

Auf Wiedersehen

III



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"For her goodness unselfish,
A woman's best doer."

The Editors dedicate this, the third, issue of

Ant Wiederschen

to

Mrs. Lucy Maddell Scott

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Statesville, N. C. 28677



MRS. LUCY WADDELL SCOTT



RS. LUCY WADDELL SCOTT was born at "Oak Spring," two and one-half miles from Staunton, Va. Her parents were Hon. Leigh R. Waddell and Isabel Hill Waddell. She attended Mary Baldwin Seminary from the time she was eight years old until she was graduated with first honors at the age of eighteen. Here also she won the French Medal. After graduation she taught in a private family in Warrenton, Va., for two years, at the end of which time she was happily married to Rev. John Addison Scott, pastor of Warrenton church.

For the past ten years she has been Lady Principal of Statesville College, faithful and untiring in her efforts to take the place of the mother of the girls. Aside from the number of girls who have come under the protecting care and who have learned to love and respect her, she has many admiring friends in both North Carolina and Virginia.

“Auf Wiedersehen”

The end of copying was reached at last.
The “staff” had worked ’til almost insane
Sorted the papers before they were passed
A wistful look o’er each they backward cast
And with a sigh said “Auf Wiedersehen.”

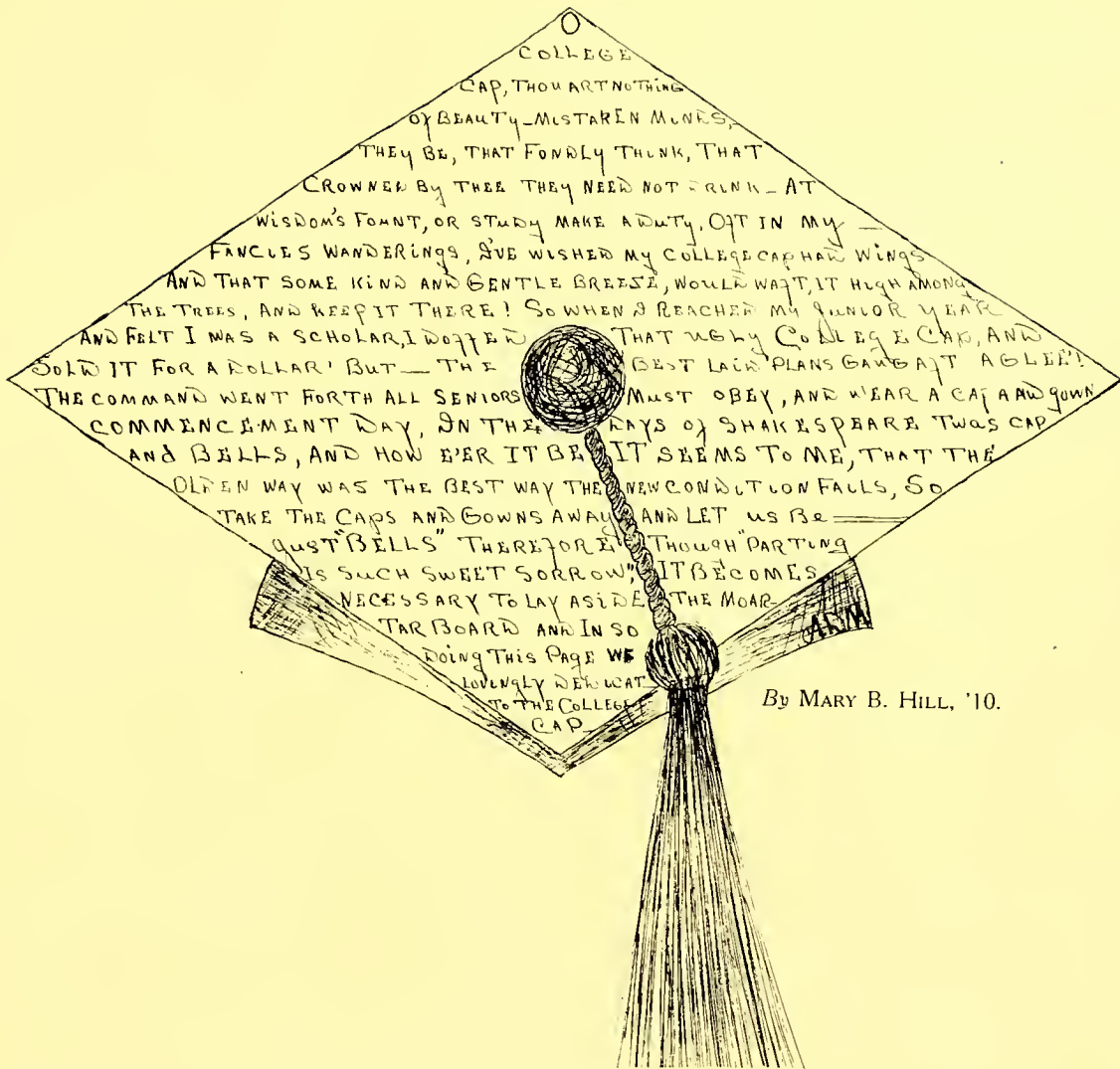
With pen in hand and a vision of sheets white
They lingered reluctant, and again
Half doubting if they all were right
Soft as the dew that falls at night
Each murmured “Auf Wiedersehen.”

Light’s clear gleam could be seen on the faces fair.
They lingered in delicious pain;
One member breathes a light air
To echo her the others scarcely dare
But they think “Auf Wiedersehen.”

And now it is all ready for the press
Which to the “staff’s” nerves had been such a strain,
With a sigh of relief they wrote the publisher’s address
Then tied up the package with much stress
Yet looked grave when they said “Auf Wiedersehen.”

This masterpiece of wise “staff” art.
Here’s hoping it has not been done in vain
But these words drew them heart to heart
Yet held them tenderly apart
As they murmured “Auf Wiedersehen.”

MARY BRADFORD, '11.



COLLEGE
CAP, THOUGH NOTHING
OF BEAUTY - MUST AIN MINDS,
THEY BE, THAT FONDLY THINK, THAT
CROWNED BY THEE THEY NEED NOT DRINK - AT
WISDOM'S FOUNT, OR STUDY MAKE A DUTY, OFT IN MY
FANCIES WANDERINGS, I'VE WISHED MY COLLEGE CAP HAD WINGS
AND THAT SOME KIND AND GENTLE BREEZE, WOULD WAFT IT HIGH AMONG
THE TREES, AND KEEP IT THERE! SO WHEN I REACHED MY JUNIOR YEAR
AND FELT I WAS A SCHOLAR, I DROPPED THAT UGLY COLLEGE CAP, AND
SOLD IT FOR A DOLLAR! BUT - THE BEST LADY PLANS GAMBAIT A GLEAM!
THE COMMAND WENT FORTH ALL SENIORS MUST OBEY, AND WEAR A CAP AND GOWN
COMMENCEMENT DAY, IN THE DAYS OF SHAKESPEARE TWAS CAP
AND BELLS, AND HOW EVER IT BE, IT SEEMS TO ME, THAT THE
OLDEN WAY WAS THE BEST WAY THE NEW CONDUCTION FALLS, SO
TAKE THE CAPS AND GOWNS AWAY, AND LET US BE
JUST "BELLS" THEREFORE, THOUGH PARTING
IS SUCH SWEET SORROW, IT BECOMES
NECESSARY TO LAY ASIDE THE MOAR
TAR BOARD AND IN SO
DOING THIS PAGE WE
LOVINGLY DEPART
TO THE COLLEGE
CAP.

By MARY B. HILL, '10.



THE EDITORIAL STAFF

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Piano, Pipe Organ

MISS LAURA LAZENBY
Thomasville Female College, Statesville Female College.
Primary Department

MISS BELLE H. WADDELL
MATRON

To the Faculty

Up the rugged hill of Science
You have kindly led us on
To the temple where for ages
Wisdom's star has brightly shone

Though we leave you
Still we bless you
Grateful for your kindly care,
And through scenes where God may lead you
Take our humble, grateful prayer.

Senior Class

President	ARLEENE GILMER
Vice-President	ANNIE DAVIS
Secretary	CARMEN PRICE
Treasurer	ADDYE MURCHISON
Historian	ANNIE DAVIS
Poet	MARY BELL HILL
Prophet	CARMEN PRICE

YELL

Hobble-gobble, Razzle Dazzle

Zip—boom—a

Seniors, Seniors,

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Colors—Purple and Gold.

Flower—Pansy

Motto—"Better not be than not be noble."



SARAH GRACEY ADAMS, B.L., Φ .M.

"Sall."

"She sits in her place and none can make her rise."

Alumnæ Editor of *Auf Wiedersehen* for 1910. President of Alpha Theta Phi.

One would be apt to judge from the above that "Sall" is just a little bit stubborn—well, she is; she chooses her side and she certainly does stick to it—but there is one redeeming feature—she always chooses the right side.



JULIA MAE CALDWELL, A.B., Φ .M.

"Jule."

"Let all things be done decently and in order."

Secretary of Etude Club 2nd term.

Julia was originally a member of the class of '09, but with an eye for her future good, she stayed out one year and joined the Senior Class of '10.



JENNIE ELOISE CONNELLY, A.B., "Dese"

"Labor omnia vincit."

That there is no royal road to learning, the midnight oil she's burnt, and her thought—knit brow, bear evidence enough.



ANNIE WEBB DAVIS, A.B., $\Phi.M.$, "Ann."

"She is a friend indeed,

She always helps us in our need."

Athletic Editor of *Auf Wiedersehen* for 1910. President of $\Phi.M.$ Literary Society for second term. Vice-President of the Student-body. Vice-President of Senior Class. Historian of Senior Class. Captain Nemean Basketball. Secretary of Etude Club, 1st term.

From the day of her enrollment she has grown daily in favor with pupils and teachers.



BEULAH GRACE HAMILTON, B.L., $\Phi.M.$

"Boots."

"She has a waman's heart, but nat acquainted with shifting change."

Society Editor of *Auf Wiedersehen* for 1910. Librarian of Etude Music Club.

Beulah is one of the few—the precious few—who seem to have for their motto "Mine the labor, thine the praise"; she is the real foundation of much of our best work this year.



ANNIE ARLEENE GILMER, B.S., $\Phi.M.$

"Bill."

"She has strength and confidence

One name far victory."

Editor-in-Chief of *Auf Wiedersehen* for 1910. President of the Class of 1910. Secretary and Treasurer of the Student-body.

She is "bossy" it is true, but then she is perfectly capable of bossing and we have learned, by experience, to submit with a very good grace.



MARY BEL HILL, A.B., Φ .M.

"Her tongue is her unruly member."

Literary Editor of *Auf Wiedersehen* for 1910. Poet of the Class of 1910. Critic of Φ .M. Literary Society for second term. Vice-President of Alpha Theta Phi.

It's impossible to describe her but we couldn't get along without her.



MABEL FINGER LAUGENOUR, A.B., Φ .M.

"Meb."

"A handful of fun is better than a bushel of learning."

Music Editor of *Auf Wiedersehen* for 1910. Critic of Phi. Mu. Literary Society for first term.

Since she is never slow in expressing her opinion of others I will leave her the pleasure of speaking for herself.



CHARLYE RUTH KIMBALL, B.L., "Jim."

"Good nature and good sense in her do join."

It is hard to say which of the two qualities predominate; in Math. we think it is the "good sense," but in History it seems to be "good nature."



ADDYE DUPRE MURCHISON, Special

"Add."

"I must laugh, or die beneath the burdens I bear."

Art Editor of *Auf Wiedersehen*, 1910. Treasurer of Senior Class. President of Tennis Club. Vice-President of ϕ .K. Literary Society.

"That she is the life of the class everyone admits. She never studies, but somehow she gets there."



SARAH CARMEN PRICE, B.L., ϕ .M.,
"Tom."

*"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command."*

President of Student-body. President of ϕ .M. Literary Society for first term. Business Manager of *Auf Wiedersehen* for 1910. Prophet of the Class of 1910. Vice-President of Y. W. C. A. Chairman of Membership Committee. Captain of Olympian Basketball Team.

There is not much left that could be given to Carmen, but she is pretty sure to receive the little that does remain, in the course of time.



ADDIE PHIFER, A.B., ϕ .K., "Buster."

"I'll let the world wag and take mine easy."

Addie never gets angry, never gets excited, never laughs, never cries—but she gets there just the same.



CLARA BOWLES

*"There is music in her very step as she
cometh up the stair."*

Graduate in Piano."



RAE ELIZABETH GILL

*"Her music hath charms to soothe a savage,
To rend a rock and split a cabbage."*

Graduate in Piano.



MARGARET LUCILE KIMBALL

*"Her music draws iron tears from Pluto's
cheeks."*

Graduate in Piano.



LILLEY TAPSCOTT PAXTON

*"I do protest my ears were never better
fed with such delightful pleasing harmony."*

Graduate in Piano.



FANNY BLOUNT FIELD

*"Slow but sure a safer gait
All things come to those who wait."*

Special.



