

1915

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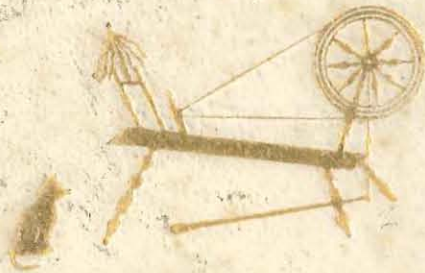
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The Spinster

HOLLINS COLLEGE

MCMXV



# The Spinster



EDITED BY  
THE STUDENTS OF HOLLINS COLLEGE  
VIRGINIA  
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN



## Dedication



### In Appreciation

of unselfish service in the interests of our Alma Mater,  
the deepest sympathy with the joys and sorrows  
of its students, this volume of

### The Spinster

was to have been affectionately dedicated to

### Geraldine Edyth Morrow

but when we remembered that it is not as a guiding and  
ever-resourceful teacher, but as the readiest and  
warmest companion that she is dearest  
to us, we threw that dedication  
aside, and now  
dedicate this volume  
to

The best of comrades, our Miss Morrow,  
From whom we long have learned to borrow  
The ready smile of friendship true—  
In love we give this book to you.

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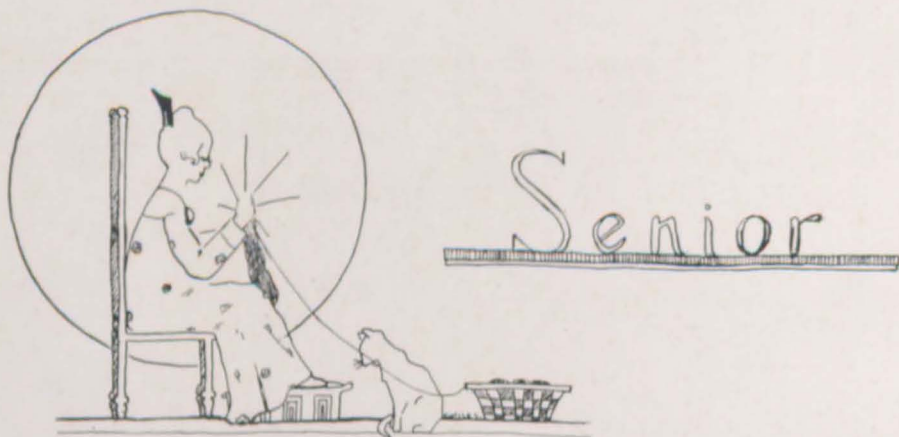
THE NEW SCIENCE HALL.



FOLIO

1919

*C. Hulsey*



MOTTO: *To Create Light*

FLOWER: Yellow Rose

COLORS: Black and Gold

MASCOT: Black Cat

+

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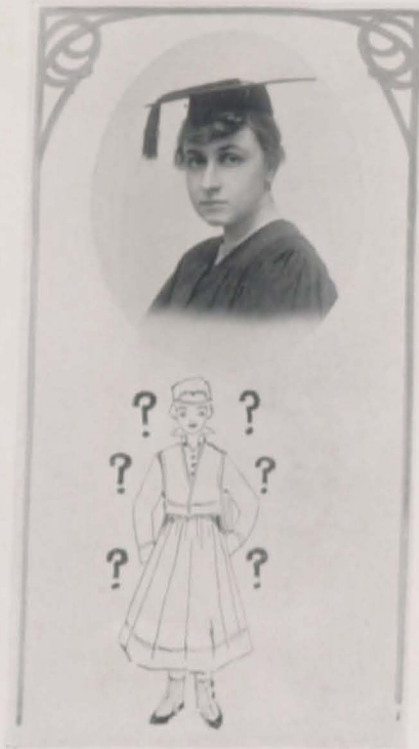
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ANNA MUCKLERoy  
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Euzelian; Texas Club; Preparatory Department 1909-'11; Irregular 1911-'13; Junior Class 1913-'14; Secretary and Treasurer of Texas Club 1910-'11; President of Texas Club 1911-'12; SPINSTER Staff 1911-'13; Choir 1911-'12; Editor-in-Chief of SPINSTER 1913-'14; Secretary Euzelian 1913; President Euzelian (fourth quarter) 1914; President Senior Class; Cotillion Club; Masker; D-R-A-G-O-N; ΔTB 1910-'14.



EUNICE ANDERSON  
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Senior Class; Φ M Γ; Entered 1913, September.



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Δ Δ Δ; Euepian; D-R-A-G-O-N; SPINSTER Staff 1913-'14; Editor-in-Chief SPINSTER 1914-'15; Treasurer Virginia Club 1913-'14; President Virginia Club 1914-'15; Euepian Scholarship 1914-'15; Joker; Mummy; A D A; Pan - Hellenic Representative of Δ Δ Δ; Δ T B 1912-'14.



CARRIE BURTON  
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B Σ O; Euzelian; T A R; Junior Class 1913-'14; D F F; Vice-President Euzelian Open Meeting 1911-'12; Secretary Euzelian Society 1914; President of Euzelian Open Meeting 1914-'15; A D A; Striker; Pyramid; Joker; Leader of Yemassee Rooters 1913-'14; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1912-'13; Vice-President Y. W. C. A. 1913-'14 and 1914-'15; Vice-President Tarheel Club 1912-'13; President Tarheel Club 1913-'14 and 1914-'15.



BESSIE NELSON COCKE  
BROWNSVILLE, TEX.



Entered 1910; President of Choral Club; Treasurer Senior Class; Euzelian; Texas Club; Choir; Secretary and Treasurer Texas Club 1912-'13; Secretary and Treasurer Glee Club 1912-'13; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1913-'15; Euzelian Open Meeting 1915; Treasurer Junior Class.



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Entered 1911; Euzelian; Vice-President Sophomore Class 1912-'13; Vice-President Junior Class 1913-'14; Secretary Senior Class 1914-'15; Assistant Business Manager of *Hollins Magazine* 1912-'13; Business Manager *Hollins Magazine* 1913-'14; Secretary of Y. W. C. A. 1913-'14; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1914-'15; Vice-President Euzelian Open Meeting 1915; Treasurer Euzelian Society 1914-'15; Assistant Librarian 1913-'15; Virginia Club; Dramatic Club.



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ROANOKE, VA.



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TROUTVILLE, VA.



ΦM; Euzelian; NUN; Virginia Club; F.A.M.; Secretary of Junior Class 1913-'14; Euzelian Open Meeting 1913-'14; Secretary and Treasurer of Glee Club 1914-'15; Musician of Senior Class 1914-'15; Treasurer of Student Association 1914-'15; Annual Inter-Society Debate 1914-'15; Magazine Staff 1914-'15.



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ΔΔΔ; Euepian; TAR; Choral Club; Choir; SPINSTER Staff 1913-'14; Magazine Staff 1914-'15; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1913-'14; President Y. W. C. A. 1914-'15; Student Council 1914-'15; Mohican Team 1913-'14; Vice-President on Lee Evening 1914; Essayist on Lee Evening 1915; Masker; Night Hawk; ΔTB 1911-'14.



SALLY DABNEY MOON  
CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.



Entered 1912; ΦM; Euepian; Virginia Club 1912-'13; D-R-A-G-O-N; Secretary Virginia Club 1913-'14; Treasurer Y. W. C. A. 1914-'15; Vice-President Lee Evening 1914-'15; Inter-Society Debate 1915; Magazine Staff 1913-'14; Editor-in-Chief Magazine 1914-'15; Mohican Team 1914-'15; Senior Class Prophet; Secretary Pan-Hellenic Association.



JUDITH GREGORY RIDDICK  
NORFOLK, VA.

Entered 1911; AΓ; Euepian; Leader Mohican Rooters '11-'14; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '13-'15; Annual Member Student Dept. So. Atl. Field Y. W. C. A. '13-'14; Magazine Staff '13-'15; Pres. Soph. Class; Treas. Student Asso. '13-'14; Sec'y Euepian Lee Evening '14; Pres. Euepian Lee Evening '15; Vice-Pres. Va. Club '13-'14; Sec'y Va. Club '12-'13, '14-'15; Member Euepian Team Inter-Society Debate '13-'14; Senior Class Poet; Chairman Student Asso. '14-'15; Exec. Council '14-'15; D-R-A-G-O-N; Mummy; Dramatic Club; Masker; Capt. Euepian Team Inter-Society Debate '14-'15; TSO; Midnight Scholar; Big Four; ADA.

## Abituri Salutamus

**Y**OU have given your best, O Hollins, to the Class of Nine-Fifteen;  
 You have given the strength of your rockbound hills, the glory of Springtime's green,  
 We have learned the lesson of friendship, we have found the meaning of love,  
 Within the bounds of thy fastness, from the blue of thy heaven above.

You have guided us always forward, and smoothed the path for our feet.  
 Oh, would we could carry you with us, in the world, our problems to meet!  
 You have taught us how empty is pleasure, how fleeting is vaunted fame,  
 Unless we take, in their seeking, ideals unallied with shame.

It is from our Alma Mater, we'll take when the paths divide.  
 Is there nothing we leave behind us, which through the years may abide—  
 When the stories of Nineteen-Fifteen have become but a memory faint,  
 When our hopes and fears in others live, and our pictures others paint?

Only this, we have builded as truly, as firmly as we have known;  
 We have builded that others behind us, in part, might the way be shown;  
 Our stones we have hewed out of kindness; our mortar the love we owe—  
 We have given our best in return for the best, though little it is, we know.

Then let us farewell together say, O members of Class One-Five,  
 To our Alma Mater, our College dear—long may she live and thrive!  
 And the peace which passeth knowledge, and love through lasting day,  
 Bind our hearts forever together and forever to Hollins, we pray.

—JUDITH RIDDICK



## History of the Senior Class

**I** AM the Class Historian. When my fellow-classmates were dealing out offices last June, they must not have liked my hair-ribbon, for they gave me that most indescribable and bromidic of positions, i. e., keeper of the records of the very unique and individual Class of 1915.

Dena came raving into my room last week, saying:

"All written work for THE SPINSTER simply must be in by the twentieth. Please write an original Class History, and get it in right away." With these very encouraging words, she left me.

I picked up a pencil from the desk, grabbed a pad from the table, and made my way to the Senior parlor, seeking an inspiration. As I went down the steps, I murmured helplessly, "Original! Good gracious, what is original?" Then there began to pass through my mind vague ideas of climbing hills and at last reaching the long-rought-for city of A. B. I put these ideas aside quickly as being anything but original, and banged the door of the Senior parlor behind me as I entered.

"Well now, what is the matter with you?" asked Ed in her modified Yankee drawl, as she and Dot unfolded themselves on a dark sofa.

"Oh, it's this awful Class History. I can't ever remember what happened so far back as Freshman and Sophomore. And as for Original!—I'm just going to sit here until you all tell me something to write."

"Why, let's see, Ed; can't we think of what happened in our Freshman year?" said Dot, politely, though I knew she and Ed wanted to push me out the window. "Oh, yes. I remember the very day we were organized. Rose Heilman came in and helped us. What funny little scared things we were!"

"And we elected Duntze president, and Bee Ford vice-president; and—let's see, who was secretary and treasurer?" said Ed.

"Susan Lipscomb," I answered, almost forgetting my despair.

"We had forty good healthy, verdant Freshmen, didn't we? We simply crowded that old Math. room to overflowing."

"And weren't you excited to death when we asked Miss Williamson to be Sponsor?" continued Ed.

"Then there was the Easter-Egg Hunt in the Kellar, and the Picnic; the Juniors' Games, and ——"

"Oh, Dot; wait a minute; let me catch up." I suddenly remembered that I had neglected so far to preserve any of this jeweled information on paper.

Just then the door opened, and in walked Judith, with a black laboratory manual in one hand, and Chemistry books in the other.

"Got any eats in here? I've just come from the Science Hall, where they are making cake, and the odor of 'em is ringing in my ears yet."

"There were a few crackers left from the Founder's Day reception," I said; "but I think the mice have obliterated them by now. I see Annie and Mary coming across the campus, with all kinds of bags and bottles. I bet they have been to the store. Let's call them."

Soon we were each possessed of a jumbo or pickle from the bags of our generous friends.

"Oh, girls, you should have seen the vampire down on the road," said Annie, as she deposited cans of bacon and beans, and a loaf of bread on the table.

"Tell us about the 'vamp'," urged Judith, and picking up the once-was-a-carving-knife, she began to slice the bread; "I haven't heard any excitement since the Faculty Surprise Recital."

"Oh no, I'll save that for the Senior Banquet. Mary, turn on the toaster. We'll have a royal feast before long."

"You all aren't giving me any History," I said, desperate at being discarded for a cracker and a little bit of cheese.

This almost had some effect. Two or three spurts of enthusiasm had brought to light a few forgotten facts about our Sophomore year, when someone said,

"Doesn't this remind you of our Sophomore year, when we used to come down and make tea with the Seniors? Remember the baby party Miss Morrow gave us?"

"And Judith was Miss Morrow's little girl—and has been ever since," said Annie. "That accounts for her being taken in A D A as the Faculty Pet."

But when Jude put on her fourth expression, and began to blush, we took compassion on her, and Annie proceeded to tell what she knew of 1915 and its past behavior.

"The night before Founder's Day, we sat around this very table, planning how we were going to get our banner up. It was a hard fight, but we came out on top; and then the wedding that night. Will you ever forget it?"

"Wedding?" said Mary, dreamily. "I don't remember anything about a wedding."

"Of course you don't," said Ed; "that was one of the many times when you were flitting around at Washington and Lee."

By this time the delicious, penetrating odor of bacon and toast had brought Carrie, Eunice, and Berenice down from the hall above, two steps at a time.

"You think you're having a party, don't you?" said Carrie, with a laugh all her own.

"The real purpose of this gathering," I protested, "was to write the Class History; though it seems to have degenerated into a feast. Eunice, please give me, in a few brief sentences, your first impressions of this Class."

"Well, the first thing I would mention would be Muck's red hair; the second, Judith's effervescent puns; third, Burton's laugh; fourth, Bessie's fondness for 'Nights of Bliss'; then Dot and Ed's excessive congeniality, Dabney's intellect, Annie's frankness, Mary's absence, Bee's fondness for book-agents, Dena's punctuality at breakfast, and your——"

"Never mind about me," I said quickly. "This soliloquy of yours is going in print, so you'd better not say anything about me. I'll change it to you."

"Oh! really, I was quite attached to this Class from the start. I used to watch you all when I first heard I was going to be a Junior. You all always did so many clever things, and that Junior Play! If I live to be a thousand, I'll never forget Judith standing in the middle of the stage, screaming, 'I will not put it on, I will not'; and



getting more hysterical every second, and Gladys right behind her saying, "You will; you will so." Then the party Miss Williamson and Miss Morrow gave us after the performance. I know we have the most adorable Sponsors in the world!"

Wasn't Miss Morrow lovely in our Founder's Day stunt? Everybody said that was the prettiest thing ever given at Hollins," said Judith, in a manner worthy of Juno.

"And to think Muck wrote it!"

"The Spirit of Hollins'; it sounds just like her. She does write such beautiful things. Oh, I'm just so glad I joined this Class. Think of how many things I would have missed—the Junior teas in our Junior parlor; and, most important of all, gossiping over our after-dinner coffee."

"Oh gracious," exclaimed Bee, jumping up suddenly, "have any of you seen Dena? I've got to see her. The man from the printing-house is coming tomorrow, to see about THE SPINSTER."

"SPINSTER? What about THE SPINSTER?" said Dena, poking her head in the window.

"Come in, and I'll tell you," continued Bee, in a business-like tone.

"Stop that, Sally," screamed Dena, as Sally pushed her roughly through the window, and then crawled through herself. "Just 'cause you're Editor-in-Chief of *The Magazine*, you needn't think you can push me around like that."

"Editor-in-Chief of *The Magazine*," I groaned, helplessly. "Oh, why hadn't they made Sally historian instead of me?—Sally, please come help me."

"Certainly, if it is anything I can do. I always have wanted to say a few things about the Seniors," replied Sally, otherwise known as Dabney, and sometimes as "Moon." "Shall I begin with the picnic our Sponsors gave us in the fall, or our presentation of *Everywoman*, or best of all the Christmas party our dear Senior Mother gave us? You see there's so much, I hardly know where to begin."

"I don't think it makes any difference where you begin, Dab.," put in Carrie, "just so you get it all in. Only please don't forget to mention, we were the first to get our banner up in the new Science Hall, and the last Class to have our banner up in the cupola, and—oh, I wonder what's happened now. Here come Muck and Bessie, running

as hard as they can. I hope it isn't——"; but before she could finish her sentence, the door opened, and in tumbled Muck and Bessie, entirely out of breath, and silent with excitement.

"What is the matter?" we softly questioned, after waiting five minutes for an outburst. "Not another letter from the Phosphorus, Bessie?"

"Oh, girls, we can have 'em," came weakly from Muck.

"Have what?" in a chorus from us.

"The caps and gowns! The Seniors can wear caps and gowns!"

Just about this time the slats in the sofa broke with pure joy, and the room was an uproar.

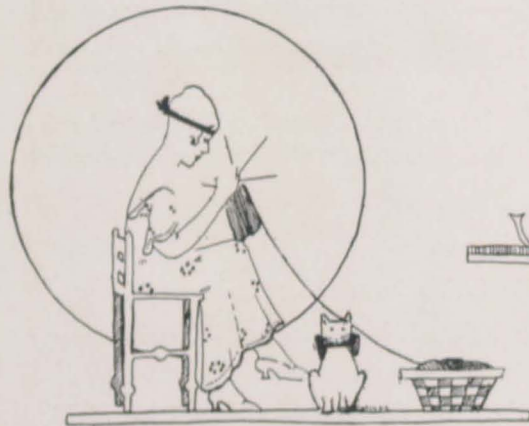
"Isn't that wonderful? At last, after thirteen years of long waiting!" At this thought, Judith and Dena, in a spasm of delight, began a Pavlova dance in the middle of the floor.

All notions of a logical History left my mind. I jumped up, and joined in the dance.

"Our greatest deed!" cried Muck. "I'm overcome. Let's have some beans!"

—THE HISTORIAN





Junior

MOTTO: *Per Aspera ad Astra*

FLOWER: Daisy

COLORS: Garnet and Gold

+

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|------------------------|----------------|
| GLADYS GORMAN.....     | President      |
| MARGARET HOWARD .....  | Vice-President |
| MARGARET GRAVATT ..... | Secretary      |
| ESTHER COX .....       | Treasurer      |

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SPONSOR

Miss Maimie Singleton



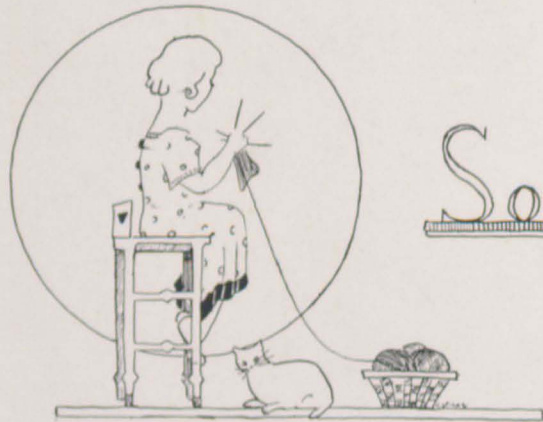
JUNIOR CLASS

## Junior Class

- CORNELIA ALDERSON.....ALDERSON, W. VA.  
West Virginia Club; Euzelian.
- ALICE BUCKNER.....ERLANGER, KY.  
Δ Γ; D-R-A-G-O-N; Euzelian; Vice-President Kentucky Club; K I; Treasurer Pan-Hellenic Association; Secretary Y. W. C. A. 1915-'16.
- ESTHER COX.....523 North Street, PORTSMOUTH, VA.  
Virginia Club; Treasurer Junior Class; President Y. W. C. A. 1915-'16; Financial Secretary Euzelian 1914-'15.
- MARY BELLE CULROSS.....WILLIAMSON, W. VA.  
West Virginia Club; Euepian.
- GLADYS GORMAN.....DURHAM, N. C.  
K Δ; Euzelian; D-R-A-G-O-N; Assistant Editor *Magazine*; Secretary Y. W. C. A. 1914-'15; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; President Junior Class; Secretary Student Association; Pan-Hellenic Representative K Δ; Dramatic Club.
- MARGARET GRAVATT.....ROANOKE, VA.  
Δ Δ Δ; Mohican Team; Secretary Virginia Club.
- MARGARET HOWARD.....MOUNT VERNON, ILL.  
Φ M Γ; Euzelian; Editor-in-Chief *Magazine*; Vice-President Junior Class; Vice-President Y. W. C. A. 1915-'16; Captain Euzelian Team Inter-Society Debate; Yankee Club; Pan-Hellenic Representative Φ M Γ; Dramatic Club.
- BESSIE MONROE.....BROOKNEAL, VA.  
Δ Γ; Euzelian; T A R; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1914-'16; Choir; Joker; Sphinx; SPINSTER Staff; Dramatic Club.
- ALMA NIX.....EAST ROCKAWAY, N. Y.  
Δ Δ Δ; Euepian; Annual Member of Student Department of South Atlantic Field of Y. W. C. A.; Pan-Hellenic Representative Δ Δ Δ; *Magazine* Staff; President Yankee Club; Dramatic Club.
- CATHARINE PHILSON.....642 Napolian Street, JOHNSTOWN, PA.  
Δ Δ Δ; Euepian; T A R; SPINSTER Staff; Yankee Club; Glee Club; K I; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1915-'16; Mummy; Dramatic Club.
- EMILY TWITTY.....HARTSVILLE, S. C.  
Euzelian; South Carolina Club; Striker.
- ANNA WHITNER.....ROCK HILL, S. C.  
Φ M; Euepian; D-R-A-G-O-N; Yemassee Team; President South Carolina Club; Joker; Chairman Athletic Association; Pan-Hellenic Representative Φ M; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1915-'16.



THE JUNIORS



# Sophomore

MOTTO: *Strike, and Hold Cheap the Strain*

FLOWER: Yellow Rose

COLORS: Black and Gold

MASCOT: Black Cat

+

### OFFICERS

JENNIE SNEAD .....	<i>President</i>
HELEN McCoy .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
VIRGINIA MILTON .....	<i>Secretary</i>
RUTH MONROE .....	<i>Treasurer</i>

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### SPONSOR

Miss ALMA BOYD

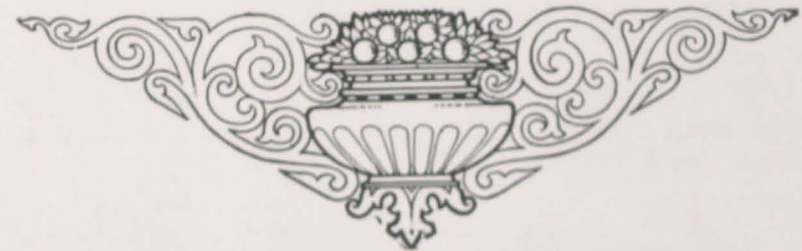


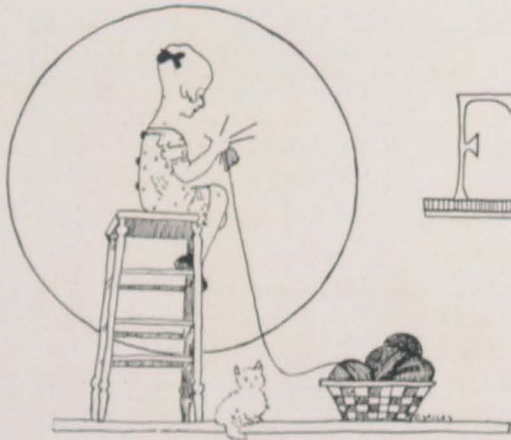
SOPHOMORE CLASS

## Sophomore Class

- LOTTA BARCLAY.....116 Main Street, SALZSBURG, MD.  
Euepian; Yankee Club.
- BEULAH BENNETT.....2702 Olive Street, ST. JOSEPH, MO.  
Φ M Γ; Euepian Treasurer; Secretary Missouri Club; Secretary Western Club; Choir.
- LOUISE BRECK.....19 Austin Place, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.  
Euepian; Yankee Club; Choir.
- ROSE COX.....INDEPENDENCE, VA.  
Euzelian; Choir; Virginia Club.
- ESTELLE DUFFY.....HAYMAKERTOWN, VA.  
Virginia Club.
- ALLIE FECHTIG.....1810 Princess Street, WILMINGTON, N. C.  
Euepian; Tarheel Club; Tennis Manager; Treasurer Y. W. C. A. 1915-'16.
- FRANCES GRAVATT.....ROANOKE, VA.  
Δ Δ Δ; Virginia Club.
- AGNES HANSON.....612 Fifth Street, BRISTOL, VA.  
Φ M; Euepian; Virginia Club; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1915-'16.
- EDNA HURM.....721 Main Street, HAMILTON, OHIO  
Α Γ; Euepian; Yankee Club; Choir.
- BIRDIE JACKSON.....929 Fulton Avenue, BALTIMORE, MD.  
Euzelian.
- VIRGINIA JENKS.....BLUEFIELD, W. VA.  
Euepian; West Virginia Club.
- KATHERINE JUDKINS.....563 Park Avenue, NEW YORK, N. Y.  
Α Γ; Euzelian; D-R-A-G-O-N; Mummy; Masker; Cotillion; Captain Yemassee Team; Virginia Club; Sophomore Team.
- ELEANOR KENT.....UNIVERSITY, VA.  
Α Γ; Euepian; T A R; Captain Mohican Team; SPINSTER Staff; Treasurer Virginia Club; Choir; Cotillion Club; Joker; Sphinx.
- HELEN McCOY.....SISTERSVILLE, W. VA.  
Δ Δ Δ; Euepian; D-R-A-G-O-N; Masker; Mummy; President West Virginia Club; Yemassee Team; Assistant Athletic Manager; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Cotillion Club; President Pan-Hellenic Association; Sophomore Team.

