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Chowanoka

Published by the Literary Societies and Senior Class of

Chowan College

1914

TO
MRS. JAMES D. BRUNER
WIFE OF OUR PRESIDENT,
BELOVED LADY PRINCIPAL, TEACHER AND FRIEND,
WE, THE CLASS OF 'FOURTEEN,
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATE THIS BOOK





MARY ELIZABETH MACCULLERS
Faculty Editor

Table of Contents

	PAGE		PAGE
Frontispiece		Society Debaters	68
Dedication	4	In Memoriam	69
Faculty and Officers	8	Hon. W. P. Shaw	70
Editorial Staff	10	Lucalian Society Basketball Team	72
Senior Class	13	Alathinean Society Basketball Team	73
Senior Statistics	19	Senior Basketball Team	75
Senior History	20	Tennis Club	76
Senior Prophecy	21	Senior Club	78
Senior Poem	22	Junbo Club	80
Junior Class	24	Air Castle Builders Club	81
Junior History	26	"Deutscher Verein"	82
Junior Poem	27	The Woodlanders Club	83
Sophomore Class	29	Taffy Club	84
Sophomore History	30	The Rook Players	85
Sophomore Poem	32	Things on a Purely Minor Scale	86
Freshman Class	34	"Sans Souci" Club	87
Freshman History	36	Murfreesboro Nine	88
Freshman Poem	37	The Chafing Dish Club	89
Senior Special Class	39	"Societa Italiana"	90
Special Senior Prophecy	46	Early Risers Club	91
To the Special Seniors	48	Legend of the Lady in Brown	92
Special Class	49	Commencement Marshals	94
Special Class Poem	51	Chowan—Mother Dear	95
Chowan College Chorus	52	Soloquy of Blackie	96
Chowan College Glee Club	53	Tables Turned	97
Toast to Chowan	55	The Letter	100
Dramatic Club	56	Jokes	101
The Art Students	58	Left Overs	104
Domestic Science	59	Ode to Math	105
Y. W. A.	60	Almanac	106
Lucalian Society	62	At Chowan	108
Lucalian Society Officers	64	Looking West	109
Alathinean Society	65	What Would Happen, if—	110
Alathinean Society Officers	67	Advertisements	115



MORNA JUDSON WILSON
MARTHA LIVERMAN

MRS. JAMES D. BRUNER
DR. JAMES D. BRUNER
CARRIE STETSON JOHNSON

MARY ELIZABETH MACCULLERS
WENONAH BELL



CLAUDE MAY STEPHENSON
 MARY RENNICK RAY

LOLA L
 MR. W.
 HARRIET LOIS V

LAIN
 WOODALL

MARY MCCANLESS
 SARAH ESTHER WYNNE
 ROSE GOODWIN



JANIE FUTRELL
ROSA FUTRELL
MABEL JENKINS

LUCY HINES ELLIOTT
Editor-in-Chief
RUTH MAE LASSITER
Business Manager

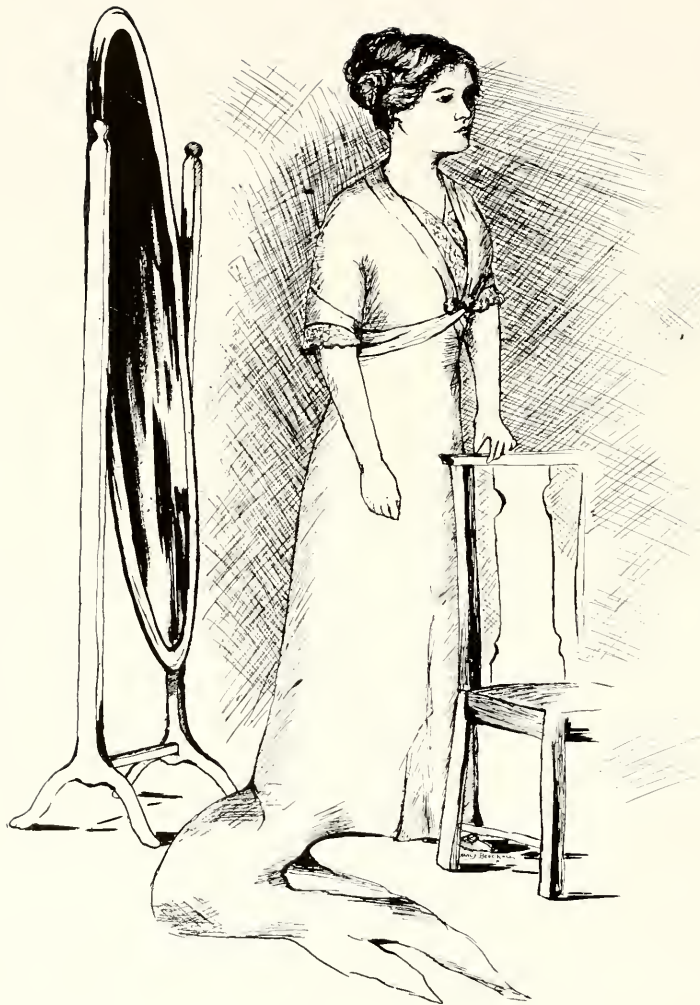
MARY ALSTON
BRUCE TAYLOR
ANNIE SUE WINBORNE



CORA SAWYER
JESSIE PILAND

MYRTLE ELEY
OLA MOREHEAD
HILDA JOHNSON

NANCY BENTHALL
MAMIE DARDEN



Class '14

Non sibi sed ceteris

FLOWER: Narcissus

COLORS: Black and gold

Officers

RUTH MAE LASSITER, *President*

ANNIE SUE WINBORNE, *Vice-President*

OLA MAIE MOREHEAD, *Secretary*

HILDA MAY JOHNSON, *Treasurer*

RUTH MYRTLE ELEY, *Historian*

LUCY HINES ELLIOTT, *Poet*

MARY MORRIS ALSTON, *Prophet*

Class Roll

MARY MORRIS ALSTON

LUCY HINES ELLIOTT

RUTH MYRTLE ELEY

JANIE CARROLL FUTRELL

ROSA O'LILLIAN FUTRELL

HILDA MAY JOHNSON

RUTH MAE LASSITER

OLA MAIE MOREHEAD

HELEN BRUCE TAYLOR

ANNIE SUE WINBORNE



MARY MORRIS ALSTON, A.B.

Powellville, N. C.

Alathinean

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

The Class baby in appearance and years, lovable and charming, Mary has won many hearts in the four years she has been with us. She is noted, too for her dignity. Not only has she been one of the leaders in her literary work, but she has also the art of charming people with her music. Unselfish, gentle and thoughtful, the more you know her, the better you like her. With these and her other charms of person and character, who can help loving her?

LUCY HINES ELLIOTT, A.B.

Rich Square, N. C.

Lucalian

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill."

Lucy has been with us only two years, but in that short time she has so thoroughly adapted herself to college life that one would think she had spent the customary four years. She takes much interest in society and class work, and performs every task assigned to her with enthusiasm. By her ambition and persistent industry she has succeeded in becoming one of our strongest girls in both intellect and character. She has unusual foresight and a strong will, but in addition to this, she is kind and thoughtful and very considerate of the welfare of others.





RUTH MYRTLE ELEY, A.B.
Woodland, N. C.
Lucalian

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Here is one of our most loyal girls. For five long years she has faithfully stood by her work here. Myrtle is a bright girl, and if she could only be still long enough to concentrate her mind there would not be anything impossible to be accomplished by her, not even the solving of the most difficult problems in mathematics. She never takes anything seriously, and even during examinations not one minute of her allotted time for primping is used in studying. Myrtle always sees the best in everybody and overlooks faults. For this virtue and because of her kindness to all, she is a favorite. We feel sure that some day she will be an honor to her Alma Mater.

JANIE CARROLL FUTRELL, A.B.
Conway, N. C.
Lucalian

"Quiet waters run deep."

This dear blue-eyed maiden is characterized by her unreserved dignity and profound thinking. She never speaks unless she has something worth saying. Some call her quiet, but they mean in manners only, for no girl in school possesses the "quickness" for learning that does Janie. During her four years' stay with us, she has never been known to become tired of her work. She always laughs at her difficulties and rides victoriously on to her goal. Janie has won many friendships through her sweet and gentle manners. She is altogether a maiden of the truest type. We feel quite sure that there is success awaiting this noble girl in whatever she chooses as her life work.





ROSA FUTRELL, B.L.

Conway, N. C.

Alathinean

"True worth is in being, not seeming."

There is not a girl in the Class who is kinder hearted or who more generously performs little acts of kindness than Rosa. She gets more done and says less about it than most of us. Her neatness, dignity and her ready blush are her most distinguishing characteristics. In basketball, she has great skill, and is always on the alert. Rosa is sweet, gentle and winning. Although she does not take every one into her confidence, yet when she once makes you her friend, you may count on her being very loyal to you. She has an unusual store of knowledge, for she has been here long enough to take everything in the college course that she could not get out of. The longer you know her the better you like her.

"To know her is to love her."

HILDA MAY JOHNSON, A.B.

Windsor, N. C.

Alathinean

"Her voice was ever gentle, sweet and low—
An excellent thing in woman."

"Hilda J." is the most studious girl of her illustrious class. Her motto has always been "Duty before pleasure." Sometimes when her classmates are taking life easily, she may be found poring over the dreary pages of Ed. II or solving the most difficult problems of mathematics, and she never gives up until she has conquered them. Her most striking characteristic is her love for practice, and for two years we have missed hearing her voice only once from 5:15 to 6:00 p. m. But after her duties are all ended her merry laugh may be heard ringing through the corridors, and it is perfect pleasure to be in her presence. During her entire college career she has found only one girl whom she really loved, but having to be separated from that one, she has resolved never to try it again.





RUTH LASSITER, B.L.
Corapeake, N. C.

Alathinean

"Loyal hearted, strong of mind;
A nobler girl you'll never find."

Ruth is a girl whose company you enjoy at any time. She's jolly, she's sympathetic, she's tactful. If you feel blue, go to see her; she will cheer you up. She is very efficient in two arts, one, the art of making people laugh and the other of making them her friends. Affectionate in disposition, kind in spirit, lovable and charming, Ruth has stolen many hearts among faculty and students in her merry dance through college. We feel that she is one of the best rounded girls in the class.

OLA MAIE MOREHEAD, A.B.
Weldon, N. C.

Lucalian

"In maiden meditation, fancy free."

Ola has been almost reared within the walls of Chowan College, for she was but little more than a child when she entered. Since her stay here she has been known to engage in every sport and to show pure delight in fun of every description. Ola is very emphatic in her word and when she believes anything she cannot be changed. She is as firm as the rock of Gibraltar. She may be seen coming in on class after all the others are in, but nevertheless she gets there in time to answer to the roll and to listen with great eagerness. Ola is especially fond of astronomy, if one is to judge by her viewing the stars nightly. We predict that some day she will be a great scientist.





HELEN BRUCE TAYLOR, B.L.
Como, N. C.
Lucilian

"Only a thought, but the work it wrought,
Could never by tongue or pen be taught."

The more you see of Bruce, the more you like her. She is a quiet, unselfish girl, who is always performing deeds of kindness and who accomplishes many things which none but her best friends know about. When once you have gained her friendship and love, you may be sure that it is one which will last. She has won many friends during her stay among us, and we are sure that she will continue to do so through life.

ANNIE SUE WINBORNE, B.L.
Como, N. C.
Lucilian

"With gentle yet prevailing force
Intent upon her destined course."

Here is one of our brightest gems. Modest, reserved, quiet, she is an excellent student. Quick and apt in all of her studies, she possesses all the qualities that go to make up a strong and noble character. Though apparently indifferent, her best friends know that beneath all this is a heart as true as steel. Her sweet and gentle manners have won for her many friends and made her exceedingly popular not only among her classmates but with all who know her. She is a faithful and earnest worker, for during the whole four years of her college career she has never been known to shirk her duty even to appease Cupid who has so completely pierced her heart. From Annie Sue's past, we predict for her a happy life.



Senior Statistics

<i>Name</i>	<i>Known as</i>	<i>Chief Occupation</i>	<i>Favorite Expression</i>	<i>Highest Ambition</i>	<i>Color Eyes</i>	<i>Greatest Distike</i>
Ruth Lassiter	"Honey"	Trastring Chewing gum	"The Dickens"	To keep quiet	Grassgreen	Spelling exams. She has none
Rosa Furbelle	"Rose"	Writing letters	"My land!"	To become a teacher (of one)	Blue	To "Chawon Beef"
ANNIE STE WINSBORNE	"Miss Sady"	Playing hook	"Fiddlesticks!"	To adjust herself to Sean's hood	Pink	Kissing
MARY ALTON	"Baby"	Sleeping	"Step to thunder"	To grow tall	Garnet	Rising hell
BACEE TAYLOR	"Billie"	Sheching	"Go it!"	To be "it"	Brown	Mahn
MARLE ELEY	"KITTY"	Boosing	"Go to Haultax!"	To have a "Blackie" of her own	Brown Cat eyes	Writing her essay
OLA MOREHEAD	"Baby"	Giving suggestions	"Do you retune?"	To be thin	Gray	Writing to her bean
LUCY ELLIOTT	"Miss Dignity"	Dreaming	"I prefer it."	To be broadminded	Gray	To be assed
HEDA JOHNSON	"Jonas"	Laughing	"I don't know"	To carry a tune	Lavender	"Blushing"
JANIE FURBELLE	"Hushers"	Using our many (?) privileges	"Well, we will show you"	To surpass previous classes	Rainbow	To pay the debts of last year's class

History of Class of '14

Many years after graduation one of the members of Class '14, while walking through a well-known library, came by chance upon a book bearing in large golden letters the title, "History of Class '14 of Chowan College." Naturally, feeling an interest in her old classmates, she did not hesitate to take the book home. There were many notable events recorded in its fair pages which are far too numerous to be mentioned in this small space, but the following is a synopsis of the book:

I. "GREENLAND"—It was in the autumn of 1910 when we, thirty-three charming young maidens, decided to break away from our narrow bounds and go out to seek the wide fields of knowledge. We made our headquarters at Chowan College where we determined to stay for four years. During our first year we underwent embarrassing experiences as Freshmen. However, despite our many tribulations, we came out as victors and were able to deliver a whole set of girls safe into the Sophomore Class.

II. "LAND OF LIBERTY"—This second year may be called the really "Golden Age of Our Youth." We never were blamed for our rudeness, for nothing else could be expected of Sophs. We welcomed every Freshman on our campus and afterwards tried to train them in the way they should go. But as we saw that we never could devote all of our precious time to Freshman culture, we took time to recapture our work. We were a little tired when vacation came, but we were perfectly satisfied with this year's results.

III. "LAND OF KNOWLEDGE"—We had at last become Juniors, true and bold. We had now to lay aside Sophomore customs and assume the prerogatives of Juniors. The Seniors, for fear we should outshine them, tried in all ways possible to suppress us, but we were not to be suppressed. They soon found this out and decided from then on, never to bother the mighty Juniors again.

IV. "LAND OF DIGNITY"—Of the thirty-three maidens that entered here as Freshmen in 1910, there are now only ten dignified Seniors. We have undergone the "grinding process" for so long that we feel we are by this time transformed into small "sparkling gems." We feel the time drawing near for us to leave dear old Chowan, but in our hearts her name shall we enthrone. We shall forever cherish her and honor our Alma Mater. Memories of her will make sweeter the joys that here we know. For us new paths are opened and new duties will fill our days, but as we leave these dear old walls, may our lives be an honor to her fair name! Now we feel a sadness that will never pass away, for we know we shall never return as students to her dear old walls again.

HISTORIAN.

Prophecy of Class of '14

Upon being told that the honor of foretelling the fates of my classmates had fallen to my lot, I was filled with a peculiar pleasure, that I should be the one chosen for predicting their futures; but, on the other hand, I realized the grave responsibility which weighed on my mind constantly. My brain was filled with confused and obscure ideas which I could not collect. At last one day, I went out on our beautiful campus and seated myself under a large tree to meditate undisturbed, except for the singing of the birds.

I had been sitting there but a short time, when my eyelids grew heavy and began to droop in spite of my efforts to keep them open, and when next I remember, I was sitting by the side of a sparkling brook, surrounded by beautiful flowers and trees. It seemed to be fairyland. As I looked up the stream, I saw a beautiful fairy approaching. She carried a golden harp, the notes of which were in perfect harmony. She came nearer and nearer and began to play on her instrument and to sing in lively tones :

“Soon in society Ruth will shine,
(She likes to have a jolly time);
At home not long she'll tarry,
Give but two years for her to marry.

Ere long at Vassar or at Cornell
Oha, be sure, will be making—well
Chemical compounds—maybe matches,
(There are few flames but what she catches).

