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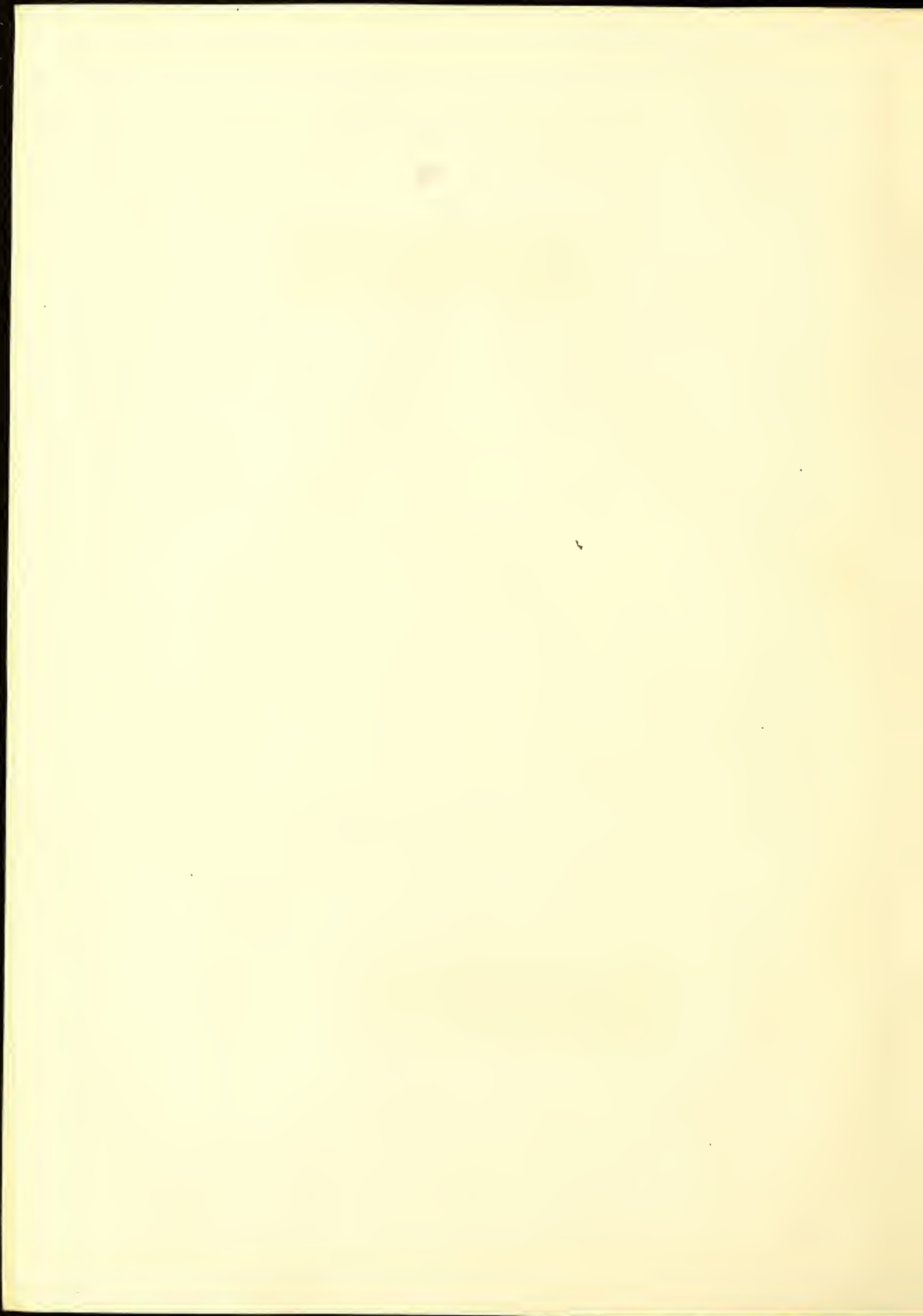
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# THE PHOENIX

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THE YEAR-BOOK OF THE STUDENTS OF OXFORD SEMINARY  
OXFORD, NORTH CAROLINA

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VOLUME II

PUBLISHED BY

1907-1908

CALLIOPEAN AND URANIAN LITERARY SOCIETIES

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## Our Little Mascot

THOMAS ROYSTER—AGE TWO YEARS



You have not seen our Mascot dear,  
Then list, and we will tell  
Of all his many charms, till you,  
Like us, will love him well.

A little cherub sweet is he,  
With curls of golden hair,  
With rosy cheeks and crimson lips,  
And brow like snowdrops fair.

He is a friendly little soul.  
Right well he loves us all;  
His little pattering, dancing feet  
Come bounding at our call.

And well we know he'll bring us luck,  
Our little Mascot dear,  
For loving words and sunny smiles  
The darkest day can cheer.





OUR LITTLE MASCOT

THOMAS ROYSTER (Self-styled) "GARWALKER"



## Editors



MYRTLE NORMAN SHAMBURGER..... Editor-in-Chief.  
MARY EDMONDSON WEBB..... Business Manager.  
MARY RICHARD WHITAKER..... Business Manager.  
NORMA VIRGINIA PAGE..... Art Editor.  
LILLIAN JOHN BASS..... Art Editor.

TO OUR DEAR LADY PRINCIPAL  
THIS ANNUAL  
IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED

44511



## Mrs. Sallie D. Twitty



Few situations in life require a larger range of gifts than does that of Lady Principal in a school for young women.

To fill a mother's place in a girl's life, even for a limited time, is to assume no light responsibility.

With rare wisdom the subject of this sketch has acted as Lady Principal, first at Wilson Institute for four years, at Luray Institute, Page County, Virginia, for four years, while for sixteen years past she has been at Oxford Seminary, Oxford, North Carolina.

Possessed of a gracious personality, Mrs. Twitty's influence has been far-reaching. The girls under her care learned to respect a certain gentle dignity; this, however, did not keep these same girls from making confidences which were received by Mrs. Twitty with never-failing sympathy. Her interest was genuine, and her tolerance with petty evils large. Yet in cases where a moral issue was at stake, Mrs. Twitty was uncompromising, and did not hesitate to speak plainly and to the point. Yet not so much by precept as by example did she seek to impress "her girls." Through her life breathed the refining influence of daily contact with heavenly things, "like some rare perfume in a vase of clay."

Who of the many who have sojourned at the Seminary but can call to mind times when in sickness, or discouragement, or heartache, Mrs. Twitty's gentle ministrations helped to soothe and uplift?

All over the land the girls she has mothered "rise up and call her blessed."

Surely she has her reward.

OUR PRESIDENT



F. P. HOBGOOD, PRESIDENT,  
*Latin, and Moral Science.*

SALLIE D. TWITTY,  
*Lady Principal.*

MARY A. LACY,  
*French.*

LILLIE G. EGBERT,  
*Natural Science.*

HALLIE E. TAURMAN,  
*Director of Music and Elocution.*

JANIE LACY,  
*Music.*





MILDRED LASATER,  
*Business Course.*

PATTIE BASS,  
*English and Mathematics.*

GAY BROADDUS,  
*English and History.*

MARTHA L. TILTON,  
*Art.*

JULIA ELLIOT,  
*Matron.*





"Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,  
Eternal joy, and everlasting love."



J. Boss

## Class of 1908



MOTTO:—Virtus in arduis.

COLORS:—Green and White.

FLOWER:—Daisy.

### Officers

LYDIA BENTON.....President.  
MYRTLE SHAMBURGER.....Vice-President.  
BERTHA HOSTRANDER.....Secretary and Treasurer.  
ETHEL BUFFALOE.....Prophetess.  
MARY WEBB.....Historian.

### Class Roll

Lillian Barnes.	Bertha Hostrander.
Lydia Benton.	Myrtle Shamburger.
Ethel Buffaloe.	Mary Webb.
Ethel Higley.	Mary Whitaker.



LILLIAN MAY BARNES, BACHELOR OF LETTERS,  
ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.

*"Hath thy toil o'er books consumed the midnight oil?"*



LYDIA WILLIAMS BENTON, BACHELOR OF LETTERS,  
MONROE, N. C.

President of Senior Class;  
Vice-President Uranian Society.

*"Of manners gentle and affection mild."*



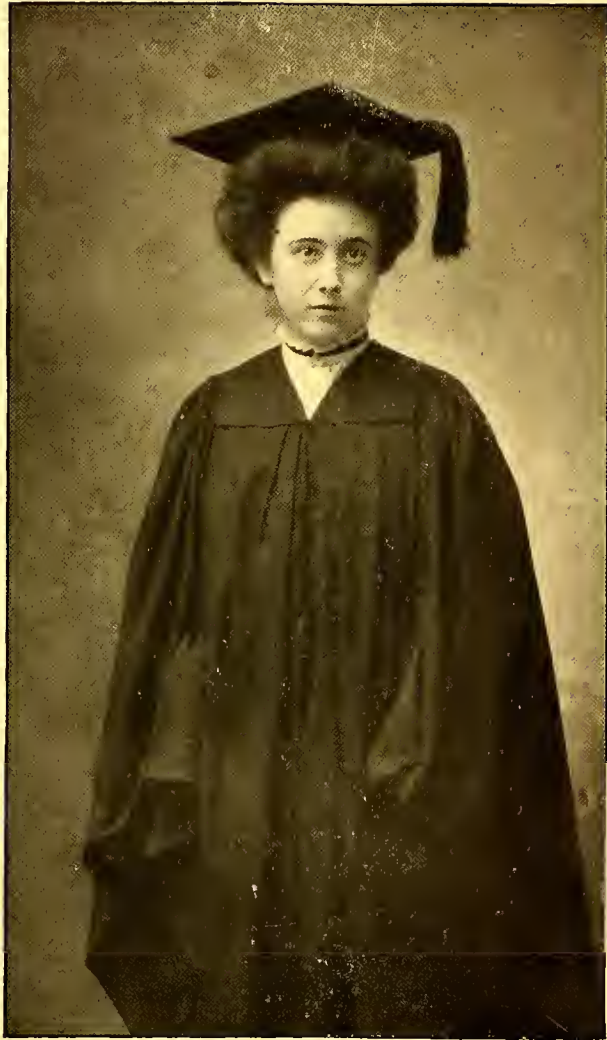


ETHEL HICKS BUFFALOE, BACHELOR OF LETTERS,

OXFORD, N. C.