- VIRGINIA MILTON.....311 Market Street, WILMINGTON, N. C.  
Α Γ; Euepian; T A R; Mummy; Masker; North Carolina Club; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1914-'15, 1915-'16; Assistant Business Manager SPINSTER.
- RUTH MONROE.....BROOKNEAL, VA.  
Α Γ; Euzelian; Joker; T A R; Virginia Club; Assistant Business Manager of *Hollins Magazine*.
- ALINE RUDOLPH.....220 Stockton Street, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.  
Φ M Γ; Euepian.
- MARGARET SAWYER.....1197 Grand Boulevard, DETROIT, MICH.  
Α Γ; Euzelian; D-R-A-G-O-N; Joker; Sphinx; SPINSTER Staff; Essayist at Open Meeting; Dramatic Club.
- MARY SHAW.....23 Rectory Street, OXFORD, N. C.  
Φ M Γ; Euzelian; North Carolina Club; Glee Club.
- JENNIE SNEAD.....CLIFTON FORGE, VA.  
Α Γ; Euzelian; Masker; Virginia Club; *Magazine* Staff; Dramatic Club.
- ELIZABETH TERRILL.....ROANOKE, VA.  
Virginia Club.
- KATHLEEN VANN.....MADISON, FLA.  
Euzelian.





# Freshman

MOTTO: *Curemus Effic'emus*

FLOWER: Daisy

COLORS: Red and White

+

### OFFICERS

- |                         |                       |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| ALICE BURDETT .....     | <i>President</i>      |
| MILDRED HARDWICKE ..... | <i>Vice-President</i> |
| ANNA CAMPBELL .....     | <i>Secretary</i>      |
| DAMARIS RISNER .....    | <i>Treasurer</i>      |

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### SPONSOR

MISS RACHEL WILSON

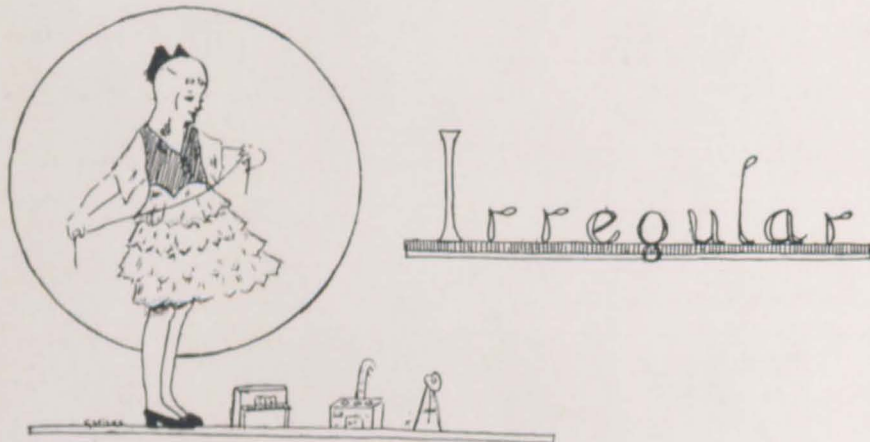


FRESHMAN CLASS

## Freshman Class

FLORENCE ALDERSON	ALDERSON, W. VA.
Euzelian; West Virginia Club.	
REBA ARMSTEAD	CHURCHLAND, VA.
Φ M Γ; Euzelian; Masker; Mummy; Yemassee Team; Virginia Club; Cotillion.	
DOROTHY BARCLAY	1148 Second Street, LOUISVILLE, KY.
Euzelian.	
MARGARET BISHOP	456 Potomac Avenue, HAGERSTOWN, MD.
Euzelian.	
JOSEPHINE BROWN	WARREN, OHIO
Euzelian; Yankee Club.	
ALICE BURDETT	44 Howard Avenue; BROOKLINE, MASS.
Δ Γ; Euepian; D-R-A-G-O-N; Mummy; Masker; Mohican Team; Cotillion; Yankee Club.	
LOUISE CAHOON	ROSWELL, N. M.
Δ Δ Δ; Euepian; Western Club.	
ANNA CAMPBELL	ROANOKE, VA.
Φ M Γ; Euzelian; Virginia Club; Choir.	
JULIA CARLTON	TOANO, VA.
Euzelian; Virginia Club.	
MARGARET COCHRANE	231 East Pittsburg Street, GREENSBURG, PA.
Δ Δ Δ; Euepian; Yemassee Team; Yankee Club.	
MARY DARDEN	WILMINGTON, N. C.
K Δ; North Carolina Club.	
ESTHER DeGAFF	13 East Main Street, AMSTERDAM, N. Y.
Euepian; Yankee Club.	
MARTHA DIVEN	ANDERSON, IND.
Φ M Γ; Euzelian; Yankee Club; Glee Club; Joker.	
ABIGAIL FORD	LYNCHBURG, VA.
Euzelian; Virginia Club.	
JUSTINE GILDER	WARREN, OHIO
Euzelian; Yankee Club; Mohican Team.	
MILDRED HARDWICKE	SHERMAN, TEX.
Euzelian; Texas Club.	

ELLA HAYNSWORTH	GREENVILLE, S. C.
Φ M Γ; Euzelian; South Carolina Club.	
DORIS HUFF	ROANOKE, VA.
B Σ O; Euzelian; Virginia Club.	
MAY HYSLOP	BELLHAVEN, VA.
Euzelian; Virginia Club.	
ANN HUTCHINGS	768 Barrett Avenue, LOUISVILLE, KY.
K Δ; Euzelian; Mummy; Joker.	
ANN LACY	ROANOKE, VA.
Virginia Club.	
JESSIE McCORKLE	BIG STONE GAP, VA.
Euepian; Virginia Club.	
LOUISE McLAUCHLIN	504 Mowbray Avenue, NORFOLK, VA.
Φ M; Euepian; Virginia Club.	
ANNA MILLER	16 Beechwood Avenue, EAST ORANGE, N. J.
Euzelian; Yankee Club.	
PATTY MOSBY	SOMERVILLE, TENN.
Euepian.	
EULA PACE	CORINGTON, VA.
Virginia Club.	
LESLIE PATTERSON	CHATHAM, VA.
B Σ O; Euzelian; Virginia Club.	
DAMARIS RISNER	209 Glenwood, KNOXVILLE, TENN.
PHELAN RUFFIN	260 York Street, NORFOLK, VA.
Δ Γ; Euepian; Joker; Sphinx; Virginia Club.	
EMILY SHIREY	BLUEFIELD, W. VA.
K Δ; West Virginia Club; Striker; Masker; A D A.	
ROSE SPARROW	MARTINSVILLE, VA.
Φ M Γ; Virginia Club.	
FLORENCE WATKINS	1215 De Bree Street, NORFOLK, VA.
Euzelian; Virginia Club.	
KATHLEEN WATKINS	TROUTVILLE, VA.
Euzelian; Virginia Club.	
BEUNA WELTON	732 Riverside Avenue, PORTSMOUTH, VA.
Δ Δ Δ; Euzelian; Virginia Club; Cotillion.	
EDITH WILSON	NEW CANTON, VA.
Φ M; Euepian; Virginia Club.	

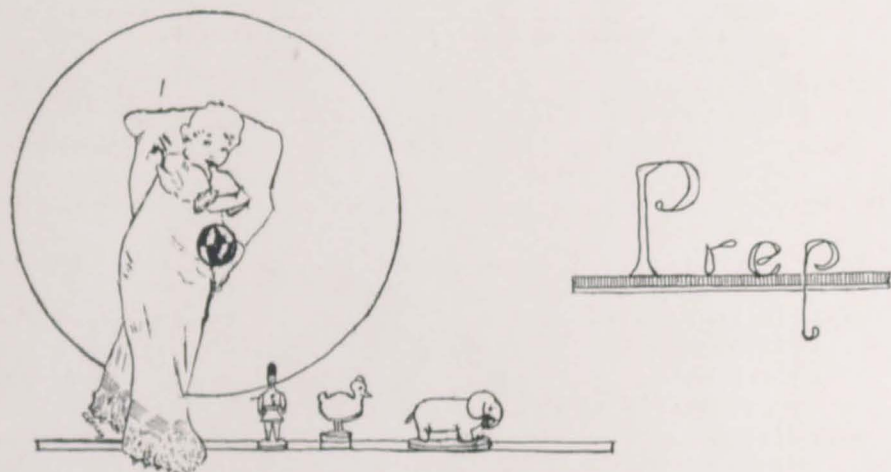


### Irregular College Students

EMILY BATTLE	CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.
Euepian; Striker; Virginia Club.	
MARY GILES BELLAMY	WILMINGTON, N. C.
K Δ; Euzelian; Mohican Team; Tarheel Club.	
MARGUERITE BINION	MACON, MISS.
Mississippi Club.	
MARGARET BOLLING	ROANOKE, VA.
B Σ O; Virginia Club; N U N.	
MARGARET BORDEN	GOLDSBORO, N. C.
K Δ; Euzelian; Tarheel Club; Joker; Choir; Striker; Pyramid; J U G.	
JOSEPHINE BROWN	WARREN, OHIO
Euzelian; Yankee Club.	
ATHALIA BUNTING	WILMINGTON, N. C.
Euepian; Choral Club; Choir; Masker; Pyramid; Tarheel Club.	
SALLY CHERRY	CHATHAM, VA.
Virginia Club.	
LOUISE CURRIN	930 West Franklin Street, RICHMOND, VA.
K Δ; Virginia Club.	

LORENA EVANS	PETERSON, OHIO
Euzelian; Yankee Club; Choral Club.	
MARGARET FOX	1204 Olive Street, PINE BLUFF, ARK.
Φ M; Pyramid; F. A. M.	
ELIZABETH GIBSON	OXFORD, N. C.
Euzelian; Tarheel Club.	
LILLIAN JORDAN	KEYSER, W. VA.
West Virginia Club.	
EVELYN JUHAN	MACON, GA.
Φ M; Euepian; Georgia Club.	
MARIE LONG	2911 Grove Avenue, RICHMOND, VA.
B Σ O; Euzelian; Choral Club; Virginia Club.	
FRANCES MARSTON	1338 Oakland Street, SHREVEPORT, LA.
Louisiana Club.	
MADELEINE MAURY	SPRING HILL, ALA.
Euepian; Alabama Club.	
RACHEL MILLS	425 South Limestone Street, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO
Yankee Club; Yemassee Team.	
ELIZABETH MOORE	BERRYVILLE, VA.
A Γ; Euzelian; T A R; Cotillion; Masker; Virginia Club; Mummy; Dramatic Club.	
WINNIE PEYTON	LOS ANGELES, CAL.
Euepian; Western Club.	
GLADYS RUDACILLE	FRONT ROYAL, VA.
Euepian; Virginia Club.	
BERENICE SWOPE	1833 Oak Street, COLUMBUS, OHIO
Yankee Club.	
CORDELIA TAYLOR	RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL
Φ M Γ; Euzelian; Superintendent of Practice; T A R.	
ELIZABETH TINSLEY	121 East St. Catherine Street, LOUISVILLE, KY.
K Δ; Kentucky Club.	
MARGARET WHITE	522 Vine Street, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.
Φ M; Euzelian; Magazine Staff; Yemassee Team.	
MABEL WILKIN	620 West Fourteenth Street, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.
K Δ; Euzelian.	
GLADYS WILLIS	ROANOKE, VA.
Δ Δ Δ; Euzelian; Virginia Club.	
HELEN WILSON	PYLESVILLE, MD.
Maryland Club.	





### College Preparatory Students

MARGARET ARMSTRONG.....	GREENSBORO, N. C.
Tarheel Club.	
JANET BAGBY.....	2920 Calvert Street, BALTIMORE, MD.
Maryland Club; Striker.	
EDITH BARNES.....	ROANOKE, VA.
B Σ O; Virginia Club; Euzelian; JUG; D. I.	
HELEN BIRDSONG.....	323 Pinner Street, SUFFOLK, VA.
Δ Δ Δ; Euepian; Virginia Club; Choral Club; NUN.	
GRACE BLOODWORTH.....	191 Myrtle Street, ATLANTA, GA.
Φ M Γ; Euepian; T A R; Sphinx; Joker; President Georgia Club.	
ELIZABETH BRADLEY.....	COLUMBUS, GA.
Euzelian; Georgia Club.	
MINNIE BREWER.....	JACKSON, MISS.
Φ M Γ; Euepian; A D A; Striker; Mississippi Club; Sunshine Family; F. A. M.	
SUSAN BUCKNER.....	ERLANGER, KY.
Δ Δ Δ; Euzelian; Secretary and Treasurer Kentucky Club.	
NELLIE BURNS.....	LEBANON, VA.
Euzelian; Virginia Club.	

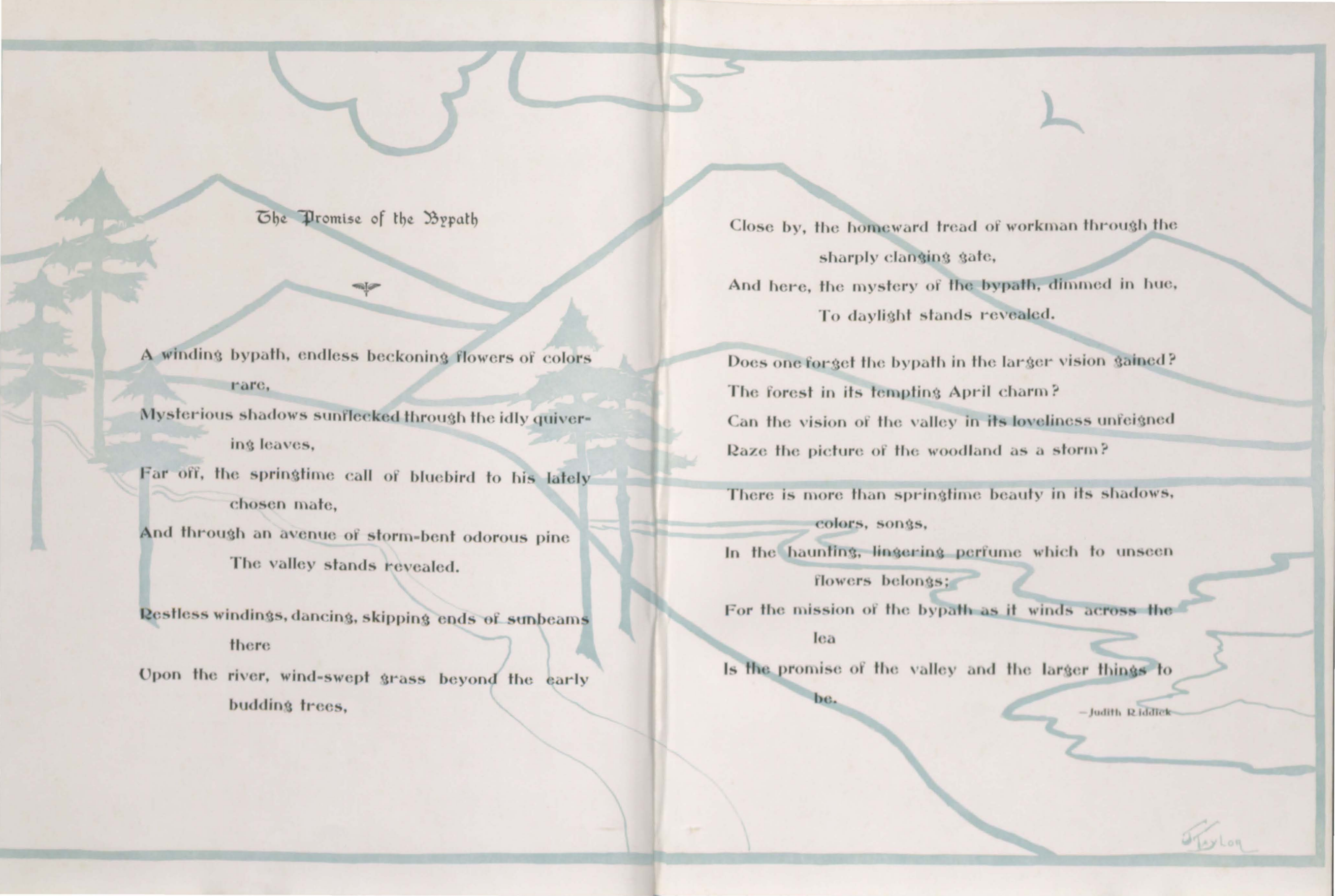
SARAH CAIN.....	COLUMBUS, S. C.
B Σ O; Euepian; Cotillion Club; Striker; Worker; Pyramid; NUN; F. A. M.; South Carolina Club.	
RUTH CAMP.....	FRANKLIN, VA.
Virginia Club.	
MARIE CAMPBELL.....	BECKLEY, W. VA.
Euzelian; West Virginia Club.	
MARTHA CHALENOR.....	530 Mowbray Arch; NORFOLK, VA.
Euzelian; Virginia Club.	
ELLEN CHILES.....	Hotel Clinton, EAST ORANGE, N. J.
Euepian; Virginia Club.	
NELL CHOATE.....	10 Park Lane, ATLANTA, GA.
B Σ O; Georgia Club.	
HELEN CLARK.....	CLEVELAND, MISS.
K Δ; Euzelian; Mississippi Club.	
ROBERTA CLARK.....	Elkridge Farm; ELICOTT CITY, MD.
Euzelian.	
MARION LEE COBBS.....	COVINGTON, VA.
Euzelian; Virginia Club.	
DORIS COLLINS.....	144 Windsor Street, ATLANTA, GA.
B Σ O; Euepian; Georgia Club.	
GERTRUDE CONN.....	25 Davenport Street, DETROIT, MICH.
Δ Γ; Euzelian; Mummy; Yankee Club; Masker; K I; Cotillion.	
ISABEL CRUM.....	Highland Park, MONTGOMERY, GA.
Φ M; Euzelian; Sphinx.	
ELEANOR CURTIN.....	126 Johnson Street, BRISTOL, VA.
Euepian; Virginia Club.	
NETTIE DAVIS.....	ROCKY MOUNT, VA.
Euzelian; Virginia Club.	
EVELYN DEKLE.....	MARIANNA, FLA.
Φ M Γ; Sphinx; Joker; Florida Club.	
MARGARET DELK.....	SUFFOLK, VA.
Yemassee Team; Joker; A D A; NUN; Treasurer Cotillion Club; K I; Virginia Club.	
HELEN DENT.....	510 South Perry Street, MONTGOMERY, ALA.
K I; Sphinx; Cotillion; Masker; Euzelian; Alabama Club.	
MARY LOUISE DEUTSCH.....	119 East Craig Place, SAN ANTONIO, TEX.
K Δ; Euzelian; Secretary and Treasurer Texas Club; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Sphinx; Joker; N. A. D.	
HELEN DONELSON.....	345 North Bellevue, MEMPHIS, TENN.
K Δ; Tennessee Club; T A R; Masker; Striker; N. A. D.	

CARRIE EDWARDS	LOS ANGELES, CAL.
Euzelian; Western Club.	
MARGUERITE ELEBASH	SELMA, ALA.
Alabama Club; Mohican Team.	
MANNIE EMERSON	WILMINGTON, N. C.
Euzelian; North Carolina Club.	
ELSIE EVANS	EAGLE PASS, TEX.
Euzelian; Texas Club.	
EVELYN FISHBURN	ROANOKE, VA.
A G; Mummy; Joker; Euzelian; Virginia Club; D. I.	
WILLIE FLANAGAN	CHRISTIANSBURG, VA.
Euepian; Virginia Club.	
LUCILE FRIEDLEIN	Box 586, HAVANA, CUBA
Euepian.	
MYRTLE FUGATE	ADAIRVILLE, KY.
Kentucky Club.	
SARAH GAYLE FURNISH	COVINGTON, KY.
Cotillion Club; President Kentucky Club; Euzelian; Striker; S. O. C.	
FRANCES GARDNER	205 George Street, GREENWOOD, MISS.
Euepian; Secretary and Treasurer Mississippi Club.	
CHRISTINE GHOLSON	PRINCETON, KY.
Euzelian; Kentucky Club.	
EMMIE GIESECKE	228 Washington Street, SAN ANTONIO, TEX.
Euzelian, Texas Club.	
FLORENCE GRAVES	LAHERE, VA.
Euzelian; Virginia Club.	
EVELYNE HARRISON	WYTHEVILLE, VA.
Euepian; Virginia Club.	
LOUISE HARWELL	629 Piedmont Avenue, ATLANTA, GA.
Euepian; Mohican Team; Georgia Club; N. A. D.; N. U. N.	
JANET HATCHER	48 Peachtree Circle; ATLANTA, GA.
Euepian; Georgia Club.	
LORENE HAZELRIGG	704 Seventh Avenue, ASBURY PARK, N. J.
Δ Δ Δ; T A R; Mummy; Masker; Cotillion; K I; N. A. D.; Yankee Club.	
MARJORIE HEAD	703 Clark Street, MOBERLY, MO.
Φ M; Missouri Club.	
LILLIAN HERRING	Box 1453, SANFORD, FLA.
Euzelian; Choral Club; Florida Club.	
HARRIET HILL	624 Wells Street, SISTERVILLE, W. VA.
B Σ O; Euepian; West Virginia Club.	

LUCY HIX	135 Redgate Avenue, NORFOLK, VA.
A G; Virginia Club; A D A; Masker; S. H. S.; Pyramid; J U G.	
ELIZABETH JOHNSON	MEBANO, OHIO
Ohio Club.	
KATHERINE JOHNSON	229 Leflora Avenue, CLARKSDALE, MISS.
Mississippi Club.	
ROBERTA JONES	13 Moulton Street, MONTGOMERY, ALA.
Alabama Club; A D A; Joker; K I.	
LOUISE KING	925 Peachtree Street, ATLANTA, GA.
B Σ O; Georgia Club.	
MARGARET KIRKPATRICK	LYNCHBURG, VA.
Euzelian; Virginia Club.	
MARY BURR LAKE	ATLANTA, GA.
Georgia Club; S. O. C.	
MIRIAM LECKIE	WELCH, W. VA.
Euzelian; West Virginia Club.	
MILDRED LEE	426 Hull Street, MONTGOMERY, ALA.
A G; Euzelian; President Alabama Club; Joker; Sphinx; K I; Assistant Business Manager Magazine; Student Council 1914-'15.	
MARGARET McCARTY	163 Ponce de Leon Avenue, ATLANTA, GA.
Striker; S. O. C.; Georgia Club.	
EDITH McCOMBS	ROANOKE, VA.
Virginia Club.	
VIVIAN McCONIHAY	406 State Street, CHARLESTON, W. VA.
Mummy; Joker; Pyramid; A D A; West Virginia Club.	
MARY McCUE	AFTON, VA.
Virginia Club.	
GLADYS McFARLAND	114 East Craig Place, SAN ANTONIO, TEX.
K Δ; D-R-A-G-O-N; Mummy; Joker; Choir; Striker; Pyramid; Texas Club.	
VIRGINIA McFARLAND	114 East Craig Place, SAN ANTONIO, TEX.
Cotillion; A D A; Masker; Striker; Sphinx; Euepian; K I; N. A. D.; Texas Club.	
PANSY MEEK	BURKS GARDEN, VA.
Virginia Club; Choral Club.	
ANNE MONTAGUE	4 Ladson Street, CHARLESTON, S. C.
Yemassee Team; Euepian; Joker; South Carolina Club.	
VIRGINIA MONTAGUE	CROZET, VA.
Virginia Club.	
MARION MORGAN	51 Abbot Avenue, ORANGE GROVE, N. J.
Yankee Club; K I; Pyramid; Choral Club.	

