mr. Harper?"

"No; Ned Freeman."

"Well," said Madge, meditatively, "I hope you'll make up, for I certainly do miss those big boxes of Huyler's he used to send you. Do you suppose Mrs. Grayson will have another house-party next Summer?"

"I don't know," said Polly, shortly, "but one thing certain, I'm not going if Ned Freeman is to be there. 'Make up,' indeed! Madge Wood, you don't know me as well as I thought you did," and with this Polly turned over as if the subject was dismissed once for all. Madge said nothing, but thought a few minutes and then fell asleep, thinking of big boxes of Huyler's.

\* \* \* \* \*

On a sultry June morning Mrs. Grayson sat on her front piazza writing invitations to her house-party. Mrs. Grayson was a widow and, having no family of her own, was very fond of having her young friends with her. Her annual house-party was looked forward to with great pleasure from year to year, for Mrs. Grayson, besides being a pleasant hostess, always selected a congenial crowd of young people for her house-parties. But this morning she seemed to be in a quandary trying to study out some problem, for she gnawed the end of her pen and looked thoughtfully at the white cat contentedly purring in the sun on the steps. The lady's indecision was due to the fact that she could not determine whether or not she should invite Polly Payton to the house-party. Polly's mother was her best friend, and she was quite fond of Polly herself, but there was another consideration. Ned Freeman, her nephew, was also fond of Polly, and Mrs. Grayson had noticed that they had not been on the best of terms at the last house-party. Ned had not been his usually merry self since, and his aunt had guessed that this was mainly due to Polly Payton. Seeing Ned coming across the yard, she acted on the spur of the moment and beckoned him nearer. She had decided to drop a hint and see if all would not work out by itself.

"I suppose you can guess what I am doing," said she, pleasantly, indicating the papers on the table, as the tall figure of her nephew drew near and Ned flung himself on the steps.

"Writing invitations for the house-party," said Ned, smiling rather forcedly,

as he thought what an ill turn the last party had done him, in estranging Polly from him.

"That's just it," said Mrs. Grayson, assuringly. "I'm going to ask the same girls that I had last year with the addition of Madge Wood, Polly Payton's friend. I've asked her because Polly is so fond of her, and I thought that perhaps she would add to her enjoyment of the trip. You're to choose the boys—now who shall they be?"



"So you're asking Miss Payton and her friend, Miss Wood?" Mrs. Grayson noted that formerly they had been Polly and Ned to each other.

Ned mentioned several of his friends, but Mr. Harper's name was not among them. Note number two for Mrs. Grayson.

"Now that's arranged," said Mrs. Grayson, briskly. "But from your face you don't seem to be anticipating much pleasure. Now, sir, you're to be my mainstay amusing the girls, so you might

as well busy yourself and begin to make plans right away."

"I don't imagine they'll find me very entertaining," mused Ned.

"Oh, yes, they will. Just be nice to them all. That is the secret of success with girls, even if you wish favor with some special one. They sometimes like it better than even heart-whole devotion," returned his aunt, cheerily, and with not the faintest suspicion of the air of a person wishing to drop a hint. "But I'm keeping you. If it isn't too far out of your way I wish you'd drop these in the mail-box for me," and she handed Ned a pile of letters ready for the post.

"No trouble at all, Auntie," responded Ned as he took the letters and strode off. So he was to see Polly again! But with this pleasant thought was mixed anxiety as to how they would get on together when they should meet. Was his aunt trying to tell him how to make her like him? Anyway he would act upon her suggestion. This decision having been made, Ned's spirits rose considerably, and he whistled a merry tune as he went toward the postoffice.

When Polly read her invitation the next day, she was delighted to learn that Mrs. Grayson had also invited Madge to the house-party.

"Who'd have thought it!" she exclaimed. "Madge Wood there! And she doesn't say anything about Ned Freeman. I suppose he's away somewhere."

Whosoever hideth herself in the closet is sure to leave her dress sticking out, which betrayeth itself.

That decides it for me—I'm going. To think of seeing dear old Madge again!" and Polly tripped upstairs to look over her dresses and decide which to take.

About a week later she and Madge were met at the station by Ned Freeman. Ned was very courteous and agreeable to both girls, but in no way showed any preference for Polly. Indeed, as time passed, he seemed much to prefer Madge. She was his chosen companion at boating and tennis, and the many other amusements of the young people, which, of course, made her stay at his aunt's a very pleasant one. Madge saw through the scheme and good-naturedly acquiesced.

But it was very different with Polly, for although that very attractive girl was never without admirers, she was greatly piqued by Ned's indifference, and finally came to the conclusion that he had never liked her at all, since he had so quickly turned from herself to her friend. So she tried to show her indifference by flirting with other members of the party and paying no attention whatever to Ned. Polly was generally ill-humored with Madge, and flew into a tantrum whenever the latter mentioned Ned's name, or made any pleasant remarks about him.

Madge then thought that she had done enough and decided that the time had come for her to leave. So, accordingly, she announced one morning that she had heard from her mother, and must go home immediately on account of sickness in the family. That afternoon Ned and Polly accompanied her to the station. As Madge took leave of Ned in the car she said earnestly, "I hope you and Polly will soon be the best of friends."

"Thank you, Miss Madge," said Ned, gravely. Then, seeing that she knew his secret, he added, "I honestly hope so too. You've been a perfect dear to try to help me," and with a hearty handshake he was out of the car beside Polly, waving good-byes to Madge as the train passed out of the station.



When Ned started to drive back he turned the horses into a long, roundabout road. Polly had heard him call Madge "dear" and she was more angry and unhappy than she cared to admit, even to herself. When she saw what Ned had done, she exclaimed crossly:

"Why don't you go back by the shortest possible way? You know we hate each other, and the sooner we get there the better." Polly's dark, piquant face was flushed with anger, and her eyes blazed through the fast-rising tears; but Ned in no way showed any vexation, for his face was as calm and

his deep blue eyes as steady as if he had never in his life been the least irritated.

"I'm sorry if you hate me," said he, gravely, "but if you think that I hate you, you could not be further from the truth." And then Ned explained everything to her, and, even if Polly was perverse and unbelieving, they must have come to a satisfactory conclusion for, when the two, after much delay, had reached Mrs. Grayson's, even the sight of their faces was enough to satisfy the anxiety of that kind-hearted lady.

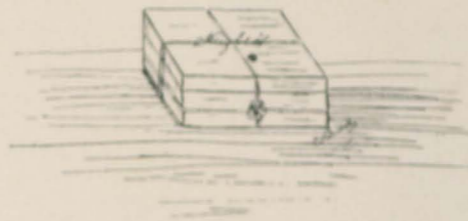
\* \* \* \* \*

The next time that Polly and Madge met was on their return to college the following Fall as full-fledged Seniors. One day, not long after the opening of school, when the two friends had been tacking up pictures and posters with a will, as they discussed the pros and cons of their courses for the session, Madge suddenly inquired:

"By the way, Polly, how is Ned Freeman? I think he's so nice. Haven't you ever gotten to like him any better?"

"We are—friends now," said Polly, looking in another direction, and mashing her thumb in her misdirected zeal in driving a tack. "And I've two lovely new pennants, Madge, that I think will look fine in here."

Madge now greatly enjoys the big box of Huyler's which Polly receives every week and sometimes oftener.

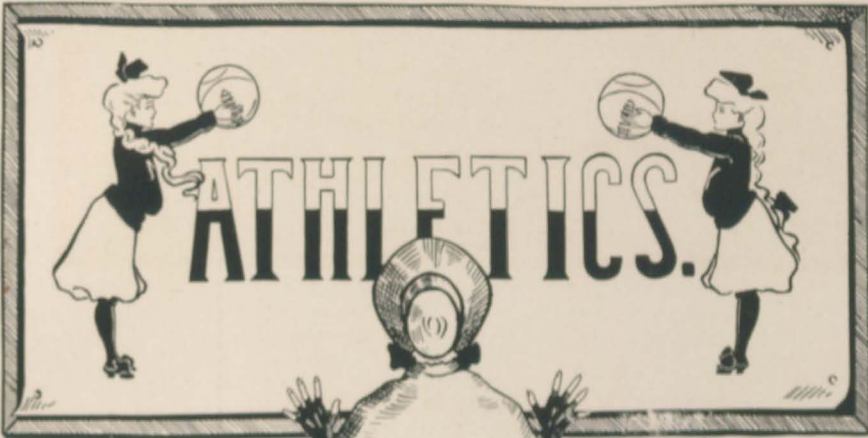






## NIGHT.

*Peace, after all the noise and glare of day,  
Peace, that doth calm the struggle-wearied heart,  
That wraps all in a silence far apart  
From din and toil of life's long, bitter fray.  
Oh night! Thou bearest with shelt'ring arms away,  
Our spirits from the world's swift-rushing mart,  
To where, within thy halls, dream-voices start,  
Whose music like a flood breaks into spray,  
And lifts us on its tide of rhythm, slow  
That ebbs and flows upon the sea of dreams.  
Thou, Night, has gentle hands, and whispers deep  
Of peace and rest, and faint, sweet songs, so low  
They lull us softly 'neath the stars' pure beams,  
Until we drift into the Sea of Sleep.*



## Athletic Statistics.

ELOISE CARPENTER . . . . .	President
MARY SHEPPARD . . . . .	Vice-President
CAROL BUCK . . . . .	Tennis Manager
MARY WORTHAM . . . . .	Golf Manager
MISS HANSON . . . . .	Fencing Master

### Executive Committee

LEANORA COCKE

MARY WORTHAM

MARJORIE BOOTH

ALICE FALKNER

MARY NOTTINGHAM



ATHLETIC OFFICERS  
SHEPPARD-CARPENTER



M. E. COCKE  
- UMPIRE -

J. A. TURNER  
- COACH - - -  
MOHICANS

F. W. DUKE  
- - - COACH -  
YEMASSEES

COACHES AND UMPIRE



MOHICAN TEAM, 1903.

*Center, TALBOTT*

FORWARDS

*Right, BUCK*

*Left, BRONSTON*

CENTERS

*Center, DENMAN*

*Right, CARPENTER*

*Left, BARCLAY*

GUARDS

*Center, WOODALL*

*Left, SHEPPARD*

WOODFORD

SUBSTITUTES  
SATTERFIELD

LOGAN



YEMASSEE, 1903.

DUKE (Coach)

FORWARDS

*Centre, DAILEY*

*Right, FARQUHAR*

*Left, CHEWNING*

*Sub., HENKING*

CENTERS

*Center, WORTHAM*

*Forward, WOOLDRIDGE*

*Back, BULLITT*

*Sub., SKEGGS*

GUARDS

*Right, PILCHER*

*Center, CARPENTER (Capt.)*

*Left, COCKE*

*Sub., GRUND*

## Tennis Club.

CAROL BUCK, *Manager*

M. E. COCKE, *Coach*

MARY NOTTINGHAM    ETHEL PILCHER    LEONORA COCKE    ELOISE CARPENTER

SINA LEE HARRIS    SUSAN BRONSTON    ETHEL FARQUHAR    ETHEL RICE

ANNA RICHARDS    LILIAN ADAMS    FLORENCE GRUND

BESSIE RANDOLPH    HORTENSE HENKING    AVLETTE HENRY

CALLOWAY SQUIRES

BLANCHE HILLS

ELEANOR DAILEY

CLINT CUNNINGHAM

LIDIA KIMBROUGH

ANNA CLARKSON

BELLE CAVE

EDITH KYLE

LUCY LEE JONES

GERTRUDE ARMSTEAD

MARGARET SCHMELZ

NATALIE BOON

MARY WOODFORD

CAROL BUCK

FRANCES WALLACE

MARY WILLIAMS

LUCY PATTON

PATTIE JO WALKER

VIDA CHISHOLM

ANNA PARSONS

LOUISE GRAHAM





TENNIS CLUB

## Golf Club.

ELOISE CARPENTER, Manager

ETHEL FARQUHAR	OLIVE SKEGGS	ANNIE CLARKSON	LOUISE GRAHAM
ROY DENMAN	MRS. F. W. DUKE	FLORENCE GRUND	HORTENSE HENKING
RUBY CHEWNING		ELEANOR DAILEY	MARY WORTHAM
BEBE DENMAN		MABEL WOOLDRIDGE	PAULINE EMBREE



GOLF CLUB

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**Euzelian Play Committee**

MISS HESTER ORR      MISS MARY CHANDLER  
MISS ELOISE CARPENTER

**Director of the Play**

MR. JOS. A. TURNER

**Manager of the Play**

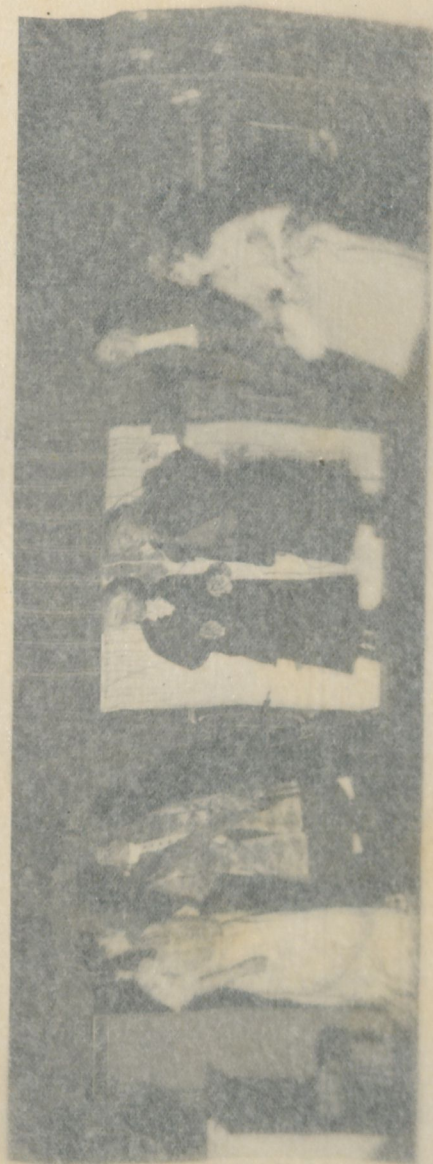
MISS HESTER ORR

**Costumer of the Play**

A. T. JONES & SONS, of Baltimore

---

MISS ELIZABETH H. FROST at the Piano  
MR. BRUNO MICHAELI, Violin



LADY OF THE...

## Fencing Club.

MISS HANSON, *Fencing Master*

MARY WOODFORD

MARY TALIAFERRO

MARGARET TALBOTT

MABEL MORRIS

MABEL WOOLDRIDGE

ELLEN WOOLDRIDGE

VIRGIE HONAKER

SINA LEE HARRIS

MARY WORTHAM

MARJORIE BOOTH

PAULINE EMBREE

HORTENSE HENKING

ERMINA GEDGE

SUDIE STROTHER

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MARY EVANS

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HORTENSE HENKING

ERMINA GEDGE

SUDIE STROTHER

MARY WATTS

MARY WILLIAMS

MARY EVANS



FENCING CLUB



## To Second French Class.

GIVE me your attention. (Looking around at the empty seats.) Reserved seats! Why are they not filled by the family of Denmans? Occie did not bring me a billet-doux from Miss Parkinson. Now, why am I like the government of the Catholic church? Because I have to hire Occie (*hierarchy*). (Laughter from class.) That will do now. Miss Rosa? Ah! you are here. Have you been fumigated from the measles? You look pale. You young ladies who have pale complexions should take a tonic of fresh air and iron. Once I knew an old man, a friend of mine, who was opposed to iron. His daughter, Miss Mary Anne, was sick and pale. I said, 'Miss Mary Anne, will you please to give me a drop of your blood?' I had a microscope. I had gone to Louisville at that time to get that wonderful microscope from the health office. I took a drop of Miss Mary Anne's blood and examined it, and found few globules. I insisted upon giving her a tonic for three days. Couldn't be any harm in that. All right. (Giving a satisfactory shrug of the shoulders.) I gave it to her nine times. Then I said, 'Miss Mary Anne, will you please to give me a drop of your blood?' Then I put it on the same arrangement and counted the globules and found an increase of four hundred per cent. I hope you see that point. (Murmuring throughout the room.) Wait a minute now; sounds like a bedlam in here. Who can tell me where we get that word bedlam. Ugh, me! tremendous question. Bedlam is a lunatic asylum of London—a place of noise and confusion, and from this we get our word bedlam. (Class "Cute.") Its true society is made up of donkeys, trying to be what they are not, but you can see through their ears. You look into and see. (Opening his book.) Now let me see; we had reached what point in our last lesson? I hope you understood the difference between *savoir* and *connaître*. There lies the point. It is tremendous. Aye, to the student who studies French—as I have told you, we have not that point in English. Why, suppose you wanted to modernize a classic, how would you do it? Wonderful point. (Backward movement of right arm.) Take for example the statue of Jupiter, miserable scamp that he was. Put eyes in the

peacock's tail to watch his wife, Juno. What's the point? To modernize a statue of Juno you must put a cocked hat on his head and a cigar in his mouth. All these points you must know. That's the question—'To be or not to be.' (Raising both arms above the head.)