Class Prophetess.

*"The calm of self-reliance."*



ETHEL POPE HIGLEY, BACHELOR OF LETTERS,  
LUMBERTON, N. C.

*"Perseverance is a Roman virtue which plucks success."*



BERTHA HOSTRANDER, BACHELOR OF LETTERS,  
FORD, VA.

President Uranian Society;  
Secretary and Treasurer of Senior Class.

*"One who never turned her back,  
But marched breast-forward."*



MYRTLE NORMAN SHAMBURGER, BACHELOR OF ARTS,  
RALEIGH, N. C.

Vice-President Senior Class;

Editor in-Chief of "The Phoenix";

Vice-President Calliopean Society;

Class Valedictorian.

*"She was made for happy thoughts,  
For playful wit and laughter."*



MARY EDMONDSON WEBB, BACHELOR OF LETTERS,  
OXFORD, N. C.

Business Manager of "The Phoenix";  
Class Historian.

*"To all she smiles extends."*



MARY RICHARD WHITAKER, BACHELOR OF MUSIC,  
NASHVILLE, N. C.

For three years President of Calliopean Society;  
Business Manager of "The Phoenix."

*"Heart on her lips and soul within her eyes  
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies."*



Combined weight of Senior Class..... 814 lbs.  
Combined waist measure..... 16 ft. 6 in.  
Combined height..... 45 ft.

## Class History of 1908



LET US DRAW on our imagination for a brief space and consider our school a stage; the students the actors thereon; we eight Seniors, of course, the principal characters.

The fall of 1904 witnesses the beginning of the first act in this drama. All who are acquainted with boarding-school life must know that Freshmen hold no enviable position (so we come not with flourish of trumpet and glitter of arms, as Antony marches forth to meet Caesar at Alexandria; rather, come we timidly, half reluctantly, in fact). Milton, in his "Paradise Lost," in speaking of the earth when it was first created, says: "Till then desert and bare, unsightly, unadorned, brought forth the tender grass whose verdure clad her universal face with pleasant green." We can find no fitter words to describe us as Freshmen *dramatis personae*. Our minds are indeed "desert and bare," and we blush at the thought of the "pleasant green" depicted on our countenances. In our simplicity we look upon our President—the manager—as a being almost superhuman. We suppose that had Solomon lived in his day, he would have lost his reputation for wisdom. Each one of our teachers, too, seems to us a perfect wonder.

As Freshmen are never allowed to accomplish much except in the line of text-books, we are to wait patiently for our second year to show what we are capable of doing. So at the opening of this act, we, Lillian Barnes, Lydia Benton, Ethel Buffaloe, Ethel Higley, Bertha Hostrander, Myrtle Shamburger, Mary Webb, and Mary Whitaker, stand forth eight ambitious Sophomores, eager to make our presence known. We think it hardly necessary to describe our personal appearance, as you all have seen us on dress parade so often, and must know the height, size, and complexion of each, and it would not be fair to disclose secrets sacred to all girls' hearts; namely, just how many of our pompadours recline on



the dresser at night, but we want to give you a little insight into each individual character. This you can not secure through a mere bowing acquaintance.

First, there's Myrtle, the girl who is always clamoring for justice. In passing one of her class-mates after a very trying examination she asked, "How did you come out?"

"Why, if I pull through 'twill be by the skin of my teeth," was the reply. "How about you?"

"Well, all I want is justice."

"Wouldn't you be grateful if dear Mrs. Lacy would make some allowance for nervousness or an attack of indigestion?"

"No, indeed. If I don't deserve but 75, I don't want more, and if I deserve 100 I wouldn't be satisfied with 99½. That's me!"

"A descendant of Shylock," was the mental comment.

Again, there's Lillian, cold and haughty in manner; yet we are sure that beneath this unbending, austere exterior beats a kind, gentle heart. Let her don work-cap, long white apron, and spectacles, and we would want to walk right up to her and say, "How-d'ye-do, Aunt Betsy, how are you to-day?"—Aunt Betsy Trotwood.

And we have all agreed that Ethel Higley must be some kin to Patrick Henry, from the way she pines for liberty.

Then we have Hamlet and Ophelia (Lydia and Bertha). In this instance, Ophelia's mind becomes impaired from over-study and worry over examinations, and through sympathy her ever-faithful Lydia—Hamlet—allows hers to become unbalanced, and hand-in-hand they pursue their course. It is painfully amusing to observe these two. If by chance one stumbles against Ophelia on the veranda "when the evening shades prevail," something like this is heard: "Beautiful moon, in yon starry heavens, look down from your perch on your most loyal subject, and foretell her future. To pass or not to pass, that is the question. Is it to be the laurel wreath or oblivion?"

While Hamlet, we believe, thinks she is sincere, yet it seems that at times fancies other than of her trustful Ophelia flit through her troubled brain, and we can't but help feel that there 'sould be a little method attached to her malady. We

find her sometimes alone, her book across her lap, dreamily gazing into space, and murmuring, "I wonder what has become of Jim and Tom; it seems an age since I have heard from either of them. Inconstancy, thy name is Man. Don't know what can be the matter at home, anyway. Wish I had some of mother's nice, old hot buckwheat cakes and chocolate; I am so tired of beef, potatoes, and molasses. Still, it's not all of life to eat, but half of death to miss this Latin to-morrow," and she again applies herself to her task.

Then, too, we have a veritable Orpheus. Such melodious, soul-thrilling music is seldom heard; verily, her melodies have "charm to soothe the savage breast," and her rhapsodies, we are sure, would make the dauntless Pluto tremble.

Ethel Buffaloe is famed for her shrill tongue and ready sarcasm, and it is a common occurrence to see some one rush from her presence, followed by such missiles as her hairbrush, whiskbroom, or a rubber shoe—a typical Katharina. But a little temper is the spice of life, and she will doubtless develop into a charming woman, after she has met her Petruccio.

Beaconsfield says that one is never so interesting as when he is talking about himself, but search the annals as we may, we can find very little to say about our historian. In her childhood fancies and day-dreams Cinderella was always the central figure and she longed for the magic wand. As she grows older she is charmed by the tragic romance of Juliet and thrilled by Cleopatra's beauty and mental perfections. But all of us are not born great, neither is greatness thrust upon many, nor do we all achieve this coveted treasure even after years of patient toil; and, too, "the world might all go wrong with one too many stars." All of us are not brilliant actors, and each one must content herself with her part.

Our Sophomore year at last draws to a close, and our farewells are mingled with the thought that the opening of the next act will find us Juniors.

In the fall of 1906 we return, each one feeling some honest pride in her title. After the election of officers, our first performance is in honor of that august body, the Class of 1907. They show their appreciation of our attempt by a most delightful hay-ride and supper.

We do not, however, waste all our precious time, for even the Seniors can not surpass us in everything. Our class takes the lead in Mathematics, History, French, and—but I must refrain for fear of detracting from our sister class.

We may have felt proud of being called Juniors, but words fail to express just what we feel as Seniors, when we realize that the goal of our ambition is so soon to be reached. And now that the last act is on and we are nearing the end of the play, we begin to look seriously on things about us, and to marvel at the many changes which time is bringing. We find that to a great extent we have put away our Freshmen ideas, yet our cast of characters remains the same. Some of the old fancies, like the memory of beautiful dreams and the fairy tales of our youth, linger with us still, and some of our Freshmen heroes and heroines will ever be to us the same criterion they have always been, and deep down in the heart of each of us glows a spark of real love, respect and appreciation for our President; distinguished as an educator; honored as a patriot and citizen; beloved as a man of kindness and courage, and in whose heart gentle courtesy reigns as undisputed queen of all his virtues; and for each one of our faithful teachers, though their characters, personal appearance, propensities and talents are as varied as the types of Venus and Minerva; Mozart and Bullion; the plants of the torrid zone and those of the temperate, yet each a perfect specimen of its kind, and each talent thoroughly developed.

We find among the changes which have taken place since the closing scene of the last act, that many of our friends and companions have made their last appearance on this stage, and their parts are being acted by strangers. Some of our beloved teachers, too, have left us to try their fortunes elsewhere. And as the act advances, we suffer still other misfortunes. The climax comes when the dear old bell that has served us so faithfully, suddenly announces the fact that it can serve us no longer and simply gives out, "all at once and nothing first, just as bubbles do when they burst."

And now, in a last retrospect—while it is pleasant to think of the time we have spent here together, and—

" 'Tis sweet to live again  
O'er moments that were once so bright,  
To lift the veil that hides the past  
And flood those aisles with memories light."

Yet our path has not been strewn with roses, altogether; our work has been long and arduous, and sometimes the beaming face of the sun would be entirely obscured by dark clouds. Some of these incidents in our school life we have recalled with sadness.

Again, in looking back we find some things to regret. We regret that we can not say that we have gotten no demerits, or tardy marks; that we have not been absent from classes, and so forth. We regret also that we can boast no stars. We simply claim to have been an honest, hard-working class.

We hope you, our successors, will appreciate us and our work; but if you do not, you need not expect us to sympathize with your unpardonable lack of taste.

Since the ordeal is over and all doubts and fears as to examinations have subsided, we sincerely hope that Hamlet and Ophelia may soon regain their equilibrium.

And now the music of our lives commences, the play is ended, the curtain will soon fall, and we will make our exit, thereby leaving the floor to other feet.

MARY WEBB.

## Prophecy of Class of 1908



EARLY on the Commencement morning of May, 1920, the Lady Principal of one of the large Southern colleges told me that a number of the Juniors wanted to gather daisies to decorate the chapel. She gave her consent only upon condition that I, the most exacting and most dignified member of the faculty, would accompany them, keeping them ever in full view of my eagle eye and stern countenance.