- EMILY MORRIS.....DENDRON, VA.  
 Δ Δ Δ; Euepian; Virginia Club; Masker; K I; NUN; N. A. D.
- HELYN MORRIS.....119 West Ninth Street, AUSTIN, TEXAS  
 Euzelian; Texas Club.
- VARSenic MOOSBY.....TABRIS, PERSIA  
 Euzelian.
- ROSALINE MOSELEY.....1501 Grove Avenue, RICHMOND, VA.  
 Virginia Club.
- JULIA PACE.....ALBANY, GA.  
 Φ M; Euepian; Yemassee Team; Sphinx.
- CAROLINE PASCUAL.....Box 84, HAVANA, CUBA  
 Euepian; Striker; Choral Club; Foreign Club.
- ELIZABETH PRUIT.....ROSWELL, N. M.  
 Euepian; Choral Club; Choir; Joker; Western Club.
- LUISE RATH.....HOLLINS COLLEGE, VA.  
 Choir; Virginia Club; Joker; J U G; Sphinx.
- GENEVIEVE REDDING.....255 West Fourth Street, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.  
 Florida Club.
- LAURA REICHARDT.....ROANOKE, VA.  
 Virginia Club.
- ANITA RODEMICH.....2910 Henrietta Street, St. LOUIS, MO.  
 Yankee Club; Euepian; Choral Club; Choir; Mohican Team; Joker; Missouri Club.
- VIRGINIA ROTHERD.....1416 Grove Avenue, RICHMOND, VA.  
 Virginia Club.
- ESTHER ROUNTREE.....QUITMAN, GA.  
 Euzelian; Joker; A D A; Striker; Georgia Club; Yemassee Team; Pyramid.
- HANNAH SARGEANT.....800 Grand View Avenue, BELLEVUE, KY.  
 Kentucky Club.
- MARY SAVILLE.....1821 Park Avenue, RICHMOND, VA.  
 Virginia Club.
- CATHERINE SCHMELZ.....HAMPTON, VA.  
 Φ M F; Euzelian; Choral Club; Virginia Club; Striker.
- PAGE SEBRELL.....COURTLAND, VA.  
 Virginia Club.
- SARAH SHEFFIELD.....AMERICUS, GA.  
 Georgia Club.
- CHARLOTTE SMITH.....HICKORY, S. C.  
 South Carolina Club.
- DOROTHY SMITH.....COLORADO, TEX.  
 Euzelian; Texas Club; Masker; Sphinx; NUN; N. A. D.

- FRANCES SMITH.....COLORADO, TEX.  
 Euzelian; Texas Club; Striker; Choral Club.
- RUTH SMITH.....WILMINGTON, N. C.  
 K Δ; Euzelian; Tarheel Club.
- STELLA SMITH.....CLINTWOOD, VA.  
 Euzelian; Virginia Club; Choral Club.
- KATHERINE SPINDLE.....CHRISTIANSBURG, VA.  
 Euzelian; Choir; Choral Club; Virginia Club.
- RENA STEARNES.....127 Cedar Street, HOT SPRINGS, ARK.  
 Choral Club; President Western Club.
- MAY STEINER.....220 South Hull Street, MONTGOMERY, ALA.  
 Euzelian; Sphinx; K I; Cotillion; Alabama Club; Masker.
- LUCILLE STUART.....JACKSONVILLE, FLA.  
 B Σ O; Euepian; Florida Club.
- LORAIN SUYDAM.....624 South Bixel Street, LOS ANGELES, CAL.  
 Euzelian; Yankee Club; Western Club.
- JOSEPHINE TAYLOR.....RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL  
 Foreign Club; Striker.
- HELEN TILLMAN.....EDGEFIELD, S. C.  
 Euzelian; South Carolina Club; Striker.
- BEATRICE TRUXAL.....MAYERSDALE, PA.  
 Yankee Club; Choral Club; Choir; Cotillion; Pennsylvania Club.
- LELIA WARD.....VIRGINIA  
 Virginia Club.
- KEITH WHITTET.....1803 Hanover Avenue, RICHMOND, VA.  
 Virginia Club.
- MARGUERITE WILLIAMS.....272 College Street, MACON, GA.  
 Georgia Club.
- DONIA WILLIAMSON.....413 Ohio Avenue, COLUMBUS, OHIO  
 Yankee Club.
- ANNE WILLINGHAM.....210 Vineville Avenue, MACON, GA.  
 Φ M; T A R; Joker; Sphinx; Euepian; Georgia Club.
- LUCILLE WILSON.....2036 West Grace Street, RICHMOND, VA.  
 Virginia Club; Masker; K I.
- ESTHER WOOL.....NORFOLK, VA.  
 Euzelian; Virginia Club.
- VERA WURZBACH.....1814 North Palmetto, SAN ANTONIO, TEX.  
 Euzelian; Texas Club.
- IMOGEN YOUNG.....KAUFMAN, TEX.  
 Joker; Texas Club; Euzelian; Striker.



The Promise of the Bypath

A winding bypath, endless beckoning flowers of colors  
rare,

Mysterious shadows sunfleeced through the idly quiver-  
ing leaves,

Far off, the springtime call of bluebird to his lately  
chosen mate,

And through an avenue of storm-bent odorous pine  
The valley stands revealed.

Restless windings, dancing, skipping ends of sunbeams  
there

Upon the river, wind-swept grass beyond the early  
budding trees,

Close by, the homeward tread of workman through the  
sharply clanging gate,  
And here, the mystery of the bypath, dimmed in hue,  
To daylight stands revealed.

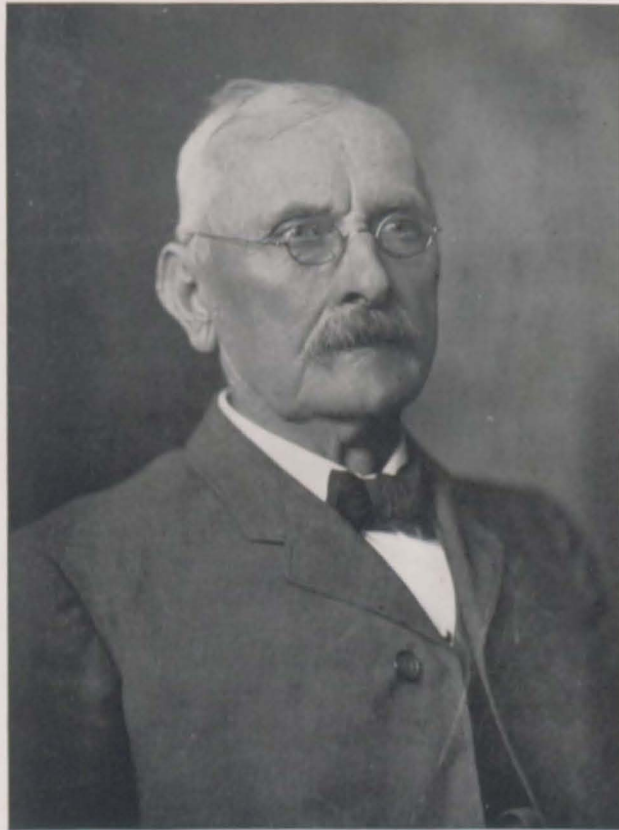
Does one forget the bypath in the larger vision gained?  
The forest in its tempting April charm?  
Can the vision of the valley in its loveliness unfeigned  
Raze the picture of the woodland as a storm?

There is more than springtime beauty in its shadows,  
colors, songs,  
In the haunting, lingering perfume which to unseen  
flowers belongs;

For the mission of the bypath as it winds across the  
lea  
Is the promise of the valley and the larger things to  
be.

- Judith Riddick

Taylor



DR. WM. H. PLEASANTS



IN MEMORIAM



WILLIAM HENRY PLEASANTS, LL. D.  
BORN JANUARY 29, 1831  
DIED NOVEMBER 26, 1914



### "Big Den's" Ordeal

"FOR he's a jolly good fellow——"

The words were still ringing in Dennis O'Cloon's ears as he let himself into his rooms on the East Range that last night of the College term. He had just come from the Class banquet where "Big Den" O'Cloon had been toasted as the best of them all, yet his dark face was gloomy and his Irish-blue eyes stared blankly against the wall. Flinging himself down into the shabby Morris chair by the fire, he nervously lit a cigarette; then, as if to get away from his own thoughts, he jumped up and strode restlessly about the room, only to drop back into his seat a moment after. They had said the best things of him a man could wish—how he had led them through their Senior year as the Class president, and pushed them on to victory as the year's football hero; they had cheered him wildly as the one in the Class most worthy of the "Lucky Toast"; and raised him shoulder high as they sang the last song.

Sitting there by the red glow of the smoldering embers, with his black head buried deep in his hands, Dennis thought through the events of the last week, and shuddered convulsively. If he could only live them over again! Just to be worthy of those big-hearted fellows out there! How could they know to what depths of temptation he had fallen on that last day of "exams," and how he had yielded, gone under, his soul smirched in the slime of the thing he had done! His guilt was as black as his temptation, and his only inward defense was that he had been too proud to flunk, too proud to lose his degree and drop to the Class below—too infernally proud to let his friends know that he had been found wanting. And, now, he was a—cheat, a plain cheat in the guise of a hero.

Then there had been the Fraternity "farewell," the night after that black day. He had not felt it so keenly then, Dennis remembered. It had seemed too hazy, too unreal, to have made much of an impression on his mind at the time; but as the night drew near its close the beautiful old ritual had been read, and the boy began to realize how low he had fallen. "Honor, truth, fidelity to a trust"—to none could he answer with clear brow and clear soul. Yet there, among his closest friends, his deed had not seemed so dark. It would make no difference, he had thought. What would one degree more or

less mean to the old Alma Mater? And, besides, no one would ever know. Then he had shaken the evil thing off with a laugh.

The next day, Dennis had gone to say good bye to his Dean. As he sat in the outer office, waiting his turn, a scrap of conversation from the inner room caught his ear, and made him start suddenly to his feet.

"Dennis O'Cloon," the Dean had said. "Oh, yes! Just about the best of this year's graduates. One of the finest characters I know. He's the soul of honor——"

But "Big Den" had heard no more. He rushed out of the ante-room into the street. For hours, it seemed to him, he walked, unconscious of his surroundings, only thinking—thinking! He had been the "soul of honor"; but now—he was a cheat—a thief—a hypocrite. Darkness came, and still he walked, till worn out with fatigue and hunger he returned to his rooms, and slept motionless until far into the morning, then to awaken with his burden only a little lighter.

Then had come—tonight!

A sharp knock at his door brought Dennis suddenly to his feet, as the sandy head of a messenger-boy thrust itself into the room.

"Special for you, sir."

"Thanks!" Then, as the boy was closing the door, added, "Here, boy," and pitched a coin into the outstretched blue cap.

Den fingered the letter almost reverently. He hadn't any right to read Julie's letter now, he thought. No right!—Finally tearing it open, he read eagerly.

"Congratulations, dear," it began. Then, farther down—

"For you know, Den, you are my ideal man. In all my experience with the world, I have looked for the man with the highest honor, the greatest strength, and the cleanest soul; and I believe you are that ideal."

"Big Den" O'Cloon couldn't read any farther. A great light shone on his face, and his eyes glowed with sudden purpose. He couldn't undo the past; but he could and would rectify it. He would tell the Dean—the whole world if need be—of his guilt. Then he would go back to Julie with a soul—not clean, perhaps, but strengthened with suffering and struggle.

The next morning found Dennis walking the narrow streets. His hands plunged deep in his pockets, his eyes on the pavement before him, his broad shoulders drooping wearily with his long vigil, he strode over and over again the highways and byways of the little university town. Turning a corner sharply, he came suddenly upon the house of the Dean. The muscles of his jaws hardened, and his blue eyes burned in his ashen face, as he made his way heavily up the steps, and disappeared through the door at the top.

It was just forty minutes later that the door opened to let Dennis spring out and down into the street. Just once did he turn back, to swing his hat joyously at the tall figure of the Dean, who stood watching him far down the street. The boy's face shone with the gladness of a soul freed from the burden of a secret undisclosed. The Dean had given him another chance, another chance to prove himself worthy; to get his degree. He would square his account with the world; then he was going back to Julie. The sun shone on his head held high, and his heart sang with the joy of a great victory won.

—JENNIE SNEAD



# ATHLETICS







WHITNER



McCoy



### General Athletic Association

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ELLEN LANE WILLIAMS.....	Coach
ALLIE FECHTIG.....	Tenn's Manager



### The History of Athletics at Hollins

**B**E A BLUE! Be a Red!" This is the cry that rises above the excited chattering of the crowd that gathers to meet the bus loaded with new girls. As the bewildered newcomer alights, she is besieged with badges and buttons.

Being a Red or a Blue is so much a part of being a Hollins girl that we can scarcely believe there was a time, not so very long ago, when there were no Reds, no Blues, no basket-ball!

It was during the session of 1897-'98 that two strangers appeared on the Hollins campus. One was a fair and gentle damsel, attired in kerchief, cap, and spectacles; while the other, ruddy and alert, was clad in skirt and sweater. They were received into the most exclusive circle, the Senior Class, and ere the session closed their names were on

every tongue. In fact, they decided to make their home at Hollins, and they are here today, more popular than ever—our Lady Spinster and the lively Basket-ball Girl.

The girls of those days did not play the game just as the girls of our day. But that their spirit was the same we may see from the description of a game in *THE SPINSTER* of 1898.

"For once in her life the goalkeeper is careless, and an opponent, rushing in before her, catches the ball, gives it a powerful sweep across the field, and lands it in the ditch outside. Naturally a rush ensues; one enthusiastic little player is heedless of her limits, and the umpire calls 'a foul for the "Blue-and-Whites."' There are frownings and mutterings, and covert remarks of 'It isn't fair,' or 'She forgot,' from all parts of the field; but the umpire is firm, and the girls gather around the triumphant goal. At the first throw, the ball misses, but luckily it falls into the goalkeeper's hands again, and the second time it hits the rim of the frame, rebounds a little, settles against the edge of the basket, and then drops in.

"The applause from the 'Blue-and-Whites' is almost deafening, while one of the most enthusiastic lookers-on, inspired by the triumph of the moment, shouts hoarsely,

'Blue and White; it's all right!  
Vive la! Vive la! Blue and White!'

Much of the success of the first teams, the "Mars" and the "Victoria," was due to the loyalty and enthusiasm of their captains, Rosa Cocke and Charlsie Harmon.

During the next year, the interest increases, and we find in *THE SPINSTER* of 1899 that:

"The girls enjoyed basket-ball more than ever last Fall, and they certainly did get down to good playing. The managers were elected early, the teams chosen, and the work began. Ethel Willis had the 'Green-and-White' team, and Jolly Mizner the 'Blue-and-Black'; and pretty evenly divided they were. If the 'Greens' won one afternoon, the 'Blues' said Mr. Turner, the umpire, had let them hold the ball; and if the 'Blues' won, why the 'Greens' said Mr. Turner hadn't counted the fouls."

Each year basket-ball held a more important place in the Hollins world, and each year the players became more clever.

In the fall of 1900, they had passed the amateur stage, and wanted to assume more professional airs. The rivalry had become too great for a girl to play on one team one day and on the other team next day, as was the custom, until about two weeks before Thanksgiving. So the aspiring squad went to their old friend, Mr. Turner, for advice. He suggested a plan which had worked fine with the boat crews at Washington and Lee. This plan was to organize two permanent teams, and let the players continue on the same team from year to year. This suggestion pleased them, so the players were equally divided, and captains elected. Then the question of names and colors arose. Someone had a happy thought that Indian names would be good, and everybody at once began to hunt Indian names. Again the same trusty friend, Mr. Turner, was called in consultation, and he settled upon one team the name Mohican; while the name Yemassee was bestowed upon the other team by Miss Betty Cleveland, an old Hollins girl, at that time an English teacher here. Miss Cleveland also said if they would be true Indian tribes they must have a totem, so everyone "got busy" again, and the Mohicans found the totem of their tribe to be a turtle, while that of the Yemassees proved to be an arrow. It was all settled now but the colors, and these were to be secretly decided upon by the teams.

And that is how it happened that on Thanksgiving Day, in the year nineteen hundred, there appeared in the Hollins basket-ball field two radiant tribes of Indian maidens. One of them, wearing red sweaters adorned with a black Y shot through with an arrow, hailed as their chief Leonora Cocke. The other, wearing blue sweaters adorned with a golden turtle, hailed as their chief Edith Mallory.

From one arose the war cry:

"Cha-cha-chee;  
Hit-to-tee  
Yo-haw, yo-haw  
Yemassee."

and the other answered,

"Hi, ki, yi,  
Zip, Zip, Zan,  
Wa, hoo; Wa, hoo  
Mo-hi-can!"

Everybody had to "take" sides that day; no one could stand on neutral ground. The whole student-body and faculty appeared in two great bodies, arrayed respectively in red and blue, and armed with every known instrument of noise, to cheer their favorite team.

The excitement was intense, because for the first time a reward was offered to the victors. Mr. Lucian Cocke had presented a challenge cup, upon which should be engraved each year the name of the winning team and its captain. They fought a great battle that day, in which the Yemasseees were victorious, and had the honor of being the first winners of the coveted cup.

Each Thanksgiving Day, for fifteen years, these teams have been tried, to prove their prowess. Each year the players exhibit more skill and science in handling the ball. Each year those two loyal bands of rooters try themselves to prepare a more gorgeous display, and to search out a more unique way of attesting their devotion to these two great teams—the Mohicans and the Yemasseees.

—MARY MASTERS TURNER



### What's on the Cup

+ +

#### HOLLINS INSTITUTE THE BASKET-BALL CHALLENGE CUP

*"Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit"*

+

THE YEMASSEES.....	1900-1901	LEONORA COCKE, <i>Captain</i>
THE MOHICANS.....	1901-1902	MARY MASTERS, <i>Captain</i>
THE YEMASSEES.....	1902-1903	LUCILE CARTER, <i>Captain</i>
THE MOHICANS.....	1903-1904	MARY SHEPPARD, <i>Captain</i>
THE MOHICANS.....	1904-1905	EMILY WOODALL, <i>Captain</i>
THE MOHICANS.....	1905-1906	KITTY TALBOTT, <i>Captain</i>
THE YEMASSEES.....	1906-1907	LAURA ARMITAGE, <i>Captain</i>
THE MOHICANS.....	1907-1908	BECKY PHILLIPS, <i>Captain</i>
THE MOHICANS.....	1908-1909	LOUISE CARPENTER, <i>Captain</i>
THE YEMASSEES.....	1909-1910	FLORRIE MALONE, <i>Captain</i>
THE MOHICANS.....	1910-1911	JEANIE COCKE, <i>Captain</i>
THE MOHICANS.....	1911-1912	WILLIE MUSE, <i>Captain</i>
THE MOHICANS.....	1912-1913	WILLIE MUSE, <i>Captain</i>
THE MOHICANS.....	1913-1914	ESTELLE ANGIER, <i>Captain</i>

### Yemassee Team

+  
KATHRINE JUDKINS, *Captain*

+  
*Forwards*

ESTHER ROUNTREE      ANNA WHITNER  
MARGARET WHITE      RACHEL MILLS, *Sub.*

*Guards*

ELSIE EVANS      KATHERINE JUDKINS  
JULIA PACE      HELEN MCCOY, *Sub.*

*Centers*

REBAH ARMSTEAD      MARGARET DELK  
ANNA MONTAGUE  
MARGARET COCHRANE, *Sub.*

+  
+



K. JUDKINS, *Captain*

### YEMASSEE PLAYERS

JANET BAGBY  
NELL BURNS  
ALINE COLE  
MARTHA DIVEN  
MANNIE EMMERSON

WILLIE FLANNAGAN  
ABIGAIL FORD  
ELLA HAYNSWORTH  
MIRIAM LECKIE  
LOUISE MCLAUGHLIN

EMILY MORRIS  
PHELAN RUFFIN  
FLORENCE WATKINS  
BUENA WELTON  
EDITH WILSON



YEMASSEE BASKET-BALL TEAM



EDNA DAWSON  
*Leader of Yemassee Rooters*



JUDITH RIDDICK  
*Leader of Mohican Rooters*



E. KENT, Captain

### Mohican Team

+

ELEANOR KENT, *Captain*

+

#### Forwards

MARGUERITE ELEBASH	ELEANOR KENT
MARGARET GRAVATT	RITA BINION, <i>Sub.</i>

#### Guards

ALICE BURDETT	LOUISE HARWELL
MARY GILES BELLAMY	JUSTINE GILDER, <i>Sub.</i>

#### Centers

NELL CAVE	HELEN DONELSON
ANITA RODEMICH	DABNEY MOON, <i>Sub.</i>

+

### MOHICAN PLAYERS

BUCKNER, S.	HEAD, M.	PRUIT, E.
CHILES, E.	HERRING, L.	RATH, G.
COBBS, M. L.	KIRKPATRICK, M.	RATH, L.
COX, R.	LONG, M.	SMITH, D.
GIESECKE, E.	MCCONIHAY, V.	SMITH, S.
	PATTERSON, L.	



MOHICAN BASKET-BALL TEAM



Tennis Manager.....ALLIE FECHTIG

REBAH ARMISTEAD  
EDITH BARNES  
EMILY BATTLE  
MARY GILES BELLAMY  
RITA BINION  
MARGARET BISHOP  
MARGARET BORDEN  
ELIZABETH BRADLEY  
SUE BUCKNER  
ATHALIA BUNTING  
ALICE BURDETT  
NELL BURNS  
ANNA CAMPBELL  
ELLEN CHILES  
ROBERTA CLARK  
BESSIE COCKE  
GERTRUDE CONN  
ESTHER C. COX  
MARY BELLE CULROSS  
EVELYN DEKLE  
MANNIE EMERSON  
LORENA EVANS  
ALLIE FECHTIG  
EVELYN FISHBURN

MARGARET FOX  
MYRTLE FUGATE  
CHRISTINE GHOLSON  
EMMIE GIESECKE  
JUSTINE GILDER  
JANET HATCHER  
MILDRED HARDWICKE  
ELLA HAYNSWORTH  
MARJORIE HEAD  
HATTIE HILL  
ANNIE HOUSMAN  
BIRDIE JACKSON  
GLADYS JAMISON  
VIRGINIA JENKS  
KATHERINE JOHNSON  
ROBERTA JONES  
KATHERINE JUDKINS  
EVELYN JUHAN  
ELEANOR KENT  
MARIE LONG  
MADELINE MAURY  
EDITH MCCOMB  
HELEN MCCOY  
GLADYS MCFARLAND  
ANNA MILLER

RACHEL MILLS  
VIRGINIA MONTAGUE  
DABNEY MOON  
PATTY MOSBY  
EULA PACE  
LESLIE PATTERSON  
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IMOGEN YOUNG

**WHY**  
WASTE YOUR ENERGY IN USELESS EFFORT?  
THESE MODERN INVENTIONS WILL SAVE TIME AND DISPOSITION

Five Minutes before the last hymn

← VAPORIZED "SWEAT-OF-THE-BROW" →

KOMPASURE Machine - SEE DIRECTIONS -

French Psychology German English History

NO SMOKING ALOUD.

VPI

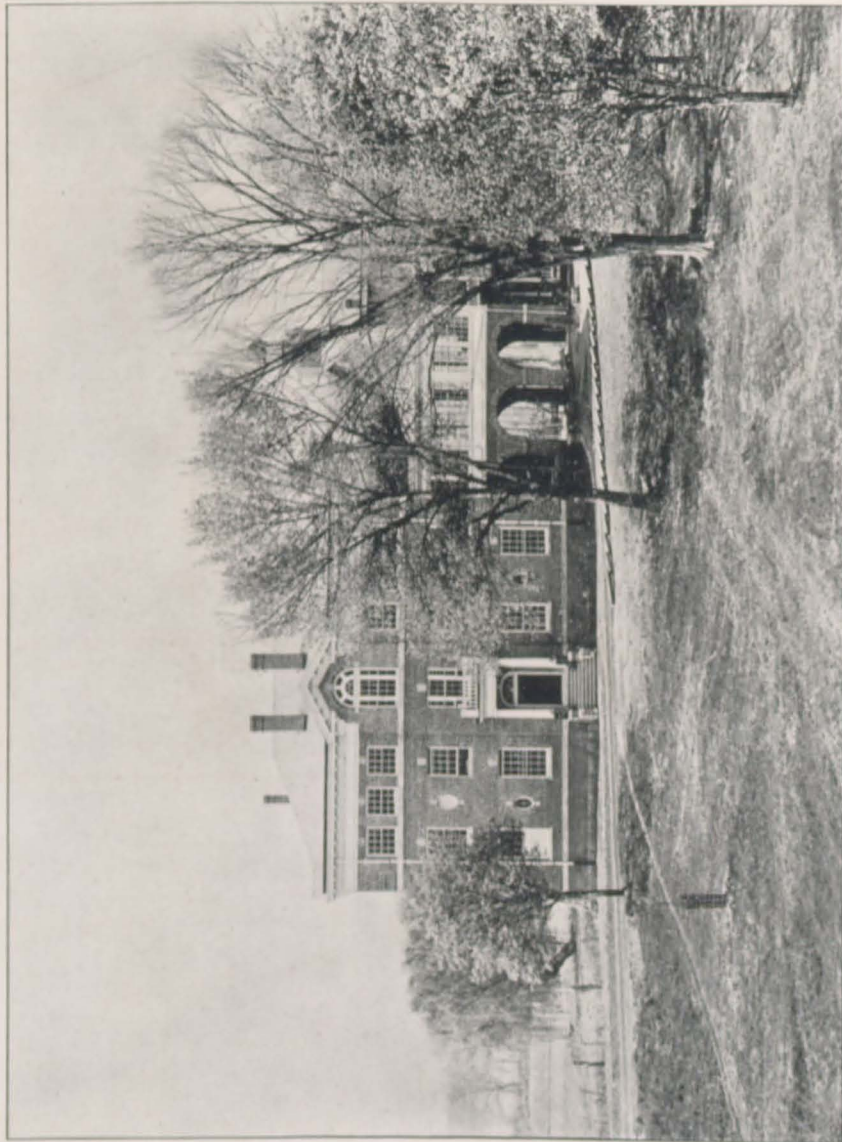
Simple - Harmless

Any Prep Can do it!

