

Phoenix
1907

Ms J P Harris

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[Faint handwritten notes in the middle section, including a large 'C' and some illegible scribbles]

[Faint handwritten notes in the lower middle section]



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Phœnix



Oxford Seminary was Destroyed by Fire January 18, 1903

Scarce had the fair and blushing morn
Withdrawn the curtains of the night,
And from her rosy fingers thrown
Her pearly beams of sparkling light,
When out there bursts a lurid flame;
It rises, high and higher,
And, ah! the fearful cry,
'Tis fire, fire, fire!

And still the raging flames roll on,
They wreathe the trembling tottering
walls,
And with a mighty, thundering crash
The dear and honored building falls.
And all that now remains,
Lies smouldering on the ground;
Where once sweet songs were heard,
Dread silence reigns around.

Ah! ne'er can we who gazed, forget
The fearful, dreadful, awful sight,
The mingling of those lurid flames
With smoke, as black, as blackest night.—
We'll ne'er forget the roar
Now falling on the ear,
Commingled with the cry
Of girls half crazed with fear.

Old Seminary, dear, farewell!
A tender, long, and fond farewell,
Around thy dear and cherished walls
The sweetest, tenderest memories dwell,
Of voices ever glad,
Of faces, sweet and gay,
Of sunny smiles, as bright
As fair Spring's brightest day.



The Seminary Rebuilt and Occupied September 7, 1903

A few brief months have passed away,
But oh! what changes have they wrought;
Sure some magician from his realm
The stately buildings must have brought,
For like the famous bird,
That fabled bird of old,
They have in beauty, sprung
From ashes, gray and cold.

And may they stand through coming years,
And from them may there ever flow
Bright streams of wisdom and of love,
Forever widening, as they go,
Until they reach the sea,
That laves the golden strand,
The haven safe and fair,
The blissful "Morning Land."

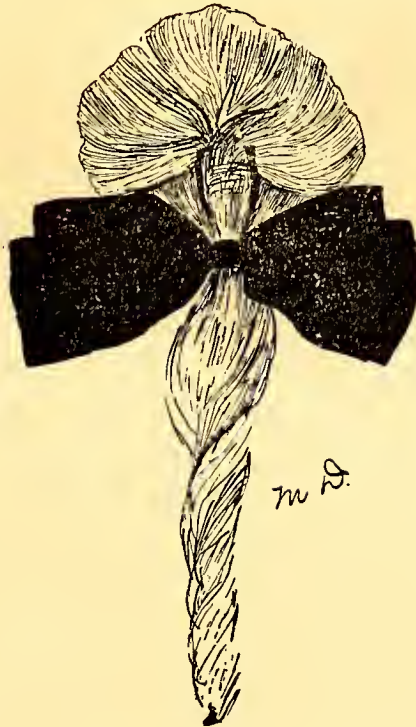
See microfilm
of Jan 20, 1904 fire
Oxford Public Ledger
in Public Ledger
1904 corrected by
ehw

PHOENIX

VOLUME I .

MDCCCVII

Published by the
CALLIOPEAN AND URANIAN LITERARY SOCIETIES
OF OXFORD SEMINARY



TO OUR PRESIDENT,
THIS, OUR FIRST ATTEMPT AT AN ANNUAL,
IS DEDICATED



J. P. Hobgood



Our President



FRANKLIN P. HOBGOOD was born in Granville County, North Carolina, February 21, 1847. His grandfather, Thomas F. Hobgood, came to this country from Wales in 1770. His father, James Benton Hobgood, was an energetic, progressive and successful agriculturist of Granville County, and it was here, in his home, by the light of the pine knots burning brightly in the open fireplace, that at night this young student read and studied and was putting down the strong and deep foundations of learning upon which the work of his mature manhood now so securely rests.

His earliest school-days were spent at Horner Military School in Oxford, but his education was interrupted near the close of the Civil War by his enrollment in a corps of Junior Reserves of the Confederate States. Here he served for six months, and at the end of the war resumed his studies in preparation for college. In 1868, he graduated from Wake Forest College at the head of his class. Through his entire course at college, he had one purpose, that of fitting himself for a teacher. His management of schools and his methods of instruction, truly show the effects of this preparation, and still, as all teachers should be, he is a teacher born and not entirely but excellently well made.

After graduating, he taught first in a school for girls, then known as St. John's College, in the town of Oxford. Next, he was principal of a Boys' School in Reidsville, N. C., and from there he went to Raleigh, becoming the President of the Raleigh Female Seminary. This was the first school of its kind that was established for Baptist girls after the war between the States. His conspicuous success in this institution marked him out as a man qualified for a wider field and more permanent work, so in 1880 he was called to the Presidency of Oxford Seminary, where for twenty-seven years he has wrought manfully, tirelessly and wisely, as well as successfully for the better education of women in the South. His devotion to his chosen vocation has won for him the highest place amongst those who work with his purpose in view, and thousands of old students stand ready to testify to the ability and true worth of their old teacher.

On the 6th of October, 1868, Professor Hobgood married Miss Mary A. Royall, a daughter of Rev. William Royall, D.D., LL.D., late Professor of English in Wake Forest College. Of this union, six children have been born.

Finally, we may say that the key-note to this model man's useful and well-rounded life may be found in the motto he once expressed for the guidance of the young to large usefulness in the conduct of the movements of life. This was: "A spirit of helpfulness to others and a supreme devotion to personal duty will win anything here that is worth winning."



Greetings!

Faculty



PRESIDENT F. P. HOBGOOD, A.M.,
Latin and Moral Science.

MRS. MARY A. LACY,
French and Mathematics.

MRS. S. D. TWITTY, LADY PRINCIPAL.

MISS LILY G. EGBERT,
Natural Science and German.

MISS LILLIE GRANDY,
English Literature and History.

MISS JULIA H. HARRIS,
English, Rhetoric and Composition.

MISS MILDRED LASSATER,
Business Course.

MISS HALLIE E. TAURMAN,
Director of Music.

MISS JANIE LACY,
Piano, Harmony and Sight Singing.

MISS EDITH LEVIN,
Piano and Art.



J. D. Brinkley, Photographer, Oxford, N. C.



Business Manager.



Business Manager.



Editor-in-Chief.



Art Editor.



Art Editor.

EDITORS

Grace W. Bland

Nellie D. McMillan

Eva M. Godfrey

Mary C. Dowell

Norma V. Page

6.4

Poem of Class 1906



O Class! a wreath for thee
Of sweet and gentle daisies :
For maidens' joys are pure and free,
While still you tread youth's mazes.

O Class! a word for thee.
Despair! my friends, oh never!
But looking to the Trinity,
Keep heart for high endeavor.

O Class! a song for thee—
A song of joyous measure!
O, that thy cup of hope may be
Filled high with sweetest pleasure.

O Class! a smile for thee,
To shine away thy sorrow,
For Heaven is kind to-day,
And we may hope a glad to-morrow.

O Class! a tear for thee,
A tear in all thy gladness—
For thy young hearts there shall not be
Joy, all unmixed with sadness.

O Class! a prayer for thee,
That all thy hopes possessing,
Thy souls may praise their God, and He
May crown thee with His blessing.

PAULINE LOIS WHITLEY.



QUEEN CITY PTG & PAPER CO.



The Class of 1907



COLORS: Violet and White.

FLOWER: Violet.

MOTTO: *Ad astra per aspera.*

Class Officers

President and Prophet: EVA MAYE GODFREY.

Vice President: ANNIE LEE HOFFMAN.

Secretary: KATYE HAYS FLEMING.

Treasurer and Poet: NEILIE OSSENA MCMILLAN.

Historian: MARY WILLIE MILLNER.



Our Honorary Member



“ Be everything which now thou art,
Be nothing which thou art not ;
So with the world, thy winning ways,
Thy grace, thy more than beauty,
Shall be an endless theme of praise,
And love, a simple duty.”

Miss Lily G. Egbert



GRACE WILLIAMS BLAND, B.A., Burgaw, N. C.

"The frank young smile
And the red young mouth and the
hair's young gold."

CAMELIA DAVIS BROOKS, B.L., Oxford, N. C.

"With a heart for any fate."





MARY CAROLINE DOWELL, B.L., Carthage, N. C.
"Past all expressing."

RUBY CAROLINA ELLIS, B.L., Clayton, N. C.
"Nods and becks and wreathed smiles."





KATHRYN HAYES FLEMING, B.L., Oxford, N. C.

"The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent."



VERNA MYRTLE GOODE, B.A., Mooresboro, N. C.

"E'en the slight hare-bell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread."



EVA MAYE GODFREY, B.L., Elizabeth City, N. C.

"She looks as Clear as morning Roses
newly washed with Dew."



ANNIE LOVELACE HAMRICK, B.L., Caroleen, N. C.

"She walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meets in her aspect and in her eyes."



DIXIE TAYLOR HESTER, B.A., Oxford, N. C.

"And still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all she knew."

ANNIE LEE HOFFMAN, B.A., Morganton, N. C.

"I am no orator as Brutus is
——— I only speak right on."





MARY WILLIE MILLNER, B.L., Leaksville, N. C.

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety."



NEILIE OSSENA McMILLAN, B. A., Mullins, S. C.

"I lisped in numbers,
For the numbers came."



CARRIE WARD TOON, B. L., Chadbourn, N. C.

"When pain or anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel, thou."



Class Will



WE, THE MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1907, of sound judgment, do hereby make this our last will and testament.

To Professor Hobgood, the President of our beloved Alma Mater, we will a long and successful reign, and that the succeeding years may be as prosperous as this year has been. That he may in the future have brilliant Psychology and Senior Latin classes. That his Senior classes may be ideal, and that no class will ever disturb his "peaceful slumbers" as this one has. Furthermore, we will to Professor Hobgood our love and appreciation for the interest that he has shown our class.

To Mrs. Twitty, our dear Lady Principal and guardian angel, we will plenty of good girls who will obey the rules and regulations. Also the numerous demerits our class has received, we freely give to her, though with the condition, that she keep them herself, and not generously bestow them on others. And lastly, the easy and good-natured disposition of our class, we heartily grant to Mrs. Twitty, with the express desire that the effects of this gift show forth in her treatment of next year's class.

To Mrs. Lacy, we will some "Arithmetic experts," and that she will have mercy on next year's review arithmetic class and "pass them" all without an exception. Greater feeling and sympathy we will to her, that she will not be so harsh on her poor ignorant pupils. Our high regard for her ability as a teacher and influence as a woman we extend to her.

To Miss Grandy, we will all that can be found in Shakespeare, Tennyson, and Milton, including the criticisms of Vandyke, Brooks, Hudson, Bliss Perry, and especially of "'Fessor Corson." Also all the maps and histories that have been written, and all the reference books in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, that she may enjoy giving notes to her heart's content. And lastly, we will that her next year at Cornell may be happy, filled with taking notes, and associating with "'Fessor Corson."

To Miss Egbert, we will all the Chemistry, Physics, Zoology, and Botany that we can spare, and as to Geometry and Trigonometry, we gladly leave her all, not excepting any for ourselves. We wish also that her heart will be seized

with compassion, and that she will grant to next year's Geometry class a pass-mark. Finally, all the bugs, lizards, frogs, snakes, etc., that the earth can yield, we generously give to her. And lastly, we, as individual members of the Class of 1907, give to her, the honorary member of our class, our hearts full of love and affection. To this dear teacher we freely extend our boundless love and wish her a life of happiness.

To Miss Harris, we will the gift of poetry, that she may further inspire her pupils. That she may be successful in her course of elocution. Also, we will that her popularity next year, wherever she may be, will be as great as it has been here. We wish that her next summer's course at Cornell will be very pleasant as well as beneficial. We extend to her the good will of the Senior Class, she having treated us so royally throughout the year.

To Miss Lassater, we will Nannie Ward, and Mary Hart, and wish them a happy life together. We also will to her some "temper." We think, too, that the fates have not decreed her a single life and that she will be happier as "Some One's Darling." Finally, we wish to thank her for her kindness to us.

To Miss Taurman, we will a "little curiosity," also a treatise on the "art of demeriting." We grant to her our highest estimation as a teacher of vocal and instrumental.

To Miss Janie Lacy, we will a "man," for we think she is too cute to live all alone. We wish all theory and harmony books banished from her, for such trying work is not suitable to one of such "mild disposition." For the sake of the students and for her sake, we will her another trip to New York.

To Miss Levin, we will a pamphlet on "The Annual and its benefit to a school," and request her to study it. We kindly ask her not to embarrass next year's class with her ignorance. Lastly, we will to her many more trips abroad and that she may reach the goal of her ambition in her profession and at last with her "baby grand piano" surpass Paderewski, and surprise the world with her genius.

To Mrs. Meadows, we will all the dust pans, dusters and brooms in Oxford, that she may clean old Oxford Seminary to her own satisfaction. Also the art of nursing. And we will that in the future she may brighten all the girls' hearts by giving them one hundred on their rooms. To Mrs. Meadows, we will our thanks for having so diligently watched after the preservation of our health during our course here.

(Signed) GRACE BLAND.

(Witnesses) THE REST OF THE SENIORS.

Prophecy of Class of 1907



How VIVIDLY do I recall that afternoon just ten years ago, when I was at Oxford Seminary and our class was entertained by one of our number, Grace Bland! 'Twas then that the conversation turned to our after life. Each of us wondered where the others would be, and what changes would come to us. While we were thus pondering, the suggestion was made that we should at the end of ten years write to the other members of our class.

The ten years have passed, and now I find by the fulfillment of that promise, made long ago, that my class-mates have not treated me as everyone else has. Too long ago my charms were spent, and I have been looked upon as a doomed old-maid. What will these letters contain, I wonder? Will anyone be so unfortunate as I?