As we left the campus one of the girls exclaimed, "I can scarcely realize that the seventeenth of May has come at last."

The seventeenth of May! How many pleasant memories that date recalls. Let me see,—twelve years ago to-day I, too, was a happy Senior. How I would love to see the dear old Seminary again!

It was just the other day that I noticed in a magazine an article of considerable worth on the different schools of the South. The Oxford Seminary headed the list, as being under the best management and having the finest faculty and most improved equipment of any school in the South.

The article also stated that Professor Hobgood had decided to discontinue the practice of giving demerits, and in the future no Senior should be deprived of her privileges. The writer seemed confident that the school would enjoy double prosperity thereafter. Oh, that the change might have been made earlier!

How I should like to know what my classmates of 1908 are doing to-day! Unconsciously I wished aloud.

"Come with me, and you shall have your wish," I heard some one say.

I glanced about me in surprise. The girls had scattered in all directions, and I was standing alone in the meadow.

Suddenly there sprang up from among the daisies a beautiful little creature, clad in glistening white and gold. "Who are you?" I exclaimed in delighted surprise.

"I am the knight who guards the 'Wishing Pole.' Come with me and you shall have your wish."

After one doubtful glance at the girls under my care, I followed him, being completely overcome by the spirit of adventure and the prospect of having my desires gratified.

Suddenly the daisies in our path disappeared, and embedded in the brown earth we saw a rusty trap-door. The little Knight tapped it three times with his golden wand, and it opened, revealing a long gray-stone stairway, at the foot of which was a massive iron door, which readily yielded to the magic touch of the wand.

What a view met my astonished gaze! "This," my guide explained, "is the audience chamber of the Queen of the Fairies. I will conduct you to her, for she can tell you all you wish to know."

On a magnificent throne, surrounded by her court, was seated the beautiful Queen of the Fairies. She received me very graciously, desiring to know what she could do for me.

"It is my wish to know," I said, "'what enterprise of great pitch and moment' has been vouchsafed by Dame Fortune to the other members of my class, that graduated from the Oxford Seminary in the year 1908."

And this is the information she gave me:

"Your Class President, Lydia Benton, went North the next year to attend a fashionable boarding school for young ladies. There her dignity and strict observance of the rules won for her the esteem of all her teachers. After spending several years there, she was elected to fill a vacancy in the faculty. Thus her career began. She is now Lady Principal of one of the most select and fashionable schools for young ladies in New York. She has never forgotten her own school days, and often tells her delinquent charges that she wishes they were half so obedient and docile as she was when she went to school."

"And what of our bright and happy Myrtle?" I asked.

"Oh, you know she always wanted to be a missionary. So she studied at Kansas City Training School, and from there she was sent to some barbarous place in the wilds of Africa. There she is doing a noble work. Although she is far from civilization, yet she keeps in touch with her native land, and from the present outlook she will end her career as the 'Lady of the Decoration.'"

"Then there was Ethel Higley."

"While spending the winter in New York she astonished all her friends by eloping with an English lord. They are now living at their beautiful country home, where she not only does a great deal of entertaining, but keeps all the accounts of the estate—thanks to Mrs. Lacy's arithmetic."

"Mary Webb was so pleased with the 'Annual' that she decided to be a journalist. With this idea in view she went to New York and reported for one of the leading papers of the city. Her principal line of work was reporting murder cases, hangings, weddings, funerals, dog-fights, bargain-sales, and other such thrilling events. She won quite a reputation and her services were constantly in demand. After a few years she grew weary of this work, and accepted a position as manager of the advertising department of a popular magazine. Here, again, her experience with the 'Annual' helped her. She is now editing one of the best magazines in this country."

"Lillian Barnes has fulfilled the prophecy of her girlhood, and is now the leading poetess of the day. Her poems are in constant demand, both at home and abroad. Although she is a very busy woman, she always has time to spare for the college girl who has a task beyond her capacity. Each year she supplies class poems for quite a number of colleges, whose chosen poets are not inspired."

"Bertha Hostrander, finding that her acquaintance with the great men of former days had inspired within her a longing to do more, went to Cornell to study. There she remained until Professor Hobgood wrote to her, offering her the chair of English and History at the Seminary. Of course she accepted, and is there now."

"But—Miss Broaddus, our Honorary Member—where is she?" I asked.

"She gave up teaching, and now enjoys eating chocolate."

"Chocolate!" I exclaimed in amazement.

"Yes—Peter's Chocolate, I think."

"Oh," I said, "she was fond of that when I was at school."

"Mary Whitaker, your Music Senior, studied several years in New York and Germany, and is now considered one of the leading pianists of the day. While on her second tour in America, she visited the Seminary, where she was enthusiastically received."

"A splendid record," concluded the Queen, "which predicts for your class even greater usefulness and fame in the coming years."

"Rah! Rah! Rah!" cried each little Fate,

"Hurrah for the Class of 1908!"

## Senior Class Will



OXFORD, GRANVILLE COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA.

We, the members of the Senior Class of Oxford Seminary of the aforesaid town, county, and State, being of sound judgment, do hereby make this, our last will and testament.

ITEM 1.—To Mr. Hobgood, our honored President, and to the Faculty, we will an appreciation of their teaching, their thoughtfulness and kindness, as well as the love of each one of us.

ITEM 2.—To Mr. Hobgood, in particular, we will the privilege of calling the roll every Sunday morning before breakfast; also a new volume of sermons to be read to the Sunday morning invalids, the present copy being unavoidably damaged during the past year; also a new volume of anecdotes to be related only to his Psychology class, for his present supply has been used so frequently that it is positively impossible for the said class to produce another laugh on them. We will to him a dignified Senior Class that will get up a dignified Annual.

ITEM 3.—We will to Mrs. Twitty, girls who will "Observe the Princess Tone"; also a new copy of "The Rules and Regulations," the present copy having been worn out by much perusing; in addition, a reader to assist her in reading the aforesaid rules on the Saturday mornings during the months of September and October. We also will to her a bunch of keys, in order that she may keep the reading-room door and Chapel piano locked.

ITEM 4.—To Mrs. Lacy, we bequeath a new French grammar without any irregular verbs. We also will to her some arithmetic experts for her next year's review class.

ITEM 5.—To Miss Egbert, we will plenty of glorious sunshine, so that there will be all varieties of flowers for her next year's Botany class. We will her a brilliant Physics class, and may all her future Geometry pupils be Alma Hollands.

ITEM 6.—To Miss Broaddus, we will some one to assist her in correcting her composition papers; and a little mercy, provided this mercy be used on her next year's Senior Literature class. To her, our honorary member, we, the Senior Class, will our truest and most lasting love.

ITEM 7.—We bequeath to Miss Bass, a manual on diagraming; also an Algebra class who will be experts in factoring; and finally, a position as trained nurse, a position for which we think that she is admirably fitted.

ITEM 8.—To Miss Lasater, we will a typewriter and all other appurtenances of a business course; and the captain of a famous basketball team as her future partner in life.

ITEM 9.—Of Miss Taurman and Miss Janie we, the class, request that the Saturday evening recitals be made more numerous. To Miss Taurman, we will a new photograph for next year's Annual; to Miss Janie, a *perfect* Harmony class.



ITEM 10.—To Miss Tilton, we bequeath a studio having a skylight. We also request that Mr. Hobgood have an addition made to the Chapel Hall for her numerous boxes.

ITEM 11.—To Miss Elliott we will the notes on Dr. Hays's lectures, provided a copy of the said notes are kept in the infirmary as a guide; also an instantaneous grippe cure. We thank her for the kind way in which she has watched over us in our sickness, and we hope all of next year's girls will be strong and healthy.

ITEM 12.—To the Junior Class, we bequeath our brilliant example in matters both intellectual and moral; and all of our perfect examination marks. We will them our gowns, provided they be worn every time the said class goes beyond the Seminary walls; also our perfect deportment marks. To Norma Page, and Helen Dover, we will the delightful Sunday afternoon walks of two of our members, and we hope they will meet with the same success. We will Myrtle Shamburger's musical laugh to John Bass, and hope she will use it as often as Myrtle does; Ethel Higley's perseverance and calm determination to Ruth Gentry; Ethel Buffaloe's self-reliance to Essie Burt, and her ability to spell to Helen Dover; Mary Whitaker's musical ability to Lucy Green, and her good reputation to Norma Page; and Mary Webb's superfluous flesh to Ruth Wharton. Lettie Green is omitted from this will because she has everything she needs.

ITEM 13.—To Annie Green, we bequeath the parlor for three nights in the week; to Mand Riggan, an hour's fun and a hearty laugh; to Mary Brummitt, a bathrobe; to Mabel Overton, and Anna Howard, a more graceful carriage; to Estelle, and Belva Myers, some young teachers; to Louise Peed, a new braid; to Ruth Wharton, a little more pompadour; to Mary Frances and Pearl Ray, an infirmary of sick girls to nurse; to Mr. Hobgood, a pair of number ten shoes with rubber heels; and a hogshead of spring water to the water-cranks, Miss Egbert, Miss Broaddus, Miss Taurman and Miss Lasater.

ITEM 14.—To the boys of the aforesaid town we bequeath the sidewalk in front of the Seminary, provided it be used next year as often as it has been this year. We also hope that each will have at least two *Seminary girls* next year.

We hereby constitute and appoint our trusty friend, Miss Gay Broaddus, to execute this, our last will and testament, according to the true intent and meaning of the same, hereby declaring utterly void all other wills hitherto made by us.

Signed, sealed, and declared to be our last will and testament.

LYDIA W. BENTON.

In witness, we, the Senior Class, do set our hand this, the 20th day of March, 1908.

SENIOR CLASS. (Seal)

## A Tribute to the Class of 1908



After the days of toil and strife,  
There comes a joy in after-life,  
After the weariness, fear and pain,  
Dawns hope, like "sunshine after rain."