Directions: - Attach the suction cap to the brain - when in an exhausted condition - connect with subject desired - DRAW UP A CHAIR AND let the KOMPASURE Machine do your work - IT GRINDS OUT THEMES - blotted and clipped AT RATE OF 5" PER HOUR - Refill the Subject Tank with a solution of Good Material and Graphic Descriptive EVERY Semester -

PRESS THE LEVER the windows will slowly slide down and up until PERFECT VENTILATION - IS SECURED - History and other Classes Taught with Perfect Ease -

-BONA-



THE INFIRMARY



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*Published Annually by the Student-Body*

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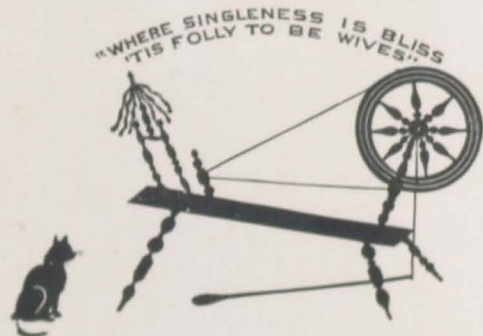
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The Hollins Magazine

*Published Monthly by the Eucpian and Euzelian Literary Societies*

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## The Garden of Yesterday

**I**N THE Hills of Memory there lies a garden, fair—ah, very fair! all a-glitter and lovely in the morning dew. Each perfect blossom that flowers upon its tender stem is surpassing beautiful, and breathes out subtle fragrance. In the garden's very midst stands an old-fashioned sundial, whose shadows mark relentlessly the hours' onward march. Here blooms the pure, frail lily, the rose in all her myriad hues, and orchids proud, with many another flower so ineffable and rare that none can know their names nor whence they come. All through the long day brilliant humming-birds hover above the flowers, and gorgeous butterflies of gold and brown and crimson flit here for a moment and pass on forever. Written above the garden's gate, in characters strange and baffling, is a motto. But most curious of all, without the entrance always stands an old man, whose hoary head is slightly bent. He never moves, but remains forever the guardian of the way with its mysterious inscription.

And every day a strange procession passes over the winding, tangled path which leads to the lovely garden. Ahead walks a woman, all shrouded round with black, in the lines of whose face is written a great sadness, with desperate hope gleaming up. Next comes a youth with glad, dreaming eyes and long black hair, through which he runs his fingers distractedly. Suddenly the dreamer stretches forth his hand to grasp something, which ever eludes, ever escapes his reach, while he mutters strange words. Then another woman struggles haughtily onward, dressed in raiment of costly silks and precious gems. Her face is very beautiful, but the soul looking out from her great eyes is pitifully seared and scorched lifeless—burnt out with the fires of many passions. Then come more men and more women, some with hearts bowed down in grief and woe, some with youth and eager tread and hope, but one and all, they seem to search for something lost, as they toil upward to the mysterious gate.

Suddenly a turn in the path spreads the garden before them; there is a breathless pause, as each drinks in the loveliness of the flowers,

then pandemonium breaks loose, as they struggle forward to the portal. But an icy hand clutches the heart as each perceives the figure standing there.

"Who are you?" cries the black shrouded mother, as she presses close to the gate.

"I am the keeper of the way," replies the figure, and points to the sign above the gate. And the woman understands, for the inscription reads, "Naught but the Past shall enter here." She stretches out to him her empty arms, and lays bare the ache of her heart for the little child who has slipped away; but the old man only points to a lovely white rose, whose spirit stirs to breathe out a haunting fragrance.

Quickly now the youth with the wild, black hair springs forward, his eyes alight as he reaches toward a perfect orchid within the garden's wall—but the keeper forces him back.

"The ideal and the song I lost on yesterday," cries the youth. "It is here"—and again the guardian points to the curious inscription above the gate, and the man understands. With all the fire and light gone from his face, he bows his head and departs.

Presently the beautiful woman forgets her haughty pose, and stumbles breathless to the garden, trying to force her way past the bent old keeper. But he holds his hand across the way.

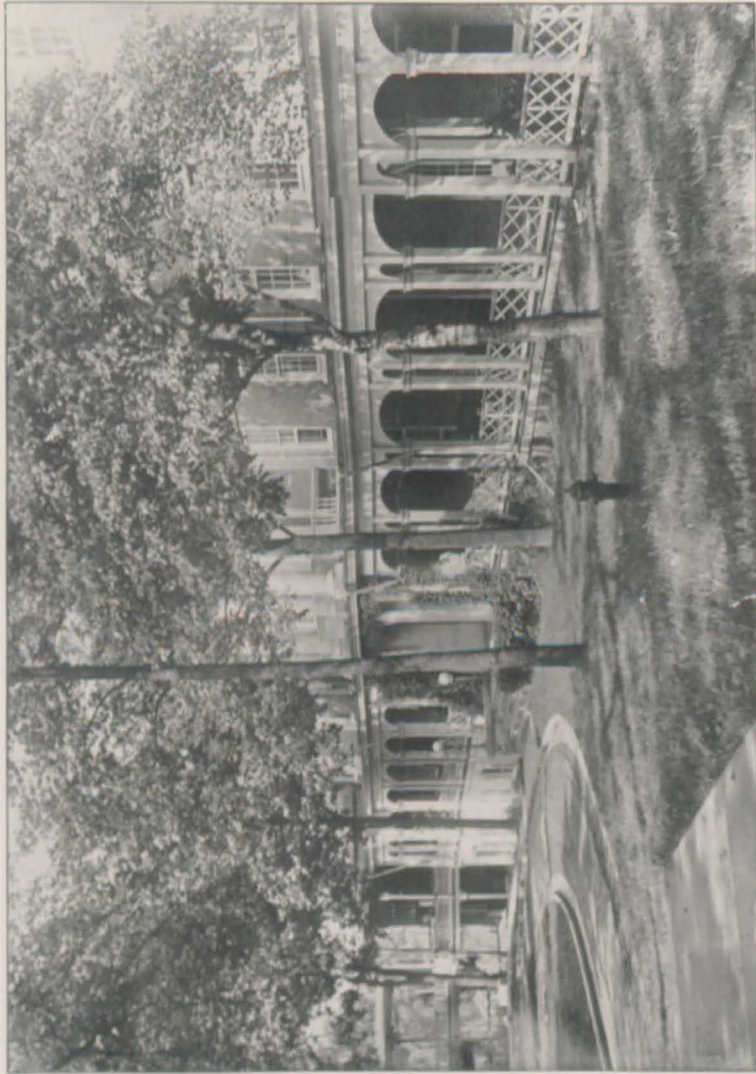
"My virtue," pleads the woman, with great shuddering sobs—"is here." The keeper points to a pure, white lily on the other side of the wall, and she too understands.

So every day they come, and plead with the hoary guardian from early morning till even the afterglow has faded from the earth, but to them all he shakes his head, and answers:

"I am keeper of the way—

The garden here is Yesterday."

—ALLENE RUDOLPH



MAIN BUILDING





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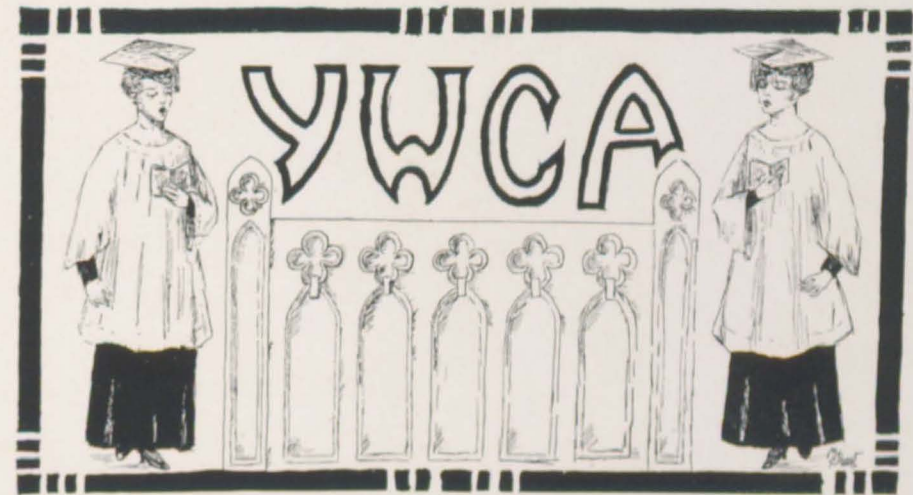
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HOLLINS COLLEGE



JANUARY 8, 1915

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LEE EVENING  
OF  
THE EUEPIAN LITERARY SOCIETY  
OF  
HOLLINS COLLEGE



JANUARY 8, 1915

## PROGRAM

### THE OLD SOUTH AND THE NEW

Opening Address.....	J. Riddick
Song .....	Glee Club
Essay: Lee, The Teacher of His People.....	D. Mayo
Reading: Glimpses of the Old South.....	D. Moon
Song .....	Vocal Quartet
Address .....	Dr. C. W. Kent

### DIXIE

Closing Address.....	D. Moon
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<i>Vice-President</i> .....	D. MOON
<i>Secretary</i> .....	E. DAWSON
<i>Speaker</i> .....	DR. C. W. KENT



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**Open Meeting of the  
Cuzelian Literary Society  
Hollins College**



**Kipling and Tagore**  
*Interpreters of India*

**Chapel**  
*Monday, March the twenty-second  
Nineteen-fifteen*

VARSenic MOOSHY  
HELEN MORRIS  
ANNA MUCKLERoy  
LESLIE PATTERSON  
VIRGINIA ROTHERT  
ESTHER ROUNTREE  
MARGARET SAWYER  
CATHERINE SCHMELTZ  
MARY SHAW  
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MARGARET WHITE  
ESTHER WOOL  
VERA WURZBACH  
IMOGEN YOUNG

MARTHA DIVEN

DESSIE MONROE

RUTH MONROE

Open Meeting of the  
Euzelian Literary Society  
Hollins College



Kipling and Tagore  
Interpreters of India

Chapel  
Monday, March the twenty-second  
Nineteen-fifteen

### Officers

CARRIE BURTON, *President*

ANNIE HOUSMAN, *Vice-President*

GLADYS GORMAN, *Secretary*

## Program



### Processional

Greeting by the President of the Open Meeting

Essay—Kipling and Tagore, Poets and Personalities

MARGARET SAWYER

Song—A Song of India, from the Legend,

"Sadko" - - - *Korsakow*

KATHERINE SPINDLE

Address—Two Interpreters of India

MR. CUMMINGS

Readings from Tagore

CORNELIA ALDERSON

Songs— "Pale Hands" } - *Woolford-Finden*  
"Till I Wake" }

HESSIE MONROE

Reading from Kipling

HESSIE COCKE

Meeting Closed by the Vice-President

## Euzelian Roll

†

CORNELIA ALDERSON	ELSIE EVANS	VARSENIC MOOSHY
FLORENCE ALDERSON	LORENA EVANS	HELEN MORRIS
EUNICE ANDERSON	EVELYN FISHBURN	ANNA MUCKLEROY
DOROTHY BARCLAY	ABIGAIL FORD	LESLIE PATTERSON
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	RUTH MONROE	

## Inter-Society Debate

APRIL 26, 1915



RESOLVED: That the welfare of the Nation demands that the United States should adopt a policy of greater increase of armament.

## AFFIRMATIVE

*Euepian*

MISS JUDITH RIDDICK, Captain

MISS DABNEY MOON

MISS ALMA NIX

## NEGATIVE

*Euzelian*

MISS MARGARET HOWARD, Captain

MISS ESTHER COX

MISS MARY LAYMAN

Presiding Officer: PROF. F. A. CUMMINGS

+

## JUDGES

JUDGE JACKSON

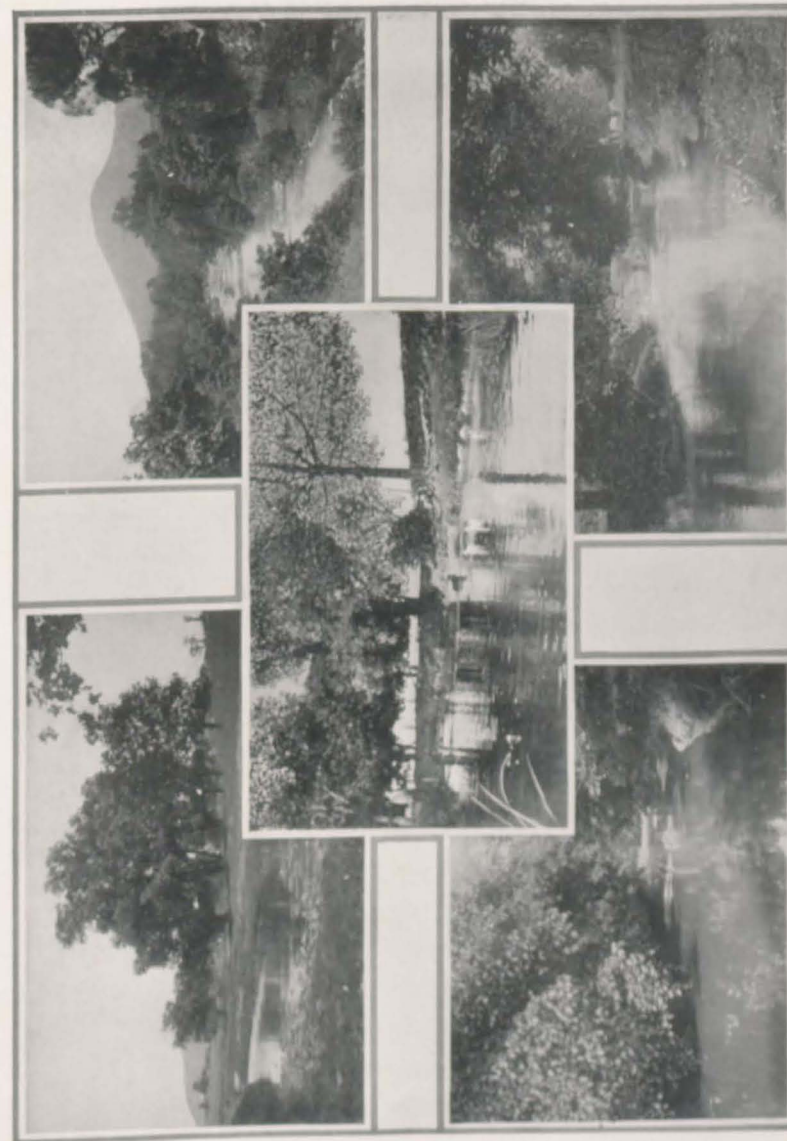
MR. HULL

MR. HALL

The decision was rendered in favor of the Negative

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The Debater's Cup, presented last year by Miss Marion Spieden Baynes, our Librarian, was won by Euepian, Marguerite Hearsey, 1914.



VIEWS OF HOLLINS

# CHORAL CLUB



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### First Sopranos

HELEN BIRDSONG	MARIE LONG	ANITA RODEMICH
MARTHA DIVEN	FRANCES MARSTON	CATHERINE SCHMELZ
LILLIAN HERRING	CAROLINE PASCUAL	KATHERINE SPINDLE
MARY LAYMAN	MISS BESSIE PEYTON	RENA STEARNS
BERENICE SWOPE	BEATRICE TRUXAL	

### Second Sopranos

BEULAH BENNETT	MANNIE EMERSON	ELIZABETH FRUIT
JOSEPHINE BROWN	LORENA EVANS	HANNAH SARGEANT
ATHALIA BUNTING	JUSTINE GILDER	FRANCES SMITH
BESSIE COCKE	DOROTHY MAYO	STELLA SMITH
MARY DARDEN	PANSY MEEK	KATHLEEN WATKINS

### Contraltos

JULIA CARLTON	MARGARET KIRKPATRICK	MISS SINGLETON
MARTHA CHALENOR	ANNA MILLER	CORDELIA TAYLOR
EMMIE GIESECKE	EULA PACE	HELEN WILSON
GLADYS JAMISON	PHELAN RUFFIN	ESTHER WOOL

# HOLLINS CHOIR



### First Sopranos

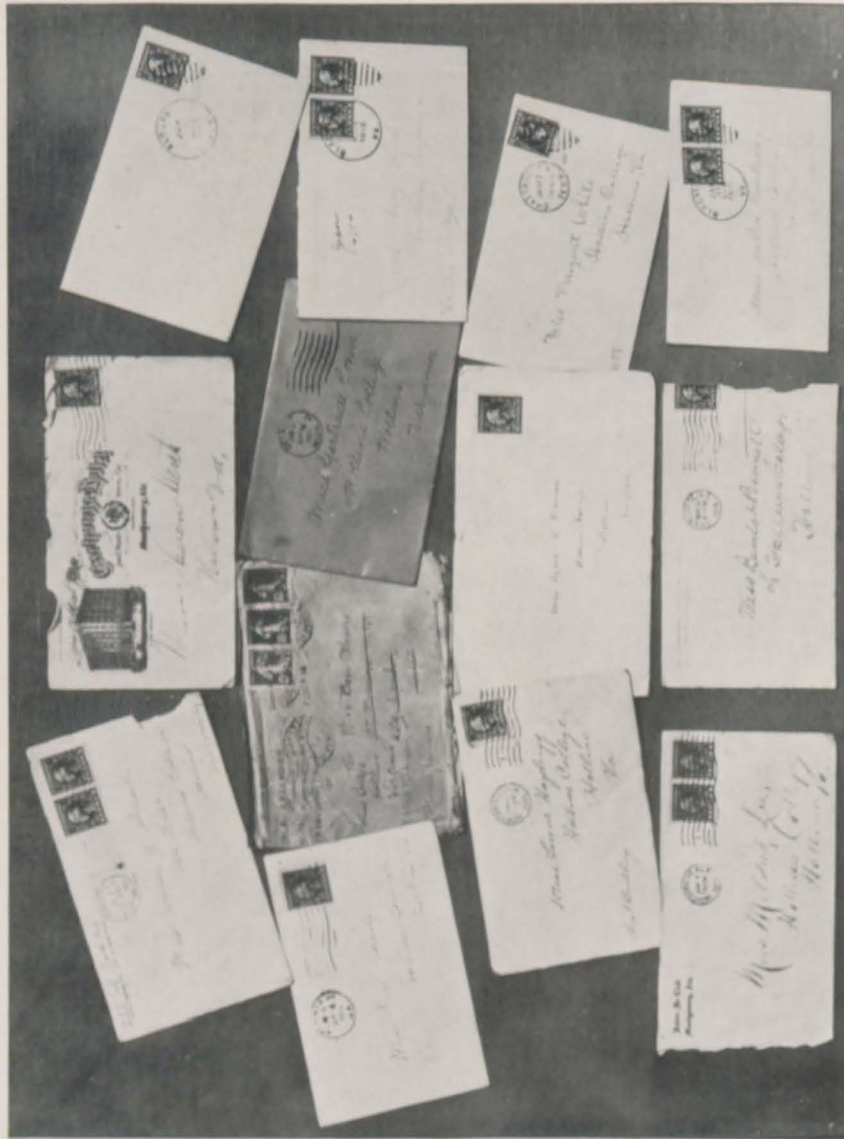
ELEANOR KENT	BESSIE MONROE	MISS PEYTON
GLADYS MCFARLAND	ELIZABETH MOORE	ELIZABETH FRUIT
ANITA RODEMICH	KATHERINE SPINDLE	

### Second Sopranos

LOUISE BRECK	ANNA CAMPBELL	ROSE COX
ATHALIA BUNTING	BESSIE COCKE	VIRGINIA JENKS
DOT MAYO	MARY SHAW	

### Contraltos

MARGARET BORDEN	MISS CAMPBELL	MISS RUTH
ALICE BURDETT	EDNA HURM	MISS SINGLETON
LUISE RATH		



HOLLINS DAILIES

### The Dawning

CRIES of "Look out there!"—"Way!"—"Clear the gangplank!" mingling with the hoarse claxons of the taxis and the banging of freight rattling past, made the confused hubbub before a giant liner's departure. People lined the decks, crying a last word to those on shore; trunks thumped, shouts and whistles filled the air.

On the upper deck, a little removed from the crowd, a girl was talking vivaciously to a tall, serious-eyed young man. She was slender and dark, with dancing black eyes. Very expressive eyes they were, and as she raised them quickly to the other eyes above her, she surprised a sudden expression of pain.

"Elise, give it up, dear," he said, in a low voice. "I love you, and I know I could make you very happy. Can't you possibly?"

He took her hands in both his, and looked with such longing into her pretty piquant face that the little head was turned quickly away. She saw where the waters of the Atlantic lay, merging their never-ending blueness imperceptibly into the sky. Each ripple was like gold in the path of the morning sun.

"It's blue smoke and the sun shining on gun barrels I see. The pity of it!" she murmured to herself.

"Delle was so pretty—you don't know," she said, impulsively lifting her face to him, her dark eyes misty beneath the brim of her small hat. "I love it so—the flowers and the sunshine!" She paused, and involuntarily her thoughts flew back to that little village, and to a garden where beds of mignonette made the air heavy with its sweetness. "And maybe I could bring a little of the sunshine back. Oh Jim, it's just a village in the valley at the crossroads where the shrine is, but it holds my childhood. Can't you see? I love you as a friend, Jim; but oh, France has my heart, and I have to go!"

"I'm sorry, dear," she added, as he dropped her hands, and gazed despairingly out over the water.

"Was there ever any one there—?" he began questioningly, and then was silent as a crowd of people closed about them.

"See that lovely gull, Jim! Wouldn't it be wonderful to float along like that? It's not moving even the tip of its wings."

Elise's face had flushed suddenly at his question, and now she went on talking fast, with one hand nervously fingering an old-fashioned locket which she wore at her throat. Unconsciously she thought of the day so long ago when she had opened it to put



in a piece of mignonette. She couldn't help a strange dryness in her throat, as a picture of Henri as she had seen him that last day rose before her.

"Jim, there's the call for all ashore. Oh, Jim, good bye, dear friend!"

For a silent minute they looked into each other's eyes; suddenly taking her hands he held them for a second, and then without a word turned and went quickly down the gangplank. Elsie stood motionless. Perhaps she was foolish—he had been so good to her. But no! her heart and soul belonged to her country, and even while she kept her eyes on him, as he stood immovable on the wharf, the magnetism of his voice died away. She watched him as the boat swung slowly down the harbor, until he vanished completely; but her thoughts were far away, and through them breathed that faint fragrance of mignonette.

The days on shipboard were long, idle ones, and Elise found plenty of time to think. As one day succeeded the next, Jim's image grew dimmer in her mind. All her thoughts were on France, and the help which she could give to her beloved country in her hour of need. At this idea, her cheeks would flush, and her eyes glow.

But while her mind was ever on France, there crept into it, more clearly as the long blue days slipped by, the thought of Delle and the old life in the quaint village. There had always been singing and sunshine—and Henri—in her life before her father died, and she and her mother came to America. Henri was like the singing and sunshine, with his blonde hair and happy, blue eyes, with his gay voice that grew grave when he told her good bye. Many years separated that life from this; but even now its sweetness came stealing over her, as the fragrance of the mignonette had done in the garden so long ago. Ah, the fragrance of it! Henri had brought her a small bunch as she waited for her mother before they left the little cottage. Again she saw the sturdy, blue-shirted, boyish figure climbing up the steep village street. What fun they had had together!

"I told him I'd come back soon," she mused. "That was, oh, so long ago! I wonder how he looks now. He was a brave lad, and I know he is fighting for *la Patrie*. Oh, if he should be wounded!"

Her heart was seized with sudden terror at this thought; but soon the rapid beating subsided, and then all personalities vanished, and the thoughts of her own purpose in leaving her adopted country came to fill her mind with visions of ministering to the wounded men.