Janie will be a sweet old maid,
Have a green house, wear dresses staid,
And she will show what all have guessed,
Only in loving we are blest.

Hilda J. will see great changes wrought,
In fads of her age shall she be caught;
Though timid now, be sure she'll set
Her heart to be a suffragette.

Learning music in Leipsic town,
Annie Sue Winborne will win renown;
A German Count'll appear on the scene,
And music's no more for her, I'll ween.

Fearless Lucy a lawyer'll be,
And startle the juries by her plea;
And when those years of toil are past,
She'll wear a Judge's gown at last.

An artist true, immortal, see !
For Bruce Taylor the Fates decree,
Sketching ever with careless grace,
A landscape, flower, or fair young face.

Before twice five long years have passed,
When all her other mates are classed;
Shall word Alaska's sons then tell,
There in a school is Rose Futrell.

But who shall win for us true fame?
And who shall glory's shine then claim?
Our Myrtle E., be sure she'll be
The brightest girl that we can see.”

At this point some one touched me gently on the shoulder and aroused me from my dream, before I could inquire concerning my own fate. But as I had learned the future of all the famous Class of '14 minus one, I felt satisfied with the revelations already made.

PROPHETESS.

Senior Class Poem

A thought was born of long ago
A wish we longed for fame;
To seek our quest we left our homes,
And to our Alma Mater came.

We saw our path, that thorny way
That we should have to tread.
Yet on we pressed and soon there was
No longer thought of dread.

With hearts as one, e'er firm and brave,
We drank at wisdom's rill,
And listening to the merry truths,
Grew wise and wiser still.

Dear Alma Mater, we shall prove
Loyal and true to thee,
And always strive to do our part,
Where'er our lot may be.



Junior Class

On to the Heights

FLOWER: Crimson Rambler

COLORS: Cherry and white

Dell

Wabble ! Tabble ! Riss ! Rass ! Russ !!
Hear us Juniors make a fuss !
Give us time, though we be few !
We'll show you what Juniors can do !

Officers

STELLA GARRETT, *President*

LUCILE WILLIAMS, *Vice-President*

GRACE BEASLEY, *Secretary*

JESSIE PILAND, *Treasurer*

RETTA GRIFFIN, *Historian*

ELIZABETH BURBAGE, *Poet*

Class Roll

GRACE BEASLEY	RETTA GRIFFIN
ELIZABETH BURBAGE	JESSIE PILAND
STELLA GARRETT	CORA SAWYER
LUCILE WILLIAMS	



History of Junior Class

Juniors! Does not the name itself sound distinguished? To write a complete history of the Junior Class is a task far in advance of the present writer's ability, yet to me is left the honor of trying to record a few of our adventures.

Joyful, yet sad, were we at the beginning of the autumn of 1911, when we left our distant homes to begin our college career. We were saddened at the thought of leaving many friends and firesides which we had learned to love so dearly; yet we were joyful at the fond thought of the glorious opportunities which lay before us, the which if grasped would make us women of note, maybe renowned and adored.

As new girls we suffered a great deal, or thought we did, at the hands of the upper classes, gradually learning that the way of the seeker-after-knowledge is hard. But these trials and tribulations only made stronger the tie that bound classmates together, and as Freshmen we worked and toiled day and night, determined to reach the goal, constantly holding up before our eyes our class motto "Conquer or Die."

The days of vacation passed quickly and soon we returned, but this time the former Freshmen were no longer known by that name but were called Sophomores. At our first meeting we were greatly grieved because of the loss of so many members, but soon the weeping for the lost ones was over, and we went on our way rejoicing because of the new members gained. Many are the tales we could relate just at this period of our history, but we must desist and pass to the more glorious days of our history.

With the autumn of 1913 we began the third period of our career and were now known by the name of Juniors. Only a Junior knows how to appreciate that title. Not until this year did we fully realize and appreciate our position in college life. As Juniors we have come to realize that in future years we shall be known largely by the records we make during our Junior year and the year following; therefore our "hard work" is the result of all these reflections.

The history of this class has been one of continuous good feeling and fellowship. We do not claim to be the best, but we do claim to measure up fully to any class that has gone before us, and always in our paths of life, though we may be separated, our thoughts and kind remembrances will drift back to the friendly associates of our beloved class of nineteen hundred and fifteen.

HISTORIAN.

Junior Class Poem

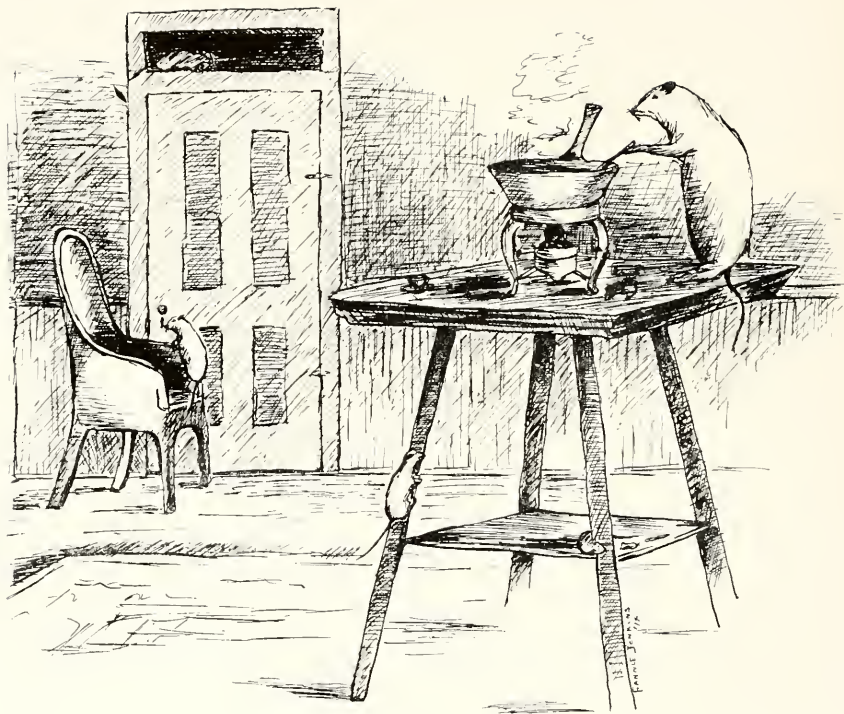
Murfree's "Town" is in Hertford's bounds,
Not far from where are North State's sounds;
The swift Meherrin, deep and wide,
Washes its banks on the northern side.
A lovelier place you never spied—
But now 'tis time to begin my ditty.
Think, but just three short years ago,
To see us Freshmen suffer so
From painful *freshness*. 'Twas a pity !

II.

Freshies !!
We fought the Sophs. and played them tricks,
And handed out our wit in bricks,
And cut all kinds of childish pranks,
 Didn't we ? Freshies !
Until to Sophs. we turned in flanks
And placed were we in that class's ranks.
Then wisdom was our boast in life—
For wisdom were we ever seeking—
For that all Sophlings were competing—
Not e'en the Seniors braved that strife,
 We Soph'mores did !

III.

And now we are a loyal band,
With Junior title hand in hand,
With hearts e'er brave and true,
E'en though in numbers we're but few,
 We Juniors,
Yet what in life are we to do?
The door to Seniorhood is seen;
New vistas open for us wide;
Shall we in pastures green abide?
Great hopes, great hopes, dear old Fifteen !



Sophomore Class

“After it, after it; follow the gleam”

FLOWER: Marechal Niel rose

Colors: Blue and gold

Dell

Che—hee, Cha—ha !

Che—ha—ha—ha !

Chowan Sophomores !

Rah ! Rah ! Rah !

Officers

ROSE BUD NOWELL, *President*

HELEN JONES WINBORNE, *Vice-President*

MAGGIE SAWYER DUKES, *Secretary*

MARY THOMAS EVANS, *Treasurer*

BETTIE WILLIAMS TAYLOR, *Historian*

PAULINE JEWELL ELEY, *Poet*

Class Roll

MYRA AUMACK

HELEN BRETT

MAGGIE DUKE

PAULINE ELEY

MARY T. EVANS

ESTHER ELLIOTT

ENNIE GOODWIN

ADA HAMILTON

MARIE JENKINS

ADDIE JENKINS

BELLE MITCHELL

LORA MIZELLE

EVA MORGAN

ROSE BUD NOWELL

MARY RIDDICK

NINA PARKER

GRACE PEARCE

BETTIE WILLIAMS TAYLOR

NELLIE WARD

HELEN WINBORNE

History of Sophomore Class

We are the animal class. When we entered school last year we impressed everybody so much by our abilities that whenever we passed such expressions were heard as : "My ! she has the grace of a fawn, the strength of a lion, the agility of a monkey, the timidity of a hare, the fierceness of a tiger, the instinct of a bird, or the wisdom of an owl," and so on. Each was recognized as representing the characteristic peculiar to some animal named, one of the class. There was no flower, great man or race of men that could represent us. It took the whole animal kingdom to do us justice.

Helen Brett was our manager, and very wise was she in attending to us during our first semester. When she spoke in our class meetings her voice roared so much like a lion's that you could see Madam Tigress (that's Rosebud Nowell) raise her bristles and Sis Coon (that's Maggie Duke) would slip off and hide in one corner of a bench, not to speak another word the whole evening.

When spring came there was a change made in our manager and her assistants. The tigress took the lead. Under her care, we learned a yell and adopted class colors.

At the beginning of the year 1913, Mary T. Evans, our stately giraffe, became our guardian. In high flown ideas, aspiration and dignity we reached our height. Under Mary T.'s leadership the strides we made in so short a time have been surprising. The spirit to excel in athletics was developed on the part of the class. Muscular training appealed to them rather than mental. The ability to *skip* (piano practice), *cut* (classes), and *saw* (tough beef) attained perfection.

Now, we have reached more mature growth, and are chiefly in charge of Myra Aumack, our gentle lamb, and are looking forward to great achievements this spring. Already we see the Juniors looking back in jealousy, wishing there was the strength of character, the definiteness of purpose and the ability to command in their class that we possess. The Seniors have given up in despair and secretly (when no Junior is around) ask our advice, judgment and assistance in their essays.

But why need we any further history? Let the picture speak for itself.

HISTORIAN.



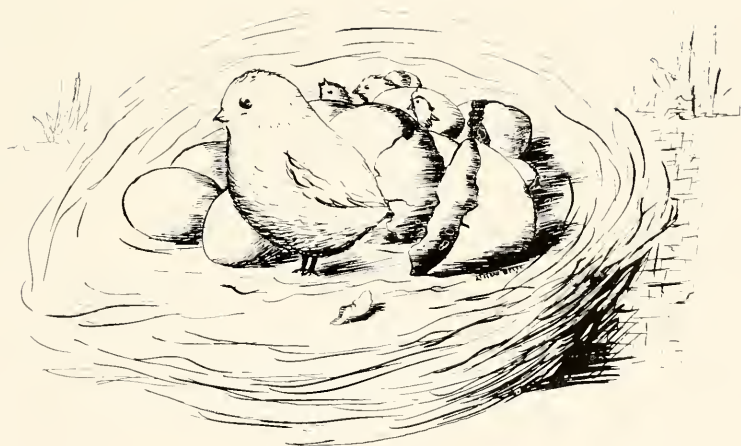
Sophomore Poem

We are the Sophomores of old C. C.,
Which if you but look you can soon see,
We're up to mischief and all sorts of fun;
We seem, we act, as nothing we had done.

But how'er rude, how merry we appear,
In studies we are wise as any seer.
We work from morning light till night so late,
Yet scoldings from the teachers is our fate.

For, as some wise ones to you will tell,
We're known to stay sometimes after room-bell
In corridors, to make our fun so long;
No, truly no, we can't see why it's wrong.

Yet only watch us, then you'll surely know,
We'll strive in life to act our true motto:
"After it, follow it; follow the gleam."
How'er far off to us it may seem.



Just Arrived

Freshman Class

“Mount the heights that rise before thee;
Grasp the star that gleams above thee.”

COLORS: Purple and old gold

FLOWER: Violet

Officers

INEZ BENTHALL, *President*

FRANCES BENTHALL, *Vice-President*

RUTH NORWOOD, *Secretary*

LILLIAN SHAW, *Treasurer*

ELSIE PILAND, *Historian*

LUCILE BRITTON, *Poet*

Members

CELIA ASHLEY

INEZ BENTHALL

LUCILE BRITTON

FRANCES BENTHALL

JESSIE CHITTY

ALMA FREEMAN

MARY FLEETWOOD

JESSIE GRIFFIN

SYBIL HARRELL

OLIVIA HEDSPETH

RUTH HASTINGS

HANNAH HOLLOMAN

HELEN LEARY

ADA MORRIS

INEZ MATTHEWS

RUTH NORWOOD

ELSIE PILAND

GLADIOLA PARKER

MAUD SIMONS

ROSE WHITLEY

ELDO WHITLEY



History of Freshman Class

When the poor little homesick girls, known as Freshmen, came to Chowan College, they thought it to be quite out of the known world, but soon they took it to be an historic place, for there was furniture in some of the rooms that looked to have been owned by Mrs. Noah.

Finally, they settled down to their work with zeal, determining to break the records of all former Freshmen. They organized themselves into a Freshman class, finding that they had twenty-one members. As usually happens, they were led a chase by the Sophomores on the night of organization. Cats were seen falling over every door and salt came in great showers from all sides.

The poor Freshmen were soon taken under the protective wing of the Juniors, who treated them most sumptuously. The younger sisters were given a banquet and were allowed to invite their "Georges." This as you can guess was enjoyed by all. The two classes also held their meetings on the same night and exchanged rooms in order to save salt, but all in vain, for the salt was wasted just the same, for it came in great showers over the transom on the Juniors. That did not cause them to turn against the Freshmen, but was a means of welding the two classes more closely together, for they knew how it was to be salted.

These Freshmen were given a more prominent place in the hearts of the Juniors on April 1st. All the Seniors went up the Meherrin river on a big outing. As the Juniors felt very much outdone by this, they decided to play some pranks on the Seniors. During the day they decorated the College and town in Junior colors. This made the Sophs. very angry, and on account of this there was a quarrel between the Freshmen and Sophomores lasting the entire day.

After the fall examinations were over the Freshmen Class voted unanimously that they had never known what examinations were before, but since they have learned, they are sure they are on the way toward making the best Sophomore Class known in the College history.

Freshman Class Poem

'Twas in September of '13
We left our happy home,
And then 'mid dear old Chowan scenes
We soon were seen to roam.

The Sophomores, they called us new,
And said we looked so green
That if old Dan should get a chance
He'd nip us for a bean.

The Juniors said that we were babes
Because we'd yell and cry,
And get so scared and homesick, too,
They thought we'd surely die.

But one of our own number dear
Could not this pain withstand.
She soon went back to her dear home
To hold her mama's hand.

The Seniors deigned a haughty glance
And called us "Freshies dear,"
And promised if we'd follow 'long,
Of nought we need have fear.

And though to uppers we may 'pear
To be so awful green
We'll have 'em 'stinctly understand
We know 'bout *seventeen* !!



Senior Special Class

“Animis opibusque parate”

COLORS: Purple and green

FLOWER: Pansy

Officers

RUTH DORSEY WINDSOR, *President*

VIOLA DEVILLA HAYES, *Vice-President*

EMILY LUCILLE CLARK, *Secretary*

PAULINE THORINGTON TAYLOR, *Historian*

MAMIE ELIZABETH DARDEN, *Poet*

MARGARET ELIZABETH LYNK, *Prophet*

Class Roll

NANCY LOUISE BENTHALL

EMILY LUCILLE CLARK

MAMIE ELIZABETH DARDEN

JESSIE ELIZABETH GARRETT

VIOLA DEVILLA HAYES

MARGARET VANCE LIVERMON

MARGARET ELIZABETH LYNK

CLAUDE MAE STEPHENSON

RUTH DORSEY WINDSOR

PAULINE THORNTON TAYLOR



NANCY LOUISE BENTHALL, *Art*
Aulander, N. C.
Lucalian

"Whom skill aspires to please,
Whose smile is compensation."

Nancy is a girl whom you like more as you know her better. She is loyal to her friends, and she always has a smile and a pleasant word for everybody. When there is any extra work to be done, Nancy can be depended on to do her part. Besides being ready and willing for work, she is also ready for play. And the basketball captain who gets Nancy as one of her players is lucky indeed. She is a Special girl in the strictest sense of the word, as she has tried every special in the course and has done well in each one. But so thoroughly was she in love with art that she gave up an A.B. in order to have more time to devote to it. Nancy is an all round good girl "with a heart for any fate."

EMILY LUCILLE CLARK, *Voice*
Winton, N. C.
Lucalian

"As pure and sweet, her fair brow seemed—
Eternal as the sky;
And like the brook's low song, her voice—
A sound which cannot die."