After the storm, the peaceful calm;  
For every pain, a healing balm;  
For every shadow, a ray of light;  
The brightest day after darkest night.

After toil and study of other days  
The Junior takes on Senior's ways;  
After all their prayers, they now, at last,  
Assume the role of "this year's class."

And now from the Class of Nineteen Seven  
May songs of joy be ever given  
That after their class of such sad fate,  
There came a class like "The Naughty-Eight."

BY A MEMBER OF THE CLASS OF 1907.



For the work and play,  
For the griefs and joys,  
For the friendships formed, and  
Development gained,  
We, thy loyal daughters, bless  
Our dear Alma Mater.

# Class of 1909



COLORS:—Blue and White.

FLOWER:—Forget-me-not.

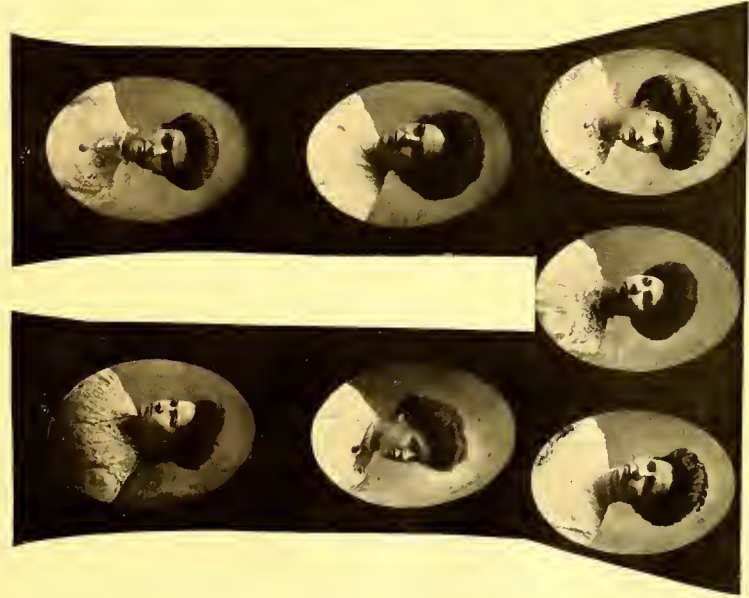
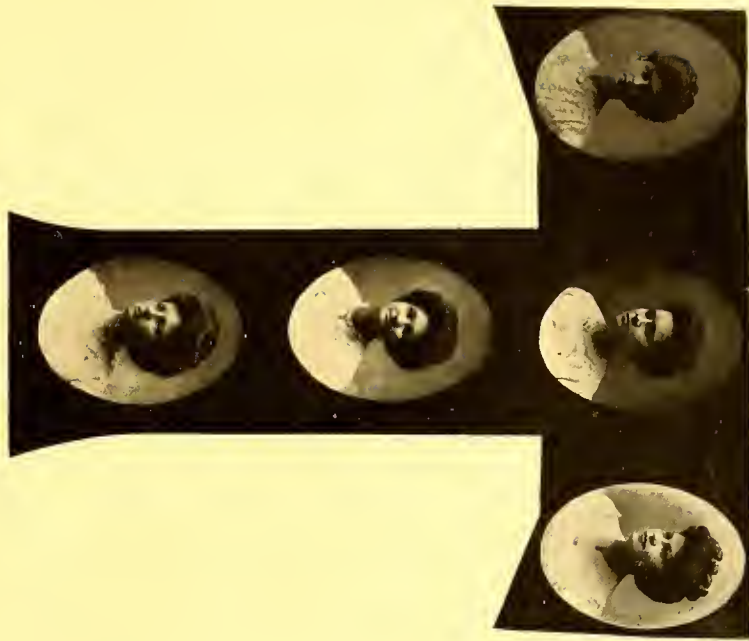
MOTTO: *Τολμά σοφός είναιί*

## Officers

NORMA VIRGINIA PAGE.....President.  
HELEN AMANDA DOVER.....Vice-President.  
MARY WORTHAM.....Secretary.  
RUTH WHARTON.....Treasurer.  
LETTIE GREEN.....Historian.  
JOHN BASS.....Artist.

## Class Roll

John Bass.	Annabel Newton.
Essie Burt.	Norma Page.
Helen Dover.	Hallie Roller.
Ruth Gentry.	Oza Taylor.
Lucy Green.	Ruth Wharton.
Lettie Green.	Mary Wortham.



## Junior Class History



IN SEPTEMBER, 1905, there were only two of our number who entered the Seminary as ambitious Freshmen. These had not the courage to organize that year, so it was not until the fall of 1906 that we were members of an organized class. That year our number was increased by many more aspiring Sophomores, who were, however, never troubled by very weighty cares. Of course, we were not very highly regarded by the Juniors, and especially the Seniors, but seldom did that trouble us.

However, we were "exceeding glad" when those paths were trodden and we twelve entered upon the walks of the Junior year in September, 1907. One of the most important events of the year was our reception to the Seniors, and how we set them thinking when the contests were engaged in!

Though we have often been led where the way was rugged and steep, we have also been in pleasant pastures and by gently murmuring waters. We would, perhaps, forget some things if we were able, but, on the whole, those days have been exceedingly pleasant, for we have known that, after passing through the land of the Junior, we shall enter the wonderful country of Seniorsdom.

Surely our class must be worthy of some commendation, for even Mr. Hobgood has said that this is a class that will bring things to pass, and, undoubtedly, he should know. Who could doubt this, since we have Helen Dover, the most attractive girl in school, and Ruth Wharton, the most talented, who is so charming that she has completely captivated a "Solomon"?

Even the Seniors were not able to edit an Annual without our aid, for both the Art Editors are worthy Juniors. Seldom in the history of the Seminary has Mr. Hobgood awarded two diplomas to one girl at one time, but in 1909 two members of our class will each receive two diplomas. Helen Dover will receive a B.L. degree and also a diploma in music; and Norma Page will be given a diploma in Art and a B.L. degree.

But we can not take time to tell you of all the illustrious members of our class, for these are not all who are smart. We may only tell you that we are fully aware of our importance, and are hoping even to surpass this year's class in good influence and in the things which we may accomplish.

L. F. G.

## Class of 1910



MOTTO:—"Learn to labor and to wait."

COLORS:—Sea-green and White.

FLOWER:—Water Lily.

### Officers

KENT HODNETT.....President.  
MAMIE ROYSTER .....Vice-President.  
ALMA HOLLAND.....Historian.

### Class Roll

Lucy Davis.  
Myrtle Green.  
Kent Hodnett.  
Alma Holland.  
Lina Norris.  
Mamie Royster.  
Lula Williams.





## History of the Sophomore Class



OUR IMPORTANCE in the history of Oxford Seminary began in the year '07-'08, when we organized into a class, each member of which should stand by every other "for better or for worse."

We, unlike most Sophomores, have never had the despised name of Freshmen applied to us. When first we claimed the honor of being a class we were able to call ourselves high and mighty Sophomores.

Just attend for a few minutes to a word concerning several members of the class, and you, too, will agree that we must be a power in the school.

First, there is Kent, our much-respected President, who comes to every class meeting with a variety of wise suggestions, which would do honor to Solomon, and an amount of interest in everything she undertakes that would suffice to run the school.

Next is Mamie Royster, with a brain that won for her the distinction of getting one hundred on Junior Latin examination.

Last, but not least, I will mention, especially, Lucy Davis and Lula Williams, whose physical size and good nature abundantly supply their small deficiencies.

And then the other members of the class—what would we do without their several gifts, which, indeed, are too numerous to mention?

Our Sophomore year, with all its trials and all its pleasures, is drawing swiftly to a close, and soon we will be a full-fledged Junior Class, with the probability of being entertained by the Seniors now and then!

The remaining two years of our abode here will be the shortest of all, and then we enter life in earnest.

May we improve well the season of our preparation.

A. L. H.

# Class of 1911



MOTTO:—Labora fortius.

FLOWER:—Orange Blossom.

COLORS:—Olive and Orange.

## Officers

CORNELIA ELIZABETH STALLINGS.....President.  
ROSA BELLE COX.....Vice-President.  
PEARL THURSTON RAY.....Secretary.  
RUBIE BROOKS PULLIAM.....Treasurer.

## Members

Rubie Carter.	Elizabeth Hancock.
Amanda Cobb.	Mary Hart.
Mamie Coleman.	Anna Jones.
Lallie Gooch.	Maggie Short.
Annie Green.	Fannie Wortham.



## History of Freshman Class



CAN WE REALIZE that it has been six months since we came to the Seminary? Yes, we can, and six *long* months they have been, for all our cherished toys were left behind, and we have begun hard work. Play-days are over, and the only relics of those happy days are shown in our picture.

My! aren't we proud of our class? But we may rightly be proud of it, for it differs from the former Freshmen classes, in having for its President, Elizabeth Stallings, who is just the one for such an office, because she possesses the tact of governing a class, and easily treads the flowery path of knowledge.

Also, in our class are girls who are Short, those whose cheeks are like a Rose and whose teeth are like Pearls; and some who are as priceless as Rubies. We may be Green, but we are as happy as old King Cole (-man).

But the most remarkable fact is yet to be mentioned—w<sup>h</sup> we even have in our class a "man," who has set our hearts aflame with love, or who could help but love "Man" Cobb?

Lest we dwell too long on the individual members of our class, we may say for those not mentioned that they are Worth 'em all.

At the beginning of the term we were very studious, and astonished our "superiors," the Sophomores, by our brilliancy. When Christmas drew near, however, we grew tired of school, and a longing for "Teddy bears" and dolls stole over us, and many of us shed bitter tears over "those awful lessons"; but soon the Christmas holidays came, and we went home with light hearts.

January 2d came far too quickly, for then it was that our Christmas holidays ended, and we had to come back to school and resume our studies.