"Now, Miss Louise, what was the point about *savoir* and *connaître*? Ugh! gracious me! All evaporated. I will have to use a little more of my red ink literary laundry in your exercises. *Savoir* is to know thoroughly. Do you *savoir* yourself? (Class "Yes.") Goodness me, no. You don't know yourself even physically. Doctor Drake would have to stand aside if he wished to explain to you how your breakfast turns to finger-nails, etc. It is a mistaken idea that the appendix can be superannuated. If we are improved monkeys it is so—to shed our skins like snakes. Why is there so much appendicitis to-day? Here's the point, if you wish to know it. (Puts his book under his arm.) The digestion takes place in a certain length of time. Pork is digested in five hours. Cucumbers are never digested. I reached here at midnight, and the first thing I saw—it was on Sunday evening in New York. I saw two feet in a window. I said, 'Wait a minute'—good gracious me, what does all this mean? The gentleman I saw was propping his feet higher than his head. The cause of appendicitis is from the American habit of putting the feet higher than the head—compressing the body at an acute angle. Now, I hope you have understood that point about *savoir* and *connaître*. (Talking throughout the room.) Give me your attention, please. Empty bench makes the most noise. At the rate you are going you can count a billion in an hour. Let me see—can you count a billion in a day? If you were like Pascal—have you ever heard about that great mathematician, Pascal? Well, never mind, we haven't time to discuss that now. (Laughing.) You must be talking about that ice-cream-freezer social you had last Monday. All these receptions are howling farces—when we put our first foot forward. I would not be surprised if Mother Eve—after the fall, I mean—if in the presence of another woman, of course—why, do you know what this great question in the United States is to-day: It cost us something like five hundred thousand dollars to settle the question of precedence about who should sit at the head of the President's table. He is like the lady in the Nibelungenlied, who would not wash her hair in the river because a peasant woman washed her hair in the same river. Now, what is the point we wish to say? If Mr. Roosevelt were killed, Mrs. Hay, Secretary of State's wife, would then be the first lady in the land. This evening Mr. Hay is killed, then in the morning the Secretary of the Navy would be President. By dinner time he is killed, and then the Secretary of War, and so on until they are all killed. I would not be at all surprised if such a state of affairs comes some day. You will live to see it—see. Then Congress meets to elect a President. Fine country. Hope I have made that point clear. (Shaking head.)



Oh, me! if we just had time—time to see all these things. What is time? Gone—gone—all evaporated. Time is a comparison between past and future. Present is an unknown quantity. There is no present. Well, I can't blame you. This new system of things. It doesn't suit me. I can't teach French in an hour. They took that other hour away from me. Free country! (Terrible cracking sound in the pipes.) Ho! what's the matter now? Poor circulation of steam in the pipes. Don't bother about that now. Please to give me your attention down there. So it is with these points. What was that point we saw in Dosia, '*Alui qu'on aime ne ressemble par aux autres.*' Young ladies, put this behind your ears. And about *que* and *qui*. That song I taught you yesterday illustrates it. Oh! goodness me, evaporated. (All sing.)

"*Oh! qu'il fait donc bon qu'il fait,*" etc.

"That point about *savoir* and *connaître*. I wish you to know you will have it in your next grammatical review. You can't understand all these points to save your life. Brother Edgren does not make them very clear."

Class: "Doctor Kusian, the bell has rung."

"Goodness me! (Class rises.) Please to wait a minute. I hope you have understood these points. To-morrow we will have a grammatical review on the irregular verbs, personal pronouns, the omission of the article and adjectives. You will find it all in Edgren. That will do for to-day."

(Exit class, and Doctor Kusian raises windows.)

*A. J. L. Kusian.*

## Lecture: Uncle Billy.

(PSYCHOLOGY.)

**T**WO-O'CLOCK bell heard outside. Uncle Billy walks slowly to his desk, frowns, looks around, then carefully moves to the door and looks out, returns with a heavier frown and assumes an angry tone: "Well, where is everybody? They aren't all here. Where is Miss Mauldin? 'Sick.' Miss Nat-ta-lee? 'Sick.' Miss Farmer? 'She is coming.' Where is Nora?"

"Well, if you don't want to come I can't help it; it is hard enough to teach

those present, but, young ladies, it is utterly impossible to teach those not present. It seems the very easiest thing in the world at this Institute now to obtain absence from the main things; too much pleasure-seeking.

(Sweetly, with a smile.) "Miss Willingham, what is consciousness? That's right. Sometimes you are so much engaged you don't hear the bell, and frequently so absorbed that you don't hear the bell for class. Ain't that so, Nora (who has just entered, out of breath)? Nora, what is attention? Um-hum, that's right—everybody knows what attention is, except schoolgirls. Sometimes, when I pass a question from one pupil to another, I have to wake the pupil up before I can get the question answered. Now, there are two main factors in attention; Miss Denman, what are they?"

(After brief silence.) "I don't believe I know, Uncle Billy."

"Why don't you know; you've got twenty-four hours in a day to study one lesson." (Loud whispering over class.)

Uncle Billy (sadly, to girls): "Young ladies, I can not teach unless you give me your attention. I am an old man, and I've been trying to teach for forty years, but if you know more than I do, I'll be glad to let you teach in my place."

(Picks up his text-book from his desk, opens it and reads silently for a few minutes, and, still glancing at book.) "Miss Thorn, what is the subject of our lesson to-day?"

"Feeling and Emotion."

"That's right. Do you feel very much? Yes, that's right. People think a great deal of their feelings. Isn't this the worst thing a person could say to you: 'You hurt my feelings' (with a quaver in his voice).

"Well, now, Miss Richardson, suppose you heard a person say, 'I'm angry; I'm so mad.' What would you say? Well, yes, that's right. Suppose you heard him say, 'I love, I love.' Now (smiling), Miss Richardson, what would you say? Who? Yes; now would you ever forget the color of that young man's hair or eyes if you were interested in him?"

"I don't believe I would; in this age there is a great thirst for romance."

Uncle Billy (with a large yawn): "*De gustibus non disputandum.*"

(Stretching himself, and beginning to count pages.) "Well (smiling), in order to illustrate the principle of contrast, I'll let you go a little earlier to-day, young ladies. (Slamming his book down.) Take the next ten pages."

(Exit class, talking and laughing.)

*Wm. H. Pleasants*

## Mr. Cummings.

(SHAKESPEARE.)

LIT. GIRL: "I must read this paragraph over! It's 'W' day and he's sure to call on me." Enter Prof. (pushing hair from forehead): "Where did we leave off last time, Miss Wilkins? Ah, Miss Wortham, will you take up the reading to-day? (She reads.) How did you pronounce v-a-l-e-t? It is correct in all literary and cultured circles to pronounce the *t*. You have authority for saying valé(t)? Well, please overlook all authority in this class except my own, hem. This next paragraph is an exceptionally beautiful one—one of the finest in all literature—yes, yes (in stentorian masculine tones) this has infinite depths of pathos and sublime flights of fancy—not *fancy* exactly (in feminine treble), but imagination. It is so beautiful we will just skip over it.

"The next, as I take it, stands alone in its class; the marvelous descriptive power is characteristic of its author. That you may appreciate it, I will read it to you. Yes. (Profuse bowing of head, reads.)

"Now, as to the play we are studying, what would you call it, Miss Wright? (No answer.) Anybody. No; Miss Watson, not a blood tragedy, but a tragedy of blood. The difference was explained to me by my professor at Columbia, for whom, by the way, I have the deepest respect. And, as to the character of Juliet, she is the poet's *darling*. (Silly giggles from class.) (Mr. Cummings, confused.) I think I may use that term—it is purely technical.

"Miss Booth, can you tell me what love is? (Eagerly, and not waiting for an answer.) Love is that indescribable something without which (becoming embarrassed) —er—er— Anybody—er—Miss Booth, will you tell us? (After pause, Miss Booth answers decidedly, in a deep voice: 'I—don't—know.') Well, perhaps that is a little hard. I'll just look that up and tell you the next hour. (Slowly and painfully presses an emaciated hand to his forehead, starts to speak and finally drops his hand with a despairing gesture.) I am not feeling very well to-day, er—er—that will do, you may be excused. Read up Dowden, Coleridge, and Hudson on *Romeo and Juliet*, and prepare Sidney Lee's "Life of Shakespeare," and we'll continue with the fourth act of *Romeo and Juliet*, and, if you have time, read *Midsummer Night's Dream*." (Exit class.)

J. A. Cummings.

## To Sophomore History Class.

MISS Satterfield, what were we talking about when the bell rang? (Flirts handkerchief.) The Hundred Years' war! Now, go 'way, Miss Satterfield, where were you? (Angrily.) Not at all. Will you ever learn to concentrate your minds, and not give me little desultory facts when I want the reasons and causes of things and the effect of things—underlying principles. Tell me, Miss Carpenter. *Exactly*; the effect of the One Hundred Years' War. *Exactly*; now don't go on. Let me ask questions, I prefer it. What was—now please take this into your minds, young ladies, and don't try to *narrate*, when all I want is the gist of things, for this requires the deepest thinking you have ever done in your little minds—reading novels and thinking that as soon as you know Charles married Catherine or James Joanna, and how handsome this or that one was, that you know history!

"Why, I once had a girl to come to me and say she had studied history for a *long* time. She had read 'Janice Meredith,' 'When Knighthood was in Flower,' and lots of other histories (getting up to close a window), and you are all just as silly. But this subject that we have to-day has so many sides that we are apt to wander a little—not that this is not all important. Feudalism was not allowed to reach a great height by the English, where? In England. Now who was—Miss Skeggs, if the wind is blowing on you just get up quietly and move your seat without a word. (Raps on table.) As I was saying, who was on the throne of France during the reign of Philip Augustus? (Smiles sarcastically.) You can't tell me, can you? You haven't ever heard of Philip Augustus, have you? Miss Redden, will you take that plant off that bench and put it on the next, I'm afraid it will get broken? *Exactly*. Philip Augustus, as we were saying. Is that the bell? Very well, we must stop. Now we have been over a great deal to-day and I have tried to show you how history must be studied without memorizing little words and facts from your text-book, which should only suggest others. That will do for to-day." (Goes to shut all windows.)

Exit class.

A. C. Sowell.

## Lecture by Dr. George Werter Drake.

ON THE COFFEE HABIT, THE CANDY HABIT, ETC.

(By special request on Thursday night, so as to conflict with IV. English Composition.)

YOUNG ladies, I have met with you here this evening to speak on a subject of which I can truly vouch that you are wholly ignorant, but of which I, not to speak boastfully, am as competent to lecture on as is any man on this terrestrial globe.

My subject is: The Candy Habit; The Banquet Habit; The Coffee Habit; The Chafing-Dish Habit; The Peanut-Butter Habit; The Peter's Chocolate Habit; and other habits.

The development of the body is seriously retarded by a morbid condition of the cerebro-spinal system. If people are determined to continue the pernicious candy habit, they should keep their bodies saturated with sodium chloride. The American women are the champion candy eaters of the world. Young ladies, stereotype this on your brain—beware of the candy habit—flee from it as you would from the creeping viper or the black-winged vampire. If called upon to entertain a thoroughbred hog, I would provide a variety of foods, feed him freely and frequently. Is a man a hog that he must be champing half his time or poking stuff down his throat to be happy? "Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine; she seeks neither place nor applause, she only asks a hearing." These are solemn words and I fully endorse every word of them.

We now come to the discussion of uric-acid. Let me remind you, however, that the chemical formulæ for it and caffeine in tea and coffee is identical,  $C_8H_{10}N_4O$ ; and the chemical formulæ for the obramin and theophyllin in chocolate, coffee, and tea is identical— $C_7H_8N_4O_2$  L. Excess of uric acid in the cerebral capillaries is the cause of very many of "the ills that flesh is heir to."

The Nineteenth Century birthday gift to the Twentieth Century—the chafing-dish and the after-dinner coffee cup—what are they, my hearers? Curses? Yes, curses in disguise. Outwardly they are dainty little things, but inwardly their contents are as "the ravening wolves, seeking whom they may devour." We shall presently see that suicide is a result of errors in diet, i. e., of meat-eating and dinner dances; tea-drinking and eating peanut-butter; coca-cola and sardines; pickles and salted peanuts; and last, my *young* listeners, *that* Peter's

candy; and that selfishness, low moral tone, murder, war, revolution, and loss of religious belief, are results of these and similar identical causes.

"Casting pearls before swine," some one has said. *Swine?* Yes, *swine*, a very apt definition of people who eat, eat, eat, eat, eat—live to eat.

As the spiritual effect of preaching so will be the physical effect of this lecture—to some "a savor of life unto life," to others "a savor of death unto death." I thank you all very kindly for your undivided attention.

G. W. Drake.





### Does a College Education Pay?

We wish to advance here a very few arguments in favor of the affirmative of the above-mentioned question, to cite a few examples of the numberless opportunities afforded a young woman in our great American colleges (i.e., Hollins, situated in the "Peaceful Valley"), to gather a knowledge of practical affairs, which knowledge we believe to be of more value in fitting her for a life of usefulness and felicity, than even a study of Physiology under Dr. G. W. Drake.



Our germans serve very nicely as experiments  
in the Social Science Course.



We find fencing much more  
beneficial than Gym.  
work.



The student body, feeling keenly the need of a department in Domestic Science, has been enough interested in the school to look into the matter, and I think it can be safely stated that ninety-nine per cent. of the young ladies have taken this class as an extra.



The study of the English Drama, under Mr. Cummings,  
has so inspired his class with a love of the Dramatic  
Art that a rendering of Bulwer's "Pauline"  
was a task easily accomplished by one of  
his pupils.





Mr. McLaughlin's department store  
furnishes a rich field for experi-  
ments in the Business  
Course.

### The Truant Page.



He stood, a page with golden hair,  
And gazed adown the vale,  
Past palaces and gardens fair,  
To where, with snowy sail,

A ship along the river fled  
Beyond the budding wood.  
"I'm tired of the court," he said,  
"I'd wander if I could!"

He looked through all the gardens wide—  
No chamberlain in sight,—  
"I'll take a holiday!" he cried,  
"And not come home 'till night!"

He slipped away 'neath fragrant trees  
Whose blossoms waved on high;  
He ran swift races with the breeze  
That singing, passed him by.

He kissed the violet's eyes of blue,  
And plucked the hawthorne sweet,  
He wandered elfin dingles through  
With happy, careless feet.

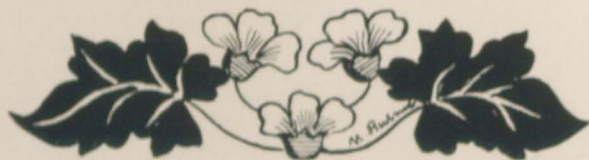
The alders' pollen, fairy gold,  
He shook from tassels gay;  
The frisking lambs, loosed from the fold,  
He chased along the way.

He mocked the birds with whistle shrill,  
And sang in Springtime glee;  
He dabbled in the dancing rill  
Beneath the willow tree.

He played throughout the sunny hours,  
In woodland glades of green;  
And dallied among dainty flowers  
Fit for a fairy queen.

He saw the moon, a crescent slim,  
Hang in the golden West;  
"It's time for bed," said flowers to him,  
"The birds have gone to rest."

He wandered home 'neath sunset sky,  
A tired, happy wight.  
And loving stars looked from on high  
Down through the sweet Spring night.



## Aunt Julcie.

Aunt Julcie! How the name calls up scenes almost forgotten, and brings back the picture of a face that I shall ever cherish as one of the dearest memories of a happy childhood!

With a broad forehead, a wide, smiling mouth and glistening teeth, it was a good, kind face, infinitely patient. All fear of the sudden anger threatened by snapping black eyes was quickly dispelled by the kindly furrows about their corners and the broad lines about the lips, and the ridiculous little "wrappings" of hair which stood up all about her good-natured face. Aunt Julcie was low and heavy. Her large frame, her broad shoulders, her ample bosom, stamped her at once as a typical Southern "Mammy."



And a second mother she proved to us children—I love best to remember her seated beneath a large hackberry on a warm Summer afternoon, mending holes which our ever busy feet wore in the stockings faster than she could ever hope to mend them. Never pausing in her work, she kept a watchful eye upon our every moment, never allowing us to stray far from the old patch-work quilt where the baby lay clutching at his worsted tassel.



In our many quarrels, Aunt Julcie's was our highest court, from which there was no appeal. By her instinctive tact and ready sympathy, many childish conflicts were averted and the wounded feelings of the injured ones soothed.