So the days came and went, and at last the ship landed at Havre. Elise had to choke back quick tears at the thought of being in her own France.

"How foolish!" she said to herself, giving her pretty eyes a vicious dab as she hurried toward the Red Cross quarters. "If you start in like this, there won't be any tears left sometime when you'll really want them. Here I am—oh me!"

All the time she answered the questions of the kindly woman in charge, she was seeing her village—its sunshine gone out under the dark cloud of war.

"Would it be possible for me to be near Delle?" she said in her eager voice, as she exhibited her papers. "That is where I lived as a child. Oh, if I could only do something there!"

The nurse thought for a moment, and then said slowly, "Yes, there's a large country house that has been turned over to the Red Cross Society. Would you like to go there? They need more help there."

She had no doubt as to Elise's wish, for quick color rose in her face.

"Oh, I should love it better than anything else in the world! Let me go at once."

As she rode through the country that afternoon, on her way to Delle, her heart grew heavier and heavier. Where was the gay, light-hearted peasant life of France? Where were the strong young men pitching hay, singing gaily as they worked? Drawing nearer Delle, the signs of war grew more striking and terrible. A devastated country lay under the blue French sky. Elise saw only women in the villages through which they passed—women drawing water, women chopping wood, always women, with occasionally an aged man, his white head bowed on his staff as he sat disconsolate in the sunshine.

"Oh, the pity of it!" she moaned as she watched the dismantled country through the tears that would rise.

"Delle!" shouted the guard, and presently the train stopped.

A winding narrow street ran up through the town, but it was deserted as Elise slowly traversed it. The houses had a lifeless appearance, and many of the shop windows were boarded up. An old woman sat knitting in front of one house—knitting in a mechanical way that suggested utter detachment. Her eyes were fixed unswervingly on the distant hills. Following her gaze, Elise saw halfway up the slope a demolished chapel; beyond it the houses were blackened ruins. Here in many places the roofs or walls were torn in jagged rents by the terrible German shells. With blurred eyes, Elise thought she recognized familiar places, but she couldn't be sure. And once, as she passed a tiny cottage yard, she caught, faint and elusive, the fragrance of mignonette.

"Oh, Henri," she breathed.

The chateau proved to be a big house, after the fashion of French country houses, set among spacious lawns. The sign of the Red Cross was over the door, and here an automobile ambulance was standing, as ready and efficient a servant in this war-ravaged country as in the far-away peaceful land where it was made. Nurses and doctors hurried about. Everywhere were the evidences of the converting of this former stately home into a merciful oasis in the surrounding horror. At intervals the ground seemed to shake with the reverberation of the great guns, that were none too far away at their fifteen miles of distance.

It did not take Elise long to become familiar with her new surroundings, and as the days passed, each narrow bed grew to have a certain personality. She was gloriously happy, in spite of the suffering about her. For was she not answering the call of France?

One boy, whose arm had been cruelly torn by the explosion of a shell, was sorrowful and needed cheering. His eyes reminded her of Henri. For him she wrote letters home, and to him brought flowers from the chateau garden. Another was gayer, and to him she sang old French songs. All needed care and comforting, and her dark eyes held an expression of peace, born of the service she was rendering. But always running through her mind was the thought of Henri, and the little garden where she had seen him last.

One morning early, the guns made the ground shake more than usual, and ambulances came in quick succession with their burdens of wounded men. There was much to be done, and Elise found no time to rest. At noon, as she passed by for a last inspection of the white beds, a bandaged head was raised wildly from the corner cot. With a cry the man flung his arm over his face as though to shut out some awful sight, and then sank back talking incoherently and fast. As Elise hurried over to him, sudden pity filled her eyes with tears.

Bending over the flushed face, she tried to calm him, her cool hands on his forehead. But the arms continued to toss to and fro, while a stream of curious disconnected words flowed on. At first, Elise was too busy trying to quiet the man to listen to what he was saying. Soon, however, the exhausted frame grew still; and, worn out herself, Elise sat by the cot, her hand still on the hot brow.

"He must sleep, and sleep soon," she said to herself. But—what was he saying?

"Back—Delle—long time." His breath came in gasps, and he sat up straight. "Long time—Elise."

Then he fell back on the pillow unconscious. For a moment Elise sat staring at the white face. Then she bent over and looked long and earnestly. The drawn face

was distorted with pain, and yet she imagined that she recognized a familiar look about his eyes, that carried her back many years to one sunny morning in a little French garden. She clasped her locket tightly. Could it be?

A moment later the blue eyes opened, though still with a feverish unnatural stare, and he went on talking in the same delirious way. Elise quickly pulled the chain from her neck, opened the locket, and let fall into her hand a dry, withered flower, from which exhaled a faint perfume. This she held up to the man's face. Immediately a calmer look came into his eyes.

"Mignonette! Elise!"

In a mist of tears, Elise put back the flower. Then practicalities swept away everything but the happy glow in her eyes. She turned her attention to soothing him and alleviating his suffering. But she knew now that it was he who had drawn her back to France. The promise given long ago on that sunny day had at last been fulfilled. She had come back! She often looked at him as he lay unconscious, and those happy days came back to her in all their bright joyousness. He must get well. She had come back.

"Oh, Henri," she breathed softly, "for my sake!"

There were long weeks when the man lay scarcely breathing, but gradually, under Elise's constant care, strength came back. The healthful color crept slowly into his cheeks, and the blue eyes grew gray again. But they sometimes held a puzzled expression as he watched Elise step lightly about. She saw him follow her with his eyes, and start to speak, and then remain silent, with the same strange look. A haunting sense of her familiarity seemed to take possession of him at times, and then memory seemed very near to shining in his eyes. But always before the actual fullness of remembrance came, a veil drawn by the years would drop, and leave only that same baffled expression. She awaited her time quietly.

In his favorite place by the sunny window he held court, telling stories and singing songs softly to his companions. Always gay and talkative, he told Elise many things of his home, his brothers, and little incidents of his childhood, when he lived in the village near by.

One day she saw him looking at her with the same puzzled look, and came over to him.

"Is there anything you want?" she asked.

"Mademoiselle," he said, ignoring her questions, "you are so very like a girl I once knew. It seems almost like a dream—the same eyes, the same smile! That was very long ago," his voice faltered. "Her name was Elise, too."

"Tell me about her," the girl said softly.

"You see she was a little girl I knew when I was a boy. She went away, but I have never forgotten; and you make me think of her so much." The blue eyes held an expression of pain that made Elise turn suddenly away.

The man sat gazing out of the window, as if he saw once more the girl whom he had loved through so many years. Elise went quickly downstairs, and out into the garden. Here she picked some sprigs of mignonette, and holding them thoughtfully against her cheek, went slowly upstairs again.

He sat as she had left him, still looking far away to a sunny garden.

"See," she said, "I'll put these into a glass on the table."

"Ah!" he held out his hand for them, memory lighting up his face. She watched him eagerly. Would he know now?

His eyes had a far-away look, and he spoke more to himself than to Elise.

"She said she'd come back, and I—I am still waiting," he said; and put the mignonette up to his face to hide a tremble of his lips.

"You still love her?" Elise asked breathlessly, her face averted as she gazed out of the window, one hand on her locket.

He did not answer, and Elise turning saw in those eyes that she loved so well such a look of love and unsatisfied longing that instantly she pulled the locket from her neck and laid it in his hand.

He looked at it in bewilderment.

"Open it," she said, as, leaving an utterly astonished man gazing at the locket in his hand, she stole noiselessly out of the room.

—MARGARET SAWYER



## Pan-Hellenic Association

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Phi Mu Gamma

ORGANIZED 1898

CHARTERED 1900

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DELTA .....	New York, N. Y.
ZETA .....	New York, N. Y.
ETA .....	Boston, Mass.
IOTA .....	Boston, Mass.
KAPPA .....	Cleveland, Tenn.
XI .....	Nashville, Tenn.
OMICRON .....	Columbus, Mo.
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PHI MU GAMMA



Kappa Delta

ORGANIZED 1895

CHARTERED 1902

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MRS. CARRIE BOOZER

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KAPPA DELTA





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ORGANIZED 1852

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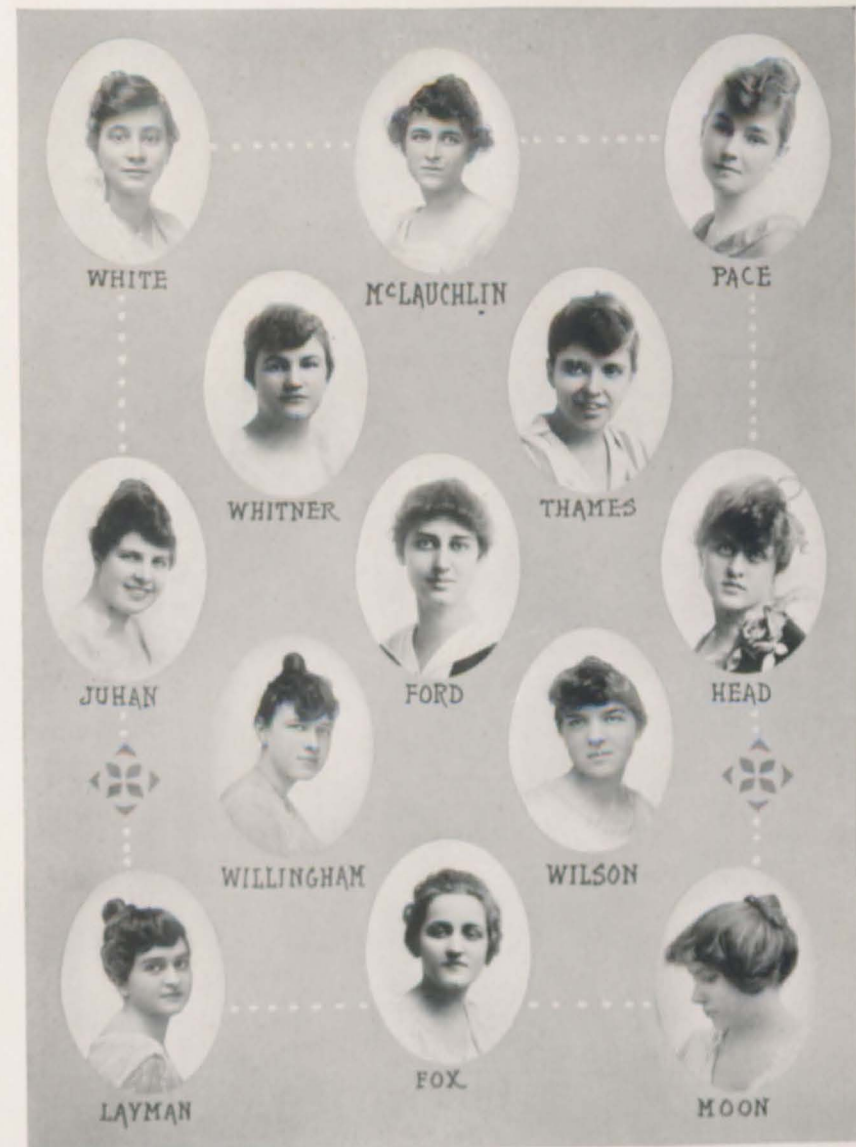
ALPHA .....	Macon, Ga.
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OMEGA .....	Iowa Wesleyan College, Mount Pleasants, Iowa
BETA ALPHA .....	George Washington University, Washington, D. C.
IOTA SIGMA .....	University of Southern California, Los Angeles, Cal.
XI KAPPA .....	Georgetown, Tex.

SORORES—BETA CHAPTER

ISABEL CRUM .....	Montgomery, Ala.
BERENICE FORD .....	Kansas City, Mo.
MARGARET FOX .....	Pine Bluff, Ark.
AGNES HANSON .....	Bristol, Va.
MARJORIE HEAD .....	Moberly, Mo.
EVELYN JUHAN .....	Macon, Ga.
MARY LAYMAN .....	Troutville, Va.
LOUISE McLAUCHLIN .....	Norfolk, Va.
SALLY DABNEY MOON .....	Charlottesville, Va.
JULIA PACE .....	Albany, Ga.
MARY THAMES .....	Taylor, Texas
MARGARET WHITE .....	Chattanooga, Tenn.
ANNA WHITNER .....	Rock Hill, S. C.
ANN WILLINGHAM .....	Macon, Ga.
EDITH WILSON .....	New Canton, Va.

HONORARY MEMBERS

MISS SNEAD .....	Staunton, Va.	MISS WILLIAMSON .....	Newmarket, Va.
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PHI MU



Beta Sigma Omicron

FOUNDED DECEMBER 12, 1888, MISSOURI UNIVERSITY

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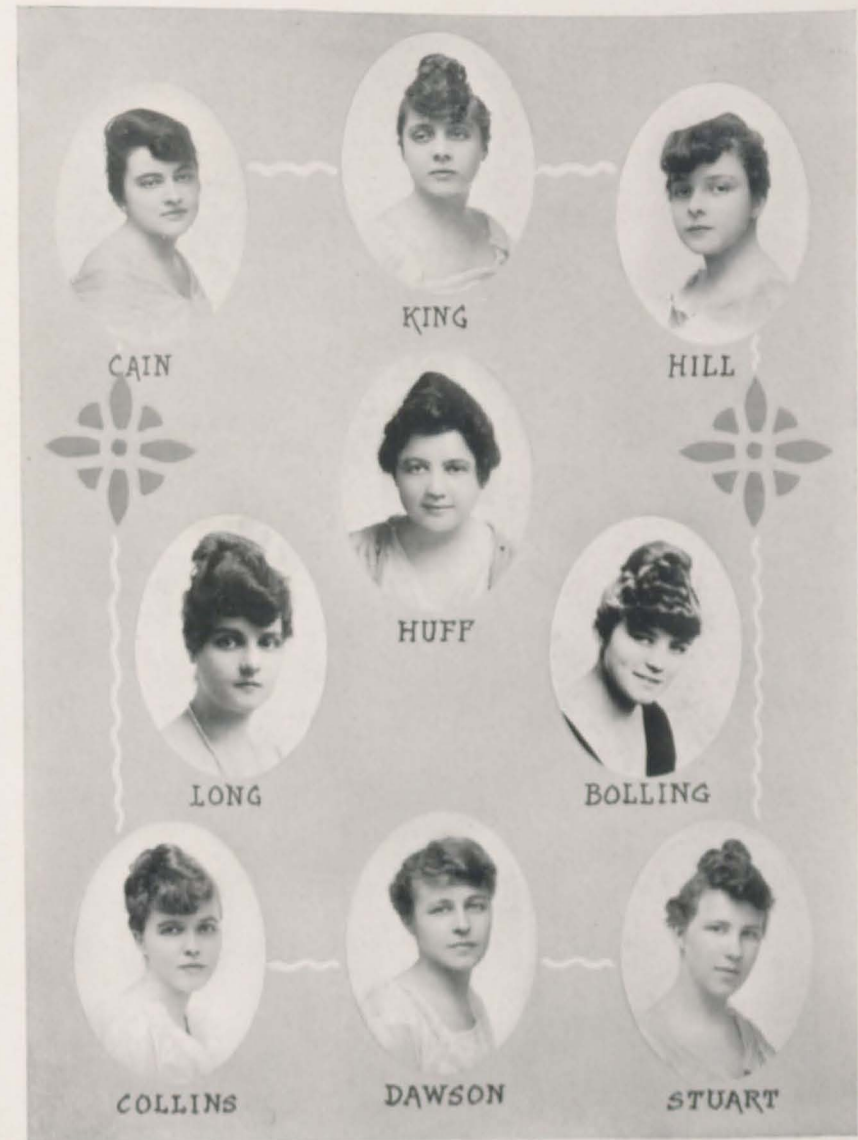
CHAPTER ROLL

BETA.....	Synodical College, Fulton, Mo.
GAMMA.....	Christian College, Columbia, Mo.
EPSILON.....	Hardin College, Mexico, Mo.
ZETA.....	Centenary College, Cleveland, Tenn.
ETA.....	Stephens College, Columbia, Mo.
THETA.....	Ward-Belmont, Nashville, Tenn.
LAMBDA.....	Hamilton College, Lexington, Ky.
XI.....	Central College, Lexington, Mo.
PI.....	Hollins College, Hollins, Va.
RHO.....	Colorado Woman's College, Denver, Col.

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SORORES—PI CHAPTER

EDITH BARNES.....	Roanoke, Va.
MARGARET BOLLING.....	Roanoke, Va.
CARRIE BURTON.....	Henderson, N. C.
SARA CAIN.....	Columbia, S. C.
NELL CHOATE.....	Atlanta, Ga.
DORIS COLLINS.....	Atlanta, Ga.
EDNA DAWSON.....	Portsmouth, Ohio
HATTIE HILL.....	Sisterville, W. Va.
DORIS HUFF.....	Roanoke, Va.
LOUISE KING.....	Atlanta, Ga.
MARIE LONG.....	Richmond, Va.
LUCILE STUART.....	Jacksonville, Fla.
LESLIE PATTERSON.....	Chatham, Va.



BETA SIGMA OMICRON

ΛΓ

Lambda Gamma

ALICE BUCKNER.....	Erlanger, Ky.
ALICE BURDETT.....	Brookline, Mass.
GERTRUDE CONN.....	Detroit, Mich.
EVELYN FISHBURN.....	Roanoke, Va.
LUCY HIX.....	Norfolk, Va.
EDNA HURM.....	Hamilton, Ohio
KATHERINE JUDKINS.....	New York, N. Y.
ELEANOR KENT.....	University, Va.
MILDRED LEE.....	Montgomery, Ala.
VIRGINIA MILTON.....	Wilmington, N. C.
BESSIE MONROE.....	Brookneal, Va.
RUTH MONROE.....	Brookneal, Va.
ELIZABETH MOORE.....	Berryville, Va.
JUDITH RIDDICK.....	Norfolk, Va.
PHELAN RUFFIN.....	Norfolk, Va.
MARGARET SAWYER.....	Detroit, Mich.
JENNIE SNEAD.....	Clifton Forge, Va.

+

FACULTY MEMBER  
Miss WILSON

+

HONORARY MEMBERS

Miss BAYNE

Miss WILLIAMS



LAMBDA GAMMA



Delta Delta Delta

FOUNDED THANKSGIVING EVE, 1888

CHAPTER ROLL

ALPHA PROVINCE

ALPHA .....	Boston	ALPHA ALPHA .....	Adelphi
BETA .....	St. Lawrence	ALPHA BETA .....	Cornell
ETA .....	Vermont	ALPHA GAMMA .....	Wesleyan
XI .....	Goucher	ALPHA DELTA .....	Stetson
OMICRON .....	Syracuse	ALPHA EPSILON .....	Brenau
RHO .....	Barnard	ALPHA ZETA .....	Hollin-
TAU .....	Bucknell	ALPHA XI .....	Randolph-Macon
PSI .....	Pennsylvania	ALPHA UPSILON .....	Colby

DELTA PROVINCE

GAMMA .....	Adrian	DELTA GAMMA .....	Vanderbilt
DELTA .....	Simpson	DELTA DELTA .....	Wooster
EPSILON .....	Knox	DELTA EPSILON .....	Millikin
ZETA .....	Cincinnati	DELTA ZETA .....	Franklin
THETA .....	Minnesota	DELTA ETA .....	Coe
MU .....	Wisconsin	DELTA THETA .....	Judson
NU .....	Ohio	DELTA IOTA .....	Arkansas
UPSILON .....	Northwestern	DELTA KAPPA .....	Drury
PHI .....	Iowa	DELTA LAMBDA .....	Butler
BETA ZETA .....	Transylvania	DELTA MU .....	Mount Union
DELTA ALPHA .....	DePauw	DELTA MU .....	Alabama
DELTA BETA .....	Miami	OMEGA DELTA .....	Ames

THETA PROVINCE

KAPPA .....	Nebraska	THETA GAMMA .....	Oklahoma
LAMBDA .....	Baker	THETA DELTA .....	Oregon
PI .....	California	THETA EPSILON .....	Southwestern
OMEGA .....	Stanford	THETA ZETA .....	Texas
THETA ALPHA .....	Washington	THETA ETA .....	Wyoming
THETA BETA .....	Colorado	THETA THETA .....	Nevada

SORORES—ALPHA ZETA CHAPTER

E. BARRINGER	L. CAHOON	M. GRAVATT	H. MCCOY
H. BIRDSONG	M. COCHRANE	L. HAZELRIGG	E. MORRIS
S. BUCKNER	F. GRAVATT	D. MAYO	A. NIX
C. PHILSON	B. WELTON	G. WILLIS	

HONORARY MEMBERS

MISS MORROW	MISS BESSIE PEYTON	DR. KUSIAN
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DELTA DELTA DELTA









To \_\_\_\_\_

**N**ATURE has painted a picture  
 In colors soft and rare,  
 A picture to honor the May-time—  
 The reign of the fairies in May-time,  
 And their Queen, of them all the most dear.

There's a background of wondrous cerulean,  
 Before is a soft, tender green,  
 And off in the horizon between them—  
 The far misty skyline between them  
 They merge each the other in thick mazy sheen.

She has used a part of the sun's rays  
 To make the daffodil's gown.  
 She stole from the stars of their radiance—  
 Of the stars their silvery radiance  
 To put in the May-Queen's crown.

Now, there in a bower of springtime's first mysteries  
 For her court of our youth the most pure,  
 Sits the beautiful Queen of our May-time,  
 Our golden-haired Queen of the May-time  
 Amid love that shall ever endure.

So, Hail, glorious Queen of our revels!  
 A welcome to thee and to May!  
 We give thee our humble obeisance—  
 Our loyal and humble obeisance,  
 And joining, do pay thee deep fealty  
 On this thy festive day.

—JENNIE G. SNEAD



ANNA MUCKLEROY

The May Day Play

AN UNRECORDED ADVENTURE OF ROBIN HOOD, IN THE FOREST OF SHERWOOD-ARDEN

Presented by the FAIRIES OF FREYA, in the Forest of Arden, May 1, 1915

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE

FREYA BIRD, ruler of Fairy Realm  
 ROBIN HOOD  
 ALLAN-A-DALE  
 GEOFFREY SCARLET  
 LITTLE JOHN  
 FRIAR TUCK  
 ARTHUR-A-BLAND

DAVID OF DONCASTER  
 MUCH, the Miller's Son  
 Four of Robin Hood's men  
 MARGARET, as Maid Marian  
 ALICE  
 REBECCA  
 ELIZABETH

PHYLLIS  
 Three other girls  
 TITANIA, Queen of the Fairies  
 A chorus of FLOWER FAIRIES  
 A chorus of RIVULET FAIRIES  
 A chorus of WIND FAIRIES

+

ACT I—SCENE I—Forest of Sherwood-Arden

Enter FREYA BIRD

FREYA BIRD: Oh, most magic touch of Springtime, kindling  
 Beauty over hill and forest wide,  
 Kissing drowsy flowers from slumbers into life,  
 Waking birds to tune the air with song,  
 Let the doubts of men in fairies like  
 The withered leaves of winter fall away,  
 And on this glorious day which brings the life's  
 Renewal to the woodland and the glade,  
 Oh, dissolve all mortals' doubts in Elfland  
 Till these bonds, that bind all fairies in  
 The trees, and buds, and breath of lispng winds,  
 No longer hold them captive from their play.  
 Come forth, ye fairies of the flowers, ye nymphs  
 Of streams, ye fleeting wings of wind, to joy  
 For this one day in all sweet form of freedom,  
 To dance through this enchanted Maytime land.

During his speech, TITANIA and FAIRIES are seen floating and skipping  
 down the hills'ide. Enter TITANIA and FAIRIES, dancing and singing:

We slept in the hearts of the flowers sweet  
 And the breeze was our lullaby;  
 And the dew-drenched cobwebs our curtains neat,  
 The touch of the bee to defy.

We slept in the caverns of the wind,  
 Away on the mountain tops,  
 Where the songs of the birds all unconfined  
 Are fused with the soft raindrops.

We slept in the cool rock-caves of streams,  
And the goldfish our guardians were;  
While the seaweeds bent to hear our dreams  
Which naught, even love, may defer.

But Spring has broken our slumbers dear,  
And opened the caves and the flowers;  
And now we may dance in the sunshine clear,  
In the sweet dew-scented bowers.

FREYA BIRD: Titania! Fairies!

TITANIA: My lord, Sir Freya, 'tis your bidding we await.

FREYA BIRD: Know ye then, before I go to carry the breath of spring o'er all the earth, that on this glad May Day the woods become your playground, men your puppets. To you is given to work this day your magic spells, where'er you will on foolish man, to whom the season brings the malady of love. (TITANIA and FAIRIES in chorus, clap their hands and make exclamations of pleasure.) But mind the mischief which you do must not extend beyond the time allotted for your play, for when I come with evening and the setting of the sun, you needs must tell your doings of the day.