ERASMUS BAXTER STIMSON

*"List! Now I hear Erasmus' lute,
When he plays the gods themselves are
mute."*

Graduate in Piano.



SARAH LEE KINCAID, Senior Class Mascot

A Poem

By Emma Cannon

'Twas on a bright and cloudless night,
When all the work of the day was done,
And all to-morrow's problems right,
We were retiring one by one.

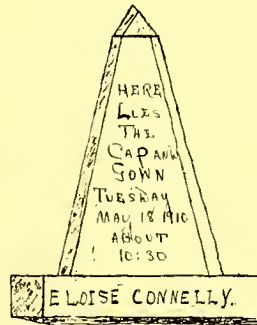
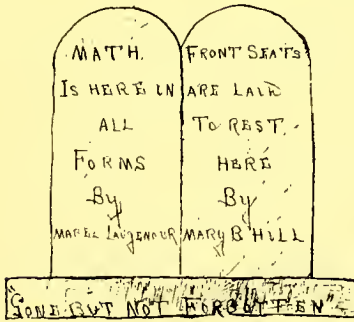
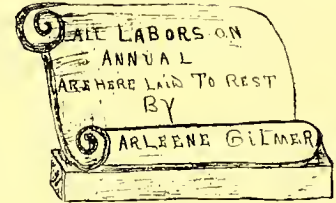
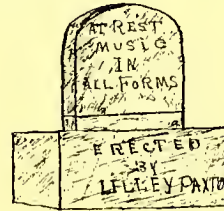
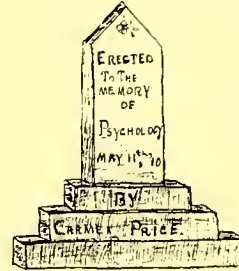
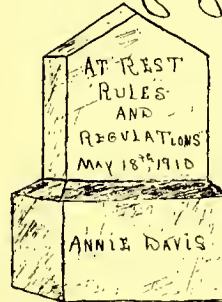
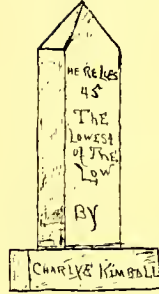
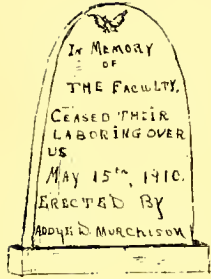
But hark! we hear the sound of singing,
The sound of tongues so happy and gay;
Boy's voices with melody are ringing
With songs appropriate to the close of
day.

To the windows we make a mad rush,
And hold as if by a majestic spell
Until all in the building they hush
With their singing so grand and so swell.

"Three Black Crows" they did sing
Until they had all grown hoarse,
But that which with enthusiasm did ring
Was, you may know, "cold Tater Pie,"
of course.

But alas! each sunbeam has a cloud,
And unto this day we can recall
The demonstrations long and loud,
Which made our spirits rise and fall.

Senior Burying Ground.



A. D. M.

A Serio=Comico=Tragico=Ludicro Poem

Dedicated to the Class of 1910

The bells of time are ringing changes fast,
There's no tincture of grief in the beautiful song
That on the air of this May-day comes floating along;
But notes of triumph to us they peal
Like voices of victors on a hard-fought field.
Four long years ago the struggle began
Ignorance is aid, if we could have seen
All the odes and problems that beset the way
We would have surrendered on our entrance day.
There were days without hope and hours of joy,
There were up and downs, high marks and low
Life is tessellated so—
Woof of joy and warp of woe
In the battle of life. School days come and go.
There is joy in each condition.
Brains with working do grow strong.
All for a year went happy and well,
Though sometimes on tests we faltered and fell
A time for memory and for tears.
Girls, I relate, lest we forget
How in our last year when sore beset
When the Senior Math. and the Dr., both, combined,
To tighten the tension on nerve and mind,
We were dumb and ignorant for lack of material aid.

Then looking mournfully into the past,
We saw one to whom our success would be dear,
And a missive we sent without a fear,
Each girl penned her plea
A "pony," a "pony," or we lose our degree.

Time driveth onward fast,
The pony came with mane, tail, golden-shod feet,
And a slit in his back where pennies he'd eat,
Did we turn aside dismayed and stop to weep?
Nay! through no possible chance we could see
To ride to our long coveted A.B.

Resolved; no more we'll trust to ponies or to women
Soon, too soon from these halls of learning
Our path-ways must diverge.
To some of us may be given the three score and ten palm
trees,

And the twelve wells of sweet water,
Some glad fruition 'neath the skies may ne'er bless
Some to whose long urged petition
Ne'er will come the yearned for "yes."
Why? God knoweth. He who sendeth
Strength to suffer patiently.
What He seeth best, He sendeth,
Dinna weary—bide a wee—
In years to come may class ties still bind
When e'er we meet let us call to mind
Teachers, studies, classes as they came
To strengthen remembrance, call each girl by name.
It loots not here to palliate misdoings.
'Twere less toil to build Colossus
Than to hew a hill into a poem.
Hail and farewell, all.

POET, '10.

Senior Class History, 1910



ROMINENT among the classes of S. F. C., deemed worthy of a history, is the Class of 1910. Concerning them and their work, I shall have something to say in the following narrative.

The first step toward forming this class was taken September the fourteenth, nineteen hundred and six, when forty girls came to S. F. C. to be enrolled as Freshmen. The movement of this class consisted of two distinct and closely related phases, namely: the struggle against the Sophs., and the struggle against ignorance.

But after these troubles, perplexities and afflictions they became the founders of the Sophomore Class of 1907. The policy always adopted by this class was ably carried out; and during this year the "wonder grew how their small heads could carry all they knew." From this, they passed to the Junior Class, interest being now sufficiently aroused in learning. The spirit of the new life was nourished especially by Haven's Mental Philosophy. The principal event of the year was the Junior-Senior banquet at the Hotel Iredell; on returning from which it was found the Fresh. also had a banquet in the Junior's room. (But this is just in passing.) Toward the close of this year, a strong desire for graduating seized the jolly Juniors, consequently September found them in place to take up the responsibility of Seniors.

Oh! the joy of privileges and the difficulty of some to keep them!

The earliest possessions were the caps and gowns accompanied by Senior dignity(?)

Great interest as well as work was taken up in "Auf Wiedersehen"—which speaks for itself. After four years of study and hard work, intermixed with pleasure and fun—they cease their laboring (that is, along this line.)

HISTORIAN, '10.

Senior Prophecy



It was the summer after our graduation at S. F. C. Feeling sad and lonely as memory turned to my old class-mates I wondered aimlessly along the banks of a beautiful stream. The day had been long and at sultry noon-tide I threw myself upon the green turf that bordered the bank. Thinking of the future of our class and soothed by the gentle flow of the water, I soon fell asleep. As I lay dreaming a fairy god-mother came to me, with the promise that ten years hence she would come and lay her magic wand upon my brow and I should be permitted to visit the girls. True to her word, ten years afterwards, she came to fulfill her promise.

First, I am blown by a gentle breeze into the home of our President, Arlene Gilmer. I find her busy arranging a dainty little breakfast for two. Presently her husband enters; with smiling faces they seat themselves at the table. They begin talking in a pleasant manner and continue throughout the meal. Arlene is at last what she wished to be—the wife of a Professor, and no one can doubt that they are very happy in their new home.

Next, I am allowed to see our Vice-President, Annie Davis. When in school we all thought Annie would be among the first of the class to be married but instead of seeing her in a home built for two, I see her in a home built for old-maids. She is seated in a large room knitting, but when I enter she pushes back her glasses and begins stroking a large cat that has just jumped up on her lap. One look at Annie's smiling face would assure you that hers is a life of happiness.

Eloise Connelly is now living in New York City where she is playing successfully the role of society leader among the Four Hun-

dred. I enter her room and hear her giving commands to her numerous maids. Eloise has her private secretary, who is kept equally as busy as Mrs. Taft's answering the great number of invitations she receives.

It is night. The scene is a brilliantly lighted theatre; there is scarcely standing room for all know there is a treat in store for them. The play is "Hamlet" with a new star as "Ophelia." As she makes her appearance before the audience amid loud applause and wreaths of flowers thrown at her feet, it takes but a second to recognize Charlye Kimball.

Again, with the power of an invisible being, I see another class-mate, one of our most dignified. She is the happy wife of her girlhood's love. Perfect happiness is Julia May's as the wife of a well-known doctor in western North Carolina.

Next, I hear the steamer whistle, and hurrying down to the landing, I see Addie Phifer leaving for India, where she is to take up the work of a missionary. No doubt she will do untold good before she returns.

Then, I am permitted to visit the primary department of our dear Alma Mater and you can very well imagine my surprise when I see Mary Bell Hill as Miss Lazenby's successor. Mary Bell seems very much at home among the little ones and seems to be enjoying her work a great deal.

The scene changes. I hear sweet chimes of wedding bells, which at once arouse my curiosity, and I follow the sound which leads me to a large church, beautifully decorated. There was no doubt that a wedding was going on inside, so I entered. I see Beulah Hamilton, my old room-mate and chum, standing before the altar with

the man of her choice, while the minister speaks the words that make them one. There could have been no prettier picture than the bridal party as they stood before the flower-wreathed chancel and no one could have ever looked happier than the bride.

Within the halls of a hospital Fanny Field is seen, patiently bending over a prostrate form. Sad tears fill her eyes as she notices her patient is no better, for Fanny loves the invalid as her own life. Two years afterwards, picking up a paper, I see the announcement of Fanny's marriage to the one she so faithfully nursed, proving that Love is the great physician.

In a lovely flower garden a man and a woman are seated on a rustic seat talking of their school days. Suddenly their conversation changes and they become very serious. What do they say? I hear him say: "Marry me in June, and we will go to Europe on our bridal tour." I listen for her reply. Hush! A girl speaks; the voice is low and sweet. Can it be Addye Murchison? Indeed it is, and she gives him her promise.

It is high noon and as I walk down the streets of one of our Southern cities, I hear an awful crash and look around to see what has happened. Carrie Nation and (if I can believe my own eyes), Sarah Adams come walking out of a saloon, where they have, no doubt, done hundreds of dollars worth of damage for the owner of the establishment.

Mabel Laugenour is now a very gay widow residing in Washington, D. C. She has been fortunate enough to get her home in one of the most popular parts of the city, and is no doubt delighted with her new surroundings, since the greatest ambition of her school-girl days was to enter society. It is rumored that she is to be married to a Congressman in June.

Again the magic wand touches my brow—I awake and rub my eyes. Alas! it was but a dream.

PROPHET, '10.



Statistics of the Senior Class

<i>Name</i>	<i>Nick-Name</i>	<i>Appearance</i>	<i>Disposition</i>	<i>Occupation</i>
SARAH ADAMS	"Sal"	Good-looking	Firm	Talking
JULIA MAE CALDWELL	"Jule"	Dignified	Reserved	Reading Sat. Evening Post
ELOISE CONNELLY	"E'ese"	Short and thick	Amiable	Studying
CLARA BOWLES	"Fatty"	Short and fat	Changeable	Calling
ANNIE DAVIS	"Ann"	Not fancy	Jolly	Playing rag-time
FANNIE FIELD	"Fan"	Slender	Quiet	Studying Bible
ARLEENE GILMER	"Bill"	Tall and graceful(?)	"Bossy"	Working on Annual
BEULAH HAMILTON	"Boots"	Fat	Happy	Writing "Hims"
RAE GILL	"Dearie"	Dark and slender	Fiery	Cooking on chafing-dish
MARY BELL HILL	"Chile"	Handsome is as Handsome does.	Mischievous	Studying meanness
CHARLYE KIMBALL	"Kim"	Not narrow	Good	Studying Math.
LUCILE KIMBALL	"Giggles"	Changeable	Fickle	Walking
MABEL LAUGENOUR	"Meb"	As the morn	Sweet	Flirting
ADDIE PHIFER	"Buster"	Quiet	Stubborn	Primping
CARMEN PRICE	"Tom"	Handsome	Independent	Getting "Ads"
LILLEY PAXTON	"Lil"	Little	Calm	Practicing
RAS STIMSON	"Rastus"	Angelic	Angelic	Dusting
ADDYE MURCHISON	+ +	Striking	Happy-go-lucky	Chewing gum

Statistics of the Senior Class

<i>Weakest Point</i>	<i>Pet Expression</i>	<i>Habitat</i>	<i>Ideal</i>	<i>Indulgences</i>	<i>Future</i>
Arguing	"Oh you kid"	In the buggy	To be a Northerner	Latin	Blissful
Medical Colleges	"Darn it"	Infirmary	Marry a doctor	Salted peanuts	Married to a Doctor
Riding "Roxey"	"It said"	Front St.	Melba	Eatin'	A Methodist minister's wife
Going to see her uncle	"Oh! Dear"	Miss Gaines' studio	Miss Gaines	Singing	Studying in Germany
Chewing gum	"Um huh"	Where Add is	?	Chewing Add's gum	Old maid with "Specs"
Meekness	Miss McVeigh says	English room	Lady Principal	Eatin'	Teacher of English
"The" Frat.	"Golly!"	Room 45	To know all her husband knows	Late Hours	Cotton mill hand
Loving Miss Mary	"Oh! goodness"	Room 45	Mama	Sleeping	"An old man's darling"
Temper	"How cute"	At home	Married lady	Car	Married
Math.	"Oh pshaw!"	Miss McVeigh's room	Miss Moffett	Feasts	?
Giggling	"Huh!"	"Gym"	Sarah Barnhardt	Expression	An actress
Laziness	"Well!"	Down town	Music teacher	Resting	"First lady of the Land"
Passing Notes	Oh you!	Out doors	Society Belle	Acting a kid	?
Metaphysics	Gee!	Cabinet room	To be wealthy	The Infirmary	Teacher
Writing to three—many	Shucks!	Chapel	A perfect man	Studying Logic	Home missionary
Staying at home	"Aw!"	Miss McVeigh's room	Calzin	Reading	Director of music
Bashfulness	?	Down town	Paderewski	Talking(?)	Concert musician
Buying shoes	"Doodness"	Shoe store	Physician	Pickles	Married

Wants

Wanted—A Holiday.....The Student Body
Wanted—Only a diplomaSeniors
Wanted—An experienced nurse for infants...President Fresh. Class
Wanted—"Her-man" B. G. H.
Wanted—Something to eat Boarders
Wanted—An AudienceDramatic Club
Wanted—To know if Shakespeare wrote "Miles Standish".....
..... A Fresh.
Wanted—"His" picture A. G.
Wanted—A shorter Math. lesson Seniors
Wanted—Plausible excuses to stay away from church..... Boarders
Wanted—A remedy for Sunday headachesMrs. Scott
Wanted—Dignity for SeniorsMiss McVeigh
Wanted—A way to keep girls out of the infirmary.....Grace
Wanted—Some one to take "notes"A Boarder
Wanted—To know why Sophs. think they know it all...The World
Wanted—To know if there is such a college as Davidson.....
..... The Fresh.