I guess the thing to do is to see. Shall I read them? This one bears the post-mark of Ithaca, N. Y. How vividly this recalls the memory of my Seminary days, when our English teacher never ceased to bring in Cornell at every available opportunity! I shall open this first—curiosity impels me. Hear!

ITHACA, N. Y., May 20, 1917.

MY DEAR EVA:—Here's to my part of the fulfillment of our promise of ten years ago. What have I been doing, you ask? Well, soon after leaving our dear Alma Mater, I found that my scanty knowledge would not satisfy my high ideals of life. And again, after completing the course at Randolph-Macon Woman's College and spending four years traveling and sight-seeing, my high ideals were still not satisfied, and, prompted by several other impulses, and especially anxious to see Professor Corson, I decided to enter Cornell University. Here I am still, and should any O. S. teacher spend another summer here, I shall certainly, in fidelity to my class, see that they have plenty of note work to do. In this way you see that I am still loyal to all of my Seminary class-mates, and am awaiting with the greatest expectancy the letters from them.

As ever, your class-mate,

ANNIE HOFFMAN.

Let's see another. Here is one from Clayton—and I know it is from Ruby Ellis. Well, would you believe it?—she couldn't persuade her lover to wait so long as one year; but was married the following winter after graduating. She says she is perfectly happy and knows that her husband is the grandest man that ever lived.

If here isn't a letter from Norfolk, Va.! Now who can that be from? Ah! here it is! From Carrie Toon. Let's see what she has to say. Decided to

become a trained nurse. I knew that was what she would be. She says she has spent several years in different hospitals and is now situated in Norfolk at St. Vincent's. She writes—"I never enjoyed anything so much as I do my work here, and you know I am never happier than when relieving the sufferings of the afflicted. As this seemed to be my vocation in life, and also the only means by which I might be a benefit to the world, I decided to become a trained nurse."

Let's read another. I just can't control my curiosity. Why, this one is from Burgaw and from Grace Bland, too. She says: "I have spent several years in New York and Paris under the finest musicians, and now play for the grand operas on state occasions. But in spite of my work I always spend a part of each summer with my parents in dear old Burgaw."

My! isn't it interesting to learn what the old girls are doing? And some so different from what you would expect.

Hark! there goes the bell again. I guess that means more mail for me. The postmaster is certainly treating me royally—twelve letters in one day.

Here they are, sure enough. I believe I will open this one first, as it bears a foreign stamp. Listen!

MY DEAR EVA:—I hope my letter will reach you by the twentieth, for I suppose you are, as myself, anxious to hear from all the other members of our class. You want to hear all about myself and what I have been doing since graduating at the old O. S.? Well, I hardly know how to begin. You know that my tastes at school were naturally artistic, and that I was never happier than when in the studio. I have often rambled in the woods near my home and sketched the beautiful landscapes. I have attended several art schools in America, and am now traveling in Europe with my father. I am enjoying my trip immensely, and expect to be in Paris for several months. I think it will improve my tastes in art very much, as the French ways are so different from ours. Wish you were over here with me. You know I can scarcely control my curiosity until May 20th.

MARY DOWELL.

Hear another—it is from Annie Hamrick:

MY DEAR EVA:—The long-awaited-for time has at last arrived, and I am now going to fulfill my promise made on that delightful evening.

I am still at Caroleen, my old home, where I have been teaching in the graded school for a number of years. I am very fond of my work and would not leave here for anything. I have been offered several fine positions, but just cannot leave my dear old home.

I always thought Annie would make a fine teacher, as she was so bright at school.

O, give me another. Goodness! this one is from China. Who on earth is traveling over there? Why, it is none other than my class-mate, Verna Goode. She always was a mighty good girl. Well! She became a missionary soon after leaving school, and is now in China trying to convert those awful Chinese. Mercy me! What an angel she is to sacrifice so much for those heathen people.

Here is still another, and it is from Leaksville, too.

I wonder what our dear little Mary has been doing all these years? My! she has been having a gay time—dancing—card-parties—receptions, etc. She is still a society belle, and I am sure she will lead germans when sixty years old. Please listen at this line. “Child, you just ought to have been here last night. I went to the swellest reception—danced with the handsomest man there, and I will tell you we surely made a hit, too.” Now, doesn’t that sound like her—the same dear child she always was.

Well, this one must be from Neilie McMillan, for the whole letter is poetry. Only listen— But I don’t guess I ought to read it to you, as the first line asks me not to. But I will tell you what she has been doing—writing poetry for the best magazines of the day. By the requests of her friends, she has had a number of her poems published in book form. Only yesterday I was reading that beautiful poem mentioned here, but did not know who wrote it. Her genius surpasses all other writers of the day; and I think we all ought to be proud of our never-to-be-forgotten Senior, Neilie.

Well, if here isn’t one from Oxford! I am simply crazy to hear from that dear old town—and it is from Mrs.— Who? I can’t make out that name. O yes! Formerly your old class-mate, Camelia Brooks.” After obtaining her diploma from Oxford Seminary, she spent four years in college and finally succeeded in winning the higher degree, M.A.N.

Ah! here is still another. I wonder whom this can be from? It must be from Katye Fleming. Ah! yes, it is. She married, and of course was a faithful wife and charming hostess. She says she delights in entertaining her friends, and is planning to give a house-party in honor of her old class-mates. Now, isn’t that charming! To think that I will see them all again soon.

But here is the last letter, and I am sure it is a delightful one, for it is from Oxford Seminary, our dear Alma Mater.

Here is what it says. Listen:

DEAR EVA:—Well, dear, as the time has at last arrived for me to write to all of my dear class-mates, I am going to write to you first. Now, you must not be surprised to learn that I am at the Seminary again, for you know I always loved the dear old place.

Last year as Mrs. Twitty resigned and is now on a fine trip abroad, Mr. Hobgood would hear to no one taking her place but me. Consequently, I am now Lady Principal of Oxford Seminary. Of course, you know that involves a great deal of care on me, but still I am proud to be connected with such an institution, and I expect to follow in the footsteps of Mrs. Twitty.

Your class-mate,

DIXIE HESTER.

Alas! that my pleasure should come to an end so soon. When have I enjoyed anything so much as these letters, and when will I ever forget those dear old days? I am going to keep every one of these letters for future pleasure; and await with the greatest expectancy my invitation to the house-party.

Class Poem



O, Ease, thou fickle, faithless maid,
Why did'st thou charm us so?
For thee, we cast off Duty's claim
And made ourselves great Wisdom's foe.
'Twas in the twilight's dusky hour
We prayed the gods for aid;
'Twas then you came, 'mongst others fair
Who passed, but thou hast stayed.
For, Ease, we chose thy guardian care.
None others promised joys so fair,
None had the happiness to share
That thou did'st promise to us there.
We chose thee, Ease, the fairest mate;
And Duty's warning voice was heard—
'Twas there she cursed our chosen fate,—
But Wisdom passed without a word.

We made our choice, forgetting then
How much great Honor does for men;
Forgetting Duty's great reward;
Forgetting Praise, man's ruling lord.
And so with thee, our chosen queen,
We've laid all tiresome burdens by.
Thou gavest to us repose serene,
And bade us think nor care nor sigh.
No token, thus, of what we've done—
No trophies speaking victories won—
No lofty deeds we've ever wrought—
We've reached the goal unlearned, untaught;
No hidden truths our minds have sought
In classic page with learning fraught.

Thus, when within our narrow tomb,
We give up all we call our own,
No stone shall mark our resting-place,
No slab with wondrous deeds inwrought—
A little mound, the only trace,

Not what we did, but what we ought;
And future classes ne'er shall fret
O'er deeds we've done, unheard of yet—
No tear shall ever stain the page
Where lives the deeds we should have done.
No great historian, poet, sage,
'Mongst us will students find to shun
For on History's page we'll never shine,
But sacrificed to Oblivion's shrine,
Our actions few, tradition tossed
To future ages will be lost.

We chose thee, Ease, and Honors fled,
Indignant at the choice we made;
So, seldom 'twas our class that led,
No trophies at our feet were laid.
We chose thee, Ease, and yet for aught,
So sad was Duty's woful thought,
We fain had turned delinquent feet
Her ready outstretched arms to greet;
But, Goddess, true—we loved thee then,
We could not take up cares again.
For life is sweet within thy arms,
And troubles flee before thy charms.

We chose thee, Ease—thou wert untrue,
Thou did'st not bid us dare and do;
But spread thy mantle over us,
And charmed us with thy voice.
Still, Ease, we worship and adore
The Goddess of our former choice,
And wilt thou loyal yet remain
To banish every doubt and fear,
We'll now and evermore retain
The Goddess of our Senior year.
Ascribing now, though 'tis so late,
To Duty, Glory, Wisdom, all
Our great misfortune and our fate,
And yield again when thou shalt call.



The Class of 1908



COLORS: Sage Green and White.

FLOWER: Daisy.

MOTTO: *Virtus in arduis.*

Officers

President: BLANCHE BOUCHELLE FEREBEE.

Vice-President: HALLIE CONANT POWERS.

Secretary: LYDIA WILLIAMS BENTON.

Treasurer and Artist: NORMA VIRGINIA PAGE.

Historian: MYRTLE NORMAN SHAMBERGER.

Poet: WILLIE LEE THOMAS.

Members

Blanche Ferebee.

Lydia Benton.

Myrtle Shamburger.

Lydia Yates.

Ethel Buffalo.

Mary Frances.

Lillian Minor.

Oza Taylor.

Hallie Powers.

Norma Page.

Willie Lee Thomas.

Alma Yates.

Mamie Shearin.

Bertha Hostrander.

Louie Mitchell.

Mabel Rohrer.

Junior Class Poem



We're near the threshold of our Senior year,
When many things to us shall be made clear,
For then, like some bright fairy with her charms
And mighty scepter, waves away all harm,
The fairy "Time" shall soon lend us her aid,—
Cause mysteries to unfold their heavy darkness,
And other dif-cult problems in their strength to grow less,
At the wave of her most powerful aim.

'Twould be too tedious should I relate
The names of all my class, and each one's fate;
So I shall not attempt so long a task,
That you should insinuate behind a mask,
That writers unqualified should not write,
Unless they know that some heavenly bliss,
Shining through clouds of dark and dreary mist,
Is able to aid you whene'er you ask.

So then, my friends, my dear "O. S." class-mates,
The Class of One-thousand-nine-hundred-and-eight,
The class worthy of both honor and fame,
Both as a whole and each separate name,
As we approach this period of dignity,
May this fairy "Time," in friendship give
Such wisdom, aid that shall forever live
As a reward for your previous obedience.



J. D. Brinkley, Photographer, Oxford, N. C.



OXFORD SEMINARY.

College Yell



Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!
Garnet and cream!
Vive-la! Vive-la!
Aren't we a team?
Hoop-la! Walla! Zipta! Yes!
We are the girls of old O. S.

History of the Class of 1908



CAN WE REALIZE that it has been three years since we were called "Freshmen," and since we first came to the Seminary? Yes, we can; for it isn't at all hard for us to believe ourselves "semi-dignified" Juniors; (we will give to the Seniors the honor of being really and truly dignified), and we take great pleasure in announcing the worthy state to which, through many trials and difficulties, we have risen. Will we ever forget the first year of our "Seminary-life"? Of course not; and we will always remember the first morning we assembled in chapel—how many tear-stained faces met the sorrowful glances of one another, on which could almost be read the wish, "If I were only home, once more, I would never leave it again";—and how our timid hearts fluttered when we all had to walk, one by one, up to the very first bench, to be classed. And yet how very proud we were of being real, true Freshmen and not Sub-Freshmen (for you know one is never so unfortunate but that one might be more so). We didn't amount to very much, that year, to anyone but ourselves; but we had a good time studying, anyway, and were glad when the time came for Commencement—and after that, for us to enjoy our summer vacation at home. Then, the following fall, when we returned to school, we gladly laid aside the roll of Freshmen, and assumed the honors of a Sophomore Class. We organized, and numbered 16—but we didn't do much that year, either, for we didn't have the right girl for our President. She (I will not mention her name for fear of offending her) just simply didn't have the ability to "govern," and we pulled through our Sophomore year the best we could. But oh, the joyful anticipations of being a Junior was enough for us. Bearing in mind the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," and as it is far more pleasant "to give than to receive," we began our career as a Junior Class by giving the Seniors a reception. We worked lovingly and faithfully for the success of this, our first attempt to "entertain," and we felt fully repaid for the time and energy we spent in preparing for a real good time for the Seniors, by their many expressions of appreciation and "toasts" to us. One of the Seniors said she didn't even know that the Juniors *knew how* to entertain so delightfully, but now she is convinced that we're capable of doing more than "entertain." Of course, we are the smart-

est girls in school—taken as a whole—and although the smartest girl isn't in our class (for of course she's a Senior), yet, Lydia Benton is a Junior, and she led the Geometry class, on the hardest Geometry examination given at Oxford Seminary; and she's smart enough for us. Then we have Hallie Powers in our class—she's the prettiest and jolliest girl in school; Norma Page—she's the sweetest; Ethel Buffaloe, who seldom fails to answer correctly any question in Senior History; Lydia Yates, who is so smart that when even Professor Hobgood wanted her to teach a class for one of the teachers who was ill, Miss Grandy wasn't willing for her to leave the History class, just for one time, for fear that the rest of the class, Lydia being absent, wouldn't be sufficiently "inspired" to recite well; Mamie Shearin, the "star" of our Junior Latin class; Lillian Minor, who can almost equal Miss Egbert, in explaining difficult facts in Physical Geography; Willie Lee Thomas, who has received the *heavenly inspiration* of a "poetess"; then, our dear President, Blanche Ferebee, who is always ready and willing to listen to suggestions from her "subjects," and who has served us so well, during our Junior year, that we gladly and gratefully placed upon her noble brow our crown of laurels—and, oh, it is useless to think of summing up the prominent characteristics of each member of our famous Class of 1908. Let it be sufficient to say, that we fully feel our importance, which is gradually increasing—to reach its climax next year; that the "joyful anticipations" of last year are realized; and that we sincerely hope our influence as the Class of 1908 has been wholly for good.