*Exit FREYA BIRD. FAIRIES gather around TITANIA, talking excitedly.*

TITANIA: What then shall be our sporting of the day? Answer Fairies of the Wind.

FAIRIES OF THE WIND, *joining hands:*

Let's gather the leaves in our sportive play,  
And whirl man's seeds about.

FLOWER FAIRIES: Oh, no, let's blow in the flowers gay,  
Till they open their petals in doubt.

TITANIA: We must not waste our precious minutes thus in wrangling. Nymphs of the Rivulets, what say you?

RIVULET FAIRIES: We'll paint the rocks in the river bed  
In gorgeous gold and blue.

TITANIA: S-s-h! Here come mortals!

*MAIDS are seen coming down the hill. Exit FAIRIES, to hide behind trees, as GIRLS enter.*

MARGARET: Oh what a beautiful place! Could anyone have chosen a spot more suited for the building of a mystic bower?

REBECCA: I believe the legend must have been written for just this very place. It said, you remember, a greenwood glade; and this can be our trysting tree.

ALICE: Oh, Margaret, tell us the legend. Remember we have not read it, and you promised to tell us when we consented to dress like this.

MARGARET: Why yes, Alice; I read it in a quaint old book of English lore. It ran thus: If early on the first of May a band of maidens built a mystic bower within the greenwood, and decorated it with their own hands, ere the day was o'er Robin Hood and his merry band would hunt within the forest, find the bower, and celebrate their May Day Revels there.

REBECCA: How like you, Margaret; still a child, reading fairy tales and dreaming fairy dreams which never can come true.

PHYLLIS: And is this why you've had us sewing all these days on these queer old costumes? But the charm won't work, because at least we did not make the bower with our own hands.

MARGARET: Oh! but we had to be dressed to receive him when he comes, and though we had to have the bower made and Maypoles brought, at least we can decorate it ourselves.

ELIZABETH: At least we can *pretend* he's hunting in this forest, and you, Margaret, shall be Maid Marian, and we your maids.

PHYLLIS: And who knows but what the charm of Spring may really bring him back?

MARGARET: Come, let's gather wild flowers.

ELIZABETH: O, not until you've danced for us, Margaret.

ALL: Please, please, Margaret.

MARGARET: And if I do, will you promise to sing the song we learned last night?

ALL: Yes.

*MARGARET dances. GIRLS watch; then ALL sing and dance.*

What is hope but dreaming,  
The soul's unvoiced request?  
What is faith but seeming  
Within the courts of rest,  
Where song and love and music doth  
The truest hearts invest?

What is life but loving,  
When the Spring is new?  
What is youth but dancing,  
Beneath the heaven's blue,  
Among the leaves and flowers gay,  
Which but reflect its hue?

MARGARET: But we must hurry and gather flowers for his coming.

REBECCA: Oh yes, our princely, mystic Robin Hood.

*ALL laugh. They go out arm in arm, humming. FAIRIES steal in cautiously, gathering around TITANIA indignantly.*

FIRST FAIRY: And did you hear them scoffing at our magic and its powers?

SECOND FAIRY: Come, let us work upon them the spells that are our dower.

FIRST FAIRY: Let us raise from out past ages  
Robin Hood, his merry band,  
Make him hunt within the forest  
To obey our Queen's command.

TITANIA: Come from the river bed, clay for his molding;  
Come from the hillsides, green his enfolding;  
Come from lily, white honesty; then after,  
Come from the rivulet, merriment and laughter,  
Come from the mighty oak, strength for enduring;  
Come from the wild flowers, kindness insuring;  
Come from ocean wide, depth of the inflow,  
Come from these elements, come Robin Hood!

FAIRIES *dance and sing:*

Oh! who would not a fairy be?  
When the silvered lightning flashes,  
And with foamy wings, the deep-voiced sea,  
The starlit pebbles lashes?

Oh! who would not a fairy be?  
When the gold-touched clouds float by,  
When the glowworm flits through the petals rare,  
And the life of the Spring is nigh.

SCENE II—*The same*

*Huntsmen's horn is heard. ROBIN HOOD and men come down hill, with bows drawn, and enter stage on all sides, after FAIRIES have disappeared behind trees.*

ROBIN HOOD: By my rood, 'twas a merry hunt, and quite dispelled an ugly dream I had.

ALLAN-A-DALE: What ho! Robin Hood! A dream? The forest is no place for dreaming; but tell us what it was.

ROBIN HOOD: Methought our merry band was long dispersed, and each in lasting sleep the years had folded. But come, no more, no more of moody musing. What's the day, and what shall be our sport now that the deer has eluded us?

FRIAR TUCK: By my troth! had we forgot this is the first of May? I would I had a bumper; I'd drink deep to the coming of Spring.

ALL: A revel, a revel.

GEOFFREY SCARLET: As ever was our custom on the first of May.

ROBIN HOOD: Come fellow, what shall it be?

FRIAR TUCK: A marriage, a marriage; the time of year is ripe.

ALLAN-A-DALE: For shame, old Tuck. What degenerate of Robin's noble band was ever victim to a woman's charm?

DAVID OF DONCASTER: By my hollidame, we are not feminine, mincing followers of the petticoat!

FRIAR TUCK: Let us love each other then; Will Stoutly hath a comely form, let him play Maid Marian. Aye me! My soul for a bumper to drink his health!

ROBIN HOOD: A blessing on thy cleverness. I'd travel half the length of Sherwood to find thy equal. Arthur-a-Bland, go find Will Stoutly and his fellows, and tell him 'tis his part to be Maid Marian in our fête, and guise his followers as his merry maids. We'll have a marriage ere the day is done.

*Exit ARTHUR-A-BLAND.*

MUCH: And while we wait the coming of this maiden, who says a song?

ALL: A song! A song!

ROBIN HOOD: A song! Come Allan-a-Dale. Thou canst tune a lively note; give us a song.

ALLAN-A-DALE: And what shall it be? A love tune to suit the taste of Friar Tuck, or a snatch of an old ballad I heard not long since?

ROBIN HOOD: Aye, the ballad. What have we to do with prating, simpering love songs?

ALLAN-A-DALE *sings. While he sings, men settle themselves on ground comfortably, and then doze off.*

Johnnie rose up on a May morning,  
Called for water to wash his hands,  
And he's awa to Braidisbands  
To ding the dun deer down.

Johnnie lookit east and Johnnie lookit west,  
And it's lang before the sun,  
And there did he spy the dun deer lie  
Beneath a bush of bruae.

Johnnie shot the dun deer lap,  
And he's wounded her in the side;  
And then spake his sister's son,  
And the neist will lay her pride.

They've eaten sae muckle o' the gude venison  
And they've drunken sae muckle o' the blude;  
That they've fallen into as sound a sleep,  
As gif that they were deed.

ALLAN-A-DALE: By my troth, I d'd not know it was a lullaby. But zounds! it is not out of place, after the chase we had.

*He sleeps. Enter FAIRIES.*

FIRST FAIRY: Oh Queen! These men we've fashioned scorn the secret of May;  
Laugh at love as maiden's plaything;  
Seek to celebrate the day in flaunting raillery.

SECOND FAIRY: Let us show our potent magic  
In this land where mortals boast  
That all fair'es are but legends  
From some far-off mist-lined coast.

THIRD FAIRY: We will blind them so the keenest  
Will not know a man from maid,  
And the charm of May-time loving,  
Will the stoutest heart invade.

TITANIA: Moats from sunbeams dancing through the leaves,  
Pollen from the many-scented flowers,  
Fanned by the gauzy wings of wind elves gay,  
Blind foolish man with thy showers;

So he may not know when a maid draws near  
From his men in the hills above,  
And punish his vain boastings in the scorn of maiden's charm  
By making him a victim to this love.

But let this spell be broken when a man and maid shall join  
Their fingers on the same drawn bow,  
Let the setting of the sun bring the bugles' note to warn,  
That from the wood his band and he must go.

FAIRIES *flutter among men, and exit dancing and skipping.*

SCENE III—*The same*

ROBIN HOOD *and men sleeping. Enter MAID MARIAN, her arms full of wild flowers.*

MAID MARIAN (*upon seeing men, starts back with exclamation*): Oh!

ROBIN HOOD (*waking*): Ho! Ho! Will Stoutly, a clever disguise! (*Looks at her*) Odd's bodikins, lad, you make the fairest maid in all the forest land. (*He rises, and comes toward her, saying teasingly*): A kiss, Maid Marian. (*She draws back.*) What ho! So shy, fair Will? I seest thou art a man, for all thy petticoats.

MAID MARIAN: A fee? For trespassing? But by what law do you invade our bower? Ah! bow, sir! Do you on this magic day play Robin Hood, as we do play his maids?

ROBIN HOOD: Thy tongue is sly as thou art shy, Will Stoutly.

MAID MARIAN: But sir, by what ill-concealed jest come I by the name of Will Stoutly?

ROBIN HOOD: Thou wert ever clever. Thou pratest like a girl indeed; and by my rood, methinks that if thou wert a maid I'd break my forest vows of celibacy, and love thee where thou standest, Will Stoutly.

MAID MARIAN: And I *Will Stoutly* give thee cause to rue thy flippant words. Know thee, that for the day I am Maid Marian, seeking in this enchanted bower for Robin Hood.

ROBIN HOOD: Then seek no further for him. I am he, and if thou wilt continue the farce, Will, thou shalt be Maid Marian for the day.

MAID MARIAN: Aye, for the day.

ROBIN HOOD: Ho, men! Rise; come greet this fair Maid Marian.

*MEN come forward laughing, and one or two jestingly kiss her hand.*

LITTLE JOHN: Hi me, Will Stoutly, thou art in truth transformed. Thy beauty is a match for all the fairness of the glade.

FRIAR TUCK: Ay me, my soul for a bumper, and I'd drink thy health right gladly.

GEOFFREY SCARLET: A toast then on our arrows, since we have no mede.

ROBIN HOOD: By the bows that give us power o'er all the woodland glade,  
By the strength of arm that sends the arrow true,  
We pledge all health and happiness and lasting love through life,  
To thee, Maid Marian.

ALL *draw arrow*: Maid Marian!

From a distance, GIRLS *call*: Maid Marian, where are you? What's the way to our bower?

MAID MARIAN: This way lies the bower, my maids. (*Three GIRLS enter, with arms full of flowers.*) These strangers here play Robin Hood, as we do play his maids. *Other four enter during speech.*

DAVID OF DONCASTER: By my hollidame, these maids are a match for thee, Will Stoutly.

FRIAR TUCK *looks at the girls, and goes up to kiss one. She draws away.*

ROBIN HOOD: What ho! thou art not quick enough, good Friar. Thy size doth make against.

ALLAN-A-DALE: We are all met, are we not? Now for the revels.

ROBIN HOOD: Whom shall we crown the Queen of the May?

ALL: Maid Marian! Maid Marian!

ROBIN HOOD: Allan-a-Dale, fetch flowers for the throne, and take thy men, to return presently.

REBECCA: And while we wait, a song. Alice, thou hast ever a sweet voice. Sing to us of May.

ROBIN HOOD: Ay, a song! And will ye trip it in honor of our Queen?

GIRLS *form a chorus, and dance, while ALICE sings:*

When the hills are sun kissed,  
The birds are fluttering low,  
Letting their sweet love notes rise  
Where the lazy breeze doth blow.

In idle musings from the skies,  
Making softest melody,  
The flowers' dainty lullaby,  
Where the shadows are not missed  
On the hills by sunlight kissed.

*MEN have finished throne, and come up to girls applauding. They give each girl an arrow, and then form an arch with the bows and arrows. ROBIN HOOD leads MAID MARIAN (who has removed her mask) up the arch, as they sing:*

She comes, she comes our radiant Queen  
And joyfully we sing,  
She spreads the hills and fields with green,  
Our Lady of the Spring!  
Let all the universe rejoice  
Upon this gladsome day,  
And spread the tidings with one voice—

'Tis May, May, May!  
'Tis May, May, May!  
Oh, Winter's winds are far away,  
Every heart is blithe and gay,  
And joyfully again we say—  
'Tis May, May, May!  
'Tis May, May, May!

MAID MARIAN *stands. GEOFFREY SCARLET takes crown from girl, goes forward, and kneels, presenting it to ROBIN HOOD.*

ROBIN HOOD (*half jestingly*):

Oh maid, whose beauty doth command allegiance from  
All form of loveliness throughout the world,  
We crown you Queen of May, Queen of all Joy,  
Of all sweet life the springtime fairness brings;  
And, as your humble subjects, pray your leave  
To revel in the gladness of your realm.

MAID MARIAN: To revel? Ay, my lord, for know 'tis this  
The Queen of May commands of all her subjects,  
That they shall take the loveliness of Spring  
To steep their hearts in gladness, till they know  
The secret of all beauty; till the meaning  
Of the sun-kissed clouds, of opening buds,  
Of sun and shadows' dappling play on leaves,  
Of rainbows' changing hue on misty hills,  
Becomes so clear—till all men understand,  
That Nature's loveliness, for which their wonder grows,  
Does only serve to tune their hearts to joy  
And happy harmony with that great law  
Which brings to earth, with each ensuing year,  
That sweet and magic charm of gracious Spring.

MEN *lift arrows, and say:* Hurrah for Maid Marian! Hurrah for Will Stoutly!  
Here's to Maid Marian! A proud day for Will Stoutly!

ROBIN HOOD: Allan-a-Dale, thou shalt be Master of Ceremonies. What shall we  
do to honor this fair Queen?

ALLAN-A-DALE: A Maypole then, say I. Geoffrey Scarlet, bring forward the pole,  
and we'll have a dance, and after the dance we'll end the revels with an archery  
contest.

A MAN and GIRL *fix target.*

ROBIN HOOD: And I shall give a golden bracelet to the man who makes the truest aim,  
LITTLE JOHN: What ho! Our Queen, Maid Marian, shall have a golden bracelet,  
for what man draws a truer bow than does Will Stoutly?

ALL *dance around the Maypole and sing:*

Then a hey! and a ho! for the song of the bow When the arrow flees the string.	And a hey! and a ho! to banish woe For jolly good men are we!
And a hey! and a ho! for the home of the doe The merry greenwood in Spring.	And a hey! and a ho! while the gay winds blow. To the greenwood company.

ROBIN HOOD: Now for the shooting. Maid Marian, thou shalt be the first to try  
thy skill. (*He leads her from the throne, she descending reluctantly.*)

MAID MARIAN: Why, thinkest thou a maid can shoot?

ROBIN HOOD (*smiling*): Why yes, I know.

MAID MARIAN: Such sport is for the greenwood men. I pray thee let *them* shoot.

ROBIN HOOD: Thy touch shall grace the bow ere mere man draws it. (*He holds out  
bow; she takes it hesitatingly, draws it, and the arrow goes wild. The charm being  
withdrawn, all the men realize their mistake, and each looks at the girl next him.*)

ROBIN HOOD: By faith, no such arrow was ever sent by keen-eyed Stoutly. That  
was woman sent.

MAID MARIAN: In truth, and how but woman sent, when by my hand? Or do you  
think to make a man of me with but a single day in this greenwood?

ROBIN HOOD: By my troth. 'Tis not Will Stoutly, but a maiden fair in very truth.  
The Spring itself, my merry lads, could not have come to us in fairer form than  
as our Queen, Maid Marian.

GEOFFREY SCARLET: Will Stoutly never played so clever a trick before, to send us  
maids to grace the May Day Festival. A dozen antlers horn for Will and his  
ready wit.

FRIAR TUCK: *Aye, for a bumper to drink their health right merrily!*

ROBIN HOOD: But, by our sacred trysting-tree, though we may not drink their health,  
we'll pledge our loyalty and lasting love. (*Turning to Ma'd Marian*) I would not  
make thee man by dwelling in our greenwood, but keep thee always woman, for  
'tis in that form we love thee best.

MAID MARIAN (*jestingly*): Beware, lest my maids and I should keep thee to this  
rash May Day promise.

ROBIN HOOD: Aye, but 'tis a promise made to keep.

MAID MARIAN: But why speak of love at all, for what are we but mere pretenders,  
who must leave this happy glade when twilight comes? See! the sun is almost set.

ROBIN HOOD: Aye, but let the sun rise or set, the oath I took when first I saw thee,  
I do again affirm. My love I pledge to thee, Maid Marian, and so it shall stand  
forever. And may it not be strong enough to keep thee always in our forest home?

MAID MARIAN: Shall I stay always in the forest land,  
And so become a true Maid Marian?

(*Turns to ROBIN HOOD with outstretched hands.*)

Aye, Robin Hood; for if thy love be like  
The depth and beauty of the wood, what place  
Could be a fairer home, what power more potent  
Than the voice of love in May? And if  
The forest hath a place for me, I'll ever dwell,  
And happily, within its magic bounds.

ROBIN HOOD: Then, by my faith, Friar Tuck shall marry us at the going down of  
the sun. Friar Tuck, art thou ready?

FRIAR TUCK: Aye sir, ready! But a good bumper would set me up right steadily.

ROBIN HOOD: Come, good Friar Tuck, the trysting-tree shall be our altar in this  
church of trees. And these good lads and merry maids shall form our aisle and  
act as witnesses.

MEN and GIRLS *form V-shaped aisle.* FRIAR TUCK *lifts hands over  
heads of ROBIN HOOD and MAID MARIAN, who are kneeling.* On edge  
of one side of forest FREYA BIRD *appears; FAIRIES on other.*  
Bugle is heard.

ROBIN HOOD *rises and listens, and then turns and says:* My merry lads, the bugle doth proclaim the sunset, and our day within the forest now must end. (*He lifts MAID MARIAN to her feet, and kisses her.*)

*All greenwood men exeunt. Bugle calls again.*

MAID MARIAN (*dazed*): And does this really end our happy day? The first of May; or can it be but an idle fancy incarnated—after all—a dream? (*They go out arm in arm, some skipping.*)

*As they disappear, enter FREYA BIRD from one side, and FAIRIES from other.*

TITANIA: One last frolic ere the sun is down.

*Four FAIRIES get pole, and hold it. The others dance. FREYA BIRD watches them. They sing:*

Fairies, we are the Fairies,  
Our hearts are glad and our spirits free;  
Maytime, the glorious playtime,  
Come all ye people and join in glee.

Fairies, we are the Fairies,  
The Maytime spirit we incarnate;  
Springtime, the glorious ring time,  
The Birth of Flowers we celebrate.

FREYA BIRD: Now back to the hills, to your flower prisons back,  
Back to the glimmerings of each streamlet's flow,  
Back to the pressure of the breeze's breath,  
Each fairy now returning home must go.  
The sunset ends the magic day of Spring,  
And cold doubts rise to close the hearts of men,  
And keep the fairies hid until their powers  
Are half forgot before another Spring.

*Exeunt ALL; FAIRIES dancing and skipping up the hill.*

JUDITH GREGORY RIDDICK  
SALLY DABNEY MOON



MAY DAY, 1914







CLUB DAYS

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1915

The Spinster

141

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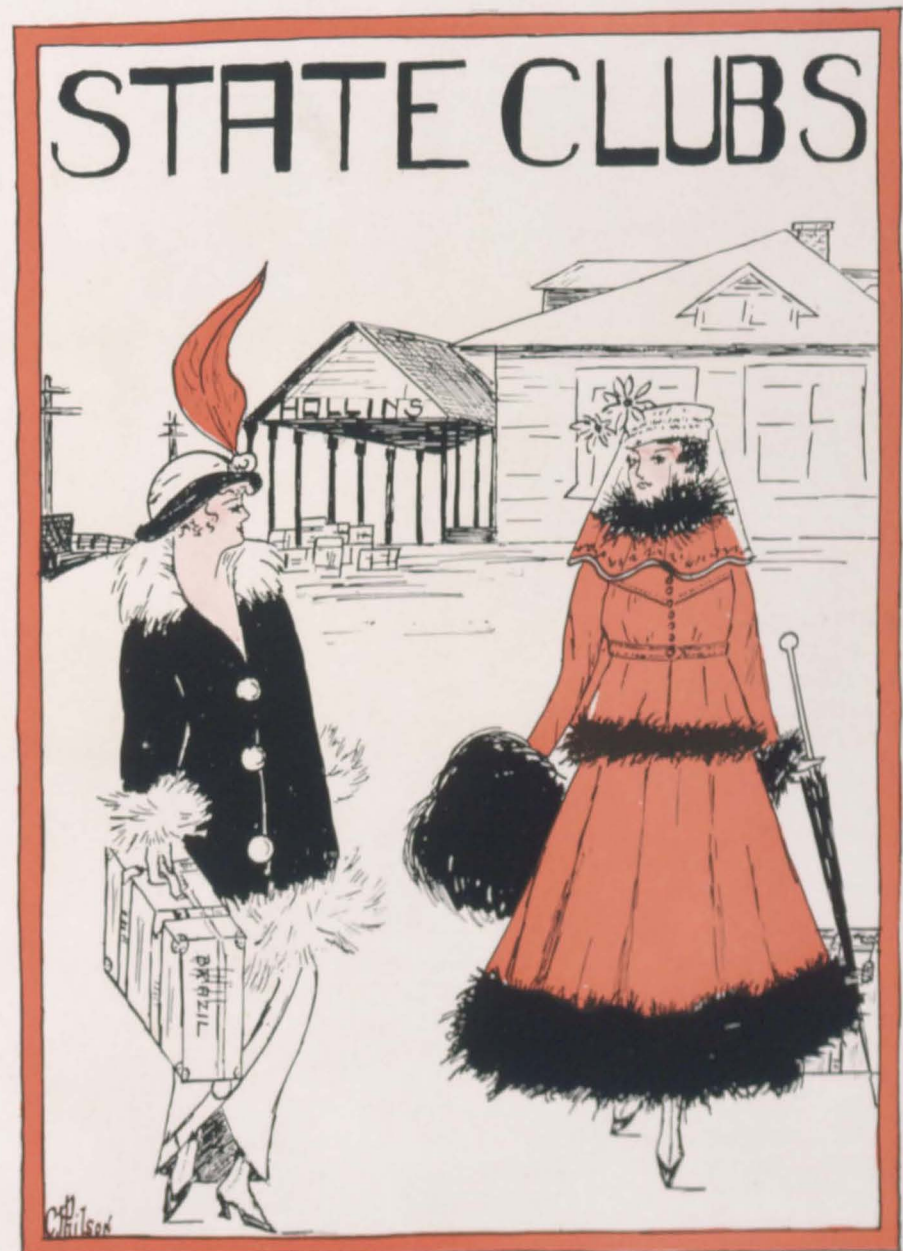
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VIRGINIA CLUB

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"Yankee Doodle went to town  
 A-riding on a pony;  
 Stuck a feather in his hat,  
 And called him Macaroni."

+

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TARHEEL CLUB

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## Tarheel Club

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## Fifi and Skye

FIRST of all, let me tell you that I was a foundling puppy. I was found on the front doorstep by old Sam and carried to his young master, whose remark on receiving me was, "Well, of all the senseless-looking objects, you are the most so"; and he held me up in his hand, shook me a little, and added, "If you are capable of friendship, you can stay; otherwise, out you go"; and I was dumped on a rug before an open fire, where I blinked one eye for a second, stretched myself happily, and dozed off, hearing old Sam mutter, "Well! of all de o'nry-looking critturs! Dat nose of his'n bespeaks impurt'nence, suh."

When I woke, my master was writing at a big table; but as writing never interested me I proceeded to investigate my surroundings. The first thing that caught my eye was a big basket under the table. It was filled with torn-up scraps of paper, and later became a great joy to me—a splendid hunting-ground. There were lots of soft chairs, and I guess at least a thousand books around the wall. I was just getting interested when I fell asleep again. I'm afraid my puppy days were rather lazy ones. I was uncomfortably fat, too. When I woke the second time, I found myself in a box on a big porch. I got up, crawled over the side, and tumbled down some steps into the yard. Now this yard was a splendid place, but after about a week of it to myself it got lonesome. There was a high board fence all around it, and though I hunted well, I was quite sure that there wasn't a crack that I could see through. One day I'd buried bones and dug them up until I was tired, when I felt a shiver run up my back, as though something was looking at me. Only one of my ears would cock, but I cocked that one, and looked around. Suddenly I saw, right in front of me, a knothole, and looking through that knothole was an eye. I went over closer and looked; it was still there. But when I got very close I couldn't see a thing.

The next day I had that queer feeling again, and I didn't lose any time in getting to that hole. There, sure enough, was a really very nice-looking dog on the other side. She was all white and fluffy, and quite small. At first she wouldn't pay any attention to me, which was surprising; but I flattered her a little, and we became friends. She said she'd always admired legs shaped like mine, which was nice of her, so I told her she was *beautiful*. I never saw such a dog as she was for handing out information. She kept up a steady stream of words for quite ten minutes. She told me that her name was Fifi, and that she had always been a favorite with everybody.