As you clung about her neck, with your eyes shut tight to keep back the tears and your little red nose buried deep on her ample shoulders, you would hear her say:

"Doan' cry, honey, doan cry. Dey jes treats mammy's honey baby like a

little yaller puppy-dawg, dats what dey does," and it was wonderfully comforting.

Presently the convulsive sobbing ceased, for mammy was whispering into your ear a most fascinating story of the marvelous adventures of "Brer Rabbit and the Tar Baby." And soon the children, who had been pretending they didn't care, would crowd about and beg to hear the story too.

Wonderful, indeed, to us were her stories. She knew all about how Brer Rabbit made Brer Mud Turtle let go Brer Fox's tail; why the pecans had a soft green wrap about them; how the grass-burrs had been changed by a cruel fairy from violets to their present shape—a constant menace to little, bare feet.

But better than these were her stories of "hants" and "sperits." For who could be so well qualified to tell them as Aunt Julcie? Hadn't her own



grandmother surely seen old Mis' Lizzie's "sperit" come set on the gatepost, in slavery time, and glare at "Marse Tom," when he took a second wife?

Having all the Negro's fear of the unknown, she was extremely superstitious, and told, with bated breath and rolling eyes, of the things she had seen and heard. It was only in cases of the most violent sobbing, however, when Brer Rabbit had proved ineffectual, that she could be prevailed upon to relate her ghost stories.

"No, honey," she would say, "dey's too skeery for chillun to hear—Yo' ma doan like fer me to tell you no sech tales, nohow."

Those were happy days, spent on the old patch-work quilt, beneath the great limbs of the hackberry.

The fruit almost dropped right into your mouth, and you could lie on your back for hours at a time, with your head in mammy's lap, just staring at the clouds.

Aunt Julcie was, in her simple way, a true lover of nature. She it was who taught us the language of the leaves; and how to listen for, and hear, the voices of the grass; she it was who first taught us to lie flat on the ground, with our heads pressed into the long Bermuda grass, and not to move, no matter how the long stems might tickle. As you lay waiting, mammy would whisper:

Shake well before U-sing.

"Hush, chillun, doan you hear it a-callin'?" And, presently, we too, could hear a faint stir, distant yet close, like the murmur of the ocean in a shell. It was a sound of all out o'doors, a mingling of the whispering leaves, the rustle of grass, and the voice of warm Earth herself—a sound that was felt rather than heard.

Aunt Julcie knew the names of the birds and the bugs about us, and always had a story to tell of them. From her we learned to make the grasshoppers "spit tobacco juice," and learned to recognize the tarantula's hole, and to fear the tarantula catcher and the devil's horse.

Happy days they were to us, though I am afraid they were not always so to Aunt Julcie, for we were often very trying.

I wonder that even her love for us could have made her always so patient, so ever ready to serve us. The sacrifices made so cheerfully, the hours of toil given so willingly, and the love and tender care lavished upon us, are at last fully appreciated by "Aunt Julcie's chillun."



"Carmen ad Sodales."

(With apologies to Horace.)

*Argument:* Thou sulphur fount near Tinker, give to us of thy sparkling water. Touch not grape juice; the sulphurous qualities of the river Styx.

"Ad Sodales."

(To my companions, with apologies to Horace.)

I.

Quaff the sparkling wine from the sulphur fount,  
Near snowy Tinker, thou most lofty mount.  
(I am in a dreadful plight,  
I can not make the metre right.)

II.

Shun the grape juice from the store,  
Touch it not forevermore,  
(Skip a class; hie to the spring;  
To-morrow will thy squelching bring.)

III.

'Twere joy to dwell by the river Styx,  
Since sulphur doth with the waters mix  
(This is not done with just precision,  
As yet I've made no good ellision.)

IV.

From the tasks that e'er do rack us,  
Turn thou to this sulphur Bacchus.  
(Of my weary mind, a trophy,  
Thou seest in this Sopplic Strophe.)

ALL NOTIS THIS

THE COMITE ON A RANGEMENTS HAVE BIN MAIDE AND A4SAID COMITEE  
HAVE BIN IMBUED WITH POWER TOE ACT.

ACT WON (1)

THEIR WONT BEE NO ACT TO NITE—TUESDAY. EVERYBODY WORNTS  
TO REST TO NITE AND THE COMITEE HAVE DECIDED TO LET THEM ALL  
WREST ALL THEY CAN,  
NOW IF YH CAN'T WREST DONT BLAIME US. NOTE fUTHERMOORE AFTER  
TONITE YU GOT TO DU WHAT WE SA.  
WE SA \_\_\_\_\_ ACT TOO SHALL BEE A BOOK PARTY. THIS PARTY  
WILL BE HELT IN THE GIMMA JYNNA JIM (I CANT SPELL THAT BUT YU  
KNO what i MEAN). ALL MUST CUM AND BE LIKE A BOOK WRIT IN THE  
LAS 10 YEARS. THEM WHA IS GOIN TO BE LIKE BOOKS MUST TELL MISS  
ARMSTEAD WHAT BOOKS THEY IS LIKE SO ALL UV EM WONT CUM AS  
"ORDRAY."

THIS PARTY WILL BEE WENSdy NITE AT 7.30 P. M. A PRIZE WILL  
BEE DO NATED BY THE CHMITEE AND WILL BEE PRÉSINTED BY THE HoN.  
LUSHEN H. COX, PRESIDENT OF THE BARASSHOSHASHUN OF AMERIKA  
& OF THE BOOK LOVERS LIBERRY. (THE PRIZ IS A \$1.50 BOOK AT \$1.08  
CENTS AND THE CUMITEE HAS RAISED 42 cents & WILL APPRESHATE A DOL-  
LAR AND ATE SENSE MOOR.

ACT THREE (3)

THARE WONT BE NO ACT 3 SO FAR AS THE CUMMITTEE IS CONSUENDED.  
ON THURSDA NIGHT THE C U CHMITEE IS INVITED TO A PARTY AND IT WILL  
BEE BIZZY GETTING REDDY FOR THIS A BUY MENS HUNED PARTY.

ACT FORE (4)

Ac 4 WILL BEE A VODERVIL SHo. IT WILL BE A FINE I SHORE. A NUTHER  
oR AS SUM SA A SUB CUMITEE WILL CE ABOUT THIS. AND IF THA ASK YU  
TO DEW A STUNT YH WILL HAV TO DEW IT oR TAKE THE CoRNCQ UENCES  
WHICH IS TO BEE PUT TOO BED AND KEPT THARE 2 OR 3 dais.

ACT FIVE IIII.

ACT 5 WILL BEE A FINE AC. IT WILL BEE A FACULTEE, MEETIN AN ALL  
UV THE FACULTEE WILL B THARE.  
IMPORTANT BIZNIS WILL BE TRANSLATED AN IT WILL BEE FINE. THIS WILL  
BE SAD-DY NITE AT 7 thirty P. M.

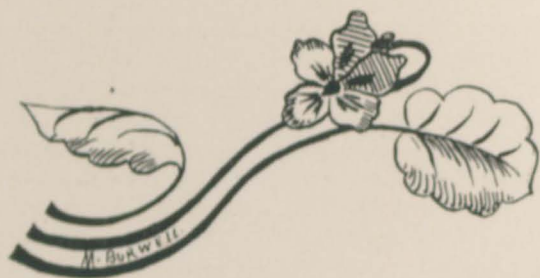
i FORGOT TO SA THAT ACT 4 WILL BEE FRYDA NITE AT 7.30 O CLOCK P.  
M. AND THAT ON THIS OKASHUN A LITTLE OFFERING WILL BEE MA/D AT  
THE DORE FOR HE POOR LITTLE OPANS AT THE ORFANAGE AT SALEM  
SUM OF THE ORFANS ARE LITTLE & SUM OF THEM IS BIG BUT ALL OF EM  
WOKNTS SUM CAKE & CANN NDY and oranges for NU YEERS & WE ARE  
GOING TO SEND THEM A HOLE LOT IJ WE CAN

RESPECFULLY YOURS TO

COMMAND (YU)

THE CUMITTEE ON A  
RAINAGEMENTS.

DEC. 28th 1903.



A Tell-tale Sunbonnet.



HIS is a tale of my great-grandmother Betty. I have often looked at the big oil portrait of her over the mantelpiece in the dark, roomy parlor, and wondered if she could have been guilty of any disobedience. But it is so, because my Uncle Dick used to tell me about it when my mother was nowhere near. Not that it is the least bit wicked—but, still, my Uncle Dick knew that my mother would not countenance his holding up such an example before the young.

It was this way. My great, great grandfather was a stern old gentleman, and his daughter, great-grandmother Betty, was a mad-cap. It took him several years during her girlhood to completely realize this, for none could have been more demure and obedient in appearance than great-grandmother Betty. And that is the reason I wonder when I look at her picture.

In that long-past, lavender-scented Southern life, girls grew into young ladyhood at sixteen, and boys of twenty were men and paid court to the different belles with serious intent. Great-great-grandfather did not see how quickly his daughter had grown from a wee bit of a child to a slip of a girl and then to rounded, slender maidenhood. And I know for a fact that when the young gallants came to call on Mistress Betty, her father could not see the real object of their visits, and was prone to talk at length to them on the question of slave management or the cotton market, Betty all the time sitting demurely by. But Betty

Encouraging words are as Peter's Chocolate—sweet to the taste and health to the winner.  
Philopena.

at home was one girl, Betty abroad quite another. When the old-fashioned dances were given, and Betty had permission to spend the night with her best friend, all went well. The young beaux to Betty's string were numerous, for none could resist her coquetry and vivacious prettiness. She scattered favors with impartial hands "until," and here Uncle Dick lowered his voice—"until, my dear, she met your great-grandfather, Steve Leyman."

Steve Leyman had always been termed "an indifferent dog," but when he met Betty he was roused from indifference, and became her abject slave. You see, he was completely nonplussed, because she, unlike the others of her sex whom he knew, treated him with the very same smiling indifference with which he was accustomed to arm himself. Everyone spoke of the transformation in him. The hitherto scornful and indifferent Steve began to devote himself to the fair Betty. As long as he was humble she treated him disdainfully. But Steve was proud with the pride of a long line of aristocratic ancestors, and soon Mistress Betty found that her slave had revolted. This was an unheard-of thing, and she was piqued. For weeks she did not see him. Then they met again at a dance, and whether it be that the doctrine of affinity is sound, or that Steve's will was indomitable, I do not know. But anyway, on that night Betty became conscious of a strange, new sensation. And on that night she modestly admitted that she often rode to "Cedar Top," her cousin's home, in the morning—and, especially the next morning.

So it happened that Betty rode forth to her cousin's the next morning, ostensibly to consult her on matters of dress. It was a peculiar coincidence—Uncle Dick always said "a well-arranged coincidence," for he was fond of a paradox—"that Steve Leyman, too, rode forth on the way to 'Cedar Top.' And Steve was so handsome, mounted on his big chestnut horse, and Betty's face was so bewitching under a frilled pink sunbonnet that"—and here Uncle Dick would sigh, as if words were inadequate.

But the pink sunbonnet was their undoing. For you must know that my great-great-grandfather had no idea, ever even thought of Steve Leyman. Then, a neighbor, whom Uncle Dick termed a "meddling, mischief-making rascal" told great-great-grandfather that Betty and Steve Leyman had the "Cedar Top" road as a trysting place. Now, my great-great-grandfather was a man of action, and he summoned Mistress Betty to him. And then his daughter's will proved a counterpart of his own. She would not, *would not*, promise to forget Steve. It was useless to argue, and she was sent to her room. Great-great-grandfather shut himself up in the big library. But Mistress Betty, the disobedient, ordered her little black mare and cantered away down the road to "Cedar Top." It was

Now I have a box from home, everybody bids me good morrow.

then she met Steve, and it was then, as they rode side by side, that he declared his great love for her. And then—Uncle Dick said—Steve leaned over and kissed Mistress Betty. The pink sunbonnet slipped from her head and quietly fell to the road and lay there by the side of Steve's silver-handled riding whip. For who has such a remarkable anatomy that he is able to hold a riding whip, a hat, a bridle, and, at the same time, what is far more important, keep one arm around a maid?

They rode on and Betty, with anger-flushed cheeks, told Steve of her quarrel with her father. Meanwhile great-great-grandfather's anger had cooled somewhat, and so he, too, rode forth to "Cedar Top" to consult Betty's cousin.

"Steve Leyman," he thought, "Steve Leyman is a fine young man—of good blood, of good Southern blood, but Betty," and he contracted his brows, "why, Betty is a mere child."

He looked down. The pink sunbonnet and the silver-handled riding whip lay in the middle of the road, and the pink sunbonnet had a saucy, determined little air about it. Great-great-grandfather stopped and dismounted. He picked up the whip, and looked at the initials, "S. L." He said nothing but, as he held the little sunbonnet in his hand, there came before him the radiant picture of Betty, and then of Betty's mother. Ah, she was but nineteen when he married her, and how happy their short married life had been! And Betty—why, she was nineteen now.

"Ah, well," and the stern old man sighed, "I had hoped to keep her longer, but youth will be youth, and love *will* be love, and Betty *will* be Betty."

And so he remounted and rode to meet them with a tender, reminiscent smile lighting up his face.





### Norman Alberti.

Of all the people gathered here  
And more precious than silver or gold,  
The nearest and dearest to every heart,  
Is Norman Alberti, just two years old.



Now a jockey—he gallops by—  
A straight stick for his fiery steed;  
He hears not our calls but passes us by  
The voice of no one does he e'er heed



No one can tell just as he does,  
How little Y. K. goes "Bow wow wow"  
How little chicks say "peep" and lambs say  
"Baa,"  
And the old deaf, gray cat goes "meow."



No other child, with just such skill,  
Could such sketches as these ever make—  
These drawings he did without any aid  
With a stroke which is firm and does'nt  
shake.



A quite bright little man he is  
With fat cheeks and his bright golden curls  
The most petted and loved by everyone—  
The very best idol of all Hollins girls.



### The Butterfly.



T was a warm evening in April, just after supper, and a crowd of boys, sitting on the Linden House steps, were singing "Dear Old Pal." The still evening air carried their voices across the campus so clearly that a lad, sitting at an open window on the other side of the quadrangle, could hear the snatches of conversation between verses. Down the street another crowd, in the familiar pink, or white, or blue negligee shirts and light trousers, were playing baseball. "Little" Archer, at the window, watched the big, athletic fellow behind the bat with envious eyes.

A tall, thin occupant of a new gray suit and patent leathers was making his way across the fields to pay his semi-weekly call on that Miss Endicott, the pole-star of all the Academy boys.

Oh, what would not "Little" Archer give to be one of those fellows in the gang on the cottage steps, or to be pitching to Cabot, the Varsity catch—or even to be Jack "Bandvlegs," as that immaculate gentleman was called, if he could go to see Miss Endicott.

He had tried, tried as hard as he could, to push nearer a front place in the ranks. He had gone out for football, the way the old fellows had told him to. But he was too slender, even for quarter. He had been kicked about and worn thin by playing "sub" on the second all the Fall, and then failed to make his numerals. He had heard the coach say as he walked off the field, "He's got grit—but no football."

He had tried for the *Bulletin*, the weekly paper, but the editors told him he didn't get items of enough importance, and that anyway there wasn't much chance for more candidates. Then he had tried for a managership by collecting "ads," but he found that the other boys had begun in the Summer to interview firms in the city for front sheet advertisements. He was just one lost in the throng, that was all. Yesterday Charlie Cabot had told him to come out for his class baseball team. Candidates were to report at the Gym, at two p. m. on Thursday. He would not go. What was the use? Had he a chance, even with his old reputation for a "steady eye," against those Varsity men?

As a door turneth upon rusty hinges, so doth the slothful girl upon her bed at 7 a. m.



He turned away from the window and walked toward the center of the room. There his eye alighted on a card stuck in his mirror. It was a "Prom" ticket that he had bought that morning. Why in the world had he bought that ticket? Who would he know at that "Prom?" Would anybody know him?

"Little" Archer ran his hand through his hair, and was thoroughly discouraged.

The fellows were coming across the campus now, singing:

"Drink good cheer to our Alma Mater."

*His* Alma Mater! He had done very little for her, and, it seemed, she had also done very little for him. Nevertheless, he would go to the "Prom." He could dance, at any rate, he thought rather bitterly. The resolution came to him with a sort of pleasure, even through his downheartedness, and he scratched his acceptance hastily.

The next night "Little" Archer was at the "Prom," very good to look at in a new dress suit. Across the room Miss Endicott, in a spangled blue dress, surrounded by devoted swains, stood out like an unapproachable star. "Little" Archer walked determinedly up to Charlie Cabot, standing among the stags.

"Look here, Cabot, could you introduce me to Miss Endicott? I very much want to meet her."