M. N. S.



A Moonlight Night



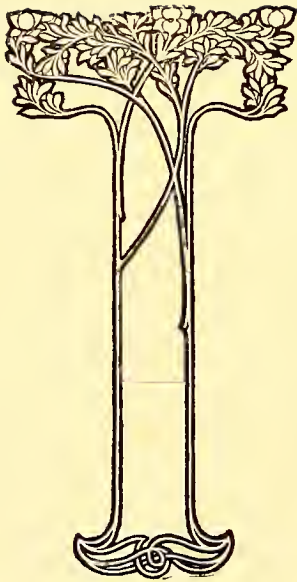
It is now Monday night,
The ground is covered with snow,
The moon is shining bright,
And I want to coast.

Brother, brother, please come,
And we will go in the snow;
Mary and Willie are out,
They are on the hill.

Well, well, he said,
Let me get my sled;
He started to the shed,
Got his sled, sled, sled.

Rode me to the hill
And up to the top;
We skated back
To the foot of the hill.

A JUNIOR.



The History of the Literary Societies



WHO HAS HEARD of Oxford Seminary and does not know of the Calliopean Literary Society? It is as old as the school, and equally as famous. To be sure, this Society grew out of the old Clio, but this is only a mere matter of names. We regret very much that the records were destroyed in the fire of 190⁴~~3~~; so all we can tell is what we have known in our life here. *abue*

Although this organization was and still is managed entirely by the girls, an elevating tone is given it by the membership of the teachers. They always stand ready to give advice and to aid in every way their society. As the school increased from year to year, the need of another society was felt, and, in 1902, the Calliopean was divided, and the new society was called the Uranian. This division has given a spirit of rivalry to the members of each,—not to too great extent, but only enough to make each girl put forth her greatest efforts in favor of her society.

Since we have moved into our new halls, we have spent untiring energy in furnishing them, and now, every other Saturday night, it is with the greatest sense of satisfaction that we sit and listen to the well-rendered programs. These consist of music, recitations, debates, etc. Truly, the societies are sources of great good, as well as great pleasure, to the school, and it would be with the greatest regret that if, after leaving Oxford Seminary, we could not be thought of, first of all, as members of these societies.

Uranian Society



COLORS: Nile Green and White.

Officers

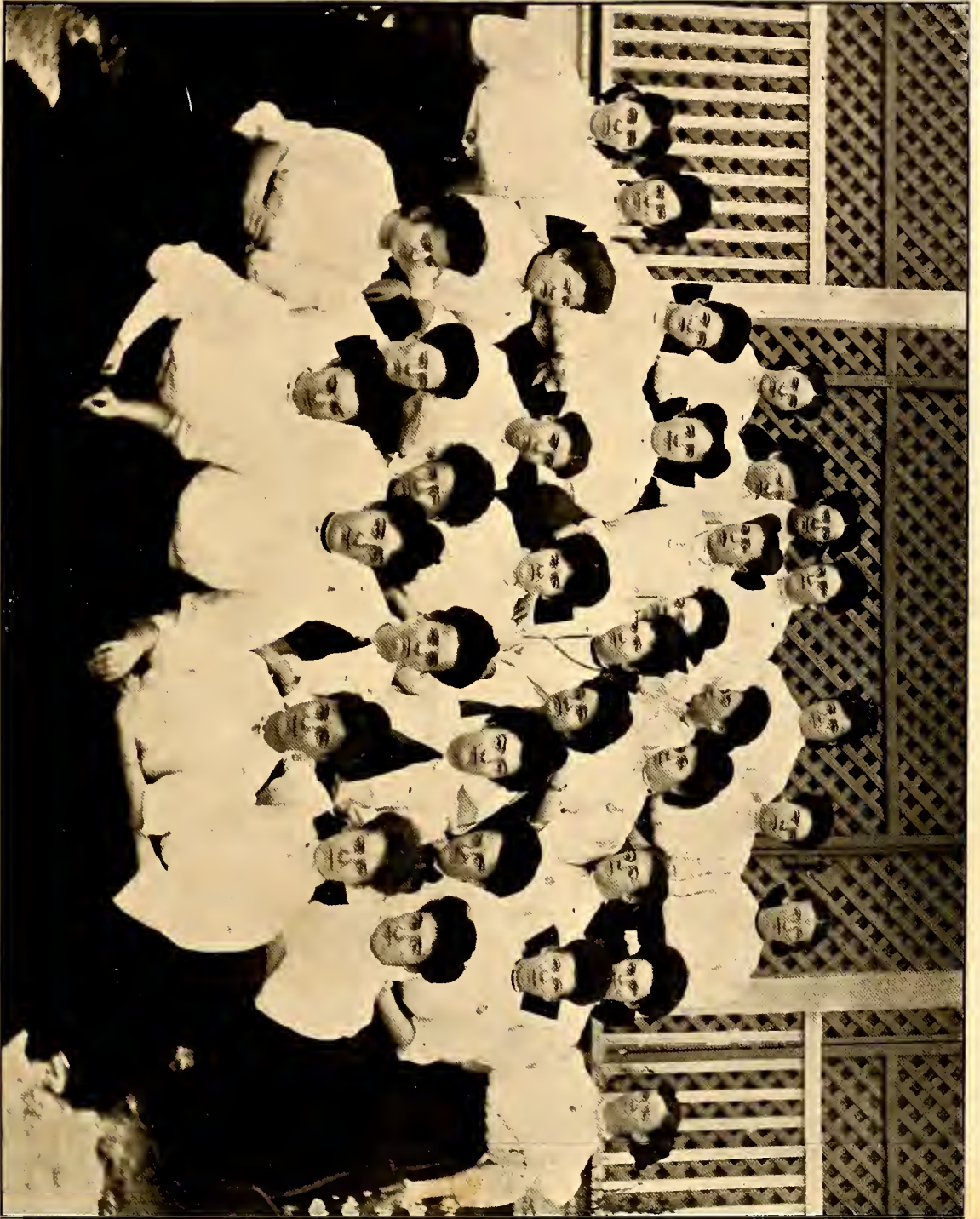
President: ANNIE LEE HOFFMAN.

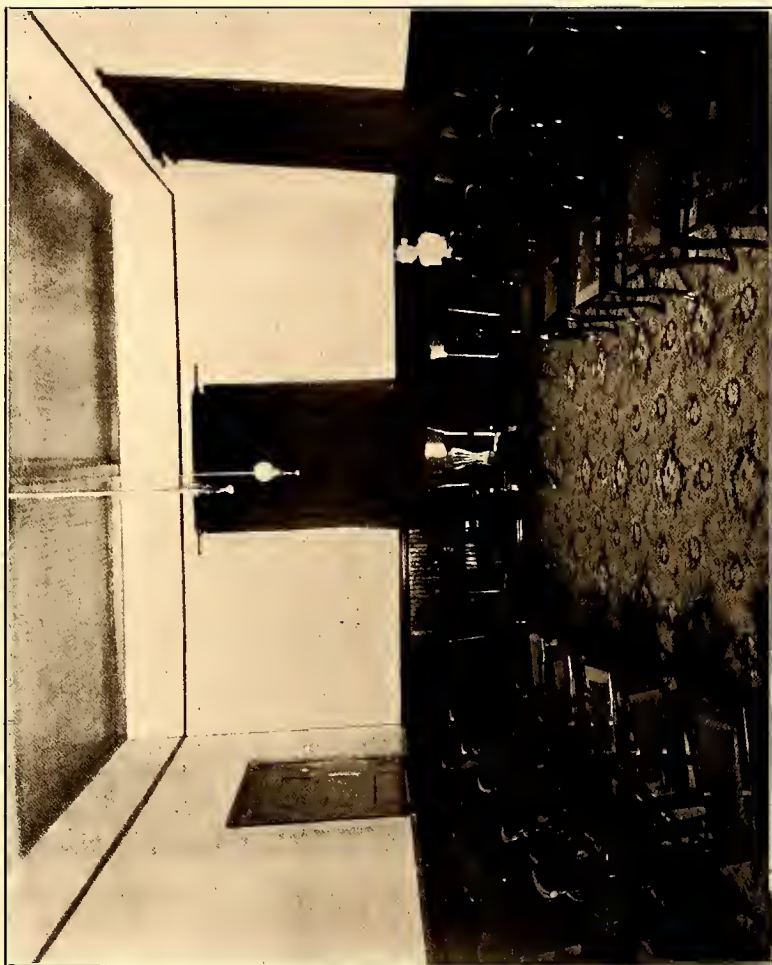
Vice-President: MARY CAROLINE DOWELL.

Secretary: ANNIE LOVELACE HAMRICK.

Treasurer: DIXIE TAYLOR HESTER.

J. D. Brinkley, Photographer, Oxford, N. C.





THE URANIAN SOCIETY HALL.

Peace

(An appreciation of Mrs. M. A. L.)



A still, deep harbor after troubled sea.
Sweet music after harsh discordancy.

Fresh meadow verdure after desert bare.
The golden glory after tinsel glare.

Sweet peace and comfort after wild alarm.
After the storm, the stillness and the calm.

E. T.

Uncle Peter's Revenge



WHILE sitting on the front porch at home one perfect morning in June, trying to wade through a tiresome book, my rebellious mind suddenly wandered away from it altogether and sought more interesting matter. I closed the book with a jerk, and began to look around me in a listless way. First, I noticed the trees in the grove in front of me, all radiant in their new summer garb of green, the busy little birds flitting from limb to limb, ever pouring forth their unconscious, care-free melody; then, almost as suddenly, my thoughts drifted on from the perfect handiwork of nature, to the imperfect, but wonderful works of men. I thought of the many improvements in our town—the new buildings, the nice churches, and lastly the schools. Behind me rose the barracks of Horner Military School for boys, and to my right stood the grand old Seminary, next to my own home, the dearest spot in all the world to me, where I really felt that I had spent the greater part of my life. But here my reverie and my mind were again distracted by an old colored man, who opened the gate with a click and came to the steps; he had a basket on his arm, and made known his mission at once by asking, “Is yer mar at hum, and do she want iny aigs?” I recognized at once old Uncle Peter, a nice, polite, old-time darkey, known all over town, and liked by all who knew him. He suddenly remembered that he had not doffed his hat, and immediately set down his basket, took it off, and held it in both hands while he awaited my reply.

“Why, no, Uncle Peter,” I answered, “she is out this morning, but I am sure she wants every one of those eggs, for I heard her wishing for some at breakfast. How many have you?”

“Siven dozen, Miss, ana des as frish as frish can be.” . .

“All right, you sit here on the steps and rest while I have them put away.” After calling for a servant to take the basket, I returned to my seat and began to indulge woman's proverbial weak point, namely, to propound questions through mere idle curiosity. “Where are you working now, Uncle Peter?” I asked.

“Wall, Miss, I ain't got no reg'lar wuk, I jist does transom wuk, I'se gittin' too old ter wuk hard.” And indeed he did look old and feeble sitting there, his

white stray locks glittering in the sun, his eyes red and blurred, and not a visible tooth in his mouth.

"I think so, too," I said indulgently.

"I knew it, Miss, I knew I is," he said in a gratified tone (Uncle Peter was never known to use the word "know," even in the present tense—it was always "knew"). "Norm," he continued, "I ain't done much wuk since de Semitery shut up for de summer; you knew I uster do light jobs roun' dar. Think I'se seed you dar, Miss."

"Yes, indeed, and I've seen you hundreds of times."

"Miss?" he asked. (This he meant for asking you to repeat; he would hold his hand to his ear and say "Miss?" interrogatively.)

"Yes, yes, I've seen you there time and again; the girls all thought there was nobody like Uncle Peter."

"Hee, hee, hee," he chuckled. "I knew dey did, Miss, and well dey mout, for many's de arran' I's did fer dem gals, aldo I nebber broke de 'fessor's rules but onct."

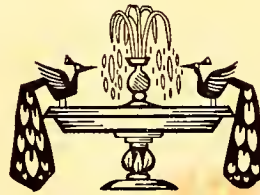
"How was that, Uncle Peter—tell me about it?"

"All right, Miss, don' knew dat hit maks much diffunce at dis late day. Hit was jist dis way." (I will give you his story in his own words.) "Dem pesky kiddets ober yander wus fer ebber arter me 'bout de 'fessor's gals. Hit was allus, 'Won't you take this note up?' 'Do take dis packedge to Miss Mary Ann Smiff,' or som' being nudder. I knew how ticklish de 'fessor is 'bout dem gals, an allus put on my look ob deepes' dignitude and say, 'Younguns, ain't you got no honor? You knew tain't right, an I knew tain't right, an I ain't agwine to do hit.' But young youngster, he was wusser'n de res', ebery whar I'd go, I'd see dis big, browny, fryin' size feller, wid his perliceman's huniform on, and he wus allus talkin' 'bout Miss Isibelle. Finally one day he say ter me: 'Uncle Peter, wus you ebber in love?' An my min' flew ter de pas', an I 'membered how I uster steal off to see my Miry, and take her red candy, and slip my arm roun' her plump wais', and git a kiss 'casional; but, Miss, Miry ain't sweet an good now lak she wus den, she dun got sour an crabbed, an is mighty tight on a feller sometimes. But lozy, whar wus I? O, yes, dis young kiddet peered ter hab hit putty bad, an kep' on beggin' and beggin' me ter take a note ter Miss Isibelle; at las' he say, 'Unker Peter, if you'll take dis note to her, I'll gib you a silber quarter.' I hisitated at fust, but den I thought ob de good old sperits I c'u'd git wid dat quarter, and Miry kud knew nothing 'bout hit. She kep' up wid all my change, an nebber lowed me ter hab a drap, if she c'u'd help hit.