Wanted—A remedy for the "giggles".....M. B. H. and M. L.
Wanted—Some "Cents" Boarders
Wanted—To know why the Seniors are so "stuck up".....Preps.
Wanted—"College Spirit"President Student Body
Wanted—Exams. abolishedAll College Students
Wanted—A tonicMary E. Bell
Wanted—Something besides peaches for dessert.....Boarders
Wanted—A MaidAdd M.
Wanted—Sleep B. G. H.
Wanted—No more soup "Tom."
Wanted—More "lasses"Ercel.
Wanted—A subterranean passage to go down town
.....M. B. H. & M. L.
Wanted—A recipe for making chewing gum, Add, Ann, & "Boots"
Wanted—A diamond "Sal"
Wanted—A vase made to order for carnationsKitty
Wanted—To know what the "Chinee" said when we asked him for
an ad.M. B. H. & A. G.



THE CIRCLE

Breaks in the Monotony

- Sept. 9—School opened—A large number of "Fresh" shipped in.
- Sept. 11—Y. W. C. A. reception for new girls.
- Sept. 24—Teachers gave their annual recital.
- Oct. 18—Three of the girls take dinner at Hotel Iredell with a friend from Washington, D. C.
- Oct. 30—Halloween party given by the Faculty.—Ghost Parade.
- Nov. 13—Annual reception. Girls arrayed in their most gorgeous costumes and each one smiling her sweetest.
- Nov. 16—"Shakespeare and Music"—Lecture and song recited by Prof. and Mrs. Wade Brown.
- Nov. 25—Thanksgiving—Seniors miss Bible.
- Nov. 27—Frederick Warde, impersonator of Shakespeare.
- Dec. 7—Play—"Six Cups of Chocolate." Given by Seniors.
- Dec. 11—Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Raynal entertain the Senior Class. Young men asked to escort the young ladies back to the college, but chaperone refused.
- Dec. 17—Lecture by Karl Jansen, a Norwegian impersonator.
- Dec. 18—A Christmas tree, given by Y. W. C. A.
- Dec. 20—Music pupils gave their mid-winter recital.
- Dec. 22—Girls went home. General rejoicing.
- Jan. 4—Girls returned—so homesick.
- Jan. 11-19—Exams.—Long faces and sleepless nights.
- Jan. 25—Small-pox scare.
- Jan. 27—Dr. Adams came to vaccinate the girls.
- Jan. 31—Picnic in Library given by Phi Kappas to Phi Mus.
- Feb. 10—Calzin, the French pianist. Girls lose their heads.
- Feb. 14—Postman delayed on account of the great number of valentines.
- Feb. 21—Y. W. C. A. gave a "Sock Social."
- Feb. 25—Stereoptican views of Viking Land, by Rev. Steele.
- Feb. 26—Miss Mabel Laugenour entertained her class at an elegant six o'clock dinner.
- March 4—Mr. R. E. Perry, the blind pianist.
- March 19—Phi Mus entertained the Phi Kappas.
- March 21—Recital by Miss Gaines' piano pupils.
- March 28—Banquet given by Juniors to Seniors at Hotel Iredell.
- April 1—Masquerade party given by Miss Mary Bell Hill to Seniors.
- April 4—Recital by Miss Scott's piano pupils.
- April 11—Miss Sarah Adams charmingly entertained her class.
- April 16—Miss Eichelberger entertained her table girls.
- April 30—Miss Siddall's recital of her piano and voice pupils.
- May 2—Graduation recital by Miss Rae Gill.
- May 6—Graduation recital by Mr. Erasmus Stimson.
- May 7—Boarding Seniors reception.
- May 9—Graduation recital by Misses Clara Bowles and Lucile Kimball.
- May 11—Porch party by Miss Eloise Connelly.
- May 12—Miss Arleene Gilmer gave a garden party to her classmates.
- May 13—Graduation recital by Miss Lilley Paxton.
- May 16—Art exhibit—Alumnæ reception. Final recital.
- May 17—Class day exercises. Seniors receive their diplomas with great rejoicing. A night of bliss.
- May 18—Going—Going—*Cone*.

History of Junior Class



THE Class of 1911 left home September 14, 1907, as conquerers. The next night we were victims of tears.

Darkness clouded our brilliant minds, misery shadowed our lovely countenances; ay, more, we were without union; except in one thing: we all wanted to see mama, at whose picture we all paid tearful adoration, until the reassuring teachers reminded us that it was only four months until Christmas; immediately afterwards all but Freshmen were scrambling for boats.

Sophomores are heartless creatures! If any of them ever had a mother she kept it a secret, but she didn't forget to cheerfully remind us of ours. They also reminded us occasionally of their existence by removing a few slats from beds or sending us to the office for nothing or else sometimes ebonizing our faces.

But all things have an end. So with many regrets(?) we became Sophs. Never once during that year forgetting to wreak vengeance on innocent Fresh for the many pleasures(?) the former Sophs had kindly given us.

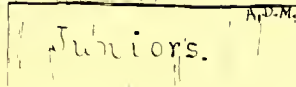
Those things are passed now and we have more pleasant duties—metaphysics, especially. It has been conceded by all the *best* authority that more endearing adjectives have been applied to our class than any other. Such appellations as “brilliant,” “lovely,” “extraordinary,” and “beautiful nonsense,” have actually become stale by daily use.

For a more elaborate discussion of the merits of this class, see *Auf Wiedersehen*, 1911.

HISTORIAN, '11.



JUNIOR CLASS



Junior Class

President	GRACE SOSSAMAN
Vice-President	MARY BRADFORD
Secretary and Treasurer	ALLIE MAE AREY
Historian	RACHEL SUMMERS

Allie Arey	Liss Clement	Grace Sossaman
Mary E. Bell	Sarah Harry	Rachel Summers
Mary Bradford	Annie Bell Mills	Mamye Wilson
Hope Campbell	Rosa Ratchford	Helen Wilson
Emma Cannon	Katherine Scott	

YELL

Boom! Bah! Rah!

Juniors we are!

Bom-a-naca, sac-a-paca

l—l! Cracker-jacker!

E—yip—I—Addy—I—Ay!

Colors—White and gold. Flower—Daisy.

Motto—Facere non dicere.

Clippings from Some of the Coming Dialect Writers of the South

Uncle Mose's Chicken Theft

“Wall, chillens, lemme tell you uns 'bout de last time dis heah nigger ull eber steal chickens. I knowed whar Mars Harry's chicken house wus, so I says to myself last night, says I, 'Lookie heah, nigger, y'u ain't no good ef you don't git a couple uf dose ere chickens fer yerself.' 'Bout 'leben o'clock I sets out fer de chicken house; when I got dere an' seed all dose fine chickens, der Lawd hab mussy on me, chillins, but it nigh 'bout break my heart to think I couldn't carry off all ob dem. Jest as I was grabbin' a turkey gobbler, dat old bull dog gib a howl, an' out come Mars Harry wid his big gun. Wall, chillins, I knowed it wus time for me to be leabin. I run as fast as eber I could, cuttin' thro' de woods; whin I looked back dere wont nobody followin' me a tall. Jest as I wus thinkin' I wus safe, a ha'nt riz right out ob de ground, on de tuther side of de woods and followed me all the way home and—wall, chillins dat ha'nt ull neber ketch me out dat late at night agin.

REBEKAH MILLER, '12.

“Maw, make Haddie Willie hep me on my row.”

“Hep Alexander up thar, Haddie Willie, and I'se not gwine to speak to you chillun a nuther time, fo I'se gwine to pull up a cotton stalk and settle wid you bof.”

“Well, maw, Mary Sophrony is 'bout to tear up yo' hat up here.”

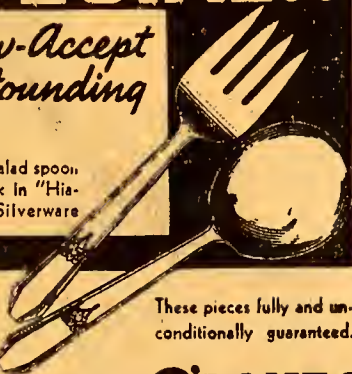
“You neber min' hur and go on wid yo' wuk. Yu know dat chile's got mo' sense than to tear up her maw's best hat. Well bress my heart! if dat little brat ain't tore up my Sunday-go-to-meetin' hat. Come here to yo' maw, Mary Sophrony, I'se has to wuk too hard to get a little money fer you to set down and tear up my hat. Come rite on here to me—I'se gwine to frail you wid dis cotton stalk. Yo' poor ole mammy's gittin' tired doin' all the wuk sheself, anyhow, and yo' good fur nuthin' daddy off enjoyin' heself gittin' 'ligion and shoutin' at de camp meetin'.”

JANIE McNEIL, '12.

SPECIAL! SPECIAL!

*Act Now—Accept
this Astounding
Offer*

A lovely salad spoon,
or cold meat fork in "Hia-
watha" Pattern Silverware



FOR **25¢**

These pieces fully and un-
conditionally guaranteed.

a piece and the Indian Girl Pic-
ture from a carton or roll wrap-
per of LAND O' LAKES Sweet
Cream Butter.



LAND O' LAKES
Sweet Cream
BUTTER

LB. **35¢**

ROGERS

QUALITY FOOD SHOPS

At Rogers Meat Depts.

Fancy Corn-Fed West

FLOYD GIBBONS SIGHTS ADOWA

(Continued From Page Two.)

through all the paraphernalia that makes war at the same time horrible and unforgettable.

They are barbed wire, rifles, bayonets, ammunition dumps, air fields, mules, artillery, observation posts, hospitals, flies, mud—all of them I saw and encountered today to reach this spot, which is some miles south of the town on the map called Tuny, which is a long way south of the Italian army headquarters at Asmara, to which this message goes forward tonight by motorcycle.

STUPENDOUS TASK

Mussolini must have spent millions of lire to get his army down here so far and so well equipped. This effort will make General Pershing's attempt to capture Pancho Villa look like a street fight and can be compared in my experience only to the combined efforts of the French and Spanish at Morocco to suppress and capture Abdul Krim, which they did nine years ago.

Infantry troops swung along the road all day long—blond-haired Italian boys from the northern provinces, singing as they marched and wearing yellow field flowers and sun helmets and with rifles slung over their shoulders.

I saw long trains of familiar old army mules with Missouri written all over them trotting along with hickory pack saddles, transporting all modern cannon, heavy machine guns and ammunition.

At times the marching troops and mules rested beside the road while a long line of loaded camions would grind past under clouds of dust, with oily-faced truck-drivers looking and acting just as they did in 1918.

'Cotton Blossom' Staff Meet



Officers of the staff of "Cotton Blossom," the official organ of the Atlanta Junior League, are pictured above at their first fall meeting, held Monday at Rich's. They are (left to right) Mrs. Reginald Fleet,

treasurer; Mr. president; Mr. secretary; Mr. president, and dent.

FAIR THRONGS LAW-ABIDING

(Continued From Page Three.)

of the fair, a tiny blaze that was extinguished before the firemen arrived.

Greatest thrill of the program was a daredevil jump by Her...