"Why, I'll ask her, certainly, Archer," and Cabot, wondering at the "prep's" spunkiness, walked across the floor to where a witchery, gray-eyed girl was gayly holding court. After a short parley, he returned to the anxious Archer.

"Why, yes, come along. You won't get any dances though, I'm afraid, Kid."

But Pauline Endicott was very gracious, and Archer found himself lucky enough to secure one dance—early on the programme, too.

Somehow, the girl's engaging way had a faculty of drawing out the ideas and experience, or lack of experience, of her partners. Very young, but very winning, that was what caused her to be so popular. Sympathy made her a discoverer, and it was not long before "Little" Archer found himself in the midst of a disclosure of all his most reserved thoughts.

"Can't you go out for baseball, Mr. Archer? If you have any ability at all, there is a splendid opening for a pitcher."

Mr. Archer modestly replied he didn't know; he supposed he hadn't had any experience worth counting. But as the girl encouraged him to try, the thought came to him: "I'd like to show her I *can* do something. If I could only make something at baseball, I wonder if she would think I were worth as much as Jack 'Bandylegs.'" Encouraged by the thought, Archer, though he left the

topic of his own interests, as he was not naturally one who talked much about himself, forgot everything in talking to and looking at Miss Endicott.

At first, with a purpose to make her partners angry, but afterwards, because she was thoroughly fascinated by the merits of this engaging, extremely devoted youth, Miss Endicott danced a great deal—and walked out more—with "Little" Archer. When he at last told his good-nights, she said:

"Be sure to go to the Gym, to-morrow, won't you? Some day soon you will be so very proud of what you've done that I shall be afraid of you."

"Little" Archer laughed and said:

"I shall want to come to you first of all, then. May I?" And when she said yes, he went away, his head rather dizzy, but his heart very light.

Promptly at two next day "Little" Archer presented himself at the Gym. When it came to his turn, he gave in his name as candidate for pitcher. The coaches and old men eyed the modest-looking Freshman critically, and whispered:

"Another one! They all think they can fill that place better than any other on the diamond, *at first*." But aloud the captain said:

"Go ahead and pitch Cabot a few balls."

All crowded around to watch the new candidate. It was a trying situation, and the coaches knew it and tried to make it all the more trying, for half the test of a pitcher is *nerve*, as they well knew.

"I never heard of this fellow," one of them said, yawning. "He can't pitch."

"Little" Archer stepped into the pitcher's box, settled himself, looked over his ball, and shot it like a streak of lightning, over the plate. The ball stung Cabot's hands through his mit, and he looked up surprised, but said carelessly:

"Throw me half a dozen, straight."

The new candidate sent half a dozen balls, clean over the plate, then he tried a few curves. "That'll do," said Cabot.

"Little" Archer thought within himself:

"No; I can't pitch either. I was a conceited fool to try. Why should I have thought I could? *She* will be disappointed after all." He walked away, trying not to look discouraged.

The coaches looked at each other in tickled astonishment.

"Look here, Archer, where are you going?"

"Little" Archer turned around quickly.

"You seem to have a veteran arm. Report on the field with the Varsity to-morrow, and we might have some work for you."

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If you would know the value of knives and forks, try to borrow some from Mr. Bradley.

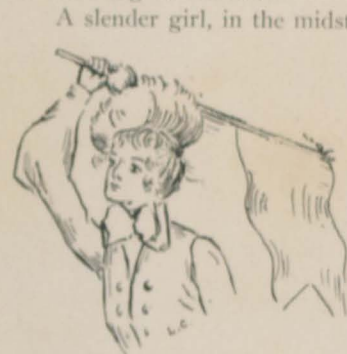
"Little" Archer's heart gave a big bound. "Yes, sir," he finally said—and, "Do you suppose she *could* have been right?" he thought to himself, as he walked away.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a day of all days for the big game. There was no wind, and the sun dazzled earth and happy blue heavens with its own brightness. The big bleachers were a mass of waving flags, and an expectant crowd was gay in reds and blues. The band was playing:

"Drink good cheer to our Alma Mater,  
All glory to the blue!"

And then the great mass of people rose in their seats to cheer; for the teams were coming on the field.



A slender girl, in the midst of the crowd, in a close-fitted blue suit, watched them, and cheered with sparkling eyes. A straight, wiry lad, with a determined look in his eyes, took his place in the pitcher's box. But before he began he turned slowly around and looked towards the bleachers. He looked until he seemed to have found what he wanted, and smiled. It was "Little" Archer.

Pauline Endicott gave a little gasp of excitement and reddened, but smiled out all her encouragement and faith, and the game began.

From the start, sun and kind Fate seemed to be with the home boys, dressed in blue. Every opponent that came to the bat was put out sooner or later by the grim, olive-looking pitcher, or by his sturdy supporters. But a ball sent too high from Cabot's hand flew over "Little" Archer's head. A yell went up from the red grandstand. The short-stop stumbled and missed it. Those that wore the blue groaned. Home flew one red runner; around the bases flew two others. Would that ball ever be stopped? "Little" Archer's heart pumped hard. It was caught at last and all started in with new determination. But the Academy team was a little shaken. A hit, and two more of the enemy came in. The reds were ahead. Was it going to be disgrace after all? The coach on first was chanting:

"Steady, there. St-e-a-dy, there."

But, somehow—was his nerve going? "Little" Archer looked toward the grandstand and a slender girl in blue stood up and waved a blue flag.

The next ball started a series that put out every red man on the field. A

roar swept across the diamond and the boys were swaying back and forward yelling:

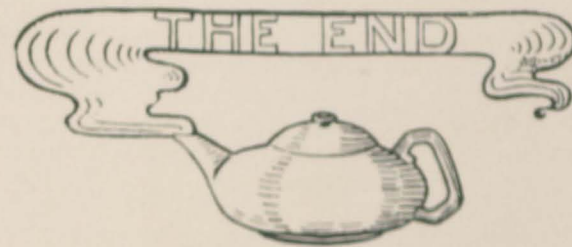
"Archer! ARCHER! ARCHER!"

How it happened he never knew, but soon the crowd were pouring out of their seats, and the hoarse cheers they gave set the air reverberating: "Archer! ARCHER!" and he felt himself lifted into the air, and the crowd of his *own* school below him, swaying around him and cheering. What was it they were cheering? Why, it was his own name! They had won! Yes, it was too good to be true. But what were they making all this fuss over *him* for? He hadn't done anything. He struggled to get down, but they held on to him—they, the "big" men, the fraternity men, the athletes, bore him off on their shoulders, shouting his name in triumph.

\* \* \* \* \*

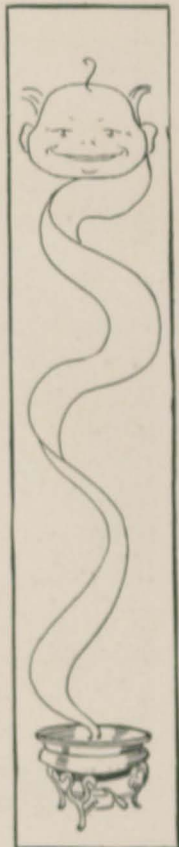
A little later, in the Athletic Association rooms, a tiny, fragrant note was brought to Mr. Archer.

"Are you too proud, or do you still want to come? I am not, after all, afraid to ask you"—was all it said.





CLUBS  
AND  
ORGANIZATIONS =  
of diverse descriptions  
**SERIOUS**  
and  
**GAY**  
**GREAT**  
and  
**SMALL.**



# Y. W. C. A.

---

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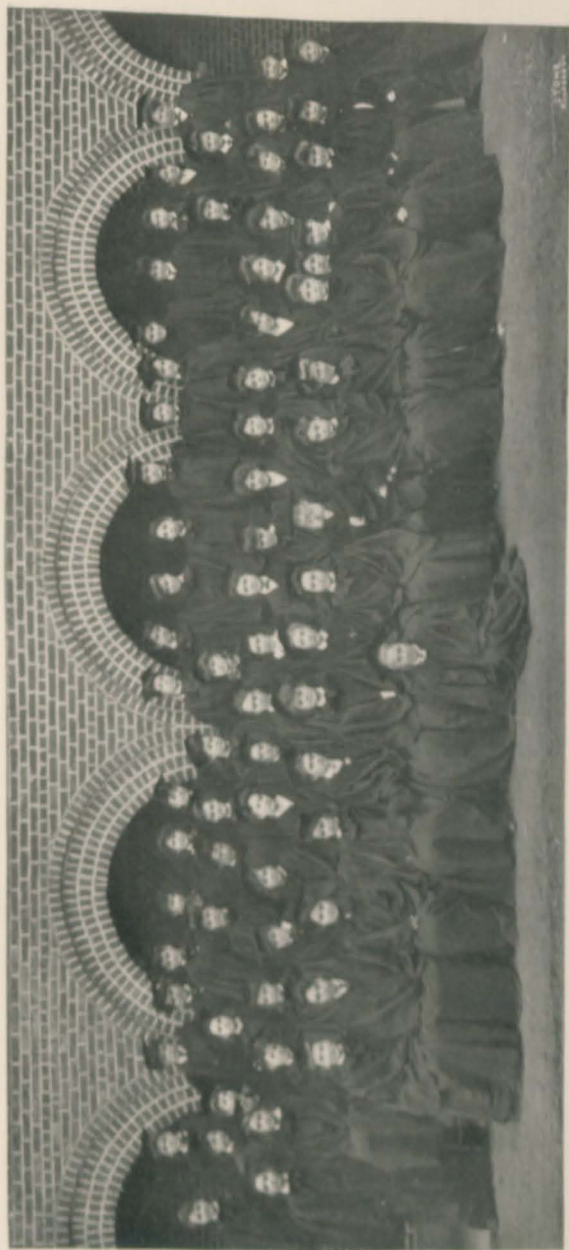
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MARY SHEPPARD . . . . . *Secretary*

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EUEPIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

HOLLINS' THEATRE

Programme



“Fanchon, The Cricket”

PRESENTED BY

THE  
EUEPIAN  
LITERARY SOCIETY

Monday, December 14th, 1903.

7.30 P. M.





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## Cast of Characters.

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Fanchon (her original character) . . .	MISS MARY WORTHAM	
Father Barbeaud (a rich farmer) . . .	R. BAXTER	
Landry . . .	} Twin Brothers {	. . . . . L. SMITH
Didier . . .		
Etienne . . . . .	. . . . . B. BARCLAY	
Pierre . . . . .	. . . . . B. M. DENMAN	
Colin . . . . .	. . . . . MISS WITT	
Father Caillard . . . . .	. . . . . BRENT WITT	
Martineau . . . . .	. . . . . L. A. CLARKSON	
Old Fadet . . . . .	. . . . . MISS MARY LOUISE THOMPSON	
Mother Barbeaud . . . . .	. . . . . MISS LILY M. WEST	
Madelon . . . . .	. . . . . MISS MARY STUART COCKE	
Marlette . . . . .	. . . . . MISS HELEN BOONE	
Susette . . . . .	. . . . . MISS JENSY LOOP	
Manon . . . . .	. . . . . MISS ANNIE CLARKSON	
Annette . . . . .	. . . . . MISS LALLIE LEE CARPENTER	

---

### ACT I.

SCENE I.—A room in the home of Father Barbeaud on the twin farm.

SCENE II.—An open landscape—before the house of Old Fadet.

### ACT II.

SCENE.—A large hall in a Village Inn.

### ACT III.

SCENE.—Same as Act I, Scene II.

### ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Open landscape.

SCENE II.—Same as in Act I, Scene II.

### ACT V.

A year later.

SCENE.—A rich peasant-room in the Barbeaud's house.

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## Executive Staff.

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General Manager . . . . .	D. Hanson
Acting Manager . . . . .	Joseph A. Turner
Stage Manager . . . . .	M. Cabell Sheppard
Electrician . . . . .	Y. Lane
Properties . . . . .	A. Clarkson
Musical Director . . . . .	Bruno Michaelis
Treasurer . . . . .	H. Boone
Ticket Agent . . . . .	L. Montgomery West
Chief of Ushers . . . . .	M. Summerour
Matron . . . . .	Mrs. Frank W. Duke

Costumes Gotten From R. T. Jones & Son,  
Baltimore, Maryland.

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## Scale of Prices.

General Admission . . . . .	25c
Reserved Seats . . . . .	40c

Children Under Three Years of Age Not Admitted.

Patrons will please report to the managers, in person or by letter, instances of inattention or misdemeanor on the part of any attaché of this theatre.

Peanut eating positively prohibited.

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Sulphur water will be served to the audience.

Persons finding lost articles in any portion of the theatre will please leave them at the ticket office. The Manager will not be responsible for articles placed under the seats.

Smoking positively forbidden in the foyer.

Physicians who have patients to whom they may be called suddenly, and who have heretofore remained away from the theatre for fear of being out of call, in such cases, can now leave their seat number in the box office, and be called as quickly as in their office.

---

### **To Lady Patrons.**

The established rule at the Hollins Theatre, requiring ladies to remove their hats, bonnets, or other head-dress, while witnessing the performance, applies to all parts of the Auditorium, excepting the boxes. It is essential to the comfort and convenience of our patrons in general that this rule be strictly enforced.

Ladies who are unwilling or unable to conform to the rule are earnestly requested to leave the Theatre without delay, and receive the price of their tickets at the box office.





"FANCHON, THE CRICKET"



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<i>October</i>	MARJORIE BOOTH . . . . .	MARY J. CHANDLER
<i>November</i>	ELOISE CARPENTER . . . . .	MARY AUGUSTA BOWLES
<i>December</i>	SINA LEE HARRIS . . . . .	CAROL BUCK
<i>January</i>	ROSAMUND M. THOMSON . . . . .	LYDIA KIMBROUGH
<i>February</i>	RUTH W. RICHARDSON . . . . .	SARAH P. WATSON
<i>March</i>	LENA A. RUDD . . . . .	ETHEL D. POTTS
<i>April</i>	FRANCES K. LIGON . . . . .	BELLE CAVE
<i>May</i>	MARJORIE BOOTH . . . . .	LYDIA KIMBROUGH

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BESSIE C. RANDOLPH

### Treasurer.

MARJORIE BOOTH

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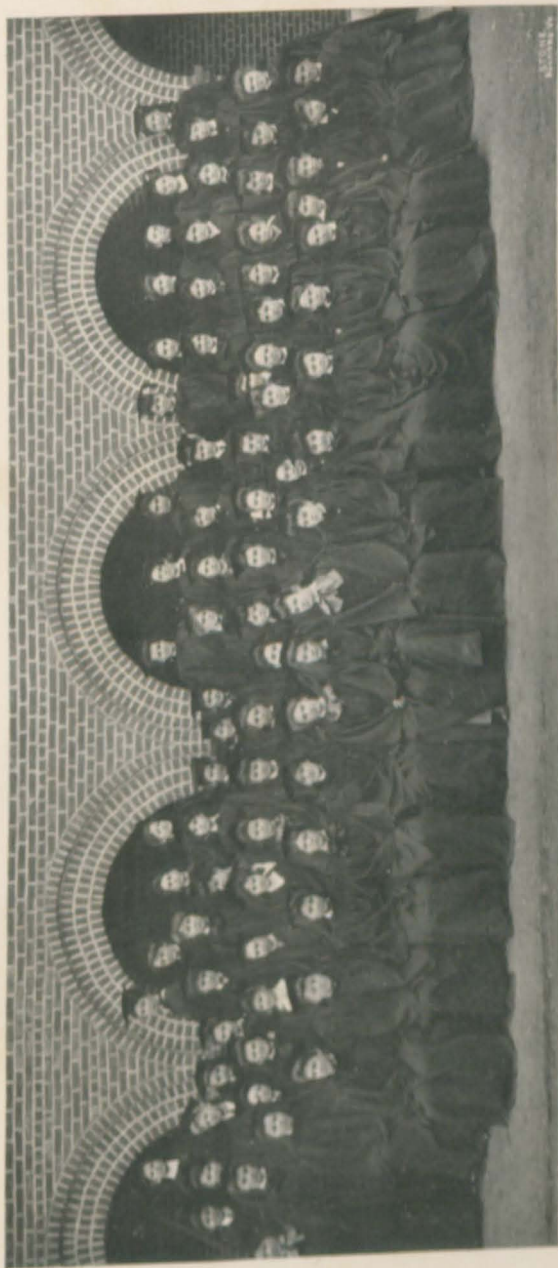
RUTH W. RICHARDSON

ALICE FARMER

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MARJORIE BOOTH

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EUZELIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

THE  
EUZELIAN  
LITERARY SOCIETY

PRESENTS

The  
Lady of Lyons



HOLLINS INSTITUTE

March Twenty-first

1904

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THE  
LADY OF LYONS

OR  
LOVE AND PRIDE

A Play, in Five Acts



BY  
SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER

---

"The same love that tempts us into sin,  
If it be true love works out its own redemption!"