But soon May 17th will come, and then we may proudly declare before all, that WE will next year constitute a worthy Sophomore Class.

F. F. W.

## Junior Music Class



MOTTO:—" Music won the cause."

FLOWER:—The Violet.

COLORS:—Purple and White.

### Members

Frances Green.

Mary Webb.

Helen Dover.





## Sophomore Music Class



MOTTO:—Aspiration, diligence, freedom, grace.

COLORS:—Yellow and White.

FLOWER:—Marechal Niel Rose.

### Officers

HELEN GRAY JENKINS.....President.

RUTH WHARTON .....Treasurer.

### Class Roll

Helen Gray Jenkins.

Mary Lee Lyles.

Mary Louise Peed.

Ruth Wharton.

## Freshman Music Class



MOTTO:—" Not at the top, but climbing."

COLORS:—Gold and White.

FLOWER:—Dandelion.

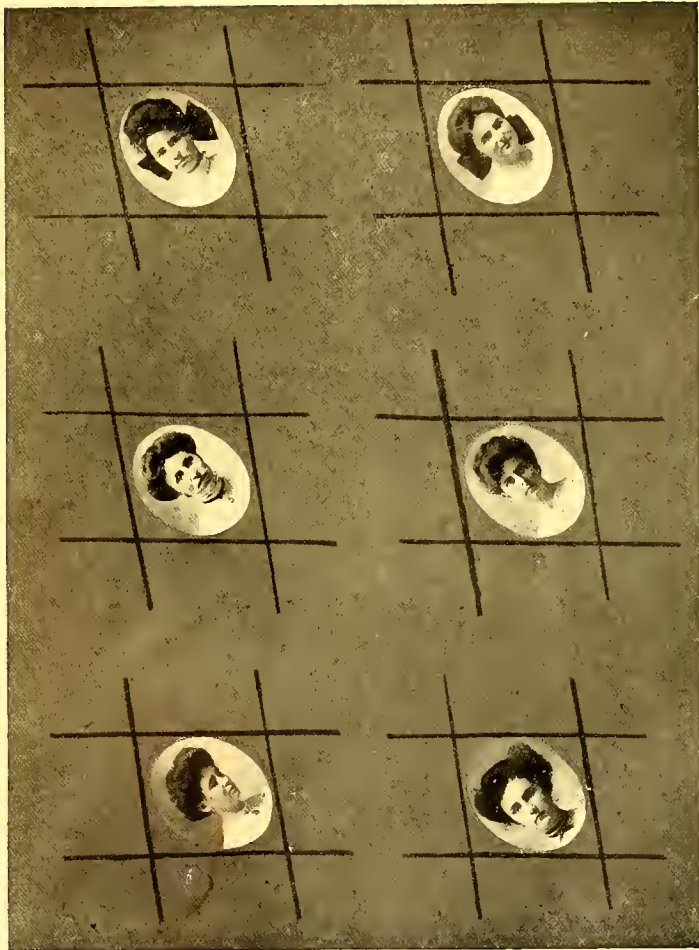
### Officers

MAMIE ROYSTER ..... President.  
ALMA HOLLAND ..... Vice-President.  
LETTIE GREEN ..... Secretary.  
ANNABEL NEWTON ..... Treasurer.

### Class Roll

Mamie Royster.  
Alma Holland.  
Lettie Green.  
Annabel Newton.  
Elizabeth Stallings.  
Kent Hodnett.





## Special Class



COLORS:—Violet and White.

FLOWER:—Violet.

MOTTO:—Poco-a-Poco.

### Officers

LOLA CRAFT JENKINS.....President.  
LUCY LEE SYDNOR.....Vice-President.  
NELLYE JAMES FORBES.....Secretary and Treasurer.

### Class Roll

Nellye James Forbes.  
Mamie Lee Garner.  
Fannie Robards House.  
Mary Anna Howard.  
Lola Craft Jenkins.  
Minnie Lorena Jones.  
Lottie Virginia Kerley.  
Lucy Lee Sydnor.  
Mary Lee Liles.  
Minnie Grace Milne.  
Florence Belle Woody.  
Ruth Frances Whitley.  
Sudie McNeill.



## A Leap Year Story



IT WAS ONE of those beautiful days in April when the birds call to each other from the tree-tops and the violets lift their heads to drink in the sunshine. All nature seemed responding to the call of spring, and everywhere trees and plants were bursting into life and beauty. But Frank Townson thought of none of these things. He did not even see the blue sky and the bright flowers, as he walked along the main street of a little country town in Virginia. Oblivious to all about him, he walked on with his head bowed and his eyes bent upon the ground, as if he were seeking the solution of some difficult problem. Suddenly he lifted his head and his face brightened as he exclaimed, "By George! I think I have it!" Then he turned and went down a side street, whistling merrily.

Frank was soon in Mrs. Thornton's cozy sitting-room, explaining his situation to his friend and champion, Janet Thornton, a merry lass of sixteen, who was always ready for any prank, particularly if it were to further the cause of her friend, in whose affairs she took a lively interest. Frank had just been refused for the third time by Rosalie Milton, a lovely girl who had inspired in him an ardent devotion, but each refusal made him but the more anxious to win the prize.

"Have her I will, by fair means or foul!" he exclaimed as he told Janet of his last rebuff.

"Good!" cried Janet, as she clapped her hands with pleasure. "That is the way to win, Frank, and I will do all I can to help you."

"Well, this is my plan," he said—and they plotted together for some ten or fifteen minutes.

Janet shook her head. "A far-fetched plan," she said.

But Frank was persistent, and she finally agreed to try what he had suggested, and they parted with excited anticipations as to the outcome of their project.

"We go in to win," Janet called to him gaily, as he ran down the steps.

That afternoon Janet put on her hat and went to see Rosalie Milton. "Come, let's go for a walk, Rosalie," she said, as her friend met her at the door.

Rosalie was glad of the diversion, for, to tell the truth, she had been troubled ever since her morning's talk with Frank, and she feared that he might take her "No" as final. She was not willing to yield yet, but in her inmost heart she knew that she cared more for him than for any other man.

Janet did not mention Frank's name, but as they strolled out on the country road she suddenly turned to Rosalie and challenged her to a race.

"I wager I can beat you to that tall tree yonder," she said.

"Accepted!" cried Rosalie. "What is your wager?"

"Well, I tell you, if you beat I will do whatever you say, and if I beat, why you shall be at my mercy to obey any command I may give."

Rosalie, not suspecting any trick, consented, and—"One, two, three!" they were speeding down the road. Rosalie ran well, but Janet seemed inspired by some inward motive, and with a desperate effort she won the race.

"Now," said Janet, as she rearranged her loosened tresses, "since this is leap year, I want you to propose to the next tramp whom you see."

"Why, preposterous!" exclaimed Rosalie; "what could have put such a notion in your head?"

"Oh, I wanted to suggest something original," said Janet.

Rosalie laughed, but she consented with little fear, as tramps were not very numerous in that region. The girls walked home, talking of other things, and soon Rosalie had forgotten Janet's proposition.

But late that afternoon, as she sat in the sitting-room alone and absorbed in reading, a knock was heard at the kitchen door. In an absent-minded mood she answered the knock, but she was startled out of her composure when she saw the object before her. There was no room for doubt, it was certainly a tramp! His hat pulled down over his smutty face, coatless, collarless, his trousers patched with a variety of colors, his foot protruding through a hole in his shoe, he was a sight to inspire terror in a braver heart. Rosalie merely stared for a moment, then her heart seemed to leap into her throat, and her face flushed as she remembered her promise to Janet.

"Why don't thou git me some vittals, instid o' standin' thar a-gaping?"

Rosalie managed to obey, but as she placed the food before him and he began to eat, she retreated towards the door.

"Propose to this beast!" she thought; "I can not."

But as she heard her mother moving about in the next room, her courage returned to her, and the spirit of adventure seized her. The tramp was watching her closely out of the corner of his eye, but suddenly she turned to him and falteringly blurted out, "Will you marry me?"

"Indeed I will," cried Frank, shoving his chair aside and seizing her in his arms, "it is what I have wanted to do for two years!"

Rosalie screamed. "Oh! I did not mean it for you," she cried, as she realized who held her.

\* \* \* \* \*

But a few months later Janet was invited to be a bridesmaid at Rosalie's marriage, and Frank Townson was the bridegroom. He had found out that she meant it after all.

## Tribute to the Old Bell



Full inch-deep lies the winter snow,  
And the winter winds are wearily blowing;  
Sing ye a requiem sad and slow,  
Let the old bell toll so low  
A long farewell—it's going.  
Old bell, you must not go;  
You came to us so readily,  
You lived with us so steadily—  
Old bell, you shall not go.

He'd never sorrows but pleasures seek;  
A jollier bell we shall not see.  
But though his voice is waxing weak,  
And though his foes much ill do speak,  
He was a friend to me.  
Old bell, you shall not go;  
We did cry and laugh so with you,  
I've half a mind to go with you,  
Old bell, if you must go.

He was full of joke and jest,  
But all his merry quips are o'er.  
To say farewell, across the waste  
His successor doth ride post-haste.  
But he'll be gone before.  
Every one for his own.  
The day is cloudy and cold, my friend,  
And the new bell, blithe and bold, my friend,  
Comes up to take his own.

How slow he tolls over the snow!  
I heard just now the drayman's knock,  
The footman walking to and fro.  
The old cord shudders; the tones grow slow;  
'Tis nearly time to stop.  
Shake hands before you go.  
Old bell, we'll dearly rue for you;  
What is it we can do for you?  
Speak out before you go.

His voice has grown so cracked and thin,  
Alack! the voice is gone.  
Take down our friend—away with him;  
Hurriedly step and let him in  
That standeth there alone,  
And waiteth at the door.  
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend  
And a new voice in the tower, my friend,  
A new voice in the tower.

## Regulations



The students of Oxford Seminary are required to receive not less than two visits from young men each week, regardless of relationship or acquaintance.