Fair Pr

WEDN

ALABAMA DAY—

- 8:00 A. M.—Gates open.
- 9:00 A. M.—Exhibit Buildings openings. Judging P.
- 10:00 A. M.—Midway opens. West States Museum pen
- 1:00 P. M.—Parachute jump by
- 2:30 P. M.—Grandstand attractio
- 4:00 P. M.—

COL. TELAMON CUYLER REVIVES SCENES OF OCTOBER 1, 1895

At the Exposition



This pretty girl, dressed in the latest fashion with her chic bonnet, is shown on the "Streets of Cairo"

"Enormous" crowds are shown around "The Colonnades" dressed in the height of good taste of just forty years ago today. Compare these costumes with the ones seen today at the Southeastern Fair at Lakewood. You might think that the little girl at right is walking in her sleep, wearing nightcap and "nighty," but it is a "Kate Greenway" costume

Atlanta:

TETER TO G

History of Sophomore Class



WHEN in September, 1909, we reorganized our class, to our dismay, we found that only five of the old girls had returned, but we soon regained our hopeful spirits, for with us it is quality not quantity that counts.

As Freshmen, we spent most of our time having class meetings. After electing our officers, things went along smoothly; what time we could spare from our class meetings, we devoted to study. But as the time approached for exams., the climax of our fears was reached when, trembling, we took our seats in the chapel, and faced our first examinations; but like Cæsar, we came, we saw, we conquered.

How gladly we welcomed the coming vacation, and how eagerly we looked forward to our return to college, when we would be greeted as the "Sophomore Class."

In choosing our class colors, we thought long and earnestly upon the subject and finally decided upon white and green, as best representing the *sweetness, freshness, and beauty of our class.*

The second chapter in our history is nearing completion. Our class has trebled in the original number. We are looked upon with envy by the Freshman Class and with contempt by the Juniors; we are patronized by the Seniors, and loved and trusted by our far-seeing faculty. We have lived up to our motto, "Rowing, not Drifting," and we assure you that not one of us will be found drifting into the harbor of our ambitions—the graduating class of 1912.



SOPHOMORE CLASS



Sophomore Class

President	REBEKAH MILLER
Vice-President	SARAH TOWNSEND
Secretary and Treasurer	MARY HENDERSON
Historian	REBEKAH MILLER

Sophs!

Colors—Dark green and white.
 Emblem—Four-leaf Clover.
 Motto—"Rowing, not drifting."

YELL

Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, ree,
 Sophomores, Sophomores don't you see.
 Class of 1912 are we,
 Greatest class of S. F. C.

SOPHOMORES

Margaret Alexander	Jane Irvin	Rebekah Miller
Annie Efrid	Linda Knox	Johnsie Shelton
Rosa Guy	Myra Lofton	Martha Taylor
Mary Henderson	Edith McNeill	Sara Townsend



FRESHMAN CLASS

THE FRESH



Freshman Class

President	BESSIE ARMSTRONG
Vice-President	ROBERTA TAYLOR
Secretary and Treasurer	MARY REID
Class Poet	CARRIE MAE WATTS
Historian	JOHNSIE RANKIN

Flower—Forget-me-not. Colors—Light Blue and Gold.

Motto—ΕΙ Ζ Τ Ο Π Ρ Ο Σ Θ Ε Ν

YELL

Hickory! Dickory! Stickety ree!
 Rickety! Rickety! Who are we?
 Freshmen! Freshmen! of S. F. C.!!


MEMBERS

Jane McNeill
 Viola Campbell
 Annie Burwell
 Roberta Taylor
 Theo Terrell
 Mary Neil Connor
 Beulah Arey
 Vera Foye

Bessie McGeehee
 Elsie Motley
 Pearl Ballard
 Martha Oliver ✓
 Nina Black
 Mary Reid
 Grace Carpenter
 Mary Brumley
 Cleo McLain

Esther Jeter
 Johnsie Rankin
 Annie Goodnight
 Snowdie Safritt
 Carrie Mae Watts
 Ophelia Wilson
 Elizabeth Hartness
 Gordon Scott

History of Freshman Class

N the fourteenth of last September, twenty-three timid, tearful children of all sizes left the shelter of their homes to face for the first time the trials and tribulations of college life. We thought we knew what was before us, but by the end of the first week we realized that the half had never been told. Each night our pillows were wet with bitter tears, and how we did long for our mothers. We were looked down upon by all the classes, but especially the Sophomores, who spoke of us as "The Kids." I think that they had forgotten that they had once been Freshmen. Our president and the teachers did all they could to cheer us by telling us that we were now laying the corner stone for our education.

It was not long before the clouds began to lift, and we could smile at the attempts¹ at wit of the Sophomores. By this time, the Juniors and Seniors were too busy to notice us, and we began to feel that life might after all have some pleasures for us. We had now gone so far as each to choose our chum and to decide which was our favorite teacher. Our first work in Math. was to find how many weeks, days, hours until Christmas. We next organized our class with our attractive president and vice-president. Our colors are light blue and gold, and our class flower is the Forget-me-not. We chose this because it seemed to suit our class—pretty and very little green about it. We are eagerly looking forward to our Sophomore year; you know how we've been treated and we will leave you to guess why we are so anxious to be Sophomores.

HISTORIAN, '13.

Commercial Class

President ONA MAE CULBERSON
Vice-President ELSIE SHERRILL
Secretary EDITH McNEILL
Treasurer SARA FRANCES BURGESS

Colors—Black and Red. Flower—Red Rose.

Motto—Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of stenographers.

MEMBERS

Ona Mae Culberson Lottie Fleming Sara Frances Burgess
Elsie Sherrill Edith McNeill

In token of their
faithfulness and untiring service
we affectionately
dedicate
this page to
our ante-bellum friends
Uncle Jim and Aunt Julia

Familiar Sayings

"Did I get a letter?"

"Keep a nice line, girls."

"What's that bell for?"

"Oh! do give me a pin."

"Please button me up the back."

"Has the bell rung yet?"

"Oh! this Trig!"

"What's the lesson?"

"Make use of your reference books."

"Girls, I've divided up your work for you."

"The postman is coming."

"How many days until we go home?"

"Girls, be sure to wear your overshoes."

"Young ladies must turn off their lights when they leave their rooms."

"Who keeps Study-hall tonight?"

"Bible today!"

"She surely did 'sit on' me."

"They're spooning."

"There's a *man* in the office!"

"Where's my chewing gum?"

"Today is dessert day."

"Well, that is interesting."

"Just a minute, girls."

"Guessing produces nonsense."

"How many did you get?"

"You understand, don't you?"

"Next!"

Officers of Student Body

PresidentCARMEN PRICE
Vice-PresidentANNIE DAVIS
Secretary and TreasurerARLEENE GILMER

YELL

Yak-i-ty, yak, Yak-i-ty yold
Here's to our maroon and gold
Yip-i-ty yip, Yip-ity yee
Statesville, Statesville, S. F. C.

Commencement Marshals

Allie Mae Arey, Chief

Mary Bell

Helen Wilson

Rosa Ratchford

Katherine Scott

Grace Sossaman

Mary Bradford

Statistics

Most intellectual—Mary Bel Hill—next, Arleene Gilmer.

Most original—Mary Bel Hill.

Most Graceful—Annie Davis—next, Mary Henderson.

Prettiest—Kittie Scott—next, Mary Bel Hill.

Jolliest—Addye Murchison—next, Beulah Hamilton.

Most reserved—Myra Lofton—next, Sara Townsend.

Most refined—Myra Lofton.

Most dignified—Julia Caldwell.

Most practical—Grace Sossaman.

Sweetest—Rosa Ratchford—next, Carmen Price.

Wittiest—Mary Bel Hill—next, Theo Ferrell.

Neatest—Carrie Mae Watts.

Most attractive—Annie Davis.

Most Popular—Carmen Price.

Prettiest hair—Mary E. Bell—next, Katherine Scott.

Prettiest eyes—Roberta Taylor.

Biggest flirt—Esther Jeter.

Most red-headed—Elsie Sherrill.

Most tow-headed—Cleo McLain tie Rosa Ratchford.

Biggest talker—Theo Terrell tie Liss Clement.

Biggest giggler—Rebekah Miller.

Laziest—Grace Carpenter—next, Addie Phifer.

Most musical—Clara Bowles tie Annie Davis.

Fattest—Annie Efrd.

Slimmest—Berta Taylor.

Most slangy—Addye Murchison.

Biggest eater—Mary E. Bel.

Best Artist—Myra Lofton tie Mary Bradford.

Best tennis player—Annie Davis—next, Arleene Gilmer.

Best Basketball player—Annie Davis.

Tallest—Arleene Gilmer tie Bessie McGehee.

Shortest—Rosa Guy.

Cutest—Annie Davis tie Mary B. Hill.

Best all round girl—Carmen Price—next, Arleene Gilmer.

Resolutions

- Resolved, That I will eat no more sauce for supper unless we have apple.—Boarders.
- Resolved, That we will find out more about Mexico, Virginia, and Davidson College.—All.
- Resolved, That I will eat no more butter for dinner.—R. G.
- Resolved, That I will find out all I can.—M. E. D.
- Resolved, That I will marry nothing less than an "Earl."—E. K.
- Resolved, That I will Turn-er new leaf over.—A. D. M.
- Resolved, That I will eat raw eggs.—Miss Siddall.
- Resolved, That I will not go down town without permission.—M. B. H. and M. F. L.
- Resolved, That I will stop talking after light-bell.—Theo.
- Resolved, That I will not get married until after I graduate.—A. G.
- Resolved, That I will go fishing on Wednesday.—E. P.
- Resolved, That I won't get up before the rising bell.—B. H.
- Resolved, That I will never be vaccinated again.—C. P.
- Resolved, That I will chew no more gum after my ninetieth birthday.—A. D. M.
- Resolved, That I will read up on botany before I try to entertain another young man at a reception.—A. D.
- Resolved, That we'll never wear more than a dozen carnations to church.—K. S. and E. K.

Rules and Regulations

NOT IN CATALOGUE

Let every one regard the Seniors as models of good manners, dignity and propriety.

Think five times before you speak once.

Don't get up until you are ready to.

No one except a Senior is allowed to write to her boy friends.

Never take turnips from the college garden.

Seniors only allowed to eat six biscuits at one meal.

Always bow to your teacher and give her a pleasant smile when you enter the class-room.

When you meet a young gentleman on the street, pass him calmly by with solemn expression and eyes bent downward.

In order that girls may not take fruit from the table there will be none.

Any girl caught waving her handkerchief at a young gentleman will be deprived of her handkerchief and have her hands tied behind her.

Don't walk through the reception hall, you may wear out the carpet.

If you want good grades, sit straight, fold your hands, fasten your eyes upon the teacher and—listen.

When you walk be sure to plant your feet firmly on the floor; especially when any one is playing rag-time—otherwise there'll be trouble.

Don'ts



- Don't get homesick.
- Don't be too fresh or you will be put in the freshman class.
- Don't talk to the boys.
- Don't wink at more than two boys at one time.
- Don't forget your Bible.
- Don't take two biscuits at one time.
- Don't lend money.
- Don't have many young gentlemen callers.
- Don't write to your room-mate's brother or cousin.
- Don't have too many cousins (?)
- Don't ask too many questions.
- Don't "lose" your class-pin.
- Don't mail letters without stamps.
- Don't write to more than three boys at one time.
- Don't say "No" when you mean "Yes."
- Don't miss the opening exercises—Town girls.
- Don't get caught by the "Fac."
- Don't slide down the bannisters.
- Don't stay out after "room bell."
- Don't serenade the teachers after midnight—they don't appreciate it.
- Don't get up before "rising bell."
- Don't use slang.
- Don't grumble.
- Don't attend more than one dance each week.
- Don't walk on the "circle."
- Don't play basketball in the rain.
- Don't go down town more than once each week.
- Don't visit the kitchen.
- Don't be out in the night air.

Alumnae of Statesville College

CLASS OF 1902-1903

- Miss Mary C. Scott, A.B., teacher in Music Department of S. F. C.
Miss Leila Scott, A.B., teacher of English and History, Ratford, Va.
Miss Coral Shelton, B.L., now Mrs. M. C. Beam, of Charlotte, N. C.
Miss Scotta McCaskill, B.L., at home in Cassatt, S. C.
Miss Mary E. Miller, B.L., at home in Statesville, N. C.
Miss Maude Harris _____.
Miss Annie Marvin, Business Graduate, holds position in Statesville, N. C.
Miss Ethel Moore, Business Graduate—taking trained-nurse's course at Atlanta, Ga.

1903-1904

- Miss Elizabeth Hamilton, A.B., now Mrs. C. J. McCombs, Stanley, N. C.
Miss Nannie Howard, B.L., living in Wadesboro, N. C.
Miss Amelia Houck, B.L., now teaching in North Carolina.
Miss Annie Colvert, B.L., now living in Statesville, N. C.
Miss Jennie Gray, Business Graduate.

1904-1905

- Miss Rosa Witherspoon, Graduate in Piano.
Miss Ruth Connelly, A.B., at home in Tennessee.
Miss Amelia Houck, A.B., teaching in North Carolina.
Miss Nannie Howard, A.B., living in Wadesboro, N. C.
Miss Pearl Hamilton, B.L., teaching in Unionville, N. C.