---

---

Persons Represented

---

Claude Melnotte . . . . . L. Cocke  
Colonel Damas . . . . . S. L. Harris  
Beauseant . . . . . M. Booth  
Glavis . . . . . M. Chandler  
Mons. Deschappelles . . . . . R. Thompson  
Landlord . . . . . C. Buck  
Gaspar . . . . . S. Bronston  
Pauline . . . . . Miss Eloise Carpenter  
Madame Deschappelles . . . . . Miss Pauline Embree  
Widow Melnotte . . . . . Miss Lena Rudd  
Janet } . . . . . Miss Florence Lockhart  
Marian }

(Officers, Soldiers, Servants, etc.)

---

ACT I.

SCENE I—In the house of M. Deschappelles, at Lyons.  
SCENE II—In a Small Village Inn—The Golden Lion—A Few  
Leagues from Lyons.  
SCENE III—In Melnotte's Cottage.

ACT II.

SCENE I—Same as Act I, Scene I.

ACT III.

SCENE I—Same as Act I, Scene II.  
SCENE II—Same as Act I, Scene III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I—Same as Act I, Scene III.

ACT V.

(Two years and a half from date of Act IV.)

SCENE I—A Room in a Hotel at Lyons.  
SCENE II—Same as Act I, Scene I.

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**Cuzelian Play Committee**

MISS HESTER ORR                      MISS MARY CHANDLER  
MISS ELOISE CARPENTER

**Director of the Play**

MR. JOS. A. TURNER

**Manager of the Play**

MISS HESTER ORR

**Costumer of the Play**

A. T. JONES & SONS, of Baltimore

---

MISS ELIZABETH H. FROST at the Piano

MR. BRUNO MICHAELI, Violin





LADY OF LYONS



CLARKSON

CHANDLER

DENMAN

FORD

THOM

RICHARDSON

MCALLA

QUARTERLY STAFF



BOOTH

CLARKSON

SHEPPARD

COCKE

REAVES

GREGG

MICALLA

SPINSTER STAFF

# Hollins Times.

HELP WANTED—MALES!

BOYS! BOYS!!  
Our Special Desire.



## IN MEMORIAM.

PRIVILEGES.—In ever loving remembrance of Senior Privileges, who died in his early youth (not quite two years old) at 5:30 p. m., Saturday. By request, no flowers; interment private.

HOLLINS DOGS.—In loving memory of the Hollins Dogs, who have fallen asleep one by one. A few feeble friends left to mourn the loss, among these Leo and YK.

WONDERFUL  
COMEDIAN!



J. A. TURNER

NOW STARRING  
ON THE AMERICAN  
STAGE :: :: ::

MADE WONDERFUL HIT  
AT

HOLLINS

MULES! ASSES! DONKEYS!

A big shipment arrive at a moment's notice. I always have a large and well-selected stock on hand for private use. :: ::

DR. A. T. L. KUSIAN.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

We are offering numerous tempting articles in Lenten foods. Peter's Chocolate, Stuffed Olives, Pickles, Candles, and all fancy groceries.

S. Mc LAUGHLIN  
Cor. Carvin's Creek and Macadamized Road.

## SULPHUR WATER.

BEAUTIFY YOUR FACE WITH SULPHUR WATER.

Begin using Sulphur Water to-day. Within a week you will see the improvement coming out on your face. Within a month your friends will compliment you on your change in expression.

## SULPHUR WATER

Brings out all Pimples, Blackheads, Blotches, Freckles, etc., and makes the skin hard, rough, and scaly.

— TRY IT. —

## PERSONAL

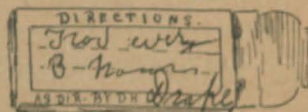
Kindly note that I will not be responsible for any debt incurred by my room-mate. "Whoever the cap may fit."

## BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Little Blanche Bell had a most enjoyable birthday party on —, to celebrate her thirteenth birthday. All of her playmates were there, among whom were Emma Thom, Alice Puryear, Florie Peters, and little Matty.

Hollins, March 5.—Large and formal entertaining was studiously avoided during the early days of Lent. The President gave the handsomest reception of the season to Mr. and Mrs. Turner on their return from their wedding trip, an event postponed on account of the delay in Mr. Turner's suit.

## CANNON BALLS.



Are you suffering with illness, especially of short standing? CANNON BALL treatment will cure you. Send your address and receive sample.

WEST, NEAR INFIRMARY.  
Phone o.

## HELP WANTED.

PONY TO LIVY.—Fifty cents; chocolate brown; three by six inches.

Sr. LATIN CLASS,  
Parallel Station.

To FIND Senior Privileges. Easy job, for only three are missing. Agents among Juniors preferred. Call at Senior Parlor.

To GET RID OF some of my information by talking. As many agents as possible. Apply to

MISS EDITH KYLE,  
Bureau of Information.

Who saw the Soldiers pass? Address,  
HOLLINS GIRLS.

## FOR SALE.

Dozen fine fat mice; dead or alive. State price per oz.

MISS HONAKER.

A THOUGHT.—Deep, serious, on any subject; one second's length; valuable; mind improving. Call from 4 to 5, Sunday.

MISS PAULINE BRADLEY.

SENTIMENTALITY.—Best on market; constant supply; both sickening and invigorating.

RUTH RICHARDSON.

DARLINGS.—Devoted; at beck-and-call; young or old; silly or sensible; pretty or ugly. Superfluous amount.

MARY SHEPPARD.

SARCASM.—Adaptable to any subject, object, or being. Guaranteed to have desired effect. Almost free. Apply to

MISS SARA WATSON,  
At Miss Thalia's.

ONE HUNDRED.—Unworked for, except by skipping. Brings golden reports. Call at

DR. DRAKE'S PHYSIOLOGY CLASS.

## WRESTLING MATCH THURSDAY NIGHT.

E. Carpenter, the champion middle-waist wrestler of the South, who has been meeting all comers on the mat this winter, is anxious to take on the professional heavy-weight boxer, Pilcher. The match will be held next Thursday night, the articles of agreement having been signed by both parties.

## HOLLINS AUCTION.

Every Monday morning at 5 a. m., and Thursday at 4 p. m. Special attention to trade of old shoes for fried chicken.

## WANTED TO RENT.

HALL FOR JUNIOR CLASS.—Large, sunny outside, hardwood trim, private telephone, liquid air heat, natural gas light, convenient to elevator.

ANITA COCKE,  
President.

A FOUNTAIN FOR TEARS.—Removable; salt proof; spacious.

LUCY DANCY.

A LABORATORY.—Fitted out with all apparatus for any experiments, such as how much candy a girl can eat. Apply to UNCLE BILLY'S PSYCHOLOGY CLASS.

## PATENTS.

On reciting a lesson without having looked at it, promptly secured. Advice and book free; guaranteed; tried and practised in Miss Terrell's Senior History Class. Apply to

MISS ALICE PURYEAR.

## LOST, STRAYED, OR STOLEN.

A GIGGLE.—Perpetual; without cause; subdued at times; interesting; attractive. Reward offered. Finder will please return to

MISS MAULDIN.

STOLEN.—A Question. Pointless; unanswerable; vague; meant to fill up conversation. Reward offered.

MISS POTTS.

LOST.—Off Hollins Express Company wagon containing 500 pounds of Boston Baked Beans and one hundred crates of mince pies. Return to

ETTA'S EXPRESS OFFICE.

A POMPADOER.—Parted in the middle, flat on both sides, sunken behind. Finder will please return to

MARGARET SCHMELZ.

ADVICE.—Necessary and unnecessary;

cheap, unasked for; adapted to applicant. Office hours from 12 a. m. to 12 a. m.

EMMA MERTINS THOM.

—o—  
STRAYED.—Mr. and Mrs. Mack.\*

When found please notify Misses Puryear, Duggar, and Frost.

---

### FOUND.

---

A IV. COMPOSITION CLASS.—Enjoyable, studious, quickwitted, interesting, responsive; entirely without preparation. Owner will please call at office of

FRED A. CUMMINGS.

—o—  
FOUND ON CAMPUS.—No name signed. Published for identification:

MY DEAREST BILLY:—The minutes seem as though years since we last parted at the hill; and my, you have no idea how very blue and sick I have been all day. If we could just be together always—but as you say: "There will come a time some day."

I have never known what love is until now, and I would like to tell you how I love you, but the words won't come.

Oh, dear me! And my eyes are growing so heavy. I'm as sleepy as can be.

Love does not half express my feeling for you, dear, to-day. Now, won't you love me just a little in return? You spoke of the night down at Harper's, Sunday, dearest. Do you know I hold that night as one of the most sacred I ever spent? Yes, you must come or I will be blue, I reckon, darling. Oh, how I love you, and if you will only say you love me, dear, again. I regret the harsh words spoken there. I know I have caused you pain, and my heart is nearly broken. Say yes; come to me again anyway.

As ever,

L. B.

# WIGS!

## WIGS!!

### WIGS!!!

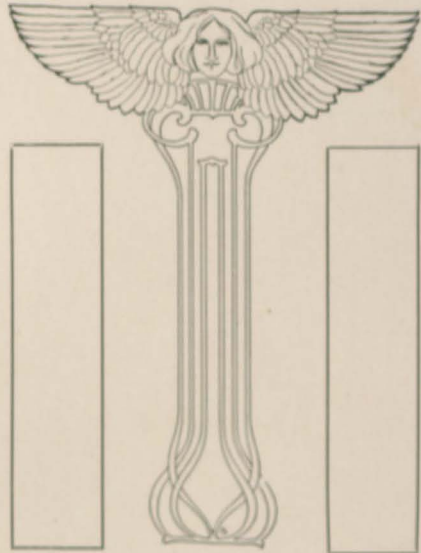
#### NON-DETECTABLE WIGS!

#### READY-TO-WEAR WIGS!

That have a beauty and grace all their own. They can be slipped on over your own hair, and you are at once in possession of the sweetest of masculine charms.

BOX — : : : : WEST —

CLUBS





# Georgia Club



Colors:  
Red and Black

Song:  
"Little Georgia Rose"

Officers.

President . . . . . LILA WILLINGHAM  
 Vice-President . . . . . LOUISE LAMAR  
 Secretary and Treasurer . . . . . VIDA CHISHOLM



Georgia Club.

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EULA KIRVEN . . . . .	Columbus
EDITH KYLE . . . . .	Columbus
SUSIE BASS . . . . .	Rome
VIDA CHISHOLM . . . . .	Savannah
LUCY DANCY . . . . .	Savannah
KATE ELLIS . . . . .	Macon
LOUISE LAMAR . . . . .	Richland
FRED SINGER . . . . .	Lumpkin
MAUDE SUMMEROUR . . . . .	Dalton
LILA WILLINGHAM . . . . .	Macon

Honorary Members.

MISS ANNIE CREATHAM . . . . .	Wadley
MRS. ELLA R. COCKE . . . . .	Columbus
MRS. CUTHBERTSON . . . . .	Atlanta



# KENTUCKY CLUB

Song:  
" My Old Kentucky Home."



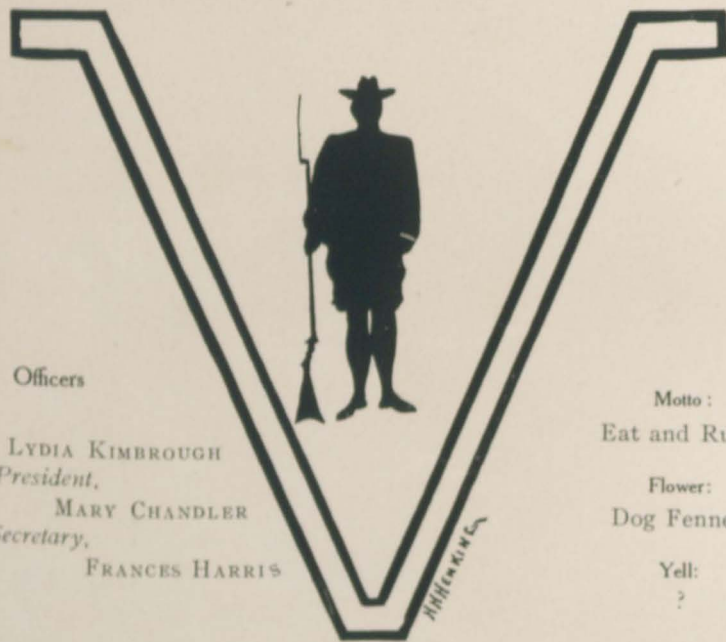
Colors:  
Crimson and Gold.

Yell:  
Boom-a-lack-a, Boom-a-lack-a, Ra, Ra, Ra,  
Zoom-a-lack-a, Zoom-a-lack-a, Za, Za, Za,  
Boom-a-lack-a, Zoom-a-lack-a, who are we?  
We are the girls of Kentuckee.



KENTUCKY CLUB

# Tennessee Club



Officers

*President,*

LYDIA KIMBROUGH

*Vice-President,*

MARY CHANDLER

*Secretary,*

FRANCES HARRIS

Motto :

Eat and Run

Flower:

Dog Fennel

Yell:

?

Members.

MARY EVANS

MAMIE WILHOITE

ETHELYN POTTS

JENSIE LOOP



TENNESSEE CLUB

# MISSISSIPPI



# CLUB

HELEN LOUISE BOONE . . . . . Corinth  
DE LEISELINE DURHAM . . . . . Vicksburg  
SARA ELIZABETH RANKIN . . . . . Columbia  
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MAGGIE SMITH . . . . . Leland



TEXAS



ILLUSTRATION



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 MABEL MORRIS . . . . . Karnes City  
 MARGARET PERKINS . . . . . Dallas  
 ETTA REEVES . . . . . Gonzales  
 MARY LOUISE THOMPSON . . . . . Fort Worth  
 TORU SANSING . . . . . Paris  
 ELSIE WILLS . . . . . Dallas  
 HATTIE WOODS . . . . . Flatonia  
 ELLEN WOOLDRIDGE . . . . . Austin  
 MABEL WOOLDRIDGE . . . . . Austin  
 MARY WORTHAM . . . . . Austin

West Virginia Club.



Colors:

Old Gold and Blue.

Flower:

Rhododendron.

ELEANOR DAILEY . . . . .	Elkins
BIRDIE MCCREERY . . . . .	Hinton
GRACE ERWIN PRICHARD . . . . .	Mannington
JEANNETTE RUFFNER . . . . .	Charleston
MARGUERITE TALBOTT . . . . .	Elkins
EVELYN BOSWORTH TALBOTT . . . . .	Elkins



Capital Club.

Colors:

Delft-Blue and Gold

Flowers:

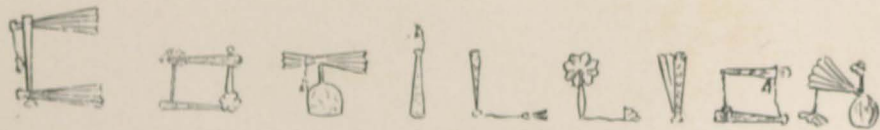
"May Handy" Violets

Motto:

"On to Richmond"

Members.

COURTNEY ROUNDTREE	ROSE SATTERFIELD
MARY BRENT WITT	LORA CRUMP
RUBY CHEWNING	JULIE OSTERLOH
SADIE WHITE	MATTIE ROSE
LILY WEST	ZULA HENRY
MAMIE WALKER	BERNICE STOLL
MAUDE JOHNSON	

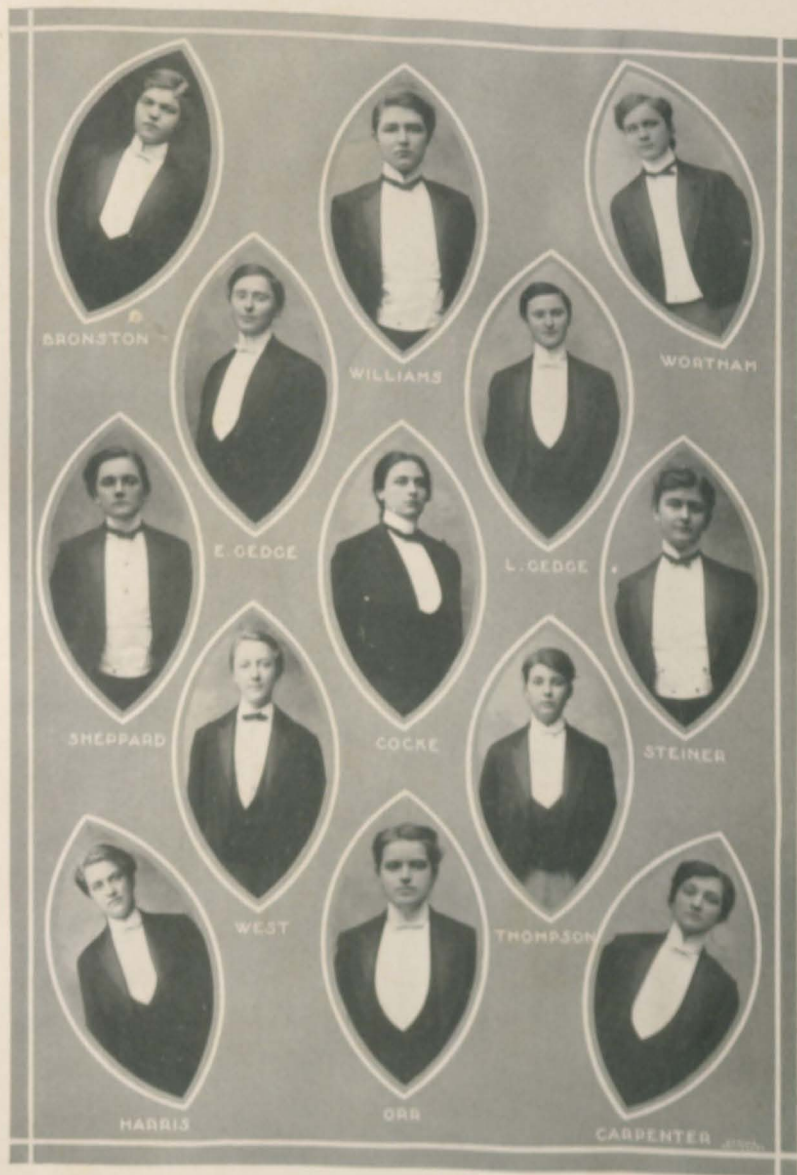


L. COCKE, *President*

Members.