"What's your name?" she asked suddenly. Now, you see, I hadn't any name that I knew of; but I couldn't let her know that, so I just sat down and winked an eye

at her, and looked wise. Just then old Sam came out on the porch. "Whar's dat on'ry Skye terrier?" I heard him say.

"Why," I finally said to Fifi, "if you really want to know—my name is Skye."

She took to that name right away, and never knew that I hadn't been born with it written on a card tied around my neck.

I think we must have spent hours barking at each other and chasing up and down by that fence, but one day my master came out and grabbed me by the collar.

"You little piece of mischief," he shouted; "keep away from that fence."

I thought I also heard somebody on the other side fussing, too, but before I could make sure I was hauled in the house, and told to behave myself, which I did by pulling some books to pieces. I was whipped and put in my box—I don't know why.

The next day I visited the knothole, and there was that fluffy creature again.

"My mistress has been in a bad humor for weeks," she said. "I've been neglected outrageously. All she does is to sit in her room and read some old scraps of paper, and write, and then tear up what she writes. She cries, too, often; and it's very discouraging."

"Why," said I, "there's some mystery about things, for my master sits in his room, looking like someone had found where he buried his bones, and reads scraps of paper too. But he hasn't cried yet."

We then decided that humans didn't generally act this way. We didn't like it, so we were to investigate, and meet again to discuss the trouble. By this time I was nearly a full-grown dog, but very wise for my age, and could trot around easily, though a little gawkily. So I soon got to my master's room, and lay down quietly near the door. I had learned to be quiet. As I had expected, there he sat, looking very sad. Pretty soon he picked up a picture of a lady, and said, "It's no use trying to fool myself, at least. I love you. I've tried not even to acknowledge *that*, but it's been a miserable failure. One thing, though, I'll never acknowledge; no, not though I go on suffering like this through all the years to come. *You* were in the wrong, and not I."

Now, I knew my master was in trouble; and I'd have given my only cockable ear to have gotten him out of it. But, of course, not knowing what it was rather impeded me, so I merely trotted up to him, and told him with my eyes that no matter what happened I'd stand by him, and to depend on me. Later on I went down to the knothole again. Fifi was there—and all anxious to tell what she knew, and full of curiosity. Ladies have that curiosity badly, you know. Before I could say a word, she started off.

"Well! And what do you suppose I heard this morning? I heard——"; and then she stopped.

"Go on," I said. I was very impatient, but not at all curious, as she later accused me of having been.

"I heard," she continued, "my mistress crying over a picture of a man who looks like your master; and she said she did love him, and had suffered so, and was sorry; but she'd never acknowledge it—*never!*"

I was so excited I could hardly keep from yelping; and it was so disconcerting having that knothole so small, because I could only see one little black eye and a part of a fuzzy ear all the time. I tried to sit still.

"It's very plain," I added, "that your mistress and my master are in love with each other. I've heard of such things before, and it always affects people curiously. They must have had a fight, or something, and if we can get 'em to make up, they'll stop being grouchy, and pay some attention to us." So we both sat down to think. Suddenly that Fifi popped up and said,

"Skye, we'll just have a fight ourselves, and show them how it looks."

Now, being very young, I was all ready for a fight, so we decided to have it out in the street, right where it could be seen. We both ran around and got in the big road—and the fight was on. I swallowed enough wool off of that dog to turn me into a collie. I felt stuffy from it for days. Then my legs were wobbly, too, which gave her an unfair advantage. There is no telling what might have happened, hadn't I heard, just as I was going down, my master shouting, "Get away from there, you little cur"; and at the same time a very mad-looking lady came running up, and said, "How dare you speak to my dog so?" My master stooped and picked me up, and presented that woolly Fifi to the lady, with a bow. "I beg its pardon," he said; "but it was chewing up my pup"—and then he laughed; and suddenly the lady laughed too, and said,

"The animosity seems to have gone into the poor little animals, too." And then those two went walking off together, after dumping us in the road again.

"Well," said I; "*now* we've done it; and I wish you had your wool back again."

"You hadn't any business snapping so hard. I didn't mean for you to fight really; but you got so gay I thought I'd teach you a lesson." And with this, that eternal dog walked off. And such airs and graces! But we made up soon again, for my master was over at her house all the time, and of course I went with him. By the time my legs stopped wobbling, the lady and Fifi came over to live with us. And only last Sunday that dog and I were talking about how we fixed up the trouble.

I've almost forgotten about the uncomfortable feeling that wool gave me.

—ELIZABETH N. MOORE



THE room was a babble of voices of numberless whispering girls;  
 The question of which was the prettiest, which had the most lustrous curls,  
 Was about to be decided, and the moment was full of unrest;  
 And THE SPINSTER staff stood waiting, waiting—  
 THE SPINSTER staff stood waiting, to count the votes for the best.



HAZELRIGG

She'd a tiny hat cocked sideways; with furs that were up to her chin;  
 A suit with a skirt the most flaring, and a muff with her hands  
 tucked in.  
 For STYLE she outshone all the others; for NEATNESS eclipsed the rest,  
 And she stands like a picture from Paris, with the neatness of RIGG  
 at her best.

Over the footlights we greet and applaud her as she saunters onto the  
 stage,  
 And her face, of our girls the MOST HANDSOME, the praises of all does  
 engage:  
 The schoolgirls' black-eyed darling; BLESS the schoolgirls' darling;  
 As our handsome MATINEE IDOL, she's doubtless quite the rage.



B. MONROE



A. BURDETT

And down on the field of ATHLETICS is a figure lithe and tall,  
 Where BIRD, our champion, darted, her eyes fixed on the ball;  
 For she loved her colors dearly—her colors, green and gold;  
 Swift as a bird she plays it, and wins the fame after all.

"One kiss," says bonny BESSIE, to her darling as they part;  
 "But I'll be back ere the COCK shall crow, straight as an arrow's dart."  
 Then can you help but guess—'tis the SENTIMENTAL BESS,  
 With her open, sympathetic, impressionable heart.



B. COCKE



M. STEINER

She rises high on her tiptoes; she gracefully dips and sways;  
She dances as none else around her. Thus our CUTEST girl displays  
The charms and graces that lure us, the many graces that lure us;  
And we give MAY the vote for her DANCING, as well as her CUTE  
little ways.

She did not mix with the rabble; she paid us no "mind" at all—  
Our little playtimes bored her, and no matter what might befall  
She remained as EXCLUSIVE as ever—aloof, and exclusive as ever;  
HIX chooses her friends with discretion, finding little of worth in us all.



L. HIX

They follow her 'round the campus, the little darlings of KASS;  
For attraction she's just like a magnet, and our poor hearts, alas!  
She takes by storm, and rules them, entirely she rules them;  
And her ATTRACTION as we feel it puts us all in the same big class.



K. JUDKINS



E. BARRINGER

For clever ideas she is noted; she has never failed us yet  
In offering suggestions the BRIGHTEST, and sayings we never forget,  
Till now, on the eve of THE SPINSTER; hard on the eve of THE  
SPINSTER  
The ORIGINAL, TALENTED DENA with fame and success has been met.



A. MUCKLEROY

From the crown of her head to her tiptoes, in pure gold she's worth  
her weight;  
With WOMANLINESS to back her, we're sure of the best for her fate;  
For the world lies before her—open and needy before her,  
And MUCK's womanly heart will answer the call of a mission great.

She turned—was there ever one like her—the girls around her  
thronged,

Stately, and slender of figure, with the grace that innately belonged,  
With BEAUTY of face and of manner—a beauty not to be hid,  
She won for her prize this vote, and plaudits long and prolonged.



M. McCARTY



P. SAWYER

Sweet—if you only knew her, you'd find the reason why  
 She won this vote, though so little; for precious things come high,  
 She's the SWEETEST girl in our College—the SWEETEST in all our  
 College:  
 PEG's friends, if you count them, would span the width of the widest  
 sky.

Backward she looked with a dignified air—our frivolities gently did  
 chide.

She disdained our youthful frolic, nor a merry song would provide;  
 She keeps aloof from excitement, unruffled and quiet and calm,  
 And we give her this vote, for we know her to lean toward the  
 DIGNIFIED.



A. HOUSMAN

For fun she is worth a million—the WITTIEST one we know.  
 There is never a sober minute, and the time is never slow,  
 When BUSTER once gets started; and we laugh and howl in glee,  
 As we listen to the stories that she tells so wittily.



R. JONES



A. RODEMICH

She runs her hands over the keyboard, and everyone sits spellbound,  
 For she brings us the music that haunts us, a sweet spell, by her skill  
 unwound;

And now as reward we bring her—as a tiny reward we bring her—  
 Most talented—yes—OF MUSICIANS is the title for her that we've  
 found.



K. SPINDLE

So sweet—so sweet—have you heard it? A VOICE that's ringing clear?  
 So sweet—so sweet, as we listen, that it seems like a bird that we hear?  
 Down the high notes like silver, over the low tone's swell,  
 Her voice goes trilling, trilling, trilling.  
 We love to listen and listen to the songs she sings so well.

The tip of her pencil touched it—we ask no more for the rest!  
 She draws in a way that has made her acknowledged OF ARTISTS  
 the Best.

She works on numberless posters—she's always busy on these,  
 For her hand is steady and skillful—steady and skilled in her drawing,  
 And the vote we give her for drawing is a tribute to talented ease.



N. CHOATE

And still in our Hollins land they say, there is one who outshines  
them all;  
MOST POPULAR, CAPABLE, BEST ALL-AROUND—her virtues in truth  
they appall!  
THE DARLING OF TEACHERS, RELIABLE, INTELLECTUAL—oh, but  
she's wise!  
The ENTHUSIAST, also, we hail you—and sing your praise to the  
skies.



J. RIDDICK







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PHURCEY '09

THE SPINSTER STOCK COMPANY  
PRESENTS  
**The Fortune Hunter**

HOLLINS THEATER

OCTOBER 24, 1914

CAST

NATHANIEL DUNCAN, "NAT" <i>The Fortune Hunter</i>	B. Moore
HENRY KELLOGG <i>A Rising Young Financier</i>	V. Milton
SAM GRAHAM <i>The Druggist</i>	M. Thames
MR. LOCKWOOD <i>The Banker</i>	B. Ford
GEORGE BURNHAM <i>A Promoter</i>	F. Gardner
ROLAND BARNETT <i>In Love With Josie</i>	D. Williamson
MR. SPERRY <i>The Drummer</i>	A. Fechtig
TRACEY TANNER <i>The Liveryman's Son</i>	R. Jones
BETTY GRAHAM <i>The Druggist's Daughter</i>	Peg Sawyer
JOSEPHINE LOCKWOOD <i>The Banker's Daughter</i>	Eugenia Barringer
ANGIE <i>The Friend of Josie</i>	Catharine Philson

PRESENTED WITHOUT SCENERY

ACT I—The Sitting-Room of Henry Kellogg's Bachelor Apartment in New York city.  
ACT II—Sam Graham's Desolate and Dilapidated Old Drug Store in Radville, Pa.  
ACT III—Ten Months Later. Same Rooms, Splendidly Furnished as an Up-to-Date Drug Store.  
ACT IV—Lawn of Sam Graham's Home.  
Time—Present.

THE SENIOR CLASS

PRESENTS

**"Everywoman"**

HER PILGRIMAGE IN QUEST OF LOVE

A MODERN MORALITY PLAY

HOLLINS THEATER, November 28, 1914

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Characters, in order in which they appear

NOBODY.....	Eugenia Barringer
YOUTH } BEAUTY } MODESTY }	Everywoman's Companions { Eunice Anderson Mary Layman Dorothy Mayo
EVERYWOMAN.....	Anna Muckleroy
FLATTERY.....	Annie Housman
TRUTH.....	Carrie Burton
KING LOVE, THE FIRST.....	Judith Riddick
BLUFF—Theater Manager.....	Bessie Cocke
WEALTH—A Millionaire.....	Gladys Jamison
WITLESS—Heir to a Dukedom.....	Dabney Moon
CONSCIENCE—Everywoman's Handmaiden.....	Edna Dawson
PASSION—A Play Actor.....	Berenice Ford

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ACT I—A room in Everywoman's home.  
ACT II—The Stage of a Theater.  
ACT III—Scene 1. Everywoman's Mansion—Night.  
Scene 2. The same—Later.  
ACT IV—Everywoman's old home.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1914

THE BIRDS'  
CHRISTMAS CAROL

BY  
KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

THE BIRD FAMILY:

CAROL BIRD, the "Snow Bird" Grown Up.....GERTRUDE RATH  
MRS. BIRD, her Mother.....MRS. COCKE  
MR. DONALD BIRD, her Father.....MR. RATH  
In the Nest, but Not Quite of It  
UNCLE JACK, a Bird of Passage.....MR. TURNER  
ELFRIDA CLIFFORD, Carol's Nurse.....MRS. TURNER  
A Bird of Another Feather

THE BUTLER.....

THEIR NEIGHBORS, THE RUGGLES, IN THE REAR:

MRS. RUGGLES, Who Was a McGill.....MISS MORROW  
SARAH MAUD }  
PETER }  
PEORIA } The Seven Little  
KITTY } Ruggleses  
CLEMENT }  
CORNELIUS }  
LARRY } MISS WILSON  
MISS WORSHAM  
MISS SINGLETON  
MARY VAN TURNER  
VIRGINIA RATH  
JOHN CAMPBELL MUCKLEROY  
JOE TURNER

ACT I: The Birds' Nest. On a December Afternoon.

ACT II: Some Other Birds are Taught to Fly. Christmas Day  
in the Ruggles Kitchen.

ACT III: The Angel of the Crutches. Christmas Evening in  
the Birds' Nest.

The curtain goes down for a moment in the Third Act to  
indicate a lapse of half an hour.

GREEN STOCKINGS

A Comedy in Three Acts

A. E. W. MASON

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DESCRIPTION OF CHARACTERS

ADMIRAL GRICE (Retired). A testy old gentleman  
of about 65, with the manner of an old sea dog, of  
ruddy complexion, with white hair and whiskers E. Curtin  
WILLIAM FARADAY. A well preserved man of about  
65. Fashionable, superficial, and thoroughly self-  
ish E. Kent  
COLONEL SMITH. A dignified, dryly humorous man  
of military bearing, about 40 years old J. Riddick  
ROBERT TARVER. An empty-headed young swell A. Whitner  
HENRY STEELE } Two young men of about 30 { G. Rudacille  
JAMES RALEIGH } and 35 respectively { V. McFarland  
MARTIN. A dignified old family servant Cochran  
CELIA FARADAY. An unaffected woman of 29, with  
a sense of humor Miss Louise McLaughlin  
MADGE (MRS. ROCKINGHAM) } Handsome, well } Miss Edna Dawson  
EVELYN (LADY TRENCHARD) } dressed, fashion- } Miss Alice Burdett  
and 27 respectively }  
PHYLLIS. The youngest sister, a charming and pretty,  
but thoughtless, selfish girl of 20 Miss Gladys Willis  
MRS. CHISOLM FARADAY, of Chicago (AUNT IDA).  
A florid, quick-tempered, warm-hearted woman  
of 50 or thereabouts Miss Alma Nix

ACT I. Room in Mr. Faraday's House, February 11. Evening.

ACT II. Same as Act I. Eight months later. About 6 o'clock.

ACT III. Same as Act I. Evening, same day.

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PRESENTED BY  
THE EUEPIAN LITERARY SOCIETY  
Hollins College, Virginia  
March 6, 1915

*The Euzelian Stock Company*

PRESENTS

# “PEG O’ MY HEART”

HOLLINS THEATER

March 27, 1915

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## CHARACTERS

MRS. CHICHESTER	{ A Widowed Lady Living in London }	..... <i>Margaret Howard</i>
ALARIC, Her Son	.....	<i>Jennie Snead</i>
ETHEL, Her Daughter	.....	<i>Katherine Judkins</i>
MR. CHRISTIAN BRENT, A London Sport	.....	<i>Helen Tillman</i>
SIR GERALD ADAIR	.....	<i>Emmie Giesecke</i>
MR. MONTGOMERY HAWKS	{ A Successful Lawyer }	..... <i>Annie Housman</i>
JARVIS, The Butler	.....	<i>Ruth Monroe</i>
BENNETT, The Maid	.....	<i>Christine Gholson</i>
PEG O’CONNEL	.....	<i>Elizabeth Moore</i>

PLACE—London

TIME—The Present

ACT I. The reception-hall at Mrs. Chichester’s home.

ACT II. The same.

ACT III. The same.

ACT IV. The same.

MANAGEMENT—*Miss Geraldine Morrow*

## The Fairies of Freya

Present

An Unrecorded Adventure  
of Robin Hood in the For-  
est of Sherwood-Arden



In the Forest of Arden, at four o’clock  
May first, nineteen hundred and fifteen

Words by Dabney Moon and  
Judith Siddick

Music by members of the  
Organization

All Hollins Land and Friends are Cordially Invited



COLONIAL BEAUTY



TIPPERARY CHORUS



NAZIMOVA-DEUTSCH



MME. PAVLOWA-HATCHER AND CHORUS



THE DANCE-FIEND'S DREAM

SPECIAL "STUNT"—BY SPECIALS



SOPH-SENIOR STUNT



SOMETHING UNUSUAL

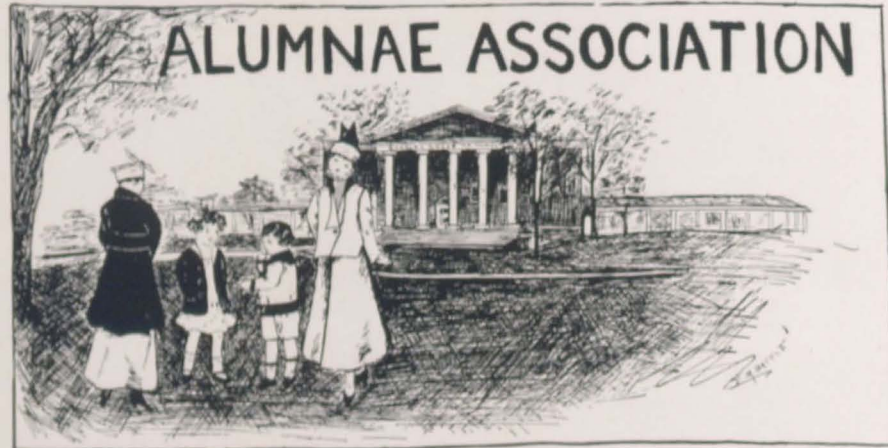


DAWN - DAY - TWILIGHT - NIGHT



A FEW VIRGINIANS

OTHER HOLLINS "STUNTS"



## OFFICERS

MRS. ELLIE MARCUS MARX.....	President
MISS KATE WATTS.....	First Vice-President
MRS. ERICH RATH.....	Second Vice-President
MISS MAMIE SINGLETON.....	Recording Secretary
MRS. J. A. TURNER.....	Treasurer

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## COMMITTEES OF THE GENERAL ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

## I—To Present Alumnae Association to Student-Body:

MISS MARIAN BAYNE, <i>Chairman</i>	
MISS MARGUERITE HEARSEY	MISS ROSE HEILMAN

## II—On Charge of Time of Meeting During Commencement Week:

MRS. J. A. TURNER, <i>Chairman</i>	
MISS BESSIE RANDOLPH	MISS WILLIE MUSE

## III—On the Organization of Territorial Fields:

MISS RACHEL WILSON, <i>Chairman</i>	
MISS ESTELLE ANGIER	MISS BESSIE MARTIN
MISS EDNA BELL	MISS WILLIE MUSE
MISS ELIZABETH CAMP	MISS CONSTANCE STEARNES
MISS MARGUERITE HEARSEY	MISS MELLE WATKINS
MISS MARTHA WATSON	

## In Memoriam



ISABEL ABERCROMBIE  
LUCY ARCHER  
(Mrs. W. Kennedy)  
FANNIE AVENT  
MARY BAGWELL  
MAUDE BAKER  
LOULA BASKERVILLE  
ANNE BATTAILE  
(Mrs. C. L. Harmanson)  
EDITH BENNETT  
(Mrs. W. N. Wright)  
C. BLAKELY  
MILDRED BRADFORD  
(Mrs. D. K. Flynn)  
THERESA BRADLEY  
JOSEPHINE BROWN  
(Mrs. T. A. Tidball)  
ELSIE BURNETT  
CORINNE BUSH  
(Mrs. T. H. G. Cook)  
JESSE CALLAWAY  
(Mrs. Day)  
MAUDE CANADA  
MARY CHANDLER  
(Mrs. A. Lyman)  
LILLIE CHILDS  
(Mrs. M. West)  
CARRIE CHRISTIAN  
MARY CLEMENT  
EVELYN COCKE  
JESSIE COLEMAN  
(Mrs. A. Romain)  
HELEN CONE  
(Mrs. L. E. Old)  
LIZZIE COPLAND  
ELLA DAGLEY  
(Mrs. D. L. Dorsey)  
JULIE DICKINSON  
MARY DICKINSON  
VIRGINIA DICKINSON  
FANNIE DILWORTH  
(Mrs. Witting)  
NANCY DUVAL  
SUSAN DUVAL

BETTY ELAM  
JESSAMINE ERVIN  
(Mrs. Bently)  
MARY M. FORT  
(Mrs. J. P. Snead)  
KATIE FOX  
CARRIE FULLER  
ANNA C. GALE  
LILLIAN GIDDINGS  
(Mrs. Wilkins)  
EMILY GILBERT  
VIRGINIA GILCHRIST  
MOLLY SUE GRAY  
(Mrs. B. Haden)  
MARY GRIFFIN  
GRAY HADEN  
LILA HANSBROUGH  
MARIAM HANSBROUGH  
MARY HARALSON  
(Mrs. G. H. Dent)  
JULIA HEMPHILL  
LILY HOBSON  
KATE L. HOLLAND  
(Mrs. W. D. Judkins)  
LELLA HOWELL  
SALLIE HUFF  
(Mrs. J. W. Coon)  
BETTY JOHNSON  
(Mrs. F. Wright)  
EDITH KIDDER  
(Mrs. B. D. Russell)  
TINY KIE  
FLORENCE KIMEN  
(Mrs. W. H. Foy)  
NELLIE KIRK  
ANNA L. KUSIAN  
(Mrs. W. H. Taylor)  
MARY LAIRD  
LILLIAN LYLES  
(Mrs. B. Bryan)  
CHRISTINE MAXWELL  
MAYS McCORMICK  
BESSIE MILLER  
(Mrs. W. T. Thom)

ALLIE NELMS  
MARGARET NEVINS  
CLARA NEWCOMB  
(Mrs. F. F. Davis)  
ROSALIE PEYTON  
EDITH PHILLIPS  
FANNIE PITTMAN  
SUSIE POLLARD  
LEAH POWELL  
MYRTLE POWELL  
CARRIE POWERS  
(Mrs. A. Broadus)  
ERNA PURSELL  
RUTH RICHARDSON  
(Mrs. Paul Rogers)  
MARY ROOT  
(Mrs. H. Kirkland)  
CORA SAMUELS  
(Mrs. J. M. Carothers)  
JOSEPHINE SAMUELS  
ROSE SATTERFIELD  
MARGARET SCHMELTZ  
FANNIE SCHOOLFIELD  
OLIVE SKEGGS  
MATTIE SMYTHE  
SARAH STARKE  
JESSIE STIKELEATHER  
ROSA TATE  
(Mrs. Wren)  
CARRIE TAYLOR  
(Mrs. O. R. Carver)  
MARGARET TAYLOR  
ORELIA THEVEATT  
MARY TROUT  
(Mrs. P. L. Terry)  
MARGARET WALTERS  
LOUISE WARD  
ALICE WATTERS  
CORINNE WILLIE  
(Mrs. J. M. Bird)  
MILDRED WILLINGHAM  
BETTY WILSON  
HANNAH WILSON  
LOULA WOODY

### Alumnae Association



#### Charles H. Coche Memorial Chapter (Norfolk and Eastern Shore)

MRS. JAMES WINSTON (Ella Stout).....	<i>President</i>
MRS. LAWRENCE T. ROYSTER (Ola Park).....	<i>Vice-President</i>
MRS. SAMUEL MARX (Ellie Marcus).....	<i>Secretary</i>
MISS ANNETTE ROBERTS.....	<i>Treasurer</i>



#### Albemarle Chapter

MISS MARY POWERS.....	<i>President</i>
MISS EUGENIA DAVIS.....	<i>Secretary</i>



### Alumnae Association

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In several States and cities the following Alumnae act as Secretaries to the Associations:

MISS ANNE HENRIETTA TAYLOR.....	Arkansas
MISS WILLIE HOWARD MUSE.....	Georgia
MISS M. ESTELLE ANGIER.....	Illinois
MRS. EZEKIEL CLAY.....	Kentucky
MISS KATHERINE WATTS.....	Lynchburg
MISS KITTY MAE SETTLE.....	Missouri
MISS MARGUERITE CAPEN HEARSEY.....	New Jersey
MISS STELLA STRAUS.....	Roanoke, Va.
MISS RUTH BOYD HARRIS.....	Lynchburg, Va.