Every young lady is requested to correspond with at least six Horner boys and to flirt with every young man she sees, especially at church.

Every young lady who has not completed her toilet before study-bell rings, will be allowed to do so after entering the chapel.

All dust and trash must be swept under the beds or out in the halls—beds are swept under only at Commencement.

All waste-paper and fruit parings must be thrown out of the windows.

Basketball is positively forbidden and walking is a demeritable offense.

Students are required to visit the kitchen not less than eight times a day.

Chaperones are positively forbidden.

No student is allowed to wear uniform down the street or to church.

No student is allowed to attend church without written permission from home.

No student must, under any circumstances, be given the pleasure of an examination.





Prettiest

MABEL ROHRER.  
"Is she not passing fair?"

Most  
Mischievous



HELEN JENKINS.  
"There's mischief lurking in her very eyes."



Most Popular  
and Sweetest

MYRTLE NORMAN SHAMBURGER.

"She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed  
a disposition."

Neatest



MARY RICHARD WHITAKER.

"Neat but not finical."



Most  
Accomplished

RUTH WHARTON.

"Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading."

Most  
Attractive



HELEN AMANDA DOVER.

"Age can not wither her, nor custom stale her  
infinite variety."

## Ruth's Punishment



DORIS, A GIRL OF FOURTEEN, and the "peck-on" of a certain set of girls, the "higher set," as they called themselves, at Oak College, sat at her back window, in the dormitory building, one afternoon in February. Whether she was looking at a clump of ice-tipped pine trees some distance away, or watching that veritable "higher set" skating on the frozen tennis court just beyond the dormitory, no one knew, or even cared. At any rate, she did not seem interested in their sports, nor to hear their shouts of delight that came up from below; for she had not even smiled since she took her seat there, at least half an hour before. As she gazed,—it must have been into space,—a tear stole down her velvet cheek. Who could have given her, loving and affectionate as she was, cause to grieve? Ah! how selfish and thoughtless of the feelings of others we are.

Doris was wondering what cause she had given Ruth for her treatment that morning. This was not the first time Doris had been treated thus, by Ruth, nor the first time she had secretly reddened her dark-brown eyes with crying. It might not have pained her so, but Ruth was from Doris's own town, and had always been her chum. This was Doris's first year at college, and it had been only six months since she left home; but Ruth had changed so much since then. First, she had begun by losing her affection for Doris; then by shunning her, and throwing sarcastic remarks, which made all the girls dislike and laugh at her; and finally, that morning, when Doris had rejoiced at the fun they would have coasting on that grand "east hill" that afternoon, Ruth had said right before a room full of girls, "I think you had better wait till you are asked, 'Little Miss.' We young ladies," elevating her voice, "want the tennis court and east hill; besides, such kids as you should stay at home."

Doris had kept it quietly to herself all day; but now, in the solitude of her room, she had to give vent to a flood of pent-up tears. "Why does Ruth do this

way?" she thought. "I guess it's all my fault, but I do try not to put myself in their way. Oh! it's almost time for her to come in, and I must not let her find me crying."

The fun was at its height now, and the sport was fine, as four or five girls, hand-in-hand, would run across the court and down the hill. It was beginning to grow dark, but it was so hard to stop. "Come, girls! we must have one more long slide to end up on," Ruth, the adorable queen of the set, calls after them. All turn in obedience. "All join hands, in one long line—and now for a good start across the court, and then the slide!" the queen cries excitedly, as they join hands and prepare to make the run. They gain the top of the hill. The line is perfect; not a sound is heard, except the slight noise of the feet on the ice; each is too excited to speak, for the hill is long and the overbalancing of one means all; each holds her ground faithfully. The foot is almost reached, each holds her breath and grasps more firmly the hand next hers. "Oh! there! wasn't that glorious?" cried Ruth, followed by a chorus of shouts from the others. The growing darkness warns them to return to the house; they turn to retrace their steps, when a terrifying shout is heard. "Fire! fire!" comes the cry from the dormitory building. Every one seems herself set on fire; and frantically races toward the building. Ruth, who is on the very edge of the hill, jumps forward; her ankle gives way, her foot slips, she faints; down, down, she falls headlong.

"There, Ruthie dear, do speak and tell me you're all right," says a sweet voice.

Ruth opens her eyes. "Where am I?" she thinks. "What has happened? I feel so strange. Oh! the hill-coasting—that final slide—and then—"

"Ruth dear, do wake up and talk to me. Everything is all right now," pleaded the same tender voice.

"What, is that you Doris?" asked Ruth. "Where are all the other girls? Oh! the fire, and I remember something about going down, and—"

"Yes, some one called fire, and you all started, but you slipped, fainted, and fell down that *terrible* 'east hill,'" finished Doris.

"But how did I get here? Am I hurt, and where is the fire?" asked Ruth at once.

"The fire was only a false alarm. You're not hurt very much, just bruised and scratched a little. I was watching you from the window—oh, I didn't mean any harm. Professor Bland took you up and brought you here," Doris finished with a sob.

Ruth was crying now. "Doris, forgive me; I know I have wronged you,"

"That's all right, Ruth."

"But hush, I must own up; I was jealous of you; you were pretty and attractive, and all the girls loved you. I did it all. I caused them to dislike you," Ruth said, with an outburst of sobs.

"It's all right now, Ruth," Doris said, as her little hand was folded lovingly in Ruth's.

## What Would Happen?



- If Myrtle Shamburger couldn't laugh.
- If Mrs. Lacy would pompadour her hair.
- If the Horner boys couldn't have come to the Art Exhibit.
- If Miss Egbert's Geometry class were all Alma Hollands.
- If Nell Forbes couldn't complain.
- If the girls had an appetite.
- If Miss Taurman couldn't have a recital.
- If the "Quality" didn't have the "grippe."
- If Annie Green couldn't use the 'phone.
- If Fannie House didn't get a box of candy every two weeks.
- If the Seminary girls couldn't flirt with "those to the left."
- If Miss Lasater couldn't "Boss."
- If Miss Broaddus couldn't sing.
- If Mrs. Twitty couldn't read the rules of etiquette to her table.
- If each girl would wear only her own clothes.





## Social Life at the Seminary



THE FIRST FUNCTION of the season was a reception given by the Juniors to the Seniors. The parlors were decorated in the Senior Class colors, green and white.

Among other interesting pastimes was a "Book Contest." Each Junior was attired to suggest, in some way, a well-known book; for instance, when a poor ragged girl entered, shawl enveloping her, and carrying on her arm a basket in which were imaginary radishes and lettuce, every one at once recognized "Lovey Mary." The evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all present, and when Myrtle Shamburger expressed the appreciation of her classmates so enthusiastically, the Juniors felt fully repaid for every effort they had made to make it a happy evening.

The Hallowe'en party was another of the many joyous occasions of the year. The booths were quite ghostly-looking. In the front parlor was a dark cavern, occupied by an old gypsy, who told, by the light of a gruesome Jack o' Lantern, the fates of those men and maids brave enough to venture in. In the back parlor was the punch-bowl, where those, whose fortunes were unfavorable, could find a beverage equal to the famous Lethe, and the more fortunate ones could drink a cup of triumph. There were several other booths,—the ever-popular hot-chocolate booth, the fancy-work and candy booths,—all were very attractive. In an affair of this kind there has never been achieved a greater success at the Seminary.

On Thanksgiving night, the play, "Miss Fearless & Co.," was presented by the two Societies, and proved most successful, both socially and financially. The auditorium was filled, and every one seemed pleased with the play, and the girls, especially, were pleased, when Mr. Hobgood allowed the young men to remain for a few precious moments after the play was over.

On the next night came the "Annual Thanksgiving Reception."

For many days before this event the girls were thrilled with the expectation of seeing their "favorite cousins," and no one was disappointed, for in the auditorium, parlors, Society halls, and, in fact, everywhere you turned you were greeted by the merry chatter of girls and boys. A most delightful salad course was served in the dining-hall, and when the evening of pleasure was at a close, every one was ready to vote this the most successful of the many successful Thanksgiving receptions.

#### AT HOME.

The next event to break the monotony of school life was an "At Home" given by Misses Benton and Hostrander to their "Sister Seniors." The whole evening was a delightful one to the dignified Seniors, who, however, had left their proverbial dignity behind for this once, and their happy laughter, as it floated out on the hall, filled with envy those so unfortunate as to not be Seniors. A feast, so dear to the schoolgirl's heart, was served them, and all too soon Mrs. Twitty reminded them of the lateness of the hour, and each one repaired to her room, declaiming Misses Benton and Hostrander the most charming of hostesses.

Soon after the Christmas holidays the Young Women's Christian Association entertained the whole school "right royally." Old-fashioned games were participated in, and through the sociability thus stimulated girls who before had scarcely known each other soon became friends. Delicious fruits were served, and so with frolic and fun the evening passed quickly, and the girls and teachers separated, feeling very happily disposed toward each other and the whole world.

#### THE ART EXHIBIT.

The "Turner Art Exhibit" was the next social event. About two hundred prints taken from the masterpieces of the world were hung in the chapel, the two parlors, and library. It was a feast for the art-lovers of both the school and town, and although the first of the two days of the Exhibit the weather was very inclement, yet a number of people attended. Every one was delighted with the pictures. The great surprise of the occasion was the fact that the Horner boys were allowed to come. Of course, every girl was delighted to show them the pictures. The Exhibit was not only a great social event, but also a financial

success, for it gave us the means to help adorn our studio. Miss Tilton, under whose direction the Exhibit was carried on, is greatly to be congratulated on the success of the occasion.

On the 17th of April another play, "The Breezy Points," was presented by the Uranian Society. This, too, proved most successful both socially and financially. Although the "Annual Easter" reception was given up, still the boys and girls had a few minutes after the play, "their long-looked-for opportunity in which to begin a conversation to be continued a few days later, for we decided to spend Easter Monday in the country." Mr. Tom Taylor gladly welcomed us to his hospitable home, and generously permitted us to wander in "groups of threes and fives" in the cool shade of the noble oaks in his beautiful groves. All too soon the shadows of evening gathered around the groups of "threes and fives" and they reluctantly obeyed their President's call, "Come, girls," to return, tired, but happy, to the Seminary.