E. BAXTER	S. BRONSTON
E. CARPENTER	L. COCKE
E. GEDGE	L. GEDGE
S. L. HARRIS	H. ORR
L. RINEHART	R. SATTERFIELD
M. SHEPPARD	K. STEINER
R. THOMSON	L. WEST
M. WILLIAMS	M. WORTHAM





COTILLION CLUB

LILLIAN ADAMS  
North Carolina

ANNIE CLARKSON  
Florida



ANNA RICHARDS  
Florida

MAUDE SUMMEROUR  
Georgia

F. M. G. CLUB.

Founded 1902.



T. G. CLUB.

MARGARET SCHELEZ . . . . . Virginia  
MARY WATTS . . . . . Virginia  
ELLINOR GRUND . . . . . Illinois  
VIDA CHISHOLM . . . . . Georgia  
JULIE OSTERLOH . . . . . Virginia  
LORA CRUMP . . . . . Virginia



ALCOVE CLUB.

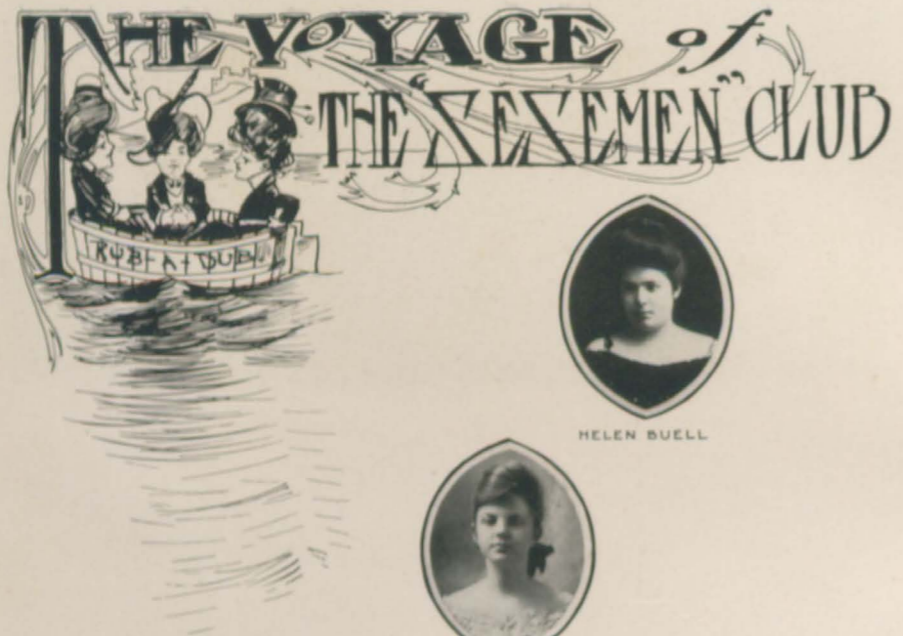
1903-1904.

- ETHEL RICE . . . All Night Sufferer  
 REBEKAH DUKE . . . . . The Baby  
 LAURA BARKSDALE . . . . . Midnight Walker  
 ETHEL FARQUHAR . . . . . The Measly Girl  
 MAUDE SUMMEROUR . . . . . Perpetual Sweeper  
 ANNIE CLARKSON . . . . . The Lady of Quality
- Honorary Member.
- ANNA RICHARDS . . . . . Physician-in-Charge



CHAFING DISH CLUB.

- BEBE DENMAN . . . . . Texas  
 PAULINE EMBREE . . . . . Virginia  
 RUTH LAVINDER . . . . . Virginia  
 KATE STEINER . . . . . Alabama  
 LULU VIRDEN . . . . . Alabama  
 MABEL WOOLDRIDGE . . . . . Texas  
 ELLEN WOOLDRIDGE . . . . . Texas  
 MARY WORTHAM . . . . . Texas



HELEN BUELL



SUDIE STROTHER



ETHEL TYLER

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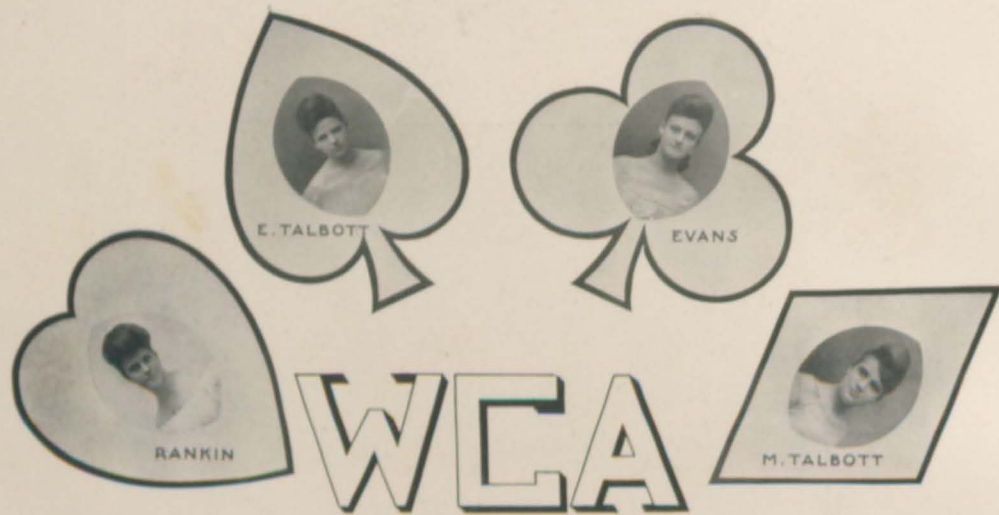
CHAFING DISH.

Motto:

"Borrow everything you can; lend nothing at all."

Members.

- |                      |       |                |
|----------------------|-------|----------------|
| BLANCHE CARY BELL    | ..... | Georgia        |
| MARTHA LOUISA COCKE  | ..... | Virginia       |
| FLOTTIE PETERS       | ..... | Virginia       |
| RUTH WOOD RICHARDSON | ..... | South Carolina |
| LENA AMONETTE RUDD   | ..... | Virginia       |
| EMMA MERTINS THOM    | ..... | Maryland       |
| "P. F. V."           | ..... | Virginia       |



I — Watchword: Colors:   
 Sunfl. — "Git." Sky-blue-pink and purple

Song:   
 "I'm Wearing My Heart Away for You."   
 Motto:   
 "I'm Going to Live Anyhow Till I Die."

- SARA RANKIN, M. H. . . . . Mississippi
- EVELYN TALBOTT B. E . . . . . West Virginia
- MARY EVANS, O. L. and C. M. . . . . Tennessee
- MARGUERITE TALBOTT, A. L . . . . . West Virginia



M. A. C. CLUB.

Colors: Peacock-Blue and Gold   
 Flower: Violet

Members.

- LOOMIS LOGAN . . . . . Virginia
- ALICE FAULKNER . . . . . Virginia
- MARY BURWELL . . . . . Virginia
- BLANCHE HILLS . . . . . Kentucky
- FRANCES WALLACE . . . . . Kentucky
- LUCY PATTON . . . . . Virginia





# Naughty-Naught Club.

Founded 1900.

Motto:

Errare est humanum

Colors:

Black and White

Stone:

Opal

Flower:

Violet

Yell:

Rip tum rex.  
Rip tum raught,  
Rip tum, bip tum,  
Naughty-Naught.

## Members.

- ELOISE CARPENTER . . . . . Clifton Forge, Va.
- LALLIE LEE CARPENTER . . . . . Clifton Forge, Va.
- VIDA CHISHOLM . . . . . Savannah, Ga.
- MARY STUART COCKE . . . . . Roanoke, Va.
- LEONORA COCKE . . . . . Hollins, Va.
- ELISE FIELDING MILES . . . . . Charlottesville, Va.
- LULA MAY RINEHART . . . . . Covington, Va.
- BESSIE LEWIS RINEHART . . . . . Covington, Va.
- MARY CABELL SHEPPARD . . . . . Winston, N. C.
- KATE STEINER . . . . . Montgomery, Ala.
- ETHEL BURNETT THOMAS . . . . . Irvine, Ky.
- LILY MONTGOMERY WEST . . . . . Richmond, Va.
- LILA ROSS WILLINGHAM . . . . . Macon, Ga.
- EMILY BRENT WOODALL . . . . . Covington, Ky.



**SORORITIES.**





## Delta Tau Beta.

Founded 1890.

Sorores.

FRANCES HARRIS    MARY BRENT WITT  
JULIE OSTELOH    ROSAMOND THOMPSON  
ROSE MCGUIRE SATTERFIELD    LEILA RUTH LAVINDER  
ROSALIE UPSHUR BAXTER    ELIZABETH DUVAL ADAMS  
EDNA BELLE WRIGHT



DELTA TAU BETA



LAMBDA CHI KAPPA.

Colors:  
Dark Blue and White

Motto:  
Dum vivimus vivamus

Flower:  
Lily of the Valley



Kappa Theta Mu.

Founded 1901.

Sorores.

Pauline Bradley	-	-	Texas
Virgie Honaker	-	-	Texas
Eugenia Mangum	-	-	Texas
Etta Reaves	-	-	Texas
Mamie Wilhoite	-		Tennessee
Ellen Katherine Woodriddle			Texas



# Phi Kappa Epsilon.

Beta Chapter.

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Sorores.

ALICE V. KYLE . . . . .	New York
MATTIE B. BULLITT . . . . .	Virginia
KATHARINE E. ZEITLER . . . . .	Alabama
M. CUMMINS BULLITT . . . . .	Virginia
GRAYCE E. PRICHARD . . . . .	West Virginia
HARRIET W. WOODROOF . . . . .	Alabama
DE LIESSELINE DURHAM . . . . .	Mississippi



PHI KAPPA EPSILON

## Pi Theta Sorority.

---

MARY EDWINA EVANS . . . . .	Dayton, Tenn.
ADA KATHLEEN BLOUNT . . . . .	Union Springs, Ala.
ANNA LOUISE KUSIAN . . . . .	Nandua, Va.
MARGUERITE TALBOTT . . . . .	Elkins, W. Va.
SARA ELIZABETH RANKIN . . . . .	Columbia, Miss
HELEN LOUISE BOONE . . . . .	Corinth, Miss
EVELYN BOSWORTH TALBOTT . . . . .	Elkins, W. Va





BOONE

M. TALBOTT

RANKIN

EVANS

E. TALBOTT

BLUNT

KUSIAN

FI THETA



Sau-tau te! Sau-tau te!  
 Gamma Omicron Pi!  
 Rix-Rax! Rix-Rax!  
 Rix-Rax-Rer!  
 Rix-Rax!  
 Rix-Rax!  
 O-O-Pi!




WOODFORD

WILLIAMS




MAJOR

BUCK

Flower: Violet.

Stone: Opal.




PURCELL

GRAHAM

Colors  
Green and White.




LOCKHART

PARSONS

GAMMA OMICRON PI





# Kappa Delta.

Organized 1895; Chartered 1902.

Alpha Chapter, Farmville, Va.  
Beta Chapter, Farmville, Va.  
Gamma Chapter, Hollins, Va.  
Theta Chapter, Lynchburg, Va.  
Sigma Chapter, Sub Rosa  
Epsilon Chapter, Washington, D. C.  
Phi Psi Chapter, Washington, D. C.  
Zeta Chapter, Tuscaloosa, Ala.

## Sorores.

### Gamma Chapter.

JENNY YERGER LOOP . . . . .	Tennessee
PAULINE EMBREE . . . . .	Virginia
MARY LOUISE THOMPSON . . . . .	Texas
MARGARET PERKINS . . . . .	Texas
MARY WORTHAM . . . . .	Texas
NELLIE VOSS . . . . .	Arkansas
MABEL PARDUE . . . . .	Louisiana
MARY CHANDLER . . . . .	Tennessee
MAY BOOKER . . . . .	Arkansas
SUSIE BASS . . . . .	Georgia



KAPPA DELTA.



# Phi Mu Gamma.

Organized 1898 : Chartered 1902.

Alpha Chapter, Hollins, Va.  
Beta Chapter, New York  
Delta Chapter, New York

## Alpha Chapter.

ERMINA ETHELYN GEDGE . . . . .	Illinois
ESTHER MARY GEDGE . . . . .	Illinois
GERTRUDE CURLE ARMISTEAD . . . . .	Virginia
MARJORIE BOOTH . . . . .	Ohio
ALICE LILLARD FARMER . . . . .	Kentucky
SINA LEE HARRIS . . . . .	Kentucky
CLARA LOUISE GEDGE . . . . .	Illinois
HESTER ANN ORR . . . . .	Ohio
SALLIE CAMP . . . . .	Florida
ALICE MARIE GEDGE . . . . .	Indiana
MARGARET SCHEMLZ . . . . .	Virginia
FRANCES K. LIGON . . . . .	South Carolina





PHI MU GAMMAS

STANLEY  
BROOKS, JR.

## Frat. Hits.



A Kappa Delta (enthusiastically to a poor Naughty-Naught): "My dear, if you will just send \$25 over to Roanoke to a lady I know, you can get the grandest feast to entertain a 'frat.' of about six girls. Perfect cinch."



Conversation between an *J. T. B.* and a Kappa Delta—

*K. J.*: "Do you like the *Phi Mus*?"

*J. T. B.* (sarcastically): "Do I? Why, I'm trazy about 'em."

*K. J.*: "Well, they are virtuous old souls, if they are unsociable."

Sudden quiet on the appearance of Miss Parkinson—

"Girls, I think you are extremely disrespectful. You know that all the teachers say that they have a marvelous capacity for work. I really don't believe that you realize that you are speaking of the *Phi Mu Gammas*."



It is a dark, still night. There is a deafening rustle of silk petticoats, a sickening odor of Hudnut's violets, a luminous glow of many colors, made visible by the repeated flash of diamonds. What is it? Don't be frightened, it is only the meteoric splendor of a Kappa Theta Mu.



Stranger (who has just arrived at Hollins as the 4 o'clock bell rings): "Why, what are all those baby carriages doing on the campus?"

Schoolgirl (indifferentiy): "O, that's the older Naughty-Naughts preparing to take the babies out for some fresh air."



We wish to congratulate Miss Parsons on the sudden eminence she has attained in being elected a member of the G. O. P.'s. On reviewing the history

of this "frat." we find that Miss Parsons, of Virginia, has the distinction of being the only young lady, except the chosen few from Kentucky, who has been permitted to enjoy the privileges of the club. Since this phenomenal event the whole atmosphere of Hollins has been rarified.



Conversation between two *J. T. B's.*—

No. I and II: "Hy, there!"

No. I: "I had the grandest time last night, it was perfectly awful; I stood on my pedal extremities until I looked like an apparition of ancient Rome. It was perfectly awful!"

No. II: "Honey, I went too. I was standing up there and a man came waltzing up to me on his eyebrows, and he looked like an animated baked potato. Perfectly awful!"

No. I: "I saw that animated fire-escape prancing up to you and . . . Perfectly—there's the bell—I'm excited to death—haven't cracked a book. Good-bye."



### Ballad of the "Frat-Making" Girls.

Four hopeful girls of Hollins  
Did get them up a "frat,"  
But one by one they all dropped out,  
And so that "frat" fell flat.