### Afterword

**W**E HAVE drawn the last heading, and the dummy lies bulging out with pictures, posters, and poems. It is a great satisfaction to us to know that our part is done, but this same satisfaction will not be complete unless we see in your faces that our efforts have not been in vain.

We wish to thank our good friends Professor Cummings, Mr. Turner, Mr. Cates of The Observer Printing House, and Miss Margaret McClintock of Stone Printing Company, for invaluable advice and information, without which THE SPINSTER would have had a much distorted being. To those loyal alumnae, Phoebe Hunter Gilkyson and Mary Masters Turner, are we especially grateful for their effective contributions. For the loan of photographs are we indebted to Miss Mattie Cocke, Mr. Estes Cocke, and many girls in the College. Nor would we forget to express our appreciation to Miss Morrow, for lending her genius to our SPINSTER Play.

In closing, let us say to our friends in the Faculty and School at large that, though their names have not been mentioned here, we feel nevertheless their interest, and wish to acknowledge in some way our gratitude for their assistance in the preparation of this book.

One more remark—and we slip the dummy into the cover—won't you please try to keep the covers clean?

—THE EDITORS

This Paper is  
Restrained From  
Printing Liquor Ads

# The Iconoclast

Published by  
Spinster Publishing  
Company

HOLLINS COLLEGE, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1915

## WAR! WAR!

Hollins Bombarded From All Sides by Glover's Menacing Mangeaceous Mirauder

It is not known the exact time that the first shells sent by the enemy were fired. However, they landed in Third Floor West, and caused great destruction, some time early in January. Many lives were endangered, and much suffering ensued. A cessation soon following, it was not thought necessary to mobilize, as Rastus and the night watchman were on guard. One bright afternoon, however, when we were least expecting it, the enemy returned, and after a short struggle took possession of the school. It is even rumored that some of the wisest heads among us have gone over to the hostile side. We hope this is not so. Our dear Miss Williams says that her "olfactory nerves are mere shreds as it is."

The export and import of knowledge is carried on as usual, though the place has a forlorn look. The foe stalks through all the corridors, classrooms, and indeed over all the premises. It springs unwarningly from behind doors; it lurks upon the stairways. There is no escape from its mortifying presence. It has even been said that it dared the sanctity of the Second Lit. room one afternoon, though this is

doubted. Much bitterness follows in its wake, and it is to be ardently desired that a kind fate may intervene and rid us of its presence.

## THE MOST BEASTLY BEAST AT HOLLINS

Scat!! Kit, Puss, Tabby, Grimalkin, Brindle, Woosh!!

Such sounds may be heard at almost any hour—especially night hours—almost anywhere in Hollins. The place is infested with cats.



The Cokes have cats, the Turners have cats, the neighbors have cats, and last—but not by any means least—Miss Williamson has cats, oodles of 'em.

Cats are no respecters of persons. That is why we are so often rudely awakened from our slumbers by wild screams issuing from a young lady who is sure that there is a man in her room, though later the man proves to be a cat.

A young lady hurrying to breakfast, buttoning and hooking on the way, is most liable to stumble over a cat, precipitate herself violently down the steps, and so find

## PEACE AT ANY COST

Peace by arbitration and consolidation seems to have worked very well in the case of the A P's and G O H's. It is a well-known historical fact that in past years they were at daggers' points. It has even been stated that they ceased to speak on occasions, and that no Naughty Naught could make a Club if a Gamma was there to keep her out. Now the dagger has become a golden amulet, worn for their mutual benefit and protection—at least, so it seems; and their loving embraces can be seen any time, day or night, free of charge.

We shudder to think of the effect should one of their loyal alumnae return. At present, shades of the past seem to be completely buried—and, let us add, we hope they will remain buried. The horizon is calm. Long may tranquillity float o'er these dear young creatures.

### Motto:

Congeeing causes healing.

her way to the dining-room sooner than expected.

If when studying you feel a strange clawing at your skirt, be not alarmed—it is but a cat. Some young ladies have an almost deathly antipathy for this beastly beast. They are requested to refrain from outward show of it as much as possible, so that the cats' tender feelings may be spared.

Rome may have had its Catiline, but Hollins has a line of cats that can be excelled nowhere.



## THE FACULTY SURPRISE RECITAL

On the evening of February 6, 1915, the Faculty of Hollins College entertained most enjoyably at a Surprise Recital. The weather being balmy, and the admission free, the theater was filled. The manner in which the worse half of Dr. Bishop, N. W., conducted proceedings was highly creditable to the better.

We are glad to note that when Mr. Cocks was called on for a piano recital, though demurring at first, he finally took advantage of his opportunity, and rendered Narcissus several times over without lifting his foot from the pedal. The interpretation he gave this well-known work showed a deep and suffering soul hid behind his fingers. Next Miss Wilson, with dove-like voice, though sad and tender inhalation, resmelled very effectively and affectively the odor of the Jasmine Flower. Her pathos was superb. Also Miss Worsham, after many strenuous and hazardous acts, managed to stop the ringing of the curfew—a deed of valor heroically served. The English quartet, though singing "All Through the Night," managed to reduce their time limit to "In the Gloaming." We thank them. Miss Williams' and Miss Singleton's impromptu presentation of Faculty Gym. showed that somewhere back in the branches of their family tree there perched a bird known as a prize-fighter. Their clappings and perilous antics with the

basket-ball showed that, after all, heed should be given to those noble few who politely requested that Faculty Gym. restrain its athletic noise sufficiently to allow them a few moments' sleep during the nights the Class met. "Aunt Bess," Miss "T.," Mrs. Turner, and Mrs. Rath are all in line for congratulations on their gentle, maidenly behavior behind those ensnaring foot-lights. Indeed, the pen of Shakespeare might well feel incapable of undertaking to do justice to the occasion. Even mine feels wobbly. There were numerous other numbers — brilliant and sweetly emotional—and the program was ended by a triumphal chorus. Here the tattooed man (locally known as Mr. Turner) impressed us forcibly with the fact that he couldn't be beat; and after a joyous, larksome song, the curtain was rung down, and we wrung their hands in appreciation.

### TO REWARD PEACE

Our President has issued a proclamation, declaring that for sixty seconds during recreation hour, on Saturday, May 15, the inmates of Hollins College shall not work—thus celebrating the one-year peace between the Maskers and Jokers. Egg-throwing and hair-pulling having gone out of vogue, the two clans have been forced to retire from annual battle. It is understood that the hostilities will recommence as soon as conditions become more favorable. So girls, don't stint yourselves; enjoy your holiday!

## MIRACULOUS ESCAPE!

Young Lady Huris Herself  
Through Thick Plate of  
Glass!

It will be, doubtless, a great shock to friends and near friends of Miss Marie Long to hear that she stumped her toe while entering Main one afternoon, and fell head long through the glass door.

Everything was done that could be to stop the pane, but nothing sufficed. However, the young lady received no serious damage, and her close recovery is hoped for. The door didn't fare so well, as the wound made by the passage of Miss Long's body remained open for days, though now it appears much the same as formerly.

## Watch Your Step



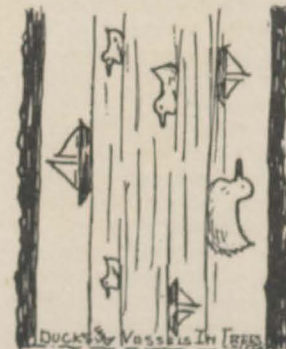
MISSES DENT AND  
STEINER, PROFESSORS  
OF HIGH-CLASS DANCING.

TAUGHT WOODROW WIL-  
SON AND THE CASTLES.

Apply, 117 West

## A REMARKABLE DIS- COVERY

A new era has been reached in the study of Botany. Miss Hayward, our eminent scientist, in trying to lead young minds out of the paths of utter ignorance, stumbled upon a budding



genius. Witness this answer in examination.

**Question:** By what paths does the sap rise in trees, etc.?

**Answer:** By the Ducks and Vessels. (Notice accompanying illustration.)

## THE NIGHT BEFORE PLEDGE DAY

'Twas the night before Pledge Day, and all through the school Every creature was stirring—not keeping a rule. The bids were all ready, and written with care, (And also with anguish, and much of despair.) My family were nestled all snug in their beds;

While visions of "Sisters" did dance through their heads.

But I, in my nightie, and Meg in her cap, Had different notions than from taking a nap; When all of a sudden I heard such a clatter, I ran to the door to see what was the matter.

There stood a girl, with her eyes big as saucers. "Oh dear!" she murmured, "we'll suffer such losses If we don't hurry up and have a big feast— Or do something to make an impression, at least. Our rivals have sent our rushées such roses. I declare on my life I never did see such poses."

We hurried, we scrambled, we searched far and near, 'Til at last we felt sure we had nothing to fear, For never was feast more gorgeously spread Since Humpty Dumpty broke his fine head.

Our rushées were brought, and fell to with a will, That I soon came to fear would make them all ill. The pickles, the candy, the cheese straws and fruit Disappeared in a flash, before one could cry "Hoot!" Then with kisses and nugs and squeaks of delight We one and all bid them a happy good night.

The morning of Pledge Day arrived bright and fair. With haste did we dress and slick up our hair, And watched the departure of all our dear notes, And longingly waited and counted the strokes Of our clock that so stoutly refused to move faster, In spite of the numerous times we did ask her.

But, sad to relate, the day waned on apace Without our beholding a single dear face

Of the hoped-for and longed-for Sisters to be, Whom we'd worked, rushed, and prayed for so ardently.

The great sun sank gently to bed in the West, While we sat in a circle and mournfully pressed Our sopping wet handkerchiefs over our eyes, And made woful mournings and heartbreaking sighs, As we thought of the roses expensive and sweet That had captured the maidens coy and petite. (Though I rhyme and I rhyme till I drop in a faint,

I'll never be able our anguish to paint, As we sat in a circle, and made our complaint Concerning the expected Sisters that ain't.)

When suddenly, loud at the door came a knock, And into the room trooped the whole precious flock. Their faces were pale, but with numerous giggles And huggings and squeezings and all the known wiggles, The story was told of the horrible plight They all had been in since the party last night.

And each had been forced to retire to that shack Presided over by kind Doctor Black. But now they were well, and in accents quite hearty Said that they wanted to join our Sorority. Our waiting was over, our joy was supreme, And now we are all little Sisters serene.

The Iconoclast

Hollins College, Saturday, May 15, 1915

THE DELECTABLE DARLING CASE

There are two kinds of Darling cases—the openly acknowledged (Ed and Va.), and the "Just good friend" (Virginia Milton and Helen McCoy). The former is psychologically less dangerous than the latter, though both afflict seriously.

In the first, the Languishing Lena keeps her roommate awake at night, orating



Good Type, Ed and Virginia

to her about the "sweet, dear girl." None of her friends are excluded from her homesick ravings, and large boxes of flowers and Miss Adams' finest cakes are seen to openly ascend to the adored one's room.

In the second, much poignant mental suffering is endured (ask Miss Milton if you won't believe statistics); also lovelorn glances and galosh; and many tender remarks, such as "you are too frail, dear, to study," and "May I rub your head?" etc., also are brought into play. The flowers and cakes are

still visible here, though merely as a background.

In all cases, the positive fact that one has at last found the one person on earth who "really understands" is prominent. Moons, soft zephyrs, and rippling lakes are not necessary at Hollins to awake the gentle passion of love.

Now, of course, it's quite necessary for a young ambitious fledgling to pick out, on her arrival here, some star on whom to bestow her affections, her pocket-money, and her boxes from home. For will not the beloved reciprocate by introducing her name in one of

those ever-to-be desired places—the Sorority? And will she not get her in the Clubs? But let us add that when she becomes older, and has attained her desire, she may refrain from further indulgence in this line. Hollins, situated as it is between Tinker Creek and the Sulphur Spring, is in a damp enough atmosphere without adding more slush. If Darling cases continue to grow here, the inmates will soon be in a perpetual state of having to wear rubbers, on account of the humid atmosphere.

SULPHUR WATER

The salubrious Sulphur water abounds at Hollins. We are led to believe that its presence there was one of the causes for the foundation of the noble college on its present site. For that we respect it. For its odor and taste, we disrespect it.

Also, it is the cause of our being told each succeeding year "not to sit over the spring." A remark a little hard to reconcile to the present unsitableness of our bodies on air.

Doubtless some like Sulphur water; but I put it to the general public if it is a modest thing to have about a young ladies' school. Its taste is very loud, even running to extremes, and it has a forward manner of being able to make known its approach even before it is in sight. It also has in it certain elements which are found in intoxicating liquors—for who may not say to a husband returning from the Sulphur Spring—"John, you've been drinking!"?

CARD OF THANKS

The committee on Jokes of The Spinster Publishing Company wishes to thank those loyal friends who so generously gave of their time and talents in responding to the plea for contributions. The little green Box contained three cents and a button.

Recognizing our limitations, we will not attempt to put into words the debt we owe the contributors. We trust they will attribute whatever depths of gratitude we have failed to sound to inadequacy of expression rather than to a lack of sincere appreciation.

E. MOORE (Com.)

MISS VANITY and THE HAIR TONIC



POOR MISS VANITY VERY SICK HAD BEEN BECAUSE HER HAIR WAS SO SHORT & THIN

SO DOG BRAND GOT HER WITH A GRIN AND LIZIE HELPED TO RUB IT IN



AFTER IT A WEEK WAS CLEAR A FEW INCHES GROWTH WAS SEEN



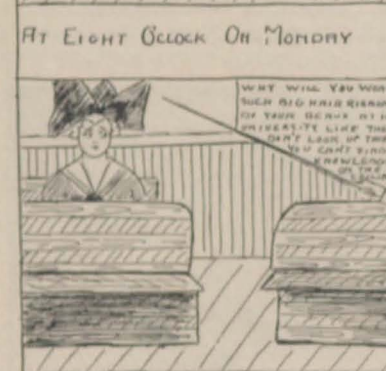

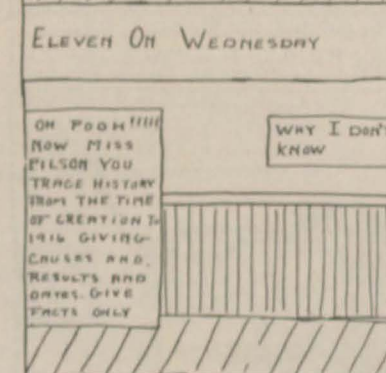

AS HER DARLING SHE WOULD EMERGE THE POOR DANA THING MUST TURN HER FACE






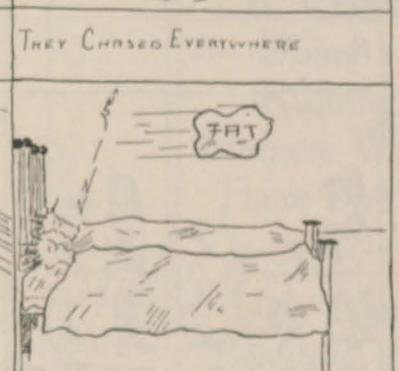
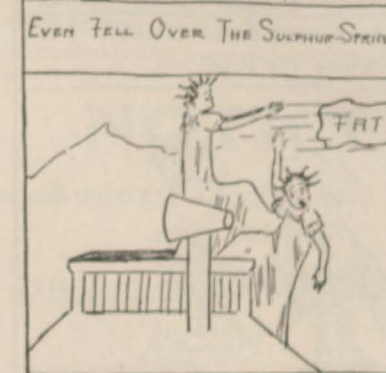

THE GROWTH AND OODS BOTH SO GREW THAT IN THE CHAPEL THE GIRLS WITHDREW

IT GREW & GREW SO 'TIL SMITH UNTIL SHE FELL FOR WANT OF BREATH

# HISTORY

	
At Eight O'clock On Monday	At Nine On Tuesday
	
Eleven On Wednesday	Most Any Day
	
We Exasperate Her So	She Simply Has To Pray. -KITTY-

# SING and IBBIT CHASING FAT

	
IBBIT: SEE THAT FAT AND SURE! SING: WELL LETS CHASE IT	THEY CHASED EVERYWHERE
	
EVEN FELL OVER THE SULPHUR-SPRING	THEY DREAMED ABOUT IT
	
WALKED AFTER IT IN THEIR SLEEP TO THE TOP OF THE SCIENCE HALL.	AND FELL FROM THERE WITH A CRASH—RESOLVED TO STAY THIN— -KITTY-

# WHO'S WHO AT HOLLINS

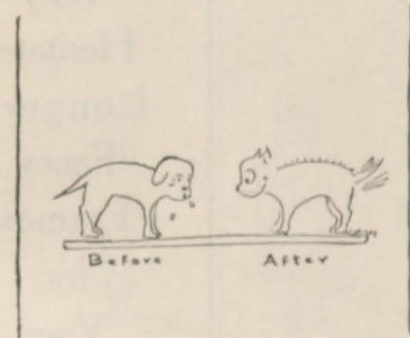
MME PAVLOWA	HOME OF REFUGE FOR CATS
FACULTY GYM	MICK CARTER SOME LUNATIC HAS WROTE ME A LETTER
LIZOO THE TORCHBEARER	WHEN THE GLEE CLUB COMES —KITTY—

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deeds of Valor fail, Pup Mange cure will conquer.

It is also necessary to state, in order that the world at large be sufficiently benefited, that the Hon. Prof. F. Cummins once used this tonic, and came off victorious.

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No self-respecting College woman can afford not to read them!

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and

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The Ugly Made Beautiful, the Beautiful Made More So

You Can't Afford to Miss it

Beauty Parlor Open, and Calls

Answered Day and Night

**AN HARMONIOUS OCCASION**

The arrival of the Richmond College Glee Club at Hollins was the occasion for much excitement, as it stood for a remarkable change in

that the girls wouldn't scare them. There is but one comment to make upon their entertainment, which they rendered during the afternoon, and that is "that they meant well." Let us leave the dead past alone. The accompanying illustration



the laws of Hollins. Herebefore young men have had to fight their way to gain admittance to the grounds, and now it seems they are invited to come. Of course they were taken off to Mr. Cocks's cottage for lunch, so

represents two precious young dears singing "Oh That We Two Were Maying." My only thought during this selection was, "Oh that you two were." My pen refuseth to describe further. It is dumb and—may they be also.

**A CALL TO PATRIOTIC AND LOYAL STUDENTS**

On a recent visit of the illustrious and world-famous Dr. Leathermore to Hollins, he was so kind as to look approvingly upon the collection of books gathered by our loving alumnae and librarian, and kept for the time being in two rooms on the floor between the Literary Society Halls and the gymnasium. He gave the very encouraging judgment that the aggregation of

volumes was growing rapidly, and that "perhaps in several years we would get a Library Building.

Loyal and Supporting Students and Faculty, do you not see the dawn of a new era for our literary efforts, in this prophesy of a great and deep-seeing man?

Rally to the cause! Cast your valuable possessions in the melting pot! Give your all, that the day of the fulfillment may be brought nearer to hand! Miss Matty and Miss Marian are pleading. Can you refuse them?

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Longer?  
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for  
Your  
Family

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of  
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**THE DAILY SHORT STORY**

**The Peerless Percival and Beautiful Belinda**

She was demure, though intensely lovely, with golden hair and languishing deep-blue eyes. He was noble,

my manly form at your feet."

Her face brushed against the rough tweed of his coat as she answered, simply, "Peerless Percival, though you can't give me the luxuries that I am used to, I will be thine. Your divine eloquence has conquered me."




gay, and debonnaire. It was at twilight that they met. They sighed. They were alone. He broke the silence. This caused a slight noise. "Beloved Belinda," said he; "I must have known you always. Be mine. I cast

"I shall go ask Pa," the Peerless heroically said. He did. "Be good to my jewel," said Pa, and wiped away a tear. He was. And so they were married.

**STARTLING AND HEART-RENDING DISASTER**

A most deplorable condition of affairs existed after the hurling of the bomb by Madam Φ M that produced Freshmen Pledging. The shock was gigantic, while the shattering of hopes and breaking of plans could be heard for miles. The deed was committed in the presence of a calm, unsuspecting audience, and though the members of each Sorority met immediately, and sought means to repair the damage, it was deemed best to let havoc do its worst. Many tears were wept openly over the dear departed Sisters that were to have been, up.

though all interments were private. It was also noted that the noses of certain aspiring subs were conspicuously pink the next day. It is to be seriously considered next year, we understand, whether only those ministers' daughters receiving one hundred in department, and possessing ethereal expressions, shall be the eligibles for the Y. W. C. A. We hope, however, that the Literary Societies will continue their democratic standards—though it is more than we should expect. Sororities having set the pace, the entire College will probably be run completely over by other organizations trying to keep

Pert  
Penannts  
Pretty  
Posters  
  
Studio of  
M. DENA

**Lost!**  
Somewhere between  
Main and Chapel, on  
Sunday night, a Cap  
and Gown. Finder  
please return to J.  
Riddick.



The Sphinxes wish to state that they are quite as much of a Society Sausages as the Mummies. The Sphinxes are the only ones who think so.

For many years now we have expectantly waited to see the K Δ's grow up. We are doomed to disappointment. The baby carriages are still prominent.

**SOCIETY SAUSAGES**

Among the important events of the year was the wedding of Miss Delta Tau Beta to Mr. S. S. Sigma. The Sisters of the bride and groom were the only attendants. The church was elaborately decorated in Silver, Gold, and Blue, and the triangle figured loudly in the wedding march. A large company of near-relatives were present. After a short honeymoon, the young couple will reside at No. — Second Avenue, West, Hollins, Va.

Dr. Kent: What are all these girls with armbands on for?  
Miss Mary: Oh, those are the Leopards.

The wedding of the illustrious Miss Lambda Rhowena to Mr. Gamomicron Pibald was solemnized with great ceremony, at the home of the bride. Only the relatives were present.

The Kaiser is the only man yet who seems to be endowed with a little of the Φ M spirit.

Requirements for making Sphinx.

Failure to make Mummy.

What made Φ M Γ famous?  
One dozen American Beauties.

A handsome banquet was given three days before Pledge Day, by the Phi Mu's, to their select elect. Of course a nice quiet way of not mentioning your Society to a new girl was to have the letters Φ M engraved on all the ices, cakes, linen, silver, and glassware. Though patriotic songs were sung, such words as America, Woodrow Wilson, and Joy, were substituted for the words Φ M. The banquet was elaborately served, and enjoyed by all.

Miss Agnes, in Class, just after repremanding a girl for not being more explicit: "Mother is the necessity for invention, you know."

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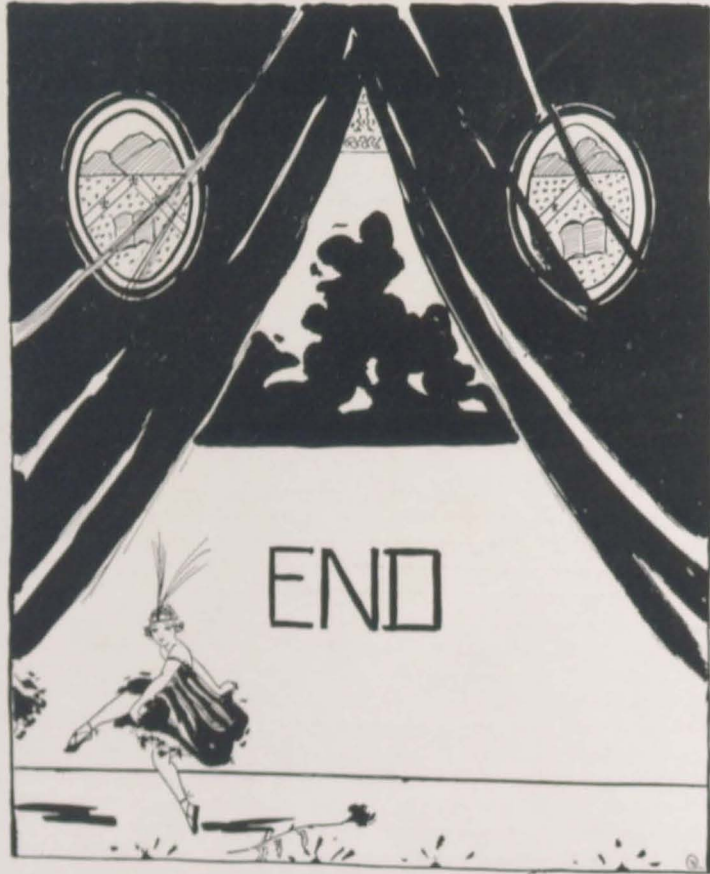


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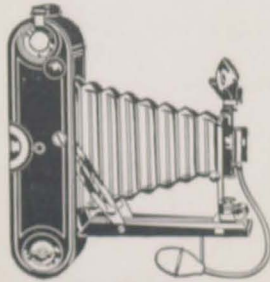
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