"Last, but not least," comes the entertainment of the Seniors to the Juniors in a "Tacky Party," on April 24th. The costumes were too "ridiculously tacky" to be described. The disappointment of the Juniors in being served lemonade and "Zu-Zus" was relieved when two little girls, daintily dressed in white, served delicious cream and cake.

Thus the social life at the Seminary is hastening to its joyous culmination in Commencement.

## Calliopean Society



### Officers

MARY WHITAKER .....President.  
MYRTLE SHAMBURGER .....Vice-President.  
BLANCHE ELAM .....Secretary.  
HELEN DOVER .....Treasurer.



## Uranian Society



### Officers

BERTHA HOSTRANDER .....President.  
LYDIA BENTON .....Vice-President.  
NORMA PAGE .....Secretary.  
RUTH WHARTON .....Treasurer.





## Calliopean and Uranian Literary Societies



The histories of both the Calliopean and Uranian Literary Societies are as old as the history of the school, and equally as famous.

Although the Societies have been and are managed entirely by the girls, an elevating tone is given them by the membership of the teachers. They always stand ready to give advice and to aid in every way their Society.

Since we have moved into new halls we have spent untiring energy in furnishing them; and on every other Saturday evening we enjoy the meetings of these two Societies, made very interesting by the well-rendered programs, consisting of music, recitations, and, occasionally, debates.

Indeed, these Societies are sources of great good as well as great pleasure to the school, and it would be the greatest regret to us all if, after leaving Oxford Seminary, we could not be thought of first of all as members of these Societies.



## Cabinet



NORMA VIRGINIA PAGE..... President.  
RUTH WHARTON ..... Vice-President.  
LETTIE FLOY GREEN..... Secretary.  
JOHN BASS ..... Corresponding Secretary.  
HELEN AMANDA DOVER..... Treasurer.  
ESSIE BURT..... Chairman of Missionary Committee.  
MARY LEE LILES..... Chairman of Music Committee.



## Young Woman's Christian Association



THIS ASSOCIATION was organized January 22, 1905, by Miss Fannie Heck. Up to this time, the Association had been a Missionary Society, called the Maggie Nutt Missionary Society, for Miss Maggie Nutt, a former student of this school, and later a missionary. The Association has done good work during its short career, bringing the girls closer together. This year the membership has been almost doubled, and the work has been more efficient than ever before. The Association contributes to many good causes; to the advancement of associational work in the Carolinas; to the support of a missionary in the foreign field; and, this year, we made the offer of paying the tuition of some girl who wished to fit herself for the foreign field. This offer will still remain open for the year following. This Association has united itself with the National Association, and thus keeps in touch with the associational work at large. It is not yet what we desire it to be, and we hope that in the following year it will be the controlling body of the school.



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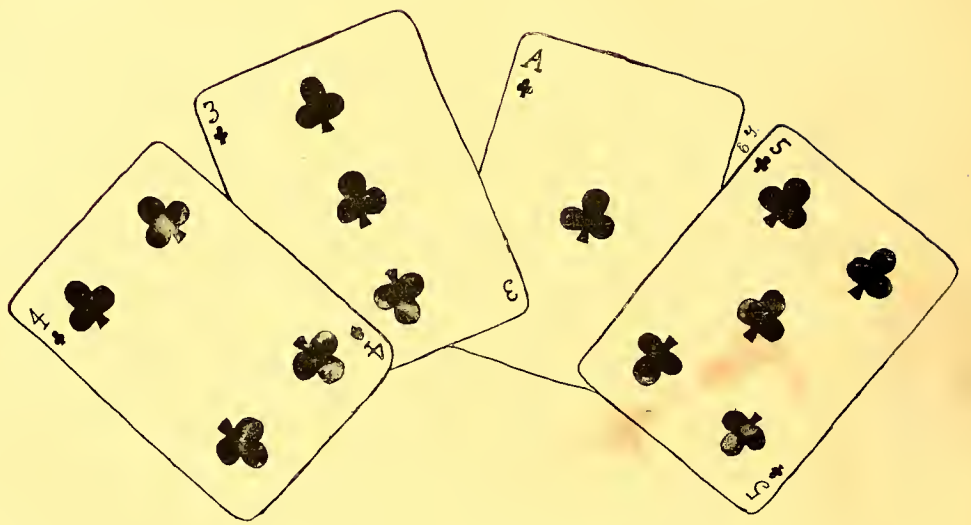


## Athletic Association



RUTH WHARTON .....President.  
ESTELLE EDWARDS .....Vice-President.  
SULA BROUGHTON .....Umpire.







## Art Club



Rosa Cox.

Norma Page.

John Bass.

Mary Royall Hancock.

Minnie Jones.

Lucy Sydnor.

May Thomas.

Ruth Whitley.

Etta Eakes.

Mamie Garner.

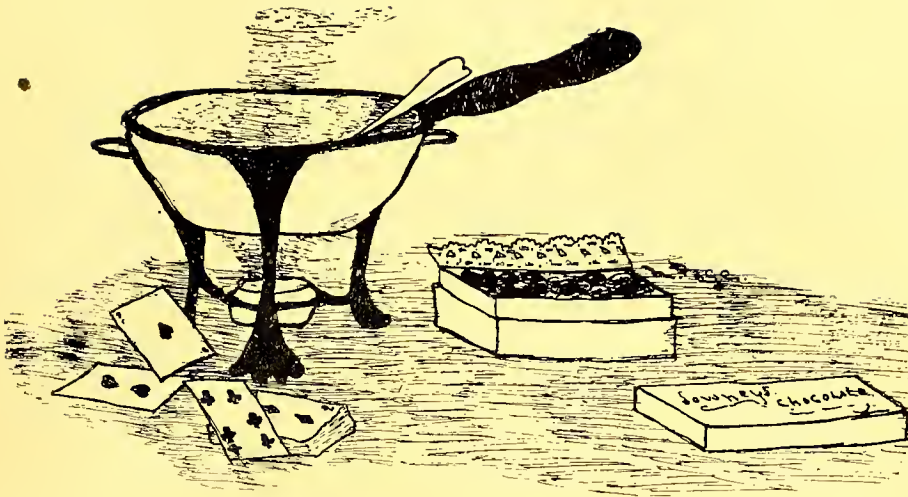


## Glee Club



MARY WHITAKER .....Director.  
HELEN DOVER .....Pianist.





## Chafing Dish Club



COLORS:—Cherry and Cream.

FAVORITE DISH:—Ambrosia. FAVORITE PASTIME:—Giggling.

TIME OF MEETING:—Any old time.

MOTTO:—"Laugh, and the world laughs with you."

BLANCHE "WATT" ELAM.....	President.
HELEN "MANDY" DOVER.....	Vice-President.
MARY "DICK" WHITAKER.....	Treasurer.
NORMA "JINNY" PAGE.....	Chief Cook.
NELLYE "NICK" FORBES.....	Assistant Cook.
MARY "SAMMY" LILES.....	Dish Washer.
LOLA "TRIXIE" JENKINS.....	Errand Boy.
HELEN "PECK" JENKINS.....	Can Opener.
FANNIE "JIM" HOUSE,	} .....Lookers-on.
AND	
ANNIE "DOGGETT,"	} .....Tasters.
MYRTLE "DARLING" SHAMBURGER,	
MAMIE "CUTIE" ROYSTER,	
MARY "JOYCE" COLEMAN,	

## "H. M. S."

("HER MANY SAYINGS")



*Louise Peed*—"He said it with his wonderful eyes."

*Blanche Elam*—(10:30 P. M.)—"Oh, Norma, I am afraid he is sick; he hasn't put out his light yet."

*Norma Page*—"I can't go to sleep until that bugle blows."

*Helen Jenkins*—"He uses such beautiful big words."

*Lucy Sydnor*—"I have just seen 'Angel Eyes' pass."

*Bertha Hostrander*—"I am so glad he has a niece over here."

*Annie Doggett*—"He is the best-looking one over there."

*Lola Jenkins*—"I wish some little Mary didn't love Lamb."

*Helen Dover*—"But he is entertaining."

*Elizabeth Stallings*—"He is Ad-ju-tant."

*Nell Forbes*—"I always was crazy about red hair."

## The Four "Brownies"



COLOR:—Chocolate Brown.

TIME OF MEETING:—Rainy afternoons.

MOTTO:—Keep the door locked.

### Favorite Sayings

BERTHA HOSTRANDER—" Be careful, it is boiling over."

MAMIE COLEMAN—" Are you sure the door is locked? "

LYDIA BENTON—" I know it is done."

MARY LEE LILES—" Grease the plates."

Chocolate! chocolate! for what else do you think  
Could possibly take the place of this drink?  
Nothing at all, for it is a dandy,  
Unless it is chocolate candy.

## Week Club



COLORS:—Green and Blue.

TIME OF MEETING:—Every day.

OBJECT:—To do all the good we possibly can.

“WATT” ELAM ..... Sunday.  
“DOGGETT” ..... Monday.  
“NIC” FORBES ..... Tuesday.  
“PECK” JENKINS ..... Wednesday.  
“MANDY” DOVER ..... Thursday.  
“TRIXIE” JENKINS ..... Friday.  
“JINNY” PAGE ..... Saturday.

YELL:

Rah! Rah! Rah! Green and blue!  
Here's to us, and here's to you!

## “Sunbonnet Gang”



COLORS:—Green and Gold.

“ Out in the sunshine we love to roam,  
A sunny smile on each face;  
A case of ‘ blues ’ is easily cured  
By our bright and charming grace.”

### Favorite Sayings

*John Bass*—“ Wonder whom my letter is from.”

*Lydia Benton*—“ Oh, you hush.”

*Mamie Coleman*—“ Mary Lee, study bell has rung. Get up.”