Although the youngest in our class, she is one of the brightest and is always near at hand when assistance is needed. She is very unselfish, kind-hearted, and friendly. "Em," we think, a good friend, who has made many friends among those who know her. Winton should be proud of her musical talent, for the medal for voice was given her in 1913. She intends to make vocal music her specialty, and some day we shall hear of her in opera, or something equally as great. We wish her much success in her professional career.





MAMIE ELIZABETH DARDEN, *Art*
Newsoms, Va.
Alathinean

"Inspired by skill through an ambitious will."

Mamie ("Dick" as she is best known among the girls) is anything we are looking for from being sentimental to athletic. She carries with her a smile that thrills the hearts of all her mates. She will speak her mind and leave others to think what they will. Mamie is good at jokes and still better in receiving them. In the three years she's been with us her aim has been to study and admire the beautiful. In painting she excels us all, and we feel sure she will make good in some arts after she departs from our studio.

JESSIE ELIZABETH GARRETT, *China Painting*
Ahoskie, N. C.
Lucullan

"Around the mighty master came
The marvels which pencils wrought,
Those miracles of power whose fame
Is wide as human thought."

Jessie carries with her the greater part of the dignity of our Senior Special Class. She has, too, in several contests won the vote for being the most stylish girl in college, and for this reason our class is doubly proud of her. She has been with us four years and is thinking of returning next year to get her diploma in piano and voice. We wish her good luck.





VIOLA DEVILLA HAYES, *Voice*
Windsor, N. C.
Athincan

"The tones of her voice
Like the music which seems
Murmured low in our ears
By the angel of dreams."

Before you is the likeness of one of the best looking in our class. You would think Viola intends spending the rest of her life in foreign countries as she is studying four languages. Although she is not the youngest she is quite a "bud." (I hope you didn't understand me to mean a "Rosebud.") From Franklin Female School to Chowan College was a great step for Viola, but she stepped it. She expects to continue her work in a northern conservatory of music. We wish her much success.

MARGARET VANCE LIVERMON, *Voice*
Roxobel, N. C.
Lucanian

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles."

We count ourselves fortunate, indeed, in having Margaret in our class, not so much because of her great intellect and numerous achievements, but for her sunny disposition and generous, loving heart. She excels in many qualities which go to make up the successful woman of to-day. Nature has been unusually kind to Margaret in bestowing on her a voice of much sweetness. She has put forth every effort to aid nature by spending most of her three years in college in earnest endeavor to make it all nature intended. Many are the lofty aims and high ambitions she has to achieve some grand and noble deed that will make her Alma Mater proud to own her as one of her daughters.





MARGARET ELIZABETH LYNK, *Expression*
Buiés Creek, N. C.
Alathincan

"Let us be rather than seem."

Elizabeth is a girl with a genial disposition and of strong character. She is marked by her faithfulness to duty and is calm in her actions. Her ability is versatile. She is enthusiastic in all her work and has held honors in her society and other organizations. We are confident that she will make good in whatever she undertakes. Although she has been with us only two years, we feel that she has done great honor to herself and to her college.

CLAUDE MAE STEPHENSON, *Voice*
Severn, N. C.

"She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonize;
Feeling or thoughts that were not true
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes."

Claude showed that she was a student of ability by winning her A.B. in two years, also the voice medal in 1910-'11. Two years ago her Alma Mater honored her by making her a member of the faculty. During this time, she has continued her work in piano and voice and is now asking for the diploma in voice with the Class of 1914. She is diligent in study and deserves every honor that the college confers. She is happy and genial in disposition and is loved by every one.





RUTH DORSEY WINDSOR, *Voice*
Milford, Delaware

"From out the fair young throat
There came a burst of song
Of sweetest melody—that carried to our heart
A thrill of ecstasy—most divine—
For hers was God's own gift."

Only Ruth could have gained a voice diploma and a seat among "the Chosen Few" within three years. How many times have we heard her voice above all the others in choral work as she has taken the leading parts! A larger state than Delaware might well be represented by our college *prima donna*. But Ruth's voice is not the greatest thing about her—she is one who makes friends easily, having won the vote for being the most popular girl in college last year. She is not excluded from popularity among the opposite sex either (pronounce it "i," Delaware fashion, please). As assistant in voice, she has become known to the new girls as "Miss Windsor," a title which she finds hard to uphold with the proper dignity at times, for she loves a jolly good time and her laugh (as big as she is) and merry "Honest, I mean it!" can be heard in the New Building halls at any old time. Our fondest hopes and best wishes go with her as she leaves us for further study in New York.

PAULINE THORNTON TAYLOR, *Voice*
Elizabeth City, N. C.
Lucilian

"Live for others, not for self;
Gain honors, not wealth."

"P. Taylor" as some say, others "Ringlets" on account of her auburn curls, has been with us four years, and because of her frank and sincere disposition has won the confidence of all the teachers and is exceedingly popular with all who know her. She even has the ability to gain the love of her "rivals" in spite of their would-be opposition. With her sympathetic contralto voice, there is no other of her class who is more able to charm an audience.





MARY MORRIS ALSTON, *Piano*
Powellsville, N. C.
Alathinean

Music hath charms
And so has Mary, too,
There's nothing with a piano
That she cannot do.

ANNIE SUE WINBORNE, *Piano*
Como, N. C.
Lucalian

Oh, fortunate is the soul
With music for its goal,
For nature decrees it so,
To drive away all woe.



Prophecy of Senior Special Class

One day in the sunny month of June,
Singing a merry little tune,
I met a man, on his back a sack;
His face was worn, lost was his track;
I asked of him his occupation,
"To tell the future is my station."

He answered me, "Of great and small,
Of rich and poor in dreams them all
I see." "Tell me, I pray, now name
Those Senior Specials who do claim
That they of fourteen are a part!"
The dreamer said, "With one we'll start

To whom we all shall give great fame—
From Delaware, Milford town, she came;
No sweeter notes than hers are found
In all the country leagues around.
Her voice's a high soprano, that's our Ruth;
She wins us all, in voice and smiles, in truth.

Viola and Claude, sopranos too, are they;
'They're Chohan stars' I hear perchance some say.
Who their career in the future can tell?
Knows none unless he can prophesy well,
For in the years which before them lie
They rival the past—they will never die.

There are Maggie L. and our Emily too,
Whose equals are found in numbers few;
In beautiful homes their voices they use,
Ever bright and fresh as the morning dews;
No sorrows or cares ever enter there,
For love and song always banish despair.

Only one more in voice now to be seen,
This you know is the talented Pauline;
No other voice we hear, so soft, so low,
Greater merit than hers can no one show.
She sings in the choir of Church and State,
She is our contralto without a mate.

The students and teachers love and honor do
Give to Mary A. and Annie Sue.
They give us music divine, not from lips
But from the magic touch of finger tips.
In homes or churches or wherever they go
This wonderful art they are asked to show.

And moreover in this dream whom do I see
But Jessie who glides slowly before me?
Her arms are filled with china rare, and very fine.
Painted with figures and shapes of every kind.
In a lovely home she dwells far out west
Where her china is claimed to be the best.

For Nancy and Mamie the artist true,
Who paint the pictures to please me and you;
In galleries of fame I see them stand
Displaying their work of both brush and hand—
One of the greatest works of mind and soul,
A work which will live and never grow old.

I remembered well there was only one more;
The expression Senior entered the door.
She stepped very lightly and looking around,
At first she seemed frightened, then frowned
And just before her future I could know,
She turned and fled, and I am left just so."

To the Senior Specials

We Senior Specials of C. C.

Do here desire to tell our aim;
For Seniors we have longed to be,
And bless the day that brought this fame.

Yes, some of us are trained in art,
And all the music we have learned
Doth play an all-important part.
But, true, you say, 'twas surely scarcely earned !

Our voices now are fit to sing
The famous operas of the time.
And oh ! the joy to you 'twill bring
To hear some day our melodies sublime.

Dear comrades true, we'll ne'er forget
The place where we have learned our arts.
And sure there's none who doth regret
The things we've placed deep in our hearts.

One little word is hard to tell,
'Tis sad but we must try;
It is, "Dear old C. C. farewell,"
And to each fond dear friend "Good-bye."

Special Class

FLOWER: Daisy

COLORS: White and gold

Officers

MABEL PRUDENCE BURT, *President*

HELEN LOUISE BUCK, *Secretary*

BEULAH LEE BAGLEY, *Treasurer*

ETHEL EVORA HAUGHTON, *Historian*

CORNIE CATHRYN CHEEK, *Prophet*

Members

BEULAH LEE BAGLEY

HELEN LOUISE BUCK

MABEL PRUDENCE BURT

LILLIAN MAY BRIGHT

LILLIE BELLE BUNCH

BESSIE CURRIE

LILLIAN CLAIR CARTER

CORNIE CATHRYN CHEEK

VIRGIE O'DELIA EDWARDS

ADELAIDE ELIZABETH FLORA

WERTIE HARRELL

ETHEL EVORA HAUGHTON

WILLIE PERKINS MIZELLE

MARIETTA BLOUNT PICOT

JANIE MARIE SHARPE

MAY SMALLWOOD

MAUDE SAWYER

RUTH SAWYER

GRACE SESSOMS

BRUCE VANN

BELLE WALKER

MAYO WILLIAMS

HELEN VAIN WILLIAMS



B. W. Jaeger

Special Class Poem

There was, I'm told, a special hour,
One very special day,
We merry Specials came in groups
To college life so gay.

Just two and twenty did we count,
So gay and full of fun;
'Twas art for some, for others voice,
For some 'twas more than one.

Some working every day and hour,
Piano for theme;
For others, too, the household arts,
A goodly crowd we seem.

In expression there were but two,
Yet soared they to the heights.
To hear them speak be sure you'll think,
They are, of school, the lights.

We'll labor ever patiently
With courage, honor, cheer,
Perfection for our only aim,
And love for Chowan dear.

Chowan College Chorus



Officers

EMILY CLARK, *President*

RUTH VANN, *Vice-President*

VIOLA HAYES, *Secretary*

PAULINE TAYLOR, *Treasurer*

MISS GOODWIN, *Director*

MYRA AUMACK, *Pianist*

Chowan College Chorus was organized in the fall term of 1911-'12 under the name of Chowan Glee Club. As it began to grow in numbers, the quality of work improved, and in 1914 the club was given its present name. Aside from the sacred music services rendered, the College Chorus has established an annual spring concert that stands for the best music that can be rendered by women's voices. *Fair Ellen*, by Max Bruch, and *The Chambered Nautilus*, by Mrs. Beach, are among the numbers already given.

Concert

BY THE

Chowan College Glee Club

OF

Wurfreesboro, North Carolina

An interesting organization of twelve young college women whose concerts have elicited much favorable comment wherever given

**An Evening of Pleasure
and Profit**

AT

WAKE FOREST, N. C.

NOVEMBER 25, 8 P. M.

ADMISSION: 75c. AND \$1.00

RUTH DORSEY WINDSOR..... *President*

MARGARET VANCE LIVERMON
Secretary and Treasurer

CLAUDE MAY STEPHENSON... *Business Manager*

Glee Club Roll

Sopranos

RUTH DORSEY WINDSOR
MARGARET VANCE LIVERMON
VIOLA DEVILLA HAYES
JESSIE ELIZABETH GARRETT

Mezzo Sopranos

CLAUDE MAY STEPHENSON
EMILY LUCILLE CLARK
MAUDE OPHELIA SAWYER
KATE HAIRFIELD JENKINS

Contraltos

PAULINE THORNTON TAYLOR
RUTH WRIGHT VANN
EVA OLIVIA BOYETTE
EMILY MABEL JENKINS

MISS GOODWIN, *Director and Accompanist*

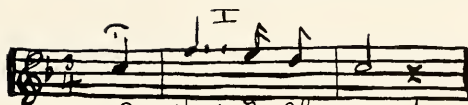
Concerts given in ELIZABETH CITY, EDENTON,
WAKE FOREST, WENDELL, AULANDER,
WINDSOR and AROSKIE.

Season 1913-'14.



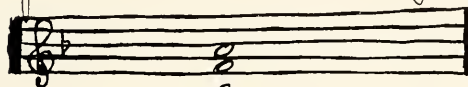
GLEE CLUB

Toast to Chowan

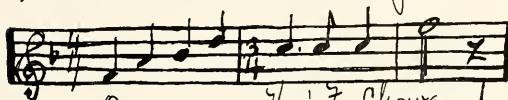


O, Here's to Chowan!

(You never in your life saw anything like Chowan!)



Here's to where our lot is cast,
Here's to friendships that will last,
Here's to all our troubles past—



O ——— Here's to Chowan!

I

O, here's to our *Campus*!
(You never in your life saw anything like our *Campus*).
Here's to every nook and bower,
Here's to every tree and flower,
We do say with all our power—
O, ——— here's to our *Campus*!

II

O, here's to our *Croquettes*!
(You never in your life saw so many *Croquettes* as our *Croquettes*).
You take a little pinch of dough,
Season to suit your taste, you know,
Roll it 'round and pat it so—
As it cooks it starts to grow—
Then you eat it with a—
Ho ——— here's to our *Croquettes*!

III

O, here's to *all else*,
(You never in all your life saw so many things as we have at Chowan!)
Here's to Jimmy (He's our boss)
Here's to Daniel (He's our boss)
Here's to Bartel (He's our cook)
Here's to Hope Cottage (That's the nook where our voices turn and crook)
Here's to Blackie (He's our cat—'speck he never caught a rat)
No ———
He just promenades around,
Where the softest beds are found.
Here's to everybody, everything, everywhere that knows and loves Chowan,
O ——— Here's to Chowan!

Dramatic Club

MOTTO: "Act, but act wisely"

COLORS: Yellow and green

FLOWER: Jonquil

Officers

LUCILE WILLIAMS, *President*

SYBIL HARRELL, *Vice-President*

ROSE NOWELL, *Secretary and Treasurer*

Members

NANCY BENTHALL

HELEN BRETT

MABEL BURT

MARY THOMAS EVANS

ROSA FUTRELL

SYBIL HARRELL

ADDIE JENKINS

ELIZABETH LYNK

MINA MAJETTE

MAGNOLIA MITCHELL

GRACE PEARCE

MARIETTA PICOT

ROSE NOWELL

LILLIAN SHAW

GRACE SESSOMS

BETTIE WILLIAMS TAYLOR

RUTH THOMAS

BRUCE VANN

LUCILE WILLIAMS

The Dramatic Club's a stage,
And all the pupils merely players;
They have their coaching and their criticism
And each girl in her time plays many parts,
Her acts being four ages.
At first the Freshman, awkward and
Ungainly in her teacher's eye;
Then the egotistic Sophomore, "sawing
The air with gestures," and splitting the
Ears of groundlings with her oratory;
Then the Junior, sighing and laboring
With much of her vanity gone, but
Knowledge obtained, plays her part.
Last scene of all is the Mighty Senior,
Dignified and strong, graceful and self-poised,
Ready to grace the home; appear upon the
Reader's platform; or to be a Shakspearean heroine.



The Art Department

Regular Art Students

NANCY BENTHALL	ALMA FREEMAN
FRANCES BENTHALL	JESSIE GARRETT
HELEN BRETT	WERTIE HARRELL
LILLIAN BRITE	FANNIE JENKINS
EULA BULLARD	ELSIE PILAND
MAMIE DARDEN	BRUCE TAYLOR
HELEN WILLIAMS	

Saturday Art Students

LIZZIE ADKINS	ROSA FUTRELL
EMMA DAVIS	LILLIAN HEDSPETH
LUCY ELLIOTT	LORA MIZELLE
JESSIE PILAND	

Drawing Students

MARIE DAVIS	GLADOLIA PARKER
MAGGIE FARLESS	MARY RIDDICK
HELEN LEARY	RUTH THOMAS
MAYO WILLIAMS	

Domestic Science Class



Motto: Good cooks; good looks.