Then three of these young Hollins girls  
Tried that "frat" again,  
And each and every girl they saw  
They "rushed" with might and main.

But not a one of all those girls,  
But quickly turned them down.  
For why? Each girl did wish to join  
A "frat" of more renown.

And so again the work falls through,  
Yet still these girls keep on;  
Each day a new one is brought forth,  
But lo! by night 'tis gone.

And so it goes through all the year,  
These girls are ever busy,  
For "frats" are made and dropped so fast  
One's head is kept quite dizzy.

Now let us sing: Long live these girls,  
And all through life may they  
Be ever as full of enterprise  
As with their "frats" this day.

### A Man, a Maid, and a Midget.

THESE could be no doubt that Elizabeth Peyton was in a bad humor. Even her parasol had a belligerent tilt as she walked across the beach, and several small dogs playing on the sand avoided her path after having been ordered out of the way in a very sharp voice. But Elizabeth was not thinking of dogs now, though she loved them dearly. Her mind was absorbed with a far more serious subject, and she walked with eyes unopen to the beauty of sky and sea till she reached her favorite haunt.

Several large rocks screened off a cosy little nook in a tiny cove on the beach, and here Elizabeth had spent many pleasant hours. She stuck her parasol in the sand by the rocks, and sat down to think it all over—"it" being her quarrel with Frank Gordon. Undoubtedly it was a wretched affair, and Elizabeth did not feel especially proud and happy over her part in it. Frank was to blame, she thought, for not telling her that was his own book—but he said he *had* told her. Every one else knew it but herself, and she was engaged to him! No; she *had been* engaged to him—it was all over now. Involuntarily Elizabeth felt for her ring; somehow that finger had a very lonesome feeling. What did people use non de plumes for anyway? It was so stupid. Why didn't Frank tell her plainly that he wrote the book? Perhaps he had, but she couldn't remember. The book had been a great success. She had praised it with all the rest and admired the author as revealed in his book. She said so too, and Elizabeth's cheeks burned as she thought of the shout of laughter from her companions which greeted her statement that she thought the writer "must be a most lovable man." That made her thoroughly angry, and that night she and Frank quarreled and now—

A curly head peeped over one of the rocks at Elizabeth, but she paid no attention, and after watching the "pitty lady" for a few moments the head disappeared, and then bobbed up again directly.

"Frank said he told me he wrote the book down at Mrs. Page's last June. I can't remember—what did he say? Oh, yes! 'This is what I have been working over all Winter, 'Beth, I hope you will like it'—and then Charlie Whitly interrupted and I did not realize that it was Frank's own book. Why didn't I think of that before?"

And Elizabeth looked so soberly over the water that the owner of the above-mentioned curls said:

"Has you lost your dolly too?"

Elizabeth started, and looked at the little girl peeping from behind the rocks.

"No, my dear, I did not lose my doll, but I lost—well, we'll say my ring, and my finger feels lonesome without it."



"Lemme see," said the child, carefully inspecting the finger Elizabeth held out for examination.

"I lost my dolly; I put him in a 'ittle house, wight behind the wocks, and when I camed back, he was all gone!" The blue eyes lifted to Elizabeth's face looked suspiciously dewy.

"Never mind, dear," said Elizabeth, "let's play here awhile, and then I'll help you hunt for your doll. What is her name?"

"My dolly is a *he*. His name is Fwank. Does you like that name?"

"Ye-es," replied Elizabeth, "I like that name very much. Where did you get your dolly?"

"My mamma dived him to me on my birfday, when I was one—free—four years old."

"And how old are you now?"

"Why, I told you! One—free—four years old. Oh, see the pitty shells."

"Yes," said Elizabeth, "here are a lot of them; suppose we pick up some?"

"All right," said the baby, "and when we find Fwank I'll dive 'em to him."

For more than an hour the two played together on the beach and looked for "Fwank," but in vain—he was not to be found.

After the baby left, Elizabeth resumed her seat and her thoughts wandered back to another "Fwank." "It was my fault, I was very stupid and unreasonable and—"

A cry rang out over the beach, and Elizabeth sprang to her feet just in time

to see her former playmate swept off her feet by a wave and carried far beyond her depth. Elizabeth was a good swimmer, and she caught the child as she was going down the second time. The tide was going out very strongly now and it was hard swimming against it with the baby on one arm, but at last she touched bottom and waded ashore, where a frightened little group of nurses and children awaited her.

"The baby is not seriously hurt, I think," she said to the terrified maid who came forward to take her burden. Indeed, at that very moment the child opened her eyes and, seeing Elizabeth bending over her, said slowly: "I saw my dolly Fwank in the water and I went after him, and a naughty wave knocked me down, but I got him!" and she held up a bedraggled doll.

"And now you must let nursie take you home, so that you will not take cold."

"No; please you go too," and the baby begged with such appealing eyes that Elizabeth consented to go a little way.

She found that the child's parents were staying at the next hotel, just around the bend in the shore, and as the little group rounded the curve they met a lady walking anxiously towards them. "My precious baby!" she cried, "where have you been?" And when the nurse had told her all she did not say a word, but holding the wet little curly head close to her with one hand, she drew Elizabeth down with the other and kissed the girl tenderly.

"My dear, you must come right up to my room and get on some dry clothes. I couldn't let you take cold after saving my baby."

But Elizabeth protested that she was staying just around the bend, and could run home in a few minutes.

That night as the baby's mother sat on the hotel porch after supper, she called to her younger brother, who was strolling by on the beach.

"Frank, what was the name of the girl you introduced to me down at Mrs. Page's this Summer?"

"Elizabeth Peyton, sis, but for heaven's sake don't let's talk about her."

"Why, I thought you liked her!"

"I do, worse luck for me!" and then Frank, entirely forgetting his small niece sitting demurely on the floor, told his sister of his quarrel with Elizabeth and the broken engagement.

"I think you have both been very foolish, and I am very sorry you have lost her, for though I do not know Elizabeth Peyton well, I think she is a fine girl. And now I am going to tell you what she did for me to-day," and laying her hand on her baby's head, the mother told in a voice that trembled a little of how she had met Elizabeth with the child in her arms.

People who love in the business office should have the windows ground.

"An' Uncle Fwank," said the baby, "the pitty lady said she thought my dolly had a nice name, an' we played a long time an' I asked her if she lost her dolly, 'cause she looked so sorry, an' she said she lost her wing, an' her fin'er was *so* lonesome, an' she most cwied, an'——" but Uncle Frank got up very abruptly.

"Sister Lucy, I'm going to see if I can supply the loss of the ring. Midget, you are a precious curly-head, and shall have a beautiful new dolly named Elizabeth!"

The next morning when the baby went to see if the "pitty lady" was by the rocks, she found her Uncle Frank there too.

"Uncle Fwank, is you holding the pitty lady's hand so her fin'er won't feel lonesome?"

"Yes," laughed Uncle Frank, while the "pitty lady" blushed and jerked away her hand. "Midget, how would you like to have the 'pitty lady' for an auntie?"

The baby considered seriously for a moment. "For a truly auntie, to keep?"

"Yes."

She came over to Elizabeth's side and smiled at her. "You is a very nice, pitty lady, I sink, an' I dess I'll like you for an auntie vewry much."

And the curls bobbed wildly as Elizabeth snatched up their small owner and kissed her.

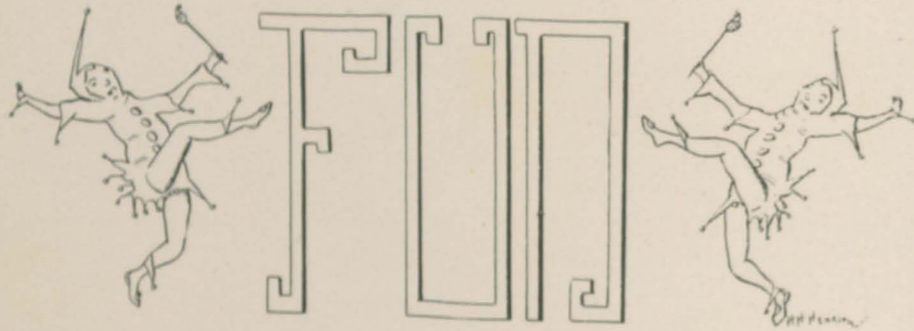


KODAK VIEWS



### To the Lady in the Moon.

O fair and cold and inaccessible!  
Slow-sailing thro' th' impenetrable blue,  
Whither with gradual movement dost thou guide  
Alone and unconcerned thine onward way?  
The heavens bend above thee, clear and still,  
And far below the lark's shrill matin dies  
Ere it can pierce thy solitude, and wake  
With rapturous harmony thy heedless ear.  
Too fair, too cold, too far for mortal grief  
To move thee art thou, or for mortal love  
To warm thy breast of snow. O stateliest,  
If thou wouldst stoop an instant from thy sphere,  
Remote, uncherished, and companionless,  
And lay thy solitary grandeur by,  
How sweet the task, with whispers low to woo  
Thy heart, unused to tenderness, and thrill  
Thy wonted calm with melodies of love.  
Wilt thou not hearken, Lady of My Dreams,  
And bend one gracious look below to me?  
Alas! Alas! thou dost not heed, but, still  
Majestic, glidest far and far away,  
And all my cries are idle, boastless, vain.



**A** GOOD example of reflex action for Uncle Billy's Psychology Class.—Eloise Carpenter, while visiting one of the teachers during study hour, on hearing a sudden knock, makes a wild dash for the closet.

**W**HY is Mr. Turner different from other men?  
Because he can be happy with one fussing (Von Fossen) in the family all the time.

**R**OSALIE, how did you get along on your exam. to-day?  
All right, except Miss Cleveland asked the superlative of but and I couldn't give it.

**M**ISS Hanson to fond mother: "As long as your daughter is going to take Elocution, don't you think it would be well for her to take Physical Culture?"  
"How much is it a bottle? She has been taking sarsaparilla all the Summer."

**U**NCLE Billy, after explaining that there was no water nor air in the moon: "Miss Richardson, would you like to live in the moon?"  
"It depends upon the man there, Uncle Billy."

**I**T is rather mortifying to the Associate Editors of the SPINSTER Staff to know that the esteemed Editor-in-Chief has no higher ambition than to be loved by a Carpenter.

**P**HILOPENA enthusiast to Grandma Cocke: "Mrs. Cocke, do you see any harm in playing philopena?"  
"I have seen it advertised in a great many magazines, but I don't know what it is. Can't you explain it to me?"

**C**UMMINGS Bullett: "Do tell us something about the charge of the Light Brigade that Shakespeare wrote."

**R**UBY Chewning, to a girl with weak eyes, in most sympathetic voice: "Can't you see very well?"  
"O yes; I can see you, but I can't see much."

**A**NSWER of Maude Johnson to question: "What is a good definition of epithet?"  
"Oh, you know; an inscription that they put on gravestones."

**M**ARJORIE Booth, smart and couth, whistles, hums, and poses;  
Nose in air, bright and fair, by you mute she goeses.

**O**F all the Jones, Smiths, and Browns  
Who inhabit all our cities and towns,  
The one best known to Cora and me  
Is Laomi Josiah Smith, M. D.

**W**HY did Alice Puryear miss her Chemistry one day?  
Because she counted on forty-five minutes after IV English was dismissed, and Mr. Cummings kept the class half an hour.

**T**ILCHER had to pay thirty-three cents for extra cloth in her sweater.



**I**'LL be there in five minutes. I want to take a nap and am winding up the alarm so I'll be sure to wake up in time to be there.  
MISS LAVINDER.

**V**IDA Chisholm: "Say Dean, I think Miss Matty might give us holiday on Good Friday, for the girls are always so tired the day after Thanksgiving."

**M**ARY Watts, at supper: "The latest substitute for butter, in making chocolate, is cold cream."  
Mr. Cocke (dreamily): "What is the matter with using cold cream, it is better than warm cream."

**S**HE was a girl who wore high-heeled shoes and a tight corset.  
MARY WORTHAM.

**B**ELL Cave (who stays in Math. room after class every day to speak to Mr. Duke): "I see you every day as you go by to history."  
Sarah Watson: "Yes, I see you, too, in After-Maths."

**W**HY Elsie, of course you know what Mangoes are.  
Elsie (honestly).—No, I don't, Rosalie.  
Well, I hope you won't display your ignorance before any of the girls.  
I bet you don't know.  
Of course I do; they are nothing but little fancy cakes, like you buy at McLaughlin's.

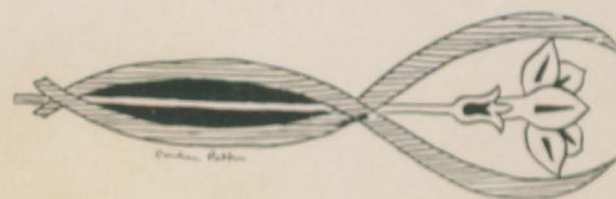
**M**ARGARET Perkins loves small gherkins, poses in society, Talks forever of lovers clever, beaux, and no variety.

**M**ISS Cleveland, in I. English: "Young ladies, I suppose you know that the Latin word for water is aqua, from which we get an English word for fowls that live in the water; for instance, the duck Miss Lockhart, what is that word?"  
Miss Lockhart (glibly): "Aqua duck."

**M**ISS Booth, the morning the girls started on Washington trip: "Leonora, has Mr. Cocke gone?"  
Miss Cocke: "I suppose so, all the other girls have gone."

**A**NEW girl: "Sallie, what frat. do you belong to?"  
Callie Scamp: "Why, I am a Phi Mu Gamma."  
New Girl: "Say, that's the one that the Gedges belong to, isn't it? Well, I've been thinking all the time that it was the Phi Pu Gedges."

**B**USYBODY No. 1: "I believe the H. T. B's (excuse me, Miss Baxter)—the Delta Tau Beta Society is going to take in Edna Wright."  
Busybody No. 2: "Well, goose, I reckon they are. Haven't they been rushing her to a finish? Why, they have even had old Rosalie walking her around for the last few days."



## Hollins Goose Rhymes.

Dickory Dickory Darm  
A Hollins girl set an alarm,  
When it goes off  
Give a gentle cough,  
And cover your eyes with your arm.

I had a little pony  
All strapped in black and red,  
I lent it to my roommate  
To read a bit ahead.  
She marked and she tore it  
Then lost it in the end,  
And now I have no pony  
My Latin way to mend.

Estie was the umpire,  
Estie held the ball,  
Estie blew the whistle,  
And thought he did it all.

Frankie was a Yemassee,  
Frankie was a Red;  
Frankie thought he had that game,  
But he got left instead.

Josie was a Mohican,  
Josie was a blue,  
Josie knew he had the game,  
And Josie, he won too.

Sing a song of Seniors,  
Noddles full of brains  
Four and twenty school girls,  
All with long white trains.

When their course was ended,  
All began to cry,  
Now they had to leave the place,  
Where they'd said they'd die.

## ROASTS.

Have you ever heard of Bruno Mick,  
Or cigars from Germany?  
For these two make a little tale.  
I'll tell you "zertanlie."  
Now Bruno Mick was easy bait,  
As Uncle Sam found out,  
He made the duty very great,  
Now Mick's gone up the spout.

Have you ever heard of "Our Crowd,"  
With Cummings at the head?  
He is the one they all admire  
(They have no one but Fred.)  
With eager air they gather round  
To catch his every glance,  
And as the words of wisdom fall  
He holds them in a trance.

Now there is Mr. Estes Cocke,  
Not one of Freddy's style;  
He never seeks to please "Our Crowd"  
With wanton wit and smile.  
He gravely weighs them in his scales  
Then sadly shakes his head  
"O take me back to my Chemistry girls  
And my Physics Class, instead."

There is a man at Hollins  
His name is Joseph A.  
He gets a note in every mail,  
Or a letter—I should say—  
I wonder who that letter's from  
That never fails old Joe;  
It comes from the hand of Masters  
From the city of Ivanhoe.

Now this same man has lost his head  
And gets things all mixed up.  
To-day he found a napkin ring  
Lying near his cup;  
He held it fast within his hands,  
Said, "This belongs to me,  
M. V. M, the letters are,  
But ere long M. V. M. T.\*

If you but knew how you appear  
We would not roast you here,  
Shrink not away  
It will not pay.  
Hear all we have to say,  
In future time  
Keep out of this rhyme,  
That's our advice to you.

\* This poem should have been revised in February, but owing to the press of work it was neglected.

## The Real Diary of a Real Girl.

Found in the Basement of the Main Building.

HOLLINS INSTITUTE, September 30th.

Well, at last I am off at college. Somehow I have to pinch myself to see if it's really so. I have read all about the fine times college girls had in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and I was crazy to come off to college. Of course, in all the books I have read college girls kept diaries, so I decided I would keep a diary and write all that happens every day in it.

September 31st.