"You knew, Miss, de bes' ob us falls at times, ev'n ole Adam, he fell, an I fell dat once, an tuk de note ter de leddy. She thanked me de sweetest and gib me a slice ob cake she had in her han'. I den went ter dat perliceman kiddet fer de recumpensation. He gib hit ter me, an de fus chance I got I wint ter git my dram, an w'at you rickon dat measly feller had done? He gib me a quarter wid a hole in hit! An so I didn't git de dram, but I 'termined to hab my vingence, if de Lord let me lib.

"Wall, hit won't long fore dat same lout, he comed naggin' arter me agin. You knew I'm mighty keen, Miss, so I peered ter be de same, but I hadn't fergot dat quarter wid de hole in hit. Dis time he wanted me ter tell Miss Isibelle ter walk down to'ards de cornder next de right han' road, an he say, 'Unker Peter, I'll pay you well.' 'All right,' I say. 'You stay here till she comes,' an I with a canker in my soul wint an tole de 'fessor. He wint straight ter de spot, an I hid behin' some bushes a little lower down. De 'fessor walked up ter de kiddet an say, easy-like, 'Young man, did you want ter see me?' 'Naw, sur, dat I didn't,' de feller say, an he made track's down de road, an I herd him mumble ter hissself, 'Rudder seed de debul.' Bout dat time I poked my head from behin de bush an say, 'Hee, hee, hee, is you got iny more quarters wid holes in em?'"

CAMELIA BROOKS.





Y. W. C. A.



Officers

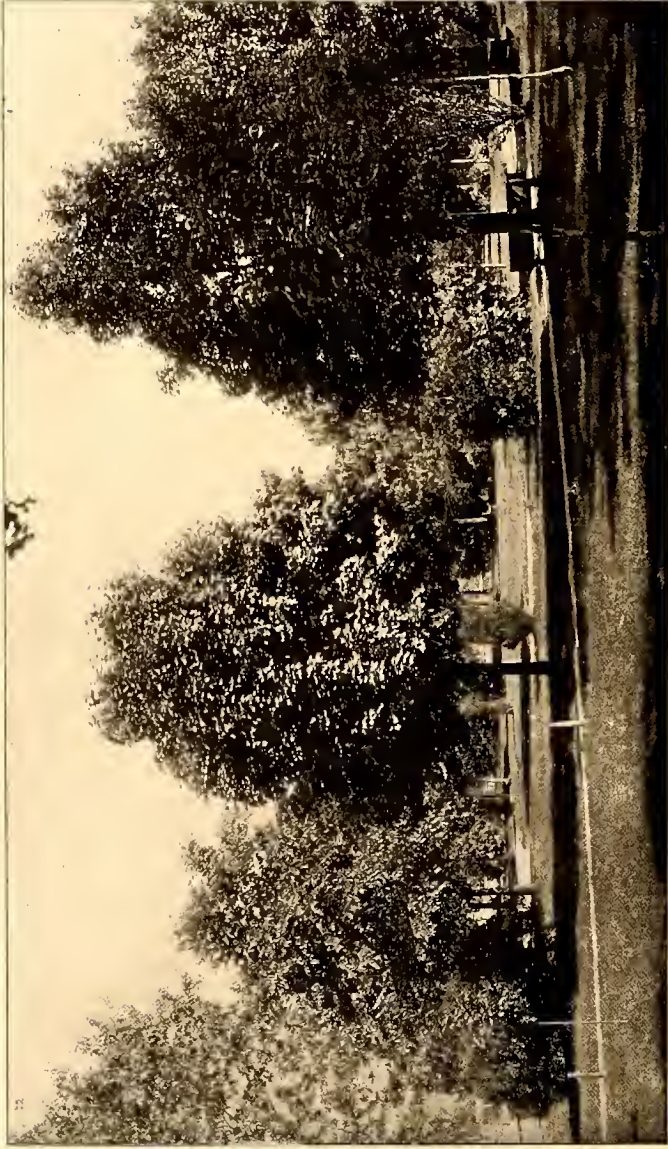
President: LYDIA BENTON.

Vice-President: BERTHA HOSTRANDER.

Secretary: LYDIA YATES.

Treasurer: VELMA GOCDE.

Corresponding Secretary: NORMA PAGE.



A GLIMPSE OF THE LAWN.

“Bridal Ballad”

“Apologies to Edgar Allen Poe.”

Dedicated to Mrs. Waller, our married pupil.



The ring is on her hand,
Her name is changed now.
Satins and jewels grand
Are all at her command,
And she is happy now.

And her lord he loves her well,
As when first he breathed his vow,
She felt her bosom swell.
Then the bell, gay wedding bell,
Did their happiness foretell
With a peal that naught could quell,
And they are happy now.

Now he spoke to reassure her,
And he kissed her rosy brow,
And a reverie came o'er her,
And to the Seminary bore her,
And she sighed to him before her,
Knowing still he did adore her,
“Then why must you leave me now?”

And thus the words were spoken.
He left her in our care,
And though our pledge be broken,
And though her heart be broken,
We promised as a token,
To make her happy here.

Would God we could awaken
Her interest in us here,
For our souls are sorely shaken
Lest an evil step be taken,
Lest her “lord” should feel forsaken,
“And take away his dear.”

On a Crushed Hat



Their girls and boys will clash sometimes—
Prof. Hobgood's and Mr. Horner's.
It seems sometimes almost a sin,
And Waller one the mourners.

For if you know the state of things,
Prof. Hobgood has a Seminary;
Mr. Horner has a school for boys,
And calls it military.

The girls, at church in their black suits,
With looks serene and pure,
Sit in the pew reserved for them,
Obedient and demure.

But, strange to say, their place in church
Was wanted by those boys.
The envy for the Seminary pew
Destroyed all their joys.

The parson, seeing their great temptation,
And prophecying their doom,
Asked them to kindly change their seat
To the other side of the room.

Reluctantly, they all obeyed,
Concealing all their grief,
And o'er Prof. Hobgood's face
There stole a sweet relief.

So through one long and peaceful service,
They dutifully endured it;
But that longing in their hearts,
No power on earth could cure it.

Oh! the danger of that longing,
The harm that it has done!
The inevitable disaster
At last, at last, has come!

And oh, the weeping and the wailing
That follows now;
The laughter and the fun
Caused by that row!

For, Sunday night at church,
The boys couldn't stand it more;
They occupied the Seminary pew
With joy and noise galore.

The pain crept in Professor's heart
And turned it icy cold,
To think how rude were Horner's boys,
And, sakes alive! how bold.

So, calmly, he decided
That this would never do,
To let his girls and those rude boys
Sit in the self-same pew.

If the Horners would persist,
Then his to interfere—
He'd have the girls to change their seats
And start a new career.

So in the midst of sacred service,
He marched the last row over;
Then came the awful accident
From which we'll ne'er recover.

The girls once more resumed their seats,
To carry on their devotion.
But lo! why all this noise?
And why this great commotion?

Through all the church there was a sound
Like mountains when they are crashed.
This noise was even more sudden and shrill,
For Waller—Waller's hat was mashed!

The girls look'd 'round, afraid, amazed,
For surely they had done it;
Waller—Waller's hat was on that seat,
And they had sat upon it.

But Waller—Waller, poorest innocence,
Could tell not whence this noise—
He was sympathizing with the girls
And wondering at those boys.

So, cautiously and tenderly,
They lifted up his hat;
'Twas never more a derby,
But crushed completely flat.

With tender hands and sorrowing look
On the front seat they placed it.
Poor Waller-Waller, Waller-Waller!
For Waller had not missed it.

As soon as services were ended
The girls fled from that hat,
Leaving there poor Waller-Waller
In the place where he had sat.

The church was soon devoid of folks,
And specially those Horners;
But there, at that front seat,
Was Waller, chief of mourners.



Society at the Seminary



Miss Harris' Reception

The first event to break the routine of school work of the session of '06 and '07 was an "At Home" given by Miss Julia Harris in honor of the Senior Class, October 27th. After a delightful "Advertising Contest," in which the guests' ignorance, or rather their lack of the power of close observation, was displayed, the prizes were delivered in a very effective manner. Ruby Ellis won the first prize, a silver hat-pin, while Verna Goode won the consolation, a pair of eye-openers, with instructions to read the advertisements more closely in the future. Delightful refreshments were served, and the highest appreciation of her as a charming hostess was expressed to Miss Harris by the Seniors.

Juniors to Seniors, November 2

The ice was broken. On the very next Friday night another reception was tendered the Seniors. Truly, they thought themselves worthy the designation of "The Lucky Thirteen." In decorations and refreshments, the color scheme was violet and white, the Senior Class colors. Several very interesting and entertaining contests were enjoyed. Music was furnished by Ethel Chandler and Mary Whitaker, and at the close of the evening, when the guests responded to the toast, "Here's to the Juniors," it was done with greatest enthusiasm, complimenting the Juniors for having made as brilliant a reputation as hostesses as they had previously done as students.

To Sophomores, Freshmen and Preps

Then, just a week later, President and Mrs. Hobgood charmingly entertained "the lesser lights" of Oxford Seminary. The old-time games, such as "Going to Georgia," were indulged in, and by the deafening applause that burst forth so frequently and the continual shouts and peals of laughter, one might easily decide that the old way is the best way, after all. About ten o'clock, just before time for the youngsters to be abed, the most delightful refreshments were served, and then they bade "Good-night," hoping that before long that their President would go to Georgia again and would take them all along.

Annual Thanksgiving Reception

Hopes were highest and all the girls were in their gayest moods when Thanksgiving night came. The parlors, reading-room, and auditorium had been made bowers of beauty, and when the hour arrived, and the young men came in, no wonder they marvelled at seeing the fairies and fairyland. The young ladies, looking their best and sweetest, were truly visions of beauty, and the whole Seminary seemed a paradise on earth. The only charm lacking was soon supplied, and "the youths and maidens fair then spread gladness in the air."

The Silhouette Party

The greatest excitement pervaded the hall that evening, as the profiles of our school-mates and teachers were pinned on a great black cloth at one end of the room. Who wouldn't know that little round forehead of Sadie Bridger's, that slicked back-hair of Mary Hart, that pugged nose of Velma Goode, and so on 'till before us Miss Levin posed in all her artistic beauty; her long, crooked nose and that big, round-headed hair-pin in her loosely arranged hair—who wouldn't know her? Why Nannie Ward didn't; she didn't know any of them, and so as a consolation a typical, stone-hard Seminary biscuit tied daintily with ribbons was presented her by the managers—Verna Goode, Neilie McMillan and Grace Bland.

Y. W. C. A. Reception

The girls were divided into four groups, Grace Bland entertaining in the reading-room, Hallie Powers in the front parlor, Louise Peed in the back parlor, and Lizzie Elam in chapel. The entertainment was greatly enjoyed, but how much we did enjoy the play in chapel! We had two of the most dignified teachers in our crowd, but oh! how delightfully pleasant they were. Miss Taurman's little jig was grand, and Miss Levin, when told to ask some girl in the room to do something unusually bright and witty, asked a certain girl this question, "Dear, did you ever resist a temptation?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well, do it now for us," and it was so successfully done that all the girls were treated bountifully to apples, oranges, bananas, grapes, etc.

The Valentine Party

How very unique and interesting this little entertainment was! All that was lacking was some young men. The ones who came, though, will make the others sorry they didn't. There were the prettiest and most daintily arranged booths—first the candy booth, then punch, then hot chocolate, and next a gypsy tent where you could get your fortunes told just to suit you, and lastly and the

most fun was the shooting for hearts on which fortunes were written. They were so much fun, as, for instance, one young damsel shot the heart containing this: "Turn quick, be very alert, you're almost caught in the snares of a flirt." Imagine her surprise to see standing by her one of the most stayed and old-fashioned old bachelors, whose great frank eyes spoke only truth, and to whose high, bald forehead, she almost bowed in respect to old age. The evening, though, was one of the most thoroughly enjoyed we've ever spent at Oxford Seminary, and most of the credit is due Misses Eva Godfrey, Blanche Ferebee, Katy Reid and Helen Dover in their untiring energy in planning it.

Miss Bland to her Classmates

On February 2d, Grace Bland very delightfully entertained the Seniors of the Seminary at an interesting quotation contest. Neilie McMillan won the first prize and Ruby Ellis the booby. How funny some of the answers were! Verna Goode, for instance, accredited Wordsworth with writing "The Ancient Mariner," Neilie McMillan spoke of Scott's "Endymion," Annie Hamrick of Shakespeare's "Evangeline," Ruby Ellis of Marlowe's "Lady of the Lake," Dixie Hester of Poe's "Chambered Nautilus," etc. All of us felt rather ashamed of our ignorance, and especially were we embarrassed for our hostess to hear one of her classmates say, "Well, who did say 'Give me liberty or give me death'?" Our embarrassment gave way to peals of laughter when the hostess herself replied, "Why you know Daniel Webster said it!"

The contest ended, refreshments in three courses were served, and not even when light-bell had rung, and Mrs. Twitty had kindly reminded us of the time, did we want to say "Good-night."