MYRA AUMACK
 CELIA ASHLEY
 BEULAH BAGLEY
 FRANCES BENTHALL
 NANCY BENTHALL
 INEZ BENTHALL
 MABEL BURT
 LILLIE BELLE BUNCH
 LILLIAN CARTER
 CORNIE CHEEK
 EMILY CLARK
 BESSIE CURRIE
 IRENE DAVIS
 VIRGIE EDWARDS
 ESTHER ELLIOTT
 MARY THOMAS EVANS

MARY FLEETWOOD
 ENNIE GOODWIN
 JESSIE GARRETT
 SYBIL HARRELL
 OLIVIA HEDSFETH
 HANNAH HOLLOMAN
 EYORA HOUGHTON
 ADDIE JENKINS
 MARIE JENKINS
 FANNIE JENKINS
 KATE JENKINS
 ELIZABETH LINK
 GLADYS LASSITER
 BELLE MITCHELL
 RUTH NORWOOD

ROSE NOWELL
 GLADIOLA PARKER
 NINA PARKER
 JESSIE PEARL
 MARIETTA PICOT
 MARY RIDDICK
 GORA SAWYER
 RUTH SAWYER
 MAUDE SIMONS
 BRUCE TAYLOR
 RUTH THOMAS
 BRUCE VANN
 BELLE WALKER
 HELEN WILLIAMS
 LUCHE WILLIAMS
 INEZ WORRELL



The Young Woman's Auxiliary

LUCY HINES ELLIOTT, *President*

JESSIE PILAND, *Vice-President*

MARY MORRIS ALSTON, *Secretary*

ROSA FUTRELL, *Treasurer*

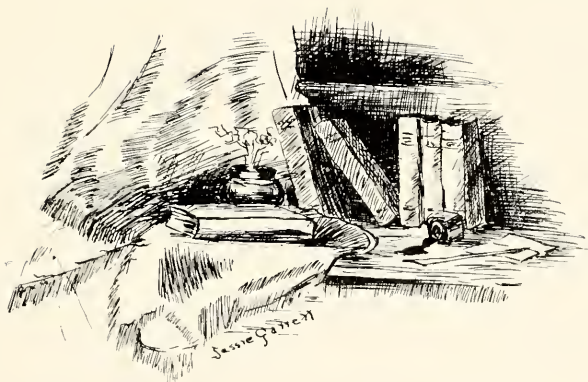
The year 1913-'14 records greater interest and progress in the Young Woman's Auxiliary than has any previous year. This advance has been shown in the growth of a desire, of a deeper missionary spirit, and in increased interest in mission study classes.

There are four sections of mission study classes, which meet twice a week under the leadership of Mr. Woodall, Mrs. Bruner and Misses Wynne and McClain. Text-books on mission subjects are used.

The Y. W. A. conducts three public meetings during the school year—one in the fall for state missions, one in the winter for foreign missions, and one in the spring for home missions. An important step was taken at the foreign missionary meeting in February, when the students decided to educate a girl in one of the mission schools of China.

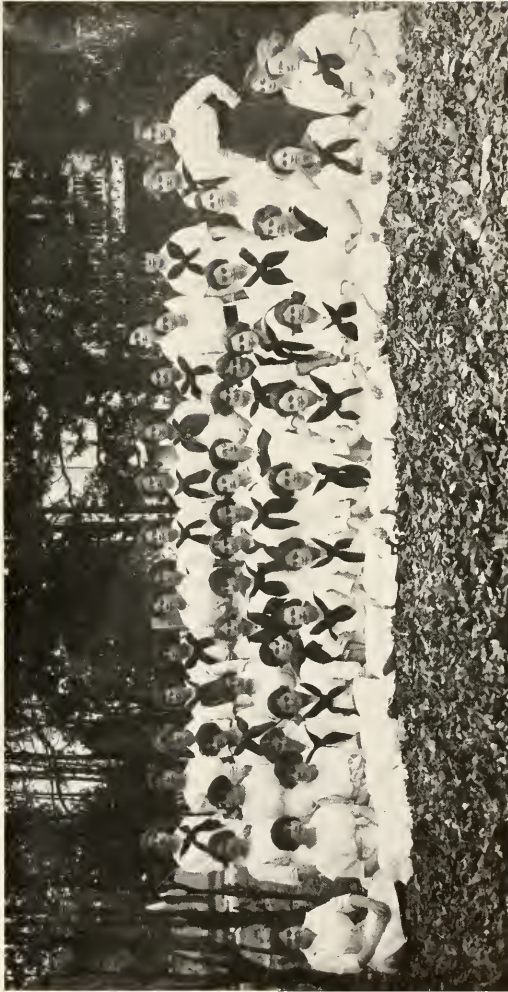
In addition to the mission study classes, Mr. Woodall gives a course in the study of missions for which students receive credit as for any other subject of the curriculum.

The Y. W. A. conducts informal meetings twice a month, the programs of which are on the life of Mrs. Ann H. Judson.



Lucalian Literary Society

GRACE BEASLEY	LAURA HOLLOWELL
BERTHA BARNES	MARIE JENKINS
HELEN BRETT	GLADYS LASSITER
NANCY BENTHALL	HELEN LEARY
INEZ BENTHALL	MAGGIE LIVERMON
LILLY BELLE BUNCH	INEZ MATTHEWS
ELIZABETH BURBAGE	BELLE MITCHELL
CORNIE CHEEK	LORA MIZELLE
EMILY CLARK	OLA MOREHEAD
BESSIE CURRIE	EVA MORGAN
IRENE DAVIS	NINA PARKER
ROSE DAVIS	MARIETTA PICOT
MYRTLE ELEY	CORA SAWYER
PAULINE ELEY	GRACE SENNOM
LUCY ELLIOTT	MAUDE SIMONS
MARY THOMAS EVANS	MAE SMALLWOOD
MAGGIE FARLESS	PAULINE TAYLOR
MARY FLEETWOOD	BRUCE TAYLOR
JANIE FUTRELL	RUTH THOMAS
JESSIE GARRETT	BRUCE VANN
MAGGIE GARY	NELL WARD
STELLA GARRETT	ELDO WHITLEY
JESSIE GRIFFIN	ROSE WHITLEY
RETTA GRIFFIN	HELEN WILLIAMS
WERTIE HARRELL	MAYO WILLIAMS
OLIVIA HEDSPETH	LUCILE WILLIAMS
LILLIAN HEDSPETH	ANNIE SUE WINBORNE
LENA HOLLOWELL	HELEN WINBORNE



Lucalian Society Officers



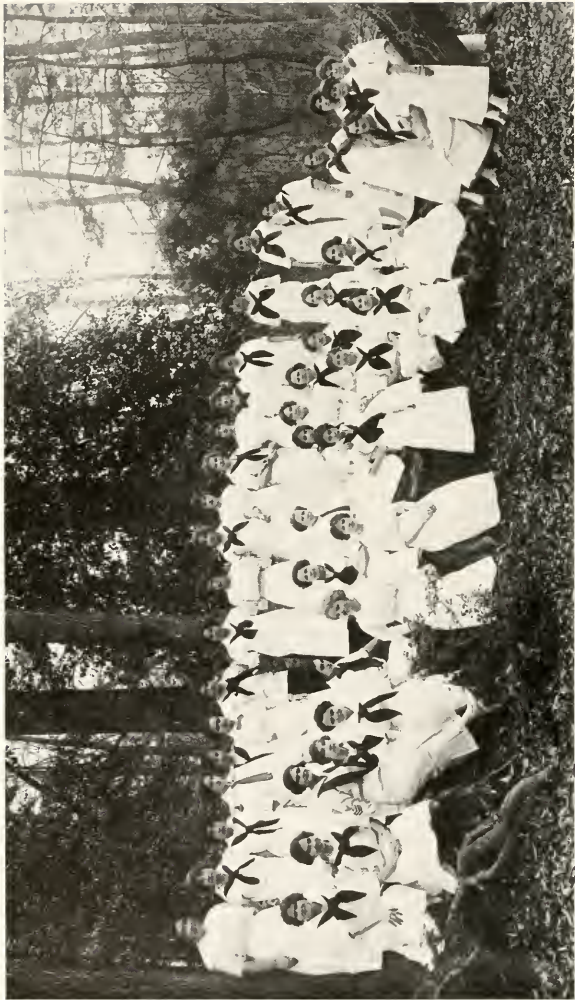
LUCY ELLIOTT
President
PAULINE TAYLOR
Vice-President

STELLA GARRETT
Secretary
NELL WARD
Treasurer

Mathinean Society

LIZZIE ADKINS
MARY ALSTON
CELIA ASHLEY
MARY ANTHONY
BEULAH BAGLEY
FRANCES BENTHALL
LILLIAN BRITE
LUCILE BRITTON
HELEN BUCK
MABEL BURT
EULA BULLARD
LILLIAN CARTER
JESSIE CHITTY
MAMIE DARDEN
EMMA DAVIS
MAGGIE DUKE
VIRGIE EDWARDS
ESTHER ELLIOTT
JUDITH EURE
ADELAIDE FLORA
ALMA FREEMAN
ROSA FUTRELL
IDA LOU FUTRELL
ENNIE GOODWIN
ADA HAMILTON
MARY HARRELL
SIBYL HARRELL
RUTH HASTINGS
EVORA HAUGHTON

VIOLA HAYES
HANNAH HOLLOMAN
CLAUDINE JENKINS
HILDA JOHNSON
RUTH LASSITER
ELIZABETH LYNK
MINA MAJETTE
LORENA MARSH
LAURA MATTHEWS
MAGNOLIA MITCHELL
WILLIE PERKINS MIZELLE
ADA MORRIS
MYRTLE MYERS
RUTH NORWOOD
ROSE NOWELL
GLADIOLA PARKER
JESSIE PILAND
ELSIE PILAND
MARY RIDDICK
RUTH SAWYER
MAUDE SAWYER
AGNES SESSOMS
BETTIE SUE SEWELL
JANIE SHARP
LILLIAN SHAW
BETTIE WILLIAMS TAYLOE
RUTH VANN
BELLE WALKER
INEZ WORRELL



Alathinean Society Officers



RUTH LASSITER
President
HELEN BUCK
Vice-President

MAMIE DARDEN
Secretary
ROSA FUTRELL
Treasurer

Society Debaters



Alathinean

ROSE NOWELL
ADA HAMILTON

Lucatian

NINA PARKER
LORA MIZELLE

In Memoriam

JUDGE W. P. SHAW

BORN OCTOBER 6, 1842

DIED NOVEMBER 28, 1913

**A Useful and highly appreciated Trustee
of Chowan College for
twenty-four years**

Hon. W. P. Shaw

Hon. W. P. Shaw, one of Hertford County's most useful, most distinguished sons, died at his home in Winton on Thanksgiving Day.

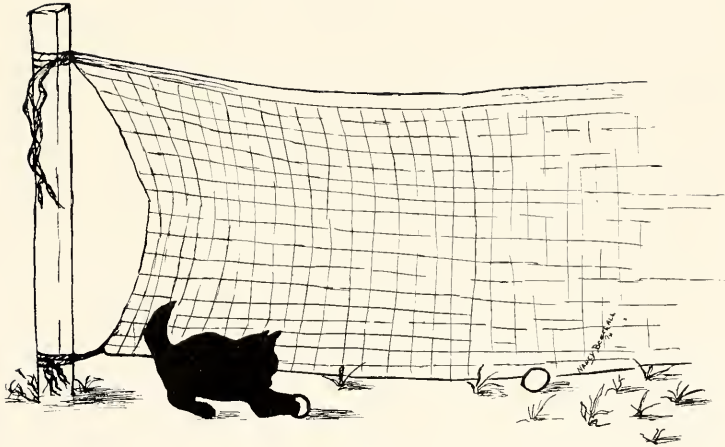
For near a half century he had been foremost in the religious, social, business and political life of this northeastern section. He was born in Hertford County seventy-one years ago. He has always made his home there. His parents were William and Sarah Jordan Shaw, a strong godly couple. They were true types of our citizenship of the early days of the last century.

Before reaching his majority he answered his State's bugle call to arms in her defense. His enlistment was in Company D, 59th Regiment N. C. (Cavalry) Troop. He was second lieutenant of his company. His record as a Confederate soldier was brave and honorable. He saw service in bloody battles—Brandy Station, Upperville, Petersburg, Gettysburg, Appamatox. He did not surrender with Lee's army. He and several comrades escaped on that fateful day. "He fought for a cause he knew was right." He was very happy in reunions of his comrades.

The most beautiful trait of his long life was his love for his fellow-man. No person ever heard him say a harsh or unkind word of any one. His hand rested in confidence in the hand of a friend. He never betrayed a trust; he never disappointed any one. No one ever has said, or could say, "I did not think Judge Shaw would do that." He loved the good causes and supported them. He followed the eternal truths of life, truth, virtue, honor, honesty, industry, temperance, and made them parts of his being. For half a century he was a faithful and earnest Christian, holding membership in the Missionary Baptist church where he lived. Here too, his life was beautiful. Many times he was moderator of West Chowan Association. He presided with impartiality and capacity. As chairman of many important committees of his association, he submitted able and comprehensive reports, and supported them with instructive and eloquent speech. He was a trustee of Chowan College at Murfreesboro. He gave that glorious old institute his loving service. Forty-one years have gone since he married Miss Mary Askew, daughter of John O. Askew. They lived in perfect happiness. She and their noble and worthy children weep for him now. No man was more kind and loving than he. Wife and children can and do call him blessed.

Simple funeral services were held in his home. Rev. Charles W. Scarboro read suitable passages from the scriptures. He and Revs. D. P. Harris, C. L. Dowell and Mr. Brinson bore testimony to his high character and Christian life. John E. Vann and Francis D. Winston spoke strongly of his career as a citizen and of his public service.

The burial was in the family burying ground on the John O. Askew farm at Pitch Landing. Rev. D. P. Harris conducted the service. Friends from distant places joined neighbors and friends in sad, silent tributes to this excellent citizen.



Lucalian Basketball Team

BELLE MITCHELL, *Captain*

BESSIE CURRIE, *Right Forward*

NANCY BENTHALL, *Left Forward*

INEZ BENTHALL, *Center*

MARIE JENKINS, *Right Guard*

OLIVIA HEDSPETH, *Left Guard*



YELL :

Lucali-ali-on—
Can beat the Ala-thine-an—
Every time she's called upon—
Whether it's to walk or run—
Catch a ball or pitch a one!

Alathinean Basketball Team

BELLE WALKER, *Captain*

MAUD SAWYER, *Right Forward*

MAGGIE DUKES, *Left Forward*

RUTH NORWOOD, *Right Guard*

ROSA FUTRELL, *Left Guard*

MAMIE DARDEN, *Center*



YELLS

Boom-a-lac, Chic-a-lac,
Boom, Chic, Lac,
Just take a look at our pack!
Can't you tell without any saying
The Alathineans are
Doing the playing!

Rip Rah! Rip Rah!
Rip! Rah! Rah!
We are, We are what we are!
We are the team that's hard to beat,
We are the team that knows no defeat,
Alathinean! Alathinean!



MASCOT OF SENIOR CLASS

Senior Basketball Team



MARY ALSTON, *Captain*

BRUCE TAYLOR, *Center*

ANNIE SUE WINBORNE, *Right Forward*

RUTH LASSITER, *Left Forward*

ROSA FUTRELL, *Right Guard*

OLA MOREHEAD, *Left Guard*

Tennis Club



Members

CELIA ASHLEY
LILLIAN BRITE
FRANCES BENTHALL
MABEL BURT
JESSIE CHITTY
MAMIE DARDEN

MYRTLE ELEY
OLIVIA HEDSPETH
RUTH LASSITER
ADA MORRIS
OLA MOREHEAD
RUTH NORWOOD

NINA PARKER
JESSIE PILAND
CORA SAWYER
RUTH THOMAS
BRUCE VANN
HELEN WILLIAMS



CLUBS

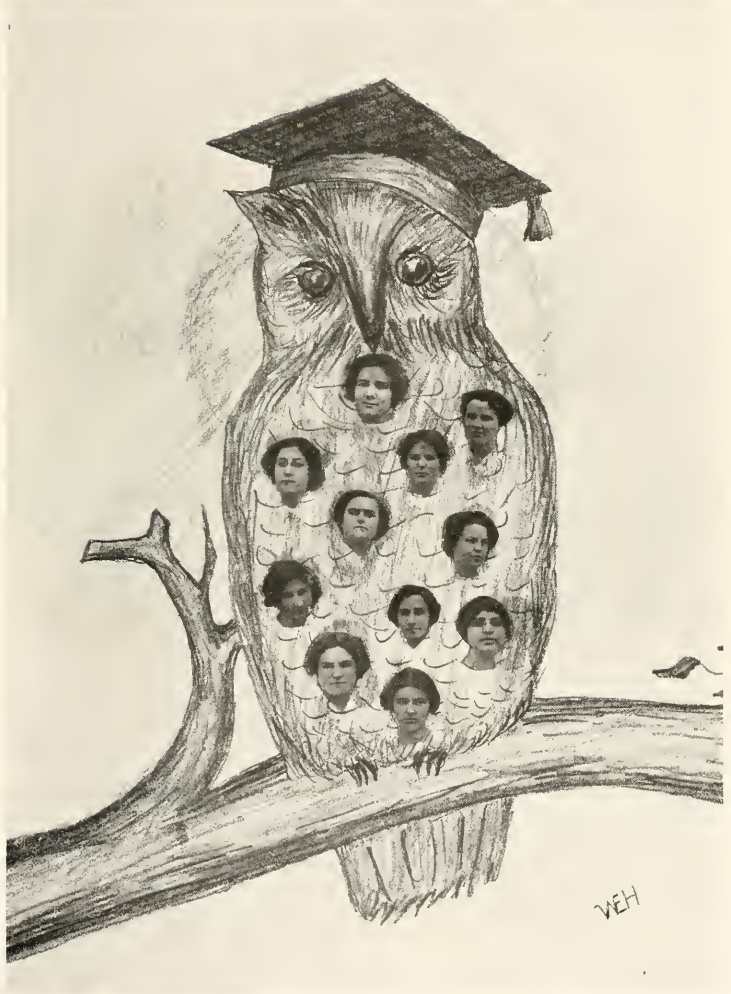
Senior Club

MOTTO: Look wise and keep mum

MEETING PLACE: Top of Main Building

TIME: Midnight

MARY ALSTON	Wisest
MYRTLE ELEY	Prettiest
LUCY ELLIOTT	Most intellectual
JANIE FUTRELL	Most studious
ROSA FUTRELL	Typical Senior
HILDA JOHNSON	Easiest teased
RUTH LASSITER	Jolliest
OLA MOREHEAD	Best athlete
BRUCE TAYLOR	Most fascinating
ANNIE SUE WINBORNE	Most dignified



VEH

Jumbo Club



MAIN OBJECT OF THE CLUB TO BE A LITTLE 'UN

How it happened:

LUCY ELLIOTT overtops them all
RUTH WINDSOR has the eyes (big as fried eggs)
HELEN BRETT has the appetite ("charge to E. Brett")
EMILY CLARK has the ears ("I heard Grandad say so")
ADELAIDE FLORA has the hands ("Don't get the axe, I can do it with my hands")
MAYO WILLIAMS has the nose ("I smell Mary Garden")
HELEN BUCK has the nerve ("Dr. Bruner, may I run up to little old Chicago?")
VIOLA HAYES has the teeth ("I could bite a rosbud")
SYBIL HARRELL has the unbreakable ("I can fall down stairs and not get hurt")
EVA BOYETTE has the strength ("Miss Goodwin, may I move that piano for you?")