There certainly are a lot of girls here—girls from Ohio and Texas. One girl came clean from California. I came clean from Alabama. One girl just lives right around here in the country, and walks to school every day. That struck me as being kinder funny, when I had to come clean from Alabama. She is in my algebra class.

October 5th.

I haven't time to write much to-night. I studied right hard to-night. The teachers round here think I'm right smart. I answered a question in Lit. to-day that nobody else couldn't answer. I think it is fine to call literature Lit. and algebra Math.

There is the light bell. When it rings you have to put out your lights, or a teacher will come around and say, "Lights out, girls," and then they will go out.

October 8th.

To-day, out on the basket-ball field after the first inning, I heard a big girl say that she wished she could play, but she was scared to go out before the new girls. But I thought I would help this girl some, so I told her I didn't see why she felt that way, because it was awful easy, and she said I could not understand, because I had played before and knew the game. I told her if that was all I would tell her all she wanted to know about the game, so she said she would come to my room to-morrow and I will be glad to tell her.

October 10th.

I declare boarding school certainly is curious. Now there was that girl that I told about basket-ball. I meant to help her, and just to-day I heard that she was captain of the team last year. I don't see, then, why she wanted me to help her. I didn't mean to begrudge her any information I could give her.

October 15th.

Annie Myrtle walked to Chapel with me to-night. She is the cutest girl, from New Orleans. She asked me to write her composition—essays, they call them here—on "Echoes roll from soul to soul and go on forever." She is in Senior Lit. and I am a Freshman, but I know that's one thing I can do, is write a composition.

October 18th.

Some girls came to me yesterday and asked me to go to a midnight feast. I paid them fifty cents for my part. They told me to come at 12 o'clock over to one of the practice-rooms of the Chapel. Well, I couldn't sleep at all, so I just stayed awake and waited until half-past eleven. Then I put on my tennis shoes and an old blouse suit and sneaked out. The doors squeaked, and I had an awful time getting past the watchman, but at last I got there. The room was all dark, and there wasn't anybody there. I sat down and waited a long time, but nobody came. So about 1 o'clock I came home. I reckon it must have just been a joke on me and I think it was real mean. I couldn't sleep any that night and the next day in English class, when Doctor McBryde called my name, I was so sleepy that I just yelled "Come" as loud as I could, instead of "Present."

October 23d.

Mary Sheppard came into my room to-day and told me that Miss Parkinson said for me to come to her office. I was scared to death, but I couldn't think of anything I had done except go to that "midnight feast," and I didn't think I would be caught in that because I hadn't told a soul. Anyhow, I put on a clean shirtwaist and went down. Miss Mattie and Mr. Lucian were in Miss Parkinson's office, and I sho' was scared then. I stood right in the door and just stood there. At last Miss Parkinson said very politely:

"Come in, Lucile: I am glad to see you. Sit right over there on the sofa."

"But, Miss Parkinson," I began, "didn't you want to see me?"

"I didn't send for you specially, my dear, but I am very glad to see you at any time."

"But Mary Sheppard said——"

Foolish girls make feasts and wise ones eat them.

"There, now, that was only one of Mary's little jokes. You mustn't mind Mary and her little jokes. She's very mischievous, but she doesn't mean any harm."

Miss Mattie and Mr. Lucian just laughed under their breath, so to speak. Then handed round bananas, and after I ate two I left. It was a awful good joke on me, and Shep was jumping all over the hall when I got back there, and Mary Masters and Ethel Williams were waiting for me on the steps. Anyhow, I was awful hungry and the bananas were awful good.

November 1st.

Basket-ball certainly is fine now. We root every evening. When you root you yell and holler and scream and jump for your side. I am on the Yemassee side, and I bet when I go back to Montgomery and talk about rooting for the Yemassees they will have to ask me what rooting means.

November 6th.

The Senior Lit. girls got back their compositions to-day and Miss Langley said Annie's on "Echoes roll from soul to soul" was the worst in class. I don't see what she calls a good composition then.

November 10th.

To-day is Sunday and it was cloudy all day. I went to Preliminaries with Helen Frank, a fine girl, who lives in the cottage. I was in hopes she would ask me over to dinner, but she didn't. We had cream puffs, tho', and that made up some. This afternoon Ethel and I decided we would go to sleep. We put a "please do not disturb" on our door and were nearly asleep when somebody knocked and said they certainly did not want to disturb us, but did Lucile Virden room there. Of course I was up in a minute and then the girl told me that Miss Parkinson had sent her up to tell me that there was a young man down in the parlor to see me. Now, I couldn't think to save my life who it could be, but the girl said Miss Parkinson said he had permission and it was all right. Now I knew that Gaston Troy, from home, was going to school up at St. Albans, and Henry Thornton was at the University (everybody in Virginia calls U. Va. the University). I was in hopes it was Gaston. Anyhow, I sent down word by the girl that I would be down in a minute, for him to kindly wait, and I told the girl to get him a book or a magazine out of the library so he wouldn't be lonesome. Then I got up and just dressed for all I was worth. I put on the pink silk waist that grandma had just sent me, and Hallie Dickinson loaned me the little S. A. E. pin that Dave Norwood gave her and told me if I saw he had on a fraternity pin to hide it quick, because he might ask me to wear his. Mary

Masters wanted me to wear Bob Williams'  $\Phi. \Lambda. \Theta.$  pin, but I didn't think it would look right to wear two; besides, Hallie asked me first. May Hume had just come in from a walk and gave a real pretty piece of goldenrod to put in my hair, and Ethel said I looked better than she ever saw me. Then all the girls went with me as far as the dining-room, and Lula Rinehart asked me not to try to step into the parlor with both feet at once, but just to use one foot at a time.

Oh, pshaw! there's light bell. I'll have to stop till to-morrow night.

November 11th.

Well, as I was saying—by the way, all the girls are getting crazy about my diary and are starting to keep them too, but I got mine first. Well, as I was saying, at last I got to the parlor door and walked in. There were parties of men and girls all standing around, but didn't any of them look like they knew me. All the men and girls just stopped talking and just looked at me. I didn't know what to do, so I just stood there and you could hear everything, so I thought I'd better leave. Somebody giggled in one corner and I saw the girl that came after me. It was her that was giggling. When I got out of the door I heard all of them laughing, and I reckon it must have been at me. I reckon I must be what they call green.

November 20th.

I am in the blues to-night. I reckon that's what makes me write so bluish. I didn't know any of my lessons and got squelched in nearly every class. In Latin Miss Puryear asked me what did *nescio* mean and I hadn't looked at my lesson, so I just came right plum out and said I don't know. Miss Puryear said "That's right, Lucile," and went on to ask Louise Munroe what *utuiam* meant? Well, I didn't know what to do, and everybody in class saw how confused I was and then they laughed, and then Miss Puryear saw how I had just said I don't know because I didn't know, and I didn't know that *nescio* meant "I don't know" at all. That's what I call hard luck, because I might have gotten a perfect lesson, and, as it was, I got zero.

November 30th.

The music teachers give music recitals here every other Monday night. They call them soirées. That's another thing I am going to talk about when I get home. Mr. Mack told me that I had to play at one and I was scared to death, but played, and after I had finished playing—but first let me tell about the girls

It is better to dwell in peace in a corner of the first floor Main than with a fussy roommate in the alcove of the Waldorf-Astoria.

here, how they do. Whenever one girl is crazy about another they call them darling. I never did have but one darling, and I didn't have her but half a day. They teased her so because I sat in her lap. It was Hallie Dickinson. Well, anyway, when girls have darlings they send them candy and flowers and things, and one of the girls told me that one of my darlings was going to send me some flowers. And what do you reckon it was? It was a big bunch of faded chrysanthemums tied with a dirty pink string and had Lucile Carter's card on it. I'll get even with her yet. Everybody just laughed.

December 10th.

Diaries have gone out of fashion and I am tired writing, so I am going to stop. Maybe when I am dead they will find this manuscript in the wall like they did in the "Tale of Two Cities" and it will reveal wonders to the then living generation.



Parody on

"Tell Me Not in Mournful Numbers."

"Where singleness is not bliss  
'Tis folly not to be wives."

*Lure me, not in accents winning,  
The Spinster motto has been forgot;  
For little Mary has been caught sinning,  
Deluged in a darksome plot.*

*Life is real, but is not earnest,  
A good Spinster was not her goal;  
Only from foe to foe returnest,  
Was what was spoken by her soul.*

*Not marriage, and not with it sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act that each to-morrow,  
Find us the same as we are to-day.*

*Yes, the life of Mary reminds us  
Sometimes in union there is joy,  
And she, forgetting, has left behind her  
Another motto to employ.*

*A motto that perhaps another  
Sailing o'er an editor's main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked sister,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.*

*Then hail our motto with a kiss  
And in our hearts do not despise  
"Where singleness is not bliss  
'Tis jolly not to be wives"*

## The Ways of Pleasantness.



AIR of face, graceful of form, and beautiful of soul, four little sisters played and grew together in the misty long ago. Day after day, while engaged in gentle sports, idle talk, and joyful songs, each little maid was shaping with fanciful purpose a boat which might carry her safely down the larger streams on which they must sail after the pebbly brooks were all passed. But when the time arrived for the launching of their boats, these playmates found that their barks, each of which was fashioned after the individual promptings of its owner's heart, were not suited either in structure or use for the same stream. So with sorrow allayed only by the exuberance and hope of youth, the maidens bade one another farewell, and separated that they might find pleasant and congenial waters.

The first sister, who was of sweet and tender grace, chose for her life-way a clear and quiet little river that flowed with gentle, soothing sound, and whose ripples lapped caressingly the fair, green banks which sloped down as if to meet and protect the pure water. In her voyage down this bright expanse the girl who reclined on the soft cushions of her boat experienced naught else but happiness. The sun shone for her with tempered warmth, and the west winds sped the little craft on its way with gentle, but irresistible force. The slender oarsman met with no obstructions to her passage. Oftentimes her hands would trail idly through the limpid water, or would pluck the exquisitely tinted water lilies which opened their faces as if by fairy-magic at the first caress of the morning sunbeams. Yet, although she apparently accomplished nothing, this maid at the stern was in reality a blessing to all the lands which she passed. So gentle was her manner that even the birds would perch upon the boat-rim to take food from her hand; and the cheeriness and warmth of her smile, the real sympathy and love which prompted her every word and deed, brought solace and encouragement to the meanest person who might hail her from the shore.

The second of the sisters, though not so beautiful as the first either in form or face, possessed peculiar fascination and the charm of originality. The river on which she boldly launched her broad and comfortable boat, wound like a great, angry serpent through huge, dark mountains, and its banks were scenes of picturesque beauty. At times the waters were turbulent and dashed madly

against the grim rocks; but the sound of them, whether sonorous or rippling, was always musical. Birds of sweetest note and most gorgeous feathering enjoyed the freedom of the forests that enclosed the stream; and at night, when the moon would shed its protecting light over the river, the vibrating tones of mocking birds would reach the listening ears of her who plied her oars with intermittent strokes. And all the way the maid was too rapt in contemplation of the wonderful hills, rocks, and mountain gorges to give heed to the people whom she passed. Yet, ever and anon, when her soul would burst spontaneously forth into poetry and song that told of the beauty of all that is, the lonely and tired men and women who were plodding up the mountains would hear her words and music, would pause and listen, and would thus be rested and refreshed. They would resume their way with hearts made lighter through the influence of music.

The third sister was a sturdy maid, one who combined with a lofty purpose the power to *do*. With characteristic enthusiasm she embarked on a river so wild and fierce that it seemed ever to be vying with the unruly winds which swept over its surface. And but for the stoutness of her boat the maiden could never have steered against its anger; for numerous frailer crafts were wrecked against the rocks and in the whirlpools. Along the banks were swamps and quicksands, and the foliage was of an unkempt luxuriance that suggested reptiles and other loathsome creatures. Very few were the bright days that smiled upon this tempestuous stream; rains, winds, hurricanes, all the roughest of the elements visited it. Yet the maiden who was weathering their rage had no time to grow lonely or hopeless. It seemed that she had not hands enough to help the shipwrecked and the drowning; and very often she would cast anchor that she might give aid to those on the shore who were helpless and in danger. Her boat was always filled with rescued souls to whom she ministered with words of encouragement and hands of helpfulness. For this maiden knew no other life than one of doing good to her fellow-creatures.

There now remains only to relate the choice of the fourth sister. She was homelier than her companions, and had always lacked physical strength. Too tired from her wandering in search of the right stream to go further, she finally chose a muddy and unattractive little river over which the flies buzzed with irritating persistency, and on which the sun shone with relentless force. But the maiden's eyes grew tender even over the ugly flies, and it was with hope and faith in her heart that she set her sails and passed down the stream. And ere long her trust was rewarded. The water gradually broadened and deepened, and here and there violets and forget-me-nots peeped out along the banks from behind smooth and polished pebbles. And now green pastures with sheep grazing beneath their trees bordered the stream; the landscape was filled with life

and with peace. At evening, when the stars appeared as if in answer to the curfew, and were reflected in the still waters, the maiden's soul became lost in wonder and admiration of the Most High, and her weariness was followed by infinite rest. The people from the shore saw the silent barge, but noted it not, and its occupant was likewise oblivious to them. Yet, although the men and women who came and went were all unconscious of the influence, the prayers that went up from the heart of this simple girl as it expanded under the revelation of hidden beauty, uplifted and ennobled their lives for all eternity.

\* \* \* \* \*

A shell-tinted sunset is reflected in the broad expanse of a majestic stream. From four directions there sail into this great river of Usefulness four weather-worn boats, each with a fair and tired maiden at the helm. The first boat bears the ensign, Love; the second, Art; the third, Work; the fourth, Prayer. Various have been the vicissitudes through which each bark has passed, yet the end of all is the same—a blessed harborage and the benediction of peace.



The Spinster.

I AM growing old, dear friends; I know I am, because I am getting so conscious about appearing before the public. Every year it takes me longer to curl and powder my hair and arrange the folds of my dress in a becoming way. I know my gowns are ever so much finer than of yore, but O, my dears, there is much expected of a seven-year-old SPINSTER. Why, I am so afraid that you might whisper that I am losing my charms that I am trembling all over; my curls bob and shake the powder down into my eyes as I write. So please do not be too critical of me, just remember. I am always only,

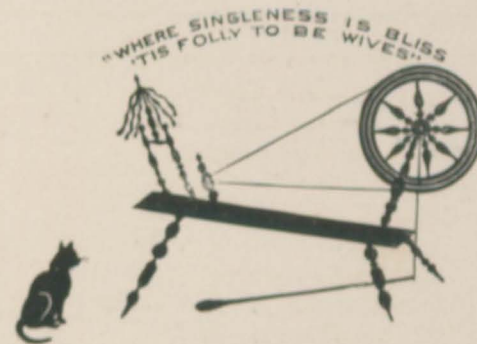
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A maiden fair and full of mirth,  
The dearest maiden in all the earth,  
In her garden slowly walked;  
By her side, so tall and grand,  
The Gayest Gallant in all the land,  
Softly, gently, tenderly talked:  
"O, Peerless One! Pride of my Heart!  
I would woo thee with every art!"  
"Hoant," she cried, in tones full hard,  
"Thou art but a worthless bard,  
Thou sayest I'm peerless! So is 'Pearline,'  
As thou mayest read in a magazine,  
I am wounded not with Cupid's darts,  
For Ivory Soap is the Pride of Hearts!"







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*Written by* MARY M. PLEASANTS  
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"Beware, oh man, lest thou shouldst live  
Alone to eat, and not to eat each day  
To live"—but 'twas not his fate to give  
Such meals as now we daily find—  
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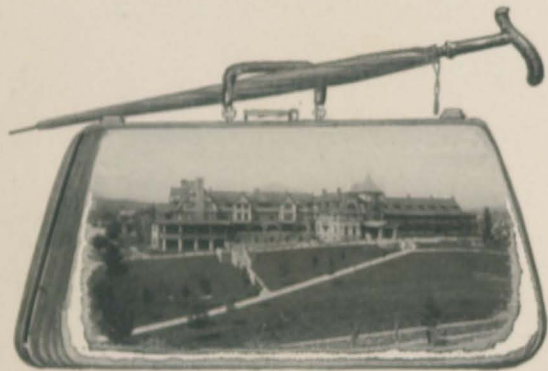
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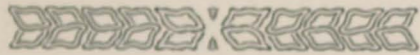


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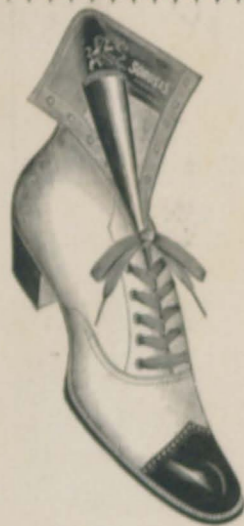
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