Miss Margaret Scott, B.L., teacher in Science and Art Department of S. F. C.

- Miss Anna Weedon, B.S., now Mrs. Charles Armfield, Elkin, N. C.
Miss Alleene Steele, Business Graduate, at home in Rock Hill, S. C.
Miss Sudie Turner, Business Graduate, at home in Statesville, N. C.

1905-1906

- Miss Julia Connelly, A.B., teaching in Alabama.
Miss Mattie Hall, A.B., teaching in N. C.
Miss Corrie Copeland, B.S., teaching in Meridian, Miss.
Miss Lizzie Richards, B.S., teaching near Liberty Hill, S. C.
Miss Cora Johnson, B.L., teaching in North Carolina.
Miss Zooby Frye, B.S., Mrs. John Turner, Statesville, N. C.
Miss Augusta Ervin, B.S., teaching in North Carolina.
Miss Nannie McKaskill, B.L., married.
Miss Gussie Booe, Business Graduate, at home in Davidson, N. C.
Miss Emma White, Business Graduate, at work in Charlotte, N. C.
Miss Bessie Belk, Business Graduate, now Mrs. DeCalb Kennedy, Statesville, N. C.

1906-1907

- Miss Ina Connelly, A.B., at home in Statesville, N. C.
Miss Beth Evans, A.B., teaching at Monbo, N. C.
Miss Maud Nicholson, A.B., at Randolph-Macon College, Lynchburg, Va.
Miss Mattie Nicholson, A.B., at home in Statesville, N. C.
Miss Elizabeth Boykin, B.L., Mrs. G. D. Fields, Macon, Ga.

Alumnae of Statesville College

Continued

Miss Mittie Greene, B.L., teaching in Newell, N. C.
Miss Ethel Nelson, B.L., married.
Miss Isabel Saddler, Elocution Graduate, teaching in Gainesville, Fla.
Miss Sarah Howard, Business Graduate, teaching in Clio, N. C.
Miss Jessie Knox, Business Graduate, works in Statesville, N. C.
Miss Mary Reitinge, Business Graduate, works in Statesville, N. C.
Miss Rosa Brown, Business Graduate, Mrs. G. C. Critcher, Statesville, N. C.

1907-1908

Miss Mary Sue Elder, A.B., teaching at Spottsylvania, Va.
Miss Mary C. B. Henry, A.B., teaching near Keysville, Va.
Miss Mary McDougal, A.B., teaching at Albemarle, N. C.
Miss Nannie L. Oliver, A.B., teaching at Stonesburg, S. C.
Miss K. Lee Steele, A.B., teaching near Statesville, N. C.
Miss Connie Williamson, A.B., teaching at Cornelius, N. C.
Miss Annie Lee Bradford, B.L., teaching near Matthews, N. C.
Miss Mary Bradford, B.L., teaching near Matthews, N. C.
Miss Pearle Caldwell, A.B., teaching near Pineville, N. C.
Miss Esther Johnson, B.L., Mrs. R. G. Patrick, Havana, Ark.
Miss Bleeker Mills, B.L., holds position in Charlotte, N. C.
Miss Sophie Richards, B.L., teaching at Liberty Hill, S. C.
Miss Willie Nicholson, Elocution Graduate, teaching at Stony Point, N. C.

Miss Annie Adams, Business Graduate.
Miss Eva Dotson, special, teaching near Statesville, N. C.

1908-1909

Miss Rae Gill, A.B., senior in Music at S. F. C.
Miss Lila White, A.B., teaching in Hiddenite, N. C.
Miss Willie Nicholson, A.B., teaching in Stony Point, N. C.
Miss Anna Bell Walton, at home, Statesville, N. C.
Miss Lucy Niblock, A.B., teaching in Siler City, N. C.
Miss Lucile Williams, A.B., now in Spottsylvania, Va.
Miss Martha Murchison, B.L., teaching in Bishopville, S. C.
Miss Lucile Kimball, A.B., senior in Music at S. F. C.
Miss Virginia Maloney, graduate in Piano, teaching near Concord, Va.
Miss Margaret Overcash, graduate in Piano, teaching.
Miss Armentine Eldridge, special, at home in Houston, Texas.
Miss Iris McDougald, Business Graduate, stenographer in Statesville, N. C.
Miss Mary Bettie Feild, Business Graduate, at home in Statesville, N. C.
Miss Ella Milhollen, Business Graduate, at home in Rock Hill, S. C.
Miss Katie Reid Wyckoff, Business Graduate, at home in Statesville, N. C.
Miss Fannie Gaither, Business Graduate, at home in Statesville, N. C.

Rosalind

ROSALIND, daughter of the banished Duke Senior and niece of the usurping Duke Frederick, is the central character in the comedy, "As You Like It." By many she is considered the character of all characters in the plays of Shakespeare.

She is a compound of innumerable qualities, incapable of analysis. Where can we find words to express the sweetness of her character, the depths of her heart, the fulness of her love and the height of her wit? Her very expression is that of "youth and youth's sweet prime." Her face is as bright as the morning, her disposition as happy as the care-free bird hovering o'er her brood. Her heart is filled to the brim with life, love and joy, yet there is a tenderness with it all. "With this hand it will not kill a fly."

For a moment, we see her face clouded, when she is banished by an angry uncle, as she sees the possibility of a separation from Celia, whom she loves as a sister. But only for a moment does she allow sorrow to darken her brow. She and Celia immediately plan to leave the palace; Rosalind deciding to put on man's apparel, and Celia disguising herself as a shepherdess. With Touchstone, the clown, they depart for the Forest of Arden, a merrier party not to be found.

Although attired in man's clothing and answering to the name of Ganymede, Rosalind has no hose or doublet in her heart. How manly is her bearing, and how brave, yet how womanly! And how her timid heart must flutter and throb under her page's vest.

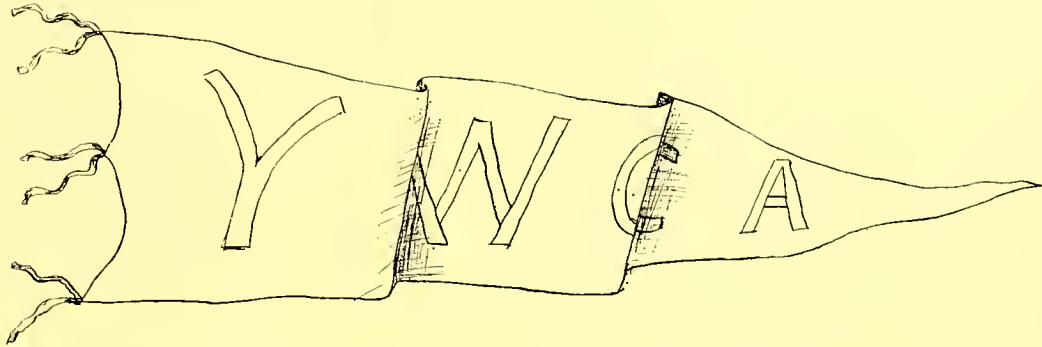
Her womanly nature asserts itself when Oliver comes, bringing to her the handkerchief, dipped in the blood of the wounded Orlando; she swoons, but as she returns to consciousness, quicker than the throb of a pulse, her ever present wit is at hand to excuse herself, "I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited." Her love for Orlando was a 'case of love at first sight,' but oh! the indefinable depth of that love.

This "little princess of Arcadie" shows the playfulness of her nature, when Orlando has finished telling her of his love for Rosalind, and she begs him to call her his Rosalind and woo her. Then faithfully she promises Orlando if he truly loves Rosalind with all his heart, she will, on the morrow, bring her to him. With merry words of banter to all present, she departs, with Celia bidding all to meet her on the morrow.

The last scene in this, the sweetest and happiest of Shakespeare's comedies, brings us again to the Forest of Arden. Hymen enters leading Rosalind clad in her proper habit. Other characters in whom we are also interested are also here. Rosalind fulfills her promise to Orlando. "To you I give myself, for I am yours"; what more is there to tell, for

"Wedding is great Juno's crown
'Tis Hymen peoples every town."

EMMA CANNON, '11.



"I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly."

THROUGH the months past our Young Woman's Christian Association has had as its great aim, this—that the abundant life in Christ might be not only seen, but experienced by each girl. The work has many sides, social as well as Devotional, Missionary and Bible-study.

Two of our members, Myra Lofton and Clara Bowles, attended the conference held at Richmond, Virginia, in November. They brought back good reports of the work carried on in the other colleges, with many helpful ideas for our several committees. We hope to be able to send at least three delegates to the Summer Conference at Asheville.

We have had numerous ways of making money in order to have our Association represented at these different Conferences. On the evening of the twentieth of February, we gave a "Sock Social," which proved successful. The invitations were accompanied by a little sock and the following rhyme.

"This little sock we give to you,
Is not for you to wear.
Please multiply your size by two
And place therein with care;
In pennies or in cents
Just twice the number you wear,
(We hope it is immense)
So if you wear a No. 10
You owe us twenty——, see?
Which dropped within this little sock,
Will fill our hearts with glee."

In response there were many socks returned, filled with pennies. In some were little poems, two of which we will give you.

"This sock of blue,
I return to you
By the mail today
"De-feet" are small
So this is all
For the Y. W. C. A."

"To my dear young ladies fair
I return the little sock, which is not to wear,
My size is not immense.
As plainly seen
Multiplied by two, I send you nineteen."

Our Association has received much help from the visits made to us by Miss Ethel Kestler of Korea, who during the fall led our Mission-study rally, and Miss Mary Mebane of Japan, who spent several days in the college. Both brought us messages of the great need of our sisters across the waters.

We are now looking forward with much pleasure to the coming of Miss Burner, the Virginia-Carolina Secretary.

This work, we feel to be the most important organization of our college, and we know that He who has led us thus far, will lead us still, and bring us into broader fields of usefulness.



Officers of the Y. W. C. A.

First Term

President	GRACE SOSSAMAN
Vice-President	CARMEN PRICE
Secretary	ALLIE MAY AREY
Treasurer	MARY BRADFORD

Second Term

President	ALLIE MAY AREY
Vice-President	GRACE SOSSAMAN
Secretary	JANE ERVIN
Treasurer	SARA TOWNSEND

Metaphysics Papers Just Returned



The Senior Metaphysics Class had gathered in the Library the day after having their exam., and each was trying to get the other to go to the office to ask Dr. Scott if they passed, for the exam. was very hard, so they thought. They were afraid that they had not passed, but at last they "summed up courage" enough and venturing very meekly into the office, with down-cast faces, and trembling voices, asked if they all passed. Dr. Scott took up his book, proceeded to find their marks, began reading them to the trembling Seniors, and brilliant marks they were, such as 75, 75 1-2, 76 and so on, but each only waited to hear that her mark was 75 or a little above and they came waltzing, dancing, running and whistling back into the Library.

It sounded very much like an Indian war whoop and looked like—well, they were shaking hands, laughing and making all kinds of exclamations, as only school girls can, but they had passed so could be excused for their conduct.

Historical Essay on Statesville College

MORE than half a century ago, September 4, 1852, Concord Presbytery held a session at Lincolnton. Then and there a few wise men brought up and discussed the subject of a female institution, in which sound learning would be imparted and a finished education could be obtained. After hearing all the pros and cons and the inevitable preambles, resolutions and amendments, Presbytery proceeded to appoint a committee of five to take the whole matter under consideration. This committee consisted of Rev. H. N. Pharr, W. W. Pharr, H. B. Cunningham, and Messrs. E. J. Ervin and J. F. Phifer, who were instructed to find, if the enterprise would be practicable and the location and manner of endowment. The question was not left in repose but became an evident proposition. A literary institution within our bounds for the education of females was no longer the baseless fabric of a dream; twelve trustees, six ministers and six elders were elected whose duty it was to select a site, receive money, erect the building, secure a charter, make laws, obtain funds for endowment and report semi-annually to the Presbytery. When the roll was called for votes, for location, a large majority voted Statesville. The massive walls of Statesville College, centrally and beautifully located, bear witness today of how faithfully and well the twelve discharged the obligation resting on them.

In 1855 while being rapidly erected, by an Inscrutable Providence, the walls were levelled to the ground. New articles of agreement lessened the cost of the building and reduced the size one-fourth, leaving off the fourth story.

The College was opened September 15th, 1856. Its first president was Professor John B. Tinsley; it was conducted under

different principals and with fluctuating success, according to ideas first proposed in connection with it, until after the "little unpleasantness" between the States—when failing as a financial enterprise it went to sale and was purchased by Mr. R. F. Simonton, of Statesville.

In 1857 Mr. E. W. Faucette succeeded Prof. Tinsley as president. In 1860 Rev. S. C. Millen took charge of the school—his administration continued till January, 1864. Rev. J. M. M. Caldwell, well known as teacher and preacher, came from Rome, Georgia, and conducted the school for four years. In 1868 Rev. E. F. Rockwell entered upon the duties of President. In 1870 Rev. R. B. Anderson came into office and was succeeded in a short time by Rev. Taylor Martin. The College won its first substantial success from 1873 to 1883 under the management of Mrs. E. N. Grant and her sister, Miss M. E. Mitchell—but early in 1883 Mrs. Grant died and the school was closed.