*Helen Dover*—“ Do hope I’ll get a letter to-day.”

*Annie Doggett*—“ Oh, I am so sleepy.”

*Blanche Elam*—“ I believe I’ll go to school at Richmond.”

*Nellye Forbes*—“ Oh, I wish I hadn’t come back here.”

*Kent Hodnett*—“ If I were only home.”

*Bertha Hostrander*—“ Wonder if the H. M. S. boys will be at church Sunday night.”

*Fannie House*—“ I know the funniest joke.”

*Lola Jenkins*—“ Wasn’t that a cute little stunt.”

*Helen Jenkins*—“ I am so hungry.”

*Mary Lee Liles*—“ Isn’t that a cute ‘ Gibson Head ’?”

*Louise Peed*—“ Oh, his teeth are perfect pearls.”

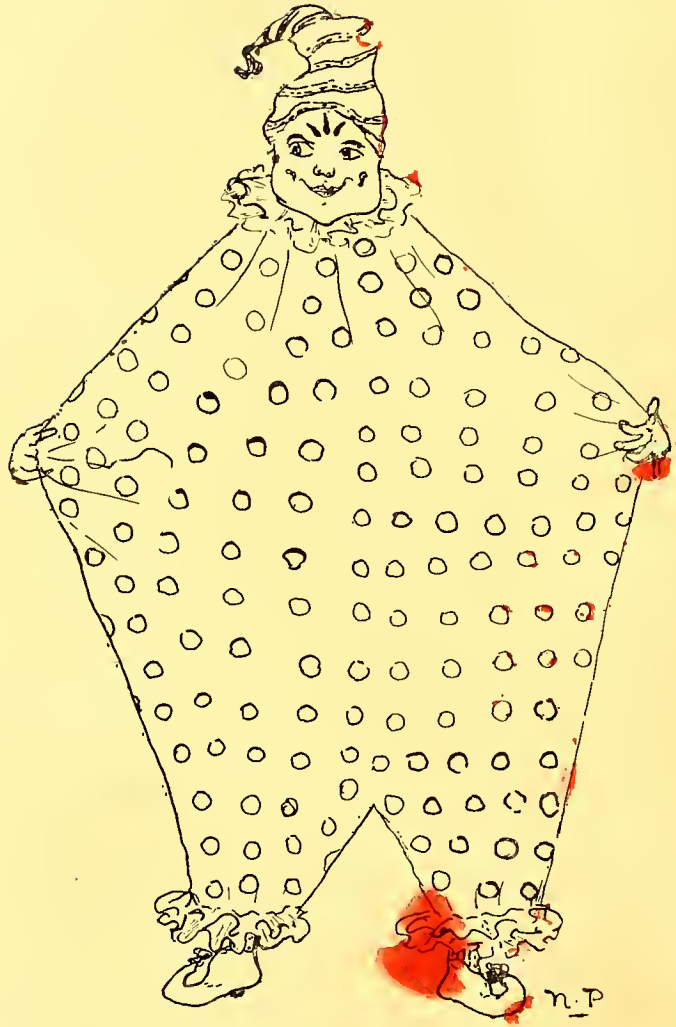
*Norma Page*—“ I just can’t keep my locket closed.”

*Myrtle Shamburger*—“ Don’t say anything about it.”

*Elizabeth Stallings*—“ Oh, if Easter would only come.”

*Lucy Sydnor*—“ Did you see ‘ Baby ’?”

*Mary Whitaker*—“ I didn’t get in but seven hours’ practice to-day.”



"JOKER"

## Jokes



*A New Girl, to Mrs. Lacy*—"Will you please tell me whether I am a Sophomore or a 'refreshman'?"

*Mary Wortham*—"Can you stand on the porch and throw your voice out into the street?"

*Mary Frances*—"No, I have never studied 'tranquility'?"

*Lola Jenkins*, on being asked what her father's profession was, replied—"Why, he's a *Baptist*."

*Louise Peck* (to one of the Seniors)—"Can you tell me where these two quotations are found?"

*Lydia*—"Yes, one is from Hamlet and one from Shakespeare."

*Junior*—"Do you want to get a pennant?"

*Freshman*—"No, I have ordered a Society pin, and don't like too much jewelry."

"Where is Mr. M. from?" one of our young ladies asked.

"Why, he's from Florida," was the reply.

"Well, I thought he looked like a foreigner."

*Annie* (with much enthusiasm)—"Did you know H. knocked a 'home-round' this afternoon?"

*Blanche*—"Mary, did you know that Mabel and Emorie were sisters and were not any kin?"

*Mary*—"Why, no, Blanche, how is that?"

*Blanche*—"Well, Mabel's mother, who was a widower, married Emorie's father, who was a bachelor. O, that's not right, I've got it all mixed up—but at any rate, they're sisters, and are not any kin."

*A.*—"Oh, I am so cold!"

*H.*—"Why don't you stand over the *transom* and get warm?"

*Vocal Teacher*—"Has your father heard you sing?"

*Pupil*—"No, I am afraid he wouldn't pay for it if he did."

*Teacher*—"What is the difference between a camel and a dromedary?"

*Mary*—"Well, a camel has two heaps and a dromedary has one."

## Editorial



“ With loving hearts and willing hands,  
We have endeavored to write this book ;  
May it meet, gentle reader, your demands  
As through its pages you may look.”

To our President, and to the other members of the Faculty, for their advice, interest, and encouragement; to Mrs. Ethel Taylor Crittenden and Miss Neilie McMillan, former students of the Seminary, and to Miss Bettie Jordan and Mrs. J. D. Brooks, for their literary contributions; to the Calliopean and Uranian Societies, and students who so generously cooperated with us in paying off the Annual debt of \$106, incurred by last year's class, we, as Editors, extend our sincere thanks and grateful appreciation. To next year's class we wish even greater success.



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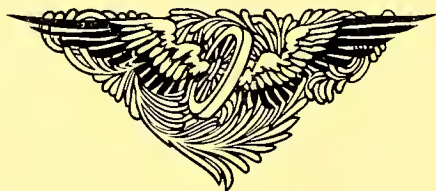
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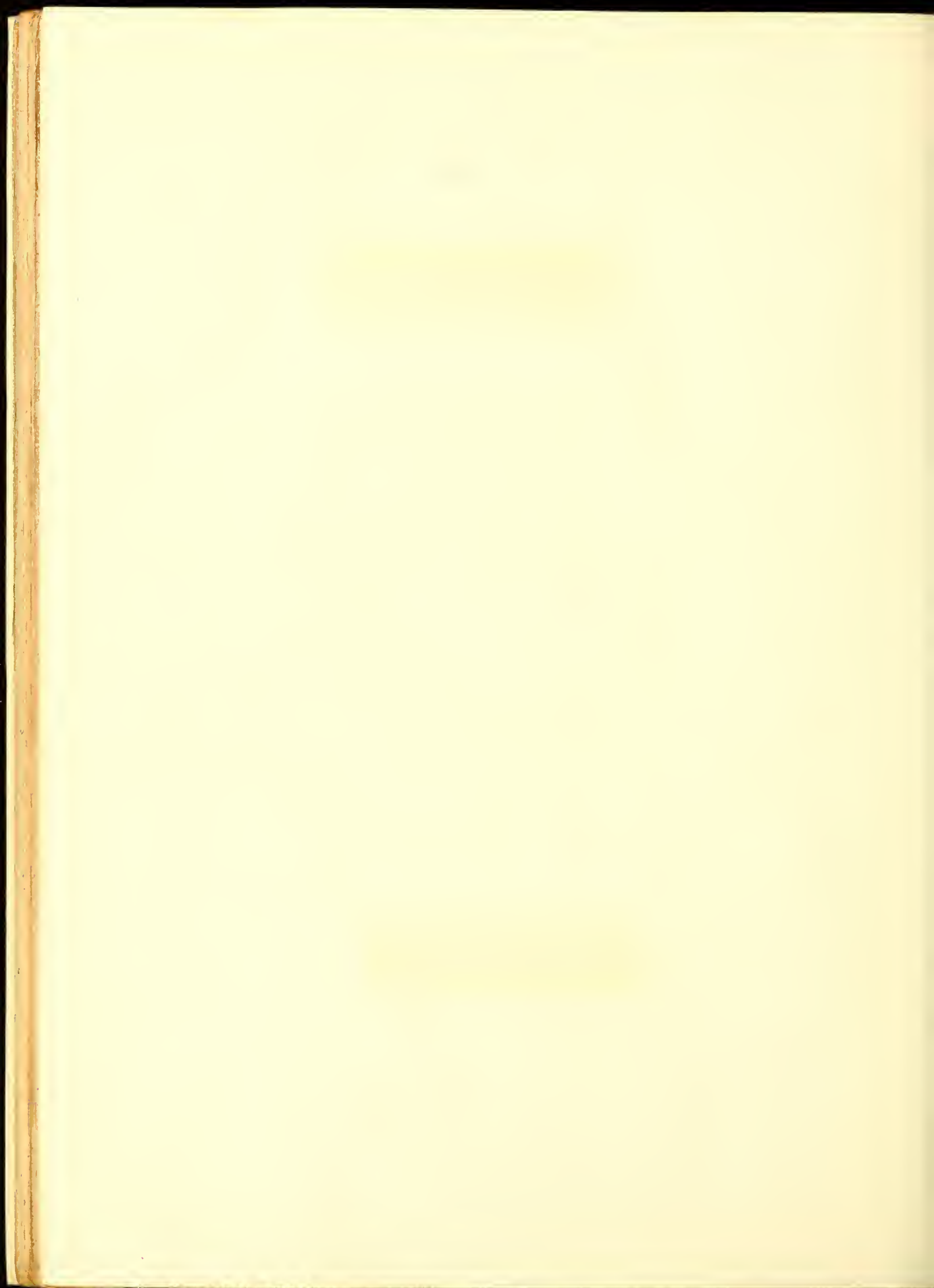
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