Study Bells

(Apologies to Mr. Longfellow).

BY EULA BENTON.



The day has come and the shadows
Flee with the waning night,
While the girls of Oxford Seminary
Are blind to each outer sight.

I see the light of the morning
Gleam through the early mist,
And a longing for sleep comes o'er me
That my eyelids cannot resist.

'Tis a feeling so sweet and peaceful,
That urges but "one minute more";
So I make not a single objection,
And lie back to sleep and to snore.

That sleep was sweet and dreamless;
But what a sad tale to tell!
I paid no heed to the warning,
And there goes the study-bell!

Princess Kiku, a Japanese Romance



ON THURSDAY NIGHT, November 22d, a delightful play was given by the Senior Class, which won for us considerable reputation as amateur actresses. The location of the play was at Tokyo, Japan, and the most attractive part was the brilliant coloring—gorgeous Japanese costumes, enchanting music, many-tinted flowers, the dazzling lights and bewildering fairies which transported one to Fairyland.

The curtain goes up disclosing a Chrysanthemum garden and summer house, where Princess Kiku holds conversation with her ladies-in-waiting. Lady Cecil and her companion, who have come to Japan with Lady Cecil's brother, Lord Arthur, in search of a lost heiress with whom Lord Arthur should share his inheritance, come upon the scene. The fruitless efforts of Miss Prendergart, Lady Cecil's companion, to keep her rash, impulsive charge out of trouble, throw the audience into peals of laughter.

Sakara, a wise wicked woman of Japan, who hates Kiku, bribes Ito (a little boy) to bring misfortune on her rival by a play act which the Princess believes a reality. Kiku goes to sleep in the summer house and Sakara's wicked spell begins to work. She gives Ito further instructions to carry out her plans.

Mimosa, lady-in-waiting to the Princess, goes to the house of Sakara to intercede for her mistress; however, her trip is in vain, and Sakara invokes curses on the Princess.

We are shown a room in the palace of the Princess Kiku. The lady mildly exclaims, "The curse has fallen! My touch brings blindness to a child!" and great excitement prevails. Cecil and her companion interview Kiku's ladies. Lady Cecil persuades the Princess to return to Tokyo.

The last act, which is especially striking, is depicted in the chrysanthemum garden. Ito confesses his plot act to Mimosa, who discovers that the Princess is the lost heiress, and wonderful revelations are made. All of the characters are on the stage in this scene, and the mingling of gorgeous colors is dazzling. At the last, Lady Cecil kneels to the Princess and asks, "What will be the end of this Japanese romance?"



J. D. Brinkley, Photographer, Oxford, N. C.

When a Teacher Comes Along



The girls are gay and merry ;
The dance is light and airy ;
The time is very gay
Each minute of the day,
 Till a teacher comes along.

The feast at midnight is the thing,
Each guest, herself, a chosen king.
All things are in a flurry,
But the girls, how they will scurry !
 When a teacher comes along.

The pickles on the floor,
The crackers are no more.
The things are hurled aside,
And girls under beds abide,
 When teachers come along.

A rap on the door's distinctly heard,
But not a girl will utter a word ;
Then next thing heard she enters here,
She sees not, yet she knows they're there,
 That teacher who came along.

'Tis a stern, commanding voice,
Not the sweetest to your choice.
She utters, and all girls hear it :
" We'll stop no more with one demerit."
 And the teacher goes along.

Over the Phone

(One of her usual conversations which occurs at least three times a day).



Miss L.—T10, please—Give me home, Dr. Morris.

Hello, mamma; is that you mamma? How are you all this morning? (Pause.) How did papa rest last night? Is he up yet? I'm glad he's feeling all right. Have you had breakfast yet? What did you have? (Pause.) How I wish I had some! Have you fed the chickens? Are they all living? (Pause.) I'm sorry some of them are not well. How many little biddies have you? (Pause.) Oh, let me tell you, Sister Fannie has a hen just hatched off with 12—a dozen, you know. Is Rosa gone to school? I'm mighty glad she is getting along so well at school.

Law! mamma, I must tell you about my vocal. You all never thought I could sing, but the teachers say I have a wonderful voice and I'm just bound to take vocal—

You say you are proud of me? Well, I'm glad—and I know I'll be a regular Nordica when I come home. You say you went to church to-day? Did you see that boy that I mentioned awhile ago? (Pause.) No, mamma, don't think that—I—er—I—just think he is a little cute. Oh, mamma, I wish I could be at home to-day. Say, mamma, is anybody passing home now? (Pause.) I see the express wagon coming—do wish I had an express package.

You say Nellie's baby is sick? I'm so sorry—what's the trouble? Whooping cough? Oh, how awful! What did you do yesterday, mamma? Wish I could have been there to have helped made it. (Pause.) How is Geneva, Marshall and Nellie? (Pause.) Ha! ha! ha! You say Marshall went to see his girl last night? Does he really love her?—By the way, how is his girl's mother? (Pause.) Oh, mamma; I'm grieved to death—when did poor Betsey die? She was the dearest cow on earth.

Mamma, it's snowing here, is it snowing there? Oh, won't we have a time a-slipping and a-sliding!—Hope the dear little calf won't freeze during this cold weather. Oh! oh!! mamma, how excruciatingly awful! When did the darling goat take pneumonia? (Pause.)

Yonder goes the hearse, mamma. I'm so glad I'm not in it, ain't you?—Carmen and I went to Sister Fannie's yesterday, and the sheep and the pigs and the chickens all got together and we had to separate them. Wasn't that funny? (Pause.)

But, oh! mamma, I must stop, the chapel bell is ringing; do you hear it, mamma? Well, good-bye—yes—oh!—yes'm—all right—bye—bye.

The Eternal Question



- Why Amy Womble insists on frizzing her hair?
- Why Miss Taurman and Miss Levin object to having their pictures made?
- Why Neilie McMillan and Verna Goode did not go to Greensboro?
- Why Professor Carson is such a great man?
- Why Miss Janie twists so much?
- Why Frances Bagwell doesn't tangle her hair?
- Why Miss Lassiter and Nannie Ward are such chums?
- Why Carrie Toon looks so wise?
- Why Miss Harris doesn't change her gait?
- Why Elsie Lawrence uses the 'phone so much?
- Why Lydia Benton was elected President of Y. W. C. A.?
- Why Cammie Brooks doesn't learn to spell?
- Why Mrs. Meadows grades so close?
- Why Mr. Hobgood is so averse to the opera house?
- Why last year's class were valued so by the Faculty?
- Why the butter doesn't talk?
- Why Grace Bland and Mary Millner get so many demerits?
- Why Neilie McMillan doesn't use her originality?
- Why "Spit-fire" Benton is so fond of red-headed Jacks?
- Why on earth Katie Lee Gooch and Gertrude Cree sing so much?
- Why Lizzie Elam goes to Parham Bros. so often?
- Why Miss Egbert always looks under the bed?
- Why arithmetic is such a "Jonah" to the Seniors?
- Why Miss Harris knocks on her own door at ten?
- Why rats are so fond of "Shanks" and "Sox's" room?
- Why Miss Grandy is so vain?



My First Attempt

BY BERTHA HOSTRANDER.



One day when we went to the class-room,
Our teacher smilingly said:
“I want you to write me a poem
Like one, perhaps, that you’ve read.”

From Bryant, Poe, and Lowell,
She read some favorite parts,
Explaining “rhyme” and such stuff
That are “poky” to school-girl hearts.

“Now girls,” she sweetly said to us,
“See now if you can write
Some stanzas for the Annual
That will make its pages bright.”

I thought and thought and thought—
“What subject shall I take?”
And then I wrote this poem
That will all records break.





Athletic Association



Officers

President: MARY W. MILLNER.
Vice-President: MAMIE ROYSTER.
Secretary: HALLIE C. POWERS.
Treasurer: HELEN G. JENKINS.



J. D. Brinkley, Photographer, Oxford, N. C.

Herculean Team



Yell

Rah! Rah! Rah! We play under the white;
That's the color all right, all right.
We're awful tough
And do play rough.
Play under white
And you are always right.

Captain MARY MILLNER.

Basketman MARY MILLNER.

CENTER:

Ethel Chandler.

Roxie Currin.

Clarice Bonner.

HOMEMEN:

Norma Page.

Lela Jeffreys.

Velma Goode.

Guards

Blanche Elam.

Lula Williams.

Substitutes

Mabel Overton. Lucy Green. Bertha Hostrander. Lula Powers.

Sampsonian Team



COLOR: Red.

FLOWER: Red Rose.

Yell

Red! Red!! Red!!! We're ahead!

Hurrah for the Sampsonians!

GRACE BLAND, Captain.

MAMIE ROYSTER, Guard.

ANNIE TOON, Center.

LIZZIE ELAM, Guard.

HELEN HENDERSON, Center.

ORA BAGBY, Guard.

KATIE REID, Center.

GRACE BLAND, Basketman.

LYDIA BENTON, Homeman.

HELEN DOVER, Homeman.

Substitutes

Eula Carter.

Lettie Green.

Eula Benton.

Ruby Ellis.

J. D. Brinkley, Photographer, Oxford, N. C.





J. D. Brinkley, Photographer, Oxford, N. C.

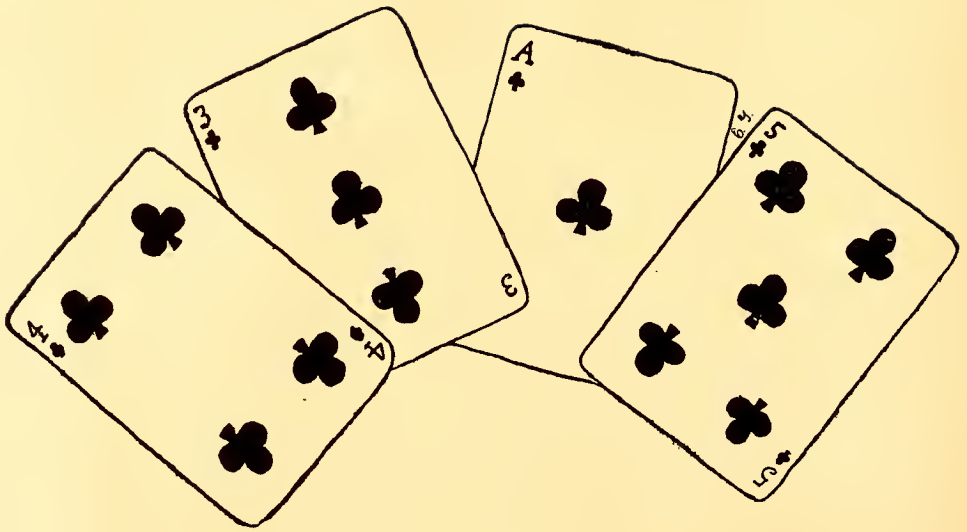
Tennis Team



Edna Jenkins.
Helen Henderson.
Mary Millner.
Sallie Powers.
Helen Jenkins.
Norma Page.
Susie Stevens.
Eula Carter.

Frances Bagwell.
Grace Bland.
Roxie Currin.
Louise Peed.
Lizzie Elam.
Katie Reid.
Blanche Ferebee.
Eva Godfrey.
Kent Hodnett.

Elizabeth Arendall.
Annie Perry.
Alma Yates.
Lettie Green.
Gertrude Cree.
Ora Bagby.
Blanche Elam.
Eula Benton.





THE BASKET-BALL CAPTAINS.



J. D. Brinkley, Photographer, Oxford, N. C.

Glee Club



DIRECTOR: Ethel Chandler.

LEADER: Ida Powell.

ASSIST. PIANIST: Mary Whitaker.

Tenors

Eva Godfrey.
Helen Jenkins.
Eula Benton.
Norma Page.

Sopranos

Ida Powell.
Frances Bagwell.
Lottie Kerley.
Grace Bland.
Mary Whitaker.
Fannie Knight.
Lizzie Elam.

Altos

Katie Lee Gooch.
Mabel Rohrer.
Mary Frances.
Ethel Chandler.

Basses

Hallie Powers.
Sallie Powers.
Blanche Elam.

The Ante-Conflagration Club



COLOR: Green.

DATE OF ORGANIZATION: Sept., 1903.

TIME OF MEETING: After the fires are over.

PLACE OF MEETING: Around the ashes.

Officers

President: IDA POWELL.

Vice-President: DIXIE HESTER.

Secretary: GRACE BLAND.

Treasurer: MARY WHITAKER.

Members

Ida Powell.

Neilie McMillan.

Dixie Hester.

Sadie Bridger.

Mary Whitaker.

Verna Goode.

Blanche Ferebee.

Gertrude Cree.

Grace Bland.

Motto

“ Brave girls we every one have been,
For the truth is very plainly seen,
Not one will ever burn in fire,
For we're every one too green.”

Midnight Dream Disturbers Club



YELL: Silence! Silence!

BY-WORD: Hush!

PUNISHMENT: Demerits.

DISASTER: Turning over things.

OUR CRAZE: Eating.

Members

HALLIE POWERS: Chief Disturber.

SUSIE STEAVENS: Sentimental Member.

MARY MILLNER: Squealer.

LOUISE PEED: Dreamer.

KENT HODNETT: Peacemaker.

NORMA PAGE: Rolling Member.

EULA BENTON: Listener.

GERTRUDE CREE: Joke Teller.

Sister in Town: MARY WEBB.

Sister in Faculty: MRS. MEADOWS.

Occasional Visitor: MISS EGBERT.

Motto

Make all the fuss you can.

“The Runt Club”



Motto

“Little drops of water, little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean and this wondrous land.”

COLORS: Scarlet and Orange.

PLACES OF MEETING: Any little nook.

TIME OF MEETING: In the wee small hours.

Officers

President: Verna Goode.
Secretary: Eula Carter.

Vice-President: Mamie Aycock.
Treasurer: Louise Peed.

Members

KATYE REID: “It’s the little things in life that count.”

VERNA GOODE: “So much in so little space.”

MAMIE AYCOCK: “Small but cute.”

LOISE PEED: “A little lady.”

EULA CARTER: “What is lacking in size is supplied in freshness.”

VELMA GOODE: “The least particle.”

MARY MILLNER: “I’m little but loud.”

GERTRUDE CREE: “The little night-in-gale.”

MARY HART: “Her many smiles cast their beams afar.”

MARY WHITAKER: “Not too little to love.”

PEARL RAY: “Brightest of the pygmies.”

Soror in Facultate

MISS JANIE LACY: “Nothing but a twist.”

The Giant Club



COLORS: Plaids.

OBJECT: To occupy space.

TIME OF MEETING: When the coast is clear.

PLACE OF MEETING: On the campus.

Officers

President: ALICE KIVETT.

Vice-President: LULA WILLIAMS.

Secretary: RUBY ELLIS.

Treasurer: FANNIE KNIGHT.

Members

ALICE KIVETT: A la elephant.

RUBY ELLIS: A la bear

HELEN HENDERSON: A la turkey gobler.

GRACE BLAND: A la donkey.

ELIZA MITCHINER: A la crocodile.

RUTH GENTRY: A la bulldog.

LULA WILLIAMS: A la rhinoceros.

FANNIE KNIGHT: A la reindeer.

FLORENCE WOODY: A la hyppopotamus.

ANNA HOWARD: A la lion.

ANNA HAMRICK: A la giraffe.

Sorores in Facultate

MISS HARRIS: A la Jersey.

MISS RELL: A la whale.

Motto

The size that we have reached and kept,
Was not attained by sudden flight;
But we, while our companions slept,
Were growing bigger in the night.

Rip Van Winkle Club



Motto: Please go 'way and let me sleep.

Song: All aboard for dreamland.

Object: To do like Rip.

Time of Sleeping: On all occasions.

Officers

President: MARY MILLNER.

Vice-President. GERTRUDE CREE.

Secretary: ROXIE CURRIN.

Treasurer: GRACE BLAND.

Chief Somnambulist: NEILIE McMILLAN.



Members

Roxie Currin: "Oh! to be at home where I can sleep."

Lydia Benton: "Please, just five minutes more."

Velma Goode: "Is Mrs. Meadows coming?"

Blanche Ferebee: "Let's sleep until study bell."

Grace Bland: "Don't get up, Lyd."

Mary Millner: "Do let me alone."

Verna Goode: "What time is it?"

Carrie Toon: "Has study bell rung?"

Eva Godfrey: "Do wait until servants bell."

Gertrude Cree: "Oh! I'm so tired."

Edna Jenkins: "Taint time to get up, is it?"

Lizzie Elam: "Just let me sleep two seconds longer."

Annie Hoffman: "Dell, I just ain't a-gwint'er get up."

Mr. Hobgood: "Please wake me when it's time to take up collection."

Mrs. Twitty (in church): "Oh! horrors, I actually went to sleep and forgot the girls."

The Gate-Post Hangers



COLOR: Anything, just so it's white.

TIME OF MEETING: When teachers are absent.

PLACE OF MEETING: As near as possible to the sidewalk.

OBJECT: To see what can be accomplished.

Officers

President: FRANCES BAGWELL.

Vice-President: HELEN JENKINS.

Secretary: HALLIE POWERS.

Treasurer: MARY MILLNER.

Members

Frances Bagwell.

Susie Stevens.

Hallie Powers.

Mabel Overton.

Helen Jenkins.

Mary Millner.

Freshie Carter.

Elsie Lawrence.



Motto

To see everything that comes by.

Consolation

“Be still, sad heart, and cease repining,
The boys aren't yet out o' reach of finding.
Thy fate is the common fate of all
Who pledge their faith in the Seminary wall.”

The E. A. Y. C. Club



COLORS: Ginger-cake Brown.

PLACE OF MEETING: In extreme right-hand corner of dining-room.

TIME OF MEETING: Just behind time.

OBJECT: To rid the world of surplus molasses and butter.

Officers

President: MISS LILY G. EGBERT.

Vice-President: NEILIE McMILLAN.

Secretary: VERNA GOODE.

Treasurer: RUBY ELLIS.

MISS EGBERT: "Let's imagine this is a dinner at the Mecklenburg at Chase City."

VERNA GOODE: "I bet you my apricots next pie day."

RUBY ELLIS: "After the bad, comes the better, After the dinner, my letter."

NEILIE McMILLAN: "Think I'll stop coffee and get pretty before I have my picture made for the Annual."

HELEN DOVER: "Wonder if things are like this at Trinity."

ANNIE HAMRICK: "They have dessert every day at B. U. W."

ESTELLE EDWARDS: "To think I'll have to eat this for the next fifteen years if I try to graduate."

VELMA GOODE: "Will be so glad when dinner is over."

BERTHA HOSTRANDER: "It's convenient that girls in love haven't any appetite."

MABEL OVERTON: "If this were not my crowd, I'd leave here."

KATIE LEE GOOCH: "I'm so glad I'm delicate and get extras."

“When the Bread Gave Out”



'Twas the very first day of October,
A cold and dreary day;
The sun was hid behind the clouds,
And sent forth not a ray.

And now, you know, at Oxford Seminary
The girls are hard to feed;
They eat so everlasting much,
From teachers down to Louise Peed.

And on this day, October the first,
As it has just been said,
They ate up everything they had,
And finished up on bread.

You ought to have seen that dinner.
There was an Irish potato stew,
Bread, ham, and cabbage, all were there—
But, Massy! how they flew!

They ate up every biscuit,
And drained the “lasses” pot;
They sent back to the kitchen,
But “lasses” there was not.

The pantry then was searched,
But there was nothing there.
And so the girls sat at the tables
And filled themselves with air.

At last, with the supply exhausted,
They filed out one by one;
Each crept along so slowly,
They were too weak to run.

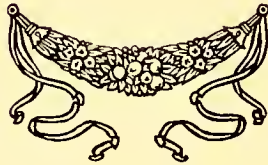
They realized the situation,
And all with ravished looks,
Decided it would never do
To go back thus to books.

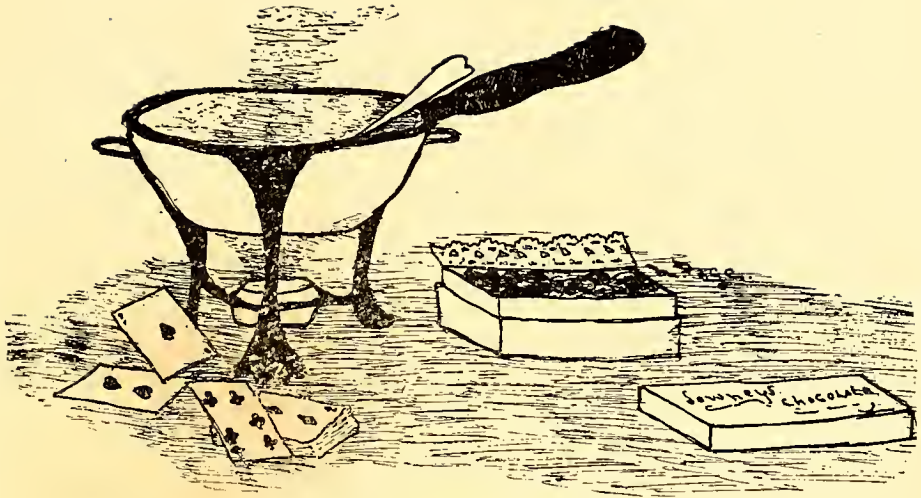
So to the 'phone the hungry went,
A-looking long and lank.
“ Please send us something up to eat,
And charge it all to Peter Frank.”

SEQUEL :

Our plans were carried out ;
We'll need no more to 'phone,
For good results have followed,
As the dinner next day has shown.

We had ham, biscuits, and potatoes,
And the pudding has grown quite a fable ;
But the grandest part of that dinner,
Were the two dishes of peas to each table.





Chafing Dish Club



COLORS: Salmon pink and Olive green.

FAVORITE DISH: Fruit jelly. FAVORITE PASTIME: Playing flinch(?)

TIME OF MEETING: On Friday nights.

Chief Cook: BLANCHE FEREBEE.

Assistant Cook: HELEN JENKINS.

Dishwasher: NORMA PAGE.

Errand Boy: KATIE REID.

Can-opener: EDNA JENKINS.

Tasters

EVA GODFREY.

HELEN DOVER.

FRANCES BAGWELL.

Motto

Some are praised for their tact,
Others praised for good looks;
But our chief source of praise
Is because we're good cooks.



Sketch Club



Officers

President: MARY DOWELL.

Vice-President: EULA BENTON.

Secretary: ANNA HOWARD.

Members

NORMA PAGE.

EVA GODFREY.

NEILIE McMILLAN.

CARRIE LOON.

VERNA GOODE.

GERTRUDE CREE.

MARY ROYALL, HANCOCK.

HELEN ROYSTER.

CAMELIA BROOKS.



“Imps of Darkness”

COLORS: Black and Black.

TIME OF MEETING: From 12 to 3 A. M.

PLACE OF MEETING: Where the light never shines.

OBJECT: “To make the world dark with famine.”

Motto

“Eat, drink and be quiet, or the Faculty will make you merry.”

Officers

President: ANNIE HOFFMAN.

Secretary: MARY DOWELL.

Vice-President: LIZZIE ELAM.

Treasurer: ETHEL CHANDLER.

Members

ANNIE HOFFMAN: “Bossy.”

ANNIE HAMRICK: “Goodly Eater.”

LIZZIE ELAM: “Bossy’s Opposer.”

BLANCHE ELAM: “Closest Observer.”

BERTHA HOSTRANDER: “Server.”

ROXIE CURRIN: “Loudest of the Imps.”

ETHEL CHANDLER: “The Guardian Angel.”

MARY DOWELL: “Light Extinguisher.”

MARY WHITAKER: “Peacemaker.”

SOURCE OF LIGHT: “Wax Candle.”

SAUCE OF FAVORITE DISH: “Demerits.”

DRINK: “Moonshine.”

Yell

“Bum-bow-wow, Chew-chow-chow,
No more cow, To eat now-now.”



J. D. Brinkley, Photographer, Oxford, N. C.

SATURDAY MORNING CLUB

Saturday Morning Club



COLORS: Sunshine brightness and snow-white cleanliness.

TIME OF MEETING: On Saturday morning.

PLACE OF MEETING: On Chapel Hall.

OBJECT: To make things presentable.

CENTER OF ATTRACTION: The sink.

Bossy: FANNIE KNIGHT. Time-Keeper: CARRIE MATTHEWS.

Window-Cleaner: EVA GODFREY. Floor-Oiler: BLANCHE FEREBEE.

Arranger of Wardrobe: FRANCES BAGWELL.

Bed-Maker: HELEN JENKINS.

Rug-Shaker: HELEN DOVER.

User of Sapolio: EDNA JENKINS.

Maid of the Dust-Pan: KATIE REID.

Mistress of the Broom: NORMA PAGE.

Manager of the Dust Broom: GRACE BLAND.

Assistants

Lydia Benton.

Verna Goode.

Velma Goode.

Annie Toon.

Ruby Ellis.

Anna Howard.

Elsie Lawrence.

Carmen Peace.

Neilie McMillan.

Ada Mae Pruitt.

Carrie Toon.

Alma Yates.

Source of Dread: MRS. MEADOWS.

Sympathizers: THE TEACHERS.

Motto

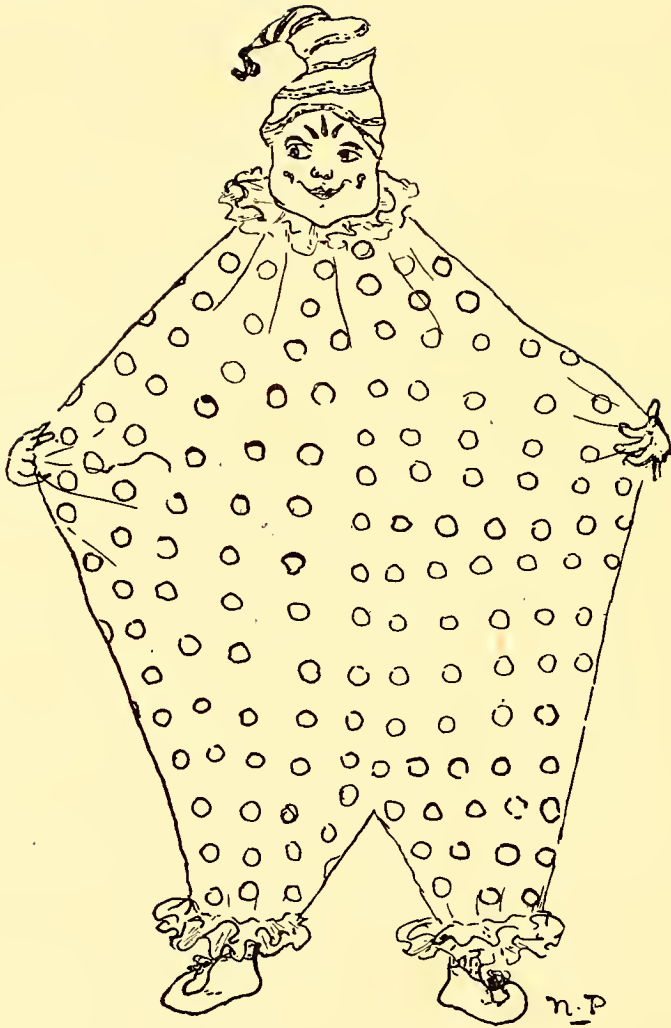
Saturday's cleanliness before Sunday's godliness.

OUR WORST ENEMIES: Dust and Dirt.

Yell

Rah, rah, rah, dust-pan and broom,

Hard work, hard work, and then a clean room.



Things We Would Rather Not Have Said



MISS EGBERT: "What is your reason for that statement, Grace?"

GRACE BLAND: "Because the square on the hippopotamus is equal to the square on the other two sides."

MR. HOBGOOD: "Where did Jesus work his first miracle?"

MARY DOWELL: "In California."

MISS GRANDY: "What did you say about the Jews?"

CAMELIA BROOKS: "I said that the Jews were not tolerized at that time."

HALLIE POWERS: "Annie, your voice is something wonderful."

ANNIE TOON: "Yes, I'm going to be a regular Nova Scotia (Nordica)."

ZOOLOGY CLASS.—MISS EGBERT: "Describe the enteron of the crocodile."

ALMA YATES (after a pause): "Well, the abdomen is indistinct."

MISS EGBERT: "Lottie, is Elizabeth College denominational?"

LOTTIE: "No'm. It's Presbyterian."

FLORENCE WOODY (trying in vain to talk over the 'phone): "Won't some one please come and start this thing to going for me."

FRESHMAN TO SENIOR: "Say, is that new novel in the library, Sidney Lanier, good?"

ONE OF THE GIRLS (who has just gotten a new braid): "Come on, Nellie, let's go to Y. W. C. A. and show off our hair."

MR. HOBGOOD: "Lydia, what about the literature of the Old Testament?"

LYDIA BENTON (reflecting): "Well, the Old Testament contains poetry, history, laws, oratory, and biology."

SENIOR (weighing a psychological problem, exclaimed): "That's another sign that we've evolved."

MR. HOBGOOD: "Eva, why didn't the children of Israel ford the Jordan?"

EVA GODFREY: "They were afraid they'd get their feet wet."

MRS. TWITTY (admiring a postcard album): "What a cute idea! Think I shall make me a scrap-book."

A SENIOR exclaimed as a good looking gentleman passed by: "Girls, let's catch him; he's a widow."



Want Column



- WANTED!—A flesh reducer.—“Lobster” Chandler.
WANTED!—Hair restorer.—“Sox” Bland.
WANTED!—An inspiration.—Neilie McMillan.
WANTED!—A man.—“Pesky” Reid.
WANTED!—An ear trumpet.—Mr. Hobgood.
WANTED!—A big “Lucia.”—Miss Levin.
WANTED!—A flattering photographer.—Miss Taurman.
WANTED!—Some ‘taters.—Roxie Currin.
WANTED!—A boy to flirt with.—“Bill” Powers.
WANTED!—A barrel of apples.—“Jenks” Jenkins.
WANTED!—To weigh 120 pounds.—“Shanks” Benton.
WANTED!—A fresh supply of demerits.—Teachers.
WANTED!—Some anti-fat.—Ruby Ellis and Helen Henderson.
WANTED!—A carload of salt.—“Freshie” Carter.
WANTED!—Girls to obey the rules.—Mrs. Twitty.
WANTED!—Some arithmetic experts.—Mrs. Lacy.
WANTED!—Another dinner like I had at Chase City.—Miss Egbert.
WANTED!—Attention.—Miss Janie Lacy.
WANTED!—To know when the Convention meets in Greensboro.—Goode and McMillan.
WANTED!—Next year to come.—Junior Class.
WANTED!—Less work.—Verna Goode.
WANTED!—A supply of gas.—Mr. Hobgood.
WANTED!—Confidence of Faculty.—Senior Class.
WANTED!—Things like they were at B. U. W.—Annie Hamrick.
WANTED!—*One* clean room.—Mrs. Meadows.
WANTED!—A ‘phone to herself.—Elsie Lawrence.
WANTED!—A new supply of butter.—Students.
WANTED!—The gift of poetry.—Junior English Class.
WANTED!—A little more wisdom.—Carrie Toon.
WANTED!—A lighter tread.—Nell Forbes.
WANTED!—Diplomas.—Seniors.
WANTED!—A way of displaying hands to advantage.—Miss Grandy.
WANTED!—A tonic to improve her appetite.—Miss Levin.
WANTED!—A little more time.—Susie Stevens.
WANTED!—Something to eat.—Seminary Girls.

The Senior Alphabet



- A** is for the Alphabet we first had to get.
B is for Bland, and another such girl we never met.
C's for Camelia, who's going to finish, you bet.
D is for Dowell (of the whole class she's the pet).
- E** is for Ellis, and Miss Egbert, the teacher loved by all.
F is for Flunk, or what some people call fall.
G is for Godfrey, and little Verna Goode.
H is for Hoffman, Hester and Hamrick (they are none of them rude).
- I** is for Infirmary, a place of refuge for us.
J is for Jolly, for we are all known thus.
K is for Katie, the dainty one of the class.
L is for 'Lucky Thirteen,' if all exams. are passed.
- M** is for Millner, or you know her as Mary.
N is for Neilie, by no means a fairy.
O is for O. S., the dearest old place.
P is for Peas we had in any case.
- Q** is for Queer—to the Faculty it's applied.
R is for Review 'Rithmetic—with a little more we'd have died.
S is for the Society that all of us adore.
T is for Toon, a Senior to the core.
- U** is for Ugly, the name applied to our looks.
V is for Victor, for we've conquered all books.
W is for the why, what and wherefore Miss Grandy asks for.
X is for the Ten that the girls don't abhor.
- Y** is for You, if you're a handsome young man.
Z is for the Zeros the Seniors outran.
So forth and so on, but this is enough.
When you see the Thirteen, you'll see a crowd that is tough.

Hits



Mrs. Meadows is so fond of fussing that it is recalled that she went to an empty room and blessed it out for disturbing the infirmity girls.

Someone asked how Annie Toon ever got out of the first reader.

The impossible is achieved—Annie Hoffman actually flirted with a boy to-day.

How funny! Fuss between two teachers over some dinner. You may guess who.

Lizzie Elam and Katie Lee Gooch wish to be advertised, or it appears so from their pictures being in Landis' show-case.

Ask Grace Bland and Louise Peed for their recipe for the hair. Their magic growth of hair is something wonderful.

Cammie Brooks wishes to read the rest of the poem from which this selection is taken: "As the hart panteth after the water brook, so panteth my soul after thee."

We wish to inform Katie Lee Gooch that biscuit and water are not flesh reducers.

Elizabeth Stallings wants to know how to make a clavier sound. Said she worked on one for two hours without any result.

Ask Mary Dowell why valentines make her so mad.

Mrs. Lacy rings the light-bell according to her examination papers. We fear the Review Arithmetic marks are rather low, as she rang the bell an hour too soon last night.

Gertrude Cree thinks that postal cards should be stamped.

Nannie Ward says that she has just had her tooth abstracted.

Monkey Shearin says that it nearly kills her to take agriculture, and that she is going to get excused.

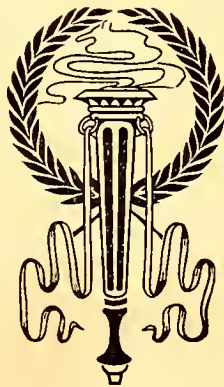
Lula Williams is certain that the patella is situated over the eye, and that the tympanic membrane is in the eye.

A Freshman informed Mrs. Walla that she must get her a new waist for the Jamestown expedition.

A newish indignantly exclaimed, " This stenographer never does me justice—my pictures are awful."

Verna Goode (sympathizingly): " I imagine it's awful to be stupid."

Grace Bland, upon being asked if she'd take a box at the opera, said, " Why, no child, it would be so in the way."





THE SENIORS IN THEIR RAMBLES.



EVA GORMEY,
"The most stylish and dignified."



HATTIE POWERS,
"Our prettiest and liveliest girl."



GRACE BLANN,
"The most popular and wittiest girl."



Louise REED.
"The smallest girl."



EULA BENTON.
"The cutest girl."



NELLIE McMILLAN.
"The most original girl."



SUSIE STEVENS,
"The laziest girl."



KATE FLEMING,
"The most sincere and courteous girl."



LYDIA BENTLEY,
"The best all-round girl."



ANNIE FOREMAN.
"The smartest girl."



NORMA PAGE.
"The sweetest girl."



LIZZIE ELAM.
"The most attractive girl."



HELEN JENKINS,
"The handsomest girl."

Yostman



DIXIE HESTER,
"The most religious and most studious
girl."

He



MARY MILLER,
"The most athletic girl."

A Double Victory



"IDA, if you let that fudge boil over, I'll never forgive you. Stir it quick, here's the spoon!" And Carra Ross jumped from her perch on the bed, waving the spoon excitedly. But she arrived too late, for a sticky mass of boiling chocolate bubbled over the edge of the chafing dish and rolled down until it finally reached a pile of papers and composition books on the table.

"Gracious child, dip it up! Where's the shoe-horn? I'll use that to take it up with, while you stir. Katharine, hand me the soap dish—I can put it in there. So it's an ill wind that blows no good,—hereafter we will always have *sweet* soap. My, it's good; just taste this, Emily," and Carra held up the shoe-horn.

There were about a dozen girls gathered in Carra's room, for a meeting of the Friday Fudge Club, the weekly excitement of the favored members, all of whom were students of Alton Seminary. Carra and her room-mate, Sarah Woodell, prided themselves on their room, which was unusually pretty with its bright pictures, numerous sofa pillows, and other school-girl fads.

"Emily, pour in the vanilla, and let me beat the candy, for if it is not done by this time it never will be. And if it doesn't get hard we can eat it on crackers, or with spoons." Sarah turned off the flame, and, suiting action to word, began to beat the candy.

"Let me beat, and you finish getting up this," said Carra. "Oh!" she exclaimed suddenly, catching sight of an open exercise book whose first page bore a generous share of sticky chocolate; "I am in for it now—I had rather have split my new gloves, than to have had this happen."

"Oh, I wouldn't mind. Miss Howard will excuse you if you explain, especially if you carry her some of the candy"—a tall girl rose from the window-seat as she spoke.

"No, I wouldn't mind if it belonged to me; but, girls, the book belongs to Louise Makepeace! I borrowed it from her this morning, to copy those notes on Evangeline, and she was very grand about lending it to me. If it belonged to any other girl in school, I would not care." Carra was trying in vain to remove the traces of the candy.

"I pity you, old girl; you do have fierce luck. I know Louise will be horrid about it," Sarah said, pouring the remainder of the candy into a large platter.

"That girl makes me weary; why is she so stuckup? Does she think that because she was at Harmon College, she is better than we Seminary girls? I admit she is goodlooking, but—Oh, Sarah, let me cut up the candy." Ellen Riddle was noted for never finishing her sentences.

"I would love to take her down, Carra, and if I were you I would not apologize about the candy. Send the book back by the maid. None of the girls have anything to do with Louise,—I can't bear her haughty manners, myself. Ellen, you selfish thing, give me some fudge—it is grand, Sarah, but there *is* too much vanilla in it." Lucy Armstrong seated herself on the table as she finished her sentence.

"To change from the ridiculous to the sublime, has the date finally been set for the basket-ball game? I heard that it is to be Thursday, but that's too good to believe."

Neil Langley settled herself more firmly on the trunk as she said, "Yes, honey, Thursday's the day that we will show those Williams Institute girls that they can not win every time. It makes me sick to think that they have won the game the last two years. Well, we'll get it this year. I know very well that Lucy Armstrong here is the best goal thrower in the State. She never misses," said Carra, throwing Lucy a kiss.

"You're right, Carra, we'll win that game with Lucy to throw; but I tremble to think what we should do without her.—Well, I'll have to go and get ready for walking period; the bell rings in five minutes. Come on, girls," and Ellen left the room, followed by the others.

* * * * *

Thursday afternoon finally came, and the basket-ball ground was filled with girls from the rival schools. Banners from Williams Institute waved gaily beside those of the Alton Seminary. As the Alton girls came out, such a clapping of hands and waving of pennants and cheering ensued that victory seemed sure.

Carra Ross, the manager of Alton's team, was happy in the center of a crowd. She spoke of the respective merits of the members of the two teams, concluding: "Their goal-thrower is dandy, but she is nothing to Lucy. There's the whistle. Good luck, girls!"

It seemed hours instead of minutes before the first half was over. In spite of the sanguine hopes of the girls, everything went against the Alton team, since the first foul throw by Neil Langley, and now with the game half over the score was four to one in favor of Williams Institute. Lucy had become completely

rattled, and it seemed impossible for her to throw a goal. Carra was disconsolate; she had confidently expected to win this game, and now she saw that Lucy's poor playing was making the team lose confidence in themselves.

In the intermission they gathered around Carra, a miserable, disheartened set of girls. But the climax was reached when Lucy said firmly: "Carra, I can not finish the game. I ought never to have started it for"—with a suspicion of a sob—"I hurt my wrist this morning. I did not want to say anything about it, and thought it would not keep me from playing. You will have to let Eva substitute. I am so miserable, I have lost the game, and you will all hate me," and she rushed from the grounds. Carra started after her, but came back, saying bitterly, "Eva Blade couldn't throw a goal if her life depended on it." Then seeing Louise Makepeace running towards them, she said, "Girls, look at Louise. I believe she is glad Williams is beating. I wonder what she wants with us?"

"Miss Ross—Carra—I want,"—she stopped for breath. "I was goal-thrower at Harmon last year, and if you will let me try—we just *must beat*." Louise blushed crimson as she spoke. She felt that the girls disliked her, and noticed them nudging one another as she offered her services.

"What about it?" said Carra, appealing to the girls. "Things can't be much worse than they have been. Shall we try Miss Makepeace?"

"Anything's better than this."—"Let her try,"—several of the girls spoke.

"Very well, then, come on and change your things; I will get you a suit. Hurry, please." Carra walked away with Louise.

Five minutes later, when the whistle sounded, Louise instead of Lucy, took her place at the goal.

The referee threw up the ball; Neil jumped high and in a moment the ball was in Emily's hand, but as she tried to throw it, the Williams goal defender was at her side. With a quick movement, hardly waiting to get a good hold, she throws it to Louise Makepeace.

Will the defenders reach her? A moment of suspense. The ball is thrown and in a second lands in the basket. The Alton girls rose as one and cheered her to the echo.

From that moment their luck seemed to have turned, and when the last whistle sounded, the score was six to four for Alton.

For a moment after the game, Louise stood alone, but for a moment only. The girls flocked about her, and when some one in the crowd called, "What's the matter with Louise?" Carra was the first to reply—

"*She's all right!*"

A. T.

College Life

BY GERTRUDE CREE.



Hurrah! for the girls of the old O. S.,
The girls of 1907,
Who love to fool away their time
And get up at eleven.
They never grumble at eating in haste,
For at the table much time they do waste,
These naughty girls of 1907.
They like to laugh and like to play,
And like to dance the time away;
But to class they go so very slow
To get a round zero.
Basket-ball and tennis are their sports,
Which they play to avoid long walks.

When their lessons they do not know,
To the Infirmary they do go.
This is what occurred on George's birthday, you know—
Ne'er did they think that the boss would say nay.
Some one has said, "Won't you tell me, please,
What has brought on this sudden disease?"
We went and peeped in at the door,—
We never saw such a sight before.
Two there were to every bed,
Who were crying, "Come rub my head."
Some mean medicine they had to take,
Just for appearances' sake.



J. D. Brinkley, Photographer, Oxford, N. C.

SEMINARY BOYS.

The Baptist church they all attend
At the close of every week's end;
Across the aisle a smile they send,
When to pray they bend.
After he preaches an hour or more,
They start right straight for the door,
Thinking they will smile just once more,
But Mr. Hobgood thinks it's best for them to stay
Till all the folks are out of the way;
Then when the organist a march would play,
"It's time to go, girls," now he'd say.
This poem on the girls of '07 team,
Composed of girls both fat and lean.
For the rest you may readily guess,
We're the girls of the old O. S.



Editorial



TO THOSE who may feel interested enough in our doings at the Seminary to look over this Annual, we would say that if there be any fault anywhere, give the entire credit of it to the editors, remembering that this is their first attempt at anything of the kind, and while they have had most loyal support as a whole, they have had difficulties under which to labor. If they have said anything which you may think harsh, remember that the motive was entirely for good, and that in this book they have tried to portray Seminary life as it is, not as it should be.

To all who have in any way aided in this work, the editors wish to express their thanks and sincerest appreciation for their interest and their work. Especially do Misses Sadie Bridger, Mildred Lasater, and Minnie Guy deserve the thanks of the Annual Committee for their kindness in putting into typewritten form all of the manuscript.

Finally, to those who have subscribed for our Annual, we beg that if they be disappointed in any particular, they will be patient with this edition, looking forward to a better and more brilliant copy from next year's class.

And to all, our best wishes are extended.

Roll of Students, '06-'07



<i>Name.</i>	<i>Society.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Elizabeth Arendall.....	Calliopean	Nathalie, N. C.
Mamie Aycock.....	Uranian	Warrenton, N. C.
Ora Bagby	Calliopean	Courtney, N. C.
Frances Bagwell.....	Uranian	Greenville, N. C.
Lillian Barnes		Oxford, N. C.
Phila Ballard	Calliopean	Clarkton, N. C.
John Bass	Calliopean	Cunningham, N. C.
Eula Benton.....	Uranian	Monroe, N. C.
Lydia Benton	Uranian	Monroe, N. C.
Grace Bland	Calliopean	Burgaw, N. C.
Katie Bobbitt		Oxford, N. C.
Clarice Bonner	Uranian	Aurora, N. C.
Sadie Bridger	Uranian	Bladenboro, N. C.
Cammelia Brooks		Oxford, N. C.
Sula Broughton		Oxford, N. C.
Annie Bryan		Oxford, N. C.
Ethel Buffaloe		Oxford, N. C.
Luther Buchanan		Oxford, N. C.
Eula Carter	Calliopean	Winton, N. C.
Ethel Chandler	Calliopean	Rocky Mount, N. C.
Etta Cole	Calliopean	Silver Hill, N. C.
Mamie Cole	Calliopean	Silver Hill, N. C.
Mamie Coleman	Uranian	Macon, N. C.
Gertrude Cree	Uranian	Embro, N. C.
Flora Critcher		Oxford, N. C.
Susie Critcher		Oxford, N. C.
Roxie Currin	Calliopean	Northside, N. C.
Helen Dover	Calliopean	Shelby, N. C.
Mary Dowell	Uranian	Carthage, N. C.

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Society.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Estelle Edwards	Uranian	Neuse, N. C.
Blanche Elam	Calliopean	Buffalo Junction, Va.
Lizzie Elam	Calliopean	Baskerville, Va.
Ruby Ellis	Calliopean	Clayton, N. C.
Blanche Ferebee	Calliopean	Belcross, N. C.
Alma Fleming	Uranian	Hassell, N. C.
Katie Fleming	Oxford, N. C.
Katie Fleetwood	Calliopean	Hertford, N. C.
Nellie Forbes	Uranian	Indiantown, N. C.
Mary Frances	Uranian	Oxford, N. C.
Ruth Gentry	Calliopean	Denniston, N. C.
Katie Lee Gooch	Calliopean	Stem, N. C.
Eva Godfrey	Calliopean	Elizabeth City, N. C.
Velma Goode	Calliopean	Mooresboro, N. C.
Verna Goode	Calliopean	Mooresboro, N. C.
Frances Green	Calliopean	Henderson, N. C.
Lettie Green	Uranian	Thomasville, N. C.
Lucy Green	Calliopean	Clarkton, N. C.
Minnie Guy	Calliopean	Dunn, N. C.
Annie Hamrick	Uranian	Caroleen, N. C.
Elizabeth Hancock	Calliopean	Oxford, N. C.
Mary Hart	Uranian	Oxford, N. C.
Helen Henderson	Uranian	Houston, Va.
Dixie Hester	Uranian	Oxford, N. C.
Ethel Higley	Calliopean	Lumberton, N. C.
Alies Hobgood	Buffalo Junction, Va.
Annie Lee Hobgood	Buffalo Junction, Va.
Pattie May Hobgood	Buffalo Junction, Va.
Kent Hodnett	Calliopean	Wake Forest, N. C.
Annie Hoffman	Uranian	Morganton, N. C.
Bertha Hostrander	Uranian	Ford, Va.
Anna Howard	Calliopean	Oxford, N. C.
Lela Jeffreys	Uranian	Chase City, Va.
Edna Jenkins	Uranian	Gastonia, N. C.
Helen Jenkins	Uranian	Gastonia, N. C.
Janie Jones	Oxford, N. C.

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Society.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Lottie Kerley	Uranian	Charlotte, N. C.
Alice Kivett	Calliopean	Carthage, N. C.
Fannie Knight	Calliopean	Oxford, N. C.
Elsie Lawrence	Uranian	Creedmore, N. C.
Carrie Matthews	Uranian	Laurel Hill, N. C.
Neilie McMillan	Calliopean	Mullins, S. C.
Mary Millner	Calliopean	Leaksville, N. C.
Lillian Minor		Oxford, N. C.
Eliza Mitchiner	Uranian	Wilson's Mills, N. C.
Mary Mitchiner		Wilson's Mills, N. C.
Louie Mitchell		Oxford, N. C.
Fannie Morton	Uranian	Oxford, N. C.
Dora Overton		Oxford, N. C.
Mabel Overton	Calliopean	Ahoskie, N. C.
Norma Page	Uranian	Morrisville, N. C.
Carmen Peace	Uranian	Creedmore, N. C.
Louise Peed	Calliopean	Wake Forest, N. C.
Annie Perry	Calliopean	Newbern, N. C.
Ethel Pittman	Calliopean	Lumberton, N. C.
Ida Powell	Uranian	Fair Bluff, N. C.
Hallie Powers	Uranian	Wake Forest, N. C.
Lula Powers	Uranian	Willard, N. C.
Sallie Powers	Uranian	Willard, N. C.
Ada Mac Pruett	Calliopean	Ellenboro, N. C.
Pearl Ray	Uranian	Neuse, N. C.
Katie Reid	Calliopean	Elizabeth City, N. C.
Mabel Rohrer	Uranian	Oxford, N. C.
Hallie Roller		Oxford, N. C.
Mamie Royster	Uranian	Oxford, N. C.
Mary Sellers	Uranian	Cheraw, S. C.
Myrtle Shamburger		Oxford, N. C.
Ethel Shearin	Calliopean	Nick, N. C.
Mamie Shearin	Uranian	Macon, N. C.
Elizabeth Stallings	Calliopean	Stallings, N. C.
Marie Stark		Oxford, N. C.
Susie Stevens	Uranian	Elizabeth City, N. C.

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Society.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Oza Taylor		Oxford, N. C.
Mary Kate Thagard	Calliopean	Cedar Creek, N. C.
Ivy Thomas	Uranian	Nashville, N. C.
Willie Lee Thomas		Oxford, N. C.
Annie Toon	Calliopean	Chadbourn, N. C.
Carrie Toon	Calliopean	Chadbourn, N. C.
Addie Upchurch	Calliopean	
Nannie Ward	Calliopean	Hertford, N. C.
Mrs. Floyd Waller	Uranian	Sanford, N. C.
Mary Webb		Oxford, N. C.
Mary Whitaker	Calliopean	Nashville, N. C.
Estelle Wilson	Uranian	Durham, N. C.
Lula Williams	Calliopean	Alton, Va.
Amy Womble	Calliopean	Dunn, N. C.
Florence Woody	Uranian	Oxford, N. C.
Mary Wortham	Calliopean	Oxford, N. C.
Lydia Yates	Uranian	Cary, N. C.
Alma Yates	Calliopean	Biscoe, N. C.
Mitchie Youngblood	Uranian	Wilson's Mills, N. C.



Oxford Seminary

BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS

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These buildings are 39x85, only two stories high, and stand 30 feet apart, their fronts connected by porches and covered verandas. They are well lighted with gas, supplied with hot and cold water and are heated by the best modern appliances.

All the class and music rooms, the parlor, the library and society halls, the chapel and the dining room are on the first floor.

All the dormitories are on the second floor, which has two exits, a front and a rear. This arrangement of the dormitories on the second floor, and the school rooms on the first is the best possible, inasmuch as it avoids the necessity of frequently going up and down several flights of stairs, as is necessarily the case in buildings three or four stories high. Furthermore, it secures absolute safety in case of fire.

The building on the right in the picture in the Annual is known as the Music Building. On the lower floor it contains two society halls and fourteen music rooms.

The next building is known as the Chapel Building, containing on the first floor two parlors, a library, and the chapel, or the assembly room.

The next building is known as the Recitation Building. It contains on the first floor all the class rooms, a studio, a laboratory; on the upper floor an infirmary of three rooms, provided with hospital beds and all appliances for the proper care of the sick; besides fourteen bedrooms and a toilet room as in the other buildings.

The building on the extreme left is known as the Administration Building, and contains on the lower floor apartments for the president's family, his office, the dining room, pantries, and kitchen.

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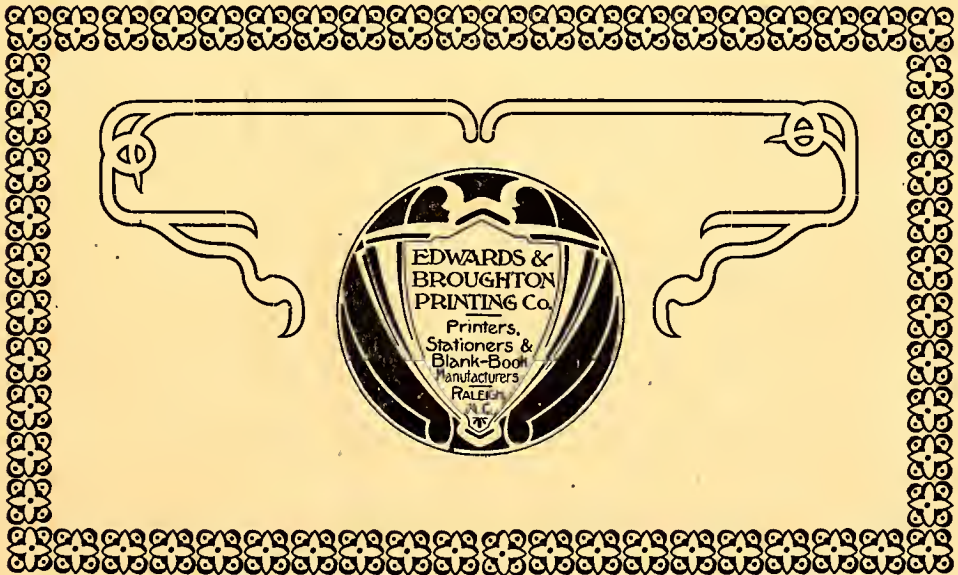
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