Miss Fannie Everitt, now Mrs. Walton, took charge of the college eight months later, under inauspicious circumstances—the pupils having drifted off to other schools—she addressed herself to the work of rehabilitation with admirable courage. It was her aim, first and foremost, to establish a school which should be thorough in all its parts. She had the honor and gratification of building up from the ground in seven years, a school whose excellence was unquestionable.

Captain Burwell came next—then in 1900, Rev. J. A. Scott, D.D., became the chief center in the seat of learning. His standard of scholarship is high and his aim is to build strong, deep and for the future.

Music

THE music season of the years 1909-'10 at Statesville College opened September 24th, when the Faculty gave their annual Recital. There was a large attendance of the music-loving people of Statesville and every number was thoroughly enjoyed. The teacher in Expression is one of remarkable talent and each selection was heartily encored, to which she gracefully responded. Those who participated were:

Miss Katherine A. Gaines	Pianist.
Miss Louise Siddall	Soprano.
Miss Mary Carter Scott	Pianist.
Miss Myrta Irene Brown	Reader.

On the evening of November 16th, '09, in Shearer Music Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Wade Brown of Meredith College, Raleigh, N. C., gave a Shakespearean Lecture and Song Recital. Mr. Brown made a most interesting and instructive talk on the music of that time—playing some of the traditional dances used. Mrs. Brown captivated her audience with her rich and well placed contralto voice—which was almost bird-like in “Hark, Hark, The Lark.” “The Airs sung by Ophelia” (Hamlet) showed great tenderness, weirdness, and pathos.

The first of a series of students' recitals began December 20th, '09, when the pupils of Misses Gaines, Siddall, and Scott gave their Annual Xmas Recital. Each number received hearty applause and the work of the pupils showed the careful training of their teacher.

The pupils of Miss Gaines, assisted by Miss Brown (Reader) gave a most delightful concert on the evening of March 21st, '10. A large and appreciative audience was present and in the rendering of the various numbers was shown the work of their efficient teacher,

who has long since proven her ability in this capacity. The two following recitals were those given by the piano pupils of Miss Mary Scott—April 4th—and the piano and voice pupils of Miss Siddall, April 30th. The attendance at each concert was by no means a small one and the skill and talent of the pupils was portrayed in their playing.

But by far one of the notable musical events of the season was on February 10th, when Alfred Calzin, the French pianist, gave a heavy classical program to an audience that sat spell-bound for two hours. Mr. Calzin proved himself an artist of exceptional ability, and while he enters into the spirit of the composers in his intimate interpretation of their works, his playing is expressive of intense individuality and temperament. The fluency of his technic is delightful and his touch vibrant with color and warmth. Especially striking was his sustained singing tone—he seemed to awaken the innermost soul of the piano into song.

The reception given the young pianist proved the appreciation felt by his enthusiastic audience.

A few weeks later on the evening of March 4th, Mr. Edward Baxter Perry, of Boston, gave a program which taxed every resource of the modern virtuoso, and showed a technical grasp and scholarliness seldom equalled, even in these days. Mr. Perry is the only blind pianist who has succeeded in winning an unquestioned position in his profession. He is the originator of the Pianoforte Lecture-Recital and he has the soul of a poet as well as of a musician. One hardly knows which to admire most—the skill of the lecturer or the ability of the performer.

Music

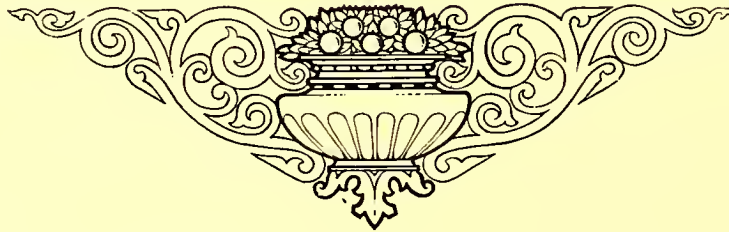
Continued

In summing up the musical events of the year, we must not omit the recitals given by the graduates in piano and voice. It is almost needless to say that each performance was well attended and heartily enjoyed by those who had the privilege of hearing these well-trained pupils. The programs rendered showed that the patient teachings of the music faculty were not in vain. Those under Miss Gaines' in-

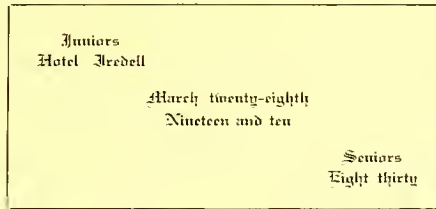
struction were: Misses Rae Gill, assisted in her recital by Miss Marie Long, reader; Clara Bowles, Lucile Kimball, and Lilley Paxton, the latter assisted by Miss Margaret Scott, contralto.

Miss Siddall's graduate was Mr. Ras Stimson in piano.

MUSIC EDITOR.



Junior Banquet to Seniors



"Coming events cast their shadows before."



WE get so much pleasure out of planning what is to be, that long before the banquet came the Seniors had anticipated a delightful evening. And yet when the time came we know that we had more fun during that one evening of realized enjoyment than we could have in one whole year of anticipated pleasure.

Of course the usual class and college yells, and songs were given with much enthusiasm. With the jokes the girls were extremely merry. It was universally acknowledged that no more enjoyable banquet was ever given at the Iredell. It was conceded by all present that the toast had never been excelled in their delightful originality.

Miss Mary Bradford as toast-mistress, with a few witty remarks,

called on Miss Grace Sossaman, president of the Junior Class, to give the toast to "Seniors" to which Miss Arlene Gilmer, president of the Senior Class, responded in her usual happy style.

Then Miss Rachel Summers gave the toast to "Faculty" to which Miss MacVeigh, the English teacher, gracefully responded.

"Junior Possibilities" was the next toast offered by Miss Katherine Scott with elaborate imagination as to their future, to which Miss Mary Bel Hill responded with "Junior Probabilities," calculated to sober the most optimistic Junior.

With a great deal of calm irony Miss Liss Clement depicted "Senior Dignity" with the next toast, after which Miss Beulah Hamilton, in a brilliant toast, acknowledged "Junior Hospitality." Lastly Miss Carmen Price gave the beautiful toast to our "Alma Mater."



PHI MU LITERARY SOCIETY

Phi Mu Literary Society

Colors—Black and gold.
 Motto—"Non humiles mulier."

Officers—First Term

President	CARMEN PRICE
Vice-President	JULIA MAY CALDWELL
Secretary	GRACE SOSSAMAN
Treasurer	MARY BRADFORD
Critics	MABEL LAUGENOUR, MARY HENDERSON
Censor	CATHERINE SCOTT

Officers—Second Term

President	ANNIE DAVIS
Vice-President	GRACE SOSSOMAN
Secretary	MARY BRADFORD
Treasurer	KATHERINE SCOTT
Critics	MARTHA TAYLOR, MARY BEL HILL
Censor	CARMEN PRICE

MEMBERS

Carmen Price	Edith Moore	Johnsie Rankin
Julia May Caldwell	Sarah Adams	Annie Goodnight
Grace Sossaman	Fannie Feild	Emma Cannon
Mary Bradford	Johnsie Shelton	Margaret Hogg
Mabel Laugenour	Ercel Price	Roberta Taylor
Mary Henderson	Beulah Hamilton	Myra Lofton
Katherine Scott	Sarah Harry	Bessie McGehee
Annie Davis	Liss Clement	Miss Margaret Scott
Martha Taylor	Theo. Terrell	Miss Eichelberger
Mary Bel Hill	Janie McNeill	Miss MacVeigh
Arleene Gilmer	Edith McNeill	Miss Brown
Elise Wallace	Snowdie Saffritt	Miss Fleming



PHI KAPPA LITERARY SOCIETY

The Phi Kappa Literary Society

President CLARA BOWLES
Vice-President ADDYE MURCHISON
Secretary and Treasurer ALLIE MAE AREY
Censor NINA BLACK
Critics HELEN WILSON, SARA TOWNSEND

Second Term

President CLARA BOWLES
Vice-President JANE ERWIN
Secretary MARY BELL
Treasurer ROSA RATCHFORD
Censor HELEN WILSON
Critics ADDYE MURCHISON, BESSIE ARMSTRONG

Motto—"To see beauty in all things."

Colors—Garnet and Black.

MEMBERS

Allie Mae Arey	Cleo McLain	Sara Townsend
Clara Bowles	Elsie Motley	Hope Campbell
Bessie Smith	Addie Phifer	Nina Black
Pearl Ballard	Rosa Guy	Lottie Fleming
Jane Erwin	Mary Brumley	Bessie Armstrong
Eva Kingman	Margaret Alexander	Grace Carpenter
Margaret Burwell	Linda Knox	Mary Bell
Annie Burwell	Esther Jeter	Miss Scott
Addye Murchison	Annie Efrid	Miss Gaines
Rosa Ratchford		Miss Siddall

Freshman Poem

It falls to me to write a poem for our class
But I wish from me to another it would pass,
For never in all of my time,
Have I ever been able to make a rhyme.

We have ever true and faithful been
In this year of nineteen-ten;
We believe in being "heard and sometimes seen"
This lovely class of nineteen-thirteen.

Our colors, blue and old gold,
Are the prettiest in school, so we've been told;
We will also to our flower be true
The sweet forget-me-not of blue.

Whatever we do we are blithe and gay,
Whether at study or at play,
Only one thing is asked by these May tots,
In the course of three years forget-me-not.

POET, '13.

Sophomore Poem

The jolly Sophomores are we—
The greatest class of S. F. C.
We are a very wise crowd,
And none of us are very loud.

The innocent Fresh. find it hot
Whenever it is their unfortunate lot
To meet us on the stairs,
And they always go in pairs.

We would like you to know us all
Both the large, and the small,—
Mary so serious, Sara so wise,
Handsome Rebecca with laughing eyes.

Myra who is devoted to art,
And Linda with such a tender heart,
Johnsie, who is quite a poet,
Martha who loves music and likes to show it.

You may think us vain
For looking at the Fresh. with disdain.
When we were in our Freshman year
We never had a single fear.

So here's to the class of 1912!
May we in deep mysteries ever delve,
And may each one of us be here,
When the time comes to finish our Senior year.

JANE ERWIN.

Fun and Facts

Dr. Scott—"If you extract the square root of four cows what will you have?"

M. B. H. (Sotto Voice)—"Extract of a cow is always milk."

Miss MacVeigh—"What is the feminine of lord?"

Prep.—"Goddess."

Miss McVeigh laughed.

Prep.—"Well, Miss MacVeigh, Lord is the same as God, and the feminine of god is always goddess."

A Junior entered the room where two other Juniors were discussing Napoleon Bonaparte and asked: "Is that what our Bible lesson is about to-morrow?"

Add—discussing Adam and Eve—"Say, Ann, which is the lady anyhow?"

E. J.—"Are they going to have pearls in the seal pin?"

Miss Eichelberger, looking at radiator—"You have a big stove in here."

Add—"Ann, Beelzebub was the fellow that fought against Napoleon, wasn't he?"

Ann—"No!"

Add—"Shucks, Bonaparte is the fellow I'm thinking of."

Ann, in staff meeting—"Are you going to arrange them according to alphabetically?"

Miss McVeigh—"Rosa, name one of Shakespeare's later comedies."

Rosa—"Taming of the *Screw*."

Mary (in history)—"Xerxes had an isthmus dug through the canal."

Soph. (day after the reception)—"Those *amalgum* grapes certainly were good."

Elizabeth—"That snow reminds me of dotted swiss, only swiss doesn't *vanquish* so soon."

Arleene (getting ads. for the Annual)—"Mr. Blank, do you have charge of the *baptizing* here?"

Sophs.—"What are the Juniors studying in Math?"

Fresh.—"*Trickonometry*?"

Arleene (to Mabel, who disturbed a staff meeting by suddenly laughing out and clapping her hands)—"Mabe, can't you keep still; what's the matter, anyhow?"

Mabel—"Oh, nothing—a thought just struck me."

Mary Bell H.—"Well, it's no wonder she made such a noise."

Miss MacVeigh—"What kind of poetry is Milton's?"

Rosa—"Idiotic" (Idyllic).

Dr. Scott in Bible—"How many times were the children of Israel led into captivity?"

Hope—"Three times."


Dr. Scott—"What three times?"

Hope—"First, Second and Third."

Exam. question: "What are the convolutions of the brain?"

Prep's. answer: "Convolutions is a kind of fit that people have when they haven't got good sense and they are called idiots."

Phi Kappas Entertain Phi Mus

N Monday evening, the 31st of January, the Phi Kappa Society entertained the Phi Mu Society with a most delightful indoor picnic held in the library. The decorating committee began early in the morning to rid the library of its contents and decorate it so as to represent, as much as possible, an old picnic ground.

Notwithstanding the cold weather, with ice, snow and Northwest gales, this energetic committee went to the lawn and nearby places and gathered ivy, stones and moss to use in decoration.