Air Castle Builders Club



MOTTO: "Hitch your wagon to an undiscovered star" (Bruner)
 MEETING PLACE: At the fountain
 FLOWER: Air-Castle
 FAVORITE CONVEYANCE: Aeroplane

Officers

MARY MORRIS ALSTON.....	<i>Chief Builder</i>
ANNIE SUE WINBORNE.....	<i>Aviator</i>
WILLIE PERKINS MIZELLE.....	<i>Destroyer</i>

Members

- MARY ALSTON: "To be a poet greater than Milton"
 ELIZABETH BURBAGE: "To sing more sweetly than a nightingale"
 "PERK" MIZELLE: "To be the greatest musician of my day"
 JANIE SHARP: "Most devoted to George"
 BRUCE TAYLOR: "To have the most beautiful home in America"
 LUCILE WILLIAMS: "Though an elocutionist, other things now have more charm"
 HELEN WINBORNE: "To have all enjoyment life can afford"
 ANNIE SUE WINBORNE: "To accomplish some great good in the world"

“Deutscher Verein”



Das Motto: Der Anfang ist immer schwer
 Blume: Vergiss-meinnicht
 Sammlungsort: Der Salon

Das Lied: Chowan, Chowan, ueber Alles
 Ueber Alles in der Welt

Die Offiziere

FRAUELEIN PASTETELAND.....	Die Praesidentin
FRAUELEIN MADCHENWEG.....	Vicc-Praesidentin
FRAUELEIN HUTER.....	Die Secretaerin
FRAUELEIN BACKEN.....	Die Schatzmeisterin

Mitglieder

FRAUELEIN KORNIIE BACKEN	FRAUELEIN RUT MADCHENWEG
FRAUELEIN LUSIE ELLENDURFER	FRAUELEIN YESSICA PASTETLAND
FRAUELEIN KORA HOLZSAGER	FRAUELEIN EVORA STOLZON
FRAUELEIN ELLENOR HUTER	FRAUELEIN PAULINA SCHNEIDERIN
FRAUELEIN OLA MEHRKOPF	FRAUELEIN ELISABETH VERBINDUNGSSTUCK
FRAUELEIN YANIE WENIGTRELLE	

Woodlanders Club



MOTTO: To get the most out of life
COLORS: Brown and green
FLOWER: Dog-wood blossoms

Dell

Che, Che, Che,
Can't you see
We are the Woodlanders,
Che, Che, Che!

Members

FRANCIS BENTHALL
INEZ BENTHALL
LUCY ELLIOTT
JESSIE GRIFFIN
RETTA GRIFFIN
SYBIL HARRELL
GLADYS LASSITER
NINA PARKER

Taffy Club



OBJECT: To make good candy
 MEETING PLACE: Kitchen
 TIME: Saturday night

Members

ARTHUR BRUNER.....	<i>The President</i>
MARY ALSTON.....	<i>Senior Member</i>
HELEN BUCK.....	<i>Candy Sampler</i>
ADELAIDE FLORA.....	<i>Chief Cook</i>
MAGGIE LIVERMON.....	<i>Taffy Member</i>
WILLIE PERKINS MIZELLE.....	<i>Eater</i>
CORA SAWYER.....	<i>Dish Washer</i>
MAUDE SAWYER.....	<i>Torchlighter</i>
BRUCE VANN.....	<i>Old Maid</i>
HELEN WINBORNE.....	<i>Giggler</i>

END OF MEETING: When light bell rings

Rook Players Club



FAVORITE PLACE: Any old flat top thing
TIME: When you can skip chapel or cut classes

Usual Expressions

HELEN BUCK: "I just must look at the bottom card in the widow"
EMILY CLARK: "Which was the best for you Helen, black or red?"
RUTH WINDSOR: "What was the leading color in the widow?"
ADELAIDE FLORA: "Old Boy! Well, I guess we got 'em now"
VIOLA HAYES: "We'll never make it"
ANNIE SUE WINBORNE: "I'm anxious for that widow"
MYRA AUMACK: "Girls, don't you think red the best color?"
BELLE WALKER: "Well, I guess I'll take that bid at 90"

First Table

HELEN BUCK
EMILY CLARK
RUTH WINDSOR
ADELAIDE FLORA

Second Table

VIOLA HAYES
ANNIE SUE WINBORNE
MYRA AUMACK
BELLE WALKER

Things on a Purely Minor Scale



CELIA ANNE ASHLEY
MYRA AUMACK
BEULAH BAGLEY

LILLIE BELLE BUNCH
CORNIE CATHRYN CHEEK
MARY THOMAS EVANS
MAGGIE FARLESS

IDA LOU FUTRELL
MARY FLEETWOOD
RETTA GRIFFIN

OLIVIA HEDSPETH
LAURA HOLLOWELL
CLAUDINE JENKINS
KATE JENKINS

HELEN LEARY
LORA MIZELLE
ADA MORRIS

ROSE NOWELL
MARY RIDDICK
NELL WARD
MAYO WILLIAMS

“Sans Souci” Club



FLOWER: Tulips

COLOES: Red and White

MOTTO: "Heart whole and fancy free"

TIME OF MEETING: Just after the mail is called

OBJECT OF MEETING: To discuss the happenings at various colleges

SONG: "I've Been Longing a Long Time for You"

"Some say Love,
Foolish Love,
Doth rule and govern the gods:
I say Love,
Inconstant Love,
Sets girls' senses far at odds."

Club Roll

CORNIE CHEEK	<i>Dealer in Whitsett Pennants</i>
ESTHER ELLIOTT	<i>Ideal—An Englishman with a Title</i>
ROSA FUTRELL	<i>Wielder of the Pen</i>
JANIE FUTRELL	<i>Cupid's Captive</i>
EVORA HAUGHTON	<i>Biggest Candy Eater</i>
RUTH LASSITER	<i>Authority on Boys' Colleges</i>
OLA MOREHEAD	<i>Primper</i>
PAULINE TAYLOR	<i>Heart Breaker</i>
NELL WARD	<i>Proposer</i>

Murfreesboro Nine

FLOWER: Arbutus
COLORS: Green and yellow
AIM: To be recognized as "College girls"
PLACE OF MEETING: Murfreesboro Park
TIME OF MEETING: Any old time



Officers

MABEL JENKINS.....	<i>President</i>
ANNIE BARNACASCEL.....	<i>Secretary</i>
EVA BOYETTE.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

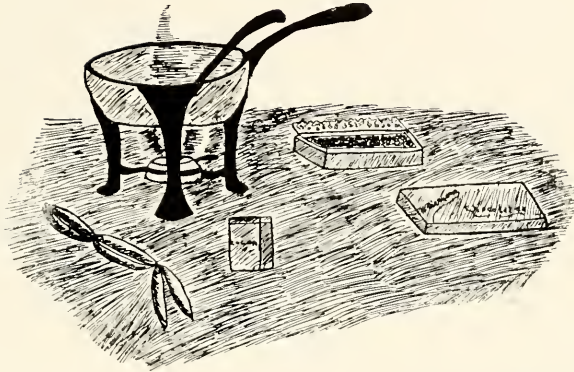
Members

EVA BOYETTE: "Judson" is her favorite missionary
ANNIE BARNACASCEL: Ah! how charming is "Eli-zabeth" and how interested she is in South Carolina
MABEL JENKINS: Always riding with a "Boy (ette)"
ADDIE JENKINS: Our famous "gas crank"
FANNIE JENKINS: Takes a particular liking to "Jo(h)n"-quils
KATE JENKINS: Especially interested in preachers' sons
GRACE PEARCE: "Stanley" Hall; her loafing place
FANNIE PARKER: Her pets are "Jim" Crows and "B's"
JESSIE WATSON: The "Ola" she gets, the better acquainted she is with King "Arthur"

Dell

Boma-la, Boma-la, Boma-la, Boon!
Maybe we'll be late, but we won't be soon.
Just the same, we'll all come, if not on time,
But if you'll wait, wait, wait,
Till half-past eight, eight, eight,
We'll be there—all in a line,
For we are, we are
The *Murfreesboro Nine!*

Chafing Dish Club



TIME: Sunday night

PLACE: Rooms Nos. 9 and 10

MOTTO: Live to eat

FLOWER: Cocoa blossom

Officers

GRACE BEASLEY, *Chef*

MYRA AUMACK, *Butler*

ROSE NOWELL, *Chief Cook*

STELLA GARRETT, *Dishwasher*

Members

"SKINNER" AUMACK: Never in a hurry for a "Buck" shot entered her "girl's" heart

"GREECE" BEASLEY: Takes life easy, confident that her "girl" will wait

"STAR" GARRETT: An excellent dishwasher would not let her "crush" interfere

"BUD" NOWELL: Indigestion is the result of rapid eating. (Every minute with Viola counts)

"MUTT" RAY: Honorary Member

Societa Italiana



MOTTO: Cosa ben fatta, e fatta due volte

MEETING PLACE: Dr. Bruner's study

FLOWER: Rosa

COLOR: Celeste

Members

MARY ALSTON

HELEN BUCK

EMILY CLARK

EVORA HAUGHTON

VIOLA HAYES

CORA SAWYER

BRUCE TAYLOR

Early Risers Club



Motto: "Early to bed, early to rise"
Color: White

Members

- GRACE BEASLEY: "Give me some water to wash my face"
LUCILE BRITTON: "O well, I can button my shoes after breakfast"
INEZ BENTHAL: "Lena—what have we for breakfast?"
JESSIE GARRETT: "Where is my boudoir cap?"
STELLA GARRETT: "Myra, have you seen my braid? Quick—"
ROSE NOWELL: "Please bring me a biscuit"
MAYO WILLIAMS: "Oh, I don't feel like going to breakfast"

The Legend of the Lady in Brown

It was a beautiful September day in the year 1885. Everything seemed to be filled with life, yet the trees were still covered with their beautiful leaves which had not as yet begun to change to their various colors. The meadows, decked with yellow goldenrod, presented a beautiful picture to the eye. The atmosphere was filled with the sweet odor of the ripened grass in the surrounding fields.

All day from early morn until late at night you could see the busy farmers with their faithful workers preparing to gather the products of the farm. Now and then, far over the hills you could hear the ringing of the herd bells and the merry notes of the farmers' sons as they drove the cattle to pasture or brought them in at night. Not only did everything on the farm seem filled with happy thoughts and employ busy hands, but also in the home.

For several years the subject of education had interested the girls of a community in Eastern North Carolina. The inspiring words of those who had formerly gone away to school had resounded time and time again in the ears of the younger girls urging them to break away from their narrow bonds and set out to seek the wider fields of knowledge. Every fall you could see girls eagerly and earnestly preparing to go to college. Many a sacrifice had to be made in the home, many things given up. Yet notwithstanding the many sacrifices and hardships to be endured, they were undergone willingly by both parents and their daughters, for now was the time for girls to take advantage of the many opportunities before them.

Among the many fair-haired and energetic girls that were preparing for college this beautiful September was Eolene Davidson, the beautiful daughter of a well-known farmer in Northampton County. She was a pleasant, sweet-natured girl of nineteen, tall and slender, with wavy black hair, fair complexion and dreamy blue eyes. Much did she enjoy the pleasures of life and her tender words and loving smiles won for her everywhere true and sincere friends. She was the joy and light of the home. Her father and mother were both growing old and were proud to see their daughter so loving and good-natured, and tried to give her every advantage.

Eolene's father was wealthy. Every summer she was able to take a long trip to visit her friends or spend some time at a summer resort. The past summer she had been with Margaret Lanston, her special friend, who lived in New York. While there she had made many an acquaintance of whom there is no need to mention but one, James Lorrane, a lawyer. He was a young man of about twenty-five, tall and handsome, with dark brown eyes and black hair—an attractive young man. He did much for Eolene's pleasure during her visit and by his winning manners and sincerity he won her heart. For several months they sought each other's company. On one beautiful afternoon while out diving he asked her to become his bride. Gladly she would have given her consent, but she realized that she must not act against the wishes of her father, who wished her to go to college. Eolene told her lover that some day after completing her education, she would be his bride.

After a few weeks she returned home to prepare to go to Chowan College, or Institute, as it was then called. Not once did she tell her mother of her lover, but kept everything to herself and thought of him while she made ready to leave home.

School was to begin on the eleventh of September. On the night before leaving, she sat down by her mother's feet to have a confidential talk with her and to receive the kind, sweet words of advice which she would carry with her. Sitting there weeping, she said, "Mother, I must tell you my secret before I leave." Her mother waited for the daughter's words. After some moments of silence she told her mother of her lover and how she had decided to carry out the wishes of her mother and father. When the silver-haired mother had heard the story, she threw her arms around her daughter's neck and wept to think of the brave and sensible way her daughter had acted.

The next morning when Eolene awoke, the sun was just beginning to cast its rays above the tree tops, and all nature seemed to be refreshed. After breakfast the horses were hitched and Eolene started out on her journey. About eleven o'clock she reached the little town of Murfreesboro, which seemed to her to be an almost deserted spot. Soon she drove on the beautiful campus, the beauty of which at once caught her eye. After driving through the lofty pines and around the curves, she reached the stately Old Building which adds dignity to the campus and has long stood to welcome the girls. Only a few students had as yet reached the school. Eolene soon made friends with them and was given a room up on the fourth floor.

After a short time she had recovered from her homesickness and had settled down to her work. She was a bright girl, studied hard, and was soon in favor with teachers and pupils. She did not fail to join in the fun with girls even if she did spend much time studying. The girls soon observed that her favorite costume was brown silk, which was heard rustling long before she reached them. From this fact she received from the girls as a nickname, "The Lady in Brown."

At the end of the year she returned home ready for a joyful summer. During the summer James went to see her. Their hearts were still true to each other and each was very anxious that she finish her college course.

The next September Eolene returned to school more eager than ever to pursue her studies. She did all work well until about the middle of October, when she was taken sick with fever. Many anxious hearts awaited her recovery, but she grew worse and worse, and on Hallowe'en night she passed away and her body was taken home the next day. The girls were grieved to give up their dear schoolmate.

Every fall from that time until now the poor Freshmen at Chowan soon after arrival are told the story of "The Lady in Brown" and how on Hallowe'en through the corridors invisible and only the rustling of her silk skirts is heard. They look forward to this night with great dread, fearing that they too will hear the rustling of her garments.



COMMENCEMENT MARSHALS

Chowan, Mother Dear

A song in thy praise, O mother dear,
Doth rise to lips from loyal hearts.
 We do greet thee !
 We do greet thee !
As out the darkness thou thy way
Dost break thro' night to perfect day.
 We salute thee !
 We salute thee !
Mother dear ! Mother dear !

Our hearts rejoice in thy wisdom and strength
And to God be thanks for thy fostering care.
 We do praise thee !
 We do praise thee !
Thy name—so fair—we love and adore,
So treasured with hopes and mem'ries of yore.
 We adore thee !
 We adore thee !
Dear Chowan ! Dear Chowan !