The library floor was covered with hay, and in one corner, stood a large limb covered with ivy to represent a tree, and under this, among the rocks flowed a never-failing spring of lemonade, by the side of which, sat a beautiful Rebecca with a dipper in her hand to wait on the thirsty girls. In another corner was a fishing pond and scattered over the floor, were logs and rocks.

At six o'clock the Phi Kappas assembled on the grounds to welcome the guests, and in a few minutes the company arrived, dressed in regular picnic style with garden hats.

It goes without saying that this was one of the most enjoyable events of the year.

Miss Mabel Laugenour Entertains Her Classmates

On Saturday, February 26th, Miss Mabel Laugenour charmingly entertained her class at a six o'clock dinner.

The beautiful home was made more so by the large number of potted plants which were simply but tastefully arranged in the large, handsome rooms. In the dining room the table was most elaborately decorated and shone resplendent with handsome silver, china and cut glass.

In the center of the table was a handsome Irish lace centerpiece upon which reposed a mirror plateau holding a vase of beautiful white carnations. From a chandelier directly over the table was suspended broad purple and gold ribbons, the class colors, with large bows at the four corners of the table. The place-cards were hand-painted pansies, the class flower.

The menu was served in six courses:

	<i>Grape Fruit</i>		
	<i>Tomato Bisque a la Croton</i>		
<i>Celery</i>			<i>Olives</i>
	<i>Turkey</i>	<i>Cranberry Jelly</i>	
<i>Dressing</i>			<i>Creamed Potatoes</i>
	<i>Sweet Potato Croquettes</i>		
	<i>Pettipois</i>		
	<i>Chicken Salad</i>		<i>Saratoga Flakes</i>
	<i>Oyster Patties a la Reine</i>		
<i>Mousse</i>		<i>Coffee</i>	<i>Mints</i>
	<i>Fruit, Pound and Lady Baltimore Cake</i>		
	<i>Stuffed Dates</i>	<i>Dolly Madison Candy</i>	



Characteristics of the Fac.



Dr. Scott the Latin and Logic questions quickly passes,
 While on his fore-finger he twirls his glasses.
 Mrs. Scott patiently listens to the girl's complaints and ailments,
 Seems resigned to her fate and makes no comments.
 Miss McVeigh has eyes in the back of her head,
 For no misconduct while on recitation passes unnoted.
 Miss Eichelberger who is so good to the Preps., they say,



And is always well-posted on the events of the day.
 Miss Brown, teacher of Elocution, Physical Culture, and Book-keeping,
 But finds a little time each day to do some embroidering.
 Miss Margaret Scott, the skilled in one in science and art,
 In the girl's trials and troubles she is willing to take part.
 Miss Fleming who struggles all day with pupils in Math
 Trying to teach them that the way to geometry is no easy path.
 To hear Miss Siddall sing and play is quite a treat.
 But she rather enjoys practicing her motto: live to eat.

Directress of music, teacher of harmony and theory, is Miss Gaines;
 To keep things clean and in their place she takes great pains.
 Next comes Miss Mary Scott, dearly beloved by her pupils;
 In giving reproof for not practicing, she has no scruples.
 Miss Lazenby watches over the children with great care;
 That she is doing her duty faithfully every one will declare.
 The one that is so good to us all is Miss Waddell,
 When we see her smiling face our frowns we dispell.

MARY BRADFORD.

College Directory

I. For lectures delivered free of charge
Miss N. W. McVeigh
"Regulator of Morals"

II. For comfort in time of need or
or trouble, apply to
Miss Eichelberger

III. For lectures on hygiene
Mrs. Scott

IV. For free lunches night or day
go to
Miss Siddall's room

V. For information concerning Senior
privileges(?), apply to
The President

VI. For Ernest information concern-
ing Real Estate, see
Miss Brown

VII. For aid in the selection of
Shoes, see
Addye Murchison

VIII. For all information concerning
Calzin, get anywhere near
Julia Caldwell or Clara Bowles

IX. For information concerning Dav-
idson College, see
Miss Fleming

George Eliot

HAVE any of you ever been to Warwickshire in England? If so, perhaps you have had pointed out to you a quaint little stone cottage—the birthplace of Marion Evans, better known as George Eliot. Though this house may look unattractive, we must not forget that here one of the foremost novelists of the nineteenth century began her life.

Robert Evans, her father, was of Welsh origin, and started his life as a carpenter; however, he soon became a land owner and a man of no little importance. Her mother was a housewife of the old style, whose health was always poor, and who died when Marion was about fifteen years old.

If we compare the childhood of George Eliot with our own, we must feel that hers was rather lonesome and sad, her brother Isaac seeming to be almost her only companion; but she was always an observing child, and lived close to nature.

Her education began in Nuneaton and at an early age she showed a taste for literature, but her real development did not begin until after the death of her mother, when she took charge of the house for her father. Later on, she met Mr. and Mrs. Bray, and their kinsman Mr. Charles Brennel. These people also, were deeply interested in literature, and out of their affinity grew a friendship, which lasted through life.

At the age of twenty-six, George Eliot was fairly launched upon her career as a writer, but a little later the death of her father cast a shadow over her life, and it was then that she visited Italy and Switzerland.

In 1854, she linked herself to George Henry Lewes, and made her home in London. Here she unfortunately was influenced by a company of people who, though they made up the best society of that great city, were skeptics. In this way she showed that while her mind was broad and strong, her character was somewhat weak.

Two years after her marriage, she made her first attempt at fiction, and in her the world recognized a great novelist. George Eliot had lived among the people about whom she wrote, and had studied well their customs and peculiarities. Her books are written in a wonderfully clear and interesting style, and her language and description are beautiful. She put her whole life into her work, and carried out carefully the minutest detail. The two most striking qualities in her as a writer are her humor and her sympathy. They are really connected with one another, and it has been truthfully stated that she seldom creates a character wholly bad.

While in the life of George Eliot, there are many things we cannot understand, we must all admit her ability as a writer, and the influence she exerted over the world; also that among the names in literature that will never die, hers holds a prominent place.

MARTHA TAYLOR, '12.

Did it Pay?



EXT week she would graduate—she had worked faithfully, sometimes it had been hard, Oh! so hard. And but for the dear “gray lady” she would have give up in despair. But the “gray lady” had always encouraged her, always helped smooth the path. And the gray lady was one of the faculty. Oh! the faculty. Until now, when she was almost ready to leave them she had not realized how they had worked, how much she owed them.

But now as she sat under the old elm tree on the college campus she wondered if it were all worth while—did it pay? She had come to college the first year because her people wanted her to. The second year because the lurking ambition in her was aroused. But oh it was hard! She must “make up” what she had wasted during her Freshman year. Yet she *worked*, striving in spite of ill-health to finish this, her second year well.

Never could she have had the courage to go back for a third year if it had not been for “him”—the manly young fellow, who had won her admiration from the first, and later her love. That he had cared for her she knew, and because of this she had gone back to college greatly strengthened, and determined to take her degree at all costs.

All had gone well her Junior year and up into the Senior. But at Christmas they had quarreled and *all* was changed. It was not her fault she was sure. *He* was entirely to blame—she wondered if he cared.

Tuesday she would receive her degree. She had made the “honor roll” as the “Gray Lady” had wanted her to. But she had worked so hard and her triumph seemed so small in comparison. The dear mother and father would be there, and for their sakes she ought to be satisfied. But “he” would be miles away—so different from their plan—when he was to see her graduate and be the first to congratulate her. Oh well! perhaps she had the blues to-day she would feel better to-morrow.

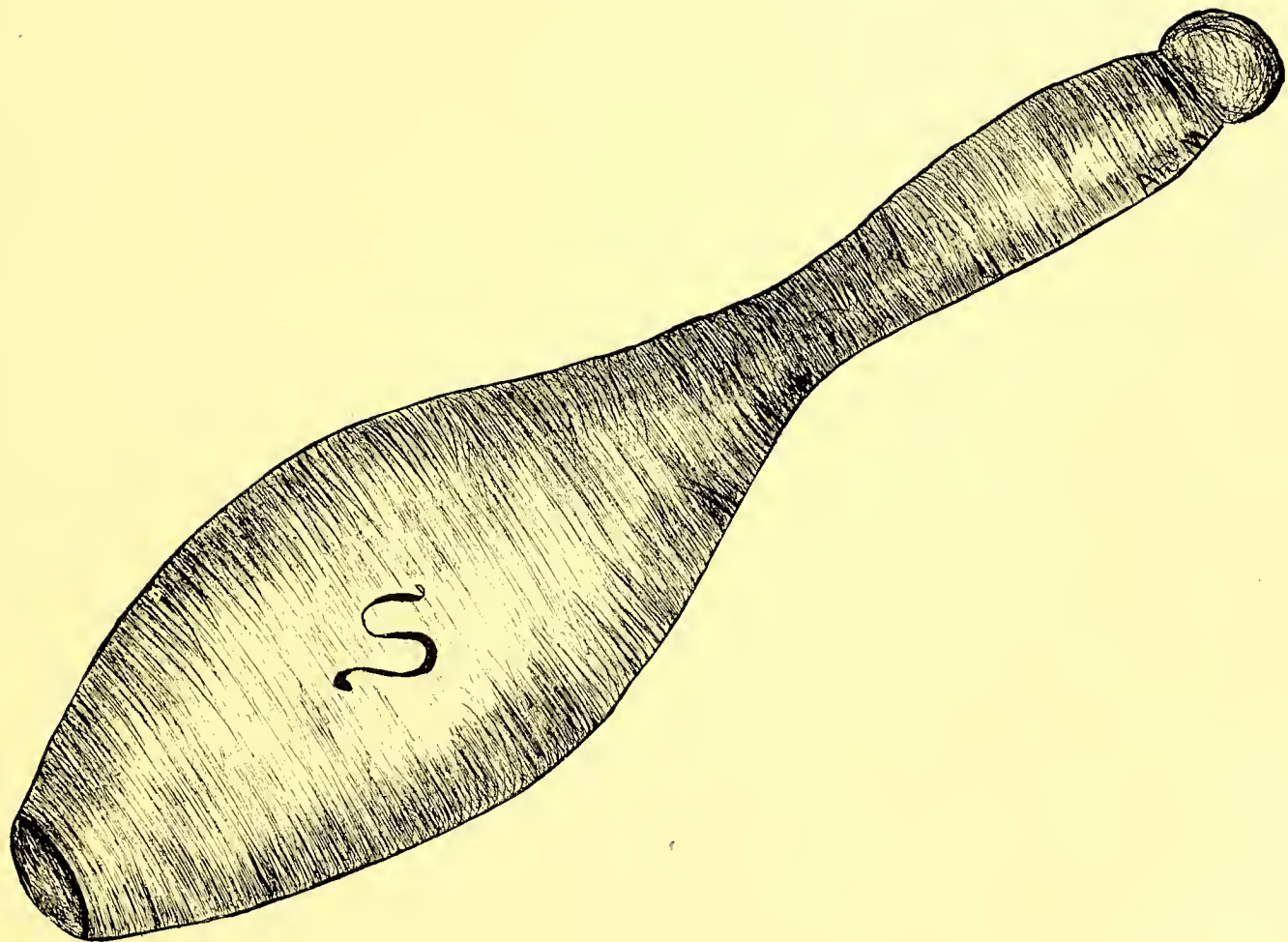
The world seemed so gay. Birds singing, the roses in bloom, and the whole campus so cool and green. The old college covered in ivy never seemed to dear to her as now.

Who was that crossing the circle—a messenger boy? A telegram for her. Oh! could mother be sick, was father hurt, could she never get it open?

“Can’t stand it any longer, will be there on train 21 to-day.—BILLY.”

Oh she was so glad she had worked for the “honor roll.” He’d be so proud of her. Wonder if that new frock was home. She’d just have time to dress. What *did* the boy want? Oh, she had forgotten to sign for the telegram.

A. G., '10.





ETUDE MUSIC CLUB

Etude Music Club

Colors—Nile green and white.

Flower—Chrysanthemum.

Motto—B natural, B sharp, but never B flat.

First Term

President	CLARA BOWLES
Vice-President	KITTIE SCOTT
Secretary	ANNIE DAVIS
Treasurer	RAE GILL
Librarian	JULIA CALDWELL

Second Term

President	CLARA BOWLES
Vice-President	RAE GILL
Secretary	JULIA CALDWELL
Treasurer	KITTIE SCOTT
Librarian	BEULAH HAMILTON

Allie Arey
Beulah Arey
Pearl Ballard
Clara Bowles
Julia Caldwell
Liss Clement
Bell Corriher
Annie Davis
Rae Gill
Miss Gaines
Sarah Harry
Beulah Hamilton
Jane Ervin
Esther Jeter
Eva Kingman
Lucile Kimball
Myra Lofton

Mabel Laugenour
Cleo McLain
Lilly Paxton
Johnsie Rankin
Rosa Ratchford
Miss Scott
Katherine Scott
Martha Taylor
Roberta Taylor
Sara Townsend
Addie Phifer
Ercel Price
Miss Siddall
Theo Terrell
Elsie Wallace
Helen Wilson



BASKET BALL TEAM

Basket Ball Team

NEMEAN

Colors—Garnet and gray.