The thrill of thy beauty—kind Nature's own skill—
Doth surge thro' our souls, and brighten our way.
 We adore thee !
 We adore thee !
The beech, the magnolia, the longleaf rare
Each season doth rival to make more fair.
 We do love thee !
 We do love thee !
Mother fair ! Mother fair !

M. E. MAC C.

Soliloquy of Blackie



Yes, I am a cat and I am black. I have always been a cat, but I have not always been black. Would you really like to know about that? Well, it was this way :

When I was very young and foolish, I was almost pure white in color. One day as I was very tired, I crawled into the Lady's waste basket and found a cozy place there to sleep. I was dreaming very pleasantly of that other saucer of milk I was to get for supper, when I was awakened by a crashing sound and a hard thump on my

back. What had happened? Nothing more than that the Lady had upset her inkstand and I was now lying in a bed of black ink ! Meow ! but the stuff felt gluey ! I got up and shook myself but the sticky stuff wouldn't come off. The lady clapped her hands and laughed a long time, then she called, "O James! Come here and look at Susun! She is as black as tar!"

Then the Man came and I kept getting madder and madder and blacker and blacker, for the stuff was drenching me to the skin. And they laughed ! After awhile, though, I was taken up and petted by hands that had black gloves put on them for the purpose. In all the talk that followed I found out that I was then and there rechristened "Blackie." So that accounts for my title. I don't know what my whole name is unless it is what I overheard some girl call me the other, day "Blackie By Chance." I am not sure that every one knows my name exactly and that is one reason I am explaining. The other night about midnight when I got hungry and was searching for a crumb in some paper bags in the hall waste barrel, somebody stuck her head out of the door and yelled, "Get out of that, you blankety-blank cat !" I got out and went into her room with her and spent the rest of the night, but I know she didn't see me for I walked on my toes and slipped by her.

I adore nosing around at night ! And when you are black, you can get around and nobody sees you. That is the reason I keep up such a howl sometimes, for I want people to know that night time is mine and I can practice voice if I want to ! The other night Mrs. Scarborough's cat and I had a big fight just underneath her window. My ! but it was a long time before either of us would give over, but I finally won out, of course. Then another time we had a hot argument as to which teacher's lap was nicest to sit in. This ended in a fight too, for he wouldn't come over to my side, and that always makes me mad !

Well, you may not think it fine to be a black cat with a fat back, but I think it is more fun than a little. I have such jolly good times ! And you do get shown off and talked about so much ! Now here I am in this Annual. Whatever else you may have passed by, reader, thank your lucky stars that you have taken time to look at this, for I am *It*, and being *It*, am even more in being *Blackie*.

Tables Turned

Faculty is examined by Student Body !
From President on up——
Students convulsed at answers given !
Faculty has dry grins !
Some of the most brilliant answers are herewith published !

QUESTION : What is meant by *staccato* in piano playing?

MISS McCLAIN : Touching the keys and leaving immediately as if the same were as hot as the tomato soup on Monday nights. In other words, strike and forget it as soon as possible. Do not use body, shoulder, arm, wrist or fingers. Always best played by some one else.

QUESTION : If children don't think, why do they ask so many questions?

MISS WILSON : Couldn't you have asked the question in a more *theoretical* manner? And anyway, doesn't a child think that he thinks? Surely, if he did not think that he thought, he would not think to think enough not to ask any one a question that would make one think; would he, do you think? And is there any objection to asking questions? If there is not, I should like to ask why they never have things here that I cannot criticize? On the whole, then, let me ask why not let children ask questions since they think they think even though we do not think they think?

P. S. Evora can answer this, if I can't.

QUESTION : Discuss the mechanism of the human body.

MISS MacCULLERS : The human body is composed of two parts—brains and clothes. Brains are on the inside and clothes on the outside—except when they get on the brains. Clothes are the sightly part of the body and brains are the unsightly part. Brains consist of nothing more than a gray porous substance, while clothes consist of a properly blending together of colors with here and there a dainty touch of ribbon and lace. These two organs are so closely related that it is almost impossible to distinguish between their functions. Brains are chiefly used in planning the texture of the clothes, while the chief use of clothes is to satisfy the craving of the brain.

QUESTION : Give the number of heart beats per minute.

MR. WOODALL : It depends upon how long a person has been at a place. For instance, if he has been in a college long enough to learn to pronounce its name, his heart beats normally, but if he gets up and calls Chowan *Chowand* in a public place, why, he is liable to be overcome by the violent throbbing of his main organ. Let me off easy, please, for I am a newcomer.

QUESTION : Of what do clouds consist?

MISS STEPHENSON : Clouds consist mostly of tears after a bad voice or piano lesson. One doesn't mind a tear-marked face, though, to set off the loveliness of others.

QUESTION : Give a sketch of Shakespeare's life and name one of his plays.

MRS. BRUNER : Shakespeare was born the day before Martin Luther—when-
ever that was—or the day after, I've forgotten just which. He soon became a
great singer and died of a cracked, broken voice, after making the best living he
could in swindling people's money out of them by selling his vote in order to
further the extensive sale of parcel post stamps. The last we hear of him he is
in Africa climbing trees to find specimens of a little insect known as Chromitights
Excoplaraboris. He played quite extensively, sometimes on the organ and some-
times on the Jew's harp. Indeed I might name several instances of his playing,
but the only piece I can think of now (Blackie is sick abed this noon) is one not
very well known called "Whenever you please."

QUESTION : Tell all you know about the War of 1812.

MISS JOHNSON : Well you see it is this way : If I knew just when it hap-
pened I might be able to kinder tell from that. You see—they must have fought
right hard—yes—I think I remember reading about it now, for I had been teach-
ing here just two years and Uncle Sam was sick and I carried him a cup of coffee.
Yes—it was about the year—well, anyway—you see—it is like this—I don't know
exactly, but what I mean is—if I did, I could kinder tell about it.

QUESTION : How long did Milton live?

MRS. JAMES : He lived long enough to get the malaria out of his system by
taking "666" three times per day. And if girls would only do this and follow
his example they might live as long as he did; which was, as I have said, long
enough to get rid of chills.

QUESTION : How do you start out to write lyric poetry?

MISS McCANLESS : I start out by beginning at once. Take two cups of
sugar, one of milk, whites of six eggs, beat together until thoroughly mixed, then
mix in flour. Have the oven hot and bake at once. Serve on lettuce leaves.
Especially palatable to lovesick girls.

QUESTION : Who led the Israelites out of Egypt?

MISS RAY : Newton. I never can keep the names of the different musicians
straight, so it may have been John Wesley. Ask Miss Wynne. She knows, I
am sure. It is hard for me to catch on to all of this Sunday School doings—
in a way.

QUESTION : What is the difference between a major and a minor scale?

DR. BRUNER : A major is an officer in the army. Things on a minor scale
means when things have run down pretty low; for instance, when the coal is at
the wharf and we are up here at school, almost without, or when the flour or
sugar is about out. A minor scale has reference, too, to an endowment fund.
I'll make a talk in Chapel on this subject one day before long.

QUESTION : What do you know of the career of Caruso?

MISS WYNNE : Caruso was one of the signers of the Declaration of Inde-
pendence. And girls—speaking about independence—but I believe in it ! (Giving
a demonstration of the feeling). I am so mad-to-day that I don't know what to

do ! If I could only get girls to open their mouths and sing on that Education Class and teach some few to use the knife instead of the fork—why—I'd—well : I reckon there is no use trying ! (A little later, interrupting some one else) Say, girls, I didn't mean what I said about being mad !

QUESTION : Tell all you know about the Balkan War.

MISS GOODWIN : The Balking War was a war in which everybody balked. Even the voices were affected by this great balking situation. The *Portamento* and *trill* declined very much during this period and Mozart and Schubert were even half starved. We have no great songs handed down to us from that time, and altogether it was a balking time. Balking horses originated here.

QUESTION : Add the following : 26810+1698507+8910987.

MISS BELL : I can't do it ! It would take too much time. Why, I would have to sit up half the night to get it all straight, and that would mean that I would be so sleepy in the morning that I would be late for breakfast. Why didn't you ask me to draw or paint something? You all don't know how to do anyhow ! I am not going to answer it ! Ask Miss McClain.

QUESTION : Conjugate the word *amo*.

MISS WINDSOR :	Singular	Plural
	<i>Amo</i>	<i>Am-o-Louisc-amus</i>
	<i>Am-o-Morna-as</i>	<i>Am-o-Em-atu8</i>
	<i>Am-o-Rosc-at</i>	<i>Am-o-'Cullers-ant</i>

QUESTION : What was Wordsworth's attitude toward Nature? (Reporter not able to catch all as speaker talked at the rate of two miles per second.)

MISS VANN : Wordsworth had a great attitude toward nature, I think. In fact it was so great that it might be called large. Realizing that "time and tide wait for no man," he often used *expression* as a means for his thoughts. The truth of the matter is that Wordsworth knew very few ladies in his day but what had *some prospects* of changing their names, and this fact inspired him to write poetry. It would me too if I knew of a single old maid in our faculty who had the least chance; but then that is not the point so much as the fact that I know if I don't hurry up and get off this exam. I shall not get down town in time for supper, and besides I'll be a perfect nervous wreck ! So as I said before Wordsworth had an attitude, or altitude, which is it? Well, anyway he had one ! Ask my crush a question !

QUESTION : What do you consider the greatest modern invention?

MISS LIVERMON : A self-propelling and self-recording machine which uses double force in injecting mathematical problems into girls' dense brains, and at the same time records the results in such a way that they become visible to the naked eye. Also the newest invention in cardrums, one which enables the wearer to distinguish by the sleeper's breathing whether or not she is dreaming that she is out of her room during study hours. I *suspect* these inventions are rather unknown as yet, but I notice that Columbia uses both.

The Letter

The day was cold, dark and dreary. It had been raining since early in the morning and the dark clouds seemed as if they were never going to cease their steady downpour. A young man sat at the window looking at the rain. He saw the trees droop heavy with drops of water. Nature seemed to reflect his own despondent mood. Surely from his countenance and heavy sighs, there was something unusual. Yes, he held in his hand a letter, a part of which had fallen to the floor. He was thinking of his boyhood days. The faces of his playmates, Harry and Lawrence, came plainly before his mind. He recalled too those of Helen, Ruth and Dorothy. It was the remembrance of one of these faces that caused Bob Lee to sit so long at the window in deep abstraction.

Well did he remember the first time he met Dorothy. How could he forget those pretty dark eyes that looked up at him frankly? Their friendship had grown stronger and stronger the longer they had known each other. He was her ideal, and to him she was the fairest of the fair.

Then one day they were children no longer, but a young man and a young woman. Now his unhappy days came. Other young men sought to disturb his mind. Difficulties and misunderstandings arose between him and Dorothy. She did not seem to care for him. This was a great shock to Bob. It was hard to stand aside and see another occupy the place that he had hoped for. Everything looked dark to him. What should he do? After many sleepless nights and much questioning in his own mind he resolved to divert his mind by entering upon a larger sphere of life. He decided to go to college.

Time passed. For three years he had been separated from home and early comrades. He had studied hard and had won a good rank in college. But this letter—it was from Dorothy. Yes, she really cared for him. He thought he read between the lines that she really loved him. What had she written? "Bob, I sometimes think of that morning at the pump when you rescued me from the injuries of our neighbor's large dog." He could see her eyes now in their childish appeal of distress. The old love and longing came over him with an almost overwhelming sway. With a mighty effort he shook the feeling off and arose. Around him were his books tangible and real in their appeal to be true to his calling, his higher self. What would a life with this fickle, frivolous girl mean? But he loved her, well—he picked up the letter again. Curiously enough he looked directly at a certain phrase that he had not noticed especially before.

"How can you stand those stuffy old books? Really they make you more uninteresting each day. Better come home and try dancing for a change."

Bob shivered, but crumpled the letter and let it fall into the glowing grate. His decision was made. O but the letter—it burned so slowly. The light from its flames fell directly on his bowed head. He watched the last of it; then rose, went to his table and tried to begin his evening's study.



JOKES

For the Love o' Alike, Look at This!

(As heard through the keyhole)

DR. BRUNER (*in faculty meeting*) : Miss McClain, what do you think of giving holidays to the girls once per week?

MISS McCLAIN : Well, Dr. Bruner, I am in favor of giving the girls holiday every day in the week, for they need it to keep their clothes in good order.

What member of the faculty was it who said that the faculty could not keep anything? The same who swallowed a diamond ring soon after returning in the fall.

What member of the faculty is it for whom Dr. Bruner has to call the clan together half an hour early in order that she may express her views on any given subject? Well—you see—it is kinder hard to tell.

MR. WOODALL (*upon being introduced to Miss Vann*) : Isn't this the young lady who led the choir at the church Sunday?

MISS VANN : No; if I had been, you would have been the first to let the congregation out!

MISS WINDSOR (*upon meeting with the Solo Class for the first time*) : Girls, have you breathed any lately? Because if you haven't, you belong to the class below.

One dignified member of the faculty practiced standing on her head one night in her sleep to such an extent that a fracture in the skull caused by the puncture of a wire hairpin was the result. The next day her speech became strangely tangled, resulting in such expressions as the following :

Her said her had hers ready.

HELEN B. : I saw part of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* last summer.

OLA M. : How much did you see?

HELEN B. : Only five acts.

ANNIE BARNACASCEL : Why, Mrs. Bruner, I didn't know that we were to have *Comus* to-day; I thought we were to have Milton!

MISS STEPHENSON (*on English*) : Mae, what is the definition for *sketching*?

MAE SMALLWOOD : It's when Miss Bell takes the girls down town.

MYRA AUMACK : Stella, have you ever read Hugo's *Divine Comedy*?

BERTHA BARNES (*upon finishing her exam.*) : Mr. Davis, where must I put the seal?

MR. DAVIS : Miss Rosa, what is the etymology of *psychology*?

ROSA F. (*frightened*) : It is the study of the scientific mind.

MISS RAY (*on astronomy*) : Myrtle, if you were on the equator, where would the celestial pole appear to be?

MYRTLE ELEY : East.

LUCILE W. : I believe I have rheumatism this morning.

MISS WILSON : Why, have you ever had it before?

LUCILE W. : No, but my grandfather did.

HELEN WINBORNE: Mr. Aumack, what time is it ?

MR. A.: Eight-fifty.

ARTHUR : You are far behind me, then, for I am ten of nine.

MISS WILSON: What is the meaning of *Cosmopolitan* ?

HELEN BUCK : It is a magazine.

MISS McCLAIN: Cora, are you going to read the *Æneid* with me this year ?

CORA SAWYER : No, I am just reading *Virgil*.

MR. DAVIS: Miss Lucy, where are you thinking of attending school next year?

LUCY ELLIOTT : I am thinking of going to the Theological *Cemetery* with my brother.

CELIA ASHLEY (*seeing some valentines in Mr. Wynn's store*) : What are these things for?

RUTH NORWOOD: (*coming into R. Lassiter's room and spying a Yackety Yack on the table*): What is that big book ?

RUTH L.: That is the *Yackety Yack*.

RUTH N.: Do you have to study it?

FRESHMAN (*to crying Junior*) : Don't cry, your daily grade will pull you up.

JUNIOR (*crying only the harder*) : I haven't any daily grade !

Eva and Mabel, while in Norfolk with the Glee Club, startled the city by putting letters in a fire alarm box.

MR WOODALL : How many wives had William Carey?

RUTH L.: Nine.

MYRTLE ELEY: Claudine, did you look at the stars last night through the *Microscope* ?

FANNIE PARKER (*after a recital*) : My beau looked *less good* last night than I have ever seen him.

Flashlights from a Dark Corner, or Gleanings from a Week of Terror

RUTH NORWOOD : The first great council of the church was *fought* at Nicea.

E. LYNK : The fall of the empire of the west was the missionaries coming in from other countries.

B. BAGLEY : The Coloni were the people of the church with large colonies.

E. BURBAGE : The mediaeval trial was tried by the grand jury.

GLADYS LASSITER : Heresy is a sum, like taxes that people have to pay.

BRUCE VANN : Peter was a direct descendant of God.

JANIE SHARP : *Think* means *to labor*!

HELEN WILLIAMS : A Primate (man) is characterized by having a hard, calcareous shell.

Extract from Mary's paper on the character of *Touchstone* :

"Audrey was in love with Touchstone, but Touchstone didn't care very much for her, but Audrey thought he was a *fool of a man*."

Left Overs

A Freshman's Difficulty

Hello, Central !

* * *

Phone up Mr. Sewell's store down town if you can get it. I am in a big hurry !

* * *

All right, Central ! Thank you greatly for taking so much trouble for me. Is Mr. Sewell waiting for me? I do not hear him.

* * *

(Breathing heavily) Yes sir—you are the man I want to talk to ! This is a Cho—Chowan College girl talking ! *(Louder)* How are you? I do not know you, but have heard of you.

* * *

Mr. Sewell ?

* * *

O, you are still there? Don't you know—I—I—believe—I have had a terrible toothache ever since I've been here and that has been three days—What must I do?

* * *

Yes, sir—I have tried my best to stop it from aching, but I just can't. I believe some soothing syrup might be good for it. Anyway—send me up a bottle of it—if it is not too expensive!

* * *

I certainly am sorry you do not keep it.

(Aside) Please, girls, hush talking! I can't hear one word the man is saying!

(Excited) Mr.—Mr.—Sewell!

(Louder) Do you keep chewing gum?

* * *

Well, send me up one stick, please. I will pay you when I go down town. Thank you so much for your kindness. I surely intend to trade with you again.

* * *

(To girls, and hanging up receiver upside down) Goodness, that's tough work ! Never again will anybody get me to try to talk over one of those things again ! It liked to have excited me to death ! I believe I'll go lie down a while !

Ode to Math.

At my window I sit at twilight
While I watch in the west the red sun
And think long of the days all passed me
When old Math. was just bravely begun.

I had worked oh! so long and so hard
And so oft'n—must I tell the sad tale?
Not to myself alone came this fate,
In Geometry's class did I fail.

And so often, oh! so oft'n did I wish
For the bright, for the roaring red flame
To come swiftly and take the old Math.
And rid me of all care and all blame.

On one day when in tears I had left
The Math. room, kindly black Lena came
And me asked, "Why so sad? What is lost?"
To her I with grief said, "My degree, my sole claim

To A. B., my sole happiness, all
That I have is far gone, oh! my fate!"
"Do not cry," said kind Lena to me,
"I will sweep, and I'll find it though late."

To my heart was this comfort indeed,
I took hope and for long was I bound
Night and day, yes to pore that Math. o'er
And at last I had passed, blessed sound!

And so now in the beauty of night,
As the sun in the west sinks to rest,
I can look on my days of old Math.
With delight; they were all for the best.

Almanac

Weather Forecast for September

10th to 20th. Unsettled and rather gusty. The faculty decision of last year against promiscuous kissing undergoes destruction, followed by a gusty wave and daily thunder showers on part of the Newish. Ignorance and fall-feeling prevails generally. Much trouble in proper mating.

20th to 25th. Great sultriness in rooms on account of the absence of showers of flowers, candies, and other essentials of a gay life. Quick wind storms and sudden dashes of tears on the 13th (first Sunday.)

25th to 30th. Summer-like warmth produced by the genial smiles of Karl Jansen, followed by drouth and heat over sections of Junior Class not up on Swedish geography.

October

1st to 8th. Pleasant sunny days followed by bright starlight night on the 8th! Heavy rain of tears in Sophomore section of building. Sudden dashes of wind(ows) on teachers' corridor. Temperature 32° in Ruth Lassiter's room; boiling point on fourth floor. Strong gale blows kimonos S. W. on the Lady Principal's corridor. The administration hanging out on second veranda for news of weather bureau. Strong gale blowing black cloud (of negroes) from N. E. side of town. High water mark of continued down-pour of tears caused teachers to seek refuge in trees, observatory, and on ground under science building. Return of cold wave of Mrs. Bruner's hand up the stairway restored temperature to normal and caused Dr. Bruner to act at least the title of one of Shakespeare's plays "Much ado about nothing" as an encore.

9th to 20th. Spring weather. Buildings resound with the bird-like warblings of Madam Lawson. Glee Club takes up the strain and makes music echo and re-echo from Elizabeth City to Edenton.

20th to 30th. Cloudy and ghostly in corridors, dining room, and campus. Spooks seen walking at midnight. The "Lady in Brown" seen more than once trailing in the clouds of distorted vision; cold hand sends chill to warm hearts on Northern frontier.

November

1st to 10th. Hot streams of smoke in domestic science department. Flood of orders from Miss McCaless. Downpour of dishwater in low valley of sink. Great drought of knowledge, of how to cook oatmeal, serve cornflakes and spread butterine on lowlands of light bread.

10th and 20th. Earthquake shock felt by Mr. Davis announcing his acceptance of call to Durham. Lucalians frobbritten in basketball game. Cold reception on court to young animals, kids, and "Bunnies."

20th to 30th. Temperature of knowledge tested on Trig., History and English. Register dull and generally disagreeable to all Newish. Many clouds in Junior and Sophomore classes. Normal fog, followed by total eclipse in most points of Senior Class. Quick summer-like warmth. Glee Club breaks forth in melody in (Wake) Forest and dale. Thanksgiving hard on fowls in Chowan section of the country. Rather a cold spell for those who did not return to their classes while the genial smiles of the faculty was giving a one day's holiday.

December

1st to 13th. Blizzard of fancy work blowing over school from Senior Class (for bazaar.)

13th to 20th. Abrupt fall of temperature in music department, playing havoc on keys of grand piano. Birds flying homeward. Much rain and many showers of tears at their flight in corner room of administration corridor.

January

7th to 14th. Days unusually sunny and warm for January. Hearty welcome given girls by President on account of prompt return. The stormy season of wholesale demeriting of January 1913 avoided. Nights dark and unsettled because of indigestion brought on by indulgence in fruit cake, turkey, ham and pickles, which the President deems unfit for mortal man.

14th to 21st. Stormy, blustery, dull and generally disagreeable. Heavy downpour of examinations. Teachers merciless and girls wrathful. Slight calm when Mr. Woodall appears upon the scene and accepts the call to fill Mr. Davis' place.

21st to 27th. Cloudy; great anxiety when three of our girls left our midst for the hospital. Sudden change in weather. "Son" shines with unusual power and draws one of our Chowan damsels into the bonds of matrimony.

27th to 30th. Weather fair—temperature 50°; great crowds come to witness the appearance of the "stars" Caruso, Melba, Schuman-Heineck, Bonci, Bispham and Henshaw. Moving pictures disturb atmosphere.

February

1st to 10th. Great excitement prevails, foreshadowing total eclipse of nature at her best. Much time taken from studies by girls primping for shadow scene. Cameras not insured sustain great losses.

10th to 20th. Great consternation. Girls in chapel resort to packing trunks to quiet their nerves. Hot breath caused by alcoholic explosion, followed by siege of vaccination, causing an epidemic in upland regions and much absence from class work.

20th to 28th. Great calm. Administration bureau off on a pleasure trip. A breath of fresh air blown through tired French quarters. Smiling faces and floods of regrets usher his return. Snows of difficulty cover campus, but the wave of "Georges" melts at the hearts of the Freshmen.

March

1st to 15th. Very stormy and March-like over room of high latitude. Clear and cold in teachers' quarters at remarks received in regard to teachers' recital. Earthquake of applause follows every performance. Grand piano left in a pitiable condition.

15th to 26th. Another siege of cold waves of recitals. Blustery in administration department because girls fail to show proper respect in attendance.

26th to 31st. Unusually high winds blow girls home for four successive days. Cold nights and mornings keep them there for five or six days longer. Rainfall of demerits in excessive quantities showered upon delinquents.

April

1st to 20th. Damp, foggy, misty and generally gloomy in all rooms. Down to work in earnest where teachers thunder orders loudest (exams.) Cloudy and unsettled on essays of seniors. Frosty hours spent with the English.

20th to 30th. Spring-like warmth in Ed. II class, for much study has brought flood of knowledge and washouts of cobwebs on the part of many. Advanced heat in chapel during special Seniors' recitals.

May

1st to 20th. Pleasant and variable conditions everywhere. All are on the home run. Cold wave announces exams. Violent winds and rainstorm follow exempts. Prostrating heat and general shortage of knowledge during examinations; dust and drouth common to all. Fine enjoyable weather the 20th. Temperature normal; gentle wind blowing toward the homeland. Light showers of tears at intervals. No great distress, but "always and a day" of pleasant weather.

At Chowan

I

Students are the smartest
At Chowan.
The teachers work the hardest
At Chowan.
But results are the haziest—
Arthur is the laziest—
And negroes get the craziest—
At Chowan.

II

Days are the bluest
At Chowan.
Demerits are the fewest
At Chowan.
While teachers are the keenest—
On girls that are the meanest—
They never catch the greenest—
At Chowan.

III

Cuts are the shortest
At Chowan.
Honor system broadest
At Chowan.
While books are the newest—
Facts are the truest—
And are studied by the fewest—
At Chowan.

IV

Lights burn the brightest
At Chowan.
The fourth floor's the lightest
At Chowan.
The west end is the sauciest—
For the girls are the bossiest—
They stay here till they are the mossiest—
At Chowan.

V

The fountain sparkles briskest
At Chowan.
The calves frisk the friskiest
At Chowan.
The Main Building's the homeliest—
The Wise graveyard the loneliest—
And the broad campus onliest—
At Chowan.

Looking West

Here in the observatory I am all alone, away from the noise and hub-bub of girls and of everything else. Even books and practice are put aside, and I am watching the close of a beautiful and perfect day, not perfect in what I have done, but perfect in the beauty of nature.

Before me is a lovely and attractive view, "Looking West." From these old College Walls I see magnificent trees of many varieties, some all shades of green, and others having only a few golden leaves almost ready to fall—making room for the new buds which will come in the spring to take their places. The tall beech trees are parting with their nuts to help feed the frisky, playful squirrels. The whole scene is reflected on my mind. The branches of the lofty pines are softly swaying in the wind. On the east of the campus the pines answer back those on the west with a murmuring sound. I look down below me, and there a clear, rippling stream is flowing on and on, over the sand of its bed. On both sides are beautiful hills and ravines. Beyond can be seen the old historic graveyard known through all the country about as "Wise's Graveyard," from the fact that many persons of that name are buried there.

The chickens, pigs and cattle are all coming up to their places for their night's rest. In the distance can be heard the whistle of the plowman as he,

"homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

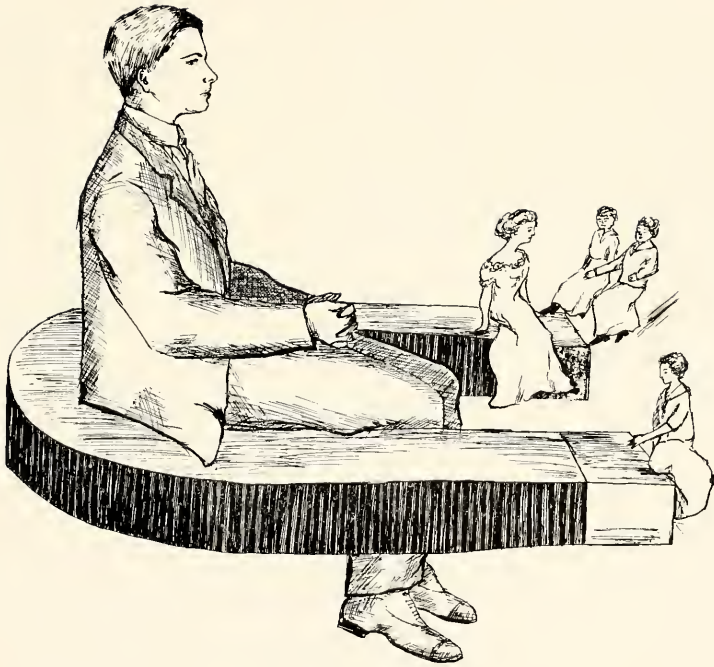
I raise my eyes to the heavens and behold a beautiful sunset. The sun has been shining brightly all day and the sky is a deep and serene blue. Now the brightness of the sun slowly dies away and "goes down with a flaming ray," and the sky is streaked all over with white clouds. These white clouds are being driven away by clouds of pale tinted pink and blue. As the sun fades away the clouds become brighter, their delicate colors take hues red, pink, purple. These mountains in the sky spread over the whole western horizon; what a glorious sunset!

As I watch the close of this glorious day at the hour of the setting sun and see the flocks coming home, the return of man from his day's toil, I only smile and say—"The end of a Perfect Day."

C. S., '15.

What Would Happen If

- Dr. Bruner failed to make his annual series of talks on good manners?
- Mrs. Bruner failed to make an announcement every time Dr. Bruner goes away?
- Miss Livermon should chance to excuse her classes as soon as the bell rings?
- Miss Bell got to breakfast on time?
- You heard Miss Goodwin singing ragtime?
- Miss Windsor should fail to spend the night with Miss McCullers?
- Miss Wilson could go to bed one night without telling the girls on her corridor to put out their lights?
- Miss Wynne should fail to tell the girls the kind of pictures to buy for the home?
- Miss Ray didn't have to stand twice to make a shadow?
- Miss Johnson did not get her cup of coffee at every meal?
- Miss Stephenson should always sing like Melba?
- Mr. Woodall should know his own recitation room?
- Miss Vann had to stay still and quiet for five minutes?
- Miss McClain couldn't have the pleasure of moving once a month?



THE COLLEGE MAGNET

Extra! Extra!



All About The Uprising!

RAIN TO-DAY

THE TATLER

FAIR TO-MORROW

WE'VE TOLD THE SECRET!

Volume XXI

MURFREESBORO, N. C., FEBRUARY 24, 1914

Price 5c. No. 14

GREAT SENSATIONAL EVENT!

COLLEGE AROUSED AT MIDNIGHT!

TWO HOURS OF TERROR

COWARDICE OF TEACHERS AND PLUCK OF GIRLS

THE PRESIDENT SHOWS HIS HEROISM

TERROR! TERROR!

"Much Ado About Nothing," but All's Well That Ends Well.

Chowan College, Oct. 9—One of the most startling and dreadful events terrified our town last night more than it had been for centuries before, when news reached us that the ferocious African race was surrounding our city and college to take possession of the property, or to slay the white race. Rumors had reached us of this weeks before, through a horrible letter to Judge Winborne warning him of the approaching danger and signed "An unknown friend," but not until yesterday did it appear so terrible. Just as Dr. Bruner was on his way to the boat carrying a sick girl home, Mr. Winborne stopped him and showed him another letter similar to the first, telling him of the awful time there would be at Chowan and still warning him "To beware, the negroes will take Murfreesboro tonight. Be on the alert." Dr. Bruner became uneasy, but he went on to the wharf, 'phoned Mrs. Bruner, saying: "Watch and listen; if things get worse or dangers

seem near, 'phone me at Suffolk and I'll come home tonight, dear." By six o'clock Mrs. Bruner had heard dreadful things about the intended invasion. She became uneasy, 'phoned Dr. Bruner: "Things no better, come to-night." By this time the news was known by a few of the students, but all looked shy and kept mum. Nevertheless study hour was observed and all went on in the usual way. Dr. Bruner came on the night boat. The light bell rang and the girls and teachers were soon in the land of dreams, but Dr. and Mrs. Bruner carefully talked it all over, and Dr. Bruner decided it was all a fake and he went to sleep. Mrs. Bruner, being unable to sleep, went into the study to prepare some work for her English class for the next day, when she heard a strange noise for the first time. She arose, went to the window and listened to be sure she was right before calling Dr. Bruner, but as the sound grew louder she heard the words, "The white man's blood or his land." Thinking this to be an army of negroes, she quickly locked all of her diamonds and other valuables in the safe and left the study to call Dr. Bruner. Just at this time Miss MacCullers and Miss Windsor, who had not been asleep and had heard the noise and had become frightened, came down the hall wringing their hands and crying, and met Mrs. Bruner at the study door. "Oh Mrs. Bruner, did you hear the noise? I know it is the negroes." Mrs. Bruner ran in to wake Dr. Bruner, but he was already up. He quickly dressed,

ran on to the front veranda here and there, and listened. At first there was not a sound, not even a stir in the air save the hoot or the owls in the far distance, but at last what should he hear but the same words: "The white man's land or his blood." He listened more: "Forward march," he heard. Thinking this to be about a thousand negroes not but a short distance away, he ran in the house, locked his valuables securely and ordered every girl and teacher to be awakened, to dress warmly and to come to the main hall to await orders, for he firmly believed all would have to flee for their lives. Accordingly, the girls were called and informed of Dr. Bruner's orders. The ill-fated message ran something like this: "Get up, girls, quickly, the negroes are surrounding the college. Dress warmly, unake no lights, and come to the main hall to await orders, for we may have to run to the woods to escape death. Get your money and don't make any noise! Hurry girls! They are here! Don't you hear them?" The terrified girls and teachers as well, being thus called, were not conscious whether they were alive at that moment or not. One girl was in a clear state of mind for, feeling sure she would soon be dead, she arranged her dress to be buried in neatly on the bed and left a note in her pocket to her mother. When her room-mate, trying to hurry her, told her not to forget her money, she answered calmly: "No, dear, money can't do us any good in Heaven." One being interested more in the opposite sex felt that her life was safe but, oh! the men. When some one,

(Continued on Fourth Page)

THE TATLER

CHOWAN COLLEGE

PLANK PLEASEMON, *Editor*

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EDITORIAL

We have heard that the honor system has been infringed in a dozen or more points. Girls hold their books open on oral quizzes; they ask the professor to explain things in order to take the time from the lesson; they find Language books with the English translation written out word for word; they take twelve cuts during a month and report none; they creep in the dining room late for meals and never report; and they run away to the candy store in a group of six. Yet all of this our morals can overlook, but there is one thing of long standing that has come to a point where it is no longer bearable; it is the infringement of the honor system by the instructors. They do it daily, hourly, and have been doing it for some time, and the time for a change has come. It must come! How can a teacher walk in a room and find it full of other occupants during study hour and have the audacity to question a Southern Chowan girl's honor? We have to submit to a detailed questioning on every point every day, or if the lights are not turned completely out exactly at ten, a teacher is presumptuous enough to rap at the door—rapping thus on our honor. If the milk fails to go around and one girl takes it all, our president is told of it, and again our honor is forgotten and we have to listen to chapel talks on table manners for a week or two.

Heavens! Have we honorable Chowan girls so submitted ourselves to such corruption of our ideals as to allow our honor to be thus questioned?

It is time to stop and I, for one, the Editor of THE TATLER, will carry the pendulum, used by Mrs. Bruner to ward off the negroes, and use it accordingly on the first instructor who hereafter dares to cast any such reflection on our integrity.

A GREAT EXCITEMENT AT CHOWAN

Pretty "Sweet Sixteen" Year Old Girl Weds Man of Thirty

Chowan College, Oct. 18—One of the greatest things that ever happened in the history of the college took place Friday evening when an automobile from Bertie County came rapidly through the college gate at the rate of a hundred miles per second, bearing within it a lovely young lady and a charming little man and the driver. In front of the building they stopped; the man quickly jumped out and inquired anxiously, "Is there a preacher on the place?" Mr. Davis, standing near by, already scared out of his wits by the speed of the car, said hoarsely, "Yes sir, can I do something for you?" "Yes, yes," answered the groom, then turning to the little lady said, "Hurry, dear, get out, here's a preacher." Then turning to Mr. Davis he said, "Will you marry us?" Mr. Davis felt greatly relieved to find out there was no more danger than that which caused them to come at such speed and willingly consented.

About this time fifty or sixty girls were on the scene, and eagerly conducted the "would-be one" into the parlor, each scrambling over the other to get a glance at the bride. Mr. Davis had begun the ceremony, when Mrs. Bruner, being aroused from her afternoon nap and thinking the girls were up to some mischief, came flying into the parlor.

"Girls, girls, what is it? What is it? Get out doors with so much noise!" About this time her eyes fell on the couple. Perfectly astonished, she said softly, "a marriage!" She was just in time to hear the bride say, "I will," for the third time. By this time Dr. Bruner was on the scene and Mrs. Bruner called to him, "O James, come quick, a marriage!" Dr. Bruner, becoming nervous and thinking it was one of his Chowan girls being married, exclaimed loudly, "Wait, stop it, Mama, I say, I can't allow it! I am held responsible for each one of you. I must protect the fair name of the college." But Mrs. Bruner, being always able to make him listen to her,

soon explained to him, and the bashful groom was overjoyed to see each head turned toward Dr. Bruner instead of listening to him say, "I will," and the bride breathed a sigh of relief when she found it was Dr. Bruner instead of her father who was trying to stop the marriage.

Soon it was all over and the happy couple went on their way rejoicing, while the girls as well as teachers went to supper talking merrily. "Don't you wish it had been you?" and "Wasn't she cute?" "I don't see how on earth she could love him!" "O me! I'd be scared to death if I had to run away; wouldn't you?" "My land! no, you are always scared to death over nothing, I'd like to run away." Such was the conversation until it became so loud Dr. Bruner had to call them down for the third time, but they ate the fish and syrup that night without a murmur, and each girl went to bed with a piece of hard biscuit for wedding cake under her head. Most of the dreams were about playing baseball.

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ODE TO TRIG.

It is easy enough to be pleased

When Trig. tests flow like a song,
But the girl worth while is the one who will smile
When Trig. with her goes dead wrong.

For tests on Trig. bring misery

And the passing mark sometimes seems dim
But the girl who is worth the praise of earth,
Is the girl who gets seventy on them.

It is easy enough to be sweet

When nothior tempts you to stray;
When no thoughts upon mighty Trig.
Are luring your life away.

But the girl who conquers Trig.,

And "logs" and "calogs" gives a trial,
It is she who is worth the homage of earth,
For we find them but once in awhile.

M. E.

RISING BELL

A death-like stillness reigns atter the bell,
No human voice or movement breaks the spell,
In luxury they lie, nor thinking of the warning,
That has already come to tell of the morning.

BREAKFAST BELL.

A deafening riot reigns upon the sound
When every one jumps up with a single bound.
"Where's my boudoir cap? I know I'll be late";
And then rush down to meet their morning fate.

A. A.

SOME FUN

It was a night in September
When all through the house
Each person was seated as still as a mouse.
Up to the stage their faces they turned,
For the speaker tonight was Karal Jansen
they'd learned.

He walked upon the stage with steps so abated;
And the people over him were so elated,
For the many grand thoughts that he had sung;
For he was from the land of the midnight sun.

The lights got darker, but that was fun
For others were brought in one by one,
But, the thoughts he did not blend
And, Oh! the laughter the audience did lend;
Oh! how could these things all have been,
But it was the way Karal Jansen did it in.

A. M.

LOVE !

Love is not idle,
It works both night and day
And seeks the hidden places
That seem not to be gay.

Love has a messenger,
'Tis Cupid as you know,
Who asks no other pay
Than to call you his beau.

SAYS HE, SAY I

Says he to me, so strong and brave,
"Do you remember when we met?"
Say I to him so timid and slow,
"O! yes, I'll never forget."

Says he to me with tender voice,
"My love for you has grown each day,"
Say I to him with accents meek,
"To that I cannot say nay."

Says he to me in whispering tone,
"For you forever I'll give my life";
Say I to him with voice uplifted,
"But never shall I be your wife."

A TOAST

Here's to the school among the pines;
Here's to her students true;
Here's to our faculty and President;
Here's to Old White and Blue.
Here's to the Class of old '14;
Here's to the classes to be;
Here's to the ones who sent us here;
Here's to dear Old C. C.

R. L.

MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES

Simple Freshmen left their home
For to get some knowledge;
All the things that they could do
Was known by all in college.

Sophs, Sophs, all for fun,
Stole some salt and away did run;
The salt was thrown, the Freshmen squalled,
The Sophs went laughing down the hall.

There is a teacher who moved to fourth floor;
They say she went there to quiet the uproar;
She gave them some truths they'll never forget,
And sent to the rooms the girls she met.

Sing a song of examinations
With all the knowledge gone;
Four and ten teachers,
Listening at you moan.

L. E.

To Chowan, To Chowan
To get the very best;
Home again, Home again
To take a good rest.

TO CHOWAN BABIES

Hush-a-bye, baby
And stay in college.
Had you rather be at home
Than have some knowledge?

Some had a beau, some had none,
But off to home they all did run;
Some were married, and some were not,
Some were tied to Ma's apron-string knot.

Hush-a-bye, baby
And don't you cry,
Never come to college
With tears in your eyes.

R. L.

SENIORS RELIEVED

At last the said Senior class of 1914 has completed paying off the enormous debt left on the annual by the said class of '13. The class feels very much relieved by this, and resolves that they will always try hard to pay their own debts and not leave it for another class to do.

LAUGH AND GROW FAT

CORA (*crying*) : Oh me !

LENA : What ails you, Miss Cora?

CORA : I lost my degree up in chapel this morning. (*She had failed on a Math. Exam.*)

LENA (*surprised*) : Lost your what?

CORA (*still wiping her eyes*) : Lost my degree.

LENA (*brightening up*) : Miss Cora, I'm going to sweep the chapel today; I'll find it for you.

BUTY HIN FS

THE SECRET OF OUR BUTY

When we first come to Chowan, we attract no one except the cows, but we are not here long before every head as well as heart is *ours*, admiring our buty. This is our secret :

First we go to Dr. Bruner's study where a student can get rid of all the *green* (money) she has. Then the Sophs usually rid us of our bad complexion by going through a mild process; our teeth are made white and stronger by the eating of the tender gristle we have, and we develop our bodies beautifully by the rapid exercise we take going from room to room during study hour or our race down the hall when Mrs. Bruner has a class. Our hair is made beautiful by loosely arranging it on our way down to breakfast. Of course our manners become elegant after we are graded for four years with Dr. Bruner as the crank.

I have told you now our secret; do you wonder at our buty or at Cupid sending his darts always at a Chowan girl?

OUR QUESTION BOX

MAGGIE DUKE—Is the Mona Lisa a man or a woman?

JESSIE PILAND—Do you reckon you would freeze if you got too near the sun?

HELEN WINBORNE—Did Paul deliver "The Sermon on the Mount"?

HILDA JOHNSON—Does the light we get on the earth come from the sun?

ELIZABETH LYNK—Mr. Holladay, how much are my pictures worth?

ROSA FUTRELL—Did Virgil burn his Æneid?

OLA MOREHEAD—Doesn't a bat have feathers?

STUDENT BODY—Why do we feel like Dr. Bruner is cross when he wears his long tail coat?

ESTHER ELLIOTT—Why does Cornie like to see a rainy day?

STELLA GARRETT—Why does Grace blush over the name "Montague," or why does she always go to hear the mail called on Monday?

LUCILE BRITTON—Why are rosebuds Viola's favorite flower?

LUCILE WILLIAMS—Is Haupt a book?

Mrs. BRUNER (*opening the door on a Senior class meeting*): Girls! Girls! (*Sees girls very comfortably seated and hears the noise they are making*): Is this a Freshman meeting?

GREAT SENSATIONAL EVENT

(Continued from first page)

thinking she was frightened for her own life tried to cheer her up, said, "Honey, they won't kill us; it's the men they are after," she answered madly, "My goodness! I don't want to live if all of the men folks are dead!" Another girl was screaming, "Oh, if I only had papa by the little finger!" But they all dressed in some way. Some had on traveling suits, some school dresses, but all went to the main hall, there to find Dr. Bruner walking up and down the veranda. The girls feeling more safe by him, ran out to him, some hanging on to his coat, some holding his hands, and others embracing him about the knees; but

alas! there was not room for a hundred to be near him, consequently some flew to Mrs. Bruner. She seemed calm, but had her overshoes securely on ready to march. She had the clock pendulum in her hand which she offered to the girls as a weapon with which to fight the negroes. She had phoned Norfolk for U. S. troops, and her greatest anxiety at present, was what should she feed them on, since she only had some potatoes. Other girls sought the teachers, some to Miss Lois Vann who was always so cheerful, they felt sure she would cheer them up and dispel their fright, but Miss Lois could not be found, until some one by chance looked out in the beautiful moonlight and saw Miss Lois in the top of a tree. Miss Livermon, then trying to console them, walked through the crowd saying gently, "Pray girls, pray; if you ever have prayed in your life, pray now." Every head was bowed, not a stir was in the dark hall, except now and then the sigh or groan of some one. Soon Miss Livermon, showing her courage again, said: "Girls let's repeat the 23d Psalm," and accordingly all began, but at last her courage failed her, she could stand it no longer; she tried to follow Miss Lois up the tree, but finding she could not, she, with Miss Wynn, crawled under the Science Hall. A number of girls were seen carrying their Bibles under their arms. The negroes seemed to come no nearer, as not one was in sight yet, nor did the noise seem any nearer than it did at first. Mr. Davis with Arthur, both having a gun, walked around the building to guard. Finally Mr. Davis could stand the suspense no longer, so he called to Dr. Bruner that he and Arthur were going down town to see what was happening there. Dr. Bruner consented, but said, "Be careful, Arthur, son, and watch out." So Mr. Davis and Arthur went in full speed down town, each going so fast anyone could play marbles on their coats. Oh! the suspense while the girls waited; each one thinking her time was near. Many thoughts ran through their minds of home, mother and father and some of "George." Many promises were made in prayer that night, many resolutions formed, and many harsh

words regretted and forgiven; girls who had been enemies and had not spoken to each other for months were seen in a tender embrace, all was forgiven, and all—except the negroes—forgotten. How they watched the walk, eager to see Mr. Davis and Arthur return. At last they heard them approaching, and as Arthur's laugh was heard through the stillness of the night. "What was the news?" Finally Mr. Davis came in. All silent; even a sound of a pin dropped on the floor sounded loud and clear. "Young ladies," he began, "this is all nothing, nothing in the world but that crazy negro down town and on his house top preaching; his text being 'The white man's land or his blood.'"

TATTLER'S WANT ADS.

WANTED—A geometry class which is not composed entirely of numskulls.
Miss Livermon.

WANTED—Two minutes in which to think.
Mina Majette.

WANTED—To know how to pronounce C-H-O-W-A-N.
Mr. Woodall.

WANTED—A BENNETT'S Virgil.
Cora Sawyer.

WANTED—Every day to be Sunday and nobody to knock at our door.
Misses MacCullers and Windsor.

WANTED—A Senior class that can pass my spelling exams.
Mrs. Bruner.

WANTED—Some way to stop Cupid from shooting his arrows at my teachers and students. But all want a Chowan girl.
Dr. Bruner.

WANTED—One more time to look at myself.
M. Eley.

LOST!!!

The feather off my hat when I went to Norfolk.
Mary Alston.

A. S. WINBORNE

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

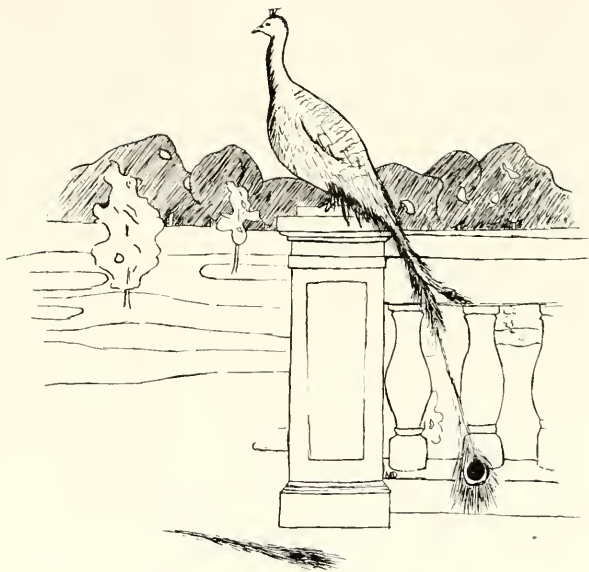
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LOVE CASES

Here's to the Dummy

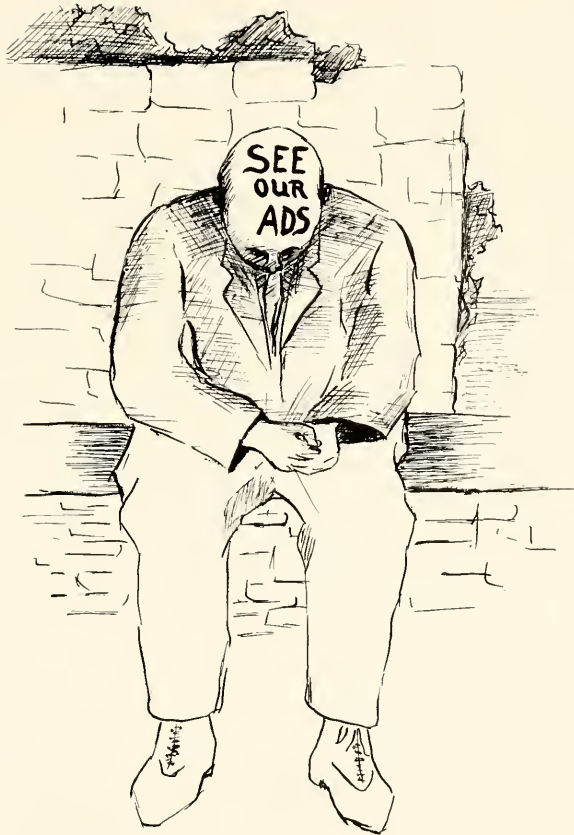


A long, long, long good-bye,
And a desire to lie down and just die!

THE EDITORS.



The end of the 'tail'



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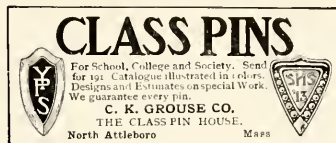
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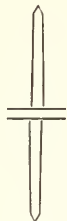
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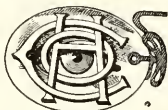
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