Captain Annie Davis

First Team

Centre Arlene Gilmer

Guards Mabel Laugenour, Sarah Adams

Forwards Addye Murchison, Ercel Price

Second Team

Centre Sarah Harry

Guards Mary Bell, Janie McNeill

Forwards Charlye Kimball, Esther Jeter

OLYMPIAN

Colors—Yellow and brown.

Captain Carmen Price

First Team

Centre Grace Sossaman

Guards Mary Bradford, Emma Cannon

Forwards Beulah Hamilton, Helen Wilson

Second Team

Centre Allie Arey

Guards Addie Phifer, Edith McNeill

Forwards Linda Knox, Louise Richardson



TENNIS CLUB

Tennis Team

OFFICERS

PresidentADDYE MURCHISON
Vice-President ANNIE DAVIS
Secretary and Treasurer EVA KINGMAN

MEMBERS

Mary E. Bell
Beulah Hamilton
Katherine Scott
Addye Murchison
Eva Kingman
Carmen Price

Liss Clement
Esther Jeter
Mabel Laugenour
Sarah Adams
Arleene Gilmer
Annie Davis



"MAN-HATER" (O) CLUB

“Man=Hater” (?) Club

ADDYE MURCHISON..... Chief-hater
MABEL LAUGENOUR Lemon-hander
MARY B. HILLNever-Flirts
ANNIE DAVISIceberg
ARLEENE GILMER Dignified

Flower—Bachelor buttons.

Motto:

“My feet are large
My waist is small
Bless the little boys
I love them all.”

Honorary MemberMary, Queen of Scots



"C. C. C."

C. C. C. Organization

Flower—Sunflower.

Song—“Be Happy when you Work.”

Motto—“Labor conquers all.”

Colors—Red, white and blue.

Time of Meeting—Every Monday morning.

Favorite Occupation—Keeping our rooms in order (?).

Chief Characteristic—Talking.

Favorite Book—“Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage-patch.”

YELL

Rah, rah, ree,
Who are we?
We lead the way
In work and play
The C. C. C.

MEMBERS

Carmen Price
Ercel Price
Annie Davis
Addye Murchison
Beulah Hamilton



"T. L. F."

T. L. F. Organization

Motto—Nous aimons mieux manger qu' etudier.

Colors—Alice blue and black.

Flower—Ragged Robin.

Favorite Dish—Chipped beef and eggs.

President KATHERINE SCOTT

MEMBERS

Martha Taylor

Rosa Ratchford

Roberta Taylor

Katherine Scott

Clara Bowles



"M. L. O. T. D."

M. L. O. T. D. Organization

Motto—Eat, drink and be merry.

Time of meeting—The wee, small hours.

Place—Any old place the faculty can't find us.

Song—"We won't go home 'til morning."

President Myralliemyrulia Johnsiestherosaclareva

Vice-President Ditta

Secretary Ditta

Treasurer Some more ditto

MEMBERS

Allie Mae Arey

Clara Bowles

Mary Bradford

Julia M. Caldwell

Mary Henderson

Esther Jeter

Eva Kingman

Myra Lofton

Rosa Ratchford

Johnsie Shelton



COLLEGE GLEE CLUB

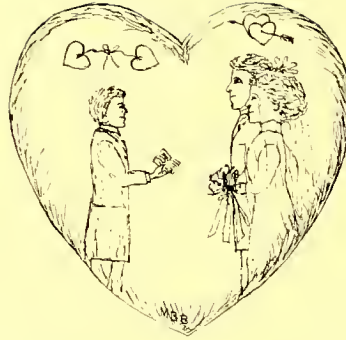
College Glee Club

Colors—Maroon and gold.

Motto—"When I ope my mouth, let no dog bark."

MEMBERS

Allie Mae Arey	Esther Jeter
Pearl Ballard	Eva Kingman
Clara Bowles	Lucile Kimball
Julia Mae Caldwell	Mabel Laugenour
Jane Ervin	Cleo McLain
Clara Foard	Addie Phifer
Charlye Frye	Carmen Price
Rae Gill	Rosa Ratchford
Mary Henderson	Johnsie Shelton



Matrimony Club

Motto—Veni, vidi, vinci.

Flower—Bride's roses.

Song—Constancy.

Colors—Orange (blossoms)

Fruit—Dates.

OFFICERS

Devoted President	Beulah Hamilton
Love-sick President	Kitty Scott
Despairing President	Grace Sossaman
Over-worked President	Carmen Price
Successful President	Ercel Price
Jealous President	Arleene Gilmer
Victorious Pres.,	Bessie McGehee
Disgusted Pres.,	Mary Bradford
Honorary President	Henry VIII

D. G. C.

Colors—Red and gray.

Motto—Laugh and the world laughs with you.

Flower—Wild rose.

Occupation—All for a good time.

Favorite Animal—Horse.

Song—Dixie Kids.

President Linda Knox

MEMBERS

Rosa Guy

Addie Phifer

Pearl Ballard

Linda Knox

Jane Ervin

Theta Phi Alpha

President SARAH ADAMS

Vice-President MARY BEL HILL

Treasurer SARA HARRY

Secretary EMMA CANNON

Colors—Black and gold.

Flower—Carnation.

Emma Cannon

Liss Clement

Mary Hill

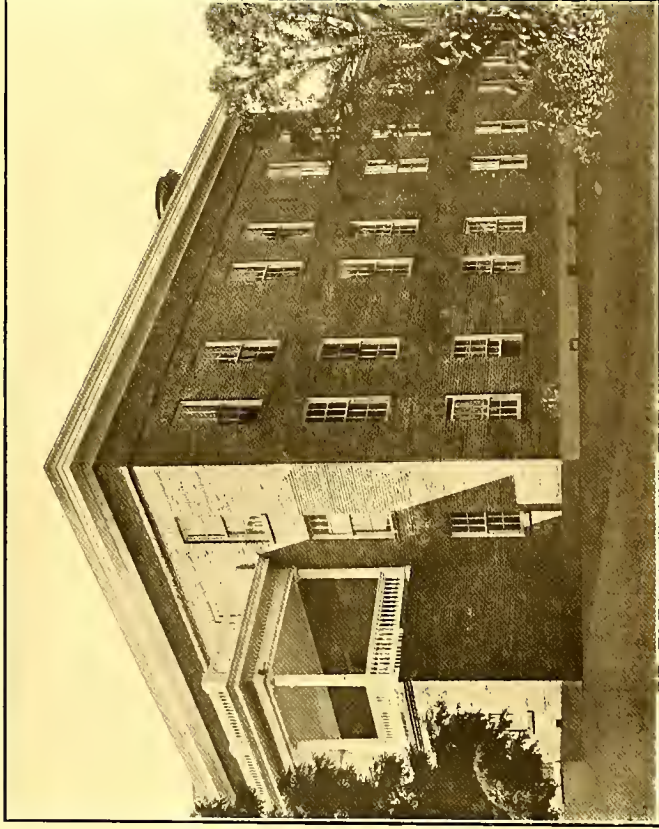
Sara Harry

Marguerite Hogg

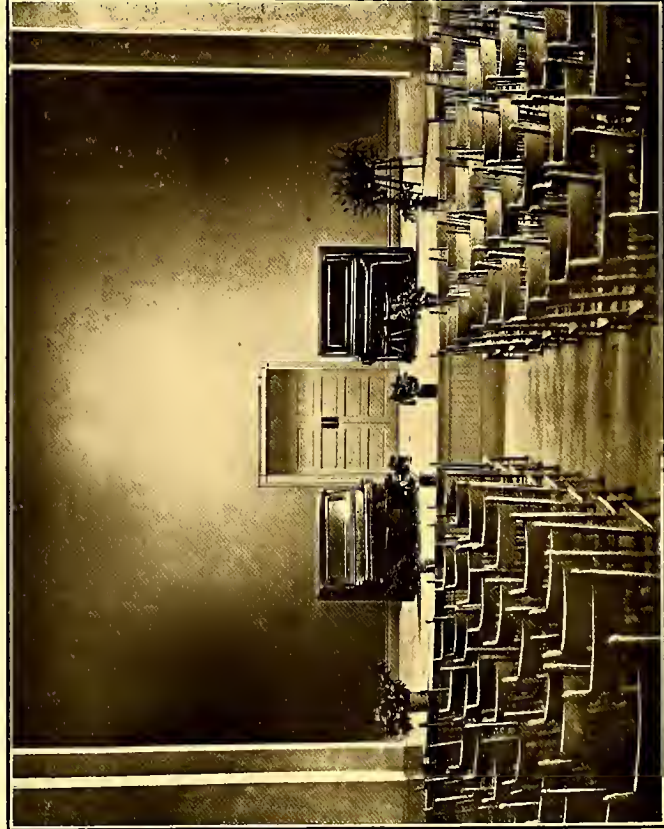
Annie Bell Mills

Johnsie Rankin

Sarah Adams



SHEARER MUSIC HALL



AUDITORIUM

A Letter from a Homesick "Newish."

Statesville Female College, September 10, 1909.

My own, dear, precious mama:

We got here just about dark last night and I was so tired I didn't know what to do.

Our room is a great big one; high ceiling and white, bare walls. It is on the back of the building, and you can't see a thing, not even the sunlight.

Carmen and Beulah tell me I'll soon get used to it, but I don't think I ever will.

Mama, you are not going to make me stay up here when I'm homesick enough to die, are you?

Early the first morning about day-break, I thought I heard a bell ringing, and thinking it was the fire alarm, I woke them up and told them the house was on fire. They rubbed their eyes, looked up at me, and said: "That's nothing but the rising-bell, go back to sleep, we'll wake you up in time."

The next morning when the bell rang for chapel exercises, Carmen and Beulah were gone, so I tried to find the way to the chapel, and soon found myself in the dining-room, and before I could find my way out of there, I was too late for chapel.

Oh, mama, I just can't stay here any longer; I don't care if I don't know anything, I can't stay away from home to learn it. This is the most homesick, lonesome place, I ever saw. We just came Monday night, but it seems like a year, and I am falling off so fast that my clothes are too big for me.

The first morning I found my way to the chapel they sang "Nearer, my God to Thee," and it sounded so sad and lonesome that I just cried right out in chapel and all the girls looked at me, and I heard one say: "There's another Fresh.—poor kid!" Mama, some of the other girls are homesick, too, especially the new ones, but I don't think any of them want to go home one-half as much as I do. Everything is so different from what I'm used to—bells are rung for everything—rising bell, breakfast bell, chapel bell, period bells, dinner bell, supper bell, gymnasium bell, walking bell, shopping bell, room bell, light bell, and I can't remember how many more bells.

Mama, if you will let me come home, I'll do everything you want me to, all the time. I can't think of anything except home, don't want to do anything except go home, and I don't see any use of staying here any longer, do you? I haven't unpacked my trunk yet, so please let me come home right away. Don't wait to write a letter; just send me a telegram.

Your most unhappy and affectionate daughter,

ERCEL.

P. S.—Now, mama, *do* say I can come for I just can't stay here until Xmas.

College Song

(Tune: Old Folks at Home.)

We hail thee, dear old Statesville College,
Our guiding star;
Thy daughter's cherish Alma Mater,
Hail thee from near and far.
Fair fame shall wreath thine ancient portals
With laurel's green;
We bring thee buds of sweet affection,
Twining the leaves between.

CHORUS.

Yes, we love thee dear S. F. C.
And we promise true,
Ne'er to forget the dear old college,
Whatever else we do.

Sweet echoes wake the peaceful valleys,
While mountains ring,
As voices from the years long faded
Join in the song we sing.
With hearts and voices now united,
We sing to thee,
And with thy memory ever cherished
Hail to thee, S. F. C.

Farewell Song

Sweet summer songs float among the old oak trees
As we're parting, we're parting to-day.
And gold and maroon float proudly on the breeze,
Emblems fair to guide us all the way.

CHORUS

S. F. C. forever!
Oh! hear the chorus swell,
We'll sing one song for the class of 1910
To the class of 1910—a fond farewell.

Then, farewell girls, noble band of 1910
We're parting, we're parting to-day
God speed you ever our hearts united sing,
Praying what our voices cannot say.

1910 forever!
Oh! hear the chorus swell,
We'll sing one song for the class of 1910
To the class of 1910—a fond farewell.

Farewell

Farewell! Our work is finished. For four long years we have struggled upward, and now having reached the summit we stand diplomas in hand looking upon the broad future—slightly awed, but with a courage born of our four years spent within thy cherished halls, dear Alma Mater; knowing whatever comes in our lives that the brightest and best has been gleaned within thy four walls.

When the summer day of youth begins to waste away into the nightfall of age and the shadows of the past years grow deeper and deeper how pleasant it will be to look back through the vista of time upon the joys of the years spent within thy sacred precincts. And now to those dear friends the faculty and students that thou hast sheltered, and to thee, oh Alma Mater, one long "Farewell."

ARLEENE GILMER, '10.

THE END
OF THE (TALE)
